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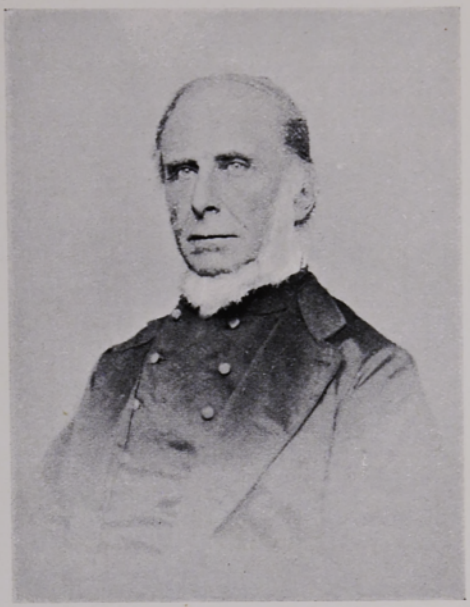
ROBERT MAUNSELL, LL.D.
A NEW ZEALAND PIONEER.



Archdeacon Robert Maunsell.

Born 24th October, 1810. Died 19th April, 1894.

R. Maunsell

ROBERT MAUNSELL
LL.D.

A NEW ZEALAND PIONEER

HIS LIFE AND TIMES.

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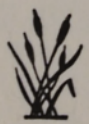
HENRY E. R. L. WILY
and
HERBERT MAUNSELL



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H. Maunsell

Only Surviving Son of Archdeacon Maunsell

"And some there be which have no memorial; who are perished as though they had never been . . . . But these were merciful men, whose righteousness hath not been forgotten. Their bodies are buried in peace, but their name liveth for evermore. The people will tell of their wisdom, and the congregation will show forth their praise."

—(*Ecclesiasticus*)

FOREWORD

AS one who knew the late Archdeacon Maunsell personally, I have been asked by the compilers to write a Foreword to this "Memoir of His Life and Times." I gladly do so; indeed I count it an honour that my name should in any way be associated with the name of so great a man. It was only in the closing years of his life that I became acquainted with the Archdeacon. He was already living in retirement when I first arrived in Auckland some fifty years ago. But even in his old age one felt that one was in the presence of a man of strong personality and marked individuality, and withal a big-hearted man. I, of course, had no first-hand knowledge of his missionary work, and he was not given to talking much about his past experiences.

I suppose it would be true to say that his most characteristic work as a missionary was his translation of the Old Testament into the Maori language. The translation of the Holy Scriptures into native languages is obviously a fundamental necessity of the missionary enterprise. Until converts from heathenism could read the Holy Scriptures in their own tongue, there could be no permanence in missionary work. The early missionaries in this country were fortunate in having in their number two men remarkable for their linguistic ability, Robert Maunsell and William Williams. To Williams was assigned the translation of the New Testament and to Maunsell, who was a Hebrew scholar, the translation of the Old Testament. It would seem to be an almost impossible task to translate, with any approach to accuracy, such a book as the Bible, with its profound and lofty spiritual and

ethical teaching, into a language so primitive as the Maori language, a language which had never been used as the vehicle of literary expression, a language without grammars and dictionaries. Maunsell had all a scholar's passion for accuracy, and the late Canon Purchas, in his fascinating *New Zealand Church History,* tells us how "he took all possible pains to gather the correct idioms for his task—sometimes by engaging the Maoris in argument, sometimes watching them at their sports."

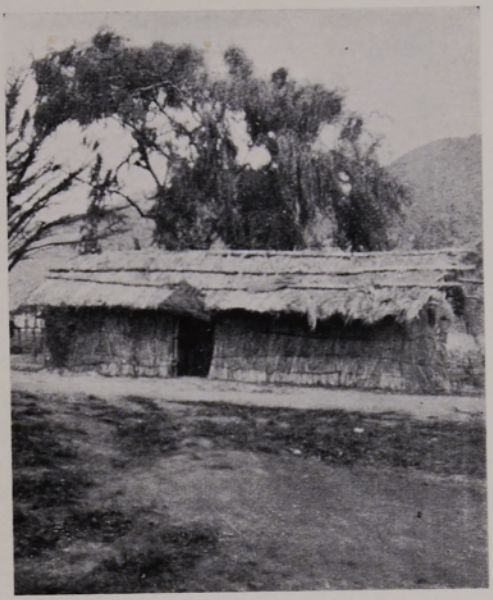
But it was not only the difficulties inherent in translation, nor the exigencies of his general missionary work with which Maunsell had to cope; in addition to all this there befel him an appalling calamity—the Mission House was totally destroyed by fire, and with it all his books and all his precious manuscripts. Under this blow a lesser man would surely have abandoned the task in despair. Maunsell was indeed stunned, but only for a time. He soon rallied, and began the work of translation anew. It is a signal illustration of the astonishing will-power and dauntless courage which characterized his whole career.

I have read this Memoir through with ever-increasing interest. It gives us not only a vivid picture of Maunsell himself, but also, for me at least, throws fresh light upon the history of the period in which he lived and worked. To read it is at once a humbling and an inspiring experience. I most heartily commend it and earnestly hope that it will be read throughout New Zealand. I fear that in this generation there are many New Zealanders, even amongst the members of our own Church—Maori and Pakeha—who do not know even the names of the heroic men and women who "mid peril, toil and pain" were the pioneers of Christian civilization in this country. We need to give heed to the exhortation

of the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews, " Remember them that were your leaders, which spake unto you the word of God; and considering the issue of their life, imitate their faith."

T. H. SPROTT
(formerly Bishop of Wellington).

Wellington,
August 4th, 1937.



A Maori Whare of Maunsell's Day.

PREFACE

IN the compilation of this brief memoir of the late Archdeacon Maunsell, we were confronted at the outset by a scarcity of documentary evidence as to his doings, especially during the earlier years of his Mission work. Our main source has been his periodical reports to the Church Missionary Society, and to one who knew the Archdeacon in her childhood—Mrs. E. J. Wilson, London—we are much indebted for a search of these Reports which enabled us to keep the chronological sequence of events fairly accurate. It has not always been easy to fix the localities referred to, the spelling of the native names differing from the present accepted forms, and the boundaries of the Mission fields not being defined. It was puzzling, for instance, to find reports which gave evidence of being written from Maraetai, Port Waikato, headed indifferently in the C.M.S. Records as "Manukau," "Thames," or "Waikato." We desire to return many thanks to His Lordship Bishop Sprott of Wellington for his kind Foreword; the Hon. G. J. Garland, formerly of Awhitu and now of Remuera, Auckland, who in his early days had been intimate with the Archdeacon; Mr. E. T. Frost of Parenga, formerly of Tuakau, who gave us much valuable information which his knowledge of the lower Waikato basin and of Maori lore enabled him to supply; Mr. R. L. Cleland of the Auckland Institute, War Memorial Museum, Auckland; Mr. Blackwood Paul, Hamilton; Mr. A. H. Reed, Dunedin; Mr. A. W. Reed, Wellington; Mr. J. L. Gregory

of Dunedin, for the compilation of the index; Miss Beryl Bowden, for accurate work with the typescript; and very many others who gave us ungrudging assistance.

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INTRODUCTORY

IN setting out to write an introduction to this brief memoir of the late Archdeacon Robert Maunsell, LL.D., I am fully conscious of the difficulties that beset both myself and my colleague, Mr. Maunsell. For Dr. Maunsell, at once the most industrious and the least self-advertising of men, has left scarcely any record of his nearly sixty years of service. Missionaries of much lesser calibre have left behind them records and journals from which not merely the events of their lives can be garnered, but the very atmosphere in which these events took place can be more or less faithfully presented to the reader. But the subject of this memoir has left little to aid the compilers of his life-history. He kept no journal, he wrote few letters, and even to those who knew him best, he was extremely reticent about the distinguished part he played in the gallant effort the Church Missionary Society was making a century ago to Christianize the Maori people. When it is also recalled that his death took place as long ago as 1894, and that those still surviving who knew him knew him only as young men know old ones, the difficulty of presenting an adequate pen-portrait of the man, and a complete narrative of his doings, will be realized.

Robert Maunsell's life falls naturally into three epochs, the lines of demarcation between each of them clearly cut. The first of these closes when, after a course of training for his chosen vocation, he arrived in New Zealand at the age of twenty-five, ready to put his hand to the plough. Then ensued nearly thirty years of strenuous life in back-block Missions,

years of toil, privations, domestic griefs and disasters that would have sapped the courage and broken the spirit of a lesser man, but which only spurred him to fresh effort, and brought out the rugged courage and determination with which he was so largely endowed. And then came seventeen years as Vicar of St. Mary's in Parnell, and the Archdeaconry firstly of the South Auckland district, and then of the city—seventeen years during which the average man would have enjoyed a well-earned rest, but it is doubtful whether Maunsell, brilliant linguist though he was, ever understood the meaning of *dolce far niente.*

The middle epoch of his life is that of greatest interest. Vicars of suburban churches, and even Archdeacons of settled districts, may have led useful and blameless lives; but it is the pioneering missionary, the man who did not hesitate to cut himself off from the society of his fellows and face not merely the difficulties and hardships of way-back stations a century ago, but the actual danger to life among a people with whom even cannibalism had not wholly died out, that we desire to know about. And, even more perhaps, we desire to learn what we can of the two brave women who did not hesitate to throw in their lot with his, and face these unknown perils and privations at his side; but it is little we can learn of their lives, except from casual mention in other people's memoirs, and from the pitifully few letters of theirs which have been preserved.

* * *

Canon Stack, in the second volume of his experiences, recently published, tells us a good deal about his life as a youth under Maunsell at Maraetai and Kohanga, but his dealing with his principal is unfortunately rather sketchy, though, *faute de mieux,*

a good deal of it has been incorporated in this book, by the kind permission of Stack's editor and publisher, Mr. A. H. Reed, of Dunedin. But, in an introductory chapter to Stack's record of life at the Mission, the editor gives us an impressionist pen portrait of Archdeacon Maunsell by one who knew him.

"A tall, gaunt man, loosely built, yet of great strength, with a deeply lined and weather-beaten countenance swept by every play of feeling, not as ripples but as a tidal wave of emotion. It was said of him that, while he *spoke* in English, he *thought* in Maori, and when he talked to himself, a fairly frequent habit, one language seemed to come to him as easily as the other.

"His sermons were punctuated with flashing eyes, wildly waving arms, and occasional impressive pauses. It was not strange that, after half an hour of fire and fury in the pulpit, he required a sedative. He found it in his short black clay pipe and the strongest brand of plug tobacco obtainable.

"With all his eccentricities, he commanded universal respect, and inspired in his intimates a deep affection. Few but admired his unfailing energy, dauntless courage, and shrewd common sense."

* * *

That, in common with other missionaries in the Waikato basin and the Bay of Plenty, Dr. Maunsell should feel painfully the bringing to naught the results of more than a quarter of a century's strenuous labour by the outbreak of the Waikato War, was only natural; but his attitude toward that disastrous struggle was based on totally different premises from those of a number of his colleague, who seem to have made themselves believe that the Maoris were

goaded into fighting, and that they could have been soothed into friendliness. Like most intelligent men who had come closely in contact with the natives, he knew that a trial of force was the inevitable corollary of the Kingite movement, and that the evil moment could only be delayed, not averted, by the soothing methods Sir George Grey and Bishop Selwyn sought sedulously to employ. He knew the Maori too well not to comprehend that every concession made to him was regarded as a weakness dictated by fear, and he understood quite well that, in the psychological mood the natives had worked themselves up into, nothing less than a trial of strength would satisfy them. When the weakness of the Government allowed the natives of Ihuimata, Papakura and Patumahoe to refuse to take an oath of allegiance to the Queen, but yet permitted them to take to the bush with their arms and ammunition, he felt that his work on behalf of peace must perforce come to a halt, if not to an end.

His failure to persuade the Patumahoe natives, a branch of the Ngati-tamaoho tribe, to remain faithful was a source of chagrin to him, for he had looked upon them as almost as much a part of his flock as his own Kohanga people, and a couple of years earlier, when a misunderstanding between them and their white neighbours had threatened the very existence of the Settlement at Mauku, then in its infancy, his influence over them had led to a *modus vivendi.*

The score or so of cold-blooded murders of outlying settlers in what is now the Franklin County which followed the leaving of their villages by the Maoris, some of the victims being his own personal friends, seem to have helped to decide his course of action. Had he been a layman he would probably have followed the example of Jackson and Von Tempsky, and have led a company of colonial guerillas into the bush to chase out the marauders, but that

his profession forbade. For a while he flitted back and forth between Kohanga and Mauku, where the settlers, formed into a rifle-corps, garrisoned the church, the women and children having been sent to Auckland for safety. Then, in the early spring of 1863, the wanton murder of his friend James Armitage and his two companions, while Waata Kukutai's men were, from the odds against them, forced to look on helplessly, and the ambushing of Captain Swift and his little force the following day, seem to have been the final factor in making up his mind, and he joined the British force then advancing into the Waikato as chaplain.

* * *

This seems a fitting place to give a short review of Maunsell's relations with the Maori people. Probably he made a sounder appraisement of their qualities and had acquired a juster knowledge of their idiosyncrasies than any of his contemporaries. That he was devoted to them, and keenly desirous to promote their welfare, both spiritual and material, no one can gainsay; but, while fully appreciating their virtues he was not, as so many missionaries appear to have been, blind to their shortcomings. And, having acquired a complete mastery of their language, he was able to see into their minds with almost uncanny accuracy. And the power of being able to address them in their own language, aided by the help his natural eloquence and his fervid Celtic imagination lent him, gave him an enormous influence over them. They were ready to admit that the most impassioned orator among them could not equal him in the gift they valued most of all, and during the last decade of his Mission no white man in the country had so great a *mana* among them. It was not only in the Maori language he excelled. An accomplished classical scholar,

"He'd Horace all by heart—you'd wonder,
And mouthed out Homer's Greek like thunder."

He was also a master of Hebrew to the extent of being able to challenge the correctness of translation of certain passages in the Old Testament, and did so with characteristic vehemence on his very deathbed.

* * *

When George Augustus Selwyn came here as Bishop of all New Zealand, the feelings of some of the missionaries were mixed ones. While gladly recognizing the capacity and sincerity of the man himself, many of them disliked and dreaded the High Church tendencies with which he was tinged, Puseyism having been an unknown force when they left the Homeland. To Maunsell, a militant Evangelical, Edward Bouverie Pusey and John Henry Newman were alike anathema, and it is little wonder that relations between him and his Bishop were occasionally strained. Selwyn was a man of arbitrary disposition with no great command over his temper, and as Maunsell was not only of a fiery nature, but was tenacious of his principles and his opinions, it was little wonder that, when they clashed, sparks should sometimes fly. But this did not in the slightest impair their friendship, as the following episode will show. One night the Bishop and the Doctor were "bushed" and forced to bivouac where they were till morning. The night was very cold, and when Maunsell awoke with the dawning light his companion was no longer beside him, and he found himself covered with the Bishop's coat. Rising to look for him, he found him marching briskly up and down, flailing his arms across his chest to keep warm. He had probably in the early hours of the night discarded his coat for the benefit of the less robust man.

When, in 1868, it was decided to divide the country into half-a-dozen dioceses, the opinion was held by many that Dr. Maunsell's claim to become the first Bishop of Auckland could scarcely be overlooked. But Selwyn made a hasty trip Home, and shortly returned with the men he had picked.

Maunsell's outspoken criticisms of those who violated his fixed belief that missionaries ought not to take advantage of their positions to buy from the natives large tracts of the most fertile of their lands for a few axes or blankets got him into disfavour in some quarters. How glaring the "taking down" of the Maoris often was may be gauged by the fact that recently the writer was shown one of the original deeds conveying some thousands of acres of the best land in the district,[1] the consideration being three dozen axes. Later a Royal Commission reviewed many of these purchases, and, in certain cases, disallowed the claims of the buyers. Dealing with the matter the *London Times* said:—"Among the honoured names of those who resisted the worldly temptation were Hadfield, Maunsell, Ashwell, Chapman, Morgan, and Colenso." To this list the name of Stack can with fairness be added. Mr. W. Pember Reeves in his book *The Long White Cloud* further remarks:—"The same honourable self-denial was shown by all the Catholic missionaries and by all the Wesleyans but two."

Like most Irishmen, Maunsell could not be present at a dispute without longing to join in. Argument and controversy were the breath of his nostrils, and, a merciless opponent, he was never satisfied with anything less than the complete rout of his adversary. A bit too vehement, perhaps, too inclined to bring into action a park of artillery to slaughter a beetle;

[1] Needless to say, not to a missionary family. See Appendix

but the battle once over, he was a magnanimous and friendly victor.

In the pulpit he was forcible and eloquent, just a little over-denunciatory at times, and inclined to overdo the gesticulations which invariably accompanied his most earnest passages; but he left in the minds of his hearers no doubt whatever of his sincerity and the honesty of his convictions. Usually severely logical, he would yet at times scold severely those who were present on account of those who stayed away.

The Archdeacon has been described by some who only knew him superficially as morose and dour, but no description could have been more at variance with the actual facts. In his social relations with those he knew and liked, he was a cheerful and lively companion, deeply interested in almost every subject, and with a lively, if occasionally somewhat caustic, sense of humour. My knowledge of him was gained in frequent week-ends he spent at my home during my boyhood and early manhood, when he was a guest we were always glad to see and sorry to lose, and during long rides we often had together. Boy-like, I was a hero-worshipper, and though nearly half a century has passed since I last saw him, the impression he left on me is still as clear-cut and vivid as ever. Let us hope my partiality for him has not led me into unduly colouring my assessment of his character and qualities.

H. W.

PART I

EARLY DAYS AND EDUCATION

CHAPTER I

THE MISSION-FIELD VERSUS THE LAW—THE VOYAGE TO NEW ZEALAND—PAIHIA IN 1835.

ROBERT MAUNSELL was born at Milford, near Limerick, Ireland, on October 24, 1810. His family, the name of which appears in Burke's *Landed Gentry in Ireland,* was a branch of an English one which had been settled in Ireland for several generations. His father was George Maunsell, who was Collector of Customs and subsequently partner with his cousins, Thomas and Robert, of Maunsell's Bank, Limerick. George married first, in 1786, Anne, daughter of James Smyth, former Collector of Customs. His second wife was Miss McGrath, daughter of Gamaliel Fitzgerald McGrath of Redmondstown and Elizabeth, daughter of Windham Quin of Adare. The second family consisted of nine sons and two daughters, R.M. being the seventh son. Robert's grandfather was Richard Maunsell of Ballywilliam, County Limerick, who married in 1745 Maria Helena, daughter of Daniel Toler of Beechwood, and half sister of John, Earl of Norbury. Robert Maunsell married firstly in 1835 Susan Pigott, and had four sons, Edward Swartz, George, Robert, John Frederick, and three daughters, Susanna Eliza, Frances Catherine, and Anne Gabbett. He married, secondly, in 1852, Beatrice Panton, and had by her two daughters, Agnes and Jane, and one son, Herbert.

His earlier education was obtained at Waterford, whence he went to Dublin University (Trinity

College), where his record was noteworthy. Of seventy-two who entered with him he took first place, eventually secured honours in Classics, and graduated as B.A. in his 23rd year. His intention was to take up the profession of law, and in his own words he describes his change of mind. "I was preparing to eat my dinner at the Four Courts, when a fellow-collegian, a few years my senior, called upon me. 'How are you getting on at the law?' I asked. 'Oh, I have thrown it up," he replied, 'I saw so much there that I disliked that I left it. I am going to be a clergyman.' That evening after dinner I said to my father, 'I shall not go to the Bar. I will enter the Church.' 'All right,' he said, 'you are your own master. I shall not interfere with you.' A year or so later, as I was about to take my degree, I met a missionary at a friend's house. He gave us some details of his work in India, and read some letters from converts. His manners were cold and repelling, but, as it was the first time that I had heard of missionary work, I was deeply interested. That night I did not sleep much, and was in a kind of fever, praying that I might be accepted as a missionary."

So, in obedience to the great commission, he gave up the prospects of a brilliant career at the Bar. Proceeding to the Church Missionary Society's College at Islington, near London, he pursued his theological studies, and also underwent a short medical training. (In foreign fields, where doctors were not available, this latter was very necessary, but, even with the limited knowledge thus attained, the anxiety of missionaries with young wives and families must have been very great.)

He was ordained priest by the Bishop of London on December 21, 1834, and shortly afterwards married.

When asked to what part of the world he wished to go, he replied, "It is all the same to me; send me where you please." New Zealand was decided on, and on February 4, 1835, this young couple, he but 25 and she 21, left London for Gravesend to embark for New Zealand on board the ship *Florentia,* Captain Deloitte.

One can imagine how, with misty eyes and sad hearts, they watched the shores of England fade from their sight—England, that "green and pleasant land" which, along with their beloved Ireland, held all in life that was dear to them—the comforts of good homes, and the many friends and relations whom, little did they think, they were never to see again.

The ship that was to be their home for many long months, possessed very few of the amenities that would soften the discomforts of a wearisome and uninteresting voyage. They arrived at Sydney on July 30, and were obliged to stay there until an opportunity arose of continuing their journey, which was on November 8, by the brig *Active.* Meantime they lodged with the Rev. Samuel Marsden and a Mr. Styles. Their long journey ended at Paihia, Bay of Islands, which they reached on November 26, 1835. Paihia at that time had a well-organized Mission Station, a centre of education and industry. Henry Williams, with his wife and two children, had arrived there in 1822, being later joined by his brother William and his family.

We quote here the first letter written by the young wife to her friend, Miss Langham, Hastings, England:

"Paihia, Bay of Islands,
"December 3, 1835.

"My very dear Eliza,

"Ten months have now elapsed since I left London, and should I defer writing to you any longer

I fear you would charge me with forgetfulness. It was my intention to have written to you before we left New South Wales, but we had not so long a notice of the departure of the vessel as I expected, consequently was too much hurried with packing the last week to be enabled to do so, and for once do not regret having procrastinated, as a vessel is leaving the Bay so soon after our arrival, for thus I can supply you with a little more and later information than if I had written from Sydney. I suppose you will let my beloved Mama and sister see this letter. I recollect the first I addressed to you after my marriage I ought to have requested you to keep to yourself, but this I believe does not require quite so rigid an inhibition. I wrote to my dear sister a short time before we left Sydney, to Mama immediately after our arrival there, and also sent a letter by the way of *Isle of France* soon after we passed the Cape of Good Hope. I hope they will all be received.

"Mr. and Mrs. Bobart and Mr. and Mrs. Ashwell arrived in New South Wales a few days before we left. I was much disappointed in finding they had only two letters for us from our valued Mr. Young. I consoled myself by thinking they might have some in boxes they had not unpacked, or at least in hoping the promised budget by Mr. Applegate would compensate by its size for the long time it is coming.

"We sailed from Sydney on November 8, and anchored in the Bay of Islands early on the morning, 26th. The first two days we had very bad weather, and I was very seasick, nor I alone, for my dear Robert was worse than any time coming from England. However, he was so kind and self-denying as to give me all the assistance I required. After then, we had most beautiful weather until the night before our arrival, when a very strong gale blew, and continued with increasing violence the day and night after

we landed. We felt truly thankful we were permitted to enter our desired haven when we did. Had we been exposed to so furious a wind in the open sea, our little vessel (not quarter the size of the *Florentia*) would in all probability have suffered much. During the whole of our long and perilous journeyings we could not but observe how merciful and kind was the Providence attending us, and when we felt ourselves on the shores of our wished-for New Zealand and cast a retrospective glance on the past year, our hearts gratefully exulted with the feeling 'Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.'

"While we were at breakfast the morning we anchored, Mr. Baker, one of the missionaries at the Paihia Station, came on board to welcome us, and when we were ready, conducted us on shore. His boat was rowed by the New Zealanders, who appeared to me (as we had seen them before only in the English dress) exceedingly ferocious-looking men. One of them was a chief, baptized a few weeks ago. I believe they all exceeded six feet in height, and of corresponding dimensions. Their arms were quite uncovered—I should say, rather, their bodies, as low as the waist—their legs the same, face, neck and arms, but ornamented with tattooing all over. The wind, being very strong, blew back their dark bushy hair off their faces, and, taking a survey from head to foot, to a stranger their appearance was very far from prepossessing. As soon as we were seated in the boat, the man nearest to us gave me a most familiar nod. I could not help smiling, but thought him such a rude fellow, and turned my head away.

We had to row, I suppose, a mile. As we approached the beach, several of the natives came running down a hill to meet us. It was nearly low water, and those who had trousers on pulled them up, and away they ran into the water to draw the boat

on to the sand, which, being wet, one of them took me in his arms (just imagine us!), set off with me to a dry place, and immediately he put me down, held out his hand. We shook hands as heartily as if we were old friends meeting. We then went off to the Rev. H. Williams' house, where we were very kindly received. It was quite diverting to observe the anxiety of the natives when one of our boxes was opened in the hall for letters, to examine its contents. They came flocking round us, to shake hands and salute us with their *Tenera Ko Koe* (How do you do?). They are extremely fond of shaking hands, and, after going through this ceremony with a large number of them, I can assure you a basin of water and a piece of soap are by no means unacceptable. The nod, too, which at first offended me, I find to be an expression of good feeling. Sometimes they will stand or sit looking at you for some minutes, and when your eye meets theirs, a most condescending and dignified nod is returned. This I discovered very soon, and of course my nod followed their nod.

"My experience, dear Eliza, of a missionary life is at present but short, yet I more than ever rejoice in being called by my Heavenly Father to this glorious work. My expectations of its trials are much disappointed and my anticipations of its pleasures more than realized.

"Well now, let me try to give you a picture of this beautiful spot. I very often wish I could send you home a sketch of the scenery around us. The little settlement of Paihia is situated on the beach facing south-east. Its buildings consist of (beginning at the east end) about twenty or thirty rush huts of the natives, just high enough for them to stand upright in; then Mr. H. Williams' pretty cottage, a verandah in front, through the trellis-work of which woodbines and roses most luxuriantly twine. What we consider

became, instead of a deep, navigable river, the shallow stream we see to-day sprawling on top of its accumulated banks of sand.

Then one day several hundreds of acres of land near the mouth slid off the hills, damming the stream, and raising the water till it drowned out the heavy forest that covered the greater part of Aka-aka. And the river could not eat away the solid materials of which the slip was composed, but gradually scoured out a fresh bed through the drift formation of the North Head, and entered the sea a mile north of its former outlet. The natives affect to remember, traditionally of course, this episode, but if so they have been in New Zealand very much longer than the seven or eight centuries commonly assigned as their period here.

And as if the heavy hand of nature had not inflicted tribulations sufficient upon the river, man must needs add to its sorrows. More than twenty years ago it was handed over to a River Board which undertook to defy gravitation and lower the surface of the river below the level of the Tasman Sea. And the net result, over and above the wastage of a great deal of money, was the irreparable destruction of its navigable channel, and the definite injury of the drainage system of large areas of reclaimed land.

Above the slip the river curves into a sheltered bay, Putataka, which affords good anchorage for any vessel that crosses the bar. Below the slip a wide expanse of sand is spread out, most of which is the abandoned river-bed, and on the verge of this, across a little stream which flows out of a pretty wooded dale, the newcomers settled down.

The route to this lonely but delightful spot was by water chiefly. From the head of the Waiuku creek, an arm of the Manukau, a short track led to the head of canoe navigation at Purapura on the

Awaroa stream, which falls into the widest part of the Waikato estuary. This Purapura must not be confused with the other Purapura on the right bank of the Waikato, a dozen miles or so from the Heads. From the mouth of the Awaroa it is perhaps six miles to Port Waikato.

Naturally, pioneer missionaries had to provide themselves with everything in the way of living accommodation, and their first dwellings were of the most primitive character. For quite a lengthy period the Maunsell family had to live in a couple of whares built in the native style of saplings walled and thatched with raupo or nikau fronds—snug enough for a few weeks camping out, but not by any means desirable as a permanent home. The school was started with one European pupil-teacher, and an average during the first nine months of between twelve and fifteen children.

In April, 1839, Maunsell's first report from this station reads:—"With my present sphere of labour I am much pleased. It is situated at the mouth of the Waikato River, the largest fresh water river in the Island, which is navigable by canoes for about 130 miles from its mouth, and has a considerable population residing on its banks. The people are of a migratory character, and many of the tribes have cultivations at the Heads. As far as we have yet observed, there is no spot on the river so much resorted to by natives as this. The shipping also of Manukau with the small craft that put in here, will have a considerable tendency to increase this intercourse and to induce them to move out from the interior. We have several native teachers up the river, who though they possess not all the qualifications that we could wish, are yet very useful not only in keeping matters in progress, but also as affording channels of communication between us and the

people, and as inducing many of those who would otherwise never have come, to resort to us for instruction. Although there was some difficulty at first in procuring a proper site for a settlement, we have obtained the best situation we could have desired. The scenery is as fine as any I have seen in the Island. The river is about quarter of a mile broad at its mouth, and a little further up takes the appearance of a large lake, three miles broad, studded with islands and surrounded by beautiful mountain scenery; while, on the left, the western ocean, rising with immense swells, bursts with grandly sweeping breakers within a mile and a half of the settlement.

"Since my arrival I have scarcely had an idle moment. Inexpert as I am, I am obliged to wade through the formidable mass of mechanical and other secular labours attendant on the formation of a new settlement, while the numbers coming from all quarters to seek instruction scarcely ever allow me a leisure evening. The thirst for knowledge here is very great; almost every day there are fresh arrivals of persons coming to *Korerorero* (to hold conversations). What we tell them they treasure up, and as they are exceedingly talkative, communicate to their friends at a distance, so that often we find in a remote part of our district the people acquainted with our explanations of terms, portions of Scripture history, and other subjects that we did not expect to have been known beyond the immediate circuit of the settlement. Having learned anything remarkable from one of us, they will frequently go to the other, either to sound his knowledge or ascertain its correctness. A few slates and books form the whole of our school apparatus, to the no small discouragement of the teacher. That a few maps in Maori would be a most acceptable addition would be soon apparent to anyone who witnessed the facility and delight with which this

people enter into subjects of history and geography. One thing I never expected to witness, the truly astonishing desire to obtain the Scriptures. They will come from a great distance to obtain one, and will gladly give pigs in exchange for them. If I had them to dispose of, I could sell numbers. We have just received a supply of fifty, but *what are they among so many?* Five hundred would not be enough. Immediately upon opening the case of Scriptures this morning, we were obliged directly to assign them for particular tribes to prevent ourselves being worried by the number of applicants. Our bank has long since stopped payment, and having in purchasing the present site of the settlement agreed to give eighteen Scriptures as a part payment, we are only able to spare nine until we should be favoured with a fresh supply.

"Having promised a New Testament to one of the congregations about five days' journey from hence, as a reward for the superior neatness and care exhibited in the erection of their chapel, one of their party accompanied me the whole way back, and finding they had not arrived, has this day proceeded to Mr. Hamlin's, twenty-five miles distant, to obtain it. Thus when he has reached home he will have taken a twelve days' journey for one book.

"Our station has been for some time passing through dark and ill-boding clouds, but the sun has at last burst in upon us. Let us all be fervent in prayer that it may no more go down."

CHAPTER IV

TEACHING THROUGH THE EYES—THE SCHOOL CURRICULUM—ILL-HEALTH OF MRS. MAUNSELL—VISIT FROM THE GOVERNOR, CAPTAIN WILLIAM HOBSON, R.N.

UNDER Maunsell's handling the affairs of the Maraetai Station were soon going with a swing. As early as the end of July, 1839, there was an average daily attendance of seventy scholars at the school. In a report dated the 30th of that month an eloquent appeal is made for materials that would simplify the task of the teachers by enabling the native mind to grasp more easily the facts presented to it.

"It would much help us if our friends could supply us with pictures, illustrative of Scripture subjects. It is a mode of instruction recommended by the example of the Venerable Hans Egede[1] and of the propriety of which all will be satisfied who consider how interestingly and impressively instruction is conveyed in this manner to children, and indeed to all whose minds are not fitted to frame the conceptions afforded by the narrative. Added to this, we have but a very small part of the Old Testament history as yet published, and shall not, I fear, have more for some time yet. The Roman Catholics, moreover, have now arrived in considerable numbers in the land, and will, I fear, sadly pervert a feature of the New Zealanders' character which has a peculiar influence on their opinions—I mean their habit of ascribing reality and existence to any being of which they have seen the representation. Why, then, should not we point out to them the legitimate use of such representation, and while the ear is made use of, to excite devotional

[1] Superintendent of a Danish Mission to Greenland in 1721.

feeling in psalmody, so make the eye a vehicle, as well for exciting feeling as conveying instruction? These things were not unnoticed by our worthy forefathers of the fifteenth century, and the five editions through which the Biblia Pauperum went, show how much such a mode of instruction was approved by them. Why, then, should not we also use them in our missionary labours? Of this also I can assure you, however strange the notion may appear, that a well executed picture of the Protestant martyrs would go farther to convince and affect the New Zealanders than all the arguments or histories we could lay before them, and the reason consists in that same feature of their character to which I have just alluded.

"The desire for knowledge, I may say with truth, amounts to a great thirst. If I could afford time, they would occupy most of my days in answering their questions and giving instruction. Not only have they excellent memories, but they are also very communicative of their knowledge. When they meet together it is, if not to sing their filthy *waiatas* (songs) at least to talk over some trifling matter, in discussing which they will spend whole nights together. How excellent then would be the prospect of supplying them with subjects equally interesting and more elevating.

"As far as their songs are concerned, our Catechisms have almost succeeded in supplanting them, for so accommodating are their tunes and metres that they now set the Catechism to them and thus, when they join us, still find a substitute for their ancient *waiata.* With our people in this district—Waikato—we have succeeded in carrying this practice farther, very much to our satisfaction. They are now very much taken with anything new, and no English lady seeks for a new song with greater zeal than does a New Zealander for a new *waiata.* Their tunes they tell me are almost infinite, though they seem to our

ears nothing more than a monotonous croaking, varying not more than two or three notes; and, as the singers feel themselves at liberty to abbreviate or prolong or divide, just as they please, are capable of being adapted to any form of composition. Having, therefore, translated Moses' song and some of the chapters of Isaiah that refer prominently to the sufferings and glory of our adorable Lord, I have got my lads to copy them out and have circulated them with much success. Others are now frequently coming to me for papers and pen in order that they may make a copy for themselves.

"My regular work on Lord's Day, when at home, is as follows:—The native service commences at nine o'clock; the regular congregation is about 200, sometimes 250, at other times more. At eleven o'clock the European service commences, which for the present is held at our house for the benefit of my family and two Europeans who regularly attend. While this service is being performed, the baptized natives hold a prayer meeting among themselves, the object of which is to pray for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon this benighted land. One of themselves takes the infant school at the same time. The European service being over, we have dinner, after which, a quarter-past one o'clock, the bell rings for native school. There are three reading classes in the men's and boys' school, sixteen in the first class, twenty in the second, and fourteen in the third. At times, however, the natives coming from the adjacent villages, there are several more in each class. The monitor of each class hears his class read and asks questions on the portions read. I endeavour to explain to them the whole or any part which I think it is not likely they would understand.

"The monitor's questions are as follows:—Should the class be reading, say the 19th Chapter of St.

Matthew, the monitor asks in the first verse, 'When Who had finished these sayings?' The scholar answers 'Jesus,' and if he could not answer, the next would take his turn and his place if he answered correctly. The next question put is 'What did Jesus do when He had finished these sayings?' To which the scholars answer 'He departed from Galilee.' The monitor next asks 'Into what coasts did He come?' The scholar replies 'Into the coasts of Judea, beyond Jordan.' The questions are then asked, 'What is Galilee? What is Judea? What is Jordan?'

"These reading classes generally go outside of the chapel when the weather is fine. After reading and Catechism are over, I generally assemble the whole in the chapel and ask them questions. Thus, should the question be asked, 'Who was Daniel?' the answer would be 'The prophet who was saved in the lions' den,' to which I would add a short history of Daniel, when and for what reason he was cast into a lions' den. The school is closed, as it commenced, with a hymn and prayer. The average attendance at the school on week-days is of the female sex, thirty, and of the male, forty.

"The native service on Lord's Day evenings is generally conducted by a baptized native, and I conduct a short service in English in my house, which closes the labours of the day."

For the previous two years, Mrs. Maunsell had been in very poor health, and in 1839 she had a serious breakdown. This sad occurrence, added to the increasing anxieties of a rapidly growing establishment, was a matter of grave concern to her husband, who writes later on, "Often and long have I paced up and down the little patch of sand by the side of the stream behind our house, deeply distressed at my inability to travel amongst my people, and praying God to make up for my defects.

"We had then a medical man attached to the missions, but as there was very little communication between the different parts of the Island, weeks and months would pass before we could hear from him. The other missionaries were distant from us by journeys of days and weeks and then it was by hard travelling, not on horse-back but on foot, through swamps and rivers. The medical man pronounced my wife's disease incurable, and advised me to return to England. Why I did not go I cannot tell, but I recognize now the good hand of my God, Who raised her up in a marvellous manner. A young layman in our mission heard of her complaint and sent me an advertisement. I procured the cure advertised, and she was enabled to do her work for some years afterwards."

In his report Home on July 22, 1840, Maunsell shows the beneficial results which had arisen from the labours of the missionaries by contrasting their localities as they were then with what they were formerly. He writes:—"The fact is that no one who has not resided among them in their primitive state can fairly estimate their present condition. Formerly, high fences were necessary and locked doors; now our doors are unlocked day and night. Formerly murders were committed before our face, vessels plundered, ourselves threatened, and travellers ever in danger. Now, Europeans settle down, perfectly free from all apprehension. Lascivious dances and other practices were all we witnessed when we visited them formerly; now you may see chapels in every village, Christian communities growing up, and services and schools regularly attended. Meeting a European who has been residing for many years in the interior, I asked him if he noticed any change lately in the conduct of the people. 'Yes,' he replied, 'my people have behaved much better since they began

to pray.' Now the demand for European clothes, soap, and other useful articles is increasing. Large wheat fields may be seen at the Waimate, belonging to natives, and they are particularly desirous of cows and horses. One man, David Taiwhanga, has twenty cows and a good farm, and makes butter, which he sells in the Bay at 2/6 per lb."

A month earlier, Maunsell wrote:—"Of the 7,000 natives contained in our district, we compute that fully three-fourths have embraced the Gospel."

On Sunday, July 5, 1840, His Excellency Lieutenant-Governor Hobson, accompanied by Mr. George Clarke, Protector of the Aborigines, and two other officers in His Excellency's suite, paid a visit to Maraetai and attended English evening service. He expressed himself as highly pleased with the station.

Maunsell, in a letter dated January 3, 1840, writes to the Church Missionary Society, London:—"Accompanying I send you an account of Edward Ngataru. Four days ago I consigned his remains to the tomb with many prayers that, as he may be considered an evidence of the Sovereign Grace of God, so may he be the first droppings of a mighty shower yet to be poured down upon this people."

CHAPTER V

THE STORY OF EDWARD NGATARU AND HIS WIFE KAITUPEKA

"*November 2, 1839.*

"I have just returned from one of the most pleasing visits I have yet paid in the land. It was to Ngataru, a young man of head rank, who has been for some time suffering apparently from consumption.

"The first time he attracted me was about six weeks ago, when I visited him at the native settlement. I expected to find him, as is usual with persons of his rank, strictly sacred, and that neither I nor anyone else would be allowed to approach him, except the person whose business it was to feed him, for, when sick, they do not feed themselves but are fed by a sacred person. I was agreeably surprised, however, at being invited, with smiles, to draw near, and at his entering with readiness into conversation on religious subjects. His wife, Kaitupeka, also seemed to be a superior person. Her manners were peculiarly meek and cheerful, and she entered with readiness into our conversation. She brought me their copy of the New Testament which she had kept tied up in a neat little bag, and lamenting that it was so broken, asked if I could not repair it. It was an old edition, and bore marks of attentive reading. The prospect also of getting another is, I am sorry to say, very distant. The Scriptures are with us almost as scarce and valuable as they were in England in the days of Henry the Eighth. The demand for them and Prayer Books is much greater than we can supply, and many a person have we been obliged to send away disappointed after he had spent a good part of a day and much importunity in seeking for it. Of course, therefore, I could not but accede to Kaitupeka's request, and left them much pleased with my visit, humbly hoping that the Ngati-tipa, the noble and haughty tribe near whom we are residing, and among whom Ngataru holds high rank, were beginning, even so much sooner than we expected, to feel the mighty influence of the love of Christ. Shortly afterward, having occasion to pay a visit to Manukau, I was pleased to hear on my return that Ngataru had left the native place and had come to our settlement. This was taking another and a decided step. His relations

feel it to be a degradation that he should come to the land of a strange tribe, and his grandfather, the head chief and a very proud old man, does not approve of his joining us. I hastened therefore to see him, and asked him with more particularity as to what his soul rested on for salvation. 'The Cross," was the first and only reply. 'But what good thing,' I asked, 'is there of yours to bring you near to God?' 'Nothing,' said he, 'but the death of Christ.' 'But,' said I, 'do you not think that the *tapu* (sacredness) will restore you to health?' 'Ah,' said he, 'it is all *heriheri* (nonsense).' I said, 'Is not your wife sacred?' 'No,' he replied. How mysterious, thought I, are the movements of God's converting grace. A young man whom I visited last Lord's Day at our old settlement and had been so promising under our instruction for three years, as soon as sickness attacked him sent forthwith for the priestess. This couple, on the contrary, who had never attended our conversation or Scripture meetings, to whose neighbourhood we have only lately come to reside, from whom we entertained not the least expectation, are now, under a protracted and trying illness, giving a strong proof of the sincerity of their faith. To Thy Name, O Lord, we give the glory for Thy truth and mercy's sake. On a subsequent visit I thought it well to propose to him the subject of baptism. 'How can I,' said he, 'as I have got no garment?' 'What mean you,' said I, 'by garment?' 'I have no garment for my soul,' he said, 'it is naked. My *wakaaro* is very small.' (*Wakaaro* is the word used when one begins to think on religion, and very closely corresponds to *wisdom* and *prudence* in the Old Testament.) 'Yes,' said I, 'but Christ will be a garment for it.' 'But who knows,' he rejoined, 'that I have got hold of Christ?' I left him therefore a little surprised, and could not but suspect that there was more further meaning in the expression.

"This day, however, the difficulty was solved, for having heard that his garments were sacred and that he had written to his relations to obtain their consent to his baptism, I called upon him to enquire about it. He replied that his grandfather Kukutai had sent word that he would not consent to his (Ngataru's) becoming *Noa* (common) while he retained those garments. Their custom is that the garments and the whole person and head of a chief shall be sacred, as also his food and his house, and if he suffer any desecration, by blood being drawn from him, by his sitting in a cooking house eating with slaves, etc., he is considered as likely to be cut off by death, and the tribe will often deem it to be due to his rank to bring 'a fight' as they call it, against him, and as a demonstration of regard, strip him of all the property they may find about him. In sickness they are doubly sacred. They must not eat in any kind of house, no one must come near them where they lie, and hence they are removed to a shed at a distance and are not allowed to mix with the others until certain ceremonies have been performed upon them by the priest. This was the opposing obstacle with Ngataru. If he presumed to divest himself of his sacredness, he would most probably be stripped of what little property he had by his relatives.

"'The difficulty, however,' said I, 'may be easily met. Remember what they who used curious arts did when they believed Paul's teaching—they gathered together, and burnt their books in the presence of all.' This plan pleased him, and he asked to have the passage, where such a transaction is recorded, pointed out.[1] 'We often think,' said he, after a little other conversation, 'that you Europeans are frequently favoured with views of Christ. As for us, we are ever saying in our minds, 'Now perhaps Christ will

[1] Acts xix, verse 19.

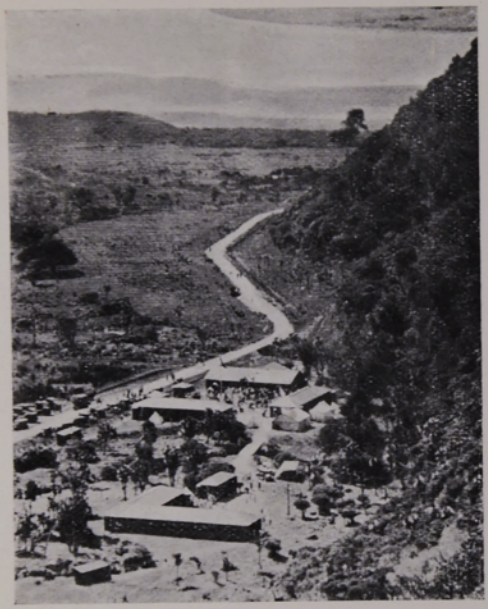
appear to me; perhaps when I go out of the door He will meet me face to face; perhaps if I go up that hill He will meet me there; or if I go into the wood, perhaps there I may come across Him.' Then I think how I should act if He were to meet me, whether I should fall down and pray, or run in fear, or stand fixed, or what I should do.' 'Yes,' said Kaitupeka, joining in, 'these have often been my thoughts, and I mentioned them some time ago to Tirua, and asked him if it were right to entertain them, and he said that I had better come and ask you the question. Then I felt ashamed to go to your meeting lest you should say 'What brings that woman here?' So I have been going on thinking and wishing until now.' 'Ah!' said I, 'we do not gain such a view of Christ as you think. Our view of Him is by the eye of Faith. At the same time, He does draw near to us, especially those who pray much, and they then can tell His presence.' 'Yes,' said Ngataru, 'by the desire and excitement He causes.' 'Yes,' I replied, 'in your native state you felt no sensation as these—no sweet peace, no delight in meditation, no peculiar and inexpressible joy in your religious services; and by this you may know that there is something substantial in this religion by the peculiarly unearthly and yet soul-satisfying sensations that accompany the proper performance of them. I understood,' I continued, 'that you have written to your relatives to obtain their sanction to your being baptized.' 'Yes,' he replied. 'What do they say?' I asked. He thereupon told me the reply of Nene, which, a little before, I myself had also seen. Nene is also a man of great rank and a close relative of Ngataru. Formerly, we knew of no one in Waikato whom we considered a more dangerous and desperate character. His manners were wild in the extreme, and a word would often be sufficient to produce an outburst of fury. It was

he who threw so many difficulties in the way of our occupying this station, and who on a former occasion headed the Whangaroa natives in stripping the vessel at that place. The lion, however, has been turned into the lamb, and he regularly attends our Lord's Day service.

On receiving Ngataru's note, Nene wrote in reply, 'Friend, you are perfectly correct, and I for my part have no objection. At the same time it would not be well for me alone to express my consent. Let the consent of all be alike. We had better wait, therefore, until Ngapaka comes, till we hear what he may say.' (Ngapaka is the eldest surviving son of Kukutai.) 'If,' said I, 'Ngapaka should object, how will you proceed? Will you then decline baptism?' 'No,' he replied, 'Ngapaka's word shall sink and mine shall float.' After some further conversation I became satisfied that Kaitupeka was also qualified to be admitted with her husband to baptism, and having told her of it, I added, 'This evening I shall be engaged with some women from Ngateweho who are to be baptized next Lord's Day, and you, if you like, may join them for conversation.' 'Ah,' she replied, 'how can I leave the patient?'—meaning her husband—a remark which, though commonplace to an English female, is quite contrary in this land, where it is no unusual thing for the wife to forsake her husband, and the husband the wife, for hours and days together in times of sickness. There is now living with Ngataru a young man named Solomon, a man of rank, who is suffering from consumption. He is an only son and beloved by his father with a large measure of native affection, and yet days pass over, though they live within a mile and a half of him, without their coming to see him or even sending to enquire. This evidence of Kaitepeka's affection was therefore peculiarly pleasing. Promising to return next day to

converse with them on the sacred ordinance to which they were about to be admitted, I arose to depart. 'Let it be true,' cried Ngataru, seizing my hand. 'Yes,' said I, 'I will.' 'Remember then,' he repeated. 'Yes,' said I, 'If God permit, I will come and see you to-morrow.'

"Next day, having called upon him according to promise, the subject of the garments was again brought under discussion. How to manage with them was the difficulty. A good pair of blankets and a comfortable outside native mat constituted all he had. These, together with those of his wife, which are also sacred, are articles of far greater value to a native than a European can well conceive. Beside that, he had no prospect of getting another blanket, and if he disposed of these he was entirely dependent on what he might receive from the kindness of his friends. No other alternative, however, seemed admissible. As being connected with the eldest branch, he is considered the Ariki, or Lord of the Tribe, and is therefore peculiarly sacred, and in all religious ceremonies the chief management would fall upon him. It was therefore, I considered, necessary that, by him particularly, some clear evidence of the sincerity of his faith and of his utter renunciation of the old customs should be given. 'Kai,' he said to his wife, 'If you could make haste you might perhaps see the old gentleman and obtain his consent to make these *noa* (not sacred). 'I do not think,' she replied, 'that that would be advisable. If you retain them, you will always be in danger of faltering and will not perhaps be able to get rid of the awe attending upon things sacred.' 'Yes, Kaitupeka,' said I, 'I quite agree with you. How, moreover, shall we be able to satisfy others that the garments are not sacred?' After some struggle, he at last consented. The next morning,



Maraetai

The mission station occupied the flat area beyond the Waikato Children's Health Camp shown above. In Maunsell's time a large war party crossed the river seen in the background, performed a war dance on the beach, and after a fight with a neighbouring tribe indulged in a cannibal orgy.

Lord's Day, I was called at before six o'clock to witness the smoke of the burning garments. That same day, Ngataru, his wife and his two children, were admitted into the fold of Christ before a crowded and overflowing congregation.

"There is much in the character of Kaitupeka—or Mary, as we must now call her—that is very pleasing. Her meekness, her sound sense, her attentions to her suffering partner, as well as her sound knowledge of the leading doctrines of the Gospel, are remarkably contrasted with the barefaced effrontery and moral and spiritual deadness that surround her. Blushing to the eyes—a thing unusual with a native female—she said, addressing herself to me, 'I should prefer, if you have no objection, my not being baptized immediately.' 'Why?' I replied. 'Because I have not yet brought forth any fruit to evidence that I really believe,' she said. 'Well,' I replied, 'it is good that you should stand fearful and doubting of yourself, for we know not the hour when we may fall. In this matter, therefore, you are perfectly at liberty to act as you deem best. At the same time, I thought Ngataru would be pleased to have you admitted with himself and the children.' It was then referred to Ngataru, and they had a private talk together, in which, as far as I could hear, she expressed apprehension as to her future conduct after her husband's departure. Her objections, however, appear to have been overruled, and she will, I trust, survive her partner to be an ornament to the Church and a standing proof of the mysteriously-acting grace of God, which passes by some, and effectually converts others.

"The subsequent history of Edward is brief, but contains many interesting incidents that might well be mentioned as illustrative of native character and of his real state of mind. Shortly after his baptism,

he was induced to go inland to superintend the cultivation of his kumara grounds, and listening to the suit of his friends, remained with them. We paid him, however, frequent visits and entertained some apprehensions lest they should shake him in his faith and induce him to turn back to the refuge of lies—the *tapu*—to seek for restoration to health. Nothing, however, occurred to weaken the hope that I had entertained, and still entertain, that his mind rested in faith in the merits of the Saviour.

"On the Lord's Day on which he was baptized, Kukutai came to see and wept over him, and on his return from the chapel, entered into conversation with him. 'That European,' said he, 'can have but little love for you, otherwise he never would have directed you to destroy your garments.' 'Do not say that,' replied Edward, 'it was quite straight that the garments should be destroyed, neither is what you say about his having little love for me true.' 'Well,' replied the old gentleman, 'take care of yourself now, and don't go near the fire where food is cooked, nor mix with slaves.' 'Indeed,' replied Edward, 'I shall do no such thing, for I have now altogether left off the old customs, which are all nonsense.' 'Oh, I forgot,' said the old man. Ngapaka, taking up the subject, observed that Ngataru having joined the Church, it was very improper that he should be addressed with such language. The thing was therefore given up for the present, and I hoped for good. Shortly after, however, as he seemed to be on the point of expiring, the chief men came around his hut to weep over him, and standing around, burst into loud wailings. Kukutai also came among them, and brought in his hand his tomahawk, and as he approached, he chanted, as is usual, a dirge. It was addressed to Mary, who, a little before, had been combing Edward's hair by the side of the fire—a

mortal sin. 'How farest thou, thou murderer of my noble chief? When wilt thou leave? When wilt thou depart? When wilt thou fly to thy abode in Heaven? When wilt thou go to Jesus Christ?' After standing for a short time among the band of mourners, he was observed to move backwards, with his tomahawk firmly grasped as if to inflict a blow on a female slave of Edward's, who was sitting and looking on. When a great man dies, it is customary for a slave to be killed, whose spirit, it is said, departs with him to the Reinga to minister to him.[2] This, it appears, was Kukutai's object. His two elder sons, however, perceived it in time, and springing forward, rescued the unfortunate woman from an untimely death, and baffled the malice of the wicked one, who would gladly have spread so dark a cloud over poor Edward as he sank tranquilly into rest."

* * *

(Mary Ngataru, after her husband's death, joined the school permanently and became head female native teacher, faithfully remaining to the very last.)

[2] In the year 1839, at Puckey's station in the Bay of Islands, a Maori woman, a *taurekareka,* or slave, acted as domestic. One morning the local chief arrived and asked for this woman, and she was pointed out to him doing the washing under a tree. He advanced and spoke to her, and as she turned to him, split her head open with a tomahawk. His son had died that morning, and an attendant was required to wait upon him in the next world. Mrs. Phillip King, a niece of Nelson's lieutenant, Admiral Collingwood, was living with Mrs. Puckey at the time, and witnessed the occurrence. Mrs. King lived to be about 102.

CHAPTER VI

MAUNSELL AS EMPIRE-BUILDER—DID TE WHERO-WHERO SIGN THE TREATY OF WAITANGI?—A NATIVE FEAST—MR. ASHWELL LEAVES FOR TAUPIRI—A LETTER HOME.

It was not only in the literary line that Maunsell distinguished himself during his early years at Maraetai. When New Zealand was formally taken over as a British Colony, to him was entrusted the task, by no means an easy one, of getting the signatures of the chiefs of the Waikato basin to the Treaty of Waitangi. There were no better hands in which the work could have been placed, and so successful was he that on April 14, 1840, he wrote to Lieutenant-Governor Hobson:—"You will, I trust, receive with this the document lately forwarded to me, to have the signatures of the principal men in Waikato attached to it. I am happy to inform you that the signatures obtained comprise those of the leading men, excepting perhaps two. Those we hope soon to obtain, and I have already forwarded on to Messrs. Wallis and Whiteley the document left with me by Captain Symonds, in order that they may obtain as many more names as they deem expedient."

Incidentally, on May 12, 1840, Captain W. C. Symonds reports:—"On examination of the signatures obtained by Mr. Maunsell, I found that with the exception of very few, all the leading men of the country as far as Mokau had acknowledged the sovereignty of Her Majesty. The few belonged to the neighbourhood of Aotea and Kawhia, wherefore I determined proceeding myself no further, being well assured of the disposition on the part of the Wesleyan Mission to support the Government by every exertion

in its power, and I sent a letter to the Rev. John Whiteley claiming his assistance in procuring the remaining names. I returned to Manukau on April 18, where I obtained the adherence of seven other chiefs to the Treaty, Te Whero-whero and several others having objected, though they manifested no ill-will to the Government. This I attribute partly to the Bishop's[1] influence, partly to the extreme pride of the native chiefs, and in a great measure to my being alone and unable to make that display and parade which exerts such influence on the minds of savages."

Of the two non-signing chiefs referred to in Maunsell's report, one was the great Potatau Te Whero-whero, the first Maori King. He was succeeded by his son Tawhiao. Not long before his death, which occurred in 1894, the same year as Dr. Maunsell's, King Tawhiao told of Maunsell's visit to Awhitu, in 1840, to obtain Te Whero-whero's signature. Maunsell was accompanied by Tipene Tahatika, but they failed to induce the chief to sign. Later on Te Whero-whero's signature was on the Treaty, but according to Tawhiao it was placed there by Te Kahawai. Tawhiao was at the time a boy of about fifteen. The official report says definitely that he did not sign, but the general belief appears to have been that he did, an error due no doubt to his name being on the document.

The "signatures" to the Treaty (about 580 in all) were very weird affairs—even more so than the signatures of most present-day business men—very few of the chiefs being able to write English. The Maoris tattooed their faces and bodies with curious curves and spirals. The design on each was distinctive, and not duplicated on any other. A native's tattoo

[1] The R.C. Bishop Pompallier. He was the only Bishop in New Zealand at that time.

marks constituted his name, and by these marks his friends could identify him, living or dead, and a copy of the *moko,* as it was called, constituted a valid signature.

One of Maunsell's rules was that no nude person should come near a mission house. One insolent young native persisted in doing so, in spite of repeated remonstrances. Looking from his study window one Sunday morning, Maunsell saw the young man strutting about, stark naked as usual, amongst the natives who were gathering round the church for morning service. Maunsell, carrying in his hand a supplejack cane which he had got from the woods the day before, came suddenly behind the young fellow and gave him a smart cut across the buttocks, which made him jump and howl, and take to his heels. But the Church could run as well as the laity, and he got a thoroughly good flogging before he reached the boundary fence, over which he leaped and disappeared. The witnessing Maoris loudly applauded, and there was no breach of the rule thereafter.

* * *

Report to Church Missionary Society on March 30, 1840:—"Our annual examination of schools has just taken place, and was concluded by the baptism of 100, and by 101 communicants from all parts of the district. The answering of the classes gave us all satisfaction. The first class, consisting of 38, was examined by Mr. Hamlin, who had kindly come to assist us, in reading; and some very good answers were made to his questions. They were then examined in writing, ciphering, Scripture and history, and after all, a recitation class stood up and repeated fluently and accurately two chapters from the Epistles. Four classes, amounting with the first, to 300, were

then examined on the same subjects, while Mr. Hamlin in the meantime examined in the open air a class of 450 in the Catechisms.

"Then came the feast, usual on such occasions—not, indeed, so neat or so varied as you may see in England, but attended with no less ceremony, and highly interesting to the Europeans we had invited to be present. Twelve whole pigs, cooked in the one *hangi*, and borne on sticks, were laid in the middle of the company. On either side were piled 100 baskets of potatoes, corn and kumaras. A blessing was asked, and the attendants, with the master of ceremonies, hastened with hatchets and knives to cut up the pigs into halves and quarters; and, having shared out the baskets of kumaras, etc., into parcels proportioned to the various tribes, crowned them with a quarter or a half or a whole pig, as either the number or rank of the parties required. All being ready, the distributor came forward, with his blanket tightly wound round his waist, and another bearing a slate, read over the names of the chief men of the several families; while the distributor, with a huge stick, struck the respective heaps, and in a few minutes the whole vanished as if by magic. About 1,500 had assembled. All was animation and cheerfulness, and even those who had come from four and five days' distance seemed to forget their fatigue in the general excitement."

Ernest Dieffenbach, the noted naturalist, who made several journeys into various parts of New Zealand, refers to a visit he made in 1841:—"About 2,500 natives were present at a meeting which took place the day after my arrival; the manner in which it was carried on and the eloquent orations of the chief, who, in addressing the assembled multitude alluded to their altered and improved condition, seemed to prove that they are fast progressing in civilization; such progress

is certainly owing to the efforts of the missionaries. A great feast and war-dance concluded the meeting, after which the natives retired to their homes. The Rev. Mr. Maunsell, who is at the head of this mission, is a very zealous minister and carried on his work with true Christian disinterestedness. Among those present at this meeting was Lady Franklin, who has done much for the encouragement of science in the southern hemisphere, as her distinguished husband, Sir John Franklin (Arctic explorer), the present Governor of Van Diemen's Land, has done for the same cause."

Captain W. C. Symonds of the navy was also present, and mentioned that a collection for missions in foreign lands was taken up, and amounted to £28 3s. 4¾d.

* * *

An adventurous journey, undertaken in the depth of winter, was performed by Mr. and Mrs. Maunsell. Their trip, which lasted nearly three months, took them to the various inland stations, and finally to Lake Taupo. The journey was difficult and arduous, owing to the roughness of the tracks, the difficulty of obtaining food supplies, and the reluctance of the natives to act as guides. Under date July 12, 1841, Maunsell reports to the C.M.S., London, the following horrible incident that occurred:—"I was just in time to meet a party returning from the western coast, to which place they had proceeded to seek satisfaction for the death of sixty of their number who had been slain in a late invasion by them of that neighbourhood. Providentially, the people of the villages had timely notice and fled. Disappointed of a living subject on whom to wreak their fury, they assailed the dead, and—incredible as the fact may appear, I can solemnly vouch for its truth—exhumed two bodies

that had been recently buried, washed off the putrefied parts and ate them. Horrid, however, as was the act, I cannot regard it as evidence of the prosperity of the cause of Satan; on the contrary, I believe that, as Taupo is now the last retreat of genuine heathenism in this Island, so will its dark places very soon shine with Gospel light, which is now pouring forth with such mighty power through the length and breadth of the land.

"I came across a stone image raised to one of their forefathers, Tuharangi, before which they performed sacred ceremonies and made propitiatory offerings."

(The Taupo natives had an unhappy reputation as being the descendants of Ngatoro-e-rangi, the sinister tohunga (priest) who had been kidnapped and brought to New Zealand in the Arawa canoe. Such images were rare, but there is another at Tihi-o-tonga, near Rotorua, stated to represent Horoirangi, an ancestress of another tribe descended from immigrants brought by the Arawa.)

* * *

In 1842 Ashwell left for Taupiri, fifty miles up the river. This was a new station in a place that had risen considerably in importance, being close to the population of the central parts of the river. Maunsell had shortly before been joined by Carl Sylvius Volkner, a young German nineteen years of age.

* * *

Report for year ending March 31, 1842, to Church Missionary Society:—

"The commencement of the present year found the missionaries of Waikato and Manukau very apprehensive respecting the future condition of these

people. The chief city of the Colony was, about a year since, established in the Thames, in the immediate vicinity of Manukau, and has already made considerable progress. As might be expected, the concourse of natives has been considerable and we have felt much solicitude lest their new position should withdraw their minds from the more solid and enduring treasures of the Gospel. Many, we are sorry to add, have yielded to the temptation, and we have to lament that many a once flourishing plant is now like a root out of a dry ground. The evil characters in the township, the seductions of drink and exorbitant wages have proved too strong. Even those who have escaped confess that so great is the intoxication from the new scenes it is advisable not to visit that place unless under the direction of some experienced friend. Still, we are thankful to reflect that on the whole the lapses have not been so numerous as we expected, and we know of but few who are disposed to follow their evil courses.

"The resignation of Mr. Fairburn has added the western bank of the Thames to our charge, and during the past three months visits have been paid to that place."

We give here a letter written by Mrs. Maunsell on October 19, 1842, to her friend Mrs. Diplock (née Miss Langham) in England.

"Your most welcome letter of September, 1840, I received about six or eight months ago, and as your letter tells me of the interest you will feel in hearing of me and my family, I at once commence with that subject. You may perhaps have heard from my dear mother of my improved health. I assure you I am a wonder to myself. Three years ago it would have been unreasonable to have expected to enjoy the measure of health and strength which is now granted to me. You were perhaps aware that for many, many

weary months I was unable to walk from my bedroom, and part of the time, could scarcely sit upright in my bed for half an hour together. I am now able to take a walk a mile or two to superintend my native school, evening meetings, etc., as well as attend to the ordinary affairs of my family. I am, however, considerably relieved from the burden of household duties by Miss Rymill, the young person who brought your letter. She is a very valuable assistant. While I allow my thoughts to traverse the past, and while I dwell on the present, I feel 'lost in wonder, love and praise.' Oh, the goodness and mercy which have followed me, and oh for yet greater mercy that I may be helped continually to present myself as 'a living sacrifice.'

"I have four dear children, Edward Swartz, George, Robert and John Frederick (whom we call by his second name). Dear Freddy is a twelve-month old, and I hope will soon walk. I have not heard the name of your darling, but take it for granted it is William. You know now, my dear friend, the anxieties of a Christian mother's heart. Oh, it is intense. Join me, Eliza; let us both be fervent, unceasing, importunate in our supplications for our glorious treasures.

"You will be pleased to hear that my dear husband enjoys uninterrupted health. He is much employed in the translation of the Old Testament. The New, you are perhaps aware, has been some time completed. He has also lately, at the request of his brethren written a grammar of the native language.

"Do you ever hear any news of this new Colony, as it has now become? Have you yet seen any of our newspapers? Are you aware there are three published? At the three principal posts of colonization, the Bay of Islands, Auckland (the metropolis near

us), and at Wellington, the Company's town at the western part of Cook's Straits.

"I am thankful to say that things are going on amicably between the colonists and natives. Government will have justice done to the natives. The aborigines have lost a real friend in our poor late Governor.[2] I pray his place may be supplied by one who will be as much interested in their welfare. Mr. Maunsell was sent for to be with him in his last moments, but although he started from home at midnight, he did not reach Auckland until a few hours after the lamented Governor had ceased to breathe. It is much to the advantage of this country that the Bishop, the Chief Justice, and many others holding important offices are warmly interested in the cause of the natives, and I trust there are reasons to hope that the poor New Zealanders will be preserved from the general results of colonization.

"Our new Bishop has been about six or twelve months in the land. He is greatly beloved for his kindness of manners and devotedness to his work, as well as his talents and energy of character. We only fear that he is a little tainted with Puseyism. We ought earnestly to pray for the enlightening spirit of God upon him, that he may not only be blameless in life, but also pure in doctrine. We are now daily expecting him here (December 14) on his return from a long and laborious journey. He left Auckland last September in a ship for Port Nicholson, whence he walks—rather more in primitive style than is general with our Bishops—overland back, visiting many places in and out of his route. He is a man of great strength of body as well as mind, and frequently preaches four times on a Sunday. He has rapidly advanced in native, and can preach with some fluency.

[2] Lieutenant-Governor Hobson died September 10, 1842.

"You ask me, dear Eliza, how religion flourishes in this distant land. There is much profession, much knowledge of, and, I trust, much value for the truth, but our hearts are continually pained by the lack of feeling and spirituality in our native Christians. We want to see more tenderness of conscience, more contrition and forsaking of evil. I do believe that a work of grace is wrought in the hearts of some, and when we consider what they have been from infancy, and what their daily society is, we can scarcely wonder at their not making greater advance in holiness. I could relate to you many instances which evidence that God has worked as well as man among this people. A few days ago, I was speaking to a woman after school who had been absent. She told me she had been to see her mother and friends, and that she had spoken to her old mother and asked her if she ever prayed, who replied, 'No, I do not know how.' 'But,' said the daughter, 'Mother, you must learn to pray; go to God and say, 'Lord, have mercy upon me.' 'Mother, try to pray; remember you are a sun near setting.'

"A few months ago, Mary, the widow of the chief Edward Ngataru, of whose death you perhaps read in the *Record*, came to talk with me, saying, 'her road was dark, and she was come in search of a lamp.' A few evenings after that, she followed me into the sitting-room at the hour of my weekly meeting with the women, and I commenced the conversation by asking her if the lamp had yet shone upon her path. She replied it had since her former conversation with me, and that she now tasted the love of God, and continued talking of the state of her mind in a strain which exceedingly refreshed me. She told me that sometimes when she thought of the love of God 'she not help her tears flowing.' 'It is not,' she

said, 'because I have lost my husband; it is not because I have lost my children that I cry, but it is because of the greatness of His love. His love is great, beyond all things.' She continued to talk of the ways in which His love had been shown to her, and then of the love she felt in her heart towards the teachers and all men.

"This Mary is one of our most pleasing characters. She gratuitously, and of her own impulse, teaches the females and children of her village, holds conversation meetings, and so on. She has held on steadily since her baptism, for three years.

"Dearest Eliza, I beg you to present my affectionate Christian regards to your husband. Although I only know him from your account of him, I feel towards him, for your sake, a sister's regard. May you both enjoy in yourselves, in your family, and in God, more than my poor pen can write.

"Believe me your ever sincere and affectionate friend,—S. C. Maunsell."

CHAPTER VII

THE COMING OF THE OLD TESTAMENT—MAUNSELL'S GIGANTIC TASK—TOTAL LOSS BY FIRE—THE WORK BEGUN AGAIN, AND ACCOMPLISHED.

WHEN missionaries first went to the Maori people, the language had never been written down, the nation that spoke it had never seen a book, never spelt a word, never handled a pen. Nothing astonished them more than the sight of printed paper. They called it "linen that could talk."

From a very early date after Maunsell's arrival in New Zealand the idea of giving the Maoris the opportunity to read the books of the Old Testament

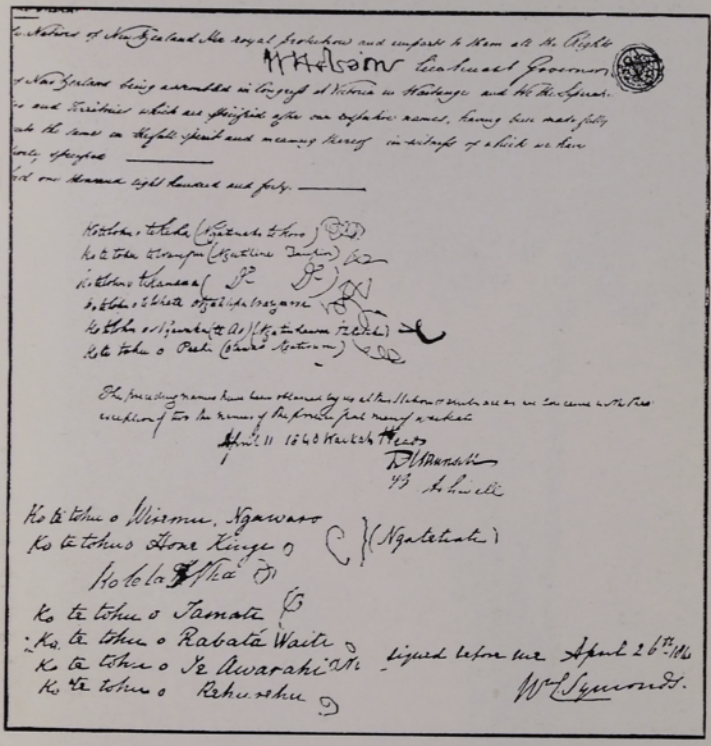
in their own language had been a cherished dream of his. As early as 1836, he had begun a translation of Exodus in conjunction with Mr. Hamlin, and the two had proceeded as far as Chapter 20. As soon as he found himself fairly settled at Maraetai, he again started, single-handed, on the great task of completing the Old Testament. He was a born linguist and showed himself particularly keen in acquiring a scientific knowledge of the Maori language. Bishop Williams, another great Maori scholar, writes as a preface to his own Dictionary:—"There are various methods of ascertaining the meaning of a Maori word, any one of which, used singly, may leave an element of doubt, satisfactory results being obtainable only when it is possible to check one process by another. The most natural procedure is to enquire from an intelligent Maori of the older generation, or preferably from several such."

In order to get a thorough command of the language, Maunsell adopted an original plan in order to secure accuracy of idiom in days when there were no Maori dictionaries or grammars. He would gather a number of natives around him, and give a piece of tobacco as a reward to whoever would correct him when he had made a mistake and *prove* to him that it was a mistake. It was in this way he obtained that mastery of the Maori language which he turned to good account in his translation work.

In his own words he gives an idea of the tremendous handicap under which he had to work:—"Our house was simply a rush hut, with an earthen floor and only one door; for window, we had a hole in the wall, and as I was engaged in translation, I had to sit with my books next to this hole, and when the rain poured in, thrust a bag of soiled clothes through it, and 'shut up shop.' One of our greatest trials was our servants; they would (the six of them) be all

smiling to-day. To-morrow, they would have taken some imaginary offence, or would get tired of the work; they would then do something to provoke a rebuke, and thereupon the whole would take to flight, leaving us to fetch our water, wash our clothes, and cook our food ourselves. My wife broke down, and I had often by myself alone to discharge all those duties. At the same time, I did not neglect my translational work, and sitting in a room next to where she was lying, could listen for the sounds of her fainting through the rush partition, and hasten to give her medicine."

And then happened one of those strange dispensations of Providence. The new house at Maraetai had only been finished three weeks and they were enjoying the comfort it brought them. On the night of July 21, 1843, a little dog was as usual shut up in the kitchen for the night. A half-burned log had been left on the fire, and it was supposed that in order to get warmth from the ashes the dog jumped on the corner of the hearth and dislodged the log. Just as she was going to sleep, Miss Rymill (Mrs. Maunsell's companion) fancied she smelled smoke. She sprang out of bed, opened her door, and saw smoke coming from the direction of the kitchen. She quickly gave the alarm. Mrs. Maunsell had been completely invalided for many weeks, unable to put a foot to the ground. Two Maori servants carried the two youngest children to the carpenter's hut a short distance away and rushed back to help Maunsell carry his wife across. There had been no time to dress, and after laying Mrs. Maunsell on the floor of the hut, Maunsell returned himself. He could only save a few necessaries, the greater part of his possessions being burned. Mrs. Maunsell was made fairly comfortable on a bed of fern and tussock grass, and before daybreak a little daughter was born. Almost all the



Specimen Page of the Treaty of Waitangi.

The identifying marks beside many of the names of the Maori chiefs represent the tattoo marks of the chiefs. Governor Hobson's signature appears at the head of this section, and Archdeacon Maunsell and Rev. B. Y. Ashwell sign as witnesses. A lithographed copy of the historic document was presented to Archdeacon Maunsell in recognition of his services in obtaining signatures of the Waikato chiefs.

Patataka Wharf
Charles Marshall in foreground.

comforts they had been gathering during the past eight years were destroyed. He writes:—"The conduct of the natives in this lamentable event was peculiarly gratifying. They gave me far greater assistance in rescuing my property than the same number of Europeans could have given, and showed the greatest sympathy and kindness. I cannot find that a single thing was pilfered." (*C.M.S. Register,* 1844.)

Then was proved the truth of Shakespeare's saying, "When sorrows come, they come not single spies, but in battalions."

After the disastrous fire, all went well with the mother and child for a fortnight when, by a strange fatality, the carpenter's hut which had given them such timely shelter caught fire, and that, too, was burned down. Being the middle of winter, the weather was cold and the hut draughty, so a Maori woman, Tupea, Maori fashion, intending to give needed warmth to the mother and child, kept a small fire going in a hole in the ground. A sheet had been fastened across the centre of the hut to separate the part, about seven feet square, devoted to Mrs. Maunsell, and the other half, which was given to the boys. Suddenly a spark flew on to the sheet and the hut was destroyed in no time. Mrs. Maunsell was safely carried out and had to be laid in a little tumble-down native house, willingly given up by its occupant. Everything that had been saved from the previous fire, with the exception of a clock,[1] was lost, and they had to send a messenger twenty-five miles to the next station for some provisions and medicines. In reporting the affair in a letter to Archdeacon Venn, Secretary of the C.M.S., London, Maunsell wrote on July 28, 1843:—"What grieves me most deeply is the loss of every book and paper in my study. You are

[1] Still keeping good time (1938).

aware that for many years I have been engaged in the translation of the Old Testament. It is a work in which I always felt the deepest interest, and to which I devoted every leisure moment. Some portions have been already printed, and our Bishop, when here last, spoke to me in terms of high approbation, and requested me to undertake the revision of the New Testament. During the last six months, I toiled hard at it, only taking as much exercise as my health required. On that sad night, having finished the first verse of John xiv (a strange coincidence, by the way, if you will refer to it) and, having besought the blessing of my Master on the work of the week, I consigned the whole work to His care. How strangely has he answered me! The whole perished, with my translations from the Old Testament, and my dictionary of the New Zealand language on which I had lately bestowed much attention, at the request of his Lordship, with a view to publication, and to assist us in our proposed Revision Meeting. This is a blow that I feel more acutely than anything that has happened these many years. But the Lord's will be done, and I feel assured that He had some wise and mysterious purpose in the application. The interruption that I have now received in these labours is indeed a serious one. To undertake translation without books of criticism would be exceedingly discouraging and unsatisfactory, neither have I the least hope of getting any in this land. Every word and every shade of meaning has to be investigated, and a course of inquiry, apparently but little connected with the point in hand.

"The nature of property in which we chiefly sustained a loss was (beside the provision stores), kitchen utensils, earthenware, furniture of every kind, and, far beyond all the rest to me, my collection of books, worth at least £200. My books, however, I cannot

dispense with. To think of immediately repairing our loss is beyond our means. There are, however, other books which are very necessary to my work, but which I cannot think of getting yet, till the tide of my finances flows more freely. I will mention them in case any of the friends of the blessed Word of our God should desire in this way to promote its progress. I might easily mention other works whose aid would be valuable in the nice and delicate work of translating. I indulge hopes that the well-known liberality of our friends at Home will help me forward in a labour to which I have been called by my Bishop and my brethren." (Here followed a long list.)

This letter was published in *The Times*, London, a wonderful response being made. In addition to his obtaining the books he required, £200 was contributed in cash.

That Maunsell should have even contemplated again entering upon so colossal an undertaking gives us the measure of the man. That in spite of the complete destruction of many months of labour, he should have had the courage and the energy to begin all over again, is eloquent testimony to the British ruggedness of character that refuses to accept defeat.

But he did it. In 1857 the great work was completed, and the printed volumes in the hands of the natives; not merely this, but he compiled a Maori Grammar, which went through three editions and was long a standard work.

Before the final printing of the Old Testament, the C.M.S. press in New Zealand had been given up, and Maunsell appealed to the Auckland public for funds to complete the work. £500 was subscribed.

Several revisions of the Bible as a whole were made, in which, wisely, the best men in the Wesleyan Mission, as well as in the Church of England, were called in to assist and advise. So were associated

Revs. John Hobbs, Alexander Reid and Thomas Buddle. Mr. Hobbs was a thorough master of the Ngapuhi and Rarawa (North Auckland) tongue—the most perfect form of Maori—and Mr. Buddle and Mr. Reid were intimately acquainted with the idiomatic niceties of the Waikato dialect.

The New Testament had already been translated by the Revs. Henry and William Williams, and in this connection Bishop Selwyn writes to the C.M.S. in 1843:—"The intercourse of the natives with the English is fast leading to a corruption of their language, and I am therefore anxious, while the language is still spoken in purity, to fix the standard, as much as possible, by a very careful revision of the versions of the New Testament and Liturgy. For this purpose, I am requesting all the missionaries to send in to me written remarks with reference to any errors in the published versions; which I intend to classify, and then submit them to a translation committee composed of the two best grammarians and the two best oral scholars, with myself as chairman. Archdeacon Williams, Mr. Maunsell, Mr. Hamlin and Mr. W. G. Puckey are generally considered to answer respectively to the above description and would represent the dialects of a very large portion of the whole country. I am of opinion that we shall not find much requiring to be altered, but as Bishop Marsh said of Dr. Kennicott's work, it will be well worth the labour to be sure that there is but little to be done."

The completed book was carried through the press in England by Archdeacon Herbert Willams, Rev. George Maunsell and others. Thus the Maori Bible came out as a monument of laborious and well-directed piety.

In recognition of Maunsell's labours his University (Trinity College, Dublin) conferred on him the degree of LL.D., and Bishop Selwyn presented him

with a silver-gilt Communion Service, with the inscription on the chalice, "A thank-offering for the completion of the Maori version of the Holy Scriptures."

The British and Foreign Bible Society, London, wrote him as follows:—"We cannot allow the present opportunity to pass without begging you to accept the sum of £100 as a very small acknowledgment on our part of the value we attach to your labours, and as an expression of our admiration of the zeal and ability you have so uniformly displayed. You can draw on the Treasurer of the Society for the above amount whenever it suits your convenience. It is understood that this payment is to be considered as a *personal* gift, and is not to be applied in any way to relieve the funds of the C.M.S."

Maunsell's acknowledgment was characteristic:—"I shall apply this to my school. Just now it is most acceptable, as bills are pouring in upon me on all sides."

Bishop Selwyn had to complain of a similar act of malfeasance. In a letter of July 18, 1850, to Archdeacon Kissling, he wrote:—"When Maunsell's house was burned down, I sent him £100 to replace his *personal* losses of clothes, etc. This he declined to accept, and without my authority applied the money to rebuilding the mission house, thereby saving that amount of expense to the Society."

The old friend referred to on page 123 relates a conversation he had with Maunsell many years after concerning the loss of his MS. by fire, and it is interesting as showing his outlook on life and his belief that in the end everything had been for the best. Greatly discouraged at first at the results of his long and arduous labours going up in flames, he was in a rebellious frame of mind that prompted him to vow he would not attempt to resume his task. For weeks

this revolt against the way the Fates had treated him possessed his mind, and he writhed with impotent anger, and that most devastating of all the emotions —self-pity. But gradually the man's courage and devotion to his cause began to resume their sway over him, and by degrees he began to perceive that all the disasters that had overtaken him at Maraetai were but

> The protractive trials of great Jove,
> To find persistive constancy in man.

The rest is characteristic enough to be quoted verbatim:—"And the great man—for he was a great man, believe me—looked down at me as I sat on a fallen tree (they were in the bush) out of those bluey-grey eyes of his, eyes brimming over with kindness to all with whom he came in contact, and said. 'God forgive me for my sin. And He did forgive me, for I shortly found out that this trouble had only been sent to try me and prove me. And thus, before a month had passed, I was at work on my translation again, this time with the help of one of my wardens, a middle-aged Maori who had professed his faith in the Gospels, and was living in peace and charity with his neighbours. It was the help I received from this man that enabled me to grasp the full meaning of many words I had up to then imperfectly understood, and thus I became aware of the many faulty interpretations there had been in the burned manuscript; and I was now able to thank God my work had never reached the printer's hands in its orginal state. In course of time my new rendering was printed, and the Maoris were for the first time able to read the Old Testament in their own tongue.'"

CHAPTER VIII

BUILDING AT MARAETAI—MISS RYMILL'S RECOLLECTIONS—DISPUTES OVER LAND.

AND now, harking back. Maunsell's hands had been so badly burned as to incapacitate him from using them. For many weeks they had to be dressed and bandaged. There followed a time of the greatest hardship and discomfort, for literally nothing was left. Miss Rymill became seriously ill and said she hardly knew how she was nursed and cared for. As soon as she and Mrs. Maunsell could be moved they, with the younger members of the family, were taken to the nearest mission station at Orua Bay, where they remained until the new house was completed. A comfortable six-roomed residence was put up, a house for school-boarders, and smaller dwellings for Maunsell's helpers. In his report of 1845 Maunsell writes:—"We have now the prospect of having completed in a few months a neat and comfortable place of worship, 56 feet by 24, that will meet the wants of our ordinary congregation and be capable of expansion in order to accommodate the larger number resorting hither in the summer months. This little Gothic building will, I hope, serve as a neat model for a New Zealand church."

The timber is believed to have come from Awhitu, where pit-sawyers were busy even in those early years. Marshall's advice and personal assistance were of great value, for he was an adept in the use of carpenters' tools. Clergy and laity all worked together with a will at the building. It was a part of the Church's mission to teach the dignity of manual labour, and no doubt the object lesson thus provided was by no means thrown away. A suitable clay for

brick-making was found in the locality, and the amateurs were most successful in puddling, moulding and burning. At the time the church was being built there was a population around of 1,700, of whom 970 were worshippers.

Incidentally we might say that the house remained for about eighty years, and in its old age was always an object of interest to visitors. Though usually tenanted, no one appeared to take any responsibility for repairs, and it gradually became more and more dilapidated. So well made were the bricks that recently, nearly one hundred years later, those that remain in the ruins of the chimney are still perfectly sound.

At the present time only bare traces of the site of a once flourishing institution are to be seen.

Charles Marshall, Maunsell's one neighbour when he came first, remained on at the Heads after the mission party went up the river, and died there on August 26, 1892. Four years after his death his interesting old home overlooking Patutaka Bay was destroyed by fire.

* * *

Miss Rymill, a great friend of Mrs. Maunsell's, had come from England to join her when she had heard of her bad health. She relates as follows:—"In 1844 a meeting was to be held at Waimate, where Mr. Maunsell's presence was required in connection with the revision of the Prayer Book. There was a great deal of quarrelling among the tribes and Mr. Maunsell considered it advisable to take his wife and family and me with him. Tupea opened my bedroom door early one morning and said, 'Mihi, the east wind comes. My husband is very full of *pouri*.[1] We go to-night to the kaianga.' 'Oh, don't go away and

[1] Fear.

leave us, Tupea. Be brave and stay here.' 'No, Mihi, we see to-day if the east wind blows. If it blows, the kaianga must have us to-night, better for us, better for you.' And Mr. Maunsell said that Tupea was right in what she said, for if the attacking tribe had any idea that there were natives in the mission compound, they would come and not only murder them but the missionaries also. Our natives were all very quiet and silent that day, as they always are when trouble is pending, so we were not surprised to see them all go off quietly at sundown. Next morning they returned as quietly, but went away again in the evening. And so on till the fourth day, when Mr. Maunsell said he thought that Te Whero-whero the local chief and the chief of the opposing tribe (with both of whom Mr. Maunsell had great influence) could be induced to settle their dispute, and this was done. Te Whero-whero was a magnificent looking Maori, of dignified and commanding air, and held in great respect by his own and neighbouring tribes, and was generally the arbitrator in tribal disputes. On one occasion he appeared at the front door of the mission house, and I, not knowing who he was, told him to go through the side door, for I had been told to allow Maoris in only by that door, which was close to Mr. Maunsell's study. The front door led past the bedroom, which the Maoris would walk into without compunction. Te Whero-whero looked at me for a moment with an angry scowl, then an amused smile came over his face, and placing his two hands on either side of my shoulders, he gently lifted me out of the way and strode past to Mr. Maunsell's room. When I afterwards told Mr. Maunsell of the little episode, he said 'That was Te Whero-whero. I would have thought a great many times before asking *him* to go in at a side door.'"

* * *

In his report of September 22, 1845, to the C.M.S., London, Maunsell refers to native troubles over land:—"Though close to Auckland with so many temptations before them, the people of this district have as a body continued to maintain a peaceable carriage towards the settlers. Still, I must admit that one great cause of this is the upright and conciliatory conduct of the Government and there being so little community of interest or relationship between this people and those of the north end. As things begin to assume a more settled and decided form, the aspect of my charge begins to be more varied and more a subject of anxiety, in some places the reverse. The last three months have witnessed some severe trials of the sincerity and forbearance of my people. There are now unfortunately two disputes about land in this district, and—a thing of by no means rare occurrence —about prices of land which, if there were any such in the district, might most fairly be classed under the 'spare' or 'waste' lands which the Committee of the House of Commons seems to think could be so easily taken possession of by merely asserting a claim.

"One of these disputes was commenced about six months ago, by one of the parties taking possession; the others, Ngatipou, immediately felt themselves bound to assert their claims, and both tribes built very strong fortifications within about one hundred yards of each other. Aware themselves of their excitable character, they were very unwilling that I should leave them, as the 'teacher' being present, served as a check on both parties. I also was desirous to spend among them all the time I could spare from my other labours, and hope that, on the whole, we have gained instead of lost by the whole occurrence.

"I had school in the morning with the adults and children before they got their food—10 o'clock—and

a little before sunset had a reading meeting and evening service at one pa, and after that a reading meeting at the other. On the Lord's Day, if the weather at all permitted—for from the Bishop downward we are all open-air preachers here—both parties, no matter what their quarrels might have been in the week-days, quietly met on a spot between each fortification for the services and school. On fine mornings, the congregation averaged between three hundred and four hundred. As these sat attentively around me—the magnificent Waikato rolling his smooth waters onward, the blue heavens spread forth above, and a most enchanting scenery encircling us—I often, in the evening services, as the sun was setting and a star twinkling above, indulged the solemn feelings which the season suggested; and, as I thought, with good effect, enlarged on the unity and dignity of the Creator.

"Another great benefit which we reaped from these otherwise untoward proceedings was our being brought into closer contact with the lapsed natives. After their fall into sin, they feel a kind of shame and absent themselves often altogether from prayers. Simple conversations do not always seem to be sufficient to urge them to return, but they quietly join the reading classes, to which they are very partial and which is one of the most deeply important of all our duties, and thus gradually rise into the class of 'worshippers.'

"In all these contests, much as there is to deject, I find many things to encourage. Almost all the speeches made by the combatants, and indeed their actions, attest the power which the Gospel has even now obtained over them. Many things, it is true, have occurred which must appear most strange to those who are not accustomed to observe the development of native character and often to penetrate

through very incompatible appearances to the substance.

"The people of England, methodical and consistent even in anger, can scarcely conceive of two large bodies of men meeting fully armed, engaging in a most strenuous struggle, one party in breaking down, the other in defending a piece of fencing, and both using the most violent language to each other; the bell for evening prayers ringing, and both parties each in their positions of defence and attack, with their guns lying beside them, joining in worship while I addressed them, and pointing to the setting sun, urged my text, 'Be angry and sin not; let not the sun go down upon your wrath'; then, rising up, each dispersing to their respective encampments, quietly preparing food for the Lord's Day and meeting together on the morrow for worship as if nothing had happened."

The land disputes previously described unhappily produced fatal results, and Maunsell writes under date December 31, 1845:—"The beginning of last July found me at Auckland, to which place I had gone at the request of the Bishop to revise the MS. of our revision of the Prayer Book, previous to its transmission to England. On my return on 23rd, I found my people much disturbed by disputes respecting boundaries of land. Lately, matters have assumed a serious aspect, and one party in Manukau having attacked another lost five of their chiefs in the skirmish. This has caused me much anxiety and care, but I am thankful to report that there is some prospect of such an untoward event passing off without further evil."

A report to C.M.S., London, of January 26, 1846, reads as follows:—

"The Ngati-teata built a fortification near the contested boundary, and the Ngati-tamaoho came by

night and marked their boundary by digging away part of the cliff. This movement by night was an infringement of the native rules in such matters and excited much displeasure among Ngati-teata. I was sleeping in a retired house at a little distance from their pa, and was roused before daylight, about four in the morning, by a violent hammering at the door. Starting out of sleep, I heard a man call in a deep and excited voice '*Eneha,*[2] *Eneha*' (Maunsell, Maunsell). The very angry tone led me to infer that he had received some wrong from me and was bursting in my door to seek satisfaction. On my asking what he wanted, he replied, 'Come to prayers. The food is being cooked. We are off. Ngati-tamaoho are come.' After assembling and consultation, they proceeded to meet Ngati-tamaoho, I at their head. We had not, however, gone far when they informed me they had not had prayers. We therefore drew up on the slope of a rising ground, in number about two hundred. All laid down their guns and other weapons of war, wrapped round them whatever little covering they had happened to bring, joined reverently in singing the hymn and in the other parts of the service, and listened attentively while I urged them to show their faith this day by their works. Leaving them, I hastened on to the other party, and found there Mr. Buddle, a Wesleyan missionary from Auckland. In a short time, Ngati-teata appeared along the ridge of the hill and soon came close to the others. Without noticing my calls, they advanced steadily until their

[2] Mr. E. T. Frost writes:—"I have no doubt at all that this is an abbreviation of the Maori rendering of 'Maunsell.' I have heard the word used myself often, in fact quite as often as the longer word 'Manihera.' If a person were calling to Maunsell he would most likely use the word 'Eneha,' but if speaking about him to a third person, he would use the longer word. I have come across a number of such abbreviations in the use of names among the Maoris."

first rank touched the first rank of Ngati-tamaoho. Mr. Buddle and I got as well as we could between them, and they, as soon as they reached, suddenly sat down. In that posture, both parties remained in dead silence for about an hour, and we availed ourselves of the opportunity to urge peace. One or two chiefs on each side then made a few remarks and having remained some time longer, both parties quietly separated. Thus the day of anxiety passed off, and all were loud in extolling the power of the *rongi pai* (good news—the Gospel) to which we were indebted for the favourable issue of the meeting."

There was afterwards much tribal fighting in the vicinity of Maraetai and on March 17, 1846, Maunsell writes:—"During the last three days I have been much occupied in attending to the wounded and burying the dead. One of the fallen was the son of the chief of the Ngati-teata, a high-spirited and talented youth who had been baptized by me. On my approach, he lifted up his eyes and heartily welcomed me. He had been wounded in the lungs, and his attendant was holding a cloth over his breast to prevent the passage of his breath. Having sewn up his wound and done what I could, and entertaining hopes of his life, I directed his friends to take him to Auckland. As they were about to place him in the *amo* (the native palanquin) he seized my hand and said, 'Is there any prospect of you and I meeting in the other world?' He died shortly after reaching Auckland."

Maunsell wrote to the Governor, requesting his interference with the fighting, but was informed by the Colonial Secretary that the Governor was too much engaged with operations at the north, and it was added, "much may still be done on the spot by your very praiseworthy exertions."

In a letter from Robert Maunsell to the C.M.S., dated September 1, 1846, Maunsell writes:—"During the past two months I have been permitted to witness a most pleasing proof that the movements of the Blessed Spirit is not confined to time, means or places.

"Our excellent Bishop, while on his way to my station to open our church on June 28 last, met in a distant part of my district a little boy about thirteen years of age, who was suffering much pain from a deep abscess in his side and back. He placed him in his canoe and brought him to my station. I was struck with his mild and patient carriage under his sufferings, and on conversing with him about the Saviour, was truly surprised to find that he was well acquainted with what He had done for him. His aged and feeble mother had been induced by his means to acknowledge the same Lord and had learned from him the leading truths of the Gospel. On my asking him what he prayed for, he repeated a prayer of his own composition. It was remarkably spiritual and simple, and the poor little fellow repeated it with much earnestness and devotion. This was the form he had been in the habit of using with his mother, and when he was too weak the poor old woman repeated it for him. After he had been for about six weeks at the station, I proposed baptism to him. He gladly accepted the offer, and on the following Lord's Day was admitted with his mother into the fold of Christ, taking the name Josiah, the name of his elder brother who had been killed in the late battles with Ngatitipa. About a fortnight afterwards, his strength seemed to be sinking fast, and his friends determined on removing him immediately, that he might die in their own lands. He was placed in the canoe and after they had paddled about four miles, one of them asked, 'When do you think you will go?' i.e., die. He simply replied, 'Let me go to my Saviour,' and

expired. Amid so many distractions and so much weakness and insufficiency, how cheering to reflect that all does not depend upon us, and that even from those parts of our vineyard where we least expect it, He raises up plants which will flourish for ever in His own Paradise."

CHAPTER IX

MORE LETTERS HOME—SCHOOL FOR WHITE CHILDREN—THE DOCTOR'S SECOND MARRIAGE—MR. STACK JOINS THE MISSION—MORE BUILDING AT MARAETAI.

THE following is a letter dated November 25, 1847, from Mrs. Maunsell to Mrs. Diplock, England:—

"My very dear Eliza,—Among the several delightful letters I received from England in the same packet with yours, none afforded more pleasure. So long a time had elapsed without having a line from you that I persuaded myself time and distance had succeeded in obliterating me from your affection and memory. And, believe me, there is scarcely a sweeter feeling than that arising from knowing you are still loved by the friends of early days, in such a country as this particularly. Let us try to forget the distance between us, and warm each other's affection by more frequent parley. I have no doubt that your little numerous family engage your time very fully, but if you will, allow me to persuade you that it is not only a work of friendship but also of Christian kindness to devote an hour occasionally to a far distant friend in such a 'barren land.'

"What an enviable life you lead. Your parents, brothers and sisters near you, and surrounded on all sides by valued and valuable friends. While for a

moment I contemplate such happiness, my spirits sink. Here, beyond the members of my own household, precious indeed as they are to me, there is none with whom to exchange thought and feeling. The new friends one has in the Island one seldom hears from for weeks and often months together. But do not think I am unhappy because I complain. I am very happy, and would not exchange my lot with anyone on earth. My dear husband is all kindness and care towards me. My children all that dear sweet children could be, and missionary work still felt most blessed. With all this what more can be desired by those who feel their rest not here below? It may be well asked. I can only say, and perhaps you can enter into the feeling, that at times one's heart knows an indescribable yearning for kindred and society. But I find I am filling up my paper with egotistical matter. Well then, I will speak of my children. You perhaps know their number, namely, four boys of the ages of 10½, 9, 8, and 6, and two girls of 4 and 2 years of age. We educate our children at home. My husband has two promising young men who assist him in educating our own boys, as well as in the native school. My two little girls are great treasures, Eliza and Fanny. Little Fanny is growing such a merry, prattling little pet.

"I write this letter to send by Mrs. Stack, whose husband was obliged to leave his station rather more than a year ago in consequence of mental derangement.[1] She leaves, poor thing, next month with a large family. Mr. Stack has been in Sydney for some time past. She remained in Auckland for her confinement, will join him in Sydney, and thence to England. It is possible you may see her some day.

[1] James West Stack's father. Brought on by the strain of overwork in his isolated station. He subsequently recovered.

"Present my very kind Christian regards to your husband, and believe me,—Ever your affectionate,

"SUSAN MAUNSELL."

On June 12, 1849, Maunsell writes:—"Great excitement by the arrival of a flour-mill from England. You can't imagine the deep anxiety of the natives in and out of the station. Two of our leading men were in such a state of feverish excitement, increased by the low opinion they had of the mechanical powers of myself and my English pupils, that they left the ground lest they should be witnesses of our work of destruction. I am happy to report that our character has risen, for our mill is now ready for work. To this mill I have looked myself with anxiety, for if it fail, I can't imagine how I can maintain the present large number that are dependent on me with so little means for their support."

This mill was probably of the large steel type, turned with bars by one or more horses. The Patumahoe people had one, and the deep track the horses wore, going round with the bars, used to be plainly marked.

Maunsell writes Home in his report for 1849:—"I began my school with one European pupil-teacher, and an average during the first nine months of between twelve and fifteen children. Now I have three English pupil-teachers, missionaries' children, forty-four native children (boarders), six native teachers with their wives, and a prospect of having in a short time a large increase in both those departments.

"I began with a rough building which cost £6. I am now about to build five board houses, towards the cost of which £220 has been received from the Government. The great problem which I have set

myself to work out, is the possibility of maintaining boarding-schools without burdening the Society. Often we have been brought very low for supplies, but as often have donations, almost entirely from the natives themselves, come to our aid.

"Of the love of this people for instruction, you may judge a little from the fact that, though I require the adults to teach in the school and work on the station, and give them no kind of remuneration except very plain food, and a duck shirt and jacket, yet I have six young chiefs most contentedly discharging these duties. I have had to refuse many applications for admittance, which I refused on the ground that I have no means for supporting them. I often wonder how we are enabled to feed, clothe, and teach seventy-nine souls, children and adults, besides three European pupils whom I board and teach, allowing £12 per annum to the eldest for assistance he gives in the school. The Society's grant is not nearly sufficient. I have just got a mill at my own expense. It will cost me £90 before it is at work." (Maunsell asks donations from England of various articles, which he specifies.)

In 1851 Mrs. Maunsell's health completely broke down, the privations and trials she had undergone having undermined a by no means robust constitution. On October 24 of that year she passed away at the early age of 37, and the monument erected at Maraetai by her family marks the last resting place of a devoted wife and mother.

The four boys had been sent to school, Edward and George to England, and Robert and Fred to Auckland; two of the girls, Eliza and Fanny (afterwards Mrs. Bice and Mrs. Kissling) went to stay with Mrs. Brown, wife of the Archdeacon, at Tauranga.

In 1852 Maunsell married Miss Beatrice Panton,[2] who had been his head teacher, a lady possessing intellectual attainments and of saintly character.

In 1853 James West Stack returned from England and joined the staff as a catechist and teacher. He remained with Dr. Maunsell for several years.

By 1852 the station at Maraetai had grown very considerably and Maunsell reports in that year:—"Our settlement comprises eleven dwelling-houses, besides my own. We have timber cut and are only waiting for a carpenter to put up another schoolhouse and other buildings. We hope soon also to have other native buildings erected, and thus to carry out my original intention of forming a Christian village. Agriculture is the employment I prefer beyond all others for my school. We are busily engaged in putting up fences, and hope before many years are past to see the surrounding desert waving with wheat ready for the harvest. Many of my scholars can now plough, drive the cart, grind with our horse-power mill, put up post and rail fencing, build chimneys, milk the cows and make butter, besides many operations which are inseparable from farm work. Our girl scholars, besides washing, sewing and domestic duties, sift clean our wheat, sift flour and make bread for the institution to the extent of 400 lbs. in the week. If I can procure the proper materials, I intend introducing the spinning wheel, and thus work up our wool which last year amounted to 500 lbs. These articles are, however, very difficult to get good in this part of

[2] She had arrived at Auckland on January 15, 1849, with her brother, Rev. A. G. Panton, who had been sent out by the Free Church of Scotland to take charge of St. Andrew's, the first Presbyterian Church in Auckland. Until St. Andrew's was finished, he preached in the first Supreme Court buildings in Queen Street. St. Andrew's was opened on April 7, 1850, and Panton left on October 25, 1850, to return to Scotland.

the world, and unless good they will be of no use to us who have no carpenter to repair them when out of order. All our time, however, is not spent in industrial employments. Every morning at daybreak there is an examination of the whole school in Scripture, besides morning and evening school. This regular alternative of work and school accounts for the contentment and obedience that reign amongst us, and the attachment which the pupils entertain towards us after they have been any time here."

CHAPTER X

MARAETAI AS SEEN BY CANON STACK

FIRST IMPRESSIONS—ROUTINE AT THE STATION—TROLLING FOR KAHAWAI—VERY SHORT COMMONS—THE STRANGE CASE OF JOHN HUKI.

Among Dr. Maunsell's assistants at Maraetai was a young man, James West Stack, son of the Rev. James Stack, formerly a Wesleyan missionary, who had in 1834 been accepted by the C.M.S. and sent to a station at Puriri. Here, the following year, young Stack was born, and in due time felt the impulse to become a missionary in his turn. In 1853 he came to Waikato, and in his narrative *More Maoriland Adventures,* published recently by Messrs. A. H. and A. W. Reed of Dunedin and Wellington, he throws quite a lot of interesting light upon what may be called the domestic life of the mission, first at Maraetai and later at Kohanga. By the kind permission of Mr. A. H. Reed, the editor of the book, a good deal of his narrative has been made use of below. It must be remembered, however, that Canon Stack only

wrote down his recollections very many years later, and that the events he tells of are not put down in their chronological order.

"As we approached the mission station," writes Canon Stack, "I was very pleased with the appearance of its situation at the foot of a conical hill seven hundred feet high, covered with trees, and adjoining other wooded hills stretching up and down the riverside. It was just dusk when we reached the crossing place, but the Maori schoolboys' keen eyes had spied our approach along the coast, and had brought over a canoe to await our arrival. The river was about half a mile wide and proved a long swim for the horse, which moved very slowly, snorting loudly every few minutes, and grunting all the time as if it did not at all enjoy the enforced swim. On reaching the opposite side of the river I was met by Mr. Volkner and a party of school lads, who carried my things up to the schoolhouse, which I was glad to find so close to the beach.

"Mr. C. S. Volkner[1] was a young German missionary who had just joined the C.M.S., and was being trained by Mr. Maunsell, and in his absence was taking charge of the mission station. Mr. Volkner took me to his quarters, and installed me in the rooms which were to be my home for the next few years. We had tea together, and talked as only people in those days did, when there were no newspapers, and they could only learn by word of mouth, or by letters, what was going on in the world. At eight o'clock we had prayers in the big schoolroom, when I saw my future pupils assembled together for the first time.

[1] Mr. Volkner, later ordained and appointed to the mission at Opotiki, was murdered under specially revolting circumstances on March 2, 1865, by a band of Hau-haus, under a fanatic named Kereopa.

"Until Mr. Maunsell's return from Auckland, which did not take place for some weeks after my arrival, I did not take formal charge of the school, but just helped Mr. Volkner in any way he wished, and got an idea of the general school routine prevailing at Maraetai. I found my companion an exceedingly kind-hearted and pleasant man to work with.

"As it was necessary to prevent the boys and girls from seeing too much of each other, they were only allowed to meet at meal times, when there were always some adult Maoris present to keep them in order. Mr. Volkner and I had breakfast and supper in our own quarters, but took our midday meal with the Maunsells.

"The family party consisted, when I joined it, of Mrs. Maunsell and three step-daughters, the eldest being about eleven years old. Mrs. Maunsell taught the Maori girls and women. She was assisted in the domestic work by a dear old Maori lady named Mary Ngataru, who was a very fine character. (An interesting account of her will be found on page 65.

"I was very pleased to find that my future home was situated in a picturesque neighbourhood where agreeable views met the eye in whatever direction it turned. The situation of Mr. Maunsell's house beside the Maraetai stream at the foot of a wooded hill, was a very pleasing one. My house and schoolroom stood about two or three hundred yards away across a grassy field, facing the Maunsells and close to the beach. The married natives' quarters were just beyond mine, and consisted of three or four large raupo buildings, and close to them the weatherboard cottage occupied by the English carpenter and his family.

"The men and boys were engaged during a portion of every day in agricultural pursuits. But the flat land comprised a very small area, and was of poor

quality, most of it old sea beach sand. The hills near were very steep, and consisted of clay and shale, and were very unproductive. It was often very difficult to find work for everybody to do, owing to the limited extent of land belonging to the school. The milch cows had to be tended all day to prevent them wandering along the hills by the coast and getting lost in the thick woods bordering it. The sheep belonging to Mr. Maunsell got quite wild from not being looked after, and we found it easier to procure pork than mutton for our larder, for our pig dogs could catch pigs, but could not be used to catch sheep for fear of their acquiring a taste for hunting them. I never saw a sheep brought into the station during my stay there with a fleece of wool upon its back. The scrub and fern, through which they daily passed in search of food, pulled all the wool off their backs.

"The first thing Mr. Maunsell did on his return from Auckland was to have a long talk with me about the management of the boys' school, and the position I was to fill on the station. He seemed pleased to find that I had my own ideas about my work, and that I was likely to prove punctual, methodical, and a strict disciplinarian. He then gave me some very good advice about my own studies, and begged me to continue reading Latin authors, and asked me to come to him every day for an hour between three and four in the afternoon, when he would hear me construe. I felt grateful for the interest shown by him in my improvement, and accepted his offer. And I continued to enjoy the advantage of his scholarly abilities during all the years I was associated with him. The keen interest he always displayed in my studies, and the patience with which he treated my halting efforts to master the subjects in which he gave me instruction, won my respect, and ultimately my warm affection.

"I witnessed a very animated scene on the river during the first summer after my arrival at Maraetai. For a mile from its mouth the river flowed in a channel about half a mile wide, and which broadened into an estuary about five miles by ten. One lovely bright day I saw this large sheet of water swarming with little Rob Roy-like canoes, each occupied by one man, who was either paddling with all his might, or else drawing in the fishing line which trailed along behind him, and to the end of which a pearl shell, made to resemble a small fish, was fastened. The occupants of the canoes were all engaged catching kahawai, a fish about the size of a small salmon, which had entered the river in vast numbers in pursuit of a kind of whitebait, upon which they fed. Day after day, for weeks, the exciting sport was pursued by hundreds of people, who handed over the fish they caught to their women, who cleaned and preserved them. Some were dried in the sun, and some artificially dried in Maori ovens. Tons and tons of fish, thus preserved, were sent up the river to the inland settlements on its banks, and from there carried on porters' backs to still more distant places.

"When I first joined the mission at Waikato Heads the school funds were at a very low ebb, and it was with great difficulty that food could be got for the seventy mouths we had to feed. At breakfast each received a tin plate of boiled wheat with a pinch of sugar on it. The wheat was soaked for twenty-four hours before being boiled, and proved wholesome food. Dinner consisted of a plate of boiled potatoes and pumpkins and maize. Each adult got, in addition, a scrap of meat. Supper was a repetition of breakfast, with the addition of a pannikin of tea, sweetened with brown sugar. Whenever the tide suited for the collection of *pipis* (cockles) they were added as a relish to any meal the cooks prepared.

"Sometimes we were so short of food that we had to send men and women to beg for it in the neighbouring Maori villages. Every day in spring and summer a party of girls, under the matron, went out in the morning to gather baskets of sow thistles and turnip leaves, which were boiled and eaten at the midday meal.

"I was very much troubled in my mind, on one occasion, when presiding over the school dinner, when a fine, hard-working young man came up to me with his tin plate half full of the water the greens had been boiled in, and two small potatoes, and a rib bone of mutton without any meat on it, and asked me how a man could be expected to work on such food. All I could say was that we were doing our best to get them something better. What I admired in all our pupils was their willingness to submit to the privations they were subjected to, in order that they might benefit by our school teaching. Their thirst for knowledge was very genuine.

"When our food supplies were at their lowest ebb a visitor told Dr. Maunsell that he had found a species of seaweed on the rocks at the Waikato Heads identical with what was known as Irish Moss which, when boiled formed a nutritious jelly. The matron and girls were immediately sent to collect a quantity, and from that time forward it always formed part of our daily food supply. When used fresh from the sea it had a somewhat unpleasant taste, which disappeared when bleached. The Maoris told us they knew the edible value of this seaweed, and used it to thicken tutu juice in olden times.

"When the Governor, Sir George Grey, visited the Heads, we drew his attention to the privations our people were subjected to, and the knowledge of it furnished him with his strongest arguments when appealing to the native chiefs to give us more land

to cultivate. When they responded to his appeal, by the gift of six hundred acres[2] at Kohanga, he promised a larger grant for food than the Government had yet made, which was to be continued until the school could raise enough food for its own support.

"I had not been very long at Waikato Heads before I made the acquaintance of a gentleman whom Mr. Maunsell invited to visit the station, and give the school instruction in music. I found him a most charming companion, and used to look forward to his visits. He was a young English barrister, a tall, aristocratic-looking man, with the merriest twinkle possible in his grey eyes. He was full of fun and good humour, and his visits always brought sunshine into my rather dull, humdrum life. He had come out to New Zealand for his health, accompanied by Armitage, and had fixed his abode on the banks of the Waikato, nearly opposite Tuakau, and about twenty miles from the Heads. The sobriety and superior bearing of these men was remarked by the Maoris, who drew Mr. Maunsell's attention to them. He invited them to pay him a visit at the Heads, and so we got to know Francis Dart Fenton,[3] who afterwards became my lifelong and valued friend.

"Fenton was a most accomplished musician, and played the violin and 'cello perfectly. He left one of his violins in my charge, and, whenever he came to

[2] The area given was really seven hundred acres.

[3] The career of F. D. Fenton, later Chief Judge of the Native Land Court, is linked up with the early stages of the Maori King movement. Prior to the actual inauguration of the Maori monarchy, Mr. Fenton was sent down to the Waikato to endeavour to conciliate the natives, and to organize local government for them. A successful outcome might have had far-reaching consequences on the King movement and on the relations between the two races, but unfortunately, for various reasons, the mission was a failure.

see me, used to enchant me with his delightful performances.

"Among the men under our instruction was a chief named John Huki, a most ardent student of the Bible, and one of the most efficient of Dr. Maunsell's native assistants. I was often astonished to find, how, without the aid of commentaries or dictionaries or maps, he had mastered the meaning of the different parts of the Bible. He understood and entered into the spiritual meaning of the prophetical writings in a remarkable manner, and took the deepest interest in the work of translating them into the Maori language. I felt myself quite an inferior to him as an expositor of Scripture.

"To my surprise he did not take any part in public worship. On enquiring the reason I was told that he was doing a self-imposed penance for doing what the Maoris regarded as an un-Christian action during a battle which took place a few years before between his tribe and another. A dispute had arisen relating to the ownership of a certain piece of ground. One tribe tried to take possession and the other resisted the attempt, and a battle ensued. Hoani (John) Huki, who was known and respected by both tribes, and regarded by them at the time as the best Maori catechist in Waikato, was ministering to the needs of the wounded on both sides. At a critical moment in the battle his own tribesmen were unable to return their opponents' fire for want of wadding for their muskets. Hoani tore several leaves out of his Prayer Book, and handed them to his friends who, using the paper as wadding, fired with such deadly effect that two of the leading enemy chiefs were killed, upon which their followers fled.

"As soon as it became known that the shots fired with such fatal effect came from the muskets wadded

with the Prayer Book leaves, Hoani Huki was universally condemned by the Maoris for taking such an unfair advantage of his opponents, by using part of a book consecrated to God for peaceful purposes, and employing it as an instrument of destruction. His own conscience had already condemned him, and from that day forward he never took part in any public act of worship, and always sat by the door of the church in token of his penitence. He gradually fell into a decline, and died shortly after we occupied our new station at Kohanga. I shall never forget his look of joy when I placed in his hands the first printed copy of the Minor Prophets. Dr. Maunsell was then in Auckland, passing the book through the press and sent a copy, by special messenger, to his dying friend, whose last words to him when he started for Auckland were: 'I hope God will spare my life till my eyes have read from Genesis to Revelation the whole of His sacred Word in my own tongue.' God heard his prayer, and in my hearing, on his death-bed, he quoted, just before he expired, Simeon's words: 'Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.'"

PART II

KOHANGA—AND AFTER

CHAPTER I

THE MOVE TO KOHANGA—A CHURCH AND MILL BUILT—THE MISSION BECOMES SELF-SUPPORTING—A GOOD SAMARITAN—"LAND OF MILK AND HONEY."

THE fifteen years that Dr. Maunsell spent at Maraetai were years of strenuous labour, great achievements, but also of bitter disappointments. No one ever threw his whole heart and soul more completely into his work than he did, but ill-luck seemed to dog his footsteps during the whole period of his life there. Twice his home and its contents were burned; his first translation of the Old Testament was destroyed by fire; many times the small community was nearly starved out of existence; there his first wife, who had shared in his labours and endured her full share of privations, died, and her lonely grave is of much interest to visitors. Maraetai may have had certain pleasant recollections for him, but they must have been overlaid by so many griefs and misfortunes that they could seldom rise to the surface. One thing is certain, that he never revisited the place after his mission was broken up; probably it contained too many sad memories for him.

For several years before the Maraetai Mission was removed to Kohanga it had been realized that Port Waikato was not a suitable place for it. Its chief drawbacks were the smallness of the resident population, and the lack of sufficient arable land to enable the scholars to be instructed in agriculture. But the momentous decision to move to a more suitable

locality had to be considered carefully from every angle before being carried into effect. Sir George Grey, always a staunch friend of the missionaries,[1] on one of his visits, noticing how limited the area of land attached to the school was, suggested to the local natives that they should give more, but this they were not in a position to do.

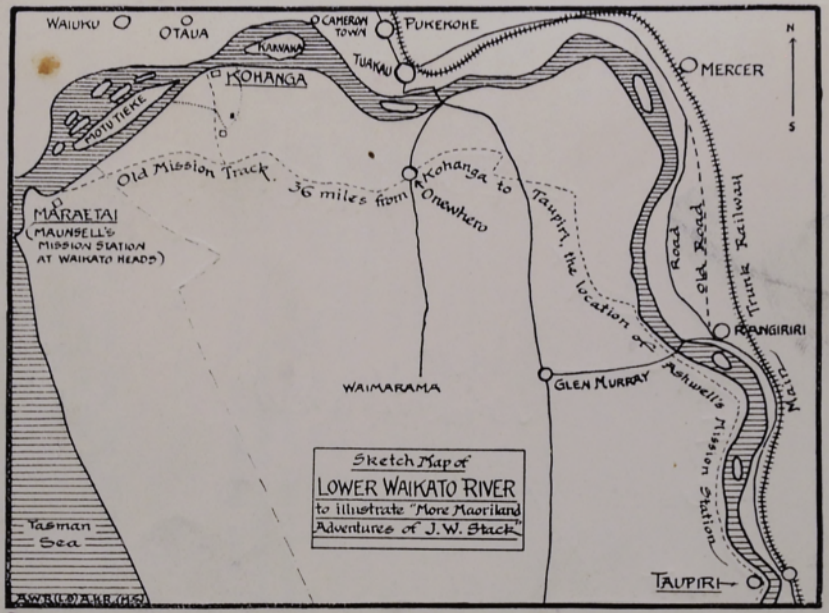
But a friend arose in the hour of need in the person of Waata Kukutai, chief of the Ngati-tipas, a man then in the prime of life, and from first to last a steady friend and devoted adherent of Maunsell's. Through his good offices a fine block of land, seven hundred acres in extent, situated at Kohanga, ten miles further up the river, was placed at Maunsell's disposal. Only one obstacle now remained to be surmounted, and that was the financial one. At length even that was overcome, partly by Government aid, partly by larger grants from the C.M.S., but also in no small measure by the use of Dr. Maunsell's private funds. But it was not till 1853 that an advance party, under the guidance of the two young catechists, Volkner and Stack, could be dispatched to prepare the ground for the removal. Stack has much to tell us of his experiences while thus engaged, and this will appear later on, but in the meantime a description of Kohanga and its environs may be helpful.

There is no site on the river until Pukekawa, opposite Tuakau, is reached, so suitable for its purpose as the one Waata Kukutai had so generously

[1] Sir George Grey showed great interest in the native schools. He got Te Whero-whero to make a free gift to the C.M.S. of a piece of land adjoining the station at Otawhao, for the benefit of the school. The Governor also took a deep interest in all that tended to promote the welfare of the native race, often attending the services in the mission chapels, visiting the schools and questioning the classes, also granting pecuniary aid to the missionaries.—*C.M.S. Intelligencer,* 1852.

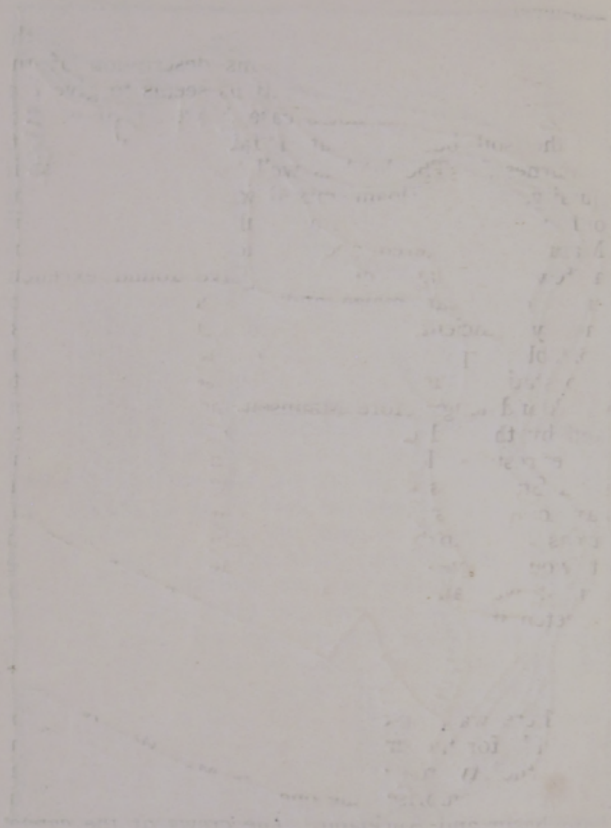
given, and certainly none, not even Pukekawa, with so numerous a population. One great advantage of the Kohanga site was that the land was not covered with a dense growth of forest, but with fern and tea-tree, greatly simplifying the task of breaking it in. In addition it had the advantage of being ploughable. For miles above Maraetai the steep, bush-clad hills come down almost to the left bank of the river, but towards Kohanga they recede in a wide sweep, leaving a large semi-circle of slightly undulating land sloping down to the water, and facing the sun. Immediately behind rises the solid bulk of a volcanic cone, Patumahoe, the debris from the remote eruptions of which have been scattered over the country below it. Sheltered from the south and south-west winds by this hill and the range of high hills running down to the coast, and bounded toward the east by a long ridge bearing the ominous name of Kaitangata,[2] it seemed to be an ideal place for a farm. The actual spot finally selected as the site for the mission buildings was known as Te Tiro, but that name seems to be now forgotten. We are told it means "look-out station," and if so, the name certainly fits it, for it commands an excellent view up and down the river, including a peep right out over the bar to the open sea. The river was then the sole highway and from Te Tiro could be seen all approaching traffic, whether up or down. It is certainly no disadvantage to a place one has to live in that it has a pleasing view. That from Te Tiro looking down on the maze of silvery chutes into which the low-lying islands of the estuary divide the river—then across the wide level of Aka-aka, at that time a swamp, but now an expanse of rich meadow land—onward to the west coast range reaching to Awhitu and across the Manukau to the hills beyond—would be hard to match for beauty and

[2]Literally, "Where a man was eaten."



The neighbourhood of Maraetai and Kohanga Mission Stations.

From data supplied by Mr. Fred. C. S. Lawson.



extent from any point of so slight an elevation above sea-level.

Stack complains about the poor quality of the Kohanga land, and certainly his description of the result of early planting operations seems to give him some cause. It was not a case, however, of poverty of the soil but of what a farmer would call its "sourness." The land is well above the average in quality, a strong loam, mixed with volcanic ash, and only needed a little time and cultivation to mellow it. Maunsell persevered, and if Stack had returned there a few years later he would have found excellent crops of wheat, maize and potatoes, supplying not merely sufficient for local needs, but leaving an exportable surplus, which was sent to Auckland. The two stations further up had been sending produce to Auckland long before Maunsell moved up the river, and by the end of the 'fifties the trade had attained quite respectable proportions. The piece of swamp land Stack tells us was drained with so much labour lay to the west. Had it been one of the low-lying areas, built up by the river of silt and pumice-sand, it would have been almost immediately responsive, but it was an upland swamp, and needed time to sweeten it.

* * *

There was, of course, only one line of transport available for the three missions on the Waikato. The river, the Awaroa creek and the Manukau as far as Onehunga comprised the one route between the Waikato basin and Auckland. The crews of the canoes from the up-river missions found the native village of Tauranganui, a little below Kohanga, a handy place to pass the night at, but the three mile length of Motutieke Island lay directly athwart their course to

the mouth of the Awaroa, and whether they elected to go round the head or the foot of it, it entailed a long pull against the current. Dr. Maunsell, it is stated, suggested the cutting of a canoe canal through the narrow neck of the island, and this was done. It remained unchanged for more than sixty years until the Waikato River Board closed the main channel of the river, which ran along the right bank, by putting in a line of groynes from that bank nearly to the head of Motutieke Island. In a few years the stream, in its anxiety to return to its proper bed, converted a mere ditch some six feet wide and three feet deep in a channel thirty to forty feet wide and eight to ten feet in depth. The traffic over this route remained considerable until the War of 1863 brought it to an abrupt stop, never to be resumed.[3]

Even before Dr. Maunsell removed to Kohanga civilization had begun to creep nearer to the lower Waikato. The first land sales in the Mauku district took place in 1851, and the new settlers made an access road from the head of the Taihiki arm of the Manukau into which the Mauku River flows, to Rangipokia on the Waikato, a couple of miles above Kohanga. This altered and shortened the route to the mission station very considerably, at any rate for passenger traffic, though heavy goods still went by way of Waiuku.

* * *

Stack has told us so much about the building of the church that there is little need to add more. For

[3] From 1852 to 1855 there reached Auckland and Onehunga annually some 2,000 canoes loaded with native produce manned by crews of from 8,000 to 10,000 persons, and bringing to the Auckland market kits of potatoes, onions, maize, kumeras, peaches, fish, pigs, goats, ducks, fowls, etc., upwards of 2,000 bushels of wheat. In 1852 to the value of £6,500 and in 1854, £16,200.

the time and place it was quite a pretentious building, and probably the largest mission church in the country. The tower and steeple were perhaps too high and bulky to make for symmetry. About the year 1886, most of the timber was still sound, though the foundations were commencing to show signs of decay. At that time the gorse, which had unfortunately been planted on the farm for hedges, had grown right up to its walls. It blew down in 1891, three years before its founder died, and removed a well-known landmark which could be seen from both sides of the river. Later the debris vanished in a gorse fire, which also ravaged the little grave-yard adjoining, destroying the wooden fences and headboards, so that to-day few traces remain to mark the old graves. Waata Kukutai's house was still standing about 1886, empty and tapu since he died a dozen years before. His successor, Hori Kukutai, lived on the slope of the hill a mile above Kohanga. Of Maunsell's house and the buildings of the mission no trace then remained. The only indication left to show white people had lived there were a few well-grown English trees.

A friend remembers what was almost certainly Maunsell's last look at the church in 1884, and says:—"I was riding home from Waiuku with him just before sunset one afternoon, and we left the main

road and took the bridle-track over the Bald Hill. The level light shone on the white paint and lit up the old building, perhaps seven miles away as the crow flies, showing it up with unusual clearness. I asked my companion one or two questions about it, but he did not seem in the mood to talk. Who can tell what memories the sight brought home to him?"

Stack has only vaguely indicated the place where the matai timber was pit-sawn for the church and presumably the other mission buildings. It was on the right bank of the river, about half-way between Te Auanga, a fine headland with an ancient pa crowning it, and Rangipokia. On the same block, known as Pura-pura, a little higher up the river, stood a small grove of kauri trees at the edge of the water. It seems strange they were not taken for the purpose, as they were so accessible, but they remained untouched for another forty years or more.

* * *

Proud as the natives, and no doubt the white inhabitants of the mission, were of their church, they were shortly after to have another possession they equally appreciated. To have a well-equipped flour mill had been the aspiration of every wheat-growing station since the first was put up at Waimate North in the early 'thirties.[4] Ashwell and Morgan each had one, and presently the services of the millwright who had erected these were enlisted to fill the need at

[4] This mill was driven by a stream on what is now Mr. Walter Atkinson's farm. Some of the original timbers are still quite sound. Nearby still stands an old barn which was used as a hospital during the war with Hone Heke in 1845-6, shaded by the oldest oak tree in New Zealand.

Not less than £6,000 was invested in flour-mills by the natives living within fifty miles of Auckland. At Kaitotehe they erected a flour water-mill costing £330.

Kohanga. A small stream, the Tapiere, running out of the hills to the west of the church, supplied the necessary driving power, and soon, to the great delight of all, they were able to eat bread made from their own wheat. Kohanga was beginning to feel independent of the outside world. All that now remains to mark the site of the mill is the earthworks of the old dam.

The man who put up the mill, John Chandler, remained in the Waikato district for many years, and put up a number of mills, the last he built being probably the one at Tuakau. He had a thorough acquaintance with the intricate navigation of the Waikato, and when the war broke out he piloted the little gunboats up it. The natives, who looked upon this as an act of treachery upon the part of one they had come to look on as a special friend, never forgave him. So threatening did they remain toward him after peace was concluded that his life was not considered to be safe, and the Government gave him a small island near Kawau, where he lived in retirement for many years.

Gradually the cluster of buildings grew till it became quite a village. The main building was in the Indian bungalow style, built round the four sides of an open courtyard. One side of the square was the schoolroom for the native girls, another their sleeping quarters, and the remaining two were for the use of the family.

Two large bells hung in belfries in the open space beyond the mission house, which was surrounded by the raupo houses of the married couples, old scholars who were still receiving instruction. The girls were under the supervision of an English matron, Mrs. Miller, assisted by native monitresses, elderly married women. The lads' dormitory was in a separate building under the control of Messrs. Stack and Volkner.

Maunsell's own family were in charge of a governess, Miss Boylan.[5]

To Mr. F. D. Fenton[6] and the Rev. Dr. Purchas[7] belonged the credit of teaching singing to the natives, and a very pleasant task it was to those skilled musicians, for Maoris are great lovers of music, with a very good ear, and many of them with beautiful voices.

A quaint but effective way of preventing foolish talk among the girls in the kitchen was in vogue. The monitress in charge made the cooks sing rounds while scraping the potatoes for meals; thus untamable tongues were kept as well employed as hands.

Mrs. Maunsell had a special classroom where from thirty to forty young women were daily taught in English. Miss Jones (an English visitor who kept a journal of her travels) mentions that she was surprised at their intelligence and great proficiency in geography and arithmetic.

Miss Jones also mentions a visit paid by her with Mrs. Maunsell to two very old women. "One was palsied and the other deformed, both unable to move about except on their hands and knees. When Mrs. Maunsell first came to Kohanga four years before, she found these poor creatures in the depth of

[5] Miss Boylan afterwards married Capt. Tunks, and settled at Tauranga.

[6] His son, Mr. Roger E. Fenton, tells us of a curious incident in connection with his father. The latter was working in company with a native, felling some bush, and saw, as he thought, another Maori come and seat himself on a fallen log. "Hori," he said, "Here is your brother come to see you." The Maori looked and said "My brother is dead." The person or thing which Mr. Fenton saw was no longer there. Hori got into his canoe immediately and paddled off to his kaianga, where he found that his brother had died just at the time that the vision appeared to Mr. Fenton.

[7] Subsequently Incumbent of St. Peter's, Onehunga.

wretchedness and want. They were slaves who had been captured in battle, and instead of being killed and eaten, were spared to serve their captors as long as health and strength lasted, and then left to linger out the remainder of their days in destitution and want. Mrs. Maunsell found one of them in a filthy condition, without the slightest covering on her body, and dying of pure neglect. Reasoning with her neighbours would have been of no avail. It was necessary to give an example, so Mrs. Maunsell herself washed the poor woman and clothed her in a clean garment. Then the Maoris put her in a clean hut, but did not regularly give her food. In reply to Mrs. Maunsell's remonstrances with them on the inhumanity of their conduct they said, 'Oh, she is a slave; it is not our custom to wait on slaves.' Seeing, however, that Mrs. Maunsell persevered in her attentions to the despised slave as a Christian duty, the natives at last realized that they, too, ought to be kind to her for Christ's sake. Says Miss Jones, "When I saw the poor old body she was a picture of contentment. She was enveloped in a white sheet, and looked clean and comfortable. Mrs. Maunsell agrees with Dr. Chalmers[8] that "An empty stomach and a fainting body are in a poor way to digest food for the spirit," so she first administered some bread and milk, which the poor old creature took with avidity, and then she talked to her as she would have done to a little child. The old woman said "Jesus must love me, since He sent you to be kind to a poor slave." I asked her whether she felt lonely in her hut. 'No," she said, 'I sit and think of the words Mata brings to me from

[8] Thomas Chalmers, D.D., 1780-1847, an illustrious Scottish divine. Like Maunsell, Chalmers, while nearing the point of a very high reputation as a scientist, felt, at the age of thirty-one, the call of the Church, and became one of the most prominent theologians and preachers of his age.

Jesus, till she brings me more of His words to think about.' How I envied Mrs. Maunsell for being such a messenger. The faith of that old, despised slave, despised even by the despised Maoris, will at the Great Day perhaps shame mine."

Maunsell and his wife put their best energies into the organization and superintendence of their model establishment, which soon became the largest and most flourishing of its kind in the country. Everything went like clockwork. A list of the girls allotted to each household duty was put up each week, so that their tasks were gone through in an orderly and regular fashion. It was a "land flowing with milk and honey" as one of the family[9] described it in its later days. "We had rows of beehives, and a superabundance of milk which we used to mix with our bread. Of fish and fruit we had an abundance, and the pigs were occasionally fed on the huge ripe peaches."

The same careful organization extended to the farm, which was under the charge of two competent English farm labourers. In addition to their school work the boys were taught agriculture and the care of dairy and other stock. An English miller ran the flourmill, putting in his time on the farm when his wheel was not turning. In addition extensive flower and vegetable gardens were kept in first-class order.

And so the Maunsell family entered the 'sixties of the last century in a very happy and prosperous condition. The tribulations at Maraetai had faded into the remote past, the older members of the family were getting settled in life elsewhere, the younger ones were beginning their education, and there seemed no cloud in their sky. Little they guessed indeed of the heart-breaking troubles just ahead of them.

[9] Mrs. G. S. Kissling.

Before proceeding further with the history of the Kohanga Mission it may be as well to turn aside for the moment, and say something about the early settlements at Awhitu and Mauku, with both of which places Dr. Maunsell was closely associated, and in the welfare and progress of which he felt deeply interested long after his connection with Kohanga had been forcibly terminated.

CHAPTER II

AWHITU

HAMLIN'S LIFE THERE—TAKEN OVER BY MAUNSELL—LONG TRAMPS, AND NIGHTS OUT—AN AUTHORITY ON THE MAORI LANGUAGE.

MAUNSELL'S responsibilities now became wider and he began to minister to a larger area. After he had got affairs running smoothly at Kohanga he added Awhitu to his parish. The older natives there had by no means forgotten him, and his return was heartily welcomed. It meant a lot of extra work, but that he accepted willingly.

Mr. Hamlin had long since left Orua Bay. After a short period during which he was stationed in the vicinity of Waiuku, he had been transported further afield. There were few signs of his ministry left when Maunsell took over. Even his house at Orua Bay had completely disappeared. Built close to the margin of the sea for the purpose of avoiding the hordes of mosquitoes which in those days made the evenings almost intolerable in many localities, the house had fallen a victim to the encroachment of the waves. Some shift in the set of the currents which

formerly had built up the little flat of sand and shells on which it stood had eroded it far more rapidly than it had been deposited. The site was submerged at high tide, and all that was left to mark the spot was a pile of stones on the beach that had composed the foundation of the chimney. There being no stone in the vicinity these had been brought across from Puponga, on the northern shore of the Manukau by Maoris in their canoes. Even these have now disappeared, and to-day the only trace of the activities of the old missionary, who had been one of Marsden's followers, is a large eucalyptus, grown from seed brought by Hamlin from Sydney while on his way to New Zealand. Formerly this tree had a companion, a huge pohutukawa, under the wide-spread branches of which the native scholars used to be taught their lessons, but this unfortunately perished by fire about thirty years ago.

The taking over of Awhitu added a tract nearly thirty miles long and seven or eight miles wide to Maunsell's territory. The native population had sadly dwindled during the past couple of decades, and was scattered over the area in small communities. By the beginning of the 'sixties a few white settlers had come in, and at Awhitu proper there was quite a coterie of them.

Ahipene Kaihau, the principal chief of the district, was a fine speciman of the old rangatiras, now, unfortunately, as extinct as the moa. A tall, handsome man, inclined to be over corpulent, and thoroughly trained in the pre-European culture of the ruling caste, he was looked upon by the early settlers as not merely a good friend of theirs, but as one whose kindness and integrity could always be counted upon. Closely related to the great Te Heu Heu of Taupo, who, in 1846 lost his life, together with nearly sixty of his tribe, when as a result of torrential rain one

night, a huge landslip overwhelmed his village, Ahipene was of the bluest blood in the country, and had a genealogical tree dating far back beyond the first landing here of his people.

Maunsell's life had never been an easy-going one, but the taking over of Awhitu added a burden most men would have shrunk from shouldering. When he visited this outlying portion of his parish, he paddled in the early morning from Kohanga to the north head of the Waikato, where he left his canoe with a more comfortable certainty of finding it on his return than the owner of a motor car feels to-day when he parks it in a well-policed city. Then he set off on his twenty-six mile tramp to Awhitu, his course being along the hard iron-sand beach of the west coast, his journey usually taking about nine hours. In fine weather he thought little of it, being at that time in the prime of life, and as hard as nails; but now and then came a day when he encountered rainstorms which made progress difficult. More than once he had to spend the night out, seeking what shelter he could. The following story of one of these occasions is taken from the narrative of an old friend of his, the Hon. G. J. Garland, whose memory of bygone days has been of great help to the compilers of this particular section of Maunsell's history. On one of these journeys up the coast the blustering north-west wind and fiercely-driving rain made travelling well-nigh impossible, and Maunsell halted under the lee of an overhanging rock which had kept a dry place below it. Here he ate the provisions he had brought with him, consisting of half a cooked eel and two cold potatoes, and wrapping himself in the half blanket he always carried on these trips, settled down to the companionship of his pipe to wait till morning.

Regarding Dr. Maunsell's mastery of the Maori language, Mr. Garland writes:—"Maunsell understood

and spoke Maori as few white men had ever done. His pronunciation of some of the words was a little harsh—or at least I thought so, used as I was to the softer accents of the natives, but his knowledge of the language was so profound that his definition of the meaning of a phrase or sentence would never be disputed. If he said *that* was the meaning his dictum was always accepted."

About the year 1877, after consultation with Archdeacon Maunsell, Mr. Garland gave an acre of land for the site of a church in Awhitu Central. Though the building was erected by the Presbyterians one of the conditions of the gift was that it should be used by the Anglicans when required. It was duly opened by the Revs. Thomas Norrie and Galloway, then Presbyterian ministers at Papakura and Mauku respectively, and shortly afterwards Dr. Maunsell preached in it to a very large gathering of local residents. It is still doing duty for both congregations.

CHAPTER III

THE MAUKU SETTLERS — MAUNSELL'S CONNECTION WITH THEM—ERIATA'S[1] DEATH—A POSSIBLE TRAGEDY AVERTED.

APPARENTLY it was impossible to overwork Dr. Maunsell. The addition of Awhitu to his already extensive parish would have been enough and to spare for any ordinary man, but, as an extra, he took over the Mauku district, where Maoris were then numerous. For some time the new road through that district had been his route when journeying to and fro between his home and Auckland, and as that meant staying a night in Mauku when going either

[1] Archdeacon Kissling spells this name Erietera.

way, he grew to know the new settlers extremely well. By all accounts they were a happy and sociable lot, well worth the knowing. The famous Austrian geologist, Dr. Ferdinand von Hochstetter, spent a few days among them in 1858, and has handed on so glowing an account of them that it is difficult to resist the temptation to quote at least a portion of it:—

"Let him who intends writing novels about the farmer life of the colonists of New Zealand take up his quarters here; let him make himself at home in the farmers' houses of the Mauku district, so abundantly blessed with rosy daughters, and he will never lack matter to suit his purpose. . . Quite romantic is the situation of their snug and romantic country seats at the edge of the bush. Bush alternates with meadows, gardens and fields, waving their rich luxuriant growth upon fertile basaltic ground. Upon the heights charming views open to the Manukau Gulf, and to the volcanic cones of the Auckland isthmus."

Maunsell was fond of the society of his fellowmen, loved conversation, and could throw himself with zest into whatever was going on; and there is little doubt his early association with the place gave him an affection for it he never forgot, and in later days as the Archdeacon of South Auckland, he paid the district many visits not actually required by the exigencies of his office. And he was always a welcome guest, and though he may have been the Venerable Archdeacon in other places, he was there always affectionately referred to by the more familiar title of Doctor. The real affection he evidently possessed for the still-remaining early settlers he had known in the pre-war days he retained to the last, and he always seemed happy when among them.

In the centre of Mauku was another Patumahoe, also a volcanic cone, much smaller but more fertile

than its namesake in the background of Kohanga. Here was established a numerous and most prosperous *hapu*[2] of Maoris, and they also became followers of Maunsell, and almost as dear to him as his own Kohanga folk. His ministrations among them speedily gave him the influence he seemed to acquire whenever he came in contact with their race, and this influence was, in 1861, almost certainly the deciding factor in ending a misunderstanding which might easily have led to actual fighting, and possibly have precipitated a war similar to that then raging in Taranaki.

When the Mauku settlers built themselves a church he frequently used to walk across from his home to conduct service in it. Previously he had officiated in one or other of the houses. This building, a replica in wood of a village church in North Devon, was completed early in 1861, and still stands in good condition, and looks as if it would comfortably see out its century. During the early stages of the Waikato war, when it was turned into a stockade, Maunsell more than once spent the night with the garrison of local riflemen. In later days some of these men used to say they never spent pleasanter evenings than when the Doctor was with them. They did not like him taking these long solitary trips, for the bush was full of Maoris, but he always refused an escort. Probably his person would have been absolutely safe had he met any of them, for he had always been held in the very highest respect and affection by them.

Right up to the end of his connection with Mauku, which officially terminated with his resignation as Archdeacon in 1883, though he made one or two visits there afterwards, he appeared to keep up his regard for the place, which he used to say was the most picturesque neighbourhood he knew. The native

[2] *Hapu*—A sub-tribe, or the section of a tribe.

village at Patumahoe, he said, was by far the best-kept *kainga*[3] he had seen.

A great lover of trees he hardly ever failed, when visiting a certain friend, to pay his respects to a fine totara tree on the edge of the bush behind the house. The growth of the exotic trees about that homestead were also of great interest to him.

The Archdeacon's frequent but irregular visits to the district always drew large congregations. There were no telephones then, and notice of his coming was sometimes very short, but the news got round in some fashion. He seemed to feel more at home with a country congregation than he did with a town one. A local resident says that as a schoolboy in Auckland he sat under him every Sunday at St. Mary's in Parnell, but though his sermons there were frequently stirring and dramatic they were tame when compared with the rousing discourses he delivered in the country. To see the church well filled pleased him greatly, for the eighth deadly sin in his eyes was failure to attend Divine worship. The late Mr. F. Hamlin, second son of the old missionary, used to narrate a characteristic story of the Archdeacon. He had spent the previous night at Hamlin's house at Waitangi, between Mauku and Waiuku, and they were riding to church the next morning when a horseman passed them. "Who is that?" asked the Archdeacon. "Mr. ——" answered Hamlin. "Pursue after him, Fred, and make him come to church." Hamlin obediently clapped his heels to his horse's flanks; and presently came back with his captive. "You're a good aide-de-camp, Fred," was the commendation he got, and they all three went on to the church together.

[3] *Kainga*—A small village or community of people. It also conveys the thought of a homeplace or homestead, rather than a house, which has its own word, *whare*.

An exciting episode which might easily have been turned into a tragedy is worth relating at some length, because it is not merely interesting as a matter of history, but also illustrates Maunsell's profound influence over the natives. Toward the end of 1860 a young native named Eriata was found one morning lying dead from gunshot wounds on a bush track, the scene of the tragedy being close to the spot where the railway now crosses the Patumahoe-Pukekohe road. The Maoris, probably in quite good faith, believed that the murder was the work of one of the white settlers, and the *hapu* was in a ferment. So excited, indeed, did they become that the magistrate for the district, Major Speedy, a retired Indian officer, who was also military commander, deemed it necessary to take measures for the safety of the white people. The whole of the inhabitants were collected in the church, which had been built only a few months before. After one night there the women and children were placed aboard a schooner which had been sent up from Onehunga, and they remained anchored in mid-stream at the White Cliffs, where they were kept for three uncomfortable nights and days awaiting the turn of events. In the meanwhile the men garrisoned the church.

Dr. Maunsell, whose road to his mission station for several years ran through Mauku, and who was as well known and respected by the people of Mauku and the natives of Patumahoe as by his own flock, learned of the trouble, and came across to see what he could do. In the place of assembly, he faced an audience of hostile natives who, in an inflamed and suspicious state of mind, lined the walls with loaded muskets in their hands.

A bullet had pierced the fingers of both of Eriata's hands and then entered the chest. The Maoris agreed that it could not have been accidental. How

Kohanga Mission Station

From a lithograph drawing supplied by Rev. A. H. Norrie, Wanganui.

could the bullet have cut through the fingers before entering the body?

Maunsell's thorough knowledge of the Maoris told him they meant mischief, and speaking fluently and forcibly, he endeavoured to prove to the natives from various facts which, with his legally trained mind he pieced together, that Eriata had accidentally shot himself while resting on his gun in the scrub. Suddenly he paused, and dramatically pointing to one of the natives earnestly cried, "There, there, that is how it was done. Look at that man how he is holding his gun!" His keen eye had noticed the man in question leaning with clasped hands on the muzzle, in which position, had the gun gone off, a similar wound would have been inflicted.

He then elaborated the "circumstantial evidence" to such good effect that, with the able backing of that fine old chief Waata Kukutai, he succeeded in persuading the natives to keep quiet for the moment—in fact to *taihoa*.

It was believed afterwards that the natives had arranged before the meeting came off that at a given signal all the Europeans present were to be murdered as *utu* for Eriata's death, though it was maintained by some others that the suggestion was prompted by fear.

It may be added that later investigation appeared to reveal that Eriata had been killed by one of his own people who was jealous of him, and although no legal conviction followed—for the suspected murderer escaped to the bush—his people were satisfied that the whites were blameless.

So for the moment ended an episode that might easily have had most serious results.

In the meantime Eriata's death was causing heart-burnings much further afield. The Waikato tribes had welded themselves into a confederacy under King

Potatau, and the Patumahoe people were closely allied to them by blood relationship. The Kingites resolved to thoroughly investigate the matter, and for that purpose a large party of them set out for Patumahoe. Fortunately they were accompanied by a chief of great power and influence, Wiremu Tamehana (William Thompson). Tamehana was really the founder of the Kingite movement, and it was chiefly due to his influence that the Waikato tribes had sunk their differences to submit themselves to a paramount head. But it was no part of Tamehana's policy to set up a government in opposition to the Queen's. He envisaged the two Governments working side by side, one under Victoria and the other under Potatau, each ruling their own people under their own laws and customs. It was a pleasing vision, but one impossible of fulfilment. But Tamehana honestly desired to preserve the peace, and it was probably due to him that the Waikato war did not begin a year or so earlier than it did.

The authorities in Auckland were fully advised of the progress of events. It is evident they did not consider the peace would be broken just at the moment, for there had been plenty of time to send a military force if it had been believed that the Waikatos were coming as a "war party," especially if it had been thought they had any intention of attacking Auckland. Peaceful negotiation was believed to be all that would be needed to settle the trouble, and for that purpose Mr. Donald (afterwards Sir Donald) McLean and one or two officials set off for Patumahoe. McLean was a little later to become the most prominent political figure in the long struggle between the races from 1863 to 1870. Bishop Selwyn also came, though whether with the official party or alone it is impossible to say.

It was considered extremely advisable that the two parties of Maoris should be kept apart if possible, for excitement might have influenced them to commit a breach of the peace that would lead to a war like the one then raging in Taranaki. The Bishop and Dr. Maunsell set off for Rangipokia where the Waikatos would land, and were accompanied by two or three of the settlers. The result of a long discussion was that the Waikatos agreed to accept a promise that Eriata's death should be fully investigated, and the murderer, if caught, hanged. The Waikatos turned their canoes upstream, and the Bishop and his party went back to Patumahoe.

Mr. McLean, who had been met by Major Speedy and some more of the settlers, was no less successful at Patumahoe. Gradually the natives came round to the belief that it would be better for them not to take the law into their own hands.

It was pretty late by the time the respective mediators had met and reported to one another the successful termination of their missions, but at an early hour the following morning Dr. Maunsell, accompanied by Mr. Jeremiah Keleher, who had been his companion on the previous day, rode the five miles to where the schooner was anchored, and informed the refugees that it was now safe for them to return to their homes. And all went smoothly between the white man and the brown one for the next year and a half, when the outbreak of the Waikato war sent the men again to garrison the church, and the women and children to Auckland, this time to be away from their homes for many months instead of days.

CHAPTER IV

JAMES WEST STACK'S NARRATIVE OF THE FOUNDING OF THE KOHANGA MISSION—FARMING DIFFICULTIES—VISIT FROM TE WHERO-WHERO—BISHOP SELWYN VISITS KOHANGA—THE BUILDING OF THE CHURCH.

CANON STACK, in his *More Maoriland Adventures*[1] tells of the share he took in the founding of the Kohanga Mission, and the contents of this chapter are taken from that volume.

"The result of Sir George Grey's visit to Waikato Heads was that the Maoris were induced by him to give us more land for farming purposes. Waikato Heads, however pleasant as a place of residence, was quite unsuited for the site of an industrial school where the pupils, in addition to the three R's, were to be taught farming and carpentering, etc., so that they might, on returning to their homes, introduce new methods of building and of cultivation more suited to the growing needs of the Maori people.

"The Maoris agreed to give us six hundred acres of land ten miles higher up the river, at a place called Kohanga. The land comprised the block in dispute between the two tribes, where the battle took place in which Hoani Huki committed the indiscreet act which ruined his reputation as a Christian teacher, and caused his death.

"Mr. Volkner was at once sent up to Kohanga with eight or ten of the young men who formed the student class preparing for the ministry, to clear the ground for the erection of new school buildings. After he had been there about three months I went up to take his place while he went for his holiday to Auckland.

[1] *More Maoriland Adventures of J. W. Stack* (A. H. and A. W. Reed, Dunedin and Wellington).

"As the necessity for maintaining discipline prevented my being able to make companions of the young men I was in charge of, I found time hang rather heavy on my hands. During the day I had to superintend the splitting of rails and posts, the erection of fences, and the clearing of land for ploughing, etc.; for two hours in the evening I gave instruction in writing, arithmetic and other subjects.

"One evening, just after I had dismissed my class, and resumed reading in front of the fire that I always kept burning for companionship. I noticed a hole in the roof, through which a bright star shone down upon me. When I looked up again the star had increased in size, and I soon found that the thatch of my roof was on fire. Fortunately there was no wind, and a bucket of water extinguished it. The chimney consisted of half a canoe stood up on end, and battened across, the hearth being lined with stones and clay. The wonder was that fires were not of daily occurrence, for the walls and roofs of all native-built houses consisted of inflammable materials, and people were often very careless where sparks from the wood fires alighted; and the flaring lights they carried about were often placed close to the raupo walls.

"While at Kohanga I had some very pleasant expeditions up the Waikato as far as the Ashwells' station at Taupiri, and from there up the Waipa and Horotiu.[2] I generally slept on the river-bank for one night on the way up, and got the Maori who accompanied me to make a shelter with nikau palm or flax leaves, and to collect sufficient wood to keep a fire burning all night. Canoes frequently passed down

[2] The original name of the river between Ngaruawahia and Lake Taupo. It was only after the war that the name Waikato was used for the whole river; previously it was only used for the portion between the junction with the Waipa and the mouth.

the river to the portage at Waiuku, loaded with wheat or maize for the Auckland market. The canoes contained from one to two tons of produce, and were managed by a couple of lusty young fellows, who had nothing to do but keep the canoe in mid-stream and let the swift current bear it along.

"The new school buildings at Kohanga took some time to erect. Dr. Maunsell had very little money at his disposal for the purpose, and was obliged to economize in every way. Most of the buildings were put up by the Maoris, and were just like the huts they built for themselves. The only weatherboard buildings were the girls' school and the Maunsells' quarters, which formed part of it; and the storehouse where we kept our supplies of flour, groceries, etc. My hut was about twelve feet by fifteen, divided into three rooms, with a large wooden chimney at one end of the building.

"My schoolroom was just a copy of the barn, and was built by our young men under my direction. I first marked out the size of the building, and the lads dug a trench three feet deep where the two sides and ends were to be. Stout hardwood saplings, about ten feet high, were set up in the trenches, and these formed the walls, over which a roof was built, and thatched with nikau palm leaves and toe-toe. No windows were required, for enough light came through the open spaces between the upright wall-posts. The building was never floored, and the only likeness it had to a schoolroom was contributed by maps on the walls, and the desks which were ranged one behind another half way down the building. Though the winds blew hard in winter time against our walls, and were sometimes very cold, I never found any inconvenience during school hours from draughts, nor did the men and boys ever complain of cold.

"After we moved up to Kohanga all were busily engaged ploughing, digging and draining, preparing for the final transfer of the mission station from Waikato Heads. It was most interesting work, commencing what we hoped would become a model farm for the Maoris, where the pupils could be instructed in all the methods of European agriculture, and enabled, on going back to their homes, to make use of the fertile lands belonging to them, which so far were quite unproductive.

"Having fenced in about a hundred acres with posts and rails, and cleared the land of the shrubs and fern growing upon it, we found it very hard work ploughing up the matted fern roots which held the soil together. After cross-ploughing the fern roots had all to be collected and burned, and the ground harrowed and ploughed over again before it could be planted with anything. We used bullocks to draw the ploughs and do our carting. After our disheartening experiences of farming on the poor land at Waikato Heads we entertained great hopes that our new venture would yield not only enough to supply the school with food, but enough for sale, to provide it with funds for its general support. These hopes, sad to say, were doomed to bitter disappointment. We had a first class English farm instructor, who taught the Maoris how to work the land and prepare it for cropping; but the result was most pitiful. Our first crop of oats was not worth cutting; it would not have yielded the seed we had sown. Our potato crop in the same way produced tubers no bigger than marbles, and all our labour was thrown away. Instead of winning the Maoris over to methods of English farming, the result of our work was to deepen their prejudices in favour of their own methods.

"During the three years I lived at Kohanga we only succeeded in raising good crops on land which

the Maoris had already cultivated—spots where trees had once grown, and where the soil was full of decaying roots. The fern and manuka land refused to grow either corn, grass, or root crops, and most of our six hundred acres consisted of fern land.

"One of my great difficulties at Kohanga was to keep the boys' clothes clean and tidy. It was found undesirable for the women and girls to have anything to do with them, and the boys had to wash and mend their own things.

"Every Monday a certain number of boys were set to wash the clothes, which had been steeping in tubs of cold water since Saturday evening. The difficulty was to get the lads to rub the dirt out of the soiled garments. I knew that East Indians and man-of-war sailors washed their things in cold water, and made them quite white, and I could not understand why my boys could not do the same. Finding that scolding and punishing did not secure better results, I took charge of a tub myself, and soaped and rubbed till my knuckles were skinned, without getting rid of the soil stains which I had so often blamed the boys for not doing. I felt very crestfallen, and resolved to be more cautious in future when judging the boys' work, and not to attribute all defects to carelessness.

"By Mrs. Maunsell's advice I used washing soda, and boiled the clothes before trying to rub the dirt out of them, and found the result most satisfactory; and my boys, who wore during warm weather white duck trousers and white smocks, always looked spick and span. In winter they wore white moleskin trousers and blue serge shirts.

"It was one of my ambitions to make a good vegetable garden for the supply of the school. As the hillsides consisted of very stiff clay which was unsuitable for my purpose, I decided to drain a

portion of the swamp adjoining the foot of the hills. I cut a drain through the flax and raupo from the foot of the hill to the river, which was about three hundred yards away. It was dirty work, and took a long time. I marked out each boy's daily share of the drain-digging, my own being always double what I assigned to the strongest of them. After taking the first spadeful off the surface, which consisted of the matted roots of the swamp growth, we got into soft black mud, and sank into it up to our hips. Shovelling this up and throwing it far enough off to prevent its slipping back into the drain, demanded the exercise of all our strength and skill. The drain was five feet wide and about the same in depth. When it was completed I surrounded a piece of the swamp, adjoining the garden I had already made on the hillside, with a good wide drain, and cleared about half an acre of it. Then we dug it all up, and when the sods were dry, piled them into heaps and burned them. Finding, after some months, that the soil retained its moisture and was too wet to grow anything in, I cut broad drains through it about ten feet apart, which proved sufficiently successful to enable me to plant potatoes and other vegetables in the reclaimed ground.

"Everything on its first appearance above the soil looked healthy and promising, and I felt very hopeful about the success of my experiment; but as time went on the character of the plants quite altered. The healthy-looking potato plants grew such long stalks that they trailed like creepers along the ground, and exhausted all their strength in their efforts to grow taller. When the roots came to be examined, instead of ordinary sized potatoes, we found the minute bulbs to which I have already referred, smaller than marbles. Cauliflowers developed into most absurd-looking plants, resembling Prince of Wales feathers. They grew from two to four long, narrow leaves,

without any sign of a heart. And so it was with everything I planted in the ground which had cost so much toil to bring into cultivation. For four years I persisted in my efforts to obtain better results, but without success.

"The only reward for our labour was got by accident, from the peach stones we threw away when refreshing ourselves from a basket of fruit while digging drains. Many of the stones took root, and in two years peach trees ten feet high sprung up from them, and were loaded with delicious fruit.

"While at Kohanga I learned to plough, and drive both horses and bullocks, and to reap and thresh corn. The reaping was at first very irksome, from having to stoop all day, and rather dangerous from the tendency of the reaping hook to slip when drawn towards one, and so cut the fingers instead of the wheat stalks. There was less danger where the corn was thick and the stalks close together, but with our poor crops it was difficult to fill one's left hand with enough stalks to prevent the hook slipping, and several of our men nearly cut off their little fingers. We had always to take a supply of sticking plaster and rags with us when we started reaping, as they were sure to be wanted sooner or later.

"The Maoris thoroughly enjoyed the business of threshing the corn, which was done in the open field, as soon after reaping as possible. A large sheet was spread upon the ground, and on to it the sheaves were thrown. Men and women arranged themselves on either side of the sheet at a convenient distance from one another, and at a given signal flung their long, slender flails over their heads, and brought them down with a loud thud on to the threshing floor. They kept splendid time by chanting together a suitable Maori ditty.

"The one farming job the Maoris very much disliked was cleaning out the stockyard, and making manure heaps, and handling the manure when spreading it over the ploughed fields. I had always to take part in that particular work in order to overcome their repugnance to it.

"The site occupied by our mission station was most picturesque. Our houses stood on the brow of a low down, overlooking the Waikato which flowed past us in a broad, smooth stream. We could see up and down the river for many miles, and trace its course from where it first appeared issuing from the wooded hills till it almost reached the sea. The views in every direction were extended and beautiful. Moonlight added a special charm to their fascinating beauty when the smooth flowing waters for miles shone like burnished silver in the moonbeams. The river presented a striking contrast to the dark pine trees[3] that lined its opposite bank and grew in small clumps upon the many islands that studded its channel. But the moment for securing the most fascinating sensation was I discovered, at early dawn, when the rays of the rising sun first struck the glistening leaves of the flax, toetoe, raupo and karamu shrubs in the swamps adjoining the river and caused them to glitter and sparkle in such a wonderful way as to communicate a strange sense of joyousness to one's whole being.

"But beautiful as our new surroundings were, they possessed a serious drawback from being so close to the breeding grounds of the mosquito, a pest from which we were quite free at Waikato Heads. I shall never forget my first encounter with the Kohanga mosquitoes. I was on a short visit in summer to my

[3] Kahikahtea (Podocarpus dacrydioides), a gregarious pine partial to swampy ground. The timber is soft and inferior, but much used for butter boxes.

friend Volkner, who advised me, when bedtime came, not to attempt sleeping in the whare, but to join him in a shed, where all the Maori men and boys slept to escape the tormenting mosquitoes. The shed was very low, not more than four feet from the ground in the highest part, and covered with toe-toe. The sides were open, but sheltered by the overhanging ends of the toe-toe leaves. Every two occupants had fern beds, the width of an ordinary mattress, placed on either side of a small fire, which was kept burning all night. The heat and smoke from the fires drove out the mosquitoes, and secured peaceful rest for everyone who slept in the shed.

"Before crawling, on my hands and knees, into what looked like a long dog kennel, I preferred to try a remedy for mosquitoes which I had seen recommended in a newspaper—the smoke of burning cow dung. A quantity of it was kept burning in the whare for a long time before I went to bed. The only effect it had was to cause the tormenting insects to swarm about the ceiling, where they kept up an incessant humming and buzzing. I covered myself up very carefully with the bed clothes and tried to get to sleep. But the smell of the smoke and the heat of my body, covered up as it was, made sleep impossible. As the night wore on, and the smoke cleared off, the mosquitoes recovered their activity, and came buzzing all round me, and before long I felt them under the bedclothes crawling about my body and biting wherever they could. I got so hot and worried at last that I jumped up and went out into the night air with a blanket wrapped around me. There was just enough stir in the air to disperse the mosquitoes on the ridge, and coming across an empty dray I sat down on it and dozed until daylight. For the rest of my stay I gladly accepted a place in the shed by my friends' mosquito-proof fires.

"I was rather startled late one evening, when sitting alone in my room in the darkness singing at the top of my voice, to hear a strange Maori in a chuckling tone say: 'That's a rollicking song.' What was my surprise on discovering when the light was lit that two of the most distinguished chiefs in the country had called to see me. One was Ruihana and the other Potatau Te Whero-whero, who was afterwards elected first Maori King of New Zealand. They were both completely tattooed and very fine, handsome-looking men. The object of their visit I soon learned was to gather reliable information from me about the provincial system of government. They said that as I was a layman they could speak more freely to me about political matters than they could to any of the older missionaries. They kept talking to me upon the subject which so interested them till far into the night. I felt sure from what my visitors told me that if the English only treated the Maoris fairly and justly they had nothing to fear from them.

"Bishop Selwyn's visit to Kohanga for the purpose of holding a confirmation, took place before our church was built. Our Sunday services were then being held in the girls' schoolroom, where we all had our daily meals together. But it did not seem a fitting place in which to hold the confirmation; besides, the room was too small to hold the congregation which would be drawn together to meet the Bishop.

"There seemed to be no alternative to the service being held in an open field. This I thought very undesirable as it would detract from the solemnity and impressiveness of the service. We had just finished a new stockyard, and it occurred to me that it might be fitted up in such a way as to make it a suitable substitute for a church. Having got Dr. Maunsell's permission, I requisitioned all the threshing floor sheets from the neighbouring Maori villages

and all the new floor mats I could get together. Then I procured from the woods a number of tree ferns and cabbage palms, and placed them alternately against the posts of the stockyard and hung the sheets between them. At the east end I made, and roofed in with sheeting, a sort of chancel, and fitted it up with the necessary furniture. The whole of the enclosed space was covered with fresh straw to a depth of a foot, and over the straw the flax mats were spread for the congregation to sit upon.

"On Sunday morning when the service began everything within our extemporized structure looked well-ordered and church-like. Before long, however, a breeze sprung up, which waved the long fern fronds about and shed the seed over everything, till the surplices and the Bishop's robes and the Communion linen were all quite brown with it. But, worst of all, the fine dust got into the Bishop's throat when speaking, causing him much discomfort and annoyance. I quite expected a rebuke from him when the service was over for my thoughtlessness in selecting tree ferns in seed for my decorations. But he studiously avoided all reference to the shower of fern spores, and only spoke in praise of the arrangements made by me for his comfort and for the accommodation of the large native congregation which assembled to meet him.

"One result of the Bishop's visit was that Dr. Maunsell began to take steps towards the erection of a church. Plans and specifications were obtained for a handsome wooden building with a tower and spire. The site was fixed where it would be conveniently near the school, and also form a prominent object in the landscape. The Maoris agreed to provide the timber, and to facilitate its carriage to the church site they set the English sawyers to work cutting it in a forest adjoining the river, and about four miles distant from us.

"Whenever the sawyers reported that they had sawn a quarter of the quantity of timber they were to deliver, Dr. Maunsell sent me over to measure it, and with me most of the men and boys to carry the timber from the saw-pits to the river-bank and then in canoes to take it across to Kohanga. We took provisions with us for a week, and spent a most enjoyable time. The ground between the river-bank and the saw-pits was soft, and but for the matted roots that covered its surface we should have sunk into it to our knees when carrying our heavy loads. The timber, being green, was very heavy, and I found one board quite enough to carry at a time. I fixed the number each man and boy was to carry every day between breakfast and dinner and tea. As soon as their allotted task was finished they were free to roam the woods, snare birds, or do anything else they liked. During the first few days we all got very stiff in the shoulders and got the skin rubbed off in many places, but the outdoor life made up for all the discomfort. The smell of the bruised pine and other leaves was very pleasant and filled the air with fragrance wherever we went. We kept good fires burning all night, which not only protected us from the mosquitoes, but gave a cheerful look to our camp under the tall forest trees. The bright flames seemed to puzzle the owls who had never seen anything of the kind before near their wild haunts. They used to come about us repeating their monotonous cry, 'Kou kou,' till everyone was weary of it.

"In order to maintain discipline I had to keep a timetable, which fixed the hours for our meals and for Prayers—morning and evening—and for short lessons in reading and arithmetic. At night, when sitting round the fire, I used to tell historical stories, which the young men especially enjoyed, for there is no subject the Maoris take more interest in than history.

"I never enjoyed my food at the mission station so much as I did on these working holidays spent on the edge of the forest, where I got potatoes roasted in the embers and meat grilled on a glowing charcoal fire, and hot toast and billy tea sweetened with plenty of brown sugar at every meal.

"These visits to the saw-pits were repeated from time to time until the whole of the timber required for the erection of the church was carried across the river to Kohanga. From the landing-place it was taken in our bullock drays to the site of the church, and stacked till it got dry enough to be used."

Stack stayed at Kohanga until the early part of 1859, when he left to take charge of the native mission in Canterbury.

CHAPTER V

KOHANGA RESUMED

THE CLOSING SCENES

GROWTH OF THE KINGITE MOVEMENT—DISTURBED STATE OF THE COUNTRY—THE EVE OF WAR.

WITH the coming of the 'sixties Kohanga, after several years of steadily increasing prosperity, began to feel the effects of the unrest that was stirring almost all the Maori people between Auckland and Taranaki. The Kingite movement was steadily growing, and the tribes that had at first held aloof from it were gradually coming in. The disastrous mistake over the purchase of a small block of land at Waitara, Taranaki—or rather, perhaps, the stiff-necked arrogance of officialdom in refusing to acknowledge

A Memorable Meeting at Kohanga.

A meeting to commemorate the completion of the translation of the Bible by Maunsell and others. Seated on the left are Rev. Robert Maunsell and his family, behind them young James Stack, and, seated at the table, Rev. B. Y. Ashwell and his daughters. The Maori holding aloft the newly-published book before his countrymen is probably the chief Waata Kukutai. (From an old print in the Horace Fildes collection.)

the mistake it knew it had committed—had plunged Taranaki into war, and the Waikato and Rohe-potai natives had sent large contingents to assist their fellow-countrymen. In the north the Great South Road was being made by the Imperial troops, for it was fairly obvious that a clash was inevitable, that protection must be given to Auckland and the numerous settlements between that town and Mercer, and that it was better to guard the frontier than to deal with invasion after it had taken place. By the close of 1860 both sides were in a fairly nervy state, and by the end of 1861 the tension between the two races was so great that actual hostilities might occur at any moment. The hand that held the tomahawk was raised, but the blow was not just yet to fall.

The Home Government had recalled the Governor, Colonel Gore-Brown, and had replaced him by Sir George Grey in the hope that a change of administration might have a soothing effect on the native mind; but his policy of gifts of brown sugar and blankets for the rank and file, and hastily created sinecures with comfortable salaries for the chiefs was a failure. Perhaps if it had been tried early enough it might have succeeded, but now it was looked on as being dictated by fear. The Kingites had arrived at a condition of mind that could only be corrected by blood-letting.

The effect of this strained position upon the three Waikato missions was of course disastrous, though for some time Kohanga suffered less than the up-river stations. But even here many of the children from the more distant places were withdrawn from the school, and their seniors became definitely colder in their relations with the missionaries.

The chief consolation Maunsell had during these difficult times was the unwavering fidelity of Waata Kukutai. Entirely friendly to the white man (chiefly,

it may be presumed, owing to his veneration for and complete confidence in Dr. Maunsell), he stood as a tower of strength, and never even faltered in his allegiance, though the pressure brought to bear upon him must have been enormous. Taking the oath of allegiance to the Queen he was given the rank of major in the Colonial forces, and was intensely proud of the dignity conferred upon him and the privilege of wearing Her Majesty's uniform. Maunsell felt implicit confidence in him and never had cause to regret it.

At Awhitu, on the contrary, Ahipene was a most perplexed and unhappy man. He was strongly averse to his people taking any part in the war, but desired to live and die on friendly terms with the white man. But he was a rangatira of rangatiras; his relatives were engaged in a life and death struggle; the call of the blood was insistent and imperative; and if at length loyalty to his race and people prevailed who can blame him for it? One night every Maori village from Maioro to Orua was evacuated, only a few aged men and women remaining. But they departed as inoffensively as they had lived there, and neither murder nor pillage soiled their hands. They merely stole silently away into the forest. Ahipene did not long survive the flitting, but died at Taupo the following year; of his people few were left to return at the end of the war, but a surviving remnant did ultimately come back and settled down at Waipipi under Henare Kukutai, Ahipene's son, who later became member of the House of Representatives for the Western District.

The following letter from Mrs. Maunsell to the Rev. George Maunsell gives an illuminating glimpse of the state of affairs on the eve of the outbreak of war.

"Kohanga, N.Z.

"28th May, 1863.

"My very dear George,

"As Eliza[1] no doubt gave you all the April news, having written to you at the end of last month, I need not go over the same ground. We much enjoyed dear Robert's[2] visit to us. He spent three weeks with us, and returned home with the steamer the 8th of this month. He took Eliza into town to be there at the same time that your father was in for the Synod. It was a great comfort that Mrs. Stewart with her sister and two children came to pay us a visit at that time, otherwise Fanny and I would have felt rather lonely.

"You would be much pleased if you saw Mary Anne.[3] She conducts herself so well; has all the manners and ease of a lady, and not at all uplifted by her position. Her husband was a member of Synod, and has gone home for a time to see after his affairs at Raglan.

"Maori matters are far from promising. We are in a very anxious state, not knowing what the next tidings from Taranaki may be. From Monday's paper we learn that the settlers at Raglan held a meeting at which it was resolved to abandon that place for the present, and to return ammunition which had been sent to them by Government for self-defence. The Governor has been for some time at Taranaki for the purpose of arranging matters amicably there, if possible. He and the troops took possession of the Tataramaika block and was making every investigation as to our right to the Waitara. He found that we had no right, and that William King and his party

[1] Step-daughter, afterwards Mrs. Bice.

[2] Step-son, farming in the Wairarapa.

[3] A Maori helper.

had a good title to it originally. Sir George Grey had made up his mind some time ago, it seems, to return Waitara to the natives, but was hampered by his Minister. While this investigation was pending, the sad murders were perpetrated by the Ngatiruarinui and Taranaki tribes. I was in great hopes that by this mail you would receive our likenesses, a family group, that was taken about three months ago by a Mr. Davies, a photographer in Auckland. He came here with Mr. Fenton and another gentleman to take some photographs of the Waikato. When your father returned from the Synod, he sent me a present of five or six of these views and our family group. The latter is such a failure that we cannot think of sending it. Your dear father is made to look just like a negro. Eliza is the only one that is passable in the whole group, and now that we have just received your photograph, which we all think is excellent, ours looks worse than it did before. I hope, however, your father will consent to my sending the photograph of Kohanga, which is rather good.

"Last month we had our interesting 'Parliament'; the Primate was with us. In the afternoon a missionary meeting was held in the church, when a good number of natives was present. A collection was raised for the Melanesian Mission. Since Mr. Kerr paid us a visit the Island boys have passed through a great trial. Nearly all the fifty were taken ill with dysentery and six died. It is now some weeks since the convalescent among them sailed for the Islands.

"The day after the meeting here, the Bishop had a Confirmation and on the following Sunday we had the Lord's Supper, at which your sister Eliza and Fanny partook for the first time. Sincerely do I trust, dear George, that this was an answer to many a fervent prayer put up for them, and that the Lord

will, in His mercy, ere long give us to see one and all of our dear children safe in Christ.

"We heard to-day through Mr. Armitage (who, with all his family, is living at Taurangirahi, being afraid of the natives up the river) that Mr. Fenton has disposed of two hundred acres[5] of land at Purapura to Government for a frontier settlement for the Ngata-tipa, and that they are all to be armed.

"Mr. Armitage has been in this neighbourhood for about three weeks. The natives did not send him away, but he was fearful lest they should take away his wife and children. He intends settling on his land at the new township (Purapura) where he is now getting a house put up.

"The natives have put up a pa at Paetae with a deep and wide trench; very well made it seems.

"I am thankful to say, dear George, that we have all been remarkably well during the last two months, with the exception of Janie, who had an attack of her throat again. Your dear father is getting quite stout, and my usual health and strength has been gradually restored to me.

"Do you know one piece of news we heard the other day through Sarah Ashwell, that you were engaged to some young lady at Home. Is that true? or all *heriheri*. Fanny at once jumped to the conclusion that it was to Miss Diplock.

"How glad we were to see by your letter that you are now employed in our Lord's work. May He even now give you to see fruit of your labours in your Sunday School. O how much do we need your prayers for us here, that the Lord would in mercy revive His own work here. What deadness and lukewarmness all around.

[5] This was at Camerontown, where Armitage was later killed.

"Now, dearest George, adieu. All send much *aroha*.[6]

"Your loving and affectionate

"MOTHER."

[6] Love.

CHAPTER VI

THE OUTBREAK OF WAR

MEREDITH MURDERED AT RAMA-RAMA—NATIVES DRIVEN OUT OF KOHANGA—THE KILLING OF ARMITAGE.

GRADUALLY matters in the South Auckland district went from bad to worse. The natives became more and more truculent. The homesteads of outlying settlers were forcibly looted, and their owners insulted and maltreated; arms and ammunition being the chief object of the marauders. The administration, after repeated pleadings and warnings, felt it must show the rebels there could be only one Government in New Zealand. Early in July, 1863, proclamation was made that all natives north of the Maungatawhiri River and the Waikato below the junction of that stream must without delay take the oath of allegiance to Queen Victoria or return to the south of that line. Some set off with promptitude, others hesitated for a while and then went. The great Hunua forest, then stretching from the Firth of Thames to the west coast, was full of homeless, angry and revengeful enemies, all carrying the arms the fatuous policy of the administration had allowed them to take away. Almost at once came the first blow of the war, the murder of Meredith and his young son on a farm at Rama-rama.

After that events moved quickly. A week after the proclamation the bayonets of the 14th and 70th drove the Maoris out of their rifle-pits at Koheroa, and after that there was no thought of peace. Every able-bodied man was enrolled in some kind of military capacity, and either took the field or remained on garrison duty at the larger and smaller centres.

It was particularly hard on the missionaries, who saw the work of years melting to destruction. The up-river stations had perforce to be abandoned. Maunsell and his family, however, clung on to Kohanga, though they must have felt that their little world was crumbling to ruin around them. A man of Maunsell's intelligence could not but feel that whatever the upshot of the war things would never be the same again. They had no guard but Kukutai and his few men, but seem to have thought they would be sufficient to ensure their safety.

The lower Waikato, up to now nearly silent and deserted soon presented a most animated scene. At Port Waikato the clang of hammers was to be heard day and night as artificers busily rivetted together the plates of river gunboats hurriedly procured from Sydney. The old mission house at Maraetai was full of soldiers, and so was the recently built court house, and the waterfront was white with tents. Then the *Avon*, the first steamship on the river, passed up the stream to the Bluff, not far below Point Russell, as Mercer was then called. Soon there was quite a fleet of steamers and men on the river, manned by men of the Royal Navy and volunteers from the mercantile marine.

Maunsell no doubt burned to be in the thick of everything. His friends at Mauku and Waiuku were all under arms; even at the little settlement of East Pukekohe the handful of men had armed and garrisoned their little church, which they shortly after

held for hours against overwhelming odds; almost at his doors his great friend James Armitage, the magistrate of Lower Waikato, had, with his two white companions, been callously murdered by a marauding party of Ngati-maniapotos, and almost daily came tales of settlers who had not come into the stockades being wantonly slaughtered.

The killing of his much-loved friend, James Armitage, by Ngati-maniapoto natives on September 7, 1863, had a great effect upon the future career of Maunsell, and a detailed account of it seems a necessary addendum to this book.

James Armitage was a young Englishman who came to New Zealand in company with his friend Mr. F. D. Fenton, the latter being a barrister who was later a very well-known figure in his position as Chief Judge of the Native Land Court. Armitage and Fenton lived at Pukekawa, and as that was only about eight miles from Kohanga they were considered near neighbours in those early days, and soon became friendly visitors of the Maunsells. Fenton was an agent of the Government, his mission being to watch the effect of the Kingite movement upon the relations between pakeha and native, and to do what he could to conciliate the latter and keep them friendly. Armitage was appointed magistrate for the Waikato district, and was very highly respected by the local natives.

The great difficulty of supplying the troops during their advance into the valley of the Waikato by the Great South Road led to the project of forwarding stores from Onehunga to Port Waikato by sea, and thence up the river. Already, with a view to countering this difficulty, a tramway had been projected and a route surveyed from the Mauku estuary to the Waikato River, and a township laid off at either end, the one at the northern terminus being named

Pakington, and the southern one Camerontown, after General Sir Duncan Cameron, who was in command of the British forces in New Zealand, but it was not possible to wait until the rails could be laid.

At Camerontown, on the right bank of the Waikato, about a mile above Rangipokia, where the already existing road reached the river, a depot was established, and a small redoubt built. This was garrisoned by Major Waata Kukutai and his Kohanga natives, who undertook to guard the stores and also to transport them from Port Waikato to Camerontown. There were with them two Europeans, a carpenter named William Strand, who had helped to build the depot, and a blacksmith named Robert McKeown.

On the morning of September 7, 1863, the station was invaded by a strong party of Rohe Potai Maoris. At first there was no fighting, but a great deal of talk between the opposing parties. Unfortunately during the morning Mr. Armitage arrived in a canoe on one of his visits of inspection, he having been given a general commission to oversee the transportation arrangements. Quite unsuspectingly Armitage turned in towards the landing-place, and was received by a volley from the enemy, a bullet passing through him just below the shoulder.

At this moment Strand and McKeown, making a bid for life and liberty, jumped into Armitage's canoe, and endeavoured to push off into the stream, but heavy fire from the enemy induced them to jump overboard and try to shelter behind the canoe, and at the same time to tow it and Armitage to safety. But the Kingites jumped into their canoes and tomahawked these men in the water; and also despatched Armitage in the same manner. The bodies were brought ashore, but Armitage's canoe drifted lower down the river, and was found by the late

Mr. Charles Marshall, who cut out of its gunwale and preserved as a memento the bullet that had passed through Armitage's body.

The enemy then looted the stores and set the buildings on fire. Kukutai's men, who had not tried to prevent the killing of the three white men, did not raise a hand to secure the safety of the stores of which they were in charge. For this they incurred a good deal of contemptuous criticism from the early white settlers of the district, but the following from Maunsell to the C.M.S. in London goes a long way to clear their reputation, by showing how few men they had to match against the Ngati-maniapotos.

(The natives who shot Armitage and his companions stated later that had Maunsell been with them they would have shot him also, and being Ngati-maniapotos they no doubt would have done so. On another occasion he was taken prisoner by them, held captive for some hours, and then released.)

Extract from Maunsell's letter to C.M.S., London, dated September 25, 1863, from Mati.

"We have passed at this station through a time of considerable danger and anxiety. On Sunday, 6th, I was at the front holding services with the troops and returned.

"My friend Mr. Armitage, who was thinking of coming with me, disliked the weather and remained till next morning. Next morning on his way down he was murdered with two other Europeans, I having on the Sunday night passed close to the party that killed them. They crossed the river near our station. We then fled to the next native settlement inland of us. Sixteen Europeans were there congregated next day. That same party returned to within a mile of us and plundered all the food of our people. The latter only mustered fifty men, the enemy two hundred or three hundred. We had no fortification, our pa

was not even half finished, two sides wholly untouched. After remaining five days, they recrossed the river to look for fresh victims, and killed a little boy Watson,[1] and shot a poor soldier who had been wounded in their affair with Captain Swift."

CHAPTER VII

THE AMBUSH AT CAMERONTOWN

THE WINNING OF THE V.C.—MEN OF THE 65TH DISTINGUISH THEMSELVES — AFTER MANY YEARS — PATUMAHOE NATIVES LEAVE DISTRICT FOR EVER.

THE following is the story of what Dr. Maunsell in his letter to the C.M.S. refers to as "Swift's affair."

News of the raid on the depot at Camerontown and the death of Armitage soon reached Fort Alexandra, near Tuakau, and early the following morning fifty men of the 65th Regiment under Captain Swift and Lieutenant Butler were despatched to the scene of the affair. Had it been deemed safe to go by boats an hour would have taken them there, but the opportunities for ambushment from the jungles lining the river-banks were deemed too dangerous. Yet as it turned out the river route could not have been more hazardous.

The march was a long and arduous one, as the detachment had to skirt the Tuakau swamp, and traverse the southern fringes of Pukekohe Hill, wading several streams en route. As the soldiers

[1] In the attack on Burtt's farm, Paerata, September 14, 1863. It was generally stated that the attackers in this instance were a party of Ngati-pous, but Maunsell's statement that they were Ngati-maniapotos seems conclusive.

approached Camerontown they had to leave the fern and tea-tree land and make their way along a narrow track through a dense piece of bush on the edge of a swamp. Suddenly they were met by a withering volley from the front and each side. Both officers fell at the first fire, Swift mortally wounded, and Butler so seriously hit as to be completely incapacitated, though he ultimately recovered.

And then fellowed an engagement unique in the annals of New Zealand fighting, since it resulted in the awarding of two Victoria Crosses, that plain little piece of bronze with its simple inscription "For Valour" which is more greatly prized than any other military reward. Deprived of their officers and several of their comrades under most dismaying circumstances, they were fortunate in having with them two particularly capable and courageous non-commissioned officers, Colour-Sergeant McKenna and Sergeant Bracegirdle. It was undoubtedly due to the coolness, courage and resource of these men that the small detachment was not practically wiped out; and the honours awarded to the survivors showed how well this little party of the 65th behaved under particularly difficult conditions. McKenna and Lance-Corporal Ryan were each decorated with the Victoria Cross, and four privates received the medal for distinguished conduct under fire. For some inscrutable reason Bracegirdle received no recognition, though, in the opinion of his comrades, he of all others most deserved it.

Thirty years after, the writer was taken over the ground by the late Edward Jones, who had been a private in the force, and took part in the engagement, and the whole story was told. The soldiers, said Jones, were greatly attached to Swift, and were more concerned at his sufferings than by their own danger, and when he died, just before daylight, there was a

general manifestation of grief. Even after the lapse of so long a time he was greatly incensed at the way Bracegirdle had been left out of the award of honours. This man, a Yorkshireman of splendid physique, was, according to Jones, more entitled to credit than anyone else, and the way he was neglected caused a very bitter feeling in the regiment. Long after, two old Waikato settlers, comrades of Jones that day, confirmed his account of the occurrences, and were most emphatically of his opinion regarding Sergeant Bracegirdle.

One man was missing, and was not accounted for, and it was not until this century had well begun that any light was shed upon where he had got to. Then, a mile and a half away from the scene of the ambush, the owner of the land, the late Mr. Charles Shipherd, found, after a scrub fire had passed over the land, the buttons and other metal parts of his accoutrements. Separated from his comrades, and probably mortally wounded, the unfortunate fellow had wandered all this way before death overtook him.

On the same day, about five miles further north, the Mauku Forest Rifles and a section of Captain Jackson's Forest Rangers were engaged in a skirmish with a party of the local natives, who had remained in the bush at Puni since they evacuated their village at Patumahoe. This was the last seen of them, and it is presumed they got away across the Waikato immediately. They did not return after the war and their land was confiscated by the Crown.

CHAPTER VIII

VISIT BY GENERAL GREAVES—GREAT DISCOMFORTS, DANGERS AND ILLNESS—MRS. MAUNSELL'S DIARY—EVACUATION OF KOHANGA.

AMAZING though it may seem, with the lower Waikato the actual centre of the war, the Maunsell family remained through the winter of 1863 at Kohanga. Their friends were greatly concerned at the danger they were in, but in spite of the entreaties of Bishop Selwyn and others, and the peremptory demands of the Government that they should come to Auckland, Dr. Maunsell felt it his duty to remain at his post; and it speaks volumes for the courage and devotion of his wife that she insisted upon staying with him, though she knew perfectly well that her life was continually in danger.

A daughter of Dr. Maunsell,[1] who at this time was a young child, says:—"The war excited no fears in our childish minds; it may be because our elders took pains to hide their fears and misgivings from us. We heard daily the distant booming of guns from a northern station."

But those better qualified to judge fully realized how great the danger really was. General Sir George Greaves, in his *Memoirs* tells of the misgivings he had. In 1863 George Richard Greaves was a captain in the 70th Regiment (the Surreys). He seems to have been a man of varied talents, for he was not merely Deputy-Assistant Quarter-Master General to Cameron's force, from 1862 to 1866, but was appointed to make a survey of the lower Waikato River in the spring of 1863. His chart of the first twenty-five miles of the river's course was an interesting

[1] Mrs. Brendel.

exhibit at the Waterways Commission in 1922, when it was sought to establish that the works of the Waikato River Board had destroyed the navigation channel. For his services in the field he was more than once commended for his energy and daring. Greaves narrates how he made the acquaintance of the Maunsell family during his survey.

"About half-way down I came upon a mission station on the Maori bank. The clergyman there was Archdeacon Maunsell, and he kindly asked me to dine and sleep at the station. I met his wife and daughters there. They expressed themselves quite satisfied with their position and had apparently every trust in the Maoris round them. I confess I did not feel so satisfied, and was very sad at leaving beautiful English girls in such an out-of-the-way place in such troublous times, to say nothing of the good Archdeacon and his kind wife; and, as it will be seen later, I had to go to their rescue only just in time."

Some months later Captain Greaves, by then promoted to the rank of Major, revisited Kohanga, as will be told in due course.

So many of the natives had fled inland that the school had perforce to be closed. The Ngatimaniapoto warriors were camped on the hills overlooking Kohanga, and whenever Maunsell went for supplies he was obliged to disguise himself as a Maori. Ultimately it was deemed safer for him and his family to take up their abode in the nearby settlement of Mati, under the protection of Waata Kukutai and his tribe.

He writes to London on September 25, 1863:—"Mrs. Maunsell and one of our daughters[2] who was with us had to put up in an old shed, the abode of pigs at one end and the other end occupied by poor Armitage's fowls, geese and ducks. Every house in

[2] Annie.

the small settlement that was habitable was full. In this state of mud and wretchedness my health broke down. Dysentery and slow fever came on, but through the great goodness of God I soon rallied, quite contrary to my expectations, and with the aid of two of my men have got under a roof and am able to shut off a certain amount of wind and rain. If it had not been for my wife's help I should have fared very badly. Our pretty station, only three-quarters of a mile from us, we dare not sleep in. The Ngatimaniapotos are murderers, and declare they will show no mercy to me. My own people have been most faithful and kind. Their conduct towards the enemy was most firm and judicious and we have all felt secure under their protection. Their chief is Waata Kukutai, a very noble-minded young man. I felt that it was most important that the loyal party should have a rallying point and that, as my people asked me to remain, it was my duty, particularly in such a crisis, to stop with them. My school is broken up, but I have good work here. I have prayers with them in the morning, and catechise them in the Scriptures, and had also a well-attended Scripture class yesterday evening. I am nearly re-established in health and hope soon to be as strong as ever. To God be the glory of my mercies of late. I feel that I am utterly unworthy of them, but at the same time rejoice that I can do or suffer anything for a Master so indulgent, and that has done and suffered so much for me."

The following extracts from Mrs. Maunsell's private diary show the truly distressful time they were having, and how they at last bowed to the inevitable:

"September 12, 1863. Went to-day to Kohanga, and in great haste put away what things we thought the *taua*[3] might plunder. A number of boxes we brought to Mati. O, how desolate did our home

[3] War party.

The Waikato River a few miles above Kohanga.

This part of the river, the bordering trees and hills reflected in its placid surface, was, in the 'sixties patrolled by British gunboats. On the left is the Alexandra Redoubt, while five miles lower down, at Camerontown Sergeant McKenna won the Victoria Cross. (Photo by the courtesy of Mr. Geo. A. Robertson.)

appear. Dear Mary,[4] how my heart warmed to that dear good woman. I could not help kissing her when I parted. How desolate and low in spirits I felt. How little faith. Well might Jesus rebuke me for my unbelief. Help me from the heart to say 'Lord, I believe; help Thou my unbelief.'

"September 13. Had service on Waata's verandah. Text, 'How long halt ye, etc.' Hymns, 'Come let us join our cheerful, etc.' 'There is a Fountain.' Service in the evening. Spargo[5] went down to the Heads.

"September 14. Tioriori Ma came to Waata, firing and war dance, His words good. Our lives, under God, due to the forbearance of our enemies. Heard suddenly of the *City of Melbourne* going at 12. Just time for the Spargos and Annie to get away. Thanks to the Lord for His goodness in this. 'Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.' Afternoon went to see our unfinished pa. Wrote to Mrs. Kissling. Had a comfortable evening.

"September 15. Wrote to Mrs. Ashwell and Eliza. Feel more that I did right in staying with dearest Robert. Thanks to the Lord for this light as to the path of duty. How kind has He been to me. Went to Kohanga to get a few things we required, and to make yeast. All desolation there.

"September 16. Wet in the forenoon and very boisterous. Boy returned with the letters he took to Waiuku; he was afraid. A fearfully windy afternoon. Cold and very comfortless outside. Poor Robert much exposed to the wet and cold, trying to shelter our hut, which threatened every minute to be blown down. Heard that the Spargos and Annie only

[4] Ngataru's widow. See page 65.

[5] Mr. Spargo was a trader who had been established at Port Waikato for some years.

left on Tuesday.[6] Had many an anxious thought about them. O that we heard of their safety.

"September 17. Still very boisterous; a heavy gale from the east. Were cheered by a letter from the General, and one from dear, dear Mrs. Kissling, and one paper. How we long to hear of a successful termination to this melancholy war. O Lord make haste to help us. Make no long tarrying O our God. A fearful night of wind and rain.

"September 18. Never was out in such a night. Sleep out of the question. Had many an anxious thought about dear Annie and Mrs. Spargo. Heard of the Ngati-anora all going off to join the King party, carrying their guns with them. They went by way of Maraetai; before going they plundered a canoe belonging to a European who got upset with his goods last week, and was unable to take them up to Mangatawhiri. They all got drunk with the beer that was in the canoe. A number of the Ngati-tipa young fellows as well got drunk. A messenger was sent to the Ngati-anora to ask for their guns, which belong to Government. Robert has had a hard day's work boarding up this old place, getting it roofed in. He is not well this evening.

"September 19. My dear Robert not at all well, unable to get up out of bed or take native prayers. What a mercy the Lord detained me here to do something of nursing my dear husband. O may the Lord be pleased speedily to raise him up again. Do not, O my Father, be very wroth with Thy poor servant. I do deserve the rod. In tender mercy stay Thy rough wind in the day of Thy east wind. Nancy called. Heard of nine of the wounded Ngatimaniapoto having since died at Ohaeroa, above Tuakau on this side of the river. May this humble their pride. Heard of the Ngati-tipa youth getting drunk,

[6] September 15, 1863.

and losing young Marshall's £1. Also breaking open the boxes of his father by the Ngati-anora at Taurangirahi. O Lord make bare Thine arm and come and deliver us from such fearful disorganization.

"September 22. Nothing of importance has occurred during the last three days. My dear husband was far too ill on Sabbath to hold service, and was all the day confined to bed. During the night was very feverish. I felt very anxious indeed about him. The Lord, however, was better to me than all my fears. He graciously heard my cry and sent help. Yesterday, Robert got considerably better, and to-day he is very much better. All praise and thanks be to my Heavenly Father. In the day of His rough wind He stayed his east wind. O for a heart broken and subdued under all the Lord's goodness to me. Had school to-day with three little girls. The weather most inclement and stormy. Saw Peti and Meri to-day.

"October 3. Since last entry Robert much recovered. Very stormy cold weather all the week. Went on the 25th to Kohanga for a few hours after dinner. On our return home, heard of the *Avon* steamer being on her way down to us. Mr. Stewart went on with Nene[7] to meet her at Tikirahi. Brought a number of letters from dear friends in Auckland. One from Bishop Selwyn, one from Mrs. Kissling, Mrs. Ashwell and Mrs. Kempthorne, all urging our return to Auckland. Still Robert sees it his duty to remain, and my way not clear to leave him. Much darkness and perplexity that night. Next day, Saturday, 26th, Robert went on board the *Avon;* saw the captain, who urged our leaving. Afterwards I met Robert at Kohanga. We again committed our way to the Lord, and, as far as we had light given, we then resolved to leave so soon as the new gunboat

[7] Waata Kukutai's younger brother.

arrived, which Captain Sullivan expects every day. In the evening of Saturday, was taken ill with D., the same as dear Robert. Remained in bed all Sabbath. In the afternoon had more letters, one from dear Mrs. Kissling, one from Agnes, and one from my niece, E. Panton. One from Mrs. Fenton, which still further confirmed us as to the path of duty. Much better on Monday. As we hourly expected the steamer, we made every preparation for leaving. We came down to Kohanga, and have ventured to remain here the whole week, as the steamer did not come in. Spent Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday packing up and sending things to Mati for safety. In the evening of Thursday, Robert had his reading meeting. More returned from Paitae. Poor Mary died on the 20th of last month. Last Wednesday, the anniversary of our marriage eleven years ago. The evening spent in prayer and renewing our vows. During the last three days the natives of this place have broken up thirteen canoes, and disarmed the Ngati-anora. May the Lord give us light."

(*Diary breaks off here.*)

How they were ultimately taken to safety about the middle of October, 1863, may be told in Major Greaves' own words:—

"It will be remembered that I said I should have to go to the rescue of the Archdeacon and his family, and just at this time we received an urgent message from him that the Maoris were threatening him. So I was ordered to go down in the *Pioneer*[8] and bring

[8] The *Pioneer* was a stern paddle-wheel steamer of about 300 tons burden, 140 feet in length, and drawing only 2 feet 6 inches of water. She was built in Sydney to the order of the New Zealand Government, and was towed over by H.M.S. *Eclipse* about the end of October, 1863. Two large iron cupolas, looped for rifles, stood on her deck. This

them away. We were just in time and got them on board quickly and steamed away, being fired at from the bank repeatedly without anyone being hurt. It appeared that the Maoris had only threatened them so far, but that they were collecting, and that the friendly ones were very anxious and expected something very serious at every moment. The poor old Archdeacon was terribly broken up about the whole thing. The ladies, I am sure, were very glad to get away."

Unfortunately, not even yet were their troubles over, for the *Pioneer* could not take them any nearer to Auckland than the opposite bank of the river, from whence they had to walk all night through the forest. The place at which the *Pioneer* would land the refugees was Te Aunga on the right bank of the Waikato, a mile or two above Kohanga. From here a winding track, mostly through bush, would take them to Mauku, about eight miles away. Here there was a garrison of about fifty local rifle volunteers and a few men of the Waikato Militia under Lieutenant D. H. Lusk. An armed escort was provided to protect them. Barely recovered from ill-health—darkness, a rough track, unknown dangers—it must surely have been a sore trial even for such stout hearts.

fine vessel, soon after the war, broke from her moorings at Waikato Heads and drifted over the bar to sea. The officer in charge of the vessel, started after her in an open boat and succeeded in boarding her. There being no coals in the bunkers, portions of the woodwork of the vessel were torn down and the fires lighted. An attempt was made to fetch the Manukau, but when close to the bar, the *Pioneer* became unmanageable, and they were compelled to abandon the vessel, which broke in pieces, Mr. Lodder and his party miraculously escaping in their boat.

CHAPTER IX

WITH THE TROOPS

CAPTURE OF RANGIRIRI PA—SEES THE CAMPAIGN THROUGH.

To remain quietly at home was impossible for a man of Dr. Maunsell's temperament, and the beginning of November, 1863, found him on active service as a chaplain to General Cameron's little army, then about to commence an invasion of the Central Waikato plain. His wife and young family he left in Auckland.

On November 20 he was present at the assault on Rangiriri, which was defended by six hundred natives, the British numbering seven hundred and fifty. Of the Maoris, one hundred were killed and wounded and one hundred and eighty-five taken prisoners. The British casualties were one hundred and thirty-two killed and wounded. Maunsell read the burial service over the dead. The natives were buried in the rifle-pits where they had fallen, the parapet being thrown over on top of them. The soldiers who were killed were buried in separate graves beside the native church.

In a magazine article written by him years later, after recording the disastrous effect the war had upon his school and mission, he goes on to say:—"A new call now presented itself. There were three thousand soldiers pushing up the Waikato, and no chaplain. I had to visit them at their several posts, and finally to march with the main body. With great pleasure I look back upon my classes and services with these manly fellows, from whom I received a kind address when leaving."

That Maunsell thoroughly enjoyed his life with the troops was manifest enough to those who knew him well in later years. His eyes would flash with excitement and his voice ring with enthusiasm as he recalled it. He was very popular among the soldiers; that he was highly respected and loved by many of them the letters sent to him amply prove.

He remained with the soldiers throughout the summer of 1863-4, till the fall of Orakau at the beginning of April in the latter year ended the campaign.

CHAPTER X

TEMPORARY RETURN TO KOHANGA—A SCENE OF DESOLATION—DEATH OF MRS. MAUNSELL—PLANS FOR THE FUTURE—BECOMES VICAR OF ST. MARY'S, PARNELL.

And then he went back to Kohanga with his wife and three of his daughters.

But what a home-coming!

> "This is truth the poet sings
> That sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering
> happier things."

The once beautiful spot was a scene of desolation. The mission premises had been looted and damaged by the rebel Maoris and all was disorder.

"I returned to my home," he says, "which had once rung with the joyous shouts of lads and lasses. But I did not remain long. Death entered my home."

Thus he describes the crowning catastrophe among the many trials that befell him. His faithful wife, to whose hard work and capacity for organizing so much of the success of the mission was due, died on October 4, 1864, after giving birth to a son.

Most of the natives had permanently left for the interior and there was very little for Maunsell to do there.

To his two daughters in Auckland he wrote:— "What my future plans shall be I find it difficult to determine. I can scarcely expect to remain more than a few months at this place, neither do I wish to remain in Auckland. My mind at present points to England, or Ireland, where your Aunt Fanny may be useful to your young sisters and the little one. If we go to England we shall have to leave, I suppose, in January or February."

To Mrs. Kissling, the wife of the Archdeacon, he writes:—

"Port Waikato, Kohanga,
"October 15, 1864.

"My dear Mrs. Kissling,

"You have no doubt before this have seen Mr. Ashwell and heard of our discussions on my future proceedings. My object now is to at once set at rest the minds of you and my other kind friends that have so kindly offered help for my family. I purpose stopping here until December 1, then selling off my things by auction at Port Waikato,[1] and after that, proceeding with my family to Auckland, to be ready, if God should so order it, to take the first vessel for England, while in the meantime I hope to be engaged with Sir William Martin in the revision of the New Testament.

"The question now occurs, what shall we do for a domicile in the interval in Auckland? As long as we are together, the burden of a baby, etc., is scarcely

[1] Port Waikato was at that time quite a busy place, with a considerable military garrison, and seldom without one or two warships in the harbour. Most of the supply for the large military force then encamped at Te Awamutu was landed there and boated up the Waikato and Waipa rivers.

felt. I have thought, therefore, that the best plan would be to try to hire a furnished house with some person to wait upon us, anywhere in the neighbourhood of Auckland. If that spare house of the Bishop's was unoccupied (where nurse lives) it might answer admirably, or perhaps there is a spare house at St. John's College, or Mr. Heywood knows of some such building at Remuera. The difficulty is to get some person to undertake the matter for me. Your hands are abundantly full, but perhaps Mr. Heywood (or a word from the Bishop) would kindly manage it. I think that he is married to a sister of my agent, Baber.

"My chief reason in going thus early to town is the revision. I daresay that I shall hear soon from Sir William whether he can help. If not, I could stay a little longer.

"No doubt you will be able to think more correctly on matters of this kind than I can. If you think it best that Aggie and Janie should go as boarders to Mrs. Kempthorne (that is, if she will take them) and that we should go to a small house in Parnell, I should feel very much obliged if any friend could so arrange it.

"I am, my dear Mrs. Kissling, yours with kindest remembrance to your dear husband,

"Yours truly,

"R. MAUNSELL."

"P.S.—We have here three very interesting scholars, one a girl of fifteen years of age, very well looking, exceedingly sensible, intelligent, and well behaved, a half-caste, an old pupil of my late dear wife's, who has been rescued from the debauchery of Port Waikato, where her father wished to make money by her. With her are her two brothers, one of ten, the other of eight years of age, very nice

children indeed. They cannot go back to Port Waikato, and I am very anxious to put the girl into some good family, and the boys to school. You would very much oblige me by speaking to Lady Martin and Mr. Chapman and any others you know of, and letting me know what can be done with them. The girl is very desirous of knowledge, and would value that more than high wages.

"If I could hear from you, I would take in any household matters that may be needed in our lodgings."

Things, however, turned out differently. On November 11, 1864, he wrote to Archdeacon Kissling at Auckland as under:—

"My dear brother Kissling,

"Mr. Ashwell surprised me much last Sunday by informing me that Bishop Patteson had gone to Nelson, and that an effort was being made to get me nominated as Bishop of Nelson. He still further surprised me by informing me that you and the other nominators of St. Mary's[2] had written to me to invite me to St. Mary's. As you may expect I am completely bewildered. My first feeling at brother A's first announcement was a sensation of disappointment and shrinking. On turning it over in my mind, I began to get reconciled to it. I thought of the Maori population down there and of a favourite scheme which I fear our Bishops much neglect, namely of picking up worthy young men, teaching them and sending them out ordained to meet the great wants of the out-districts. Thus I went on castle building.

"Then Ashwell's letter of yesterday, and his well-put arguments, sent all into fine air.

"I have now to begin my process of balancing and theorising over again. Against the people of St.

[2] The Anglican Church at Parnell, Auckland.

Mary's I always had a grudge because of their ungrateful treatment of you, and I had actually prepared in my mind a speech to be delivered at last Synod, if I had attended, in which I was to have wound up by saying that I wondered how they could ever hope (after their coldness to you, the Bishop and C.M.S.) to have amongst them a minister that had any respect for himself. These late events have forced often upon my thoughts those words of Jeremiah respecting the heart, 'Who can know it?' I find that absolutely a man cannot often tell what he will do, or choose, under certain circumstances, until they are brought to bear in a peculiar way upon him. My own change in condition has produced a change of feeling, and I confess I feel disposed to contemplate with satisfaction the invitation from the nominators. Still, as I have earnestly prayed God not to allow me to seek my own will in these movements, so do I now endeavour to keep my mind unbiassed until I go into town and discuss the pros and cons with my friends.

"In the Nelson affair I saw great difficulties, amongst a strange people, with a large helpless family. I am glad that I have a little interval for thinking over these matters and getting information. I have not yet seen the invitation from the nominators, as the mail has not arrived.

"I know not how to express my obligations to you and your dear wife for the sympathy and kind interest that you have taken in my "*mea whakataimaha*"[3] and rejoice to think that your prayers are ascending with mine to our great Head. I cannot

[3] "I believe the meaning to be 'heaviness of spirit.' No doubt he was passing through troublous times and had been confiding in a friend who condoled with him, hence his reply, 'I thank you for the kind interest you have taken in 'mea whakataimaha' (the heaviness of spirit which is troubling me).'" (E. T. Frost.)

but feel that in all this matter His hand is most visible, beckoning me away from here, and therefore, I hope, leading me to some spot where He will fulfil the prayers that I have often presented for some fruit to my labours.

"Mrs. Kissling was so kind as to say that she would write soon again to tell me how matters were progressing in reference to our domicile in Auckland. We expect to leave Kohanga December 1, stop a few days at the Heads waiting for the steamer.

"My family will go into quarters for a day or so at Onehunga, and I proceed to Auckland to complete the arrangements.

"November 12. I have just received the invitation of the nominators. It was so full, so courteous, and so satisfactory that it left me not even an excuse for hesitation. I trust that I may regard it as an indication of God's will, and that He will make His blessing to descend on mine own soul as well as on the souls of those to whom I shall minister."

CHAPTER XI

LIFE IN AUCKLAND—A BROAD CHURCHMAN—ENLIVENING SERMONS — GRADUAL PHYSICAL DECLINE—THE MENTAL FACULTIES ENDURE—A PEACEFUL ENDING.

It must have been very difficult at first for Dr. Maunsell, after his long association with the unsophisticated natives, to get thoroughly into mental accord with people in touch with more recent schools of thought and feeling; but gradually his individualism yielded to the spirit of fellowship, and with his customary zeal he quickly allied himself with all schemes for the promotion of the spiritual and material weal

of the community. Though very loyal to his own Church, he showed himself a thorough cosmopolitan of broad evangelical views, and quickly won a place in the non-conformist heart by the liberal and affectionate attitude he consistently maintained. He was willing to preach in any pulpit, seeing in every man a brother, whether clad in fustian or broadcloth. The older he grew, he said, the less importance he attached to religious distinctions—"We Christians are all regiments fighting under one Flag."

To his own congregation of St. Mary's, he preached in his fresh, unconventional style, as referred to by a parishioner, the late Mr. H. B. Morton in his excellent book *Recollections of Early New Zealand*. 'His illustrations, often drawn from the simple incidents of daily life, were arresting and sometimes provoked a smile, as when, in preaching of man's wilful ignoring of religion, he said, 'The great commander Nelson had a blind eye, and when, at the battle of Copenhagen, his captain told him to cease firing'—here he paused a moment and resumed with the question, 'What did he do? What did he do? He put the telescope to his blind eye and said 'I don't see it.' So it is with you! So it is with you!' On another occasion, I recall an appeal for funds to reshingle the roof of the old church, which was in a very leaky condition. He said 'If you are not liberal, you will have to sit in church with your umbrellas over your heads.'"

With his fearless, outspoken manner, it can be believed how he occasionally ruffled the feelings of his flock. On one occasion some of the congregation were very unpunctual, the worst offenders being the wives of the Army officers (many of whom were settled in Parnell). When the interruption was more noisy than the patience of the Archdeacon could tolerate, he once stopped the service and from the

pulpit rebuked the latecomers thus, "You who ought to know better come late into God's house, disturbing the peace of the service with your noisy entry and the frou-frou of your silken skirts. Then, when you have dropped threepenny bits from your jewelled fingers into the collection plate, you rustle out of church well satisfied that you have done your Sabbath duties." Next Sunday the whole congregation was assembled before the bell had stopped.

Dr. Maunsell always kept a horse, and regularly visited the Maori settlement of Orakei (a few miles from Auckland) with the chief of which, Paora Tuhaere, he was on particularly friendly terms, and from whom he always had a warm welcome.

One of his principal interests was in the Y.M.C.A., of which he was for some years President. When the decision was regrettably arrived at to close its doors and allow the mortgagee to take the property, he appealed with determination to the public of Auckland to prevent such a disgrace to the community, and was largely instrumental in raising a fund which enabled the committee to meet their pressing liabilities. From that time till his death he took a kindly interest in the Association and was ever ready to assist, not only by doing active work on the committees and addressing public meetings, but by giving largely of his substance whenever any special effort was needed.

In addition to the work of a large parish he acted as Examining Chaplain in the case of candidates for Holy Orders, and his examination was no mere form.

When St. John's College was temporarily removed from the Tamaki to Parnell, he acted as honorary tutor, in which capacity he used to stress very strongly the importance of learning elocution and *preaching* as against *reading* sermons.

In 1882 his health began to fail, the first warning being when he fainted after preaching, and he felt that though in full possession of his mental faculties he was incapable of carrying on the amount of work he was doing and that it was time for him to retire. So in that year he resigned the incumbency of St. Mary's and all his clerical appointments.

In 1883 King Tawhiao visited Auckland with his leading chiefs. At one of the native meetings in Mr. J. C. Firth's grounds at Mt. Eden, the Archdeacon addressed the large assemblage of Maoris, and this was his last public speech to the Kingites.

After his retirement he still continued to work assiduously as far as his health permitted for Maoris and Europeans, making in the former case more frequent visits to Orakei. He was also able more fully to gratify his love of study which "Age could not wither, nor could custom stale." He would rise in the winter mornings before daylight, light the gas in his study, wrap his overcoat round him, and lose himself in his books. He was always of opinion that the early hours of the day were best for studying, the mind being fresher and more receptive. His large and comprehensive library he bequeathed to St. John's College.

Latterly, his fainting attacks became more frequent, and he had a narrow escape through falling off his horse when on a visit to Orakei, so he had to discontinue riding. His age and the hardships he had undergone were taking their toll, and his health now began to decline rapidly, though he was able to walk slowly up and down the road in front of his house in St. George's Bay Road, basking in the sunshine, and extending his genial smile of greeting to the many friends who accosted him, and often saying a word that showed his love of nature and his love and reverence for the Author of nature.

Mr. G. M. Main, the senior reporter of the *N.Z. Herald*, begged the Archdeacon's family to secure for him an interview, with the object of obtaining firsthand an account of his work among the Maoris. Though he promised not to tire him unduly, the Archdeacon refused, as much from his great dislike of publicity as from his feeble health. And so a great opportunity was lost.

Throughout his gradual breaking up, which was borne with patient and cheerful resignation, his solace was the Scriptures, and members of his family would go into his room to find him reading, not the English version, but the Hebrew.

On his last day on earth, April 19, 1894, he had a call from his regular visitant, Archdeacon MacMurray, who says.—"He told me he was in great pain. I thought of some passage from his favourite book of Psalms, which I thought might help him at such a time, and I repeated a verse from the Prayer Book version of the Psalms—'Tarry ye the Lord's leisure; be strong and He will comfort thine heart, and put thou thy trust in the Lord.' The old man suddenly sat up in his bed—'Bad translation, bad translation' he said, and proceeded to give the original Hebrew, and added what he considered the right translation should be."

Four hours later, in his sleep, life slipped from him quietly, as the mists lift from the hills under the coming of dawn.

* * *

To the casual reader and thinker there may seem to have been much wasted effort in the Archdeacon's life; great aspirations brought to nought by disaster; the labour of years gone up in smoke in as many minutes; great achievements nullified by adverse

destiny; lofty ideals of the Maoris being taught, spiritually uplifted, imbued with the habits of industry and thrift till they were fitted to pull in equal yoke with the white men—all swept away by the ruthless hand of war; graves of loved helpers solitary in the wilderness—it reads like a sad record of gallant effort brought to hopeless failure.

But there is another side to the story which obliterates all gloomy thoughts. It tells of a brave and long-sustained effort to make good against almost overwhelming odds; of the ungrudging sacrifice of time, talents and energy, as well as his private means, to further the cause he had espoused; it tells of the crowning achievement, the translation of the Old Testament rising Phoenix-like from the ashes of its predecessor, purified and improved by its passage through the flames, and it blazons the dauntless courage of this modern reincarnation of the old Crusaders.

The annals of his family tell of more than one Maunsell who joined the forces of the Cross to recover the resting place of our Saviour from the power of the Crescent, but not one of his forbears was inspired by a more sturdy determination to carry his Master's banner through any known or unknown danger.

One of his old country friends recalls the following incident:—"When I was a boy, the Doctor came one evening and remained with us several days as the weather was very wet and cold. When we were sitting round the fire, the elders discussing the prospects of war breaking out around us, the Doctor had been telling us that he had no personal fear of the Maori and held that it was the Pakeha who was at fault; my mother said, 'Dr. Maunsell, do you think these people are worth all the labour you have bestowed upon them during the past thirty years?' His reply was 'Yes, my good sister, for if I can be the means,

in God's hands, of saving even one soul, anything I have been able to do is indeed worth while.'"

Which sums up everything.

A hundred years and more have passed since his mission work began. Let us turn our minds' eyes back for a brief space to him and the hundreds of other gallant souls who were then laying the foundation stones of our progress and prosperity, and be grateful to them all, cleric and layman, husbandman and soldier, merchant and mechanic, for the toils and privations they so uncomplainingly endured. And, in the words of the wise old observer of thirty centuries ago to whom we have gone for a foreword, "The congregation will show forth their praise."

THE END.

APPENDIX

REV. GEORGE MAUNSELL.

Born at Paihia, Bay of Islands, on December 2, 1838, he was the second son of Archdeacon Maunsell. He attended first St. John's College, Auckland, and then the C.M.S. College at Islington, London. Returning to New Zealand, he assisted in the work at Kohanga for three years. He then went back to England, was ordained priest in 1865, for two years acting as Curate at Bromfield, Essex, and Barnsley, Yorkshire. He married Miss Rosetta Sherwin, the daughter of a London clergyman. In 1867 he was enrolled on the staff of the C.M.S., and, returning to New Zealand, he followed in his father's footsteps and devoted his whole life to work among the Maoris over practically all the Auckland Province. When he was stationed at the Thames, his wife died, and he afterwards married Miss Elizabeth Keating, niece of Rev. R. H. Mitchell, incumbent of St. Matthew's, Auckland. He made long and wearisome journeys alone on horseback, full of peril and hardship, into the heart of the Urewera country, the roughest part of the Dominion, taking a bag of biscuits, tin billy and tea; and when, as often, no bed was available, he rolled himself in a rug and slept under a tree. He was an excellent Maori scholar, and during a short visit to England in 1892, undertook the oversight of the printing of a revised translation of the New Testament into Maori. He remained at his post till the last evening, December 22, 1909, which he spent in writing a Christmas Day prayer for the Maoris in the Auckland gaol. He passed away suddenly the next morning.

NATIVE PSYCHOLOGY.

In estimating the character of the Maoris, Maunsell was evidently not blinded by his undoubted affection for them. He says many are very plausible when it suits them, adroit in learning their Catechism, etc., when they have anything to gain by it, but apt to lapse as soon as their desire is attained. They are anxious to gain honour and trade by their intercourse with the missionaries. Baptism they look upon as a great honour, and assume a superiority over their less fortunate fellows. One Paora, a recently baptized man, asked whether he ought to allow an unbaptized person to arouse

him from sleep, lie on his bed or smoke his pipe, and supposed it would be wrong to give food to the dogs who had not been blessed by grace. Though something much resembling the old feudal system was in force, the power of the chiefs appeared to be rather moral than physical. The causes of the decline of the native population he considered due to three principal causes, the dissoluteness of the females from the age of twelve, infanticide, and carelessness about the welfare of their children.

LETTER FROM ARCHDEACON J. G. EVANS.

It has been my great privilege to have known Archdeacon Maunsell from the time that I entered St. John's College, Tamaki, as a scholar in 1880. I soon became a great admirer of him both on account of his wonderful knowledge as a great scholar and also on account of his fine character and ability as a clergyman and a man. He examined me for deacon's and priest's ordination and presented me at both services to the Bishop. The ordination to the diaconate was held at Holy Trinity, Devonport, and it was a very hot day in December. The Archdeacon and other clergy and the candidates all walked down to the wharf in order to cross the harbour. When I was being asked the solemn questions by the Bishop, I happened to glance up to the chancel where the Archdeacon was sitting, and was amused to see him taking off his shoes and putting them under his chair, no doubt on account of the long walk on both sides of the water. It rather disconcerted me, and I am sure the Bishop was amazed to see me answering the questions with a broad grin on my face.

The Archdeacon was always most kind to me, and I had many very pleasant meals at his house. The discussions at such times were most illuminating to a young man, and I found them very helpful in after years.

It was a great treat to listen to the debates in the Diocesan Synod, in which the Archdeacon took a prominent part. His speeches were always delivered with eloquence and great force and were listened to almost breathlessly by the Synodsmen.

When I became Vicar of St. John's Church in the Northcote-cum-Takapuna Parish, the Archdeacon used to come over occasionally when I was away in the out-districts, to help me by taking service at Northcote, and always stayed the night at my little house. After I had been in charge at

Northcote for about two years, I had an urgent call to go to the Thames as Vicar. At that time the Thames was a a very important mining centre, having a population of over 8,000 people. It was a very difficult position for a young man as I was then, and my wife and I found it impossible to decide whether we should go or not. So we agreed to leave the decision with our friend the Archdeacon. He listened quietly to all I had to say, and then looking very earnestly at me, he said in his quiet way, "Well, I don't think you have done enough backblock work yet, but I think you ought to go to the Thames." So we went. When I had been there for a year, he gave a most generous appreciation of my work in the parish at the annual meeting of the Diocesan Synod.

The Archdeacon was very anxious that I should take up the study of Hebrew, and said, "It is so splendid to be able to pray in the language of the Prophets."

Long as it is since he passed away from us to his eternal reward, I have never forgotten the kind interest he took in my career, nor the influence for good he had upon my life and character. I do thank God that it was my great privilege to be considered his friend.

J. G. EVANS,

Archdeacon Emeritus.

"Tirohanga,"
John Street, New Plymouth,
12th October, 1936.

LETTER FROM SOLDIERS OF THE 65th REGIMENT.

Camp Ngaruawahia,

26th December, 1863.

The Rev. Archdeacon Maunsell,

Dear Sir,—In presenting you with this small amount in aid of the South Sea Islands Mission, we cannot do so without offering a few words of thanks to you for the deep interest you have taken in both the temporal and eternal welfare of the troops in camp, but especially towards us. We give it with an earnest prayer that, though small, it may prove acceptable to our Heavenly Father, and through His Providence be the means of bringing at least one stray sheep to the fold of Christ.

As you are about to leave us, we would ask you to think of us in your daily prayers, that God would still continue to pour out His Holy Spirit upon us, so that, when left

without you to guide us, we may still preserve that bond of love and unity which is necessary for the preservation of all Christian assemblies. We, in our morning meetings, shall not forget you, but pray earnestly that God's Holy Spirit will accompany you in your path through life, and make your teachings as profitable to other congregations as they have been to us.

We remain, dear sir, on behalf of our comrades in the Regiment,

Your affectionate grateful pupils,

Geo. W. Cook, Band 65th Regt.
Wm. H. Griffiths, Cr.-Sergt. 65th Regt.

COPY OF LETTER TO BISHOP SELWYN.

Waikato Heads,
9th November, 1848.

My Lord,

I write a hasty note by a man just passing through, to say that your Lordship's letter with three proofs have arrived.

For your Lordship's letter I desire to return my sincere thanks. It is indeed but reasonable to hope, as your Lordship observes, "that Christian men will be less likely to disagree hereafter because they have felt the evil of disagreement at first." The spirit of your Lordship's letter indicates what you consider as comprehended under that appellation, and I regard it not only as a remedy for the past, but also the strongest inducement to patience and cheerful co-operation for the future.

I am sorry that your Lordship's visit will be so soon. The scarcity of food is so great that the people cannot muster from the adjoining settlements; those in the immediate vicinity being very few.

If your Lordship could kindly drop a note by my native teachers who are now in town getting supplies, as to the route by which you are likely to come, I would meet you. The best I suspect would be overland to Waiuku. I had hoped that Mr. and Mrs. Martin would have come about the same time as your Lordship. Considering also that the Governor has a fair claim upon my gratitude, I have taken the liberty to inform him of this examination, in case he might desire to come over, and then at the same time fulfil his long-made promise of coming to see the chiefs of Waikato.

This, however, is a very unfavourable season for mustering—three weeks later would have supplied them with food.

As I do not understand that your Lordship will visit the out-stations of this district, I will only give the people an intimation of your coming to this station, so that they may be ready for any plans you may form on your arrival here.

If your Lordship thinks it desirable to delay your visit for two or three weeks more, it will make no alteration in my arrangements, provided I hear by my men, who I daresay will not have left Auckland before this reaches you. If your Lordship thinks it well to bring any of St. John's scholars, European and Maori or any other visitors, you please, so as to make a demonstration to these people of the benefits of school operations, we shall be most happy to see them, as we ourselves are well off for all kinds of provisions. As for sleeping accommodations they must do as well as they can.

I remain,
My Lord,
Yours respectfully,
Robt. Maunsell.

P.S.—Would your Lordship kindly inform the Judge and Governor of the time on which you are likely to be here?

TO BISHOP SELWYN.

Waikato Heads,
19th March, 1849.

My Lord,

As I understand that your Lordship is expected soon in Auckland, I take the liberty of writing to you on the subject of my school before I start for Tauranga.

As I have now good opportunity of getting wood for building cut—an opportunity for which I may have to wait a long time if I lose it now—I am anxious to know what buildings I shall be allowed to put up with Government money. We are in need of a dormitory or rather two or three dormitories for children besides homes for native teachers. We also need two schoolrooms, one dining-hall, a kitchen, cupboards, store, a room for washing and ironing in, a room for the pupil teacher, and a house for grinding and sifting in, besides an oven.

It is clear that the £220 for buildings that was granted last year will not suffice for these purposes, and as the institution is now in a prosperous state (having fifty children, six

native teachers, with five women teachers, besides the matron) I hope that we be considered entitled to a little more aid.

I estimate that the outbuildings for grinding, threshing, etc., will cost £50; the oven, £10; outhouses for washing, etc., £35; store for provisions, etc., £25; total, £120.

We are grievously in want of clothes for our children (such as blankets, etc.), cooking and eating utensils, and other house furniture we shall want.

As this is the best time of the year for purchasing provisions, I am anxious to know for how many I may purchase; shall I be allowed to increase my number of pupils? Having thus stated my case, I beg briefly to submit the points on which I am anxious to be informed.

(1) Can I get £120 for the buildings specified?

(2) How much will I be allowed for the maintenance of each child and for adult scholars?

(3) Will any grant be made to enable me to procure the necessary utensils, house furniture, bedding, etc., say £60?

(4) Could any steps be taken to relieve us from the serious inconvenience resulting from our not being able to ascertain the amount of aid that will be bestowed by the Government from year to year? i.e., can any time be specified in which we can learn the amount granted each year?

Some expenses I have ventured to incur in the expectation of receiving aid. On the more weighty items I am waiting to hear from your Lordship.

As we are now, our children are sleeping by threes and fours in the same blanket, and only get potatoes and a little pork occasionally for their meals.

If I were sure of receiving aid I would order immediately a large supply of flour from up the country which is to be obtained at £10 per ton.

I may add that I have received earnest applications for admittance into my institution, and that I am now waiting to hear from your Lordship before I reply.

Hoping therefore that I have made out a fair case for aid and for a speedy answer,

I remain,

My Lord,

Yours respectfully,

Robt. Maunsell.

REVISION OF THE MAORI BIBLE.

Extract from letter to the C.M.S., London, from Archdeacon G. A. Kissling, dated 30th September, 1857:—

"The syndicate consists on the part of the Wesleyan Mission of the Revs. Messrs. Buddle, Hobbs, and Read; on the part of our Society of the Rev. R. Maunsell, Archdeacon Wm. Williams, and myself. For nearly two months we have been spending five hours each day, except Saturday, in this interesting and blessed work. It gives me much pleasure to add that there has been a spirit of harmony throughout, and that while the translation itself is justly admired, the worthy and able translator has still more risen in our esteem by the impartial and noble spirit in which he has met our suggestions and consented to various alterations. In another month, we trust, the work of revision for the first complete Maori Bible will be finished, and corrected copies will be forwarded to the British and Foreign Bible Society with a request to print a moderate number, so that by the time another edition is wanted, any mistakes which may yet be discovered may be corrected. Some wish has been expressed of congratulating Mr. Maunsell with a testimonial on the success of his great undertaking, but whether this is done or not, his witness will be in the Maori Bible, while 'his testimony is on high.'"

TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

On January 21, 1855, Maunsell writes to Archdeacon A. N. Brown, Tauranga:—

"I am at work as hard as my poor eyes will admit at translation. You have heard no doubt of the admirable way in which the people of Auckland took up my appeal for help to print the remaining portion of our Bible in Maori. They tell me not to doubt about funds. If I am allowed to live till I finish it, with deep thankfulness will I repeat the hymn, 'Lord now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.' I would ask for the prayers of all friends that health and knowledge may be granted me."

KOHANGA CHURCH BELL.

Some uncertainty seems to be felt as to the actual present location of the Kohanga Church Bell. This has arisen because there were two large bells at the mission, the second being at the school.

The bell from the church was taken to Waiuku about 1872, and has since done duty in the steeple of Holy Trinity Church. Its removal was due to the interest taken in the matter by the late Mr. James Adams, of Waiuku, upon a portion of whose land the church was built. The bell was taken down by a party of men who went over to Kohanga, brought down to the riverbank in a sledge, and taken in a canoe to the highest possible point on the Awaroa creek, within a couple of miles of the church. Here there was a good deal of trouble in landing it, as the bank of the stream was soft and swampy for a considerable distance. Mr. Adams and the Hon. George J. Garland were present to meet it, and it is to the memory of the latter we are indebted for these details.

The builder of the church, then in course of construction, objected that the bell would be too heavy for his steeple, and to meet this Mr. Garland sent down from Awhitu four squared totara piles as corner-stands for the tower.

PERMANENT MONUMENTS OF DR. MAUNSELL.

With a view of commemorating the centenary of the taking over of the Maraetai Mission by Dr. Maunsell in 1838, the Raglan County Council has been approached with a view of providing imperishable monuments to his memory. Just above the site of the Maraetai Mission, a centuries old landslip pushed a rugged rocky point into the river, temporarily damming it and ultimately compelled the stream to cut a new channel to the sea through the drift formation of the northern bank. This point, known as Putaka, will in future be named Point Maunsell.

At the eastern extremity of the Kohanga Mission farm, a shapely volcanic peak stands sentinel over the site of the mission. This hill, about 500 feet high, up to now known by its native name of Tikorangi, will be in future Mt. Maunsell.

It is understood that all that now is required is the formal consent of the Surveyor-General.

WAATA KUKUTAI.

This chief died about 1867, and the following abridged account taken from the Government publication, *Native Intelligence,* is given as descriptive of a Maori burying of that time.

Arriving at the Purapura landing-place, we found three large canoes filled with natives—men, women, and picaninnies —all covered with green leaves, the mourning costume of the Maoris. A fourth craft was the well-appointed whaleboat of the deceased, in the sternsheets of which was the coffin, covered with a handsome velvet pall. In this boat were seated Nini and Hori Kukutai, next-of-kin to the deceased, their heads decorated with a profusion of feathers. There were also with the crew some female relations of the family. In a short time all got under weigh, the canoes taking the lead down the Awaroa, a narrow but beautiful creek, until at a distance of eight or ten miles we emerged from the dense forest on to the placid waters of the broad Waikato, and here commenced the tangi—the keening or wailing for the dead. And now the scene which presented itself to our view was picturesque and romantic in the extreme. To say nothing of the beauty of the noble river, the canoes with their sable occupants all covered with foliage and so gracefully plying the paddle, was very striking. On our way to Kohanga, some eight miles distant, on approaching the confines of the late chieftain's territories, the crying, whining and gesticulations of the native women became louder and louder, until reaching Tauranganui when an elderly Maori from the boat made an harangue to the old canoes and whares, telling them that he who was wont to resort to their shore would do so no more. A mile further brought us to the landing-place at Kohanga, so long the residence of Archdeacon Maunsell's labours. Here the coffin was taken from the boat and laid upon the bank, and then commenced a scene almost as difficult to describe as to understand—dancing, leaping and tilting at each other, laughing and screeching, which continued for nearly an hour, after which a procession was formed, and the coffin borne on the shoulders of the men was carried to the settlement about a mile distant. A very large party of the tribe were

assembled on the lawn in front of Waata Kukutai's house who, as the coffin approached, commenced firing off their guns and yelling and shouting in true Maori fashion. The coffin was then laid in front of the house and then commenced what appeared to be a very angry discussion, becoming each moment more exciting; blows were struck; some laid hold of the coffin, while others dragged them from it. A few young men stripped themselves naked and leaped upon the coffin. The old women twisted their eyes and protruded their tongues in a most demon-like fashion. And then we had the war-dance in all its horrors. Worn out with their great exertions, the whole scene subsided in about ten minutes and order and quietness once more reigned. Those of the tribe who knew nothing of the circumstances of the death of their chief had insisted that the coffin be opened. This others opposed under the idea that it would be illegal and contrary to the wishes of the pakehas. The proposal was abandoned and speeches addressed to and concerning the dead, with great howling, crying and whining, commenced and lasted until the morning of the burial, when Nini Kukutai, the successor of the dead, brought out his mere and personal effects and arranged them upon and around the coffin. On Sunday morning the body was brought down to Kohanga churchyard. All the howling and weeping had ceased, and approaching the church the procession was met by Joshua, their respected clergyman, habited in his white surplice. Arriving at the church, the burial service was read to a devout and large congregation. The body of poor Kukutai was then consigned to its mother earth, many a moist eye testifying the love of his tribe, while the Europeans present sympathized in the loss of a good man, whose place as the friend of order and sobriety cannot be easily supplied.

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