SWISS COTTAGE, OMATA.

NEW ZEALAND

SETTLERS AND SOLDIERS;

OR,

The War in Taranaki:

BEING

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF A SETTLER.

BY

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PREFACE.

THE following pages have been written under the pressure of a sorrowful and heavy heart, amidst difficulties to which it is not now necessary more particularly to allude.

I trust I shall be understood when I say I have no other desire than to show (however imperfectly I have fulfilled my task) the impolicy as well as the unchristian character of all war. And this little narrative, taken in connexion with what it may now be presumed is well known of the manner in which the war in Taranaki has been carried on, will only afford another proof that as a nation we have yet to learn the true spirit of the Great Teacher, who said, "If my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight."

I have studied simplicity and accuracy more than originality in my statements of facts; and if my reflections seem somewhat complaining, I must throw myself on the candour and kindness of my readers.

I have to acknowledge my obligations to an English gentleman, and to Miss Nicholson (a lady in the Rev. H. Brown's family), for the accompanying sketches.

That the blessing of God may attend this little book—that it may not wholly miss its object—but that it may help in some small measure to put the general mind in action, under the pressure of the present "*war spirit*," to think righteously and soberly of the real genius of Christianity; and be influenced by its guidance "to follow peace with all men," is the sincere wish of the Author,

THOMAS GILBERT.

Nelson, New Zealand,
November 10*th*, 1860.

SETTLERS AND SOLDIERS,

&c., &c.

TARANAKI is the native name given to a small settlement in the colony of New Zealand. It was formerly termed New Plymouth; but the town alone now goes by that name. Its settlement took place in the early part of the year 1841, under the auspices of a branch of the New Zealand Company, which was established in New Plymouth. It is the richest and best province in the colony for all agricultural purposes, and comprises an extent of country so famed for its fertility, that it was long called the garden of New Zealand. "It contains nearly 2,200,000 acres, of which about 300,000 form a belt of the richest arable soil in the colony, extending along a coast-

line of 115 miles. The remainder, covered with dense forest, is equally fertile, and contains but a small proportion of unavailable land. The settlers occupy about 11,000 acres of open land, and 32,000 acres of forest land; there being, in addition, about 20,000 acres of forest land in the hands of the Government, which is unoccupied on account of the insecure state of the province, and the superiority of the unpurchased open district in its vicinity."

"During the first two years of its existence it received, by direct emigration from England, upwards of a thousand settlers; and though it has received continual additions during the last seventeen years, yet its population, on 31st December, 1858, inclusive of increase by birth, only amounted to 2,850 souls." There has been a slight increase since that date. "The native male population (including children) numbered, in 1857, only 1,751. They hold upwards of 2,000,000 acres, one-seventh of which is immediately available for the

plough." All but a very small portion of this land remains wholly uncultivated.

At Taranaki there is no harbour, and the roadstead is exposed to the north-westerly winds, which are, however, not of very frequent occurrence. The limited quantity of land purchased from the natives, and the uneasiness felt on account of the feuds existing amongst them respecting their lands, with which they have always parted very grudgingly, has caused its growth to be very tardy. The settlers, for the most part agriculturists, working very hard, have gained but little more than a comfortable livelihood. Some exceptions (of course) may have existed, but colonial (or, at least, Taranaki) prosperity is a plant of very feeble growth. I have witnessed some striking instances of success. Men with sinewy frames and empty pockets—by dint of hard living and hard working, with no knowledge beyond how to "dig and delve"—first receiving extravagant wages for their labour—finding every facility for acquiring land, cattle, and

sheep—*they* have become men of comparative prosperity, road-commissioners, legislators, and then the despisers of those whose money first gave them the start. On the other hand, I have witnessed some amount of misery—men suffering deprivations unknown to them in the early part of their life; having but a small amount of capital, and a limited knowledge of the science of agriculture, with an inaptitude to drop readily into the free and easy, and somewhat selfish life of "old settlers," and, for the sake of peace and quietness, enduring annoyances not easily imagined by the members of social life in England.

In common with other settlements in New Zealand, Taranaki suffered depression for many years, arising from want of capital and a market; but now the increasing facilities for exporting produce to the Australian markets, and the present very fairly remunerating prices obtained by the farmers, promise a better state of things. Previous to the present

unhappy war with the natives, it was confidently believed that a brighter day had dawned upon Taranaki, and that a career of prosperity had at last commenced.

It has long been felt that what was wanted to ensure this prosperity could only be obtained by purchasing more land from the natives. This would, doubtless, be an inducement to capitalists to seek a home amongst the fruitful valleys and verdant hills of a country, with (proverbially) "the finest climate in the world;" and their capital brought into play, would turn twenty-five miles of sea-coast line, having a varying width of *iron sand*, into a source of wealth, commerce and manufacture.* An increasing population would of itself create a market, bring down the extravagantly high price of labour, and cause internal improvements in the country, by which all the settlers would be mutually benefited. It was natural, therefore, that the settlers should have a "longing for the use of land

* See Appendix A.

which was lying useless on all sides around them, the nominal owners not being able to turn it to account."

The most frequent topic of discussion, with both natives and Europeans, was about the *land;* and the boasting assertion was continually made by the latter, "*The Waitara will be ours before long.*" The progress of the settlement—the success of any extensive enterprise—seemed to hang on the possession of this land. It had a small harbour, and was an eligible spot for a town. Now, unfortunately, these sanguine hopes met with a repulse, by the obstinate refusal of the natives to part with their land. There was a strong feeling amongst them against the increase of the white man's territory—generated partly, no doubt, from a sense of their own decay in numbers and in power, and seeing the colonists continually increasing in both. Although formerly conquered by the Waikatos, a powerful northern tribe, and kept in a state of slavery for years, they gladly availed themselves

of the opportunity to return to the homes of their forefathers, made secure by the presence of settlers; and fearing no longer their old enemies the Waikatos, who had consented to their taking possession of the land which, according to Maori laws of conquest, had been confiscated. "Being but a remnant of a once numerous people, disorganized and hardly acknowledging or respecting the authority of their hereditary chiefs, they were prevented by mutual discord, jealousy, and conflicting claims, from acting in concert for the disposal of their lands." Whilst but a few were inclined to sell, the majority were determined that no further alienation of their land should take place. A crude feeling of nationality took possession of the minds of the aborigines of New Zealand generally, and this feeling exhibited itself among the Taranaki natives by a determined opposition to the anxious wishes of the settlers to gain possession of Waitara. To the latter, this was the more grievous and difficult to bear patiently, because they saw

in other settlements the extinction of native titles to a large extent.

It would be a painful and melancholy history to enter into a full relation of the native feuds, respecting the sale of their lands, or to give the details of the bitter, cruel, and savage warfare that for *four* years kept the settlement of Taranaki in a state of fear and jeopardy. It is little more than two years ago that the tragedy of Katatore was enacted within the boundaries of the settlement. This chief had some time before slaughtered Rawiri, a native assessor, and six others, in a dispute respecting land, which Rawiri *(who, it now appears, had no right to sell)* offered the Government. And it was whilst he and his followers were cutting the line for the surveyors, that the unhappy conflict took place. This was the beginning of our troubles. In January, 1858, Thaia avenged Rawiri's death in the cross-roads outside of New Plymouth, where Katatore was pierced with bullets, beaten and mangled with tomahawks, to the horror of

the settlers and consternation of the authorities—for they were too feeble and powerless to apprehend the murderer.* Katatore had been opposed to the sale of land; Thaia now favours the sale, and therefore represents the interest which Rawiri shed his blood to secure for the white man, and Wiremu Kingi, with whom the Government is now at war, the opposing side.

In the beginning of March, 1859, Te Teira offered for sale his interest on a block of land at Waitara (600 acres), and in the presence of Wiremu Kingi and a large assembly of natives, placed his mat before the Governor's feet, in token of its surrender. His Excellency then declared his determination,—"*On the one hand, to take no land from any native who could not show a fair title; and on the other, if such a*

* Although it must be mentioned that the militia were called out, and a proclamation issued to the effect that all natives found in arms within a certain distance of New Plymouth would be considered in arms against the Queen, yet it was well known that the natives acted openly in defiance of this, and no measures were taken in pursuance of the threat conveyed in the proclamation.

title was shown, to allow no other native or tribe to interfere with the sale of land by such an owner." Wiremu Kingi immediately declared to the Governor, "Notwithstanding Teira's offer, I will not permit the sale of Waitara to the Pakeha. Waitara is in my hands. I will not give it up;" repeating thrice "I will not;" and adding, "I have spoken." He then with his followers left the presence of his Excellency abruptly. There is, however, this additional fact to be noticed, that Paoro, a native, told the Governor "that Teira could not sell the land he had offered without the consent of Weteriki and himself," and we have no evidence to prove they subsequently consented to the sale. So that, at the very onset, it does not appear clear, that Teira *had an indisputable title* to sell this block of land. The Governor, however, seems to have been satisfied that Teira could show an "*indefeasible right*" to the disputed land; and a part of the purchase-money (£100) was paid by Mr. Parris, Assistant Land Commissioner, to Teira, on the 29th

November, 1859, in the presence of Wiremu Kingi—who *then* stated, "The land is theirs, but I will not let them sell it."

The Governor, acting upon the principle which he had laid down, determined to accept Teira's title; and in the month of January, 1860, gave directions to Mr. Parris "to take steps to make Wiremu Kingi and his natives aware of the Governor's *firm determination* to complete the purchase; and that he was to set about the necessary survey; but in case of any resistance being made, the survey staff was to retire, and he was to intimate to Lieutenant-Colonel Murray, that the assistance of a military force was necessary, who will thereupon, agreeably to instructions he has received, take military possession of the block of land, and the survey be prosecuted under the protection of the troops." Those instructions being that, in case of any resistance on the part of Wiremu Kingi, or any other native, he was to "call out the Taranaki militia and volunteers, and to *proclaim martial law*,"—

"that he was not to have recourse to that power unless in his opinion it was impossible to carry out the wishes of the Government without doing so."*

Having thus referred to the Governor's despatches to the Home Government, it will be necessary, in order that the reader may understand the circumstances which thickened in their portentous and melancholy character after these instructions were given, again to quote from "Papers on Native Affairs."

"In the month of February, 1860, the Governor writes to the Home Secretary, stating that 'contrary to the expectation I expressed in my last, Wiremu Kingi has resisted the survey of the land purchased from the chief Teira. *No violence was offered*, but the unsettled state of the tribes north and south of that district, and the continuance of the King Movement, induced me to take every possible precaution to prevent bloodshed, the consequences of which it would be impossible

* See Appendix B.

to see.' In another despatch (22nd March), his Excellency states, 'notwithstanding his most sanguine expectations, and endeavours on his part to avoid hostilities, a collision had taken place.' And then his Excellency arrives at the conclusion that 'the contest of Wiremu Kingi is merged in the far greater one of nationality.' In the tenth paragraph of his despatch, the Governor says, 'I now turn to what is in my opinion the real question at issue; the Maories have seen with alarm the numerical increase of the Europeans, and recognise with *bitterness of heart* their own decrease, and that the King Movement and the Land League are only the practical results of these feelings. And tribes, heretofore at deadly enmity with each other, have all buried their tribal quarrels, and are ready to unite to arrest the progress of the Europeans, and throw off their dominion.'"

I quote the above words, for they are the key to the explanation of the present unhappy war. The whole difficulty is in the questions

of title, and tribal right of the Maori King Movement, and the Anti-land-selling League. If the reader would procure "The Story of New Zealand, Past and Present, Savage and Civilized," by Dr. Thomson, and also a pamphlet, "The Maori King Movement," by Rev. T. Buddle, Auckland, he will learn more respecting the bearing of this question than I can possibly convey in this publication. It is necessary to know something of the history of the dishonourable, and in many instances wilfully perverse government of the colony, to understand why the present melancholy state of things should ever have existed.

Even from the very meagre allusions above it will be seen, that the present war is ostensibly about what has been termed "a comparatively valueless block of land;" but in reality against the natives, who are said to be rebels, and "disposed to throw off their allegiance to the Queen."

It is very doubtful whether the natives have ever had any very clear idea of their obliga-

tions to Her Majesty, or of allegiance to her sovereignty. The prevailing notion amongst the most intelligent natives is, that the Government has not dealt fairly by them—and the inefficiency of its power or authority to put a stop to native feuds, murders and bloodshed, has led them to seek to do for themselves what should have been done for them.

In the *Quarterly Review* for October, 1859, there is an able paper on "New Zealand, its Progress and Resources," in which occur the following very apposite words:—"The elected King is animated by no feeling of hostility to the British rule, but a different sentiment may actuate his successor. The political future of New Zealand is certainly not so clear as we could desire to see it, and it is to be hoped that the Colonial Assembly will perceive the necessity of considerable concessions, to enable the Governor to deal in a satisfactory manner with difficulties which must increase from year to year, and even now present a threatening aspect. The appropriation of a portion of the

revenue for native purposes, and the conferring upon the Governor an unfettered discretion in its application, would seem to be the only possible solution of the perplexing problem, how to reconcile the protection of native interests with the domination of a foreign race. The justice and honour of Great Britain are involved, and there can be no doubt that she will see her pledges and intentions fully carried out.

"If we have estimated correctly the character of this noble people, they are as sensitive on the point of personal treatment as they are jealous of any infringement of their rights. A New Zealander is ever more ready to resent an affront than to avenge a wrong. A sense of personal worth pervades all classes. They were the original and hereditary proprietors of the soil. The gradation of ranks is strictly preserved. The demeanour of a high-born chief, in whatever position he may be placed, is marked by a manly ease, a fine tact, and a lofty bearing that would command the

admiration of the most fastidious society. The higher orders are habituated to a deferential treatment from their inferiors, and are courteous and affable in return. They are by no means convinced that we possess any natural superiority, whatever advantages civilization may have conferred upon us; and a slight, coming from one of our race, would be felt like a wound. They have their vices and their faults, which certainly are not hidden under the mask of an artificial refinement; but, in all the attributes of manhood, they are in every respect equal to the people with whom they are politically united. Secure at present by their numbers, and by the force of their character, from any flagrant attack upon their rights, may they never be exposed to a social prosecution! May no caste-prejudice spring up to alienate and repel them from our fellowship."*

That was an anxious day with all the settlers

* It is astonishing with what quickness the natives acquire the knowledge of writing and arithmetic.

at Taranaki when it was known that the Assistant Land Commissioner and the staff of surveyors were gone to the Waitara; for we all expected they would be opposed by Wiremu Kingi, and feared that serious consequences would ensue. An opposition did take place, but no violence was used. Several Maori women were assembled on Teira's land in expectation of the surveyors, and these took up the chain repeatedly, and prevented the prosecution of the work. The company hastily returned to New Plymouth, and soon the circumstance was generally made known, and at the same time that the Governor intended to enforce the survey—by the aid of the military if necessary. This determination caused some alarm; and the daily expectation of the proclamation of *martial law* (about which, in some minds, there was a strangely confused idea) impelled many of the out-settlers to seek in the town a refuge from dangers which seemed to them inevitable. A sort of panic gave an impulse to several, hastily to leave their

homes, with their wives and children, their goods and chattels. This feeling soon caused the town to fill rapidly, and somewhat alarmingly. Carts were to be seen, daily, laden with furniture hastily packed, and men's minds were filled with anxiety and forebodings of evil.

It was felt by the authorities that unnecessary alarm existed, and that people were making things wear a very much worse appearance than the reality presented; and yet official circulars were sent to different districts, suggesting the propriety of the settlers determining on a place of rendezvous, or the erection of stockades in case of sudden emergency, or of any attack of armed natives. This only increased the alarm; and exaggerated rumours of the intentions of the Maories caused several homes to be at once abandoned. In two instances, the majority of rate-payers refused to respond to the wishes of the provincial Government, and they were pretty well censured for supposed want of loyalty and patriotism.

The district of Omata is one of the most pleasant in the province. The village was (for it no longer exists) about four miles from New Plymouth. The settlers were widely scattered over the district, and their quiet homesteads would be seriously exposed to the predatory habits of the natives, should they engage in open hostilities with the Government. A public meeting was therefore convened, in compliance with the wishes of the authorities; and it was concluded, at that meeting, that something must be done to protect property, and at the same time keep the main road from the south open to town; and suggestions were emphatically given that the best site for a stockade was the very identical spot afterwards chosen by the southern natives for erecting their fortified pah, just previous to the battle of Waireka. It was felt, however, by some of the settlers, that to raise a stockade might be the very means of bringing the natives to the spot, in order to secure so desirable an outpost, but

the majority were in favour of proceeding immediately with the work. It was remarkable how little was volunteered in the way of money or labour towards it. The proclamation of martial law, the next day after this meeting, and the appointment of certain men to superintend the erection of a fortified place of refuge, gave at once an air of reality to the expectations of open hostilities; and the settlers began to feel how precarious the tenure of their home happiness was, when such warlike preparations were going on around them. The calling out of the militia and volunteers put an end at once to any individual option about the matter of entering into the quarrel with the natives—as all, from the age of eighteen years to that of sixty, were compelled to do so unless legally exempted. But few were able to get release from duties which were felt to ill accord with the quiet of a settler's life.

A distinction had always hitherto been maintained by the natives between the *settler*

and the *soldier*—the one being his neighbour, the other the armed enforcer of a scarcely admitted right of supremacy of Queen Victoria, who to them was an abstraction of a mighty devouring power, with an appetite never satisfied with empty acres, but always crying, and ever likely to cry, "*Sell, sell,*" until the whole of their lands and their children's homes were absorbed by her subjects—the white men yet to land on these distant shores from England, the seat of that power.

That distinction is now felt, by the influence of the existing war policy which has made the settlers to be parties in the land squabble, to be at an end; and the happy relation, which once existed between settler and Maori, *for ever* extinguished. Had it not been for the dragging of the settlers into the quarrel, to this day I believe they might have remained on their farms and in their quite homes. There was something more than mere *suspicion* of the intention of Government in the minds of the more intelligent and observant natives, when

they saw the encouragement given to the formation of Volunteer Rifle Corps, and the constant rifle practice at a target; and a full realization was arrived at, on the very day that the militia was called out for active service, guns served out, and stockades commenced. This was their frequent inquiry,—"Why all this preparation? Why should every settler be made to bear arms, except it be to exterminate the Maories?" And again and again was the question put, "How much the Governor make a pay to you to fight the Maories for their land? You don't want land—you plenty land—the Governor want land?" No explanation would satisfy them, or remove the fears they entertained. Could the natives stand still and see all this preparation for war without feeling that in the future there was a dark and terrible ultimatum for them? They knew nothing of the white man's more than questionable policy that "the best way to promote peace is to be prepared for war." Their history and experience taught them that preparation was

ever the certain antecedent of ruthless, bloody, and unsparing warfare.

I have ever regarded the subject of a collision with the natives as dangerous to the whole settlement, and likely to be disastrous to the settlers. These views were generally known at New Plymouth to be entertained by me, and I never scrupled to declare them, however unpopular they might be. On the subject of war generally, I held "peace principles," in common with many thousands of Christians; and endeavoured to impress the truth that "what is obtained by the sword, by the sword may perish." Thus far, in a general way; but of this war in particular, I hold that the madly rushing to arms to settle a quarrel which by no means at the time was made clear what it was about, was not only *unchristian* and *unrighteous*, but *impolitic* and *dishonourable*. Impolitic, as subsequent events have painfully proved;—dishonourable, first to the natives, because the promise had been made to them, "on the part of the Crown, that they should

be one people with us, one people under one law," and "as a sacred promise" it was said of the Government "that when we use these words, conscious as we are of their deep import, we mean what we say;"—dishonourable to the settlers, because being shut out from any representative legislation on native land questions, they had been guaranteed protection, and the Imperial power had engaged to adjudicate on these matters;—and yet we are victimised by a sudden and unlooked-for participation of the experimental legislation of a *new policy* respecting the natives, and their King Movement and its adjunct the Anti-land-selling League.

It will, therefore, be no matter of surprise to the reader, that I was not carried along with the current of opinion in Taranaki, which was in favour of war, and in too many instances expressed by a desire to *thoroughly exterminate the natives!* When the militia was first called out, immediately after the murder of Katatore, I refused to serve, as did also my eldest son,

George Channing Gilbert. I was after a time legally exempted, as having been a minister of religion in England. My son was fined five pounds. We both memorialized the Governor, claimed our exemption from serving, on the broad principles of Christian truth, and were officially informed that the Government had no power to remit the fine. I believe there was some legal quibble about the Militia Act, and therefore, after a few months, the fine was remitted. When it was determined by Government that Teira's land at the Waitara should be surveyed—forcibly if resisted, and such resistance did actually take place—the militia was, after a few days' notice, called out for active service. Notwithstanding my legal exemption, I received a summons, as did also my two eldest sons, to appear at the muster of the male settlers, to be sworn in to serve in the militia until lawfully discharged from its duties. We all three answered to this summons, and met our assembled brother-settlers. On the presentation of the New Testament to

us by the appointed Captain, I and my eldest son both objected to taking the oath, or even making an affirmation, stating that we could not conscientiously enter into a solemn agreement to take up arms and fight, as we believed all war to be unchristian and impolitic. The Captain replied, "In the fulfilment of my duty I must read to you the clause in the Militia Act applying to your refusal." This he did, and by that clause we were threatened with fines and imprisonment, if we persisted in our refusal to serve. Knowing the righteousness of our position, we were both firm and steadfast. My son Thomas (aged twenty years) had no very strong feeling about the matter, and without well knowing the nature of the engagement he was entering into, took the oath, and was enrolled as a private. It was a painful and difficult position for a father to be placed in:—one son conscientiously refusing the oath and the service, the other as truthfully saying he did not object to the oath, although very much disliking the service. No protestations of mine

respecting this lad would have any effect, for every one concerned in the affair was full of bitterness and wrath against me and my eldest son. I did not, at that time, claim exemption from serving, on the ground of my having been a Christian minister; and my objections were at once set down as arising from meanness, cowardice, and want of patriotism. In a letter, however, to the Commander of the militia I stated, more fully than I could with propriety in an open field and amidst a crowd of settlers, my objections, and claimed legal exemption. I was at once released, and this release rescued me from being drilled in a service so opposed to the spirit of Christianity, and delivered me from the threatened consequences of a refusal to submit.

My son George, by the great kindness of an ever dear friend, was enabled, with the full consent of Colonel Murray and that of the Commander of the militia, to proceed at once to Nelson; and so escaped the fines and imprisonment, which would inevitably have

been inflicted had he remained in Taranaki, as nothing would have induced him to sacrifice principle, or disobey his conscience. This friend was a close neighbour, a gentleman of a Quaker family, whose delicate health obtained for him exemption from serving in the militia. These two had but a few hours to get ready, and they left by steamer, with only a carpet bag; and thus made the first disruption of ties, the nearest and dearest to me and mine.

Soon the habitual inclination to exaggerate every trifling event, led my unfortunate neighbours to the inventing or imagining the most fearful and direful calamities as approaching. Rumours of the most extraordinary character precipitated the removal of nearly all the families of the out-settlers into town, and excited the builders of the Omata and other stockades into a most persevering and constant effort to complete their places of refuge. I remained with my family, quietly pursuing our usual avocations, but mourning with a full heart over this state of things, and now

and then having a feeble anticipation of the coming storm, giving little credence to each report as it wafted its way to our delightful and quiet homestead. Until an absolute necessity presented itself, we were all determined not to fly. There was a printed notice posted close to the proclamation of martial law (but a few yards from my fence), issued by Colonel Murray, the then sole responsible authority in Taranaki, that due notice should be given to the settlers when it was deemed absolutely necessary for them to resort with their families to town for safety. We relied on this, as did some few others in the neighbourhood.

It was singular how many people repeated everything they heard from others, no matter how inconsistent in point of fact; how some with an over-excited imagination seemed to see, hear, and feel things which did not exist; and how others again told the most unblushing falsehoods. As an example:—I one day met a settler, who said to me, "The

Commander is going to hunt out the Maories with 300 dogs. My word, that will be better than shooting them!" No thought was bestowed on the impracticability of training the dogs, even if such a number could have been obtained, or of taken them when trained into the bush, or of the inhumanity of the whole project. How strange, that men who have an acute sense of right with regard to everything belonging to the white man, should be so utterly oblivious of the fact, that the natives are men of like feelings and passions with themselves! And again, nothing is so irritating as such falsehoods; so the authorities, in a public notice, cautioned persons against giving "public currency to rumours of danger from natives supposed to entertain hostile sentiments;" and required that "intelligence affecting the safety of the settlement should be communicated to them, and not made public unless its authenticity was fully ascertained, and the necessity for its publication quite apparent." I mention this, because

it only tended to confirm us in the wisdom of patiently waiting on events.

I may be pardoned for giving a brief description of my homestead, its surrounding scenery, and the neighbours, with whom I shared the dangers out of which a merciful Providence delivered us. Brighton-place Farm lies about a mile south from the Omata church, on a road branching out of the main southern road. This road is continued past my house for several miles into the bush, towards the foot of Mount Egmont; but having a branch road, a short distance from my house, winding round into the main road again—the junction being at the Omata Inn. Out of this, in a straight line with the inn, there branched another road, leading in its winding course past several settlers' homesteads into the mountain road, not far from Burton's hill. On the mountain road was Ratapihipihi, a small native pah, surrounded by Maori reserve land.

I am thus particular in describing these

Brighton Place Omaha The Residence of the Author

roads and their relative position, as I shall have occasion again to refer to them. My house is pleasantly situated on slightly rising ground above, and but a few chains from the road. The country around is rather high, above the level of the sea, being for the most part open towards the shore, with several nicely cultivated farms in the distance—having cleared bush land on all sides—still with a sufficient number of reserved spots of standing evergreen trees to be a striking feature in the landscape. We enjoyed many fine and delightful views. The open roadstead with the ships at anchor, the steamers frequently passing and touching at New Plymouth, the military barracks and the flag-staff could all be seen. The white limestone cliffs of Mokau, frequently glaring in the sunlight, called to mind the chalk cliffs of dear old England—Beachy Head, and other favourite localities at "*home.*"

"*Our farm*" was our pride. For nine years I and my family had toiled, far too often failing in the realization of our fondly cherished

hopes, that prosperity would crown our untiring industry and self-denial. We had brought the small proportion of arable land, on the farm of fifty acres, into a high state of cultivation—ploughing deep—fallowing—dibbling in our wheat, drilling in our swede turnips with guano, and growing beans to a much larger extent than any other farm in Taranaki. We had a nice, pleasant garden—fruitful apple and peach orchards, with shrubberies of native plants—a beautiful belt of bush at the back of the house, with dense undergrowth of shrub-like trees, through which numerous walks were cut; one affording a long vista looking out upon the mountain, the sea, and the jutting point of land at Tataraimaka.

Our delight, at the close of day, was to watch the setting sun at the beginning and end of this walk—the transitory twilight, the purple tinge decking the clouds, and the nearest range of wooded hills with a soft and shadowy light—the glorious mountain—the

last object glowing with the effulgent rays, illumined in a wonderfully beautiful manner—a portion of the firmament displaying the brightest blue—while over the whole the most delicate shades of colour seemed breathed as it were like a dissolving rainbow, whose glowing colours were intermingled, and yet singly perceptible. Alas! this display of colours continued but for a little time, then gradually faded till it vanished entirely, and the mountain assumed a pale, ashy, leaden-like appearance. This most beautiful scene it was our happiness often to witness.

Across the road, but a few yards from the entrance to my house, was the gate and path leading down a small valley to the "Swiss Cottage," the residence of my before-mentioned friend. A pleasant spot, redeemed from the wilderness! The garden, lawn, shrubberies, conservatory, and house, perfectly unique in the taste displayed, and the admirable skill exhibited in rearing the choicest and most expensive plants and shrubs; it was an

exquisitely beautiful place. My eldest son George lived with my friend. I dare not trust myself to speak of the happy hours spent in that house, garden, and grounds—suffice it to say, they were to me as the oasis in the desert of my colonial experience.

Near to my house was Brookwood, with its park-like scenery and farm buildings, the residence of Rev. H. Brown, formerly Rector of Burton Pedwardine, near Sleaford, Lincoln. Mr. Brown was the resident clergyman of Omata. He is the head of a large family of children, with servants and labourers about him—actively useful and zealous in the performance of his parochial duties. These duties often brought him into relationship with the southern natives, many of whom regarded him as their missionary, He had not settled amongst us more than a year, and during that time had been at considerable expense in improving the estate and employing labour on the farm. It is a grievous thing that a gentleman so universally respected as

Brookwood, Omata. The Residence of the Revd H Brown

Mr. Brown was, and is, in his parish, both at home and at Omata, should be called upon, so early in his colonial career, to experience so many trials as have fallen to his share. The firmness of Mr. Brown and family in remaining at Brookwood, notwithstanding the alarm of nearly all around, greatly encouraged me, my wife and family, to remain in our house, trusting in our heavenly Father for protection and safety.

Another neighbour was Mr. Touett, formerly a resident in the island of Jersey. With the manners and language of a Frenchman, he had been exempted as a foreigner from serving in the militia, and as such was considered by the natives. He, however, entertained the same views of the unlawfulness of all war as myself, my friend, and my eldest son; and feeling secure by the oft-repeated assurances of the Maories that he would not be touched, for fear of bringing the "French to fight them," he remained in his house with his wife and family. Besides these I have named, there

was Mr. Somers (a German), wife and child; he was employed by Mr. Brown. Also, Manuel De Castro (a Portuguese), wife and children; James Keeler, a superannuated whaler, with his Maori wife; also, Hannah, a Maori woman, the faithful wife of a neighbour, who was then serving as a private in the militia. These all lived in singular proximity to my house, and, being neutral, were often assured of their safety.

In order that my narrative may be understood by the reader, it will be necessary briefly to allude to the fact of the Governor's arrival at New Plymouth, and the circumstances which led to a collision with the natives. An attempt was made to bring W. Kingi to terms, either to see or communicate with the Governor. When, after some difficulty, Rev. J. Whitely, a Wesleyan Missionary, found W. Kingi, and prevailed on him to admit a conference with Mr. Parris, he replied he could send his decision to his Excellency next day. Mr. Whitely endeavoured to urge the natives

to give up their opposition to the survey—said the land *would* be surveyed; and if the chain was again touched whilst the surveyors were marking the boundaries, the military would fire upon them. Their answer was, "What! kill us for touching a chain—a thing that has no blood, no life!" The promised decision of W. Kingi was not considered by the Governor satisfactory; and this soon became evident to people, from the bustle in the camp.

Sunday, March 4th, was very unlike a day of rest, of devotion, and love to God and man. The whole of the day was occupied in getting ready for the troops to march to Waitara before daylight the next morning. At half-past three on Monday, a.m., the troops silently assembled—the advance sounded, and the column marched off in slow time. Well would it have been for Taranaki, if those troops had never left their camp! For, disguise the fact however you may—that, instead of being our protectors, to them we owe in reality our difficulties, our mischances, our losses, and our doubts of a speedy

and safe termination of the war,—the idea forces itself upon the mind, from the experience already gained, that our military establishment is thoroughly inefficient to cope with the predatory mode of warfare pursued by the aborigines. The troops reached Waitara without obstruction; and, during the very evening of their arrival, intelligence was received in camp that W. Kingi had requested an interview with the Governor. A favourable inference was drawn from this, and accordingly the guns on board the steamer "Niger" were not landed; the harbour boats returned to town with the pilot, and the "Niger" was to follow in the morning with the Governor. This intelligence tended to allay apprehensions of hostilities, and gave hope of a speedy termination of existing difficulties. The next day it was found that the natives had erected a stockade during the night. They also, on that day, stopped the provision carts for the camp, in charge of a mounted escort; but gave way before the firm attitude taken by the

settlers who composed it. The seamen from the "Niger" were landed, and these, together with the military, proceeded to capture and destroy the pah, but which was found empty. Teira and his natives set fire to the Kuhikuhi pah, W. Kingi's place of residence, which was totally consumed. It was stated by W. Kingi's party that they would take what was in the carts in payment for their houses, which they supposed the soldiers had fired. The natives had built a pah on the direct road to the camp. Hereupon the following letter was sent by Mr. Parris to the natives:—

To the Chief who obstructs the Queen's Road.

You have presumed to block up the Queen's road, to build on the Queen's land, and to stop the free passage of persons going and coming.

This is levying war against the Queen! Destroy the places you have built; ask my forgiveness, and you shall receive it. If you refuse, the blood of your people be on your head.

I shall fire upon you in twenty minutes from this time, if you have not obeyed my order.

(Signed) T. Gore Browne.

Camp, Waitara, 6th March, 1860.

The pah was abandoned by the natives in ten minutes, and the military at once totally destroyed it.

The day on which this occurred was an alarming one for many—not so much from the real circumstances related above, but from the exaggerated accounts soon set afloat; and at the same time that 500 natives were just upon Omata from the south, to join Wiremu Kingi; and that they intended to kill all the white people indiscriminately.

A neighbouring gentleman, to whom I had promised my bullocks and cart whenever he wished to send his family to town, called upon me in the afternoon, requesting the immediate use of the cart. He reported what he had just heard, and evidently fully believed the rumours; he urged upon me the propriety of removing my family at once. I hesitated, and we went together across to Rev. H. Brown, and told him about the matter. He said, he could but consider it an exaggerated rumour; and although strongly urged by this gentleman,

said he should not remove his family into town until he heard something more to substantiate the truth of the report. Mr. Brown took some pains to ascertain if there was any foundation in the rumour; lent his horse to a near neighbour, to ride into town to make inquiries; and went in search of natives who might know something about so large a body coming up from the south. He met with Tamati Wiremu, of the Poutoka pah, on the southern road, a friendly chief, and questioned him, but could see at once that Tamati knew nothing about the matter; and as he was quietly smoking his pipe, there could be no great cause for alarm, as this chief had been active and faithful in obtaining information respecting the movements and designs of the southern natives. Whilst Mr. Brown was away, making these inquiries, we were all excitement, and as there was not much time to consider, and the report seemed feasible, I at once apprised my wife and family of what I had heard. Not being altogether satisfied

of their safety, as I was neither a foreigner nor a missionary, nor a recognised minister of religion by the natives—the reasons assigned by them for the determined preservation of some families whom I have named around—and not feeling sure that my position as an advocate for peace would be understood or appreciated, the love of those near and dear to me prompted me to send my wife and girls into town. Mr. Brown very kindly lent his cart, as mine was already engaged; sending one of his sons as driver. We had no time even to put up bedding—this was sent in my own cart, after the return of my son from conveying a neighbour's family to town. And thus hastily my wife bade adieu to her home, which she and the family have never seen since, and to all appearances, at present, *never will!* It was a wet afternoon, and the poor creatures were soaked to the skin by the time they reached town; their bedding being wet and unfit for use that night.

I was thus left with three sons, one

seventeen years of age, the others, thirteen and eleven respectively. This panic caused the Captain at the stockade to order all the militia-men into garrison; and the families I have before-named were the only remaining inhabitants near Brighton-place. These thirty-five souls remained in their homes up to the battle of Waireka. In fact, it was ostensibly to remove them, that the troops and volunteers proceeded to Omata, and engaged in a battle with the natives, as I shall have occasion to show in the course of my narrative.

Nothing occurred at the Waitara for some days. The troops were occupied in improving the camp—clearing away the fern in its vicinity, and making themselves comfortable. We pursued our daily routine of farm-work, missing sadly the "thousand fond endearing ties of tenderness, domestic nature's best and loveliest gift, with which she well atones the niggard boon of fortune."

One day, whilst cutting beans, one lad only being with me, a circumstance occurred which,

though trifling in itself, was yet very significant. Seeing the sheep getting through a fence near to us, I sent the boy to drive them away. I was thus left quite alone. I was stooping, cutting the beans, when after a few minutes I heard behind me a noise of some one walking among the bean-stalks. Supposing it to be my son, I did not look up from my work for a few moments; the noise ceased, and then, not seeing the boy resume his work, I looked behind me, and there saw a tall Maori with his tattoed face, upon which was depicted evident excitement and anxiety. He stood for another moment or two, and neither of us spoke.

I put out my hand, he took it, pressing it warmly, but still said not a word. I gave the usual native salutation, and after a few minutes more of silence he said, "Come to the house." As we walked on towards the house, he inquired after my wife and family, said I had done wrong in sending them away—I need not have feared any evil would happen to them. He would "look out," or take care

of my place, cattle, and all belonging to me; said I was right in not being a soldier—the soldiers were bad—the fighting was bad, &c. The thought involuntarily entered my mind, how easily this native might have put me out of the world by a blow, while standing behind me; and I must confess that I thought, if the natives were so savage and treacherous towards the white people as they are usually represented by their enemies, I must have escaped by the exercise of a more powerful motive than generally actuates them in a state of excitement. At the house there were other natives. We talked about the disputed Waitara land, the evils likely to arise from fighting about it; and I expressed a hope that the quarrel would be settled without shedding blood. The natives took a piece of charcoal from the hearth, drew on the floor the rude outline representing Teira's land, and the land intersecting it claimed by other natives. I asked them if they intended to fight? If the southern natives were likely to

join Wiremu Kingi? They all assured me, that unless Maori blood was shed by the white man first, they should not fight, neither would the southern natives leave the coast for the Waitara. The natives then asked for some peaches; I pointed out to them the trees, and left them to help themselves. I busied myself about some little matters until they went away, well pleased with their fill of peaches. This little bit of good nature brought me many other customers willing enough to feast, and to have a talk about the coming "fight." How often I wished I knew their language better, that I might have entered more fully into the subject, and learnt what were really their feelings towards the white man.

I hope I do not weary my readers by dwelling so long on this subject. The most unimportant facts, however, are often interesting in their combination, as illustrative of any national feature or ulterior design. I do not think the natives at *that* time expected the Governor to pursue the course which he has

done since. The question with them seemed simply to resolve itself into the *right* that W. Kingi possessed to dispute the sale of Teira's land; and as frequent reference was made to Mr. McLean, Chief Land Commissioner, in terms of the highest praise—and as frequent deprecatory allusions to Mr. Parris as his Assistant Commissioner—I cannot but think that all were looking to him and the Governor for a better adjustment of the cause of the quarrel than by fighting about it. It is yet inexplicable to me how the natives should be so far deluded as to suppose that the Governor, having gone so far in assuming a threatening attitude, should recede at the eleventh hour.*

* The natives had every reason to suppose the Governor would not prosecute the war; and a careful examination of the promises and threats of arrest, &c., would lead any one to hope that some trial of the virtue of patient waiting on coming events would have kept the country from being so unexpectedly plunged into a war, the cost of which will undoubtedly have to be paid by the settlers, whose wishes were in no way consulted

All doubts upon the matter were settled one Saturday, soon after the circumstance alluded to above. I was at work in the potato-field, with my boys and two Maori women whom I was employing, when we heard the booming of cannon and the frequent discharge of volleys of musketry. The native women were alarmed and excited. They frequently asked me "if the fight had begun?" I soon learnt the serious news, and hurried into town to see my family, and learn more of what was likely to occur by employing such a fatal method to bring W. Kingi to terms. On the next day—Sunday—the booming of cannon and the excitement in the town all plainly showed that even the Sabbath was no day of rest or cessation from such unchristian work. As this was really the beginning of the war with the natives, and full details are to be found elsewhere, I shall content

upon the matter, except the few who saw looming in the distance personal aggrandizement, and who have, by the prosecution of the war, gained great pecuniary benefits.

myself with stating, that the besieged Maories abandoned their pah, after eight hours' cannonading, and effected their escape, with how much loss of life is not known. White men were slain, others wounded, and thus again was "Taranaki, the garden of New Zealand," saturated with human blood! Land dearly bought at such a price!

Now matters began to assume a really serious appearance; and I could not rest without endeavouring to learn how far it was safe to remain, almost alone, so near to a native pah (Poutoka). It was true these natives were friendly, and professed to be neutral, but we had soon to doubt the profession of some friendly natives.

Manahi, a chief at Ratapihipihi, had declared his intention as a friendly native to assist the Governor, and had thereupon received munitions of war. To him, and also to a large number of friendly natives, who met the Governor on Saturday, March 3rd, welcoming him to Taranaki, his Excellency

said "he had perfect and entire confidence in his native friends, and that he should be glad of an opportunity to prove it."

In the case of Manahi this confidence was misplaced; for he, with his followers, joined the southern natives, when their intention of joining in the fight became evident.

The eagerness of the natives about Omata to thrash out their wheat and to dispose of it at once—the frequent galloping past of single Maories on horseback, evidently couriers hurrying with intelligence southward—the sullen expression on the face of the few natives occasionally to be met with—all foreboded something evil. So, on the other hand, the feverish excitement of the settlers, who were also anxious to get their corn to market—even working thrashing machines on the Sunday—driving their milch cows into town—burying some of their property—the suspicions generally entertained against the friendly relatives—the absurd reports in circulation—gave an air of probability to my expectations

that Omata would share in the disturbed state of affairs. To my mind, such excitement and reports suggested only a confused and chaotic state of things, which was not an unnatural effect of the general disturbance caused by the shaking confidence in those natives who had hitherto professed friendship. I frequently asked myself if I did right to remain, or keep the boys with me, and thus run the risk of sharing the indiscriminate slaughter it was too evident many of the natives had determined upon, in their savage and frantic discussions at their meetings down the south coast. Yet I felt that, whatever I might be called upon to suffer and to struggle with, my heart could find no repose or certain safety but in a firm trust in the infinite love of God; that for my mind there was no friend nor helper in the universe like unto my heavenly Father.

The Wednesday following the commencement of hostilities at Waitara, I was rather startled, just about dusk in the afternoon, by a native walking without ceremony into my

room. This was Epiah, the nephew of Paratena, a great chief of the Taranaka tribe. He was very much excited, and said, in almost breathless haste, "Don't you go town. The Maories are all coming up from the south. They will kill all who are armed. There are 400, all armed, as the Maories reckon;* 800 as you count. One Maori is as good as a hundred soldiers." I said, it was nonsense to talk like that; the Governor would send to England for more soldiers; and that while every Maori slain would be an irrevocable loss, for every soldier or white man slain the Queen could send a hundred. He replied, "Never mind, you'll see—better stop, although I tell you I might be obliged to kill you if you were in town." I endeavoured to make as light of his intelligence as I could. He evidently saw this, and became vehement in his manner, and at last said: "Go and see Mr. Brown. I tell

* The natives always count their fighting men by pairs, and therefore double the numbers given by them must be reckoned.

you, the Maories intend to attack the town." I went across to Brookwood, and found Mr. Brown entertaining the worst apprehensions of the professed intentions of the natives. He had just returned from the coast, whither he had gone "on a mere parochial visit," and had collected all the information he could. He had halted at Kahihe pah, and there parted with Mr. Riemenschneider, a missionary at Warea, but rejoined him immediately afterwards, being earnestly entreated by some natives to go on as far as Warea, to verify with his own eyes the reports which he had already heard at the different pahs, to the effect that the vanguard of the taua or war-party was at Warea. Mr. Brown rode on with Mr. Riemenschneider a great part of the way to Warea; but the rain was so heavy that he feared that, if he delayed his return, he would be unable to re-cross the Hungutuhua and Oakara rivers, and therefore turned back to report the intelligence he had collected. While in company with Mr. Riemenschneider,

he met four white men *en route* from Wanganui. As the road was stopped by the Maories, they had been obliged to hide themselves in the bush by day, and travel by night, subsisting upon Karaka berries and other wild fruit.

The next day was wet and foggy. Natives came to warn me, and stated that the southern Maories were on the move. About noon, two natives urged me vehemently to keep near the house; they said the armed Maories were just behind my house, going on to Ratapihipihi. Mr. Touett ran across to acquaint me with the same fact, which he had learnt from natives. I found afterwards that seventy armed natives passed within a few hundred yards of the house. These assumed a very threatening attitude towards a settler who had left the stockade to look after his cattle. The firing of guns and the yelling in their war-dances were distinctly heard at the stockade. My cart had been pressed several times for the use of the stockade; and in the morning my

son Thomas had been sent for it, to get some timber in the bush. I refused it; and sent a message to the Captain that the natives were in the bush, and that it was not safe to be on the road. That same evening I was somewhat startled by the reports of cannon; but being repeated more than twice, which was the concerted signal of danger to the town, I concluded it was either from some vessel at sea, or some demonstration not connected with hostilities.

Imagine, reader, my situation: my family in a town that was threatened with an attack by 800 natives, and I forbidden, as it were, to go to them! Love cast out all fear; I felt impelled to write to my wife, and a few words from my letter may help the reader to conceive of my distress of mind:—"The Maories intend to attack the town; there is no disguising that fact. Even if they make any attack, I fear there will be much bloodshed. I have had several natives to see me, and they all persuade me to remain at home. Mr.

Brown has ascertained that the natives are gathering fast; that they intend to make an attempt to go through the town on to Waitara. I am assured they will not touch unarmed men or families; but will kill all they can of those who are prepared to fight against them. I know not what to do on your account and the dear little ones. I know you look to me for help and protection; but above me, and all that earth has of strength and protection, you will rely on an Almighty arm, and repose your confidence in that Divine Being who will doubtless do what is right. Get everything ready to be carted home again at the shortest notice. Do not be misled by any assurance of military power to prevent bloodshed: trust in our heavenly Father, and think for yourself. If anything serious should present itself, rely on my being with you, to guide and do all that human power can to protect you."

On the Saturday I went to town, and while engaged writing to my son and friend at

Nelson, a sudden shout alarmed us all for the moment: 250 soldiers passed on their way to the barracks, to start early next morning for Ratapihipihi. This seemed at once carrying the war pretty close to my door. I left for home the next morning, but felt that the roads were unsafe — that in the high fern natives might be in ambush. I anticipated an attack would be made, and that the natives would seek to disperse, rather than meet a military force in an unprepared state, that being rather their mode of warfare. I met the troops on their return, and nothing had been done.

When I reached the stockade, all was perfectly quiet. I saw my poor neighbour, Mr. S. Shaw, on duty as sentinel, who two days after was killed. Little did either he or I think it was the last interchange of friendly conversation we should enjoy together. I had also some discourse with another neighbour, who had been compelled to serve in the militia, but who considered the conflict, to

use his own words, "nothing better than a civil war." He has since been killed.

It will be recollected that I remained at home with three of my sons; that at the time the bombardment of the pah at Waitara was commenced we were all at work, getting up potatoes. These potatoes were grown, not on my own farm, but on land close to the main road from the south, adjoining Maori land, and not a great distance from the spot on which the southern natives built their pah, previous to the battle of Waireka. On the Monday after my return from town, the boys and I went with our cart to take away the few potatoes we had been able to plough out of the ground. A gentleman had left his horse under our care. I was riding on this horse when we met Mr. W. Carrington, a gentleman well acquainted with Maori character, earnestly desirous to prevent a collision of the Europeans with the natives, and sensitively alive to the all but inevitable extermination of a noble race of men, if the

unhappy quarrel became a war of races, and the British power was once fully roused to action against the aborigines.

His horse was galloping, but when Mr. Carrington saw us he halted, and told us the natives were not twelve miles down the coast; that Robert Erangi (a native chief, and brother-in-law to Mr. Carrington) had been with them, trying to urge them not to carry out their purpose of proceeding on the main road towards the town; that although they knew this chief had put a *tapu* on the road, they were very obstinate, and no doubt would come on that day towards evening. I rode with haste to see Robert Erangi, and found him in an excited state. He urged me to hasten back to the potato-field, and get what I wished as quickly as possible. This I did, and the boys were soon on the road home with their load. I rode across to Mr. Brown, told him what I had heard, which was soon afterwards confirmed by a native, who had ridden some distance to apprise him of the proximity of the natives,

but not that they really intended to proceed past the Omata stockade.

The next day (Tuesday, March 27th), about seventy natives passed the very field where we had been at work, and on which we had left about ten tons of potatoes not ploughed out of the ground. I then felt for the first time convinced that the Waitara was not to be the only scene of Maori hostilities—the more so as I learnt towards evening that these natives were building a pah above the Waireka hill. Believing that they were simply preparing to bivouac for the night, and not really making a formidable pah, I did not feel so alarmed as otherwise I should have done. Previously to my learning these facts, I had allowed my son William to take horse and proceed to town. We had all often been on the road to the stockade and to town. In the morning, about ten, my son Thomas came to spend the day with us; as it was wet, he had on a soldier's great-coat. Just as we were sitting down to dinner, two Maories came

to apprise me that they were going to spread about all over the bush near to the roads, and that we must not go beyond the fence. By this time, Thomas, feeling somewhat alarmed, had left to go to the stockade. I called to him, "Pray don't put on your coat, as you might not be known; and seeing you clothed as a soldier, serious consequences might follow." I felt that his safety was in his not being armed, and in his being well known by many of the Maories. He had left about two hours when the same two Maories who came before told me to keep close within my fences; that I and the boys should be safe. We soon heard reports of guns, repeated again and again. I listened with eagerness to catch the sounds, that I might determine whence they came. Now (as I have before described) out of the main southern road there was a cross-road, in a line from the Inn, which, avoiding the stockade, would lead near to Ratapihipihi, which, by crossing some cleared land, the natives could find. The reports seemed dis-

tinctly to come from that cross-road. I thankfully came to the conclusion that the natives had abandoned their original intention of proceeding on the main road by the stockade to town. I may just state that a hill between my house and the stockade on this main road could be so distinctly seen that foot passengers were plainly distinguished. I set the boys to watch this hill. I regarded the reports of guns as mere salutes, which the natives are fond of giving in mere bravado. From my house the stockade could be seen very plainly, and as we watched the movements of the men in garrison, we could see that there was excitement amongst them, but seeing no indication of actual collision, I concluded the natives had passed up the road above-named. I anxiously awaited the return of my son William from town, and was getting very uneasy about him. The boys at one time thought they saw their brother riding over the hill, and said, "Here comes Willie!" I waited the space of time sufficient, as I

View of the Omata Village and Church with the Stockade, from the hill near the Swiss Cottage

thought, for William to reach home. I did not feel any serious alarm on his account, as he was well known to the natives, and not two hours before I had seen the son of the Rev. H. Brown pass by, and I knew he had come by the same road by which I expected my son. As William did not return, I felt the boys must have been mistaken, and that he had remained in town for safety. I had just made up my mind to this, when the same two Maories I have before mentioned ran up from the gate, and vehemently urged me not to leave the house, as the "fight" had begun. Mr. Brown at this moment had very kindly come across the fields to tell me that a native had been to his house to say the "fight" was commenced; that he and all his household must keep within his own fence, as the Maories were now about in the bush, and on all the cross-roads. Mr. Brown, with an hospitality gratefully to be remembered, offered his house as a place of refuge for all the neighbours, if there should be any real danger. I ran across

to Mr. Touett, fearing he might not know all this, and told him what Mr. Brown and the natives had said. He was already made acquainted with the fact; and further stated, that Manuel De Castro had seen shots fired at a white man, and had hardly escaped himself, as a bullet had whizzed past his face, and a native had beckoned to him to go. As he was on his horse at the time, he set spurs and galloped home.

I had scarcely reached my door when I saw five armed Maories in their war-dress, headed by Manuel De Castro, open the gate, and walk up to the house, a distance of four chains. I went towards them on the path, and Manuel said, "Mr. Gilbert, you must leave this house at once; these natives tell me that five Europeans lie dead at this moment on the road not far from the Inn." The natives were excited, and one had evidently been drinking. By questioning them I found that three men were killed and two boys. One was Mr. Ford, a townsman and store-keeper; but either the

natives did not know, or were unwilling to tell me, who the others were. A cold shudder ran through my body, and my face paled, for I thought of my two boys, who had that day been on the road. I mentioned them both by name, and was assured that they were not killed.

I did not think any other than that the slain had met with their death at one and the same time, from being met with arms by the natives. I was told to be quick, as I must go across to Mr. Brown's house, whither the rest of the people were gone, and that all were to remain there until the natives had left. I asked if I could take some blankets. The natives consented, and I went into the house, followed by them, rolled up a bundle of bedding, caught up a few clothes and some clean linen, and pushing a few other things into a carpet bag, left my house, never again to lay my weary head and aching heart with quietness within its walls. Before, however, we left the premises, one of the natives looked rather

fiercely at me, and said, "Where is the gun to shoot the pigeon? You have a gun: where is it?" I was quite sure he knew I *had* a gun, because he, not being a stranger to my house, had seen it. I answered, "Away." "Where?" still more fiercely, he inquired. I replied, "Buried in the ground." This was true. I valued the gun, as having once belonged to a dear friend, and presented to me by his widow in England on my coming out to New Zealand. I had for some time past kept this gun out of sight, secreting it above the ceiling of my room; but only the day before I had put it into a long narrow box, with powder and shot, which my son Edward had buried by crawling under the house, and scratching a hole in the dry earth, had covered it well and smoothly over. Happily, the native did not press the question, for at that moment Manuel said to me, "Tell him you have sent it to town." I replied, "That would not be true; and even if I could say so, it would be regarded by the natives in a far worse light than my burying

it in the ground." The attention of the native was taken by the sight of some spades. He asked me to give him one. I said, "Too much;" by which I was understood to mean I did not want to supply the natives with anything that could be used against my fellow-settlers, well knowing the use to which it would be put. However, the Maori took the spade and said, "Thankee." Four of the natives hereupon left. The remaining one, a young man, caught up my bundle, and the lads and I accompanied him across the fields to Brookwood, where I found the neighbours around already assembled. It appeared not unlikely that we might all be exposed to great danger by going to our houses, and we therefore thankfully placed ourselves under the protection of Mr. Brown. It was now getting dusk. Mr. Brown returned from reading prayers to the natives assembled on the Waireka Hill, and who were building a pah close to the road near to Mrs. Jury's house. I believe he did not at first know that five

persons had been killed. The natives were somewhat impatient, although joining him in the prayers, and said to him at the conclusion —"You should have been shorter, as we are thinking more about fighting and building our pah than saying our prayers."

In the course of the evening, Epiah came to Brookwood, and as it was getting dark, wished to stay all night to protect us; but thoughtfully endeavouring to make it appear that he feared the Maories might mistake him for a white man, as he was dressed like one, and that perhaps soldiers would be by that time on the road. He informed us that the bodies of Messrs. Ford, Shaw, and Passmore were then on the road. We felt shocked at the idea of the bodies being exposed, well knowing that a number of pigs were at large; and we would have at once gone with a cart to get the mortal remains of our brother-settlers, but Epiah said it was too dark and would be very dangerous to go, as Maories were thickly scattered over the line of road

and in the bush on every side. We requested him to go to the natives at dawn of day, and negotiate with them for us to go and get the bodies, urging that every white Christian felt this to be his bounden duty in any circumstances. This he agreed to do.

After the ladies of Mr. Brown's family and the wives and children of the settlers assembled had retired for the night, having all joined (the two natives as well) in prayer to Almighty God, beseeching His care and protection—the men all sat down round the kitchen fire, being anxious to listen to Epiah, who seemed inclined to be communicative. A curious and remarkable group was that which, with perils and dangers around, quietly assembled to hear the Maori talk! James Keeler, a God-fearing man, was our interpreter. He had lived twenty years amongst the natives, and was pretty well acquainted with their peculiar traits of character. We all listened for several hours. I cannot give here the various interesting topics which were talked

over that night; but the main points were so fastened upon my mind that I shall never forget them, nor the deep and earnest tone of Epiah. The discourse was opened by asking the native "why the *fight* was begun in such a discreditable manner, as all the world would at once pronounce the killing of unarmed men and boys to be murder? Had these poor settlers been slain in fair and open fight, the perpetrators of the deed would not have appeared in such a dishonourable position. The facts would go down to posterity as a dark and foul blot on the Maori character!" To this Epiah replied, "He was sore at heart about the death of the white men and boys, as were many other natives; and the only excuse offered was, it was done to bring on the '*fight*.' The natives had come up the coast with their hearts black towards the white man, and were impatient to settle a quarrel which had been brewing for many years."

It was urged "that the southern natives could have no part in W. Kingi's quarrel with

the Governor, nor the poor murdered settlers with their grievances, which were with the Governor more than the settlers. That the southern natives, by mixing themselves up with a quarrel that did not in the least appertain to them, was rendering it both difficult and dangerous to adjust it now satisfactorily. The reply Epiah made was, "The southern natives had their own wrongs, and had been waiting only for a fitting opportunity to seek revenge." And here commenced a history, briefly but touchingly related, of all the supposed wrongs the natives have suffered at the hands of the white man, even from the first discovery of New Zealand by Tasman, in 1642, to its formation into a British colony in 1840, and from that time to the present.* Epiah was evidently a thoughtful and intelligent native, a man of property, and much liked by the settlers. He had studied the history of his own people, and watched the rapid decline of his nation, and the

* See Appendix C.

increasing and all but overwhelming power of the white man. He foresaw, with a kind of prophetic vision, the extinction of his race, the absorption of the land of his forefathers by the sons of Japheth; and a kind of despairing struggle seemed to loom in the distant future. "It was," he said, "the too-frequent and all-absorbing talk of the Maories, that of the increasing number and power of the white man, and the future probability that he would not leave a home for the children of the Maori."

It seemed to be an anxious inquiry with Epiah whether England was still at war with China, and whether the Queen's subjects in India were all quiet.

It was a long way in the night ere the conversation ended, and we each retired to seek rest. I spread my blankets on the floor of Mr. Brown's drawing-room, and tried in vain to find forgetfulness in sleep. The dear, good Mr. Brown fared but little better than I; and we spent the night in anxious con-

versation, and in prayer to our heavenly Father, earnestly beseeching Him of His infinite goodness to avert the fearful calamities which seemed to be hanging over our fellow-settlers, and still more over those who were so dear to us; if not, to give us grace to submit to His will.

At the earliest dawn I felt uneasy and anxious that Epiah should go and see the natives, and make arrangements for us to go and search, and, if need be, bury the bodies. We all partook of the kind hospitality of Mr. Brown, who at the breakfast table seemed deeply moved, and said but little, once asking us all to forgive his not conversing, as he was in a painful state of mind. The ladies seemed self-possessed, calm, and reposed the utmost confidence and faith in the solemn promise of the natives, that nothing should befal Mr. Brown, his family, or any of those under his protection. It seemed to me that they had prayerfully put their trust in God, and were willingly waiting His will concerning their safety.

After breakfast, Epiah came to tell us that we must all go up to the pah wearing white scarfs; that it was necessary we should look every Maori full in the face, that we might be known in case of any confusion, and that our lives might be spared in any serious conflict. It was not necessary for the females or children to leave home. There was a feeling expressed by one of the servants that she did not think it quite right for all the men to go away and leave such a number of women and children exposed to the Maories. This was the only indication I saw of any mistrust in the natives.

The ladies provided us with calico scarfs, and we left them and the children to the care of God. The Rev. H. Brown rode on his horse, his son Frank driving the bullocks in the cart to get the bodies. The two Maori women I have beforenamed accompanied us. When we arrived at the pah, we found the natives all eagerly engaged at work upon their rifle-pits, &c.; some few were preparing food—

others pulling down fences—all were full of levity and excitement. The two Maori women with us were greatly excited, and, long before we reached the pah, began a kind of lamentation, which was responded to by the assembled natives. All were anxious to shake hands with us. I was surprised to see so many mere lads, and some very old and decrepid men, whom I thought it would have been well for the natives to have left at their homes. There were but a few fine-looking young men amongst them, but they all seemed full of confidence and of success in fighting with the soldiers. We were told that we, and all belonging to us, were *tapu* (sacred); that it was well we had on the white scarfs, as other natives were coming up, who, perhaps, would not know or spare us, but for the scarfs; and we were urged on no account to go anywhere without having them on. We were not to wonder, however, if we should lose a sheep or pig, as when an enemy was travelling through a country, it was usual to help themselves to whatever they found.

We replied, that we relied on their good faith towards us; that life was of more value to us than many sheep, pigs, or oxen; that our business with them, at that time, was to gain their consent to seek the dead bodies of our brethren, that we might decently save them from the ravages of pigs, &c. After some *pro* and *con*, we were told that the bodies of the men had been taken, the day before, by the stockade men; that the bodies of the two lads were still in the road, but that we might go and get them, to do as we wished with them. Knowing that the road was lined on each side with natives, and fearing that we might not, after all the directions given, find the bodies, we expressed a wish for some natives to guide us. This was at length agreed to, but on condition that Mr. Brown should ride to the stockade, and wish the Captain to keep his men or sentinels within garrison; and should any natives be slain in the fight, that a flag of truce should be hoisted at the stockade, that the Maories might do

for their dead what we were asking to do for ours.

Just as we were about to start, other natives from the south came in sight, and we were made to sit down until their arrival. We had then to pass down through their ranks, and shake hands with each native. Another consultation was held about us and our business; suddenly, up rose the whole body of natives, shouting, "that all would go as guides." I trembled lest our mission would end in a sad and melancholy manner, for I thought there was a deeper meaning behind, and that we in some way were to be made hostages while the fight with the men at the stockade took place. Through our interpreter, we made the natives understand that we wished only to be guided by one or two to the bodies, and did not fear either Maories or soldiers—as they had answered for their own men, and we could answer for the soldiers—for, all the world over, a truce was ever granted to bury the dead.

The road between the Inn and the pah, a distance of half a mile, was in the possession of native scouts, but still they thought they saw soldiers, and feared being taken by surprise. A native messenger was sent on the road before us. Mr. Brown rode to the stockade, and on endeavouring to make arrangements in accordance with the wishes of the natives, was told by the Captain that no flag of truce could be hoisted for rebels and murderers; but that he would keep his men close until the bodies were delivered at the stockade. I may here state, that the two fathers of the lads learnt for the first time of the death of their sons. They had been missing from an early hour in the morning, when they had gone out to search after some cattle, and it was *feared* they had been killed.

In riding back, Mr. Brown scoured the fields, in order to satisfy the natives that no troops were about. When he arrived amongst us, happily he did not communicate the message about the flag of truce.

At length we left the pah, headed by two chiefs—one having a small tomahawk, the other a white whalebone spear, both bearing a white emblem of a temporary truce. I wished the native with the tomahawk to put that out of sight, and he was endeavouring to do so, but our interpreter signified it was immaterial. I did not feel it so. We were on a mission of Christian duty, and the instrument was hateful to my sight at that moment. Our company then consisted of the Rev. H. Brown, on his horse, his son,* with the cart, five Europeans, and the two native chiefs. The native women we had left with the Maories at the pah. We walked down one steep hill and up the other, with the Waireka stream flowing along in quiet in the valley, little thinking that, ere night, the very spot we were going over would be the scene of conflict, and that many of the natives we had left behind would meet with death, when they

* This poor lad was shot at the battle of the Mahoetahi, on November 6th, 1860.

least expected it. With depressed spirits, and feelings of a sad and painful nature, we saw the spot where two of our brother-settlers had been shot. The ground was saturated with blood, but there was no appearance of a struggle having taken place. Opposite the Inn, a little out of the road, was a cart with a load of timber, the two bullocks dead in their yoke. A little further on the road we came to evident traces of blood, and close to the bank, a spot with a pool which had soaked into the ground (here poor Ford was shot); and a little further still, a dead horse. In deeper sorrow we journeyed on, down rather a steep hill, to a bridge across a stream; and there, as if thrown in amongst the bushes, lay the mangled bodies of the poor lads we were searching for. A ghastly spectacle! Their stiffened limbs bent, as if a severe struggle for life had been made. Their faces were much swollen, and fearfully cut; one poor boy with a deep gash in the forehead, and the fingers of one hand nearly cut off; the other lad covered with

mud, with a frightfully lacerated opening in the throat. Oh! must God's beautiful earth be thus polluted with human blood, and His innocent creatures be thus cruelly butchered! Even the native chiefs looked awe-struck, as if conscious that it was a deed not for human eyes to look upon. They carefully kept from touching the bodies. We put the bodies in the cart and covered them with a sheet, returning to the cross-roads at the Inn. As we passed the various spots I have named, we covered the blood with two or three spadefuls of earth. At the Inn we parted from Mr. Brown and his son, who proceeded on to the stockade with the bodies. As we retraced our steps towards the pah, we observed the natives had put up a white flag. Little was said, for deep sorrow filled our hearts, and I for one mourned over the fate of my hard-working brethren, their widowed and fatherless families.

The two natives with us had none of the outward signs of a wild and savage nature. Dressed in European clothing, they walked

with stern but graceful deportment by our side. I felt how fearful the delusion must be that could blind them to the fact, that a terrible reckoning must one day be made for the bloody work which by their presence amongst the insurgents, or their companionship with those who had actually committed the murders, they sanctioned, if they did not participate, in the guilty deed.

As we drew near to the pah, we saw several natives with back-loads of straw going up the hill to the spot which they were fortifying in their own fashion, and this gave an intimation that they purposed remaining the night. Their appearance was somewhat singular, as there were a great number loaded in this way.

By this time Mr. Brown had deposited the bodies at the stockade, and was on his return to the pah. The flag of truce was taken down, and up went the fighting flag. Other natives came from the south, guns were fired, all was bustle and excitement. By this time 400 had gathered on the ground. Hearing the guns,

Mr. Brown had a terrible foreboding that we had all fallen a sacrifice, and that he should not see us alive when he reached the top of the hill. Still we were safe, watched over by a good Providence. Enough, enough, to know that God is good, and what He does is right.

It was a great satisfaction to learn from Mr. Brown that my two sons were safe; that William had the day before returned to town for safety, and that a message had been sent to my family respecting our preservation.

Amongst the last arrival of natives were many whom we knew, and had learnt to respect. Eagerly did some five or six seize my hand, and, as the custom of the natives is, under the influence of strong feeling towards those they salute, to put their noses together, I was moved to tears at this expressive mode of respect and assurance of safety; the more so, as my face was wetted with the tears of the natives, as they delivered themselves of a slightly audible whine of lamentation. The constant repetition, "All the same as brethren,"

gave at once the idea of a dim perception that, but for the war, the two races might live and love as brethren. Several of these natives had been living in the neighbouring pah, had repeatedly been to my house, and assured me of their protection should any fighting take place in that locality.

I was surprised to see them. I had always considered them neutral, although expressing themselves to the effect that *sufficient care had not been taken to prove the individual right of Teira to sell the disputed land;* that he ought to have the full consent of Wiremu Kingi, and all the tribe to which he belonged. I am inclined to think, that when the pah at the Waitara was stormed, or, at any rate, previous to that, natives were killed, and that Wiremu Kingi had caused a report to that effect to be circulated amongst the southern natives.* I

* There is little doubt that the secession of several of the neutral natives took place immediately after the storming of the first pah at Waitara; and this may be accounted for by the probability that some of their

cannot account in any other way for the sudden change in the disposition of those natives who had hitherto spoken against fighting.

In proceeding down through the ranks of armed men I felt perfectly free from fear, although I knew each one had a loaded gun in his hand. I certainly felt not quite satisfied when one native refused to shake hands with me, even after I repeatedly put out my hand and wished him to do so. His companions laughed, and I was puzzled at the time to find a reason for his refusal, as he was a perfect stranger to me. Whether he refused any other of my neighbours I know not, and have had no opportunity to learn.

We were among the natives nearly three hours, as we could hardly leave without their consent. Our attention was directed to the arrival of Manahi the traitor. With him were

relations were either killed or wounded, and the native desire for revenge in such a case is too strong for them to resist the impulse to seek it.

five natives, who for some time sat in a group by themselves. I have often thought since, that perhaps these were the murderers of my neighbours. Manahi is now known to be one. The Ngatiruanui tribe drew off in a body towards the spot where he and his five followers were seated, and at once squatted in a circle round him. He soon rose up, and threw off his mat to make a speech; in the course of which, delivered in the native peculiar manner—sometimes running a few yards, then suddenly stopping and leaping up in the air—he seemed to work up his hearers to a pitch of excitement like that he was exhibiting himself. Our interpreter told us he was urging the Maories to "slay and spare not."

The whole 400 rose as one man, divided off into three parties, stripped naked to the waist, began the war-dance, each party in succession going through the dance three times. This, to a timid person, and a stranger to native customs, is most frightful. The horrid noises

simultaneously made—the hissing like a multitude of serpents—with the sonorous *ugh*, the sound forced out with all their pent-up breath, their eyes rolling and starting as if coming out of their sockets, their tongues protruding, the demoniacal expression of face, the whole frame quivering with wrought-up excitement, and the rapid gesticulations of an unimaginable nature—all gave a hellish kind of reality to war, and all its direful calamities. Then, in one body, in this fearfully excited state, they started down the hill towards the stockade. We also all left, overwhelmed with apprehension respecting our brethren at the stockade, and an inward prayer was offered up for the safety of my poor son, and a deliverance of all from the perils that seemed shadowed over the stockade. The men were few in number, and seemed at once doomed to destruction. We knew not the object of the natives, and dared not ask. The eldest son of Mr. Brown was in the garrison at the time. Our interpreter ejaculated, "The Lord have mercy on the

souls of those poor creatures in the stockade!" to which, a most hearty *Amen* was given. It was a severe trial.

When we reached the cross-roads, and turned to go towards Brookwood and Brighton-place, we saw a paper stuck on a board, with holes at the corners, which board was tied with flax to a pole against the fence, with writing in the Maori language. The following was given in the local newspaper as a free translation :—

"Listen! Listen all the tribes! The road to our Minister must not be trodden upon; also the road to his friends—James, who is from Kihi; to Emanuel, who is a Portuguese, to his children and wife; to Touett, with his wife and children, who are French; let the thought be light of these three tribes; to their farms, to their property, let it be light, because the word has gone forth from Paratene, Hoani, Kingi (Parenga), to those people that we must strictly preserve them. Let there be no mistake with us, the three tribes of

Taranaki, Ngatiruanui and Ngaraura, let it be light. That is all.

"From PARATENE, "From KINGI,
" HOANI, " PORIKAPA.

"From this tribe of Ngamahanga, from us all, as far as Mokotuna.

"*March 28th,* 1860."

We soon learnt to our great satisfaction that the natives had only been within rifle-shot of the stockade, fired off a volley in defiance, danced the war-dance, and returned to their pah. A native named Stephen, long known to my family, and a great favourite with us all, came to the fence separating Brookwood from my farm, and called me by name "Tamiti." I observed, at the same time, three other armed natives seated on the hill-side in my land. I felt sure that Stephen called me for something particular, and that I need not fear any treachery. I had my emblem of peace across my breast and over my shoulder. I went at once to him, and

he said, "Come with me to your house, and get what you wish to save, and I will help you."

I did so, and found a native woman at the door. Stephen said, "This woman will take care of your house; the Maories are going into every house, and will take everything they find that may be of any use to them, but nothing shall be taken from you." Stephen had often worked for me, and fifteen shillings were due to him. He wished for the money, and I told him the family was in town, and needed all I had. "Never mind, let me have a small blanket," he said, "that will do as well." Had it been at any other time, I should have been amused at a trifling circumstance which occurred. Stephen was followed into the house by a little, ugly, old Maori, who immediately seated himself at the kitchen table, on which, in the confusion of leaving, we had put a dish of potatoes and meat, a large pot of butter, some honey, and a canister filled with sugar. He began at once to help himself, cramming honey, butter,

sugar, meat, and potatoes, into his mouth as fast as he could. Having feasted to his heart's content on this curious compound of eatables, he attempted to force the butter into the canister; but finding he could not without wasting the sugar, he got up from the table, took the butter in his fingers, and was endeavouring to roll it up in his blanket; when, seeing his back turned towards the table, I quickly put the canister on a shelf out of sight. The look of astonishment at the sudden disappearance of this prize, when the Maori turned round, was a source of quiet amusement to Stephen.

Stephen went with me across to Brookwood, and I gave him the blanket. He folded it up and fastened it across his shoulders, and without ceremony walked into the room where the family were at dinner, and so passed out into the garden—assuring each one present of their safety. After dinner, several natives came with wheat to Brookwood, which Mr. Brown had some time before bought of them. The

weighing of this wheat and the writing of receipts occupied some little time.

I had noticed a Maori youth, well dressed in European clothes, gesticulating and talking with great vehemence to a few natives before him, and I asked our interpreter what he was saying; to which he replied, "It appears that some natives have broken open Mr. Touett's house, and taken away some of his things, and it is thought the Maori (Stephen) with your blanket had taken it from your house without your consent." The general feeling, therefore, with the natives is, that the curse of God will follow this breaking of *tapu*. "This young fellow is urging, as the best mode of settling the affair, to kill Touett; and then the *tapu* will end, and the Maories will no longer be restricted from pursuing their plunder." I assured the natives I had given Stephen the blanket, and then our interpreter said to them, "Never mind; whatever may have been taken from Mr. Touett in mistake, cannot now be helped. We value life more

than any goods, and wish you not to get excited about the matter." For so serious a proposition, I thought the manner of the speaker not in perfect keeping, and his audience consisted of two Maori women, and three very stupid-looking natives. It is thus that, free speech being always allowed to every native, the most absurd proposals are made, but scarcely ever entertained, not even by the proposer, for more than a few moments after his excited harangue.

It was just at this moment that we saw natives running, and heard them shouting, "The soldiers! the soldiers!" All the natives at once left. We heard repeated reports of guns, and we concluded that the military were engaged in battle with the natives.

From the rising ground above the grounds surrounding Brookwood House we could see distinctly the Maori flag flying, and occasionally see natives walking about on the outskirts of the pah. Soon we saw natives running in an excited manner, and others squatted behind the

furze hedges, as if in ambush. One of our party leaving us, and approaching towards the scene of conflict, stood up on the fence that he might witness more clearly the progress of the battle. A whizzing rifle-shot soon dislodged him, and sent him running towards us, and led us to think for the moment that the contending parties were approaching. Being at the distance of half a mile from the pah, and the hottest of the engagement being in low ground towards the sea, we were left without even a single conjecture of the success of either party. A fearful foreboding of the discomfiture of the military, and the militia also, who, we doubted not, were among the combatants, took possession of our minds; and this was not removed, even after sun-set—watching as we did the Maori flag, and seeing it as long as we could see anything. The reports of the guns seemed more and more to retire from us, and we felt confirmed in the idea of the military retreating before the natives. Long after sunset we heard the

report of large guns. Once we saw a rocket in the air, and, immediately after, a strong glare of light about the pah; we thought the straw was on fire, but had no idea that the pah was actually stormed and taken. We were too far off to hear any shouts or yells; we heard only the report of guns. It seemed to us that a regular movement was made by the natives, as if guided by a notion of military tactics. We retired to the house in a most wretchedly uncertain state of mind respecting the fate of our countrymen, and, it might be, our sons; but felt convinced that so much firing-off of guns must have been seriously fatal to many poor creatures, who, when they rose to the business of the day, little thought how near their end was at hand.

It was while looking at each other, and most anxiously waiting and hoping that we should soon hear something about the affair, that a native (the same who had taken my bundle across to Brookwood) came, in an excited state, seized the bucket at the well,

and drank most heartily of the water. His tongue seemed cleaving to his mouth, and his face was covered with perspiration. From him we learned that an encounter with the troops had taken place; that many natives were killed; that Paretene, Paul, and other chiefs were dead; that a civilian officer had fallen, and several wounded amongst the soldiers; but not a word of the pah being taken. I think that as this native was not actually engaged in the fighting, but had been watching the battle on the Brookwood side of the pah, he flew with haste to us when he saw the naval brigade approaching, and never stopped to witness the taking of the flag. Thus we were still ignorant of the success of the battle. The account given by the native was anything but cheering. He described (as if by hearsay) the surrounding of Pohamera, a friendly chief, and his natives, near to a wheat-stack—the inevitable massacre of the whole body of volunteers out in the engagement. He told us the soldiers were encamped near the

church, and that it was the intention of the natives to surround them in the night, and kill as many as they could. This is all we could learn, for no one else came near the house until early the next morning.

At family prayers that night, a general response was given to the thanksgiving offered up to Almighty God for the present cessation of fighting, and an earnest prayer that no further shedding of blood should take place, but that at once and for ever peace might reign, and the two races might yield to the will of God, and dwell in love and unity with each other.

Before retiring for the night, I went to listen for any distant firing or shouting. Oh, what a calm and lovely night!—the stars glittering in the firmament, and a holy quiet pervading the earth around me. Nature's sweet and soothing influence seemed to fill my soul, and my enraptured vision was carried from the forbidding work of the day to the throne of the God of love. Who amidst such

scenes could realize the fatal fact, that this fair earth had been polluted by sights and sounds, the very reverse of the peace and solemn silence now reigning; and that men, whom God had made but a little lower than the angels, should contend with each other for mastery more as devils, and glory in the slaughter of each other! Oh, gracious "Father, the world hath not known Thee!" Thou hast "no pleasure in the death of the wicked;" but war, ruthless war, slays alike the innocent and the guilty!

During the continuance of the battle, and even while we heard distinctly the sounds of warfare, I cordially united with Mr. Brown and his family in prayer to our heavenly Father, for those who at the moment might be engaged in deadly strife.

I have been repeatedly asked since, "Did you not feel that you would all be murdered before morning?" Nay, judging by a very false standard of the character of the natives, it was currently reported in town that we were all slaughtered, and that yells and fearful cries

of distress had been heard by some engaged in the fight, as if coming from the direction of Brookwood. Thanks be to God, we were quietly reposing under His almighty protection!

Early in the morning the native left, and we saw no more of him. Soon after breakfast, an application was made to Mr. Brown to proceed to the pah at Kahihi, to bury the dead. He prepared, and his horse stood saddled for some time, but no further arrangement was made about his doing so. Let me here mention, that Mr. Brown had gone up the road towards the pah early in the morning, but had been stopped by natives calling to him, and telling him to go back. They sought his prayers, but not his blessing; for who could dare to give God's blessing on such work as night had closed upon, or the smiling morn revealed?

We were waiting about the yard when the traitor Manahi came, with a few other natives, all with heavy loads of plunder at their backs. Manahi was wounded in the hand. His

sinister expression of face, greatly heightened by a complacent grin, no doubt on account of his escape from the hapless fate of many of his brethren, who, only the day before, he was urging on to "kill and spare not" the white man—who, however, had unexpectedly punished the insurgents, and sent many of them to their long account.*

I feel thankful that I did not shake hands with this Manahi. As soon as I heard his name mentioned, I stepped back from the group that surrounded him. An aged Maori, feeling no doubt that the routing and discomfiture of the natives placed them all in no enviable position, gave as his parting salutation, "Wait a few days, and the Maories will come up again, stronger and more determined than

* The discomfiture of the natives at the battle of Waireka was owing, it is said by the natives, to the expected curse of God coming upon them, because they had taken things from a *tapued* house; one of them had refused to shake hands, and they had presumed to pass over a road that had been *tapued* by a chief, Robert Erangi.

ever." A resolution, I fancy, not very generally shared by the natives that day, whom soon after we saw in the distance, leaving in hurried and confused groups. With the help of glasses, we could see the main southern road stretching before us for three miles, to the Oakura headland; and along that road we saw the natives loaded with plunder, the property of the poor settlers; and again and again we heard reports of guns, no doubt as signals of retreat. Many of the more timid natives struck out of the road into the high fern, as if by a more private path to seek their homes, and escape the pursuit of an armed force, which it was very natural for them to suppose would follow up the victory obtained by their opponents the day before.

I must confess that it was a matter of surprise with us all that we saw no pursuit; and grievous was it to behold the hard savings and earnings of our neighbours carried away from their homes, we having no power to arrest the plunderers in their easy escape from the field of battle.

It was but little that I dared to notice while amongst the 400 natives at their pah, but occasionally I stole a glance at their proceedings, and looked into their stockade. I saw how they had burrowed into the earth; first covering their square holes with rails, doors, and boards, and then putting the earth thrown out over them. Here, doubtless, they intended to take refuge in case of close attack, and so it proved; as I have since learned that a sailor had his leg cut by a native when he slipped through this roof of earth and wood. I observed that the intrenchments were made on the town-side of the pah only, that level ground surrounded it on all sides but that facing the Omata stockade. The pah itself was made of rails and posts cut from the fences near, tied with flax and some wire, from a wire-fence close at hand, occasionally twisted in. I did not view it as a very formidable affair, but ugly and forbidding enough in its commanding position—especially as a steep hill must be ascended to get to it from the road.

Could a movement have been made at the flank, where no intrenchments existed, the natives could not so well have succeeded in effecting their escape with the property of the settlers. And seeing and knowing all this, I felt, when I saw no pursuit, that a want of promptitude and military energy had again retarded the settlement of an affair which every day was becoming more and more serious and complicated. The natives would, of course, construe all this into weakness; and there were numbers waiting only to see which was the strongest party, to decide them in their actions. The defeat at the Waireka opened the eyes of some few natives, for I am convinced that I afterwards saw two, if not three, of the natives, who were among the war-party, a few days after the battle in the uniform of friendly natives.

It was not until the afternoon of the day after the battle that Mr. Brown and James Keeler felt it safe to leave the premises. They then rode to the Omata stockade, and

learned then, for the first time, why the forces were sent out—viz., to rescue the settlers from what was deemed "a frightfully perilous position," in the midst of savage and treacherous natives.

I was on the watch for their return. As soon as Mr. Brown saw me he called out, "Get the carts ready for town directly, and tell all to prepare as quickly as possible." This was soon done, not well knowing at the time why we were to leave in such haste, and not inclined to lose time by inquiring; trusting implicitly in Mr. Brown, well knowing that he must have good reasons for the directions given. Ere we left, Mr. Brown's son, Frank, rode to the cross-roads, and got the Maori placard—the translation of which I have given. This was a document too curious to be lost. We were not long before we were on the road to town. Passing my house down the bush road, with our white calico scarfs over the shoulder, we soon met with several friendly natives, which, it being dusk, and

not knowing their uniform, I mistook for southern natives, and felt for one moment a doubt of our safety. On that bush road is a large puriri stump, from which a slab was cut, polished and exhibited at the Great Exhibition of 1851. We had not journeyed on far past this stump before we saw before us a column of armed men (volunteers), standing in silence, ready to escort us through what, if any hostile natives had been skulking about, would have been a dangerous piece of road, there being close bush that would well serve as a cover.

Imagine the joy at recognising friends and neighbours, all safe and well, heartily shaking us by the hand, and, instead of reproaching us for the work of danger we had unwittingly given them, only thinking of our safety. Gratitude prompts a full acknowledgment of their heroic conduct, and no one of the company rescued felt it a slight benefit which they had conferred.

At the Inn, we came out into the main

road. More friendly natives were waiting for us, who, as soon as we joined them, shouted out, together with the noble volunteers, a hearty cheer; guns were fired off by Maories, which altogether gave a martial air to the cavalcade; and so we journeyed on to the Omata stockade, saw my dear boy safe, and there we left the volunteers. One poor woman amongst us was in great trouble for her husband—Mr. Somers. He had gone to his house during the time Mr. Brown was away at the stockade, and our leaving in such a hurry gave no time to look him up, as his house was some distance from Brookwood. His wife, an Irishwoman, most touchingly appealed to me, "Oh! Mr. Gilbert, I shall never see that man any more!" I felt that it was an unwise thing of the man to leave in that way, but at the same time felt sure of his safety; and that when he returned to Brookwood, he would conclude that we were off to town, and would at once follow us, if not all the way that night, at any rate as far

as the stockade; and so I strived to comfort the poor woman with this assurance. I may just state that the man came to town all right next morning.

We reached New Plymouth rather late in the evening, wearing our white scarfs, of which we felt not a little proud. They were with us as much an emblem of peace as the soldier's red uniform is of war. The union of families and friends, after so much of a trying nature to deepen our longing to see and embrace each other, gave an air of joy and calm peace to the close of the day.

All who were in any way engaged in the battle were very desirous to know its results, and not a little chagrined to hear that the natives had returned southward, richly laden with plundered spoil — the more so as my description of the pah, and the hurried retreat of its defenders, at once showed what might have been done in taking many of the natives prisoners, or at any rate rescuing the property of the settlers.

It was natural to boast of the feats done at the battle; still, it was painful to hear the constant rejoicing that the natives had suffered the loss of their chiefs and many of their fighting men. One stripling declared that he had "shot down six Maories;" another, that it was capital fun to see the Maories drop around on all sides. I shall surely not be accused of cowardice, after what I have related of the dangers to which we were all exposed, and the risk of frequent exposure to the reputedly murderous appetite of the natives; but I could not share in the self-glorification of these Maori-slayers, neither could I engage in a service having for its object the avenging of the murder of my poor neighbours. I say, it may be natural to feel a desire to seek revenge, but it is not Christian; for Christianity teaches us the duty of restraining these natural feelings, and forbids the rendering evil for evil: "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord; I will repay."

Holding these views, I deemed a settlement

under martial law, and a town likely to be not much better than a garrison—where every man was expected to take up arms, and be fully prepared to kill and destroy at the bidding of officers, who perhaps had no interest in the matter beyond the mere glory of slaying the greatest number—no fitting place for me or my family. I therefore gladly availed myself of the opportunity afforded by the Provincial Government to all exempted by law from serving in the militia, as well as women and children, to proceed by steamers to Nelson, where we all landed in safety on the evening of Good Friday.

The reader will recollect that my son William had left his home to transact some business in New Plymouth, on the day before the battle of Waireka. All means of communication were very soon after his departure cut off, and I remained in a painful state of anxiety about him until Mr. Brown went to the Omata stockade with the bodies of the poor murdered lads. It may be well, before

proceeding further with my narrative, to give some account of him, and what he saw on his attempted journey home—his return to town, and the consequent expedition of the volunteers, military, &c., to Omata.

On his way to town, William had seen a number of natives on the Waireka hill, but not until he had proceeded some distance on the road. They appeared to him to be building a pah. He communicated what he had seen to several persons in town, hurriedly finished his business, and returned as far as the Omata stockade, when he was told the natives had been within six hundred yards, and danced the war-dance; that several guns had been fired off by them; and, even while the Captain was speaking, they were to be seen on the brow of the hill he would have to go over. He was strongly advised to return back to town. This, at first, he was inclined to do, as I had particularly wished him not to proceed either way, if he saw any danger; but fearing that I might not be aware of the

serious aspect of affairs, he determined to ride home, and try to persuade me to leave home with him and his brothers for town the next day.

He set spurs to his horse and rode on at a sharp pace until he reached the Inn, and was turning up the road branching out of the main road, when his horse shied and stopped. He looked towards the fence, and there saw a dead body, a few yards before him. He looked steadily at it for a few moments, but the face being covered with blood, he could not discover who it was, although he knew that it was a European. His first impulse was to turn and inform the men at the stockade, galloping his horse until he reached the garrison. Directly he was seen, the men all rushed out, and asked, "What is the matter?" They all looked pale and excited, concluding at once that something serious had happened, by his returning with such haste. He called out, "There is a dead body in the road, just round the corner by the Inn!"

The Captain immediately sent off twenty armed men, who had courageously volunteered to go and see who of their companions was killed. They were accompanied by Mr. Gledhill, auctioneer, and Mr. Handy, an Omata farmer, on horses. These two persons were just about to go up the same bush road as led to Brighton-place, to see about some cattle; but seeing so many persons out of the garrison, and thinking something must be wrong, they rode up to the stockade and learnt what had happened. They at once said, "We will go with the volunteers, and then gallop back to acquaint the Captain with whatever it may be necessary for him to know." They returned in a few minutes, and said, "A cart is wanted immediately; we have seen three dead bodies," at the same time mentioning their names. As soon as Mr. Gledhill had stated this, a despatch was sent to town.

William waited until a few others were ready, and then rode with them to town. He found the town volunteers drawn up in a line, in the

street. As soon as William was seen, Colonel Gold stopped him, and asked for particulars of what he had witnessed. He was soon surrounded by a crowd, all eager to know who was killed, and where; and the confused questions were somewhat difficult to answer satisfactorily, when the Commander demanded silence, and said, "Let him tell me the particulars; he can tell his story to you afterwards." After acquainting the Colonel with all he knew and had seen, he was asked by James Ritchie, Esq., to give his evidence to the magistrates, which was taken down in writing. It was now about half-past five o'clock, P.M. When William reached the lodgings where my family was staying, he found his mother and sisters crying, for they had just that moment heard he had been killed. They were joyfully surprised to see him. His mother had on her bonnet for the purpose of going to Mr. Gledhill to inquire about the report, as she was unwilling to believe it until convinced of its truth.

He met many persons in the evening, to whom he related what he had seen. The sister of one of the poor murdered boys was with my wife, when the carts with the bodies of the three men passed the window of the house; but she did not know at that time of the death of her brother.

Not many of the towns-people went to bed that night. About ten o'clock the next morning, William went in search of Colonel Gold, for he did not feel certain of the safety of myself and the three boys. He saw Colonel Gold talking to Major Herbert, just by the Brigade Office. He went up to him and requested to speak with him. The Colonel turned, and walked with him up the street. William then stated the fact that thirty-five souls were remaining at Omata, and that the armed natives were but a very little distance from the locality where they were living. The Colonel walked on a few steps, evidently excited, and then stopped and said, "This is a very serious business; something must be done." He

called Major Herbert, and said to him, "How is it these people are not in town?" Major Herbert replied, "It is their own fault, for they have had notice." William said he was quite certain no notice had been received by his father and others, who, in fact, had relied upon the assurance that proper notice would be given, when it was deemed absolutely necessary for the settlers to seek the town. He was asked to describe the country, and he showed that the troops could go through open country by the beach, &c. He was asked if he would go as guide, if troops were sent. He replied, "Willingly;" but thought it would be better for an older and more experienced person to act in that capacity, and named several persons who, he knew, were well acquainted with the face of the country. The Commander said, "It would be better; go and look up some of the people you have named." This William did, and George Curtis, Esq., J.P., was appointed guide. The Commander then went to see the Governor, and in about

an hour after this conversation the expedition to Omata was set on foot.

This expedition was organised to bring off from Omata the families to whom I have referred. As every movement could (by the help of glasses) be distinctly observed from the barracks, it appeared at one time as if the natives were approaching in a body towards the Omata stockade to attack it. This, however, was quickly set right by some one riding in from Omata and stating that the natives had only approached within rifle-shot, fired off a volley in the air, danced their war-dance, and gone back to their pah. A deputation of twelve ladies—mothers and sisters of the poor fellows cooped up at the stockade—were about to wait upon the Governor, to ask that the Omata garrison might be broken up, and the men be allowed to come into town, as from various causes there were so very few to defend it; and the threatening aspect of the natives was so very alarming to those whose hearts were yearning for the safety of those

dear to them. They proceeded down the town towards his Excellency's residence, but the Governor not being at home, they were told by some of the authorities that their petition could not be entertained. Their memorial in the morning had been seen by the Governor, and in answer he had said "that the Omata stockade was one of the places that must be held by the settlers." Just at that moment, a few friendly natives rode into the centre of the town, in a very excited state, and said the southern natives were on their way to attack the town. A concourse of people were assembled on this spot. Every one seemed on the *qui vive.* Women crying and wringing their hands, children screaming and clinging in fear to their mothers, men running to and fro, the militia and volunteers already in ranks, and not a house but what its inmates were outside, all looking at each other, and eagerly inquiring for news—pale, breathless, and trembling with anxiety.

A proclamation had been issued, some time previous to this, that in any case of real danger, or cause for alarm, two large guns were to be fired from the barracks on Marsland-hill; the militia and volunteers, within a circle of two miles round, were then to rush into town; the women and children were to take refuge in the barracks, church, and chapels, and all were to hold themselves in readiness to meet any attack that might be made by the insurgents. The preconcerted signal was given by firing off the two guns; and although it was pretty generally understood that this was to be a notice of danger, yet many were at a loss for some time to account for it, imagining all sorts of calamities. My wife's apartments were just opposite, and below the barracks. She saw the smoke of the cannon, and heard the dreadful booming of the report, and immediately a stream of women and children were to be seen hurrying up the steep path into the barracks, for full ten minutes—some women, with a child under

each arm, without either hat, bonnet, or shawl —some with a bundle hastily thrown together, and many seemed utterly bewildered, amidst the confusion and noise of women crying, children screaming, and the eager, anxious questions to know what it was all about. Those who had previously left their homes in the distant neighbourhood, and had taken up their temporary abode a little distance out of town, were at once ordered into the church or chapels; and thus again were driven from their thresholds. Can any one imagine the dire confusion occasioned by all this? The scene has been described to me as painful and heart-rending in the extreme.

The force sent out to Omata consisted of the Light Company of the 65th Regiment; about 140 of the militia and volunteers, under Captains Browne, Stapp, and Atkinson; and a small party of the war-steamer Niger's crew and marines, under the command of Lieutenant Blake—the whole under the entire command of Lieutenant-Colonel Murray.

The volunteers proceeded by the beach—the military by the main road.

The arrangement appears to have been that the civilians should, if possible, pass by the beach round the native force, and take charge of the families in question; the troops halting at the cross-road called the Whaler's Gate, about three quarters of a mile nearer the town than the stockade, and about two miles from Mr. Brown's house. The country being broken, it would have been difficult for the troops in their stationary position to have quickly seen any danger to the settlers, and it may be justly questioned whether it was very soldier-like to send raw undisciplined men, even although under the care and command of courageous men like the Captains I have named, upon so hazardous a mission, seeing, as they must have done, the natives pouring down in great numbers towards the beach. But the military orders were, "*On no account take the men to or near the bush; and be back into town before dusk.*" This was the first

induction of the poor unconsulted settlers into the ever-after pursued plan of making them bear the first brunt of the battle, protecting the soldiers by going in skirmishing order in advance at all the *promenades* south and north, taking pickets every other night, and working in the intrenchments all day.*

The pah on the Waireka hill, which is a lofty ridge commanding the main road for a considerable distance, could be seen by the naked eye most of the way on the road to it; the natives also could see over the country and along the beach to town; so that no movement could be made without its being at once seen and known to the insurgents. Parties of natives were out on the rocks, and along the beach, and about the pah, completely intercepting communication by way of the road with us, who, nevertheless, felt secure of our safety. The volunteers and militia made their way over the loose iron-sand at a smart pace,

* See Appendix D.

and on arriving at a point beyond Herkawa, about a mile from the great Sugar-loaf Rock, the insurgents were seen pouring down towards the beach, along the edge of the gulley below a farmer's house (Mr. John Jury's). Captain Atkinson was sent forward with fifty men in skirmishing order, and these men were the first to receive the fire. It was some minutes before the main body joined them, and in this interval the advanced party were hard pressed and thrown into disorder for a moment —one young man, F. Rawson, the son of Dr. Rawson, falling badly wounded in the thigh.* They rallied immediately, and the main body arriving, the whole held their ground, although surrounded and greatly outnumbered. After some time a party was detached to command the beach, and preserve as far as possible the line of retreat.

* This amiable young man has patiently endured much suffering, through a long and painful illness, in consequence of this wound; and this, alas! is not the only severe trial of his good father.

Mr John Jury's house round which the battle of the Waireka was fought.

It would be difficult to give any correct idea of this battle, even if desirable. It was, however, maintained vigorously for the whole afternoon, until dark. The cover of the volunteer party consisted of the house and stacks of the farmer before alluded to, and a rough but efficient breastwork of logs, firewood, and oat-straw, on which they retreated as night drew on. Their ammunition running low, and no communication taking place with the other parties in the expedition, they were obliged to cease firing, and reserve what few rounds remained for a final rush, should that be necessary. In an early part of the battle, the Niger's party and some of the soldiers appeared in the rear of the militia and volunteers, and for a time kept the natives from closing in on them. The Niger's men disappeared, driving a number of natives before them, and the men of the 65th Regiment retired on their support. It is said, that when application was made to Colonel Murray for more help and ammunition, his reply was,

"*They have got into a mess; and they must get out of it how they can.*"

When it was perceived from the barracks that the fight had begun on the beach, and it was notified that a party of volunteers were hotly engaged with the insurgents, and short of ammunition, Captain Cracroft was requested to furnish a naval brigade to accompany a lieutenant and a few men of the 65th Regiment in charge of the ammunition to Omata. At three o'clock he landed sixty men and officers, and, guided by Messrs. F. Mace and C. and E. Messenger, used such despatch that he reached the scene of strife at half-past five, having searched every empty house on the line of march. Being relieved of the ammunition, the rocket party was advantageously posted near Mr. Newsham's store in the village, and the remainder of the party proceeded to attack the insurgents along the road to the ridge opposite the pah, into which the natives were swarming. After discharging a few rockets with admirable precision, they

rushed up the steep hill and entered the intrenchments, clearing their way with revolver, cutlass, and pistol. The sailors called to each other to make "a back," to enable them to jump over the palisades right into the midst of the armed natives. By this bold act the natives were taken by surprise, and somewhat paralysed. Thus, by taking advantage of a thickly-wooded gulley, Captain Cracroft came unexpectedly on the natives, opened fire, drove them back, and charging the fugitives, entered the pah simultaneously with them.

A promised reward of £10 to the capturer of the Maori flag had caused the palisades to be quickly surmounted in the way I have described, and William Ogden was the first man in amongst the insurgents. This took place in as short a space of time as its narration. The sailors alone took the pah, held it, and only left it to return on board and provide for their creature-comfort and the safety of their craft. Many natives were killed, others were wounded, and several of the principal chiefs

were slain. It is supposed that about twelve chiefs and sixty Maories were killed, but the certainty of this has never been ascertained—the natives at all hazards taking care of their dead and wounded.

The Maori flag was captured,* and thus a diversion effected, which certainly saved my brother-settlers from being destroyed to a man, from their perilous situation, absolute want of ammunition, and being shamefully abandoned by the military. The recall being sounded by Colonel Murray, the troops returned to town before dusk, in obedience to positive orders. As I have said, the situation of the volunteers and militia was perilous indeed; and it needed cool and determined officers, like

* The devices on the flag were Mount Egmont, or Taranaki, and the Sugar-loaf Rock, with the letters M. N., Maori Nation, the figure of a heart and star, or the sun, on a red ground. The natives had explained these symbols to us as meaning that the land from Taranaki to the Sugar Loaf was the land of their forefathers; that the heart of the Maori was set upon having this land; and that the sun or star was the eye of God resting upon it,

those who took the lead on this occasion, to maintain their spirits in such circumstances. They did so, however, and retired silently, under cover of the darkness, and arrived in town after midnight—just as the excitement was fast approaching almost madness, amongst mothers, wives, and sisters, &c., and as a relief party of the 65th Regiment and the militia was leaving for their help.

At this battle two men were killed—one a soldier, the other a Maori; and nine settlers were more or less wounded. I had a long conversation with one of these wounded men (a good, pious young man), and had I spare time it would be interesting to relate his story, and how for hours he was left alone near the scene of conflict—the sensations which he had, and the support which the thought of the love of God afforded him in his solitude, pain, and danger—the anxious search for him by his brother and a party who happily found him ere he was quite exhausted with pain and suffering.

I wish, too, I could convey to the reader

some idea of a very interesting conversation I had with a farmer's wife, a Scotchwoman, the mother of a large family, and one whose losses since the breaking out of the war may be summed up in the words "*lost everything.*" Her husband had, by the industry and perseverance of himself and family, brought his farm into a state of productiveness even beyond that of most of his neighbours. He had once a quiet, beautiful homestead, and every prospect of prosperity and enjoyment in the decline of life. Alas, for them, and for many others like them, who had toiled for years, these prospects, homes, and farms have become "the abomination of desolation." I believe it did the dear woman good to tell me her sorrows—they came gushing forth in a full torrent, while with tearful eyes and a quivering voice she related to me the incidents of the day in town on which the battle of Waireka took place. "Oh!" exclaimed this mother, "what were my feelings none can tell, when I saw my son prepare to go forth

to the battle! I felt that my heart would break should he be killed! No entreaty would stop him, as he acted from a sense of duty. Our stay and our comfort seemed for the time to have passed as a fleeting shadow from the house, when he turned his back on the door, and I watched his firm, active step down the path. How anxiously did I wait and pray for his return! How eagerly did I catch every glimpse of hope of safety to him and all! And when night came, and not my son, I went forth into the town and mingled with the crowd of anxious inquirers; and there I learnt that the volunteers were surrounded by the natives, abandoned by the military, and no hope of their being saved. The terror and overwhelming sorrow of that hour I wish no mother to experience! And when the soldiers came into town, unscathed, without the volunteers, I for one frantically seized an officer by the arm, and asked, in a tone that he dared not resist, 'Where are the volunteers?' 'My good woman,' he replied, in a touching and

sympathising tone, '*I know not.*' I almost sank down under the fearful apprehension that my boy, together with others, would meet with a cruel death, and that I should never see him again, and a kind of stupor seized me while I rested on my daughter's arm. And so hours passed on, until all at once a tumultuous cry of joy thrilled through my veins, and the words '*The volunteers are safe!*' quickened me into life again. I saw these noble fellows now as anxious to satisfy all interested in their safety, as they were not long before to effect their escape from dangers to which they had been so shamefully exposed. Many anxious voices were raised in loud inquiries for those dear and anxiously-looked-for ones, who had escaped through God's mercy the perils which at one time it seemed as if death alone would terminate. I am not one of those who think that you and others who remained at Omata caused us all this anguish and sorrow; for I believe an overruling Providence did by this means save the town and all of us from

greater trials than any we have yet experienced."

A great deal has been said and written about this battle and its cause. I am quite prepared to give full credit to the wish of all engaged in it to do their utmost to effect the rescue of all whose lives at the time were thought to be in the utmost peril; and should very much regret, even more than I do now, that we were the unwilling cause of the conflict, but for the fact that I think this very unexpected encounter with the natives prevented the dire calamity of an attack on the town, by about one thousand well-armed, desperate natives, which I had reason to believe was planned, and would doubtless have been attempted, had not this taken place. The natives were thus taught that they had tougher men to deal with, in the courageous volunteers and militia—who were, as they thought and felt, defending their own property and that of their neighbours and friends—than the soldiers, who, as mere mercenaries, fight only for

empty glory, or under the influence of a power which they dare not resist.

Relying, as most of us did, on the assurance that timely notice would be given when our removal was absolutely necessary, I do think it rather hard that a sweeping censure should have been passed upon the Rev. H. Brown, myself, and others, for remaining at Omata until after the battle. Nay, it has been even said that the blood of all slain, and the sufferings of all wounded on that occasion, rest upon our heads. I cannot but trace in the whole affair a merciful Providence, and feel most sincerely thankful that we were made the humble instruments of preventing a vast amount of bloodshed, and probably dire confusion and fearful calamities, too serious to contemplate, happening to the town.

It is very doubtful, even if the troops had succeeded in reaching our place of safety, that we should *all* have placed ourselves under their care and protection. Be it recollected, it was no wish of ours that an armed

expedition should be set on foot on our behalf; and as the natives had been faithful to us, we should have departed from our principles of neutrality if we had placed ourselves under the protection of the military. While quite ready to acknowledge the promptitude of my fellow-settlers in volunteering, no doubt from the very best of motives—and ever anxious as I am to acknowledge with gratitude the hazardous attempt—yet I repeat, that I think it would have been wrong to have gone forth from our unfortified refuge with armed men, while the natives were about, and there was any possibility of a conflict when we were in the hands of the military. When we did leave for town, every hostile native was away, and far on the road southward, quietly effecting their escape with the property of the poor plundered settlers.

This may seem to many very thankless, but I must contend that the very expedition itself placed us in a most fearfully dangerous situation, especially if the natives had but proved themselves to be such monsters of

savage cruelty as they are always represented by their enemies.

It may be urged "that we had no right to argue, but to act; that we were glad to enjoy all the protection, but shrank from the work of defence." And, unfortunately, this is the spirit with which those who have the authority have made both the willing and the unwilling to act; the settlers, and their interests, consciences and property, being as chaff before the wind of military expediency.

A few days after the battle, Mr. Brown procured, at a great expense, carts from friendly natives to get some of his goods and chattels into town. I and my son William, with our cart, accompanied this expedition. It was painful to witness the greedy and avaricious appetite of the natives exhibit itself in their haggling for terms of remuneration for engaging to render their assistance. No carts could be had in town. The native carts were idle, but they refused to let them go without at the same time having a strong armed escort

of their own people, and every man in this escort to be paid. Mr. Brown offered terms which one would have thought satisfactory, but the cunning creatures knowing the circumstances of the case, a pressing demand was made for more. We started at last, disgusted with their greediness, and then determined to go on to Brookwood, and to do the best we could, without their carts, their pretended protection, or assistance. But we had not proceeded far before they quickly put to their bullocks in their carts, and immediately followed—thinking, no doubt, the chance of securing so much money would not very soon happen again. We journeyed on with eight bullock-carts and about forty friendly natives, without experiencing anything particular; arrived at Brookwood; quickly loaded the carts with what was most urgently required, leaving Mr. Brown's good furniture, and returned to within a mile of town with our imposing escort. At one particular point, wishing some of the natives to turn up a road to

secure some of Mr. Touett's property, they objected parting company, and manifested or pretended a fear of hostile natives. They had no objection, however, to my going unarmed to see that all was right. I felt that if I had no other security but their bravery, poor and woful would be my lot! They managed to ease us of a few little things, which, notwithstanding our vigilance, we could not prevent their taking.

The Sunday following the battle, all the families that had been under the kind protection of Mr. Brown, and shared together in his hospitality, went to Church in compliance with his wishes. As the service was short, my wife and I went from the Church to the Wesleyan Methodist Chapel. As some portion of the Chapel was occupied by persons as a temporary shelter, an alteration had been made in the time of service that the evenings might be quiet. We were thus enabled to secure seats, just as the first hymn was singing. The Rev. Mr. C. Fletcher, the minister of the Chapel, de-

livered a most excellent and appropriate sermon, full of spiritual life and comfort, rightly viewing the trials of the moment as lessons conveying a far deeper meaning than could be learnt by trusting in our own poor, weak judgment of things—lamenting the unhappy conflict between the two races, who were, in the sight of God, brethren—urging that perhaps our hands were not altogether clean in this matter—that incontestable as the advantages of civilization undoubtedly are, we had not perhaps taken sufficient care to shield the natives from the evils which follow in its train—that we had not exercised that constant watchfulness which was requisite to counteract the grosser influences with which they were brought into contact. Not forgetting the good done by Christian instruction, how much more might it have been, had the natives been brought more frequently and directly into contact with the true principles of order, nationality, and Christian nobleness—that whilst influences have been busy among them

for evil, sowing suspicion, misrepresenting actions and motives, we have not been sufficiently active in the opposite direction—that by an exercise of the spirit of love, their evil passions might be subdued, and their whole souls brought into subjection to the law of God and Christianity. The prayer was the most earnest pouring out of the pious soul in gratitude to God, and a yearning for that help which is promised to them who seek it, that I ever had the sacred pleasure of listening to. Altogether, the service was *consoling*, *confirming*, and *soul-supporting*. Oh! what a privilege have those to whom the means of grace are ever available—who, by neither distance, nor care, nor sorrow, nor affliction, are shut out from a full participation in the solemn enjoyment of the house of God!

After one more visit to Omata, and a hurried preparation to leave New Plymouth, I sought to obtain the consent of the military authorities to proceed at once with my family to Nelson. For such a simple request one

would have thought the course smooth enough, especially to one exempted from serving in the militia. I did not find it so, however; and although, after much perseverance and some not very courteous rebuffs, I succeeded in obtaining what was needful, it is but little for which I feel bound to thank the authorities. I saw and heard enough, the few days that I stayed in town, to make me view the then existing state of things as highly immoral, and destructive to the best interests of Taranaki. The settlers had in all things to give precedence to the soldiers; and the overbearing manner of the military officers and coxcombry of the militia officials would have been somewhat amusing, had it not been in many respects very trying and painful to bear.

After a rough passage of thirty-six hours, in which we experienced from the Captain of the Wonga-Wonga and his crew the greatest attention and kindness, we landed at Nelson amidst hundreds of eager but kindly-disposed people. In the crowd, whether from fright

or excitement, my youngest boy drew his little hand out of mine, and it being dark, he was in a moment mingling with the crowd. He was immediately caught up and taken into the tavern a few yards from the head of the pier. I was in a very distressed state of mind for a few moments, fearing the dear little fellow had slipped into the water. Eagerly inquiring if such a little fellow had been seen, I at last met with the very gentleman who had, for safety, taken him to the tavern.

We were all very poor sailors, and glad enough when the vessel became steadier as she passed up Blind Bay to the harbour. The city of Nelson is about a mile from the haven, to which there is an excellent macadamised road. In fact, the roads are all good, compared with those of Taranaki.

Next day, after seeing our luggage safely put into a cart, we journeyed on *four* miles out of town on the Wakapuaka road, and up a valley called Dodson's Valley, where almost at its extreme verge, and close under the hills,

we found our house, which had not been inhabited for more than a year and a half. This I had succeeded in getting rent-free, for there was a generous rivalry with the kind-hearted inhabitants of Nelson to do the utmost for the comfort and shelter of the expatriated Taranaki settlers. It was towards evening when we arrived.

We spread our beds on the floor, and sought the rest so desirable to our wearied bodies and sorrowing hearts. We all complained of the sensation of the house appearing to reel with us, and the floor to move from our feet, and our heads as heavy as lead. Bare and scanty was our lot! Yet we were happy in being thus united — dwelling in safety, in peace, and quietness, far away from the strife, the noise, and confusion, which had made the otherwise quiet town of New Plymouth anything but an agreeable place of residence.

To *Him* whose goodness we beheld enthroned and reigning over all the events of time and the destinies of eternity, who

watcheth over His children in their weakness, and subdueth their strength when armed against His will, we committed ourselves and our children, and enjoyed the sweetest night of rest since we were compelled to leave our own lovely home. Dear to each other, it was no little matter for thanksgiving when we awoke on the light of a Sabbath, the most lovely that nature in all her profuse richness could bestow—that we were thus spared to each other to begin life afresh—to suffer and struggle again, if need be, with a firm trust in the infinite love of God. "There is shadow and mystery upon all the creation, till we see God in it; there is trouble and fear till we see God's love in it."

I know not how to give an idea of the secluded spot on which stands our little but convenient house. It has about it, notwithstanding its neglected state, an air of quiet prettiness. The front partially covered with roses and honeysuckle, perfuming the air, and in their loveliness reminding us of bygone

delights amidst our own sweet garden—the weeping willows (Salix Babylonica) overhanging the babbling rivulet close to the house—the native fuschia—apple and other fruit trees—all helped to reconcile us to our new home. A year ago I should have thought this place dull and forbidding enough. Compared with my own delightful homestead, it wears an air of poverty and baldness which is anything but enticing to a lover of nature. Yet I feel how kind, indeed, it was of a perfect stranger to give us shelter, and supply us at once with many necessaries and some few luxuries in our destitute state.

There is more of the stern reality of nature here than one sees at Taranaki. A semicircle of "marvellous hills in fluctuation fixed" bounds the valley, with an opening looking on to the bay, which, with its singular boulder-bank separating an extensive mud-flat from the shingled shore, forms a straight line stretching for eight miles from the harbour to the hills. The tide ebbs and flows every

day over thousands of acres of this land, which, doubtless, at some future day, will be made available for agricultural purposes. This often presents a most lovely scene—calm, clear, and unruffled; reflecting the clouds and hills on its surface, and laving the shore with a pleasant sound. The opposite shore, with its long range of snow-capped mountains, greatly adds to the beauty of the scene.

How pleasing the fact, that human nature soon adapts itself to the varying circumstances of life! Here I find enough to awaken a deep sense of the goodness of the Almighty—enough to carry the "enraptured vision from earth to heaven." And yet here, as if to remind me still that the dreary waters of the flood of difficulties were not subsided for the dove of comfort to find a resting place, I had some sore trials, to keep down my too-buoyant spirits; and as it too often happens, originating in the unhappy disposition of some people to injure the character, while refusing to listen to the arguments of those who,

however truthful and sincere, may hold views differing from their own.

There was that said of me which at once shut up the hearts that otherwise were full of sympathy for the suffering stranger. I knew nothing of the opprobrium laid against me for acts which the whole course of my life would belie. I did wonder why cold looks, and in some instances, in hospitable rebuffs, were given, where I looked for sympathy and kindness. Judging by what I heard and read in the local newspapers, I was not surprised that prejudice existed against me for the views I entertained of the unchristian character of all war, and therefore I quietly bore all. It was impossible, however, not to become speedily and painfully sensible of the fact that I was now an *exile;* and whatever might be my feelings with regard to the unrighteous character of the war that had produced this change, and the consequences to which I was subjected through it—difficulty of procuring suitable employment —sickness in the house, and the inaptitude

of those dear to me readily to succumb to the change in our circumstances—I found it not so easy quietly to cope with the unfortunate state of affairs, as regards providing for a large family.

The refugees were told that help would be afforded to them in their distress, if they complied with the wishes of the Taranaki Government by seeking shelter at Nelson; but, after a few weeks, a rigid economy caused such an alteration in the aid afforded, as seriously to affect the already suffering condition of some few families, particularly those with whom the head of the family happened to be—they being expected to obtain employment, and do something towards supporting their families.

Considerable sickness prevailed amongst the Taranaki people. My family was visited first by a low kind of fever, which laid up my wife and three of the youngest children at the same time. One of these afterwards had an attack of typhus fever, from which she recovered only

through careful and good nursing, and through God's mercy she was spared to us. In the midst of all this affliction I received an official letter from New Plymouth, announcing the serious illness, even almost unto death, of the poor lad whom we were compelled to leave behind us when we left Taranaki. I lost no time in seeking the means to enable me to go at once by the steamer to rescue him, if alive, from so execrable a life as he had been forced to lead. To the honour of the Superintendent of Nelson be it said, a moment's hesitation was not needed to dictate to him a generous helping hand; and I took my passage in the steamer the next day after the receipt of the letter, thus leaving one child delirious and dying for aught I knew, to seek and save another in the hospital at New Plymouth.

My visit to Taranaki not only afforded me the happiness of finding my son convalescent, but also of meeting with a great deal of kindness, and cordial warm-hearted wishes that I might be enabled to satisfy the Nelson people

that I was not what I had been represented; and letters of a satisfactory character were written on my behalf by gentlemen, who (not having their consent to name them) will receive this brief acknowledgment of their kindness, as coming from a heart that will long remember it with gratitude.

The next day after my arrival at New Plymouth I went out with my bullocks and cart, a neighbour's son as driver, in company with other carts to Omata, to see the state of the farm, and bring into town all that I could find available or useful. Judge of my surprise when I saw the complete ruin and desolation of my lovely home. No words can convey the feelings which took possession of my heart, when I looked round and saw in my own farm and house but a type of the real state of things, as touching all the property of my neighbours around. I had left stacks of wheat, oats, and beans; plantations of mangold wurtzel, carrots, potatoes, and other produce of a large and good garden, and, though a

small, yet a well-cultivated farm. Of the stacks, not a vestige remained, but the straw and bean haulm worked up into a heap of short litter, the effect of pigs rooting, and cattle constantly treading, after all the grain and the best of the straw were eaten. The ground, covered with root-crops when I left, was bare, and nearly as hard as the road. Fences were broken down to the ground, shrubs and choice plants destroyed, peach trees converted into the shape of umbrella frames, flower borders and paths alike ploughed up by pigs—windows broken, door wide open—the house ransacked and plundered—valuable seeds stolen (I had above £10 worth of onion seed), ruin and destruction too grievous to dwell upon. Thus have I lost at least £120 worth of crops, besides my cattle, sheep, and pigs!

I hastily put together the few things left with a heavy heart, ran down to the "Swiss Cottage," so often visited and as often enjoyed when my dear friend and I dwelt together in the sweetest harmony, love and fellowship;

and there beheld a scene of wanton destruction which led me inwardly to exclaim, "Oh, war! thou hast blasted our hopes—thou hast demonised the human heart—for even here, in this quiet and lovely spot, where one would have thought peace had found a quiet resting-place, mischief has done its work." At least £50 worth of valuable bulbs, choice—I may say some of the choicest—plants and shrubs taken away; the papering of the house torn down and carried away; the glass of the neat little conservatory broken, doors torn off their hinges, and everything the adverse of its former trim and quiet beauty. I took a hurried view of other neighbours' houses and gardens, all were alike in this desolate and plundered state!

With a sorrowing heart I sent the cart away, and would have soon followed it into town, but for an indescribable longing to be alone amidst the scenes of my exertions and anxieties, before turning my back on a home which, for *eight* years, had given me rest and

peace. When I shall see this spot again, Heaven only knows; and how, if ever I do return to my farm, I shall get the means to bring it into anything like the order in which I left it, is to me a difficult question to solve. If compensation is offered by Government, it will, doubtless, be in land purchased by blood; and even that, if I could accept it, is only in the distant future! That day was a point of my chequered life, and I shall not be thought complaining, if, in dwelling with fond recollection upon every feature of the place so familiar to me, but now so changed, I felt grieved; and my heart was full of emotion, not only on my own account, but also for those hapless neighbours, who, like me, had left their hearths and homes, and who were compelled to fight, if need be, against a foe exasperated by every imaginable wrong which was thought by them to be the result of the white man's increasing power and number. I felt sorrowful, too, at the change; for no longer the familiar faces of those who gladdened my path in life were to

be seen. I had witnessed in town the effects of the change of life and the endurance of bitter trials on many of my kind, good neighbours, in their pale and emaciated faces, and fervently did I pray that their present wretched mode of life might soon end. Used to comfort, cleanliness of the highest order, and the quiet of an affectionate circle, what must they have endured to be cooped up in a garrison amongst drunken, swearing, and dirty, ignorant men? And the worst feature of the whole, no hope of a happier state of things, but a long-protracted, dreary dragging on of unmeaning events, waiting on an unsatisfactory settlement of the question as affecting the two races. I could not but feel and say to myself, "Taranaki is fallen! and New Zealand will long bow down its head like a bulrush! This lovely climate and improvable soil, with all its mineral wealth and suceptibilities of progress, will be for a very long time but a fond recollection, or a pleasing dream long dwelling on the hopeful heart."

There are circumstances in life which make us seek for solitude under the pressure of intense emotion, when we have neither language to express them to ourselves, nor loved ones in whose silent eyes we may read kindred feelings, and find a sympathy which wants no words to portray.

The thoughts of a home that I had made—the little house where I had spent nearly nine years—the scene of my labours, my joys and sorrows, hopes and disappointments—caused my imagination to call up the fearful effects of war, the full horrors of its devastating power, and I felt humbled in the sight of God; for perhaps I had too highly prized my household gods, and this particular spot of the wide-spreading world.

There, in all its solitary sweetness and quiet beauty—beauty which happily could not be easily destroyed—it lay before me. A last long lingering look, and I then turned my back upon it, feeling that I should not again tread the ground watered by the sweat of my brow,

and made almost sacred to me by the often-enjoyed (with inexpressible luxury) converse with sweet Nature. I had almost worshipped her. The flowers, the bees, the trees, all kindled a delightful train of ideas and emotions, which raised my mind to the sublime conception of God, and bestowed the spiritual enjoyment of communion in holy worship of Him, "who hath made of one blood all nations of the earth."

I was thankful that thus undisturbed I enjoyed this exquisite pleasure, and I turned my feet towards the town with much better spirits than I could have thought it possible when I first saw the place that day.

If I seem minute in my description of circumstances, and in the relation of my sensations, let those who read my narrative remember, that such little incidents and reflections are, to a considerable extent, a fair representation of what, no doubt, other settlers in Taranaki experience as the result of this unhappy war.

I made application to the military authorities for the discharge of my son Thomas, and although furnished with a clear certificate of his unfitness for military duty from the medical officer, yet I was bandied about from one office to another, until within a few moments of the steamer "Airedale" leaving for the south. I was compelled at last to leave without obtaining this desirable document; and so it may be that he will yet be called into this hateful service again. I was determined, however, not to leave him behind; and I did, therefore, what I think every one else in my situation would have done—got into the boat with my son, just as it was about to leave the shore. The health of my son is very much impaired by the exposure and neglect that he suffered while in the garrison at Omata. His illness arose from inflammation of the lungs.

The weather was rough and the sea boisterous, which made it rather doubtful if the steamer would wait in the open roadstead for

us, and several times the boatmen exclaimed, "She is off!" But still they pulled away most heartily, and it was a pleasing excitement to see how beautifully they managed the boat, and kept her head up against the tremendous waves, while she rode buoyantly on till we reached the steamer.

My son was so weak, that in attempting to swing himself from the boat on to the steamer, he nearly fell into the sea; but, fortunately, the ship at the moment gave a lurch towards the boat, and we caught him, and then pushed him on board in the best way we could. I had left on the beach packages and boxes to take with me, but owing to the roughness of the weather, I had to leave them there in the charge of a friend, and we proceeded on our passage with only a carpet bag. This was most unfortunate, as there was a bale of blankets and some boys' clothing, and the boxes contained warm clothes, &c. My son and I both suffered from sea-sickness; he was, however, greatly benefited by the passage, and

we were both only too glad to set our feet on *terra firma*, and once more to join the family circle.

After my return from Taranaki the tables seemed turned somewhat in my favour. I met with kind-hearted friends, and I succeeded in obtaining an appointment as teacher to a Government school, at a salary of £80 per annum. How long this may last is rather doubtful, for although the system adopted here for general unsectarian education is an admirable one, yet, unfortunately, the parents of the children seem not sufficiently to appreciate it, to make it *certain* that a sufficient average number will attend to ensure the amount of salary I have named, and a less one would render it difficult to maintain my position. Rightly enough, if a certain average number daily cannot be shown, a reduction in the teacher's salary is made.

Behold me then, dear reader, daily engaged in the "delightful task, to teach the young idea how to shoot;" always anxious to learn

the news from Taranaki, and hopefully looking forward to a safe and speedy settlement of this most unhappy quarrel.

Every trip of the steamer brings us sad, and still sadder news! Fathers and husbands murdered, brothers shot and tomahawked, houses burnt, even under the very nose of nearly 2,000 soldiers cooped up in town; horses and cattle driven away in the very teeth of a fortified garrison; unmeaning expeditions set on foot, dragging the poor settlers and soldiers along dreary miles of muddy, heavy roads, through rivers, and along the loose, heavy iron-sand; women forced to leave their husbands and homes by the not-to-be-resisted persuasion of the bayonet; all terminating in *nothing* but disasters to the settlers and their property, and a still more and more complicated state of the quarrel, which *many* persons think might have been settled without adopting military force; or if, when once adopted, promptness and vigour had been pursued, the insurgent natives would have

been subdued. Whereas now they are the besiegers of the beleaguered town, and the military are only tarnishing the name of Britain, and bringing disgrace on that "man-slaying profession" in which Englishmen glory, and for which the world has given them credit as being greatly proficient.

It has often been pleaded, "The Governor could not with honour have avoided the conflict with Wiremu Kingi and his natives;"—but I am reminded in this of what was once said by Sir Robert Peel. "In my opinion," said he, "no motive can be more justly branded as ignominious than that which is usually termed cowardice. But there is a temper of mind much more dangerous than this—though it may not be so base—I mean, the fear of being thought to be afraid. Base as a coward is, the man who abandons himself to the fear of being thought a coward displays little more fortitude."

There are many subjects which it might be impossible for his Excellency to contemplate

without dread—many views from which he might have been fully justified in shrinking before declaring war, or proclaiming martial law; viz., the ruin of the settlements of Taranaki—the desolation of the settlers' homes—the sorrows overwhelming the hearts of widows, orphans, and bereaved sisters and friends, at the untimely death of those dear to them—the destruction of the hopeful prospects of industrious and self-denying men—the sad forebodings of their irretrievable losses, and the consequent waste of many years of toil and hardships.

But as we are none of us prophets of the future, and the weakness of humanity clings to governor as well as to the governed, we cannot do better (while justly deprecating this unrighteous war) than earnestly to pray to Almighty God so to guide our councillors, legislators, and ruler, that by the exercise of that "wisdom which cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of a turning,"

they may be able to bring about a speedy and safe adjustment of this most unhappy quarrel, before it extends into a fierce, cruel, and general contention between the two races now inhabiting these islands.

*** In order that the reader should be made acquainted with the war in New Zealand to the present time, the Publisher has appended extracts from Colonial papers, which give a general outline of the history of the war from the time Mr. Gilbert left Taranaki.

APPENDIX.

From the "Southern Cross," Auckland, New Zealand, June 28th, 1860.

About 150 of the Waikato and Kawhia natives are, or shortly since were, with William King. The two leaders, Epiha and Hone Pumipi, both advocate war. At the first meeting with the Ngatiruanui deputation at Kihikihi, Epiha showed strong sympathy to King, and at the Ngaruawahia meeting, when Ngatiruanui were present, Hone Pumipi strongly urged that Waikato should rise. Epiha, a man whom our informant knows thoroughly, told him that if any fighting should take place during their stay at Taranaki, he and his friends would take a part in it. The natives in our correspondent's vicinity consider Epiha's delay as an indication of his determination to fight. Supposing, then, any of that party to be killed, it is impossible to say how that would influence the Upper Waikato, Upper Waipu, Kawhia, Mokau, and Taupo natives. It is to be feared that many would be drawn into the war.

We have been for some while past carefully observing, with the view to ascertain whether there

be any connexion, or how much, between W. King's rebellion and the Waikato king-movement. For we are not one of those who have jumped to the rash conclusion that the two are identical. That some connexion is assumed at Waikato (we cannot speak with confidence about Taranaki) seems clear. During the late meeting, a native of some importance used these words:—"We know that the land belongs to Taylor; and had it been sold some years ago we should not have interfered. But now, the sale was opposed to the *mana* of the Maori king." As we have stated from the first, it is not likely that W. King, had he not expected assistance from the Waikatos, would have gone to such length in his opposition. So long, in fact, as the king-movement continues, so long will there be no secure peace for the colony.

It was a mistake, from the first, treating this movement with neglect, in the expectation that it would die out. But by-gones must be by-gones. The single question now is, how to put it down. We no longer inquire, for this purpose, whether the Governor acted prudently or not in commencing the war. It suffices that the war exists—that cruel murders have been committed, and that the law must be enforced, at any sacrifice. What we have mainly to bear in mind is that the future plans of Waikato will depend upon the mode in which our operations are carried on. Let the war be carried on within as narrow limits as possible—short in time and narrow in space—yet still on a scale extensive enough to convince the Maori that they cannot cope with the Pakeha. This they

must be made to feel. Yet it is to be feared that the whole affair will end in a plaister, from financial considerations. The war costs W. King so many kits of potatoes per month; it costs us a number of thousands, which, for fear of possible error, we hesitate to name; and dilatoriness all the while appears to be the order of the day. It would be useless to patch up a peace while the natives are constantly boasting that in the war with Heke, and in the South, they were completely victorious. No race that we are acquainted with have a more conceited idea of their own powers. They consider one Maori equal to three soldiers. The jingle of rhyme that was current during the Peninsular war,—"One Frenchman can lick two Portugee, but one Englishman can beat all three," may be retorted on us; but the odds, in this case, amount in reality to no more than two to one.

It is not in Waikato alone that the king-movement needs putting down. His Majesty's flag is found in several places, and troops cannot be sent in pursuit of it wherever it may chance to be set up. The most feasible plan appears to be that which has already been partially adopted—that of shutting up the English markets against all who refuse to submit to English law. A stringent act of the Assembly would enable the Governor in a few months to inflict a peaceful but severe punishment upon offending tribes. What has been commenced at Kawhia might be carried out to a certain extent elsewhere. We do not say, to the same extent, seeing no necessity to remove the Europeans. Let them stay if they please; but

make the penalties for trading very severe. Close up the Maori mills; send back their vessels; and in a few months a very different state of feeling would exist. Allow no trading with any district until the leading men in it sign an acknowledgment of submission to the law. If afterwards opposition be offered, put the law again immediately into force.

The natives can no longer live without English supplies. If Europeans be allowed to live in the country, let them only receive what is required for their own private use; such supplies being liable to inspection by the proper officer. This would be the most difficult part of the scheme to work; and if found in practice impossible, the Europeans would have to remove themselves.

The Waikato natives have themselves the idea that the markets will be shortly closed against them. Some of the Mokau natives have just written to one of our informants to inquire whether the markets are yet open. Others are hurrying down to obtain supplies, hearing that the door will soon be closed.

Report states that a party of about ten Kawhia natives had gone to Taranaki to request the Kawhia people there to return. Is this a sign of peace, or of preparation on their part to resist an expected attack from the Pakeha? We have not, as yet, the means of forming an opinion.

Rewi has returned *viâ* Kawhia to Waipa. He reports that before he separated from the Waikatos at Tongopouta (he did not go on himself to Waitara), that Epiha had given up the idea of setting up the

king's flag on Teira's land. 2ndly. That when they reached W. King's pah, they found he had the timber ready for a new pah on Teira's land. Its erection was opposed by Epiha, and the timber was being removed to Waitaha, where the new pah would be built. 3rdly. That thirty Kawhia natives had started for Taranaki to bring back the Kawhia people; but Rewi feared that if they did not return next week, they would be waiting to join in a fight.

THE FIGHT AT WAITARA.

From "The Taranaki Herald."

New Plymouth, June 30th, 1860.

Whilst last Saturday's sheet was printing, guns were heard at Waitara, and the "Tasmanian Maid" on Tuesday brought intelligence that a reconnoitring party of the 40th had been fired on by natives from the pah recently restored at Puketakauere. This act of aggression loosened the hands of our military commander, and steps were taken to punish the insurgents for their growing boldness.

Wednesday morning was fixed for attacking the pah. Guns and reinforcements of the 40th Regiment, and of the blue jackets, were despatched from town; and plans of proceeding canvassed by men with and without authority.

Weather of the most inclement kind that this country knows, added to the hardships of those pre-

paring for the rough business. The reinforcements waded out through a sea of mud, under south-west squalls and showers.

The Puketakauere pah consists of two stockades; one upon the intrenchments of the old pah of the same name, the other new, and apparently without intrenchments. They stand on a ridge formed by two small gulleys. These gulleys meet a little below the pah, and open on to swampy ground in the Waitara Valley, forming a sort of long Y, the stalk towards the river, and the stockades in the fork.

The main body, consisting of the grenadier and light companies of the 40th Regiment, under Captain Richards, and sixty blue jackets, under 1st Lieut. Battiscombe, of the "Pelorus," with the artillery, approached the pah by the directest road from the camp, and at 7 o'clock, a.m., the guns were brought to bear, and the men extended on the N.W. or seaward side of the pah, the smaller gulley between them and it. With this division were Major Nelson, and Captain Seymour of the "Pelorus."

A second division of about fifty men, under Captain Messenger, was posted on the flat of the Waitara, to cut off the retreat on that side; and a third, under Captain Bowdler, passed along the river banks, and attempted to take the pah in the rear.

The natives were aware of the movement, and on the alert. The first firing was on the rearward party, and a Maori informant states that, finding the troops advancing on that side, many of the natives went out of the stockade; some of them endeavouring to

escape, and some occupying the intrenchments of a second old pah, to the rearward of—that is to say, nearer the Waitara, than the two stockades. It could be seen that the party under Captain Messenger was doing great execution on the stragglers who attempted to escape, and for a time it appeared as if the attack in the rear would succeed; but, after a short space, a large reinforcement from the inland settlements of Wi Kingi arrived among the high fern, and a fierce battle ensued; the natives greatly outnumbering the troops.

The grenadier company of the 40th Regiment, and the blue jackets, formed the right wing of the main party in front, and extended beyond the head of the gulley, facing partly round towards the south-west side of the pah. Large numbers of the enemy came to the brink of the gulley, and the pah was probably almost empty. The combatants were about 150 yards apart, divided by the gulley, firing briskly and steadily, but not able to close except where the right wing overlapped the head of the gulley, and here a desperate struggle took place with a party of natives who held a trench—one of the outworks of the old fortifications. Here was the hottest fighting, and the greatest loss sustained by this division.

Early in the day a messenger of the rebels was seen to start from the rear, and between nine and ten o'clock large reinforcements came from inland; part of which, as we have already said, attacked the second and third divisions, and the remainder outflanked the main body in the front.

Having held his ground for some time, without reinforcements arriving, or any signs of a diversion appearing, Major Nelson gave orders to sound the retire.

An attempt to follow was checked by a murderous fire from the artillery, and the main body retreated in order, and without serious molestation, and arrived in camp at 1 p.m. The other divisions were much harassed in their retreat, not having heavy guns to support them. We believe it was in retreat that Lieut. Brooke and the other gallant fellows of these divisions were killed. They endeavoured to retire as they had advanced; but we fear some misunderstanding, or mistake of the ground, was partly the cause of the serious loss on this side. They had to fight their way back to the camp.

There were men present cool enough to see that the British honour was not only sustained but exalted by this fierce struggle. The great numerical superiority of the natives alone made it necessary for our troops to retire. Officers and men fought with steadiness and energy, under a fire which an Indian officer compares to that at Ferozeshah and Sobraon, and which a soldier of the Crimea states to have been hotter than that in the Redan. The gallant Captain Seymour, of the "Pelorus," received a bullet in the leg. Lieut. Brooke sold his life dearly, and fell only when his sword arm was helplessly wounded. Non-commissioned officers and privates were recognised, in some cases, singly and coolly firing on large bodies of the enemy, and then as coolly retiring. The enemy,

too, showed unexpected resolution, and has proved the first body of men able to meet the British bayonet.

It must not be omitted either, that thoughtful preparations had been made by the excellent commander of the 40th for the day's work. Double rations of food were cooked, carts, bullocks, ammunition, every thing was punctually at its place; and the excellent plan of operations, and gallant conduct of the attack, did fresh honour to the name idolised by Britons.

This sanguinary fight would have been the annihilation of the native force at Waitara, had more troops been present.

The large army assembled about W. King is a fine comment on the policy of our Government, which stands trifling with mild addresses and Maori parliaments, whilst the men whom it seeks to conciliate gather by the thousand, with arms in hand, to give that dignity to the deliberations of their senators which belongs to a sense of their power.

The blazing houses of Tataraimaka, in the rear of our retreating column on that side, are a further illustration of the system of pausing between every blow in a struggle to make overtures to the foe, and ascertain if he has made up his mind to continue the contest. Clemency is the privilege and embellishment of vigour. India might have taught what New Zealand is repeating, that the most tremulous hand makes the bloodiest work.

While the bodies of our gallant comrades are lying unburied among the fern, we cannot criticise or blame. We can but indulge the hope that their blood has not

run out in vain. The battle of Puketakauere, bloody and inconclusive, is still a break in the cloudy view; though many more of us may be parted from those nearest us before the vapours roll away, and show us again the blue sky of peace.

From "The Nelson Examiner," August 4th, 1860.

The news from Waitara is sad enough. Mr. Corbyn Harris, whilst collecting firewood on the beach, on Saturday, the 28th instant, was shot and tomahawked. Two soldiers were with him, and, observing natives approaching, they hailed Mr. Harris; but he either did not understand them, or felt unable to escape. All three, strange to say, were without their arms. The soldiers escaped to the camp. The deceased was a most exemplary young man, and the only son of Mr. Edwin Harris, one of the New Zealand Company's surveyors. For some years he has been the support of his parents and six sisters, five of whom are already refugees in your province. The body was brought up yesterday by boat. The only other intelligence is, that the red or fighting flag, after a long interval, is again flying at W. Kingi's pah. Some movement may be looked for.

From the "Taranaki Herald."

In reporting the abandonment of the Puketakauere pah, which derives its consequence from the assault

made upon it on the 27th June, we can do little more than speculate upon the fact. It is no secret now that an expedition, such as should overpower resistance, was in course of organisation, and the rebels may have forestalled a movement they could not resist. The position of the pah, besides, had been rendered comparatively valueless as a rallying point to the rebels by the two 8-inch guns of H.M.S. "Iris," which command the fortification. In another view, the season for planting is at hand, and no taste for war or rapine will induce the natives to neglect the crops on which they depend for their subsistence. This may, likewise, account for the sudden withdrawal of the southern rebels from their extensive earthworks at Waireka. It must not be imagined, however, that all the natives have quitted the district. The forest and main lines of communication with the rural districts are still infested by roving bands, who pillage and murder as inclination and opportunity prompt.

From the "Taranaki News," August 30, 1860.

The natives have, for the present, left the intrenchments they had formed before the camp at Waireka, and they have been destroyed and filled in. They are known to have suffered loss from the fire of the artillery from the camp, and probably found the place getting too hot for them. A portion of the force is moving towards Waitara, and the remainder have taken to the bush at the back of the Omata district,

and are busy forming a pah on Captain Burton's land —a very elevated position, from which the whole of the surrounding country can be seen. Nearly the whole of the houses in the Omata district were destroyed before they decamped—the Omata Inn, the extensive stores of Mr. Newsham and the houses adjoining, the extensive stables recently erected by the Rev. G. Bailey, and several other buildings belonging to that gentleman. It is a singular coincidence that, about the same time, the pah at the Waitara was also evacuated. It had been suspected for several days that the enemy had left, and on Wednesday it was taken possession of and destroyed. The main body of the natives are said to be now on the other side of the river Waitara, where they have lately constructed several strong pahs; while on the other hand it is said that the mail-man reports that he met the Waikatos returning home. What this new move may portend is as yet an enigma. This last intelligence was brought into town by Captain Richards, yesterday afternoon, who did the distance in an hour and fifteen minutes. The demolition of the pah was seen from Bell Block, and during the afternoon a party from the Block-house had the satisfaction of collecting and driving in from sixty to seventy head of cattle.

During the week, several strong parties have been marched to the Waiwakaiho, sometimes to convoy produce, at others in the hope of surprising some of the natives who have for some time past been engaged in plundering and destroying the houses in the neigh-

bourhood of Puketotara. Yesterday they were seen swarming about the houses of Mr. A. King and Dr. Nield, and about 250 men were collected, and after an hour's delay, marched to the spot, but the birds had flown. While the men remained under arms, before starting, a number of natives with the friendly smock on were hanging about the town; and we have heard it asserted, by several persons upon whose veracity we can rely, that one mounted man especially, who had waited upwards of an hour about the square, was observed to follow the troops as they went out, and about half a mile from town, turn his horse to the sandhills leading to the mouth of the Henui, and ride at racing speed along the beach towards the Waiwakaiho. We are in possession of the man's name, and the pah to which he belongs.

From the "Nelson Examiner," September 5, 1860.

After an interval of three weeks, we have again news from Taranaki.

The letters of our correspondents furnish what news there is of the war, which, we regret to say, is of a very unsatisfactory nature. A general destruction of the houses which the industrious and hard-working settlers had been compelled to abandon, to find security for life within the lines of the town; a wholesale system of plunder, of whatever property, whether stock or otherwise, they can lay their hands upon; a determination to exterminate, as far as lies in their

power, the Europeans, by murdering every individual they can come across; these are the chief events of the past three weeks, as far as the acts of the enemy are concerned. On our side there has been some skirmishing with the enemy, brought on by attempts to cut off his marauding parties; and the taking of the pah at the Waitara, when it was deserted. These skirmishes are known to have cost the enemy several lives, while fortunately on our side there were no casualties; and W. King is supposed to have abandoned his pah at Waitara, because he had been made aware that a strong force was preparing to attack him. King has retired further into the bush, where he perhaps thinks himself more secure, and will be better able to grow his potatoes. But the event which has caused the most comment at Taranaki, is the treachery of the chief Te Waka, a man who had for eighteen years lived in the town of New Plymouth, and had proved himself, on various trying occasions, the sincere friend of the Europeans. Te Waka's loyalty was so far above suspicion, and his fidelity so long tried, that the Government thought it could venture to reward other chiefs whose loyalty and good faith were more questionable, and slight in some degree their assured supporter. This is supposed to have alienated the affections of Te Waka from the Government, but he professed loyalty to the last, and with arms and ammunition furnished him by the authorities, he and his followers went over to the enemy, carrying with him, of course, an intimate knowledge of our plans and position. The defection

of Te Waka has shaken confidence in Maori loyalty, however strongly professed.

The Waikatos who had been assisting King have returned home laden with plunder; but it is conjectured that King is not over-much satisfied with his late allies; perhaps the plunder carried off by them he may consider as more than their share of the spoil. Nevertheless, two hundred more Waikatos were on their way down, just double the number of those who had returned. General Pratt had paid a visit to the Governor in Auckland, and something, it is said, will be undertaken against the enemy when the women and children are removed to a place of safety. It has been a matter of remark that the rebels have generally abstained from destroying the best of the houses which have been abandoned by the settlers, but a reason has been assigned by them for this:—they were spared that they might become the residences of their chiefs, while the barracks at Taranaki are to be the abode of their king; so certain are they that they shall drive the Europeans out of the country.

From the "Nelson Advertiser," September 8, 1860.

A native from the Waiwakaiho reported in town this morning that a body of the enemy were on A. King's land at the Henui. One hundred of the 65th, fifty of the 40th, fifty blue jackets, and fifty militia and volunteers, under their respective officers—the

whole commanded by Colonel Leslie, 40th Regiment —marched out against the rebels. The force, on reaching the turning of the road leading up to the Colonial Hospital, were thrown out, in skirmishing order; the 65th took the right and the volunteers the left of the road, and went in extended order up to A. King's house, when it was found that the enemy had decamped, leaving a large fire burning outside King's house. It was raining smartly, and the whole force returned to town. A report was afloat in town to-day that the Puketakauere pah at Waitara was occupied by the troops and destroyed. This rumour was confirmed by the arrival of Captain Richards and Mr. du Moulin overland, who had volunteered to come up with the news. The pah was occupied by the 40th on Tuesday, and found evacuated. No natives were seen, and nothing whatever found in the pah. The evacuation of the pah has naturally surprised every one. We can only account for it, that the Waikatos have returned home, and that some disagreement has transpired between them and Wi Kingi's people; and, no doubt, they have pressed Kingi's bullocks and carts to remove the plunder taken by them from us. It is reported that Tamati Teito, the prophet and leading man in the rebellion, and who has taken Kingi's place at the head of his party, has visited Tamati Wiremu, the friendly chief at Poutoko, and is said to have expressed himself as follows to him:—"If my war had been with Parris alone, the war would have been ended long ago; but the great *he* (evil) has been the Waikato." It is known that

the Waikato party are a number of reckless young men, who have taken part in the war merely for the sake of plunder. After sacking and burning our houses, they appear to have returned laden with spoil, and probably have refused to share it with Kingi. Finding that the Puketakauere pah would be untenable without the reinforcements from Waikato, Kingi's people have not occupied it since they left. A few Waikatos, however, are said to remain with Teito and his party at Puketotara. It is said by the natives that the murders committed northwards were committed by Waikatos. Regarding the evacuation of Puketakauere, the friendly natives advise its immediate occupation, to prevent its being held by the rebels again.

From the "Taranaki News," September 13, 1860.

About noon, Saturday 8th, the detachment of the 12th Regiment, stationed at the Bell Block-house, arrived in town. This concentration of troops naturally confirms the rumour that active measures on a large scale are about to be taken. Much excitement still prevails in town concerning the removal of the women and children.

No brighter day (Monday, 10th) ever dawned on Taranaki than this, as to the weather; and the feelings of most men were quite in harmony with it when it was announced to the militia on parade that an expedition in force would set out to-day against W. Kingi,

to consist of three divisions; the first under Major Nelson, the second under Major Hutchins, and the third under Colonel Leslie, the whole consisting of more than 1,500 men, under the command of Major-General Pratt, C.B. At noon the troops left town, appearing quite an army, as they extended, with baggage-carts, more than a mile in length: fifty of the volunteer rifles were allowed to accompany the expedition. At four p.m., the whole of the militia left in town, to the number of 170, was assembled, and appointed to various posts in the trenches in case of an attack.

The Waitara expedition reached Mahoetahi about six o'clock on Monday, and encamped for the night on either side of the road, the General and staff occupying the pah. Orders were given to be in readiness to start at three in the morning, but it was four o'clock before they were in motion. The third division struck in across the Waiongana, on the Huirangi road; the friendly natives and volunteers in advance, the troops following, and halted a short distance from the Ngatiparirua pah at daybreak. The second division crossed the Waiongana, on the Devon line, and struck in and took up a position with the guns on the Waitara side of the pah, and arrived on the ground later. The guns opened fire upon the pah, and after a few shots it was rushed and destroyed, having been deserted by the enemy. The volunteers and third division aided in the work of demolition. The first division, consisting of the 40th and blue jackets, under Major

Nelson, had taken up a position inland of the Kairoa pah, upon which the division advanced, while the volunteers were thrown out in extended order on the opposite side. The pah was quickly taken, a few friendly Maories and the blue jackets being the first to enter.

The pah was of great strength, and of complicated construction, and had been very recently deserted. The whole was pulled down and given to the fire, and the ground-works destroyed. The guns from Waitara had by this time arrived on the ground, and the first and second divisions, and some friendly Maories from Waitara, then advanced on the Huirangi pah, the volunteers being held in reserve. The advance-guard of the first division and some friendly natives advanced and examined the pah, and were proceeding inland through an opening in the bush, when a heavy fire was opened on them from either side by the enemy concealed in the bush, upon which the advancing party returned the fire and retired. A sharp fire from the guns was then opened upon the bush, and rockets thrown in with rapidity and admirable precision. The pah was then set on fire, and the volunteers were detached to destroy another pah in the neighbourhood. While this was going on, it was observable that the enemy were receiving a considerable accession of numbers, and a party was seen to move as if for the purpose of cutting off the volunteers, upon which a gun was turned in that direction, and their advance checked. A general advance was now made in skirmishing order to the bush, the enemy

keeping up a heavy and sustained fire from the cover of the bush, and our fire, in reply, was kept up; the guns at the same time throwing shot and shell into the bush wherever smoke was to be seen. The firing was kept up till noon, when the troops retired to the camp, and yesterday returned to town. The number of the rebels engaged is not known, nor their casualties, but from the accounts of eye-witnesses they must have been heavy, especially from the fire of the large guns. The loss on our side is one man missing, and three slightly wounded.

Time does not allow of our making any observations upon this expedition at present. Whatever its object may have been, public expectation has not been perfectly realised in what has been done, although we have no doubt the enemy has received considerable damage.

From the "Taranaki Herald," October 6, 1860.

An order having arrived from New Plymouth to the effect that an expedition should be organised on the morning of the 29th (Saturday last), whose object was the destruction of the rifle-pits in the Kairau pah, the palisading of which had been previously destroyed on the 11th instant, at nine a.m., two divisions set out from the camp by different roads, to meet at the place above-mentioned, for the accomplishment of the object in view. One division was under Major Nelson, and the other under Col. Leslie, 40th Regiment,

who had the command of the whole. With the latter were three howitzers, and the intrenching tools required, together with some carts. This division advanced by the road crossing the Devon line, and leading past Puketakauere, directly to the side of the Ngataiparirua pah. The other advanced by the route held on the 11th instant by the Waitara division. A number of horses and cattle were seen in the valley of the Waitara, and some of the latter were subsequently driven in. When Major Nelson's division arrived at Kairau, it was sent forward to protect the other, which proceeded to destroy the rifle-pits. The hostile natives came out of the bush adjoining what was once the Huirangi pah, and commenced driving their cattle into the bush. After this, they came out into the fern, and began a well-sustained fire, which, however, was, in consequence of the distance, wholly thrown away. It is supposed that the orders from New Plymouth were not to fire a shot, for the guns were loaded and the natives were within rifle-shot, and yet remained unmolested. After the destruction of the pits had been completed, the order was given to retire, and it was executed, Major Nelson's division being in rear. The column halted for a short time on arriving at the Ngataiparirua pah, and proceeded to burn some palisading which remained standing. The fern was also set fire to, and the column proceeded on their way. During this time, the hostile natives advanced closer, and their bullets began to fall about, but did no harm. Finding that they were allowed to advance so far with im-

punity, they grew more bold, and began to lessen the distance between themselves and the rear-guard.

Mr. Du Moulin and two of the mounted volunteers had a narrow escape of being cut off. Having ridden with two of Ihaia's natives to drive off some cattle, they succeeded in getting them fairly under weigh on the road by the river, and leaving the two natives to drive them home, were returning to rejoin the rear-guard, when they were saluted by a volley from the natives who were following the line of march. Mr. Du Moulin, in taking a short cut, got bogged in a swamp, but providentially succeeded in getting out in time, by dismounting and leading his horse. The other two dashed past the Maories, and all three succeeded in rejoining the rear-guard.

The natives, increasing in boldness, advanced closer and closer, until their fire began to take effect; our men were still forbidden to fire, and the bullets were flying thickly about. At last, three men of the 40th having been severely wounded, the rear-guard were in self-defence obliged to return the enemy's fire, as the latter were within 100 yards of them, and pressing them close. The order to fire was, however, not given, but it was time to act without orders. The Maories were soon checked, and retired shortly afterwards, discharging at a distance a few desultory shots. The force then marched past Puketakauere, and returned to camp.

It was a very severe trial for the troops, as there is nothing more dispiriting than to be subject to the fire of a contemptible enemy, without more power of

defence than a flock of sheep; indeed, the truth of this was too clearly shown on this occasion. At one time, quite a panic was established in the rear-guard, as the troops in this helpless state saw their comrades struck down by their side. It is much to be feared that a continuation of this sort of business will have the effect of ruining the spirit, and damping the courage of troops, whose equal, when properly managed, cannot be found in the world.

New Plymouth, October 16th, 1860.

On Thursday last the General, with a force of nearly 1100 men, and one 8-inch gun, and two 24-pounder howitzers, opened fire on the three rebel pahs at Kaihihi. The guns commenced bombarding the pahs at eleven a.m., and kept it up till dark, with considerable effect. In the afternoon a party of rebels took up a position in the corner of a bush to the left, and I am sorry to say with effect. They fired—particularly one man with a rifle—hotly upon the engineers who were throwing up a breastwork, and erecting a platform for the 8-inch gun in front of Orongomaihangai, at a distance of 250 yards, wounding Captain Paisley, R.E.; Sergeant Howatt, R.E.; three soldiers and one militia-man. These were our only casualties during the whole affair. On Friday morning there was no firing from the pahs, and, under the smoke of the two howitzers, they were rushed by the troops, civilians, and friendly natives, and found evacuated. The fire of the previous day had been

too hot for the inmates, and the 8-inch gun must have astonished them. The rebels evidently made a precipitate retreat in the night, for they left a large quantity of potatoes, kumaras, &c., and seven carts, and a rifle. We can form no idea of the loss of the enemy—blood was seen in one of the pahs, and a newly-made stretcher found, on which wounded or killed had apparently been carried. The round shot and shell made great havoc in the pits and trenches of the pahs. Several of the underground chambers, into which the shells had fallen, had been thrown into one. The pahs were very ingeniously fortified, and had evidently been intended to stand a regular siege. A few hours, however, proved to the enemy that their pahs were not proof against our appliances, and I believe that the southern rebels have received a blow which will paralyze their energies for the future, and has proved to them the folly of trying their strength with us. I do not think we shall be troubled much more by the Taranakis and Ngatiruanuis. They are running out of ammunition—two or three nails were tied together, evidently intended to supply the place of a bullet. The General intended following up the enemy to Warea, but news reached him of the coming of a strong force of our northern friends, the Waikatos, and as there is but a small force at Waitara and in town, he gave orders for returning to head-quarters, and the expedition all arrived on Saturday evening.

There is a rumour in town to-day that the advanced guard of the Waikatos have arrived at Waitara. I believe 850 will be down before another week has

gone. They consist of upper Waikatos—the lower Waikatos are to "watch Auckland." I hope they will all come here; we cannot lose much more; we have the forces here, and let the battle for the Queen's supremacy be fought out at Taranaki. What can be said in justification of the raid of these northern rebels? What pretence have they? Is it not unprovoked aggression? Why did they come before, and maraud and murder? Simply because they have been petted too much, and require chastising. God grant that our arms may be successful in asserting the rights of our beloved Sovereign, and punishing and completely subduing a horde of rebellious savages.

A large force will march to Waitara in a few days. I hope the General will allow the Waikatos to erect a pah or pahs on Taylor's land, and then attack them. Let them all come, I repeat.

From the "Taranaki News," November 8th, 1860.

We give in brief an account, as truly as we have been able to gather, of the fight on Tuesday. The day will assuredly be a red-letter-day in the annals of this province. The episodes which belong to the details of the action must be postponed to another occasion. The following will put our readers in possession of a graphic outline of the business. We should congratulate ourselves that on this occasion the 65th, the militia, and volunteers, were mixed in the combat, and that any acerbities which, out of writing

and talking, may have grown up, are as perfectly dispersed as when the acid meets the alkali.

After a pleasant three hours' march, the troops were halted, and a 24-pounder ordered to the front; the advance was resumed, and shortly afterwards a few scattered shots denoted the presence of the enemy. While the troops were extending, a soldier of the 65th went to the rear, shot in the arm; the gun on the right went at intervals like a regular salute; the volunteers and militia were on the left, and the long S.W. side of Mahoetahi presented itself to the line of advance about 200 yards off. A party of volunteers, under Captain Atkinson, was detached still more to the left, to outflank the natives on the seaward N.W. side; a company of the 65th, under Captain Turner, made a dash forward and took the inland S.E. pah, and a few minutes after it was communicated to Major Herbert, just as he had told the militia and volunteers to fix bayonets and charge the N.W. end of the pah, as the best means of getting rid of the heavy fire they were under from the enemy in the pah. There was a swamp to get through, and then there was a stiff large fence running up to the left of the pah, which afforded good cover to advance under while they got close to the pah, when the Major and Captain Brown led the men through a gap and charged up the pah, which was no sooner taken than they turned and fired at the men as they rushed to the edge. Henry Edgecombe fell dead here; and a soldier of the 65th, who had joined the charge of the militia and volunteers, fell; and, extraordinary to

say, a volunteer who had joined in the charge under Captain Turner, of the 65th, on the S.E. end of the pah, fell mortally wounded; he was the son of the Rev. Mr. Brown. The General and his staff were in the centre of the pah almost as soon as it was taken. The flying natives were now shut in by Mahoetahi in their front, with a swamp in the rear; some got around the head of the swamp before it was shut in by our right, and Captain Atkinson shot one of them at ten paces with a revolver, taking his arms and accoutrements from him. Some ten natives were shot before they could take cover in the swamp, or through it on the other side, when Colonel Mould, advancing from the Waitara, on the other side of the swamp from our left, with his force of 40th and 65th under Major Nelson, and a piece of artillery, turned them out of their covers and drove them before them for miles, strewing the road with dead. In his advance Major Nelson sent a shell into the swamp in which some of the enemy lay, taking cover on abandoning the pah, and from whence they continued to be very troublesome, without giving us a chance of seeing them. A shell had a most beautiful effect; the natives rose out of the swamp like birds, and were shot down or bayoneted, as they would not surrender; not unreasonably, as among themselves mercy is very rarely extended to a prisoner taken fighting.

Orders were given to collect the dead, of which upwards of thirty that were readily visible were collected; four more were known to be lying dead from a shell, but too far off to be brought in; these,

with five prisoners, makes a known loss of more than forty men on the Waikato side, which perhaps does not comprise much more than half the absolute loss of the enemy, of whom there were probably 200 in action. One of the chiefs killed was one of the two who sent a challenge, in which they said, "Come and meet us, and don't be long about it, but settle it at once." The unwounded prisoner who was taken, was lying on the ground pretending to be dead, and, it is said, declined to show any signs of life till he was thrown across a gun-carriage and the gun was fired, when he showed a decided preference for walking as a prisoner. The fight lasted about an hour from the time it commenced, when the enemy broke and fled; and this may be considered the most sharp, short, and decisive affair that has ever taken place in New Zealand.

About two o'clock the troops re-formed and returned to town, leaving a force under Major Hutchins to occupy and fortify Mahoetai, the materials for a block-house having been taken with the expedition. As the detachments marched past the Bell Block stockade they were loudly cheered by the garrison of troops and militia, and got into town at five p.m.

We would suggest that it will be very desirable in future to inform the forces engaged where the friendly natives are placed, as the fire on the enemy was frequently stopped, and the enemy spared, from a belief that they were friendly natives. The natives killed were all Waikatos.

On this occasion we can give a more satisfactory account of casualties than we have been able to do on previous occasions; gratulation and regret walk side by side, and we have to recognise that no important good can be accomplished out of difficulty without sacrifice.

KILLED.

65*th Regiment.*—W. McGivern, F. Rooney.

Volunteers.—F. Brown, H. Edgecombe.

WOUNDED.

Lieutenant-Colonel C. Sillery, D.Q.M.G., slightly.

40*th Regiment.*—E. McKay, slightly.

65*th Regiment.*—Captain Turner, severely; Sergeant J. Knight, severely; B. Boyan, very severely; T. Coleman, severely; P. Connolly, severely; H. Gibson, slightly; D. McBrierty, very severely; W. C. Ray, severely; R. Whitlow, severely; G. Wilmot, very severely; J. Lalley, dangerously; Corporal W. Roberts, slightly.

Volunteers.—J. Ward, slightly; R. Langman, slightly; W. Vercoe, slightly; T. Veale, slightly.

NATIVES KILLED.

Tai Porutu, Warangi, Hakopa (chiefs), Tamu, Ikaraika, Hakopa, Heneriko, Wiriana, Hakopa, Wanganui, Pari, Tamihana, Hatewera, Hirene, Tamiana, Warawara, Tamati, Hemi Karanga, Watewera.

Fourteen dead, names not obtained.

Three wounded in hospital.

One in gaol.

From a Private Correspondent of the "New Zealand Gazette."

Taranaki, December 12, 1860.

We are indebted to a private correspondent for the latest news in England from the seat of war:—

"I am sorry to say that there is no immediate prospect of a speedy termination of the war in New Zealand. The rebels are still in open rebellion, and hardly a week closes without a horrible murder. You will see in the *Herald* of the 8th instant, an account of the murder of a defenceless boy, within a mile of our lines and outposts. I am very glad to see that the Home Government are taking the matter up, and it is the sincere prayer of every New Zealand colonist that this war be not ended until the Maories are subdued, and taught such a lesson as shall for ever prevent a repetition of their present rebellious and unprovoked conduct. Laying down their arms, giving up the murderers, and confiscation of the territory of the rebels will secure this, and be the making of this beautiful colony. You will read with pleasure and interest, the account of a signal victory over the Waikato insurgents at Mahoetahi, about nine miles from town, by the military and volunteer rifles, when the enemy lost forty-five killed and several wounded. Nothing of importance has transpired since. The Waikatos are collecting their forces at Waitara, and we have just heard of the defection of an influential chief at Waikato, William

Thompson by name, who is on his way to join the insurgents at Waitara. General Pratt, it is rumoured, will shortly attack them in force."

From the Correspondent of the "New Zealand Examiner."

New Plymouth, January 13, 1861.

When I closed my letter by the last mail, it was known that the next expedition against the natives would be despatched into the Waitara country. There W. Kingi and his natives reside, and have their cultivations; moreover, the Waikatos had taken as their position the site of an old pah called Matarikoriko, about 3,000 yards inland of Puketakuere, near the banks of the Waitara river. Great results were anticipated from the movement. A blow well struck and followed up in that quarter might virtually terminate the war as regards Kingi and his Waikato allies, leaving only the Taranaki and Ngatiruanui tribes to be dealt with afterwards.

You will see from the newspapers that Matarikoriko fell into our hands on the 30th ultimo, the position, which had hardly the appearance of being fortified, having been abandoned after a day's firing from rifle-pits at Kairau, from which their main defence was made, and which pits were designed to enfilade any advance upon the pah. The loss on our side was three killed and twenty wounded; on the enemy's, as far as can be ascertained, 135 killed, and

seventy wounded. The intelligence of the occupation of the pah gave, as may be supposed, great satisfaction to our people, coupled as it was with the intimation that the General had taken the field with the determination to follow up the enemy, and occupy his country. But this satisfaction was not of long duration, as we soon found that the General's pursuit was to terminate at the borders of the forest, and that his plan of occupying the country by means of military posts will take several thousand men. Instead, therefore, of putting an end to the war within two months, as the General stated before leaving town, it is now broadly reported as coming from himself, that the war cannot be decided at Waitara; and further, that he has applied for 4,000 troops in addition to the reinforcements already promised. I am sorry to believe that these will now be required. The General, with a force far larger than Colonel Gold had under his command, has absolutely done nothing. At the end of ten months, the country (excepting the few military posts we hold) is in the hands of the enemy. Coals are imported from Australia, because it is considered unsafe to venture into the forest for firewood. Hay (absolutely essential for the gun and commissariat cattle) is left uncut within sight of blockhouses, in the open country, for the same reason, and cattle are swept off from the nearest farms in open day, without an effort to recover them. With these startling facts before the public, it may be reasonably expected that another commander will be sent out without delay. It would

be far more agreeable to praise General Pratt, than to censure him.

As an instance, I may cite that the Colonial Press, without an exception, has given the fullest credit to the General for his movement upon Matarikoriko, and his plan of the campaign, as it was then understood. This, as we have seen, has undergone considerable alteration since he took the field. His campaign at Waitara virtually terminated at Matarikoriko. Certain posts were to be held, and the troops were to return to town *en route* to the south. But a different course of action is forced upon him by the natives, who spoke very disparagingly of the General, and threatened to attack him if he does not attack them very shortly. An expedition, in consequence, will move out early to-morrow morning against the rifle-pits, which are much more formidable than they need have been, from the General having permitted them to make them so. The most useful guns the General has are the little mortars, which appear to be exactly suited to the warfare he is engaged in. They are easily moved about, and fired in any direction, and sure to discover the whereabouts of the natives, before the troops get within range. Some more of these should be sent out.

The coming week will be one of great moment, and much must hinge on the result. An attack on the town is still talked of as probable. It might, undoubtedly, be entered at various points by a determined body of natives, and much injury inflicted,

before we could be brought to bear upon them in the dead of the night. The defences reflect no credit on the engineer department. The natives show us far more science in this respect. Our earthworks are sloped, as if to assist an enemy over, in the run in; but the natives build theirs perfectly upright, which could only be scaled. The strength in town and the outlying posts is from 700 to 800, mostly militia and volunteers, whose acquaintance with the ground makes them especially valuable as a defensive force. We have, besides, our old friend the "Niger," once more. She returned from the White Cliffs during the recent S.E. gale, and has once more taken up her berth off the town, watchful and ready as ever to land her gallant force. The "Victoria" is likewise to remain here for the same purpose. The services this sloop has rendered the province and colony cannot be over-estimated.

The steam transport, "Robert Lowe," from Auckland, *viâ* "Napier" and "Wellington," with 250 men of the 65th, is hourly expected. These will probably be taken on to Waitara.

P.S.—14th January, 7 a.m.—No news from Waitara.

From a Correspondent of "The New Zealand Examiner."

New Plymouth, February 11, 1861.

It will be seen from the local papers that the war is not progressing favourably. Of the ultimate result

there can be no doubt; but General Pratt's mode of carrying it on is in the highest degree injurious to all parties concerned. We found fault with Colonel Gold, and justly too, that, with less than 500 regulars, he failed in his mission; but General Pratt, with six times the force, is not more successful. The truth is, that he is too old (as the rank of General in our service but too usually implies) to cope with his active enemy. As to the manner in which this should be done, a stranger to the colony, such as General Pratt was, might well be at fault. It was, perhaps, for this reason that the Governor particularly called his attention to the importance of harassing the natives by means of armed bodies of men, kept moving about with secresy and expedition, and of destroying their cultivations and property. It is obvious that a war with savages may be indefinitely protracted if no measures are taken for starving the enemy, and that it may prove a needlessly ruinous one to ourselves if the country is surrendered to them. Whilst, therefore, the General is employing 2500 men at a "sap" fifteen miles from town, we in the town are menaced on our south by the Ngatiruanui and Taranaki tribes, who are once more in position on Waireka-hill, from whence they send out small bands of natives to murder, pillage, and destroy. All we in the town are permitted to do is, to keep open communication with the Bell blockhouse and Mahoetahi on one side, and the Omata stockade on the other. The rest of the country—all that lies south of a line drawn between the above posts—we give up to the enemy. No man

can venture five hundred yards out without the risk of being cut off. Houses are burnt in the open day, and horses and cattle driven off without the slightest attempt being made to interfere with the natives. On Friday last, one of the best settlers, the only son of Captain King, R.N., was surprised and shot on his own property, within sight of the Marsland-hill garrison; and though we are perplexed in accounting for the infatuation which led him to venture there, it is a shame and a reproach to our military administration that such bloody scenes can be done, and are permitted. In previous letters I have called attention to the necessity of sending out to us a new commander, and unless this be done the news from the colony will continue to be from bad to worse. I regret time does not allow of my writing at greater length. This partly arises from the mail being dispatched two days earlier than usual, to make up for the month of February, that no delay may occur in the delivery in England.

From the Taranaki Herald, February 11, 1861.

The "Tasmanian Maid," just arrived in the anchorage, brings us information respecting the heavy firing heard yesterday at Waitara.

General Pratt has resolved on constructing a redoubt about a mile in advance of redoubt No. 6 in the peach grove, and about 400 yards from Te Arei pah, near Pukerangioro. The pah is not now in a fortified state, but there is a village of a few huts on

the site of an old pah, half way up the slope of a ridge. There are many rifle-pits on several eminences around; the ground is covered with fern, in some places very high, and there is a deep gulley between the position chosen for the redoubt and Te Arei pah. A force, consisting of about 1200 men of the 12th, 14th, 40th, and 65th regiments and artillery, with the Royal Engineers, advanced at daybreak yesterday, and was immediately met by heavy firing from the enemy ensconced in their pits. Our men were obliged to lie down, and the working parties were covered chiefly by the fire of the artillery, as the natives could only be seen at rare intervals. The rifles, however, were constantly in readiness to fire into the enemy when seen. The natives were full of determination, and at times came within speaking distance, inviting our men to come on, who replied by recommending them to stand out. Several old women were vociferous in encouraging the enemy.

The redoubt was constructed on a small hill crowned with fern trees, commanding the gulley, and within easy shelling range of the village or pah Te Arei.

The 40th, and Captain Strange's and Captain Turner's companies, 65th, were extended in front across the roads from the peach grove to Te Arei, the 40th on the left, the 65th on the right. The detachment of the 12th, and the light company 65th, kept the road in the rear of the working parties, extending from the peach grove to near the new redoubt. Almost every little eminence, and the

edges of the bush, were occupied by the enemy, one party as near as 150 to 200 yards to the men of the 65th on the right front. Captain Strange's men had formed themselves rifle-pits, and that gallant officer was lying in one of these when he received a wound in the thigh, the bullet cutting the femoral artery, and causing death by hemorrhage. Eleven others were wounded: three of the Royal Artillery, one of the 12th regiment, one of the 40th, five of the 65th, and a bullock-driver. Nine of the bullocks were hit, but not so as to injure them seriously. The wounds, except two which are dangerous, are not of a character to disable the men permanently.

Captain Strange was universally esteemed, not only in his regiment, but by every one who came in contact with him in the whole force. The civilians in the Bell Block, where he was long in command, will hear of his death with extreme regret. No soldier in Taranaki had more respect and good-will from the settlers. At present, nothing is known of the Maori loss. It is conjectured by a good authority that they did suffer, and a rumour reached town this morning, by a native, that two or more had been killed. Little, however, was seen of them during the day, beyond the smoke of their guns. One individual, placed at the foot of the hill, is said to have caused a large part of the loss on our side; but though a great deal of attention was paid him in consequence, he seemed to escape.

The whole of the redoubts between Kairau and No. 6 are to be destroyed to-day. Colonel Wyatt

was left in command at the new position, with about 350 men.

THE BATTLE OF HUIRANGI.

On the morning of the 23rd of January, a little before daybreak, an attack was made by the Maories upon a new redoubt thrown up in front of Huirangi, the great, and perhaps the last, stronghold of the insurgent natives. On this occasion they did not wait to be attacked, but themselves became the assailants, and it is impossible not to admire the skill with which the assault was planned, and the reckless daring with which it was made.

A "storming party" of the Maories crept up through the fern and gained the ditch of the redoubt, and then, as we have been informed, cutting with their tomahawks small foot-holes in the slope, they swarmed up the sides of the parapet "in the most desperate and determined manner," seizing hold of the very bayonets that were pointed against them. In rear of this forlorn hope, there was a strong supporting party, and skirmishers were in line on all flanks of the redoubt.

"The plan of the enemy," writes Colonel Leslie, the gallant commander of the garrison, "appeared to be to keep down the fire of our men on the parapets by their support and by their line of skirmishers, while the storming party scaled the left face of the redoubt."

They failed, as they must always fail, and have suffered a terrible punishment. With thirty-six known to have been killed, they will not have less than twice that number wounded, many of whom have got away only to die.

With soldierly frankness, General Pratt, after his experience at Taranaki, recognises some of the good qualities of his misguided opponents, and "trusts that the severe losses this manly and high-spirited race are so continually receiving, will teach them how unavailing are their efforts against her Majesty's supremacy, and will soon lead to a termination of this unhappy internecine war."

It is the lesson exactly which the real friends to the natives should earnestly inculcate, and urge them at once to take to heart. Every hour that passes renders the danger of this struggle growing into a war of races more and more imminent; and whilst the result of such a war is not difficult to predict, the course which must be travelled to reach the end cannot be contemplated without horror.

If the scenes which Taranaki has witnessed should chance to be repeated elsewhere, the difficulty of the native question will not be reduced, whilst the disposition to make allowances for peace sake will be seriously lessened.

From the "Melbourne Argus," February 23rd, 1861.

Viâ Sydney, we have intelligence from the seat of war up to the 11th inst., thus giving us four weeks'

later news than we were enabled to forward by the last mail. We then published the dispatch from Major-General Pratt, giving an account of his expedition of the 28th December against the Waikatos, which had resulted in the Maories being driven from a very strong position at Matarikoriko, after three days' fighting, with a loss on our side of three killed and twenty-two wounded, and on that of the natives of 135 killed, seventy wounded, and fifteen missing. The "Boanerges" had also just arrived from Cork, with the 2nd battalion of the 14th foot, consisting of about 500 men. Since then, a further reinforcement, consisting of about 430 of the 57th regiment, has arrived by the "Castilian," from Bombay, and additional troops are also expected from India and China, the 64th regiment in particular being named.

Extract from a Letter dated Nelson, Feb. 28th, 1861.

Our last accounts from that now wretched place (Taranaki) are very distressing; fever is raging, and funerals almost daily occur, whereas, before the war, a grave had not been opened for *sixteen months.* Our houses are now entirely gone, the southern natives having come up again and burnt all they left last year, and also driven away the remaining cattle, so that our hopes are at a lower ebb than ever. What can we do if we ever get back again, with nothing to shelter us, and no means of putting up a house for a long time?

NOTES.

A.—*See page 5.*

I HAVE been favoured with the following communication respecting the "*iron sand*" at New Plymouth by a gentleman recently returned from a visit to England.

66, CHANCERY LANE,
29*th Nov.*, 1859.

Messrs. J. GLADSTONE & Co.

GENTLEMEN,—In reply to your application to me respecting the iron sand found at Taranaki (New Plymouth), New Zealand, I have much pleasure in fully confirming the statement of Capt. Moreshead on this subject. The samples shown to me by that gentleman and yourselves are from samples of the sand as it exists in abundance for several miles along the sea-shore in the immediate vicinity of the town of New Plymouth.

The sand is found unmixed with extraneous matter between high and low water-mark, and in some places is several feet in depth. Abundance of wood suitable for charcoal can also be obtained within a short distance of the sea-shore.

It may be interesting to know that the sand has been smelted on the spot, and converted into bar iron of good quality; and from what I have seen and do

know of the matter I have very little doubt that it only requires the judicious application of a moderate amount of capital and skill to convert the iron sand into merchantable iron.

I am, Gentlemen,
Yours, very obediently,
J. C. Sharland, M.P.C.

Report on the Iron Sand from New Plymouth.

The black sand from New Plymouth consists almost wholly of crystals of the magnetic oxide of iron. These crystals are remarkably uniform in size, but their angles and edges are much worn, as though by attrition. They are not contaminated by any sulphuret of iron, but are mixed with a small quantity of a white mineral.

Acids resolve the black sand into the following constituents: Magnetic oxide of iron, 93·95 per cent.; whitemineral, 5·52; trace of lime and loss, 0·52. This white mineral was found to be a silicate of alumina and lime, with a trace of iron, its constituents being in the following proportions:—Silicic acid, 3·42; alumina, 1·65; lime, 0·37; trace of iron and loss, 0.08, the per centage of the white mineral. The amount of metallic iron existing in the magnetic oxide is 68·04 per cent. of the black sand. The whole analysis may therefore be thus expressed:—Iron, 68·04; oxygen and undetermined traces, 26·52; silicic acid, 3·4; alumina, 1 65; lime, 0·37.

As this black sand contains so large a per centage of iron, and that in combination merely with oxygen,

and is in such a state of division, it may be considered a remarkably rich ore of iron, and one that will be easily reduced.

(Signed) J. H. GLADSTONE, Ph.D., F.R.S.

28, *Leicester Gardens, Hyde Park,*
21*st November,* 1859.

B.—*Page* 12.

The following succinct view of the political bearing of the question with regard to the Government and the natives may help to elucidate the matter in the text:—"Although Teira had stated '*he was the owner of the land*,' it was almost directly found that such was not the case. In a letter from Teira and Ritimana to the Governor (20th March, 1859), they say, 'I am endeavouring to find out the justice of the interference of the people with our (himself and Ritimana) love to you. Your word, advising them to mark off *their own piece within our line* (boundary of the block offered by Teira) they have received, but *they do not consent.* I consent, because it is correct.' When Teira found that the Governor was fully aware that the whole of the land was not his to offer, he admitted that it belonged to *seven* others also, and entered into a justification of having offered it without their consent. He says, in a letter to the Governor, '*The land belongs to all of us; the land that we two consent to, the seven consent to our offering it to you;* it is our land from our ancestors, and therefore we consent rightly for you to have it.—Do not listen to

the words of others, but *listen to us seven.* The thought was mine and Ritimana's to sell it to you.' The Governor was evidently desirous of acting with caution, and he wrote to Mr. Parris (27th Sept. 1859) directing him to 'inform Teira that the purchase will not be completed until Mr. M'Lean visits Taranaki.' Unfortunately, this promise was never fulfilled. The investigation of title was conducted solely by Mr. Parris; Mr. M'Lean was away down the coast, recovering from an illness, and did not visit New Plymouth until after the commencement of hostilities. When the Governor wrote to W. Kingi (2nd April, 1859), telling him that he intended to purchase Teira's *individual* piece, Kingi wrote back (25th April, 1859) as follows:—'I will not agree to our bed-room being sold (I mean Waitara here), *for this bed belongs to the whole of us;* and do not you be in haste to give the money. Do you hearken to my word; if you give the money secretly, you will get no land for it.' It may be supposed that if W. Kingi really had a title to the land, he would have asserted it more strongly, or at any rate more frequently, than he appears to have done; but the best proof that it was not reasonable to suppose so, is to be found in the instructions given by Mr. M'Lean to the Taranaki Land Commissioner. He says:—'A record of all claims submitted by the natives should be noted by you, more especially in those cases where conflicting interests have to be dealt with; and great care should be taken not to give too much prominence to that class of claimants who are frequently the first to offer their land for

sale from the fact of their title being in many instances very defective. *The actual owner,* in contradistinction to the class to which I have just referred, *seldom makes a noisy or boasting demonstration of what his claims really are ;* it may therefore be inferred, *from his silent and uncompromising demeanour,* that his rights are not to be trifled with, and that without his acquiescence it will be impossible to make a valid purchase. This class of claimants it will be your duty to search out, *as they will be the least likely, from feeling secure in the justice of their cause,* to press themselves upon your notice.' 'There are many proofs that there is no such thing as an individual claim, clear and independent of the tribal right. The chiefs exercise an influence in the disposal of the land, but have only an individual claim like the rest of the people on particular portions.' Such was the testimony given by thirty-two out of thirty-four witnesses examined before a Board of Inquiry on this subject in 1855. By an attentive perusal of the various despatches sent by the Governor, it will be seen that it is only making matters worse to deny the tribal right, so clearly admitted even by the Governor in one of his Home despatches. The argument, 'that if the tribal right in the land exists at all, W. Kingi could neither possess nor exercise it—Potatau, the chief of the Waikatos, having attained it by conquest, and sold all his claims at New Plymouth to the New Zealand Company'—is somewhat limping, for if W. Kingi's tribal right is rendered void by Potatau's conquest, is not Teira's individual right rendered also void? The fact is, the Governor has adopted 'a new

policy,' and the war is its first fruits. When the survey of the Waitara took place, it was first resisted by some women, and afterwards by about eighty men, but unarmed and without violence. The Governor did not do what he had publicly told the natives he would do, in case of resistance, viz., cause them to be arrested and taken before the judge or magistrate; although he had informed Sir E. L. Bulwer, on the 29th March, 1859, that 'this declaration (to arrest, &c.) was received with satisfaction by both races.' And there is every reason to believe that the natives expected this to be the issue of their resistance, and not the immediate adoption of armed force. Had this been done, it might have saved the present blood-shed, and prevented the proclamation of martial law. The *Taranaki Herald*, 20th Feb., 1860, giving an account of this resistance to the survey, uses these singular words:—'A survey was effectually resisted by some eighty natives *without arms;* and as it was no part of the plan to persist in the attempt, the party returned to town . . . . . A letter was addressed to the natives by Lieutenant-Colonel Murray without any satisfactory result, and immediately a proclamation of martial law was issued to assert Her Majesty's sovereign authority *against natives in arms* to resist her. It is evident that it was supposed an *armed resistance* would take place when the proclamation was drawn up and dated (*January 25th*); but when on the 20*th February* it was resisted *without arms*, the military officer had no power to alter the proclamation or withhold it, having been instructed, "Should

W. Kingi, or any other native, endeavour to prevent the survey, or *in any way* interfere with the prosecution of the work, military force was to be used, martial law to be proclaimed, and the volunteers and militia called out into active service.' 'Without arms' or 'in arms' made no difference to him; he had orders from the Government at Auckland to issue it, and issue it he did."—*Compiled from "Wellington Independent."*

C.—*Page* 73.

When Epiah was told that the expedition of the southern natives, then assembled at the Waireka pah, would be considered as a marauding one, he referred in his reply to the history of the Jews, as affording an example of often settling their grievances by fighting, and that their wars were sanctioned by God; that even instructions were given by the Almighty to slay every man, woman and child amongst their enemies, to seize all their property, and to take possession of their land.

As far as we who were then assembled, and all belonging to us, were concerned, we might feel quite certain of our safety. We were referred to the second chapter of Joshua, and were put much in the same relation to the natives that Rahab and her household were towards the Israelites when the city of Jericho was taken and destroyed. (Joshua, xxiv. and xxv.) But as to taking away any of the settlers' property—the country now being in their hands as enemies to the white men who had commenced hostilities against them—all was theirs to do as they would or could.

Some Maories less acquainted with us might take our goods, but we need not fear this—the *tapu* which was put on us, and all belonging to us, was imperative, and the curse of God would assuredly rest upon the guilty breach of it. And here again reference was made to the book of Joshua (chap. vii.) A curse would in like manner rest on the Maories if they did not abide by the covenant made with us. Here, it will be seen, application was made of an historical fact as having a prophetic character; and in this application the mere letter, and not the spirit, was understood by the natives.

The Missionaries attach great importance to the fact that the natives love the Bible, and refer to this circumstance as a strong indication of the instinctive reverence that they have for religion. This love of the Book may, however, I think, be accounted for on other grounds than any deep religious emotions it engenders in the hearts of the aborigines. It is almost the only book they have translated into their own language, and its history of the Jewish people (with whom the natives claim relationship) is the most remarkable of all histories. Its beautiful pictures of patriarchal life—its repeated accounts of the early wars of the Hebrew nation—its rigid enactment of gorgeous forms and sacrificial ceremonies—its well-understood idiomatic style, would all tend to please and engage their attention; but at the same time, literally understood, miserably mislead a warlike, rude, and savage nation, untaught in the spiritualism conveyed in the yet far more important history of Christ

and His mission in the New Testament. It has been well said, "Whatever change the native character has undergone by the reception of Christianity, but little has taken place in their mode of living, or their habits of thought....The Maori language sufficed for the requirements of a barbarous race, but it can never be made an instrument of refined spiritual thought, or become adapted to the higher purposes of life.... There does not seem sufficient compass in the language to give impressive conceptions of the great work of human redemption....Their religion was once a childish superstition, having its source merely in the imagination....Yet some of their ancient legends are strikingly imaginative and poetical, and their mythology is not without some trace of a Mosaic origin. Their mode of numbering the people is like that of the Israelites of old—the women and children not being reckoned, but only the fighting men; their genealogy is also from the female line." * Still, their religion owes not its source in the intellect so much as in the exercise of a fair share of sound reason and good common sense, which led them at once to discard their ancient superstitions and to adopt the more congenial system which taught them that God was their Father, and that all mankind were brethren.

It is granted they say their prayers, but do they really pray? Manahi, the traitor, was at prayers on the Sunday morning the troops went out to Ratapihipihi. They (I fear) worship God in form, but not in spirit and in truth; for had they known Him, "whom to

* Compiled from the Quarterly Review, No. 212, Oct., 1859.

know is life eternal," they would have been more spiritually minded, and thus be the possessors of a life and peace which would have made them less savage in seeking revenge for any blood shed by their brethren on account of quarrels about their lands. Even when their minister, Rev. J. Whitely, reasoned and remonstrated with Ihaih for waylaying and murdering Katotore, he was met by Ihaih saying, "It is not your business to talk to me about this; you pray and I will pray with you, but if you urge me on this point I will shoot you." I ought in fairness to state that Ihaih sent a note of apology to Mr. Whitely for threatening him, but still this circumstance shows what was the natural impulse of the man, and how little he was really influenced by the religion of that Divine Being to whom he was willing to say his prayers, but not to imbibe His spirit and teaching, the genius of which is love, "peace on earth, and goodwill towards all men."

Another illustration of the above argument is afforded in the circumstance mentioned in the text of the Rev. H. Brown, who, not knowing then of the painful fact of the murders just committed at Omata, went up to the native pah to read prayers, and was told at the conclusion "You should have been shorter; we were thinking more about fighting and building the pah than about saying our prayers."

The teaching most likely to be effective would be that of example; but what was the example set before them by the white man? Promises broken, and the Sabbath generally chosen for warlike display, &c.;

besides which, it was no uncommon thing to hear the Christian white man speak and act in perfect accordance with the avowed opinion "that a musket-ball for every New Zealander was the best mode of civilizing the country;" or, again, that "a ship-load of infected pestilential blankets would ease the settlers of a host of troublesome niggers, and make them more inclined to part with their land."

It was in allusion to the early intercourse of the Europeans with the natives that Epiah stated that the "Devil's Missionaries had first impregnated the Maories with disease, taught everything that was bad, given them the intoxicating *wipera* (drink), administered to the passions by which they were naturally inflamed against each other, introduced them to the knowledge of depraved acts and licentious gratifications of the most debasing kind." With a few honourable exceptions, the white man was ever guided by one ruling passion—the love of gain.

Even the Missionaries had signally failed in teaching them certain truths and principles, the knowledge of which would have been of essential service to them in their dealings with the white man. The value of money as a circulating medium was for a long time hidden from them; and it was only by their occasional intercourse with Australia, England, &c., through their shrewder brethren who visited these countries, and saw the great value set upon money, and the importance in which it was held by traders of all descriptions. To their Missionaries they said, "Why do you keep us in ignorance respecting so much that

it is essential for us to know? Why should not we be all treated as the white man treats his fellow-settler, and have money for our land, that we may trade as do others?" Still the system of barter was the one generally practised in dealing with the natives; cunning, therefore, became the ruling passion, and money the great object to be attained. Epiah referred to the New Zealand Company, and some of its dealings with the natives; and with reference to transactions nearer the present time, he named several blocks of land as having been fairly sold with the full consent of all the tribes to which they ostensibly belonged. But other lands were named not so fairly sold, and "the Maori's heart was black" about the matter. Particular allusion was made to the Paratutu line, which was cut, and the block sold by the Puketapau tribe. Ever since then "the heart of the natives had been black," and therefore it was not altogether the question of the land at Waitara which the southern natives felt aggrieved about, but that the Puketapau tribe had sold the land to the white man, which, as a tribe, they had no right to do. But why this grievance on the matter of this particular block of land should be fastened on the settlers, Epiah did not or could not explain.

I may remark that the "land question," in connexion with the literal interpretation of the Bible, is not one of trivial importance with the natives.

Taranaki, like Shechem of old, "the garden of Palestine," is the "garden of New Zealand." Distant natives always describe it in charming language.

There are, indeed, wild forests and tangled thickets, but there is also always a congenial soil to beget verdure; no violent mountain torrents, but always water flowing from "father Taranaki (Mount Egmont) in pure and limpid streams;" the melody of singing birds, for they, too, know where to find their best quarters; a mild climate, and an easy life and much pleasure. These characteristics, so like the Palestine of the Jews, give to the history of the land an interest, which to the natives is often greater than that felt by the settler, who is merely seeking to make a home in a land endeared to him by no associations of ancient kith or kind, no reminiscences of heroic deeds, nor the burial places of chiefs and warriors.

It will be recollected that the very scene of Jotham's parable of the trees—the first parable of the Bible—was Shechem; and that parable, I am told, is a favourite reading lesson with the natives,* (Judges, ix. 7—15.) And it is significant, in connexion with Epiah's conversation, and the description given

* In reference to Omata, it may be said that it is considered one of the most beautiful districts in Taranaki. It contains many meadows, pleasant homesteads, and rural scenery, unequalled by any in New Zealand. Not far from my farm, on the main southern road, lies the little village of Omata, consisting of half-a-dozen houses, a store and an inn, a small church and a Primitive Methodist chapel, a wheelwright's shop, a library of more than 600 volumes under the care of a settler in the village. A few scattered cottages and farms, with the residence of Rev. G. Bailey, formerly officiating clergyman for Omata, are situated in the neighbourhood.

to us by the natives of the symbols on the Maori flag, that it is precisely here that the promise "Lift up now thine eyes, and look from the place where thou art, northward and southward, and eastward and westward, for all the land which thou seest to thee will I give it, and to thy seed for ever,"—is applied by the natives to Taranaki.

D.—*Page* 123.

The following is only a meagre part of the sad experience of the settlers, communicated to me by those who have been compelled to play at soldiers:—

"On picket-duty all night; at nine o'clock a.m., next day, marched off with a party to get firewood; on duty again all night, as sentinel at intervals of two hours,—*no sentry boxes*, a single tattered blanket served out to each man at night, often wet, full of maggots and fleas, the same delivered up in the morning, and served out again at night; shoes tied on the feet with flax, having often to pace to and fro in water over the ankles. One morning called up at four o'clock to go with a party to Omata (five miles from town) to dig up potatoes—the military on guard while we were at work; home to town about four o'clock p.m.; then ordered to go a mile out of town to cut and tie up hay for officers' horses; on duty again as sentinel at night. On one occasion, an officer in the militia (a settler, who, by the way, is pretty well paid for his military services,) made an offer of a cow-lodge which stood about nine miles inland,

at his farm in the bush. The settlers' militia were sent off with ten bullock carts to bring it into town. Having reached the place, about one o'clock p.m., they had then to load the carts, the rain coming down in torrents, which then brought it near to night. Before starting with their load, darkness came on, and the men had to walk for miles in mud and water, through bad roads, reaching town between nine and ten o'clock at night. The orders then were to be on duty at four o'clock a.m., next morning, at the flag-staff. The consequences were, that above twelve of the company caught severe colds, which will doubtless bring them to a premature grave. Ten cow-sheds, that would have well answered the purpose for which this was required, could have been got within half-an-hour's journey from the centre of the town. I could fill pages with details of similar or even worse hardships, but I forbear."

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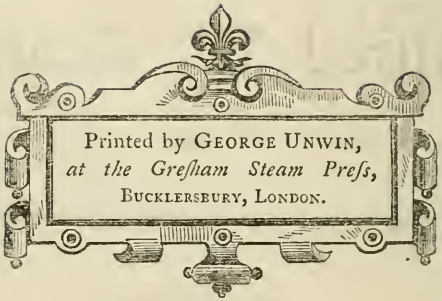
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