

SECTION III.

U P P E R W A I K A T O.

[*Memorandum.*—The first official visit of Mr. Gorst to the Natives of the Upper Waikato district was in the capacity of Inspector of Schools. Upon the Governor's return to Auckland from the Bay of Islands, in November 1861, His Excellency determined to send Mr. Gorst to the Upper Waikato as Resident Magistrate, under circumstances mentioned in His Excellency's despatch to the Secretary of State, dated December 1861. (*See Sess Pap.*, 1862, *E No.* 1, *Sec.* 2, *p.* 45.) The Upper Waikato district was thereupon constituted by Orders in Council, under the Native Acts of 1858.

During the Governor's visit to Lower Waikato in December, His Excellency was attended by Mr. Gorst, and the verbal orders then given to that officer by His Excellency made it unnecessary to issue written instructions to him at that time.]

No. 1.

REPORT FROM J. E. GORST, ESQ., R. M., OF PROCEEDINGS OF PATENE AND NGATIMANIAPOTO NATIVES.

Otawhao, February 5th, 1862.

SIR,—

On Friday, the 31st of January, a vague rumour reached me that three bands of the Ngatimaniapoto had set out from the neighbourhood of Hangitikei, one to drive away the Rev. Mr. Snackenburgh from Kawhia, a second to expel Mr. Reid from Waipa, and the third to remove Mr. Morgan and myself from Otawhao.

I went over with Mr. M. Clarke the same day to Kihikihi, to see if any tidings could be obtained of the hostile force. We found a party of Ngatiawas from the Waitara there; they were very sulky and would not talk to us; they professed to know nothing about the arrangements made for the land at Waitara. This was false, as they were returning from a visit to Ngaruawahia. We asked for Rewi, he was not forthcoming; as for our friends from Hangatikei who had come to see us, they knew nothing about them. So finding them hopelessly uncommunicative we wished them good bye and came home, fully convinced that the Hangatikei story was a fabrication.

Next day, however, news came that the hostile army was actually at Rangiawhia, and on Sunday a Chief of Taati's party named Waterhouse came to tell us that the intelligence was but too true. The Ngatimaniapoto soldiers, anxious to kill two birds with the one stone, had gone round by Rangiawhia to arrest a Waikato malefactor, but as the Waikatos were not willing to give him up the two parties were in a fair way of coming to blows. Hearing this, I thought it better not to go near them. Monday was a drenching wet day, and we hoped that either the rain or the intestine quarrel might preserve us.

But yesterday morning, just after breakfast, it being a fine sunny day, there was a report that the enemy was at hand. We all ran out into the road, and saw a short white line bobbing up and down amongst the distant fern, which we at once perceived to be the white caps of one of the royal regiments. In a few minutes they came up, first Rangiawhia men on horseback, who had come down to see the fun, then Patene (the hostile leader, a Ngatimaniapoto Chief of equal rank with Rewi) and his friends, and last—after a long halt on the bridge out of sight, whether to arrange their programme, prime their guns, or put on their breeches, I cannot say—a regiment of thirty men in blue with a red officer, who marched past, counter-marched, halted, faced about, rehearsed a few military exercises, and finally stood at ease exactly opposite to where Mr. Clarke and I were leaning against the fence. It was a ludicrous scene. All Mr. Morgan's school were perched upon the fence; there were many ladies and most of the Europeans from the neighbourhood as spectators, children and babies, horses and Maoris, and the thirty soldiers standing grave and solemn in the midst, the only still object in the picture. After shaking hands with the enemy as they came up, and loitering about for five or ten minutes, as nobody seemed disposed to begin I went away into the house. One of Mr. Morgan's teachers was soon sent in to ask me to come out and talk to them; they also invited Mr. Morgan to come and listen, though they disclaimed all intention of meddling with him; it was I, not he, that was to be driven away. When I got out, a man in the road was reading a written declaration of loyalty to the King, purporting to be signed by 2079 persons. The only phrase we distinctly caught, for he read very badly, was, "the Bishop and Morgan and other false prophets." An adjournment was then proposed to the shade in the Church field, so we sat down on the Church steps; the army was re-formed, reprimanded by the red officer for allowing the boys to poke fun at it, manœuvred through a gap in the hedge into the field, and drawn up with guns and