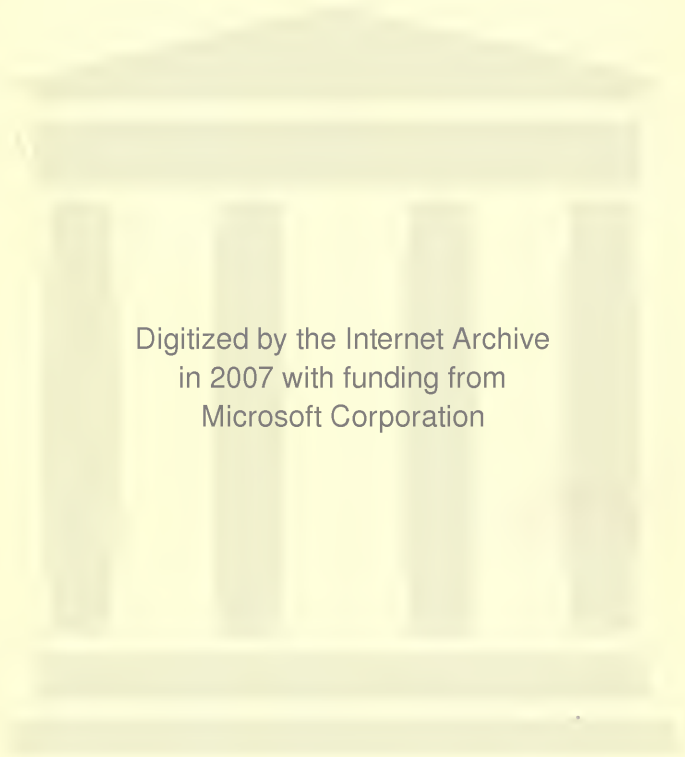

Mrs. McGregor

Mrs. Watkins

Mrs. Campion

Three Splendid Pioneers: Daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Fraser.

EARLY RANGITIKEI

A few notes, collected from various sources of the settlement on the Rangitikei River of a number of Maoris of different tribes. A short history of the purchase and colonization of the land between the Turakina and Oroua Rivers, and an account of the various pioneers.

By JAMES G. WILSON

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PREFACE.

It has been truly said that the early settlers require no memorial for "if we look around we see their monuments." Unfortunately, however, the later day colonist does not "look around," he is too much occupied in the rush of life or sport to think of those who braved all and left those dear to them to come and found our Dominion. They were our true Empire builders.

Many have supplied records of their work elsewhere, but although Rangitikei is one of the oldest settlements, no record is in existence of the early settlers who made it. It is to record something of their personality, work and life that I have gathered a few facts about them, and although very meagre and unsatisfying, I determined to publish them, so that their part should not be forgotten. They lived the truly simple life, with little money and indifferent markets, no means of transit except by bullock dray or boat; no roads, save Maori tracks or along river beds; living in Maori-built *wharés*, yet they had stout hearts, and no doubt they dreamt dreams of the future of the country in the hands of their descendants.

The Whanganui land was the first sale in the district, and described in Wakefield's "Adventure," then the Awahou Block around Foxton, as shown on the map by a straight line running from the sea past Omarapapaku to the Manawatu river. These two blocks I have not touched on, but the next sale of Maori land, the Rangitikei-Turakina block is part of my theme. These blocks are all shown on the map, "Old Rangitikei," which accompanies this volume, and which I have been able to publish by the great kindness and assistance of Mr. J. W. Marchant, late Surveyor-General. On the right side of the map is a plan of the earliest settlement in lower Rangitikei. At the Turakina side numbers are given and the early settlers' names corresponding to the numbers are shown on the side. Most of the names and the blocks are shown on the other map, which is a copy of a map of Rangitikei compiled by George Swainson in 1858, and which also shows the original settlers in the major portion of the block. In the "Old Rangitikei" map not only are the original Maori blocks shown but the present counties. I have endeavoured to give as many Maori names on the Rangitikei river, but it has been difficult to get the names owing to the younger Maoris having forgotten them. I could not have got even those which are on the map had it not been for the kind assistance of friends, notably Messrs. John and William Marshall. Mr. A. H. Bill was also of much assistance in gathering information. Readers who are interested in Mr. Colenso's track will find it sketched in by Mr. J. W. Marchant. "Swainson's" map I was able to copy through the kindness of Mr. J. F. Siceley, who has the original. The old tracks are shown on it which settlers used before there were roads laid out, and the edge of the cliff overlooking the Rangitikei river is dotted in.

I have only been able to secure a few photographs of the earlier colonists. Photography was not in such general use in their time, and this is the reason why some of the more prominent men and women are not represented. I am sorry I have not any photos of the *wharés* in the old days, but there are none existent that I could hear of.

In offering this small volume to the public, I do so with all its imperfections and omissions as a tribute in honour and respect for those who came before us and paved our way to comfort and success, a brave, self-denying people, and conclude by thanking all those who gave me such help in the gathering of notes of old times.

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ERRATA.

P. 14. Footnote, for "Hon. John Boyce" read "Hon. John Bryce."
P. 22. l. 4, for "Heromana" read "Horomana."
P. 25. Last line, for "Huiwa" read "Hunia."
P. 103. l. 12, for "Hutt Club" read "Hunt Club."
P. 148. l. 18, for "Tapu te Whata" read "Tapa te Whata."
P. 148. l. 19, for "Awhuri" read "Awahuri."
Plate 5. Title, for "T. N. McKenzie" read "T. U. McKenzie."

Early Rangitikei.

spike he caused "Robinier," as he called him, to cry enough, and to jump overboard and swim ashore. He at the same time regaled me with a story of how he tried to save a handsome young slave girl from the old savage. One day when at Kapiti Island, a Maori girl he knew there

EARLY RANGITIKEI

CHAPTER I.

A Sketch of the Rangitikei in the early days must begin with a short account of the Maoris in the district when the first white people come to settle amongst them.

As is the case of all natives, the Maoris seem to have had a system of wireless telegraphy, which enabled them to know what was going on elsewhere, and naturally the Rangitikei Maoris knew of the settlement in Wellington of the English people, and had already reaped some benefit from their advent. They were able to sell pigs and wheat to the traders, and, as a prize, buy a horse, some tobacco, or other luxury. Long before the early settlers came to Wellington the natives had bartered dressed flax to captains of the whalers or traders who came down from Sydney, and many of the native women had married whalers, and settled down "to rear his dusky race." The whalers, however, seem to have taught them little but to drink rum. That entertaining old whaler, "Billy Jenkins," told me how, opposite Kapiti, he had a fight on board a schooner with the redoubtable Te Rauparaha, over some rum which the Maori wanted to annex. Billy graphically described, though with what truth I cannot say, how with the assistance of a marline spike he caused "Robuller," as he called him, to cry enough, and to jump overboard and swim ashore. He at the same time regaled me with a story of how he tried to save a handsome young slave girl from the old savage. One day when at Kapiti Island, a Maori girl he knew there

ran up to him and cried, "Biri Biri, save me, they are going to kill me," and on enquiry he found that this was the case, the ukase had gone forth that she was to be the victim of man's horrible desire for nitrogenous food. Billy offered "Robuller" three casks of gunpowder for her life, perhaps the most tempting offer he could make, and Te Rauparaha seemed at first eager to accept, and asked where they were. "Over at my whare," said Billy. After long consideration, however, the temptation was refused on the ground "that the *wahine* would be very tender."

This same Te Rauparaha had such a powerful sway everywhere on the Coast, and had so completely altered the location and power of the native tribes, that a short account of his migration and conquests must precede anything said of the Maoris of Rangitikei. There is no need here to set forth his life at any length, as this has been done by various writers, notably by Mr. W. Locke Travers in his "Stirring Times of Te Rauparaha," published by Messrs. Whitcombe and Tombs. As he pervaded the whole coast and was the most important factor in the sale of land, and the attacks made upon the settlers, some explanation must be made of his life and character.

It seems certain that he was born somewhere about 1770 at Kawhia, and belonged to the Ngatitoa tribe. He was the son of Werawera from a Ngatiraukawa woman named Parekowhatu, and thus he was equally related to the two tribes, Ngatitoa and Ngatiraukawa. His sister, Waitohi, was again the mother of Rangihaeata, who had almost as much influence as his uncle, Te Rauparaha. A sister of Parekowhatu, named Parewahawaha, was the ancestress of natives who afterwards settled opposite Bulls. Te Rauparaha as he grew up was constantly on the war path. There seems to have been continual warfare going on in the north, and the tribes seemed bent on annihilating each other. The tribes, Ngatiraukawa and Ngatitoa, generally made common cause against the other

tribes. As Te Rauparaha grew up he took part in these tribal troubles. He soon began to assume the leadership, and he was constantly scheming to defeat the Waikatos, who, under Te Wherowhero, occupied the valley of the Waipa between Maungatautari and Kawhia, and had some strong *pas* on the slopes of Pirongia, which afterwards were the head-quarters of the King movement in the King Country.

To this end Te Rauparaha was in constant communication with the Chief of the tribe at Rotorua and Taupo, the latter under the great chief Te Heuheu, a man of immense stature and commanding presence. These tribes were closely allied to the Ngatiraukawa and Ngatitoa, and eventually enabled Te Rauparaha to fend off attacks when his people were settling the West Coast. Eventually, the Ngatiraukawa, Ngatitoa and Ngatiawa peaceably partitioned the conquered country out amongst themselves (said to be on the suggestion of Waitohi), and closed the wrangles which at one time looked like developing into civil war.

Te Rauparaha's first idea was to conquer the Waikatos, but the Ngapuhis and other tribes to the northward, who had been trading with Europeans, soon collected the coveted firearms and gunpowder, which gave them such power over those whose weapons were those of the Maori, that Te Rauparaha saw it was hopeless to carry out his scheme of the conquest of the Waikatos, and turned his attention elsewhere, and readily joined, by invitation, an expedition under Tamati Waka Nene and his brother Patuone, from Hokianga, with many warriors. The party travelled along the coast through the territory of the Ngatiawas, whose alliance with the Ngatitoas, however, saved them from molestation.

Beginning with the Ngatiruanui, who occupied the country just north of Hawera, they fought their way down the coast to Wellington, defeating on the way the Wanganui, Ngatiapa, Muaupoko and Rangitane tribes,

when they offered resistance. By the time they reached Wellington their fame had gone abroad, and the section of the Ngati Kahungunu tribe, who lived there, fled to the Wairarapa. The *taua* (war party), however, followed them up, and attacked a large force gathered in a very strong *pa*, called Tawhare Nikau, and carried it with great slaughter. After pursuing the fugitives as far as Porangahau, killing all they could find, they returned to Wellington, where in the offing stood a European vessel. Tamati shouted, "Oh, Raha! do you see that people sailing on the sea. They are a very good people, and if you conquer this land and hold intercourse with them you will obtain guns and powder and become very great." This determined Te Rauparaha to return and occupy the land, so that he too could trade with the Europeans and procure guns and gunpowder.

Rangihaeata as he passed through the Turakina district took prisoner and made his slave wife a sister of the Ngatiapa chief, Aperahama Tipae, called Pikinga, and Mr. Travers says this circumstance was "much and absurdly insisted upon in favour of the Ngatiapa title during the investigations of the Native Lands Court into the Manawatu Case." This is, however, rather a partisan view, for in that case Mr. Travers acted as counsel for the Ngatiraukawa tribe when the non-sellers brought their case before the Court. But this will be referred to when the story of the purchase of that block comes to be told.

Te Rauparaha's whole mind was now concentrated upon getting the various chiefs of the friendly tribes to agree to send warriors with him when he made his raid on the West Coast.

He was aided in this by the death of the principal chief of the Ngatiraukawa, at Maungatautari, and claiming the position for himself. This was to some extent acknowledged by the tribe, but only so far as a "first-class fighting man," whilst the general direction

of the affairs of the tribe remained with the hereditary chiefs, the principal one being Te Whatanui.

Although even Te Rauparaha's persuasive powers—which must have been great—did not prevail upon the Ngatiraukawa to leave Maungatautari then, some of the braves joined him, and afterwards there was a great migration south.

Nor is it to be wondered at that the tribe had no wish to leave Maungatautari. It is beautifully situated close to that grand river, the Waikato, which flows peacefully from Taupo to the sea, giving access to the ocean on the one hand and the lake on the other by canoe. The mountain itself, a beautifully-wooded hill, gave great shelter from any marauding party, and the splendid piece of country between the Waikato and Waipa stretching to the west—for cultivation, and the swamps to the north for eel and wild fowls, is unsurpassed for those who had to depend upon hunting for their living. Anyone viewing the country around Cambridge at the present day will get some idea of the fascination it must have had for the Maori owners who claimed it. These lands were eventually confiscated on account of the Waikato War in 1863.

However, Te Rauparaha at last began his journey, taking with him beside his fighting men, a number of women and children, about 400 in all, including 170 tried fighting men.

It is a stirring story to read of his journey as told by Mr. Travers, but for our purposes there is only need to confine attention to the progress through Rangitikei and on down South. This migration took place about 1820. Te Rauparaha from his previous raid knew the whole country, and knew the people who were likely to bar his progress.

The natives in these parts, no doubt, had had inter-tribal wars, and disputes, but the fight for supremacy had never been so great as in the North, where the men were

brought up to look on warfare as a necessity, so that the tribes on the West Coast were not inured to hardships and had not the same experience in warfare. It may be added that the expedition rested for some time in Taranaki, during which period Te Rauparaha went continuously to and fro between the various other tribes, even as far as Tauranga, to try and induce them to join forces, and he was thus able to get the help of 200 fighting men from Pomare, and 400 Ngatiawas under Wi Kingi.

There was thus a very formidable invading force and not much resistance was made. Pikinga's people of the Ngatiapa tribe met this force at Wanganui and escorted them down the coast, through their territory, so that there was no fighting until they passed the Manawatu River. The men of the force tramped overland whilst the women and children and all the "Lares and Penates" of the tribe were taken in canoes. Travers says that the expedition halted at various places and sent marauding parties inland "for the purpose of capturing any stray people whom they could find, in order that they might be killed and eaten: but these parties found the country nearly deserted, the remnant of the original tribe having taken refuge in the fastnesses of the interior." And this afterwards was one of the reasons put forward in support of Ngatiraukawa's claim to land in the Rangitikei District.

CHAPTER II.

It is not pertinent to our subject to follow all the fights and disputes which occurred before the Europeans settled in the country, but eventually the Ngatiapas were left the country on the north of the Rangitikei, and some *pas* on the south side. There was a remnant of the Rangitanes left at Oroua Bridge, the land immediately south of the Manawatu at Porotawhao seems to have been occupied as a sort of outpost of the migrating tribes, then near the Horowhenua Lake, the original occupants, the Muaupoko tribe, a small remnant—after the tribe had been harried on every occasion—being left under the protection of Te Whatanui, who had by this time made up his mind to throw in his lot with Te Rauparaha. Eventually the Ngatiraukawas settled between Levin and Otaki, the Ngatitoas next on the coast and on Kapiti inland, and the Ngatiawas to the south of Waikanae.

The character of this extraordinary man, Te Rauparaha, is well worthy of study, for he was able to dominate the whole coast; to intimidate the Europeans; to murder Captain Wakefield at the Wairau,—only to be told by the then Governor of the Colony, "The Englishmen were very much to blame, and as they brought on and began the fight, and as they were hurried into crime by their misconduct, I will not avenge their death." (If the truth were known there was no means of avenging them). Eventually, no doubt, we might have done so, but if war had been declared the whole of the Europeans would probably have been massacred.

After this invasion of the Marlborough province he assumed the right to deal with the lands, and it was he

who leased to Sir Charles Clifford the Flaxbourne run, the first stocked country in the South Island.

He, too, was an important factor in the sale of the Rangitikei block, as we shall see, and yet this position was gained entirely by conquest.

I remember once bringing under Colonel Fox's notice Travers' "Life of Te Rauparaha," already alluded to, and after reading it he remarked, "Had he lived in Europe he would have been a great general." His character and achievements have always seemed to me to be very similar to those of Napoleon, who was fighting in Europe at the same time.* Napoleon had a genius for warfare. He dominated Europe, he made kingdoms and set rulers over the conquered nations. When he invaded a country he devastated it and lived on the food of the people. No army could follow him, for there was no food to be procured. He was treacherous to a degree. He was a murderer (for did he not cause to be shot the innocent Prince D'Enghien), yet he completely altered the map of Europe, and in civil life he showed by his "Code Napoleon" that had he turned his attention to peaceful occupation he would have shown the same brilliancy as in war.

Te Rauparaha had the same genius as a general, and his attack of the Kaiapoi *pa* by sapping up to the palisading is the first instance in the history of any savage nation using trenches as a means of warfare. He, too, dominated all but the far north of New Zealand. Wherever he went he left the natives impoverished, and he had a simple means of disposing of his enemies, for he killed and ate them. He was treacherous to a degree, a murderer and a cannibal, and although his character, viewed from a European point of view, is vile in the extreme, he was only following the practice of the nation to which he belonged. It was the custom to conquer by

*This was written before Mr. Lindsay Buick published "An Old New Zealander," in which he names Te Rauparaha, Napoleon of the South.

deception if possible, it saved a lot of bloodshed amongst the conquerors, it was the horrible custom to torture their prisoners if they had any grudge against them, and then kill and eat them. Te Rauparaha knew this would be his own fate if he were captured, but his great cunning and force of character enabled him to escape the many attempts on his life. He cringed to those in power, he bullied those under him, yet, like Napoleon, he altered the whole location of most of the tribes in the North Island.

He was feared by the settlers in the early days as much as Napoleon was feared by the English, yet he ended his days at Otaki, a great church goer. Bishop Hadfield, who knew him and Rangihaeata as well, told me he frequently used to come down to his house and ask to be allowed to talk to him, as he expressed it. "In the *pa* they talk of nothing but land and women, I want to hear about the world." He also said he was a great actor. At a time when he had just returned from one of his expeditions, he came over to Waikanae from Kapiti and went to the *pa,* which was occupied by the Ngatiawas. This tribe was very cold to him, and he came cringing up towards the fire rubbing his hands and saying, "It's very cold in the canoe," but they paid no heed to him, remaining sullenly silent. Gradually coming nearer he continued in the same tone, until he knew his followers were sufficiently near, and then his whole manner changed, and he assumed the arrogant tone which was habitual to him when dealing with his inferiors. Writing of Te Rauparaha, Bishop Hadfield says,—

"I first met Te Rauparaha in 1839. He was then living on a small island within a few fathoms of Kapiti. It seemed strange to see a man who had recently instigated the Ngatiraukawa tribe to attack the Ngatiawa tribe who were at Waikanae about five miles distant from him, living securely with his wife and a few slaves without any fear of being molested. His *mana* was a sufficient

protection. To have injured him would have been to involve the whole of the natives on both sides of Cook Strait in war. He was at that time about seventy-five years of age. He was rather below the average height, but strong and active. He had an aquiline nose and rather small eyes. His features plainly indicated intelligence and strength of will, cunning and cruelty, though I subsequently learnt that his cruelty only exhibited itself when serious obstacles stood in his way. He originally came from Kawhia. His name was known throughout New Zealand for the various wars he had been engaged in, and the ability he had displayed in overcoming obstacles and recovering from disasters had made him famous everywhere. On several occasions he related to me adventures connected with these wars which were very remarkable, as affording evidence of his marvellous resource. I will only mention one. Once during his wars with the natives of the South Island he was surprised when in his canoe by a party in several canoes which pursued him and gained upon him. On passing a point of land he observed a few rocks, and a large quantity of sea-weed on the surface of the water. He immediately pulled towards these, filled the canoe with water, allowing only enough of the heads of the party to enable them to breathe to appear above the water. He let his enemies go on their way imagining that they were in pursuit of him, and then, having floated his canoe, stood across the Strait and reached home safely. But his ready resource in a difficulty was not always exercised in so innocent a manner. On another occasion (I did not hear of this from him) when pursued, in order to lighten his canoe, he threw into the sea those of his slaves who were unable to afford any assistance in paddling it.

"I need not say more about his adventures, there being a good deal already recorded as to his wars in works on New Zealand. But what few people had an opportunity of understanding as well as I had, was his great ability.

I had many opportunities of hearing him relate his past history and the various wars he had been engaged in, as well as his contrivances to out-wit or elude his enemies. I lived in a *whare* a few hundred yards from the old *pa*, near the mouth of the Otaki River. Sometimes in an afternoon he would come and knock at my door and ask whether I was disengaged, and if so could we have a talk. He said that in the *pa* they only talked about pigs and potatoes, and he got tired of it. This did not suit the petty sovereign whose occupation was gone. He would then go back to very early times and relate the state of the various Maori tribes—their relations to one another, and their wars. I had often heard discussions on the advantage in Europe of maintaining the balance of power in order to prevent one nation being overpowered by others, and the advantage of this questioned. To hear this old man talk, and learn how he had on several occasions managed to play off one tribe against another, and thus preserve his own independence and maintain the security of his tribe, was most astonishing.

"He was always, from my first interview with him, courteous and civil. How far he would have been so, had not his only son, Tamihana Katu, and his nephew, Matene te Whiwhi, been cordially co-operating with me, I am unable to say. He often gave me assistance, but never, though he occasionally came to church and remained during the whole service, professed belief in Christianity, or desired to be baptised. When it was resolved to build a good church at Waikanae, as totara for some parts of the building could not be obtained there, he agreed that it should be procured from a forest preserve of his at Otaki. He went there with me and selected some of the finest trees. He encouraged his people in their work. As it was impossible to complete our work there that day we determined to pass the night in the forest, and we prepared to sleep there comfortably by the side of a large fire which he had kindled. He said

he did not sleep much, and would take care to keep the fire well supplied with fuel. He sat talking for a long time, and seemed greatly pleased that we had felled one good tree suitable for the ridge-piece of the church of his former enemies—the Ngatiawa. As I sat by the fire with this old man—the rest of the working party had gone to a distance that we might be quiet—I could not but reflect on the inscrutable nature of man. There was, it was evident, a humane side of the character even of a man who had the reputation of being the most desperate and unscrupulous of his race. He never deceived me, and always placed implicit confidence in the truth of all I said. I must now conclude. Some years later Sir George Grey, who had ascertained that his sympathy with his nephew, Te Rangihaeata, who was in open rebellion, had become dangerous, apprehended and detained him on board a man-of-war. He did not resent this, as he knew it had saved him and his people from trouble. He subsequently died at Otaki."

Rangihaeata was quite a different man. He had no diplomacy but plenty of bounce and bluster, was cruel to a degree, and had nothing admirable in his character, unless perhaps loyalty to his Chief, and his bravery.

Te Whatanui on all hands was a much more lovable character, mild in disposition, and did much to curb the savage doings of the other two with whom he was associated.

CHAPTER III.

Such was the condition of affairs when the first settlers arrived in Wellington Harbour and landed at Petone on the 22nd of January, 1840. The Maoris who had been driven from Poneke (Port Nicholson) by Te Rauparaha had returned and made fast friends with the new settlers, soon selling them land at the Hutt for farming purposes. The whole district was covered with bush, and the immigrants who had bought scrip in London from the New Zealand Land Company were eager to get some land to begin their work of settlement. What a grand body of men and women these people were—these Empire builders—who had left the home of their birth, and all their friends behind, to strike out for themselves in an absolutely new country amidst a savage race, and under the most adverse circumstances; but the pluck and endurance they one and all showed, makes us to this day proud of our race. Many of the early settlers of Rangitikei came at this time, of which we will hear more bye-and-bye. Some of these settled at the Hutt. From the beginning these settlers had trouble with the Maoris, especially with one who was called "Dog's Ear." It was thought at the time that this was at the instigation of Te Rauparaha, who had been paid £200 for his tribe's claim, by way of conquest, in the land purchased about Wellington, but it was possible that Rangihaeata was the instigator of the natives disturbing the settlers. At any rate a number of very disaffected and low class natives under no chief, gathered about the Hutt and levied a species of blackmail on the struggling settlers, and this culminated in an unprovoked attack on some of the people

in the Hutt Valley. The military were called out and camped in the Valley, where they were surprised by natives, supposed to have come from Porirua. A very touching incident occurred when the natives surprised the camp. A little bugler boy was awakened by some noise, and reached out for his bugle to blow a warning note, but before he could do so, a Maori struck his arm with a tomahawk and disabled him. Nothing daunted, he changed hands and blew a few notes before he was struck down by a blow on the head.* We shall hear more of this bugle later on. After the Maoris were driven back they went back to Porirua, and the information was conveyed to Governor Grey that there would be no peace until Te Rauparaha was captured. The following is a description of the capture of the famous chief.

Te Rauparaha was alone in the *whare* when he was taken. There had been a number of other Maoris in the *whare*, but when they heard the tramp of the men they fled, and Te Rauparaha, who was seemingly on the best of terms with the soldiers, remained behind, as he never

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*The story of this bugler boy was told to me by the late Hon. John Boyce, who said there was no record of the boy's name. Since then I have seen that his name was Allen, and it would be a fitting occasion for a stone and tablet to record the place of his heroic death. The incident forms the subject of a touching little poem published in the Wellington Girls' College *Reporter*, under the initials of A.V.T., who will probably not object to my quoting a couple of stanzas. After describing the appearance of the Maoris as "phantom fiends," and how Allen, instead of saving his life by disappearance into the bush, thought of "sleeping souls, unconscious of the strife."

"He raised his bugle, and with clarion sound
The clear *revéille* filled the sleeping vale:
'Awake! Awake!' the rocks and hills around
Sent back the echoes in the dawning pale.

The poor boy had his arm hacked, and then—

"But swift as thought he, with the other hand,
With ambidexterous twist, ere it could fall,
Caught up the bugle and—defiant, grand—
Sent once again the shrill and piercing call.

. . . . . .

"Another cruel blow and Allen fell,
As Britons fall, his duty nobly done."

dreamed that it was he who was to be taken. The small body of men who were sent with some of the sailors to capture the old man belonged to what was known as the Carbine Rifles, under Major Durie, and the two selected to go into the *whare* and affect the capture were John Frazer, who afterwards lived at Rangitikei, and a sailor from the "Calliope," called White. When Te Rauparaha was laid hold of he made a struggle to get away, and is said to have nearly bitten White's thumb off. But this time the wily old savage was not able to effect an escape. He was placed on board the "Calliope" and kept there some time, where he seems to have thoroughly enjoyed himself.

Rangihaeata wanted to sack Wellington, but after a fight in Horokiwi Valley he retired to Poroutawhao, a little south of the Manawatu, and never afterwards troubled the Europeans.

In the year 1882 I had the pleasure of a ride down the coast from Foxton with James Wallace, Secretary of the Manawatu Railway Company, and John Gower, of Foxton, with Morgan Carkeek as guide. Mr. Gower, and myself went to value the land belonging to the Railway Company, so as to float a loan on the security of the land. We rode out through the sand hills and on through Mr Davis's property, Whirokino (where we were hospitably entertained), to Poroutawhao, and I thought a fairer and more peaceful view I had never seen. It was to this place that Rangihaeata retired, after Te Rauparaha was detained a prisoner. He caught the measles and determined to go to Otaki. "On reaching the Waikawa, and feeling hot and feverish he plunged into the river: he went on to Otaki, but soon became worse, and died in two days, in November, 1856," (Beavan's Reminiscences of an old Colonist). There was a great *tangi* at Poroutawhao, as might be expected, and his body was carried up to a hill called Paeroa, overlooking the settlement, and deposited on the ground, a *whare* being built over it. The shingles

(when we saw the *whare* which had been built over the coffin) had by this time all rotted off, and looking through the roof we could see the totara coffin of plain boards, and alongside had been placed his belongings, the remains of a saddle, a pair of moleskins, a pair of braces, and a pair of elastic-sided boots. There lay the remains of this old warrior, who at one time was the terror of the Coast, a cruel rum drinking savage, but one who had made history. As far as the Europeans were concerned they did not regret his demise.

When I next saw Sir George Grey I told him of the state of his old foe's grave, and he gave me £10 to get Hone Taipua to have it done up. What state it is in now I have no idea, but it was the most incongruous sight I have ever witnessed. This old "terror's" grave, though it was a beautiful scene around, and now the *pakeha* has crept in and cultivated the land. It has lost the old romance and is left to a few Maoris, hemmed in on all sides by successful European cultivation.

On the death of Rangihaeata the men who had fought under him wandered up the coast, some of them settling along the Rangitikei River, and this accounts for so many different families and tribes living in that district.

CHAPTER IV.

The first note I have of the advent of the *pakeha* in Rangitikei is from the Rev. Mr. Taylor's diary, from which I had the privilege of copying that which related to the district, through Mr. W. Downes' kindness.

Parson Taylor's Diary.

"Jan. 28, 1848.—I arose by five left a little after 6 for Rangitikei on the mule. It got into a quicksand in the Whangaehu. I had to dismount and walk through the river. We reached Parawanui about five and found a large number of natives assembled. 1st.—I hear many reports about the Governor that Mr. Tudor persuaded the Governor not to go to Otaki because there were many armed natives there, so he turned back. 2nd. That the Governor desired Rangihaieta to give him the meeting, but that chief told the Governor to go to him, that he told him to give up Pairouia a murderer which he declined doing.

That Waikanae natives are going to Waitara.

That the Governor and Taria have quarrelled.

That Rauparaha is going to Otago in the steamer.

It is surprising how they invent reports like these. I had no sooner said, 'How do you do' to them, than I had to hold a meeting with them about men praying to the *atua* (God) Kikokiko. They said they had given him up finding he was an *atua teka* (false god). One told me the reason he gave him up was not to exalt him but God, that if his faith in God was unshaken he could be saved, but if it was small he would perish, which I showed him the folly of going to him—he said "he heard a voice come up out of

the ground," he went to the house of some woman (Mata wife of Meehana of Oroua). I suggested it was nothing but ventriloquism he heard, and told him what such people could do. He said, "Now he saw how it was, especially as the woman sought for heavy presents, to remunerate the *atua* they worshipped." I enquired how they could think of going to him—they said "this new sickness drove them to it." They now firmly believe it to have been a delusion & I trust will listen to me.

29th.—I had a very large & attentive congregation this morning. Afterwards I visited the sick & dispensed medicine and books. I then spoke to some candidates for baptism amongst whom was Te Hauea, the principal chief of this place. I thence went to Marama te hoia a small *pa* on the other side of the river built by a party of Rangihaieta's men under Parata, they received me with great respect & wished me to baptise about 6 of their children which I have engaged to do after evening service. I spoke to the candidates for the sacrament & rejected the teacher for listening to this false god. One native said he had seen the spirit of his child who died some time previously. That it attached itself to a woman and never left her. He wanted to know "whether he might eat the sacrament." Afterwards we held a prayer meeting of the teachers for this place who had been induced to listen to the designing woman who pretended to speak for the God.

30th.—This morning the first thing we held a meeting of the teachers to consider whether the present ones of this place are to continue in their office: it was decided they should. It appears that this singular infatuation for such it can only be called commenced with a baptised woman of Manawatu. Mr. Hadfield and a man named Enoch of Turakina a Wesleyan appear at one time to have gained many proselytes by prophesying evil of those who did not join them. Enoch has prophesied my death, which he says will take place very soon. I administered the sacrament to about 76, excluding the teachers for their bad

conduct. I baptised the principal chief of this place—we had long spoken to him on the subject, but hitherto he could not make up his mind to give up one of his 2 wives. We hear now he has made that sacrifice & has become a member of the outward Christian Church. He is a venerable looking person, his hair is quite white, and hangs in long locks on his shoulders. After service he was cryed over by all who still remain unbaptised, the wife he has retained was also baptised by the name of Harata. Amongst the children baptised was that of a man who was killed in the Horokiwi fight, he was one of the murderers of Gillespie. Parata the chief of the party of the hostile natives residing on this river brought his child to be baptised, he is a fine determined looking man, he expresses himself as most anxious to live in peace & has petitioned me to give him a supply of books as all theirs was burnt in their Chapel at the Hutt when it was set fire to by the soldiers. One of his party is to accompany me to-morrow for them. I distributed medicines. In the evening we had a heavy thunder storm, the lightning was vivid, the thunder loud & the rain heavy. It seemed very solemn in the dark sitting in my tent. The natives said that formerly their gods were moths spiders and beetles, a number of which with clouds of mosquitoes flew into my tent and were killed by the natives. I bade them remark the difference between such weak insects crushed between the fingers and the solemn voice of the Lord, heard in the thunder & his fiery eye as seen in the vivid flash.

Jan. 31.—I arose at 4—after prayers I married Hauea & his wife Harata I left about 6 & reached home about three having got the mule bogged in passing through a swamp.

Again on Nov. 30:

Reached Parewanui, the largest assemblage I have ever had in this place fully five hundred & plentiful supply of food of which dried eels were the most prominent article.

They have enclosed about ¼ of an acre with a substantial & lofty screen & this is to serve as a church. I had about 1000 present at the evening service. . . . I walked to Marama i hoia. . . Mr. Duncan from Foxton present & assisted in dispensing sacrament of which 336 partook. Put over Rangitikei by Mr. Chamberlain.''

CHAPTER V.

The first or lower *pa* in the Rangitikei seems to have been on the south side of the river, near its mouth, and was called Tawhirihoe, but this was used more as a sea-side resort, where the Maoris caught and dried their supply of fish. Ihakara, the chief, really lived near Awahou, Foxton, but occasionally went over to Rangitikei partly to show his power of possession, and partly to get the season's supply of food. He and his people belonged to the Ngatiraukawa tribe. The next *pa* was situated on the same side of the river and occupied by Te Hakeke, Hunia's father. It was he who had made such a determined attack on Te Rauparaha at Kapiti, where 1,000 canoes were said to have conveyed the attacking party, which Te Rauparaha, taking in detail, defeated and drove off. Mr. John Stevens, who gave me this information, stated that there were about 200 natives in this *pa* when he knew it first, and it was situated where Mr. Arthur Amon lived at Awahou, on the Rangitikei, before he went into his own place across the river. On the other side of the river was the big *pa* of the Ngatiapas at Parewanui. Here the principal chiefs were Hunia, Mohi Mahi, and Rawiri, the latter being a preacher, for Christianity had spread rapidly amongst the Maoris from the Rev. Mr. Hadfield's teaching at Otaki, and that of the Revs. Mr. Mason and Mr. Taylor at Putiki. Running up from Parewanui were a number of smaller *pas*, or more correctly *kaingas*. The first was Taungatara, where Ratana lived. Mr. Stevens has vivid recollections of the excellence of the peaches in the grove near-by. The next was Watotara, and a little further up was Waikonehu, close to the river. In all, about 500 or

600 Maoris lived in these *kaingas*. At Maramahoia, on the left bank of the river, the natives were chiefly Ngatimaniapoto, and several *hapus* lived in the neighbourhood—Heromana, Kerehana and others to the number of about 200. Near where Mr. T. Cameron lives, at Mangamahoe, was a further settlement of the Ngatiraukawas, about fifty natives in all. Wi Pukapuka, who is said to have betrayed Charles Broughton, the interpreter, lived there. Napia Taratoa lived at Matahiwi with about 150 or 200 Maoris.

Another tribe altogether had a *pa* on Mr. Simpson's land, but the site has been washed away by the river. There were Ngatipos, who belonged to the Ngatituwharetoas from the slopes of Tongariro. These people were much averse to Europeans, and although they traded with them afterwards and took produce down to Scott's, they were always a dangerous lot. Had it not been for Napia Taratoa, who lived close by, and who was well disposed to the *pakehas*, there would often have been trouble. They had "squatted" there without any right, but eventually left the district. Mr. Stevens tells of an adventure in his boyhood's days with these people. His father had bought a pair of bullocks from the natives at Awahuri, and they had got away. "Johnny" was sent after them, clad, as he describes it, in a pair of trousers too short for him, a shirt and vest, without boots, stockings or hat, and a strand of flax for a bridle on his pony. He crossed the river to look for the lost bullocks, but they were not to be seen. Boy-like, his eye caught sight of some very attractive melons, and, seeing no owner about, he selected one, and was just getting on his pony, when an old Maori jumped up and called out to him that "that was a theft." This had to be acknowledged, but feeling somewhat nervous as to his position, and knowing the charácter of the people, the culprit felt his pockets and by good chance came across a sixpence he had not yet hid in his buried store. The old Maori looked at the proffered "hikipene" and said, "Yes,

that was alright for the melon, but what about the *tahae* (theft). However, the boy thought he had paid enough, and hearing voices in the distance, rode away, making off with the melon, crossing the river, and sat down near the Tutaenui stream (which then ran out much lower down than it does now), just opposite Raumai gate, and going into some bush (which is all washed away now), he tied his pony up and proceeded to enjoy his spoil. Alas for the fleeting enjoyment, looking up through the bush he espied a pair of brown legs approaching, so throwing the melon away he jumped on his pony and rode up the river, thinking to escape that way; but he was surrounded, and only get away by jumping a big fallen tree when the Maoris thought they had him. Pulling a "lunar" at the discomforted pursuers he scampered away up to the top of Rangitoto, behind Mr. Paulin's, and watched where the Maoris went, and only came down when he saw them crossing the river. Had he been caught he would probably have been imprisoned until ransomed by his people. As it was, his father had to pay a considerable sum to silence the Maoris. Fortunately, for the peace of the district, these Ngatipos moved on after a while and returned to the sullen slopes of Tongariro.

Napia Taratoa lived at Matahiwi with about 150 to 200 Maoris of the Ngatiraukawa. Taratoa had had some of his tribe down from Maungatautari at the invitation of Te Rauparaha, and had apparently settled down at Matahiwi, either purposing to return by-and-bye to his native land, or occupy, by virtue of conquest, the fine land in the neighbourhood of his *pa*. Although Wakefield in his "Adventure in New Zealand" in 1844 speaks in derogatory terms of this chief in connection with the crossing of the Manawatu, he was looked upon by his neighbours in Rangitikei as a man of integrity, whose word was never doubted. A little further up the river, near the old mill site, was a Ngatiapa *pa*, Kawana Hunia's (Pukapukatea), and just below the present gravel pit was another *pa*, where

Te Waitere lived, the latter, a huge powerful Maori whom Mr. Stevens in his boyhood admired as the finest specimen of a man he had ever seen.

Further up at Ohinepuiawe, still on the south side, was another section of the Ngatiraukawas belonging to the Ngatiparewahawaha, also from Maungatautari, the principal men being Aperahama to Horo Horo and Hare Rewiti; altogether there were about 150 natives there, and also a South Sea Islander, called Tamihana.

Opposite on the north bank near the bridge was a Ngatiapa settlement where Rakapa's mother (Mrs. Hare Rewiti) lived. This eventually was sold to Mr. James Bull, and is now all beautifully grassed land, mostly held by Mr. Charles Ellery. When the surveyors poled up the river, they came to this spot and camped. The river then ran between much narrower banks than now, and the koromiko and kowhai growing close down to the river's edge. They thought it so beautiful that they called it Potakina (the nearest the Maoris could get to Port Jackson). The surveyors were George Swainson, Robert Park, John Knowles and David Porter. There were about 50 or 60 natives settled here.

Just under the cemetery was a pretty little flat, cultivated by a Maori who went by the name of "Big Hori." He had "squatted" after the affair of the Hutt, on Ohinepuiawe and married Mata, Hare Rewiti's mother. His real name was Hori Papuahuahu. Everyone speaks of him as being a magnificent man, who was immensely strong. On this cultivation under the cemetery he had wheat, potatoes, kumaras and tara on at least ten acres, which was a large piece of land for one family to cultivate.

It is not to be supposed that these natives living in proximity (with their strong fighting instinct) would live in peace, and it is said that in an engagement at Te Aku, on the flat just before you descend to the Tutaenui from Bulls, a memorable single combat took place between Te Waitere and Big Hori. The latter had pinned Waitere to

the ground after a great struggle, and had driven his spear down in the ground, and was holding his opponent down against it, when, with a Herculean twist, Waitere wrenched himself free, broke the spear and got clear.

Still further up the river, on the left bank, beginning at Kakariki and right up to the Waituna, were a series of *pas* of the Ngatipikiahu section of the Ngatiraukawas and a few Ngatimaniapoto. The last of the Ngatiapa *pas* was close to the Onepuhi Bridge on the York Farm side, where a man called Matiaha lived, the supposed boundary between the Ngatiapas and the next tribe, the Ngatiwhitis, was just beyond Major Marshall's at the Hou Hou. On the left bank again at Pikitara there was a Ngatiapa *pa* where Huiwa was born.

CHAPTER VI.

I have been somewhat prolix over these Maori tribes, because they have a very important bearing upon the sale of the land on both sides of the river. The sale of the land on the eastern side caused much excitement, and nearly led to an outbreak of hostilities. The explanation is that the various sections claimed the land and their share of the purchase-money and reserves. The first purchase we have to deal with is the land between the Rangitikei and the Turakina. The land near Wanganui had been bought, as described in Wakefield's "Adventure in New Zealand," but still the demand for land was unsatisfied, and settlers were coming in by every vessel, hoping to get land for themselves and their families to settle on. I am fortunate enough to be able to give a very interesting account of the purchase by the Hon. J. D. Ormond, who was present when Sir Donald McLean (then Mr.) bought the land. Mr. Ormond was private secretary to his brother-in-law, Lieutenant-Governor Eyre, and Mr. McLean asked him to come up to Rangitikei, where he would get good sport,—duck shooting—and that is how he came to be present. He describes the purchase as follows:—

"The Rangitikei purchase was the first large operation in land buying in the Wellington Province. Of course, Wellington, the Hutt and Wanganui had been purchased in earlier days, but in 1849 the increase of population required that efforts should be made to acquire land for settlement. Mr. Donald McLean, Land Purchase Commissioner, had been successful in making purchases in New Plymouth, and he was employed to endeavour to secure some land for settlement out of the then waste lands on the West Coast.

"After enquiry he elected to attempt the purchase of the Rangitikei block. I remember him telling me that the reasons which influenced him to select the Rangitikei block were that the ownership was not disputed, while at the same time the block was very desirable for settlement, also that it had few native owners. So he opened the way to the purchase by getting the native tribes interested to hold a meeting at Rangitikei to discuss the question of ownership and sale, he having first obtained from the resident owners, the Ngatiapas, an offer to sell.*

Mr. Ormond continues:—

"Arrangements were made, and a very large meeting assembled at Parewanui. Very few Europeans were present at that meeting, the only ones I remember were: Mr. Donald McLean, Mr. Park, a well-known surveyor, who had been in the employ of the Association that settled Wellington, Mr. Godfrey Thomas, a half-brother of Sir George Grey's and then Government Auditor for New Munster. He and I went to the meeting on the invitation of Mr. McLean, and remained there through the meeting. We travelled from Wellington chiefly on the beach. The road went inland at Manawatu to cross the river at the ferry. The other rivers were mostly fordable. We lived in a native house erected by the natives for the use of Mr. McLean. The only other European that I remember at the meeting was Mr. Scott, who kept the ferry over the

*These earlier negotiations may have been going on for some time, for in reply to a question of mine *re* the date, Mr. Beavan, of Manakau, says:—"Mr. McLean had commenced the purchase of the Rangitikei block in 1847, but the sale took place on the 15th May, 1849. The reason it was delayed was on account of Te Rauparaha and Te Rangihaeata being furious at the suggestion that the Ngatiapa tribe—whom they described as the remnant of their meals—should have a voice in the sale at all. The angry disputes went on for two years before the sale." When the meeting took place, therefore, at Parewanui in May, 1849, the natives who had any claim to the block, the Ngatiapas by reason of residence, and the Ngatiraukawas by reason of conquest, formed themselves, as Mr. Ormond describes, into two parties: the Ngatiapas were on one side called the sellers, and the Ngatiraukawas, under Te Rauparaha and Te Rangihaeata, were the non-sellers.

river and was present occasionally. I do not think that any other European was living in that part of the district, but at Manawatu Mr. John Kebbell lived on the bank of the river, and had a flour mill there to grind the wheat, which was grown in considerable quantities by the natives. There was another settler resident in Manawatu (Mr. Robinson) who had some sheep and cattle there. These were the only settlers of those days as far as I can remember.

"The meeting was held in a large square, enclosed on three sides by lines of sheds, lean-to fashion, in which the natives lived during the meeting. Cooking was done outside, and the food brought in. The other end was occupied by the house built for Mr. McLean.

"The meeting must have taken place in the autumn of 1849 (I cannot give the exact date), but we lived largely on wild ducks and pigeons, shot by Godfrey Thomas and myself, and which at that time were in fine condition. There were heaps of food. Flour, sugar, potatoes, pigs, a bullock occasionally, dried fish, and in limited quantities (for the chiefs) preserved pigeons and tuis. Many of these were shot and brought in every day. The parcelling out of the food at the beginning of the meeting was a great ceremony, separate lines of flour, sugar, etc., were stacked, and handed over to each tribe or section of natives.

"When the meeting opened there were present about 4,000 people. On the one side, and near Mr. McLean's house, sat the sellers, the Ngatiapa tribe under their chief, Kawana Hunia, to the number of about 400 or 500, and with them were a few Rangitanes, also old owners.

"On the opposite side sat the non-sellers, most of the visiting natives, chiefly Ngatiraukawas and Ngatiawas. Their chiefs were Te Rauparaha, Te Rangihaeata and Napia Taratoa. I should say he came next in importance to Te Rauparaha, and as an owner before him.

"At the commencement the sellers were the Rangitikei resident native chiefs, who, it was known, were supported

by the Wanganuis. These natives were at the other end of the enclosure, their chiefs being Mete Kingi and Taitoko Te Rangihiwinui (better known afterwards as Major Kemp, who helped the English during the war, and was presented with a sword by Queen Victoria). The proceedings were almost without interest for some days. Every morning the natives assembled ready to greet Mr. McLean, and it was very noticeable how few the sellers were in comparison to the non-sellers. Mr. McLean showed marvellous tact, patience and bearing. He was always courteous, patient and on the best of terms with all parties. As he went about among them he was always saying something that pleased them, and at the formal speechifying he was against haste—'let everything be well considered,'' was his daily advice. A peculiar feature of the proceedings was that he held an almost continuous reception of chiefs, and it was marvellous how he was able night after night to receive visits from principal men and women, never more than two or three at a time, and they never seemed to get in one another's way—when one party left, shortly after, another party would come. Mr. McLean generally sat up on his mat, and the visitors also sat near him. When he slept, we in the same house never knew. It seemed to us he never had rest, and was always the same to his visitors, courteous, kind and genial. The success of the purchase was undoubtedly due to his tact and patience. He never had the same trouble with other purchases. It seemed as if the report of that meeting had been circulated widely among the natives, and selling become the rage.''*

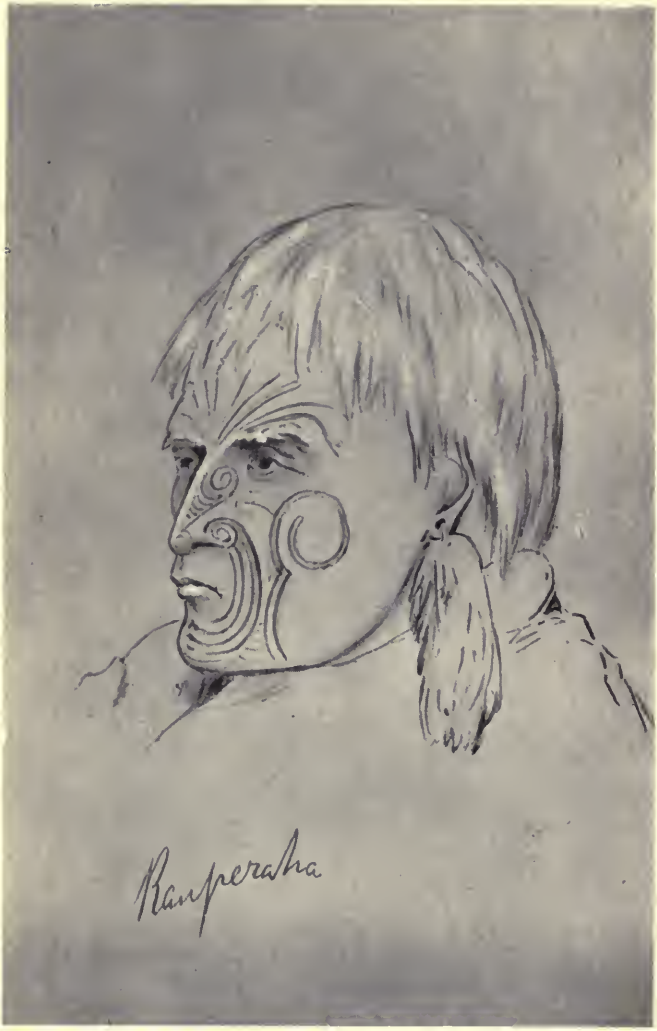
*As illustrating that rage on the part of the Maoris to sell, Mr. Ormond says: ''I was with Mr. McLean when he paid his first land purchase visit to Hawke's Bay in 1853. We started at Wangamoana (Purves Russell's place then on the Wairarapa Lake). John Russell carried the gold, and had sentries placed every night over the treasure, so we were a considerable party. We travelled up the coast, generally with an escort of 200 or 300 natives. Old Hapuku and several other big chiefs were of the party. Nearly every night blocks of land were offered, and small advances made on them. J. E. Fitzgerald afterwards described that as 'McLean's potato planting.' That was my first visit to Hawke's Bay, and it was then I took a lease of Wallingford from the natives.''

"We (Mr. Thomas and myself) wondered how Mr. McLean existed, as whenever we woke at night, there he was engaged with one or more—never more than two or three chiefs at a time.

"It was arranged, at Mr. McLean's request, that Mr. Park should go over the boundaries of the block accompanied by representatives of the different tribes, to take note of their claims, and so on. G. Thomas and myself accompanied the party. The ride was a long one, we were away three days and camped out two nights. The country was very rough and travelling difficult when we got off the native tracks. Most of the vegetation was toi toi and scrub, with bush here and there. Travelling was very slow as the natives had frequently to make crossings over boggy places, or make a track down banks of streams. The country looked well, however, although it was rough. I remember Park, who had some experience, kept saying, 'What a grand country it would be when settled.' I cannot describe the route we went, we were supposed to be shown the boundaries of the block to be sold, so that Park could estimate areas. We often went out of the way to see some striking object or locality which Park located, and which was wanted to estimate the areas of the different tribes of sellers.

"After nearly a week, McLean told us not to go away, that a change was coming, and in the afternoon the Wanganuis announced that they had come to the conclusion that the best way to settle all the different claims of ownership was to sell to the Government, and after this they rose, left the part of the enclosure they had occupied, and seated themselves by the sellers and original owners, the Ngatiapas. Following this the speechifying became much more excited, violent language, etc., being constant, but every morning before speechifying started the ranks of the selling party were added to by sometimes a large, sometimes a small party, until the sellers were manifestly in the majority. Again Mr. McLean told us not to go away,

Rangihaeata



Te Rauparaha
By Rev. J. Gilfillan

that the end was coming, and the proceedings opened by Te Rauparaha making a speech notifying that most of his people agreed to the sale. Directly he sat down—(I forgot to say that all the speeches were made by natives running backwards and forwards, gesticulating, etc.)—Te Rangihaeata rose, a tall gaunt savage in appearance, clothed in a dogskin mat. He was in a towering rage. Rushed backwards and forwards, leaping in the air and yelling imprecations. After a time the dogskin mat came off, and stark naked he rushed to where old Te Rauparaha sat in front of his people, leaning over him he yelled every taunt and filthy term of abuse he knew; called Te Rauparaha dog, slave-thing, and his tongue was a wonderful sight, it hung out an enormous length, and his filthy spittle dribbled on to the old chief he was abusing. Te Rauparaha sat perfectly still, never seemed to move or take any notice. At last Rangihaeata, utterly exhausted, stopped, shouted to his followers to accompany him and leave their slaves to finish their evil work, and he went off.

"That was the end of the meeting. The next day the deed of sale was signed by all the principal people, and the purchase of Rangitikei was concluded."

The enclosure which Mr. Ormond speaks of must have been over near the house in which Hunia lived, and some distance from the present road.

To anyone who has seen a native meeting Mr. Ormond's graphic description pictures to him the whole transaction, with the ever courteous Highlander, "Sir Donald," patiently awaiting the end he knew must come. It is told of him that he wished to get a recalcitrant Maori to sign a deed, and he went to his *pa*, shook hands, said nothing and sat down. For some days he remained a silent visitor, till at last the Maori said, "What do you want Makarini—I will sign."

He was truly a grand old gentleman, and his Celtic blood and temperament made him an ideal man to deal with the procrastinating Maori.

Mr. Ormond at my request gave me some impressions he had of Te Rauparaha, as follows:—

"The big earthquake occurred at Wellington and across the Straits in November, 1848. Te Rauparaha was staying at the time near the scene of the Wairau massacre, and was thrown out of his bunk and hurt. I remember there was a lot of talk about this amongst the Maoris at Otaki, and it was spoken of as a sort of judgment for his part in the Wairau massacre. I know he returned to Otaki after that. As to whether he was infirm at the time of the meeting—he was an old man, somewhat bent, and very cruel looking, but he was well enough to speak at the meeting, and visited McLean often in the *whare* at night."

There are very few Maoris who are alive now who were present at the sale. The only ones that I have been able find (writing in May, 1910) are Ratana Ngahina,* Rakapa te Ratapu, who married the late Hare Rewiti, and is living at Ohinepuiawe, and an old man up at Kauangaroa, named Aperahama Mungumangu.

Ratana told me he was about 17 years old at the time of the sale, but has a distinct recollection of the whole scene, and remembered that Messrs. Ormond and Thomas were there. I asked about the ducks in those days, and where these two visitors were taken. He replied that "there were ducks everywhere—the Hou and all up and down the river." It seems doubtful, however, if they went into the lakes on Waitatapia, as they would be too rough. On my asking who went with them as "gillies" he said, "Oh there were plenty of lads about only too willing to go with them, and they (the visitors) seemed to do nothing else every day."

I was anxious to find out the site of the *whare* where Mr. McLean lived, surrounded by the Maoris during the sale. He said it was now all washed away by the river, but was at a *pa* almost straight opposite Hunia's house.

*Ratana died since the above was written.

There was one thing, however, I could not understand—the sale apparently could not take place unless Te Rauparaha agreed to it, yet when I came to examine the deed, I found he had not signed it. On enquiry from Ratana why this was, he said, "Why, because he had nothing to do with the land." Of course Ratana at the time must have been only a lad, and perhaps was not aware of the immense power Te Rauparaha exerted. Yet he had lost his fire, he was an old man; had been prisoner on board a man-of-war for a year; had realized that the *pakeha* had come to stay, and that it was useless to try to stem the flow of the tide. Yet, despite all this, one cannot help thinking that those nightly visits to "Makarini" were not made without some expectation of payment for his acquiescence. We know how eager he was to receive money from the *pakeha* for everything he did, and that he was a great rum lover, like Te Rangihaeata, and one cannot help suspecting that Mr. McLean gave him some douceur for his consent. Mr. Stevens thinks that this is almost certain to be the case, and that it was the disappointed rage of not receiving any *utu* that caused Te Rangihaeata to revile his old chief with such vehemence. I asked Ratana if Te Rauparaha got any of the money for the sale, but he "did not know, though he did not think so."

I also inquired of the route taken by the party who made the tour of inspection spoken of by Mr. Ormond, and Ratana was able to give me a description of it. The three Europeans, I understand, had horses, but the Maoris who accompanied them were on foot, and numbered perhaps fifty. They started from Parewanui, must have gone out across what is now Waitatapia to the sea coast, and thence along the beach to Turakina, where they probably stayed the night. Hunia and Ratana, who had accompanied them thus far, returned, and the rest went on up the Turakina River. They could not go right to the boundary because of the bush, but they pointed out (from the nearest point they could get to it), the prominence just above the river

which was the mark of the boundary. Then they turned east and went across country, probably what is now known as the bridle track, and came to the Rangitikei River at the Hou Hou on the river just below Rata, and here they stayed another night. This *pa* where they stayed must have been occupied by the adjoining tribe, the Ngatiwhitis, who were, however, friendly, and into which tribe Hunia had married. The next day they came right down the river, and, as far as I could gather from Ratana, they must have come right down the higher bank, probably passing on the lower flat at York Farm and Westoe, and then climbing the cliff, somewhere near the present road, to avoid the swamp lower down, and the dense bush then growing all the way to the "lower Holm." Ratana made it quite clear that at that time they could not come all the way down the river bed, although the Ngatiraukawas, who came down to assist Te Rauparaha from Maungatautari, are always said to have come down the river bed. Probably they had made "dug outs," and carried their food, furniture and women and children down the river in these, and the men walked or hunted on the banks. The only Maoris whom Ratana could remember accompanied Park and party were Waka Kawariki, Watarawi and Turangapitu.

If one had the imagination and pen of a Sir Walter Scott, this meeting where the purchase took place, might be made the groundwork of an interesting novel, but it must be left for the present.

The scene at Parewanui must have been a unique one. To have seen all these thousands of Maoris met together, on the most important event of their lives, selling their ancestral lands, which had been the subject of countless fights and disputes, the sale conducted by one man on the one side, and great numbers on the other, and completed without a blow and with few disputes, yet since the purchase not a word of discontent or dispute about the boundaries occurred. It is a monument to the tact, wisdom and ability of Sir Donald McLean. Small wonder that the

Maoris should think him a great *Rangatira,* and remained "squatting" round about in the square in the morning until he came out and they could greet him with their usual shout of welcome. Such a scene will never be witnessed again.

CHAPTER VII.

We have arrived at the point that the land had been bought. It remained for the Deed of Sale to be signed and the money paid over.

I had yet to find out about the date of the sale, and whether the deed was in existence. After many enquiries, I at last, through the good offices of Mr. Sheridan, found what I wanted in the office of the Under Secretary of Crown Lands, Mr. Kensington, who kindly furnished me with a copy of the original deed. There was, however, no map in connection with it, but anyone looking at a map of Rangitikei County will see a straight line running from the Rangitikei River near Rata,* to a point close to where the Hunterville-Wanganui road crosses the Turakina, in a north-westerly direction, and the whole of the land south of that, with the exception of the reserves at Parewanui, Turakina, and a few elsewhere, comprised the area purchased. The land on the north of the Wangaehu had been previously purchased by the New Zealand Land Company as described in Wakefield's "Adventure in New Zealand." This purchase of Sir Donald McLean's bought the land up to the Turakina, leaving a narrow strip of land between the two rivers, Wangaehu and Turakina, about four miles wide, still in the hands of the Maoris. Sir Donald said, "The land between Wangaehu and Turakina was to be a tribal reserve for the Ngatiapa," or as he expressed it, "A coffin for the Ngatiapa," according to Mr. Donald Fraser, but Mr. John Stevens thinks the meaning of this was that it should be a burial place for the Ngatiapa

*The map of the district accompanying this shows all the blocks of native lands, including the one in question.

tribe. This is also mentioned in the Deed of Sale, which was as follows:—

LANDS DEPARTMENT.

Extract from "Maori Deeds of Land Purchases in the North Island of N.Z."

15th May, 1849, Rangitikei District.

RANGITIKEI-TURAKINA.

KNOW ALL MEN who see this Deed of land sale which is this day written, that is to say this fifteenth day of May in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-nine, that we the Chiefs and people of Ngatiapa of Mangawhero and other places do finally and unreservedly consent on behalf of ourselves our relatives our children and our descendants after us to entirely hand over all these lands of ours the boundaries whereof are here described, and are delineated upon the plan of the survey, to Mr. McLean on behalf of the Governors of these Islands of New Zealand and also on behalf of all the Governors who may after them be appointed by the Queen of England to be a lasting possession for the Governors or the Europeans to whom it may be granted by the Governors.

THE BOUNDARIES.

The boundaries of the land which we now give up are these:—The River of Rangitikei on one side the sea on the other, on one of the other sides of the River Turakina thence towards the interior to where our inland boundary adjoins. The whole of the land between Turakina and Whangaehu rivers are reserved to be a gathering place for the men of Ngatiapa. The whole of our lands on the northern side of Whangaehu we permanently hand over to Mr. McLean. The commencement of the boundary is at the mouth of the Whangaehu River, thence following the course of that stream to Tapiripiri thence to Oeta thence proceeding to a place over against the boundary set aside for the Whanganui settlement thence along that boundary to Motukaraka thence to the sea.

The Final Surrendering.

Now we have met in Council have deliberated upon, bidden farewell to, taken leave of, and altogether given up the whole of the lands within these boundaries (which have just been recited by Mr. McLean who has conducted all the matters attending this meeting of us and the Europeans) together with all rivers and streams, trees and other productions of the said land to be a permanent possession for the Europeans for ever.

Burial Grounds, etc.

Now in consideration of our final surrender of all these lands of ours to Mr. McLean on behalf of all the Governors of this Island, Mr. McLean by virtue of the authority vested in him on that behalf by the Governor consents to reserve certain places for us the Maoris, viz.—

I. First. Mr. McLean consents to our catching eels in the lakes which exist in localities which have not been (are not) drained by the Europeans, that is to say in those large lakes which we have been accustomed to catch eels in formerly.

II. Second. That little piece of ground containing 12 acres where Te Kawana Hakeke is buried in the sand is reserved for us, but the cattle of the Europeans may run upon it.

III. Third. That piece of ground which was surveyed by Te Paka (Park) Surveyor, to which McLean and we ourselves consented to, viz., Parewanui, the boundary of that piece is at Upokotopia thence to Mangaroa thence to Te Makari coming out upon the Rangitikei River, this contains about One thousand six hundred acres (1600).

IV. Fourth. The cultivations within the boundaries for the Europeans on the North side of the Rangitikei River, that is to say over against the *Pa* at Te Awahou will be continued to be cultivated by the Maoris in those localities not settled by Europeans for the space of three years at the expiration of such term all such cultivation must

be left for the sole use of the Europeans, the day fixed for leaving these cultivations is the 10th of March one thousand eight hundred and fifty-two (1852).

V. Fifth. The *Pa* and cultivation at Turakina bounded on one side by the stream of Makirikiri and by the survey line of Barker (?Park) on the other side, this contains about 900 nine hundred acres.

VI. Sixth. That piece at Otukapo which was recommended by Te Watarauhia (teacher) to be kept as an eel fishing station containing fifty 50 acres.

VII. Seventh. A small piece of ground at Waratuna close by the *karaka* (trees) of Aperahama also a small piece close by where Rihiona is to cultivate, these two places are to be occupied during the space of two years after which time they are to be left entirely for the Europeans.

These are all. Here end all the reserved places, there is no other place where we will establish ourselves upon these lands which have now finally gone to the Europeans. The great surveyed roads only through our reserved lands are consented to by us to be laid out at such time as the Governor shall think fit to order it to be done. These are roads for the Europeans as well as the Maoris.

THE PAYMENTS.

The payments for the whole of these lands of ours, the boundaries of which have been read aloud by Mr. McLean who has also conducted all the matters relative thereto, are as follows, Two thousand five hundred pounds £2500, one thousand of this sum £1000 has this day that is to say this fifteenth day of May in the year one thousand eight hundred and fortynine 1849 has been paid to us. Five hundred pounds £500 are to be given to us on the fifteenth day of May one thousand eight hundred and fifty 1850. Five hundred pounds £500 are to be given to us on the fifteenth day of May one thousand eight hundred and fiftyone 1851. The last payment of five hundred pounds

£500 is to be made on the fifteenth 15th day of May one thousand eight hundred and fiftytwo 1852.

That is all. This is the complete conclusion of the payment for our lands. And in testimony of our final consent in the presence of this assembly to all the conditions of this Deed of sale which have just been recited and real aloud to us by Mr. McLean we have subscribed our names and marks.

Also in testimony of the consent of Mr. McLean on behalf of the Governors of New Zealand to all the conditions of this Deed of sale of land Mr. McLean has also subscribed his name.

DONALD MCLEAN.

For the names of the sellers and their signatures see Appendix.

Wanganui, 16th May, 1849.

Mr. McLean has this day handed to us the chiefs of the Ngatiapa whose names are written below to this paper on behalf of ourselves, our people and all others who may be concerned or have an interest in the sale of this land, The sum of One thousand pounds in one hundred pound bags containing the said money.

This is the first payment or instalment for our land the boundaries of which are written in the deed of sale which has been read and explained to us by Mr. McLean and to which we have written our names and marks.

APERHAMA TIPAE × his mark
PAORA TURANGAPITO × his mark
KINGI HORI-TE-HANEA × his mark
REIHANA × his mark

Witnesses to the signatures and
marks of the above chiefs—
ALEX. CAMPBELL.

No. 212. Received for Registration at 1 o'clock p.m. 13th June, 1850.

(L.S.) ROBERT R. STRANG,
Registrar of Deeds.

A true copy of Original Deed, Translation, receipt and Endorsement.

H. HANSON TURNER,

Wellington,
6th December, 1875.

It is extremely difficult to get at the amount paid to each one who signed the deed. At first it was intended that each person of the 197 people who signed should distribute this amount amongst their *hapus* or dependants, but this procedure seems to have been departed from, possibly, because some claimed more than the fixed amount, and possibly because even after paying £10 to each there would still be a considerable balance. Eventually, Ratana told me the money was made up into three bags, one each for Wangaehu, Turakina and Rangitikei, and the chiefs divided it as they thought fit. The receipt for the first instalment of the purchase money was made in Wanganui on the 16th May, 1849. The second instalment was paid over in Mr. McDonell's house, Inverhoe, in 1850.

CHAPTER VIII.

If we pause, and think for a moment, it is astounding what a change had come over these savage people in a few short years. Mr. T. W. Downes has collected some interesting particulars of this Ngatiapa tribe, who thus sold their land to the Government. In his "Early History of Rangitikei and Notes on the Ngatiapa Tribes" he describes all the traditions and fights they seem to have had with their neighbours, the Rangitanes, Muaupokos, Ngatikahungunus, Whanganuis, and the various disputes occasioned by theft, murder or abduction. These disputes generally ended by the killing of one or two men and sometimes women. They could not be classed as battles, being really skirmishes. With the advent of Te Rauparaha, only about twenty years before the date of this sale, when savage scenes and cannibalism were rampant, the invaders went about killing and eating their enemies as far as Turakina, and all over the land between that river and Otaki. A few years before, in 1844, some of these men who took part in the killing of the Europeans at the Hutt, were doubtless present at the sale at Parewanui. Notwithstanding all these discordant elements, the meeting seems to have gone on without any fracas of any kind, and a conciliatory spirit seems to have prevailed, except for the fiery Rangihaeata. This may have been caused by the spread of Christianity, as a Maori in describing it to Mr. Downes remarked, "And now after all this fighting and feasting, there came yet another army, few in number but mighty in power, armed not with guns, but books, and soon the last fight was fought, the last banquet finished, our captives were liberated and returned to their

homes at Parewanui and Rangitikei, and we also sent those home whom we captured."

Hamuera was the first clergyman at Parewanui. The selection may have been made because of his gentle disposition, and because he apparently had some smattering of education. There is evidence of this, as he is one of the few who signed the deed of sale instead of affixing his mark. He was also selected to sign the Treaty of Waitangi in 1840, and was always spoken of as one who by birth was entitled to a much higher position than was assigned to him by his fellows. The Maori chief, however, to retain his position, must have either great physical power, so as to over awe the people, but most of all show great fighting power against their enemies, for with the Maori the worship of success is very evident. Hamuera had as second wife a Muaupoko woman, who always went by the name of Mrs. Sam amongst the *pakehas*, and was the very antithesis of her husband. Her speeches, antics and gesticulations were of the most entertaining and amusing character, and she was irrepressible. Sam, during all the scenes she created, used to look on with the "more in sorrow than in anger" countenance, but knew better than to interfere. I remember a most amusing instance of the dramatic power she possessed. The occasion was when she was brought up before Mr. Ward, the R.M. of the time, for the trespass of her pigs. They had got into a neighbour's garden, and done a good deal of damage. The case was called on, and the neighbour giving his evidence was interrupted by Mrs. Sam's "Ugh" every now and then, and some hasty comments. When the magistrate called on her for an explanation, she rose from her seat. The Court House behind the bar had seats all round, for the public, which were crowded by spectators of both races. The space in the body of the hall was very small, but Mrs. Sam took possession of it. She had an umbrella in her hand, and with her eyes almost bursting out of her head, she commenced the most violent tirade I

have ever listened to. The pacific magistrate, safe on the bench, tried to calm her. "Now, my good woman, that is enough, be reasonable," but it had no effect. The torrent of words continued, and the umbrella lent force to her arguments, although what they were no one seemed to know, even if she herself did, but the whole audience was convulsed. When at last exhausted by her "tour de force," with a final "Ugh," she pushed her tongue out at the magistrate, and turning round to the spectators, grinned with glee, as much as to say "Didn't I do it well."

The scene at the time when a Maori horse, Rangipuhi, won the Rangitikei Cup, when she danced a *haka,* was in her best style, and is often talked of to this day.

Both Sam and she have gone to join the great majority, but the recollection of her antics makes one smile even now. She really was a gentle nice woman, and a great favourite with all.

The district of Rangitikei at the time of the sale was, of course, very different to what it has become. The river, whether it was because of the bush in its headwater was still untouched, and the same quantity of water took longer to come down than it does now, or not, I cannot say, but it does not seem to have been so wild in those days as we know it, for the Rangitikei in an "old man" flood is about as fierce a torrent as one could wish to cope with. The banks described by all those who saw them seemed to have been intact, the trees and shrubs growing right to the waters' edge. The kowhai, in spring, glistening in the sun on the thousand and one flats on either side, and the myriads of tuis sent forth their joyful song, the stream of water sinuous, but confined in a narrow channel, and not the waste of river bed we see it now, much as it looks now away up above Mangaweka, although, of course, there were no cliffs. Every one of the river flats seem to have had *pas,* although most of these had beautiful groves of karaka trees, some of which remain to this day. Even by the date we write of, 1849, there was perceptibly fewer

of them than there had been. There are evidences that the whole of the bank of the river had been tenanted at various times, and every flat had its own name and history. Yet even in these times the river could be angry. Old Hare Rewiti, who lived at Ohinepuiawe in recent times, described to me a flood, as far as I could locate about 1855, He was just married and had gone up for some reason inland to Taupo—probably about his land—and his wife remained at the *pa.* The flood came down suddenly and covered the whole of the Ohinepuiawe flat, so that Rakapa, his wife, had to get the canoe and paddle herself and her belongings to the cliff at Ohaekaraia—where the creek comes down behind Hikungarara—and so gain dry land again. There is a flat just opposite what was known as the Lower Holm on my property just under a cliff called Pua Kohonga. It stretches away up as far as Mingaroa. Hare told me this flat was a magnificent totara bush, with very large trees, where they used to get timber for their large canoes. During this flood the whole of this bush was washed away, and nothing but shingle left. It is now a waste of about fifty acres of river bed, gradually being covered by *toe-toe* grass and weeds of all kinds, especially docks. Perhaps, if we wait long enough, it will be all grassed over. In Mr. J. C. Crawford's book he describes, "At a place called Epiki a great slip came down and stopped the river for two days, forming a great lake, which, when it broke away, must have caused a great rush." This occurred in 1855, and the slip was caused by the earthquake of that year, and thus it was probably the reason for this fine bush being washed away.

Many of the signatories to the Deed of Sale were familiar to later day residents, but they had become *pakehas* in dress and style of living. Hunia was the son of a noted chief, Te Hakeke, who figured largely in the annals of the Ngatiapa. Hekeke seems to have been a man of great strength, as the following story told by Mr. Downes will show. When hurrying to Turakina to gather

all the available braves of his tribe to meet the Rangitane and Ngatikuhungunus, who were on the war path against the Ngatiapas, he fell in with a *taua* from Wanganui, travelling by canoe to Kapiti, but who had landed on account of bad weather. They caught him and carried him on to one of their canoes, where they held him down, endeavouring to kill him by cutting his throat with a shark's tooth knife, but he strove with his great strength, made a gigantic effort, threw them aside as little children, and so broke clean away from them, then when at some little distance he called back to his pursuers, "I am Hakeke, the great Hakeke, you cannot capture me." They could not, though they tried.

The same man made the last effort to overthrow Te Rauparaha's power, and though he failed, he showed great bravery. His son, Kawana Hunia, had all the vigour and perhaps more assertion than his father. Though he was a small man, he assumed the position of head chief in all the transactions with the *pakeha*, and, saving his boastfulness, seems to have been a good friend to the settlers. Turangapito, though really a Muaupoko, seems to have been a man of some note, and at Turakina, Aperahama Tipae, in those days a young man, was the principal chief. It is somewhat difficult at this distance of time to place these men.

The country must have been a beautiful one with clearings surrounded by bush, where the bell-bird and the tui kept up a constant rivalry of song; where pigeons were as plentiful as sparrows are now, and from where, in the evening, the weka sent forth its warning cry, whilst the streams, lakes and lagoons gave the patient fisher eels and Upokororo in plenty, and a visit to the sea or the mouth of the river generally resulted in plenty of *kawai* and shark. In winter time the frost-fish served as a delicacy, and in the season, great quantity of duck were to be found in all the numerous lakes on both sides of the river. Probably, the Maoris had already grown a little wheat, for

the missionaries had provided seed, and no doubt potatoes were also grown, but there were plenty of *kumaras.* The whole of the country between the Rangitikei and the Oroua must have been covered with fern, and in times of scarcity, provided food in plenty, which only required gathering and preparing. Such was the country and such the people, amongst whom the settlers were to establish their homes when they arrived, which would be soon.

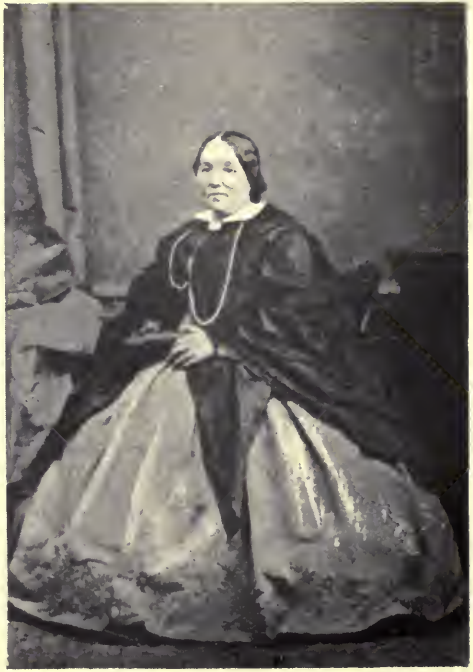
CHAPTER IX.

Mr. Ormond, in his description of the sale, says that the only white man living in the district was Mr. Scott, who kept an accommodation house at the mouth of the river. There were, however, several people settled at Manawatu, for the Government had already bought a block of land there from the natives, called the Awahou block. Captain Robinson had been settled there some time, and also Mr. T. U. Cook, and Messrs. Kebbell Bros. had a saw mill up the river. There had been a few of the whalers settled amongst the Maoris, probably having followed their Maori wives to their own people. The whole of the stock seems to have been brought from Sydney, and there was a regular trade in sheep, cattle, and horses, which all found a ready sale when they landed. A Company was started, on the Sydney side, to go into this trade, and James McDonell was sent over with the several shipments, and eventually remained in New Zealand to sell the stock on arrival. He also had to take the stock up the Coast to various settlers, and thus he became acquainted with the country and natives, and as far as I can gather he must have been the first settler, for he seems to have decided to settle in the district—no doubt by arrangement with the natives—before the land was sold, and had pitched upon the site of his selection at the Hou, below Parewanui, where his family reside to this day, and his widow (Mrs. McDonell) remains close to the old homestead. He does not, however, seem to have been present at the sale, but must have purchased the land as soon as the land was available, probably he was one of the first purchasers. Like all the flats on the Rangitikei

river, it must have been a beautiful spot. Mrs. McDonell says that when she came up it was called "the Garden of Rangitikei," covered with native bush and beautiful *karaka* groves, where now there is nothing but tussocks and *toe*.

With the help of the natives Mr. McDonell built a very comfortable *whare*, warm and rain-proof, and then went to Wellington again to be married. Meanwhile "Tom Scott," as he was familiarly called, was also a well-known man on the Coast. He had been living at Waikanae for some time (where Wiremu Kingi—the instigator of the Taranaki war—lived and was a great friend of his family). The reason for his living there was that he had joined the Militia, as all had to do in those days, and was one of the troop of fifty picked men, who were stationed at Waikanae as a sort of buffer against the Maori tribes up the Coast. The Wairau massacre occurred in 1843. The natives became more aggressive, and as we have seen attacked the settlers in the Hutt Valley on March 3rd, 1846, and later, on May 16th, attacked a military outpost there. Te Rauparaha was captured on 23rd July, 1846, and after some desultory fights, the natives began to leave for their original homes (as we have mentioned) in Taranaki and elsewhere, and the refractory natives who remained on the Coast retired to Poroutawhao. This outpost of militia was then sent on to Waikanae, under Major Durie, who afterwards became resident Magistrate in Wanganui, and a well-known man on the Coast. He had been in the Spanish army, and like many other adventurous Englishmen, including William Locke Travers (who was so well known in Wellington as the author of "The Life of Te Rauparaha") and Major Baker, who took up land in Rangitikei afterwards. At the time of Scott's death, in January, 1892, the "Marton Mercury" made the following references to his career:—"He married and came to the Colony with his wife in 1837. Being a man of wonderful physique and courage, he was selected

by Sir George Grey to carry dispatches, and the overland mails from Port Nicholson (Poneke) to Taranaki in the forties, an undertaking of great danger from two causes, viz., the hostility of some of the Maoris, and the fact that he could not swim. As there were no horses, or but few indeed in the Colony at that period of its history, the service had to be performed on foot, and this he did in the most efficient manner. Nothing stopped him on his long and lonely journeys. At the same time he traded with some of the friendly Maories, which necessitated the carrying of from 75lbs. to 100lbs. weight upon his back. When crossing many of the rivers he was unable to obtain a canoe, and was therefore compelled to construct a *moki* (raft) made of dried flax sticks tied in a bundle and fastened across his chest. In this manner he, with the mail bags and his goods and blankets fastened on the top of his shoulders, used to cross the largest rivers on the Coast. When the war of Te Rangihaeata began Mr. Scott served in the militia and armed police (he was amongst those who were at the taking of Te Rauparaha) under the late Major Durie, and distinguished himself by rushing at the head of some of his comrades into the *pa*, and personally seizing the arch-rebel, Te Taringa Kuri (The Dog's Ear, previously mentioned) and taking him prisoner. After the war was ended Mr. Scott, with his wife and a young family, came and settled at the mouth of the Rangitikei river, took charge of the ferry, and acted as pilot to the small craft which used to trade from Port Nicholson to Rangitikei. When the early settlers arrived he established a store, and did a large trade with the Maoris in wheat, Indian corn, pigs, and *muka* (native dressed flax). His knowledge of the Maori language was very limited, but his method of settling disputes was nevertheless very effectual. When a dispute arose between himself and a Maori he made every reasonable concession in order to settle the question, but if his kindness and consideration were rejected he promptly



Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Scott

knocked his adversary down with the edge of a *hoe* (paddle) or the end of a canoe pole, and the Maoris, therefore, held him in high esteem, in fact "E'Kote" (Mr. Scott) and the Governor of the Colony were, in the eyes of the Maoris on this Coast, two of the greatest rangatiras. They gave him the name of the greatest chief of the Ngatiapa tribe, viz., "Taurangapiti."*

I think the date of his arrival cannot be correctly given above, as Mr. James Bull told me that Mr. and Mrs. Scott came out to New Zealand with Dr. Featherston. Mrs. Menzies says her father (Dr. Featherston) came out in the "Olympus" in 1842, and that the Higgies and Scotts came with them. So I think that must have been the date of their landing in Wellington. This is quite likely because the Doctor came from Edinburgh, and the Scotts from Coupar Fife, across the Firth. Mrs. Scott's maiden name was Annie Wilson, and John Scott, who lived in Bulls for many years, was born at sea before they arrived.

However, it is certain that Mr. Scott took the mails up the Coast, for it is recorded in the Post Office records that he first began carrying the mails (though he no doubt carried dispatches for some time before) in 1848. "The mail left Wellington weekly on the Monday for Otaki,

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*Scott had a ready tongue and was not particular as to his language. One day a passenger came along to be put over the ferry, and was told to "sit forrard" to trim the canoe. Not believing this language could be meant for him he did not move. "Sit forrard, man," Scott bawled. Astonished at the peremptory tone the passenger asked, "Are you talking to me? Do you know who I am? I am Captain Fortescue!" Scott replied, "Captain Fortyscue or fifty-scue or any other damned 'scue,' sit forrard, for I'm captain o' this canoe." Another time Adam Keir had unwisely ventured too near the river bank with his horse and dray, and they had all toppled over into the water. The man got a sousing, but the horse was drowned, and the cart at the bottom of the river. He called in Scott to help him in his canoe; Keir, being a man of the same nationality, thought he knew better than most people how to do things, and he thought Scott was not doing well and lost patience. "Scott," he said, "you've got no 'heid' to get a cart out of the water." Scott looked at him for a second under his shaggy eyebrows, and said, "Man, Keir, ye've got a fine heid to get a 'cayrt' into the water."

Manawatu, Rangitikei, Turakina, Wanganui, and New Plymouth. The time-table does not say when the return mail was dispatched. Probably this was a matter of some doubt, considering the state of the rivers and other obstacles. It is impossible to believe that he could do it in a week, for he must have had many difficulties to contend with. The distance round the beach is about 216 miles, and he must have gone inland to take the mails to the settlements, as Mr. Fraser says he "travelled from Wellington to Taranaki with the mail once a month—a fortnight to go, and a fortnight coming back—and was paid £1 a week." This seems likely to have been the case.

As Mr. and Mrs. McDonell were married on the 18th December, 1849, and came straight up to Rangitikei and arrived before Christmas of that year, Mr. and Mrs. Scott would most likely be here about the beginning of November, 1849, and she was, as far as I can gather, the first white woman to set foot on Rangitikei soil. Everyone worked in those days, they did not come to New Zealand to play, but they knew in coming here that if they were grown up they must find work to keep their parents. The married women must have had a very hard time of it, in some cases rarely seeing any members of their own sex for months together. But time did not hang heavily with them. They had no time to sit down and wring their hands and wish themselves back in the Old Country. They had their children to attend to, their meals to cook, and often the most laborious thing they had to do was to grind the wheat into coarse flour, when the boat did not come in for a while with a supply. From morning till night they were hard at work, and although there were no daily papers to read, they never missed them, for they had no time to spare for reading. The visitors, like the Maoris, provided the news. No doubt a mailman was heartily welcomed as much for the news of the outside world as for the letters he brought.

Mrs. Scott, when she reached the Rangitikei river, must

have brought with her several children. Whether she rode or came by boat I have not ascertained. There were a considerable number of horses about at this time. Mr. Sidey, who died only the other day, used to bring a great many from New South Wales, and it was with him that Mr. McDonell came from Sydney with stock. The Maoris were very up-to-date then for they joined in syndicates to buy a horse—for preference a mare. If three of them joined together the owner of the mare really came off worst, for he who got first pick got the first foal as his share, the second pick the second foal, and so on, till the members of the syndicate were exhausted, and then the mare belonged to the head of the syndicate.

The best horses, Mr. Fraser says, were those down at Poroutawhao. Here an old salt had settled, who, in his young days, had been in a training stable, and the Maoris used to send him down to Wellington to select the horses. But there did not seem any great difficulty in getting horses, and Mr. and Mrs McDonell started on their honeymoon to ride up the Coast, and took four days to get up to the Hou, where the *whare* was all ready for them. The name of the place was really "Inverhoe," after some place near where the McDonells came from in Glengarry in Invernesshire. In those days the *whare* was always the first habitation, which the Maoris were great adepts at building. They had been well trained and could build as comfortable a habitation as could be wished for with saplings tied together, the walls and roof being of *toe-toe* seed stalks, which lasted a long time, and were perfectly wind and water proof. The Maori of the present day does not care for the *whare*, he likes a house all the same as the *pakeha*. I once saw a Maori build a house, and the walls were rusticated boarding, but he put them upside down, and as a consequence, the first rain that came the water ran down the walls, and at each join it poured into the inside of the house instead of down to the ground. So all the boards had to be taken off and reversed. Maoris made

no such mistake when building a *whare*, and I well remember when I came to Rangitikei that my neighbour, John Lees, lived in a most comfortable *whare* about 20 feet long and 12 feet wide, with a big open fireplace at the one end, and the bunks partitioned off in cubicle fashion at the other end. The bunks were certainly unique to me, but John said they were very comfortable. Two totara saplings formed the sides, and between these were endless strips of flax twined from one pole to another, and these had been up for years and showed no sign of wear. When the new house was built about 1876 the bunks were still intact, and must have been at least fourteen years old.

Furniture had to be made as best it could, and there were no Chesterfield sofas to recline on. John Lees' armchair had been fashioned by himself and stuffed with *muka*, and lined with sacking, and were quite comfortable. So, no doubt, much of the furniture in the previous decade was made.

The first clergyman who came to Rangitikei was the Rev. Mr. Duncan. He must have come up to Foxton about the late forties, for Mrs. McDonell told me that as soon as a few settlers came about, Mr. Duncan used to come up to Parewanui once a month and preached under the *karaka* trees. Probably, also, the Rev. Mr. Taylor came out from Wanganui afterwards, as he was settled there very early, and Mr. Bull speaks of him as "preaching in a Cathedral not made with hands" under the trees at Parewanui. Mr. Bull was much impressed with the solemnity of these occasions, and said he always had, when he attended these services, the same reverent feeling that is common to all when they enter a beautiful cathedral and wander amongst the tombs of the mighty.

No doubt in the earliest times it was often an anxious time for the mistress of the household to know where the food was to come from. There were, of course, a few cattle, but too valuable to kill, and soon there were sheep, also too valuable for food purposes. The useful pig could.

however, be procured from the Maoris, and the bush was teeming with pigeons, and the lakes with duck, and these helped the larder in a great measure, and were a great source of supply. Even when I came in 1874 pigeons came down in thousands when the cabbage tree fruit was ripe. Now it is a "rara avis."

Whilst still on the McDonells, it would be as well to give an account of the members of that family, for Mrs. McDonell, sen., also came, and her whole family with her, and many other settled in the district. The old lady died about 1856. James, or "Big Mac," as he was called, was the eldest son, and had "Inverhoe" as has been stated. Alex. afterwards had the land which is now occupied by Mr. Tom Cameron, his nephew. Aeneas went back again to Australia. Cumberland died a few years ago. He kept the hotel first when Mr. Bull built it at Bulls. Mrs. Cumberland McDonell was a daughter of big John Cameron, of Turakina, and was renowned as a rider. Mr. Liffiton, of Wanganui, when a lad, ran away from home and went to Killeymoon to help with the cattle, and he was talking a few years ago, telling of the exploits of the time at a friend's house, and how there was a Maisie Cameron there then, who used to go out with them mustering cattle, and could ride anything, and he said, "I wonder where Maisie Cameron is now?" A lady who had been present all the time said, "I am Maisie Cameron," and this was Mrs. Cumberland McDonell. Her father, "Big John," was the father also of Charlie Cameron, who was so well known in the Turakina-Wanganui district till a few years ago, when he died considerably over eighty years old. When "Willie" Watt was first standing for the Provincial Council he persuaded "Big John" to take the chair at a meeting when he came to address the electors at Turakina, and "Big John" did not know what to say or what to do; but when he saw the people sitting in front of him, and Mr. Watt urged him to say something by way of introduction, he stood up and

surveyed the few dozen upturned faces in front with rather a contemptuous air. Raising his hand he said, "When I think of Lochiel": again he swept his eye around the room, and with a wave of his arm, meaning they were all included, "al' traa-ssh." I wonder what he would have thought of those Highlanders who had an opportunity of electing "Lochiel" to Parliament, and he only ran a bad second.

There were still other females of the McDonell family, and they married. Alick Cameron (another of the Turakina families, but I must confess, though I have fathomed the Fraser and Mackenzie family, or nearly so, I gave the Camerons of Turakina up as a bad job. There were four families of the same name settled there.) Another daughter is Mrs. Keith (both the latter are alive and in the neighbourhood).

I have been much struck when collecting these stray notes by the fact that so often people seem to have been indebted to Mrs. McDonell for hospitality. She must rarely have been without visitors. When I mentioned this to her she said, "Yes, they were always welcome to what I could give them, but my husband knew the country so well that they all came to ask him about it. People didn't expect so much in those days as they do now." Dr. Featherston was a great friend who always stayed with her, and declared he liked her old *whare* much better than her new weather-board house, which soon came to be built with timber from the Kebbell's mill at the Kari Kari, on the Manawatu. The timber was brought down the river in canoes and carted along the beach to Rangitikei.

The Scotts were not so numerous. John Scott, the eldest son, who died quite recently, had a fund of information about the old days. He married Miss Farmer, and has a family scattered over the Dominion. Thomas is, I think, unmarried, and lives somewhere in the Wanganui district. David, the best known perhaps of them all, married Miss Higgie, and they have a family mostly

settled in the district. "Davie" Scott, as he was called, had a great many excellent horses, and in the earlier days won many races.

One of the Miss Scotts married Mr. James Bull, but died many years ago, and another married Mr. Alick Higgie. I only once had the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Scott Senior, but no one who has come within her "ken" could help being attracted by her. Her kindly manner and homely Scotch ways reminded one of one's birthplace. It was in 1873 when I first came up the coast, and we had stayed the night at Foxton. We arrived about nine o'clock at night, having started from Wellington at an unearthly hour in the morning. Foxton was a dreadfully uncomfortable place in those days—there seemed to be no quiet to be found, and when roused up again before dawn, and rattled over those sandhills back again to the sea coast over Captain Robinson's run, without a bite to eat, one felt very miserable; but Mrs. Scott's was a haven of rest. Here we had breakfast. A spotlessly clean tablecloth, a heaped up plate of fresh scones, and fresh fish caught that morning, was a dish fit for a king's breakfast, and the savoriness of the fish remained vividly in my memory. They kept an accommodation house until the coaches ceased running. One day a great event happened. Lord Robert Cecil came down the coast. Lord Robert afterwards became Lord Salisbury, on the unexpected death of his brother, and was the greatest man of his day, and Prime Minister for many years. I often wondered if he remembered that trip, and I am sure if he did he would have a pleasant recollection of Mrs. Scott.

I have notes from Mr. Fraser that Captain Daniel came up about 1850, and took up his block of land, which was known as Killeymoon. I have not much information about the old gentleman. He seems to have been in the army, and probably of Cornish descent. He was said by those who knew him to be a bit of a martinet "as straight as a rush." Captain Daniel really lived at Trelisic, near

Wellington, which is now called Ngaio, I believe. His family sold most of the land there. He must have come out in the middle forties and had bought 1,000 acres from the New Zealand Land Company in London for £1,000, in 1839, but, like many others, could not get the land when he came.

I remember John Cameron of Marangai (a fine old Highlander of the best type) saying that he had bought his land in London, and when he came to settle there was no land. When 250,000 acres at Wanganui were bought (for £1,000) he determined to be on the spot, and took a job with the surveyors, so that he could find out about the land.

Captain Daniel was not so fortunate, but Sir George Grey decided that those who didn't get their land for ten years, should get 250 acres for every 100 acres they had bought, and thus Captain Daniel got 2,500 acres, and had first selection. He seems to have made a very good one, for the land he took up is now some of the best farming land in the district. It ran from what is now known as the Quarantine Road at the Catholic Chapel, Bulls, from the river at Mr. Flowers' mill to the Tutaenui, up that stream to the Manuka Bush, as it was called, where Dr. Curl lived so long, and then down to the river, and included some beautiful river flats, which the Hammonds, who bought the property later, called the "Lower Holm." The Captain did not come up except to make the selection, but remained in Wellington and sent a manager called Verge to manage it. The latter had been in charge of a station in New South Wales before, and was a very good stockman. The *whare* which was built for him was of the usual bark and *toe-toe* character, but it was much more extensive than most, and consisted of four rooms and a kitchen, and many visitors to the district passed a night there on their way up the Coast. Sir John Hall once told me he spent a night there, and next morning strolled out to look over the cliff, which was

only a stone's throw away, and there was the river rolling peacefully below and the beautiful flat covered with bush on the other side. The river is now a mile away, and where a boy was drowned later, is now under cultivation by the Maoris, and a house standing about the spot.

Captain Daniel's family consisted of Edward, Laurie, and Allen, and Miss Daniel, who married Major Deane. Edward did not come to the Colony till 1853, and quarrelled with his father, who would have nothing more to do with him. When he was sent away he went to live with Baighton, who was a stockman at the Hoe, and the settlers subscribed enough to send him to Sydney, where he joined the Bank. He married, and after his father's death returned to New Zealand, when Allan, his youngest brother, who got most of the property, gave him the Grange, near Wanganui, but he did not keep it long. His son, Mr. Percy Daniel, is the only male descendant of the Captain alive. Laurie stayed mostly at Killey-moon, and assisted in the management of the cattle, for the farm was mostly stocked with cattle and horses, till he married, and a house was built for him, which is now the property of Mr. John Stevens, Bulls.* He was a great favourite with his companions, and Laurie Daniel was quoted often to me when I came. I only saw him once, a tall handsome man. When I came up the Coast first he was at Scott's, going down to Wellington with old John Walker. He died, leaving no children, and left a widow who later married Mr. John Buller, his nephew eventually coming into his property. Allen married Miss Imlay, and there were two daughters, one of whom met with a sad death in that terrible disaster near St. Malo, on the coast of France, when a steamer went down and many hundred lives were lost.

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*This house was unfortunately burnt since above was written, and Mr. Stevens lost a great deal of valuable property. He took it, however, with characteristic philosophy, and said it couldn't be helped.

As nearly all the traffic with the district north of Bulls —there was no such township then—started at Scott's, for all the Coast traffic came inland there—except that going on to Wanganui—whether riding or stock (there were, of course, no traps in those days, though shortly bullock waggons or sledges became common) the road had to be found. There was a fairly well-defined Maori track from Scott's to Parewanui through the *toe-toe* bushes, and crossing somewhere near Mr. L. McKelvie's present house. It has been described to me by several people, but perhaps Mr. John Stevens is the most exact. It is well to premise, however, that naturally the settlers, as they did in all cases in New Zealand, occupied the open land first, and preferably near the river as a means of watering their stock. The first bush was the round bush near where Mr. Burne lived, then there was the Parawanui bush (Tawaroa), and a strip of light bush running up from opposite in a northerly direction from where the Tutaenui stream joined the Rangitikei, a little above the Raumai gate, right up along the side of the sand hills till the low part of the road about opposite Fernwood is reached.

There was then another piece of bush between the Tutaenui and the cliff overlooking the Rangitikei river, covering a considerable area, a little above the bridge over the Tutaenui, on the lower Rangitikei road, to where the sheepyards are in Bulls, and up nearly to Mr. Stevens's house on the hill. Even when I came there was bush between my house and the English Church, and right away back again to the Tutaenui, Mr. Stevens's house being in a bight, and trees coming nearly up to the bridge over the Tutaenui again on the Wanganui road. The latter bush presented some difficulty to the settlers to get through, so they went round it. To give Mr. Stevens's own account would be best.

"We started in a bullock sledge from Scott's and drove up through the *toe-toes*, through the 'Longwater,'

a stretch of swamp and water originally the river, and which extended to Awamate Lake, ('dead river,' where the Ngatiapas had a strong fighting *pa* on an island) nearer the coast than the present road, turned towards the river, and came out through *tutu, koromiko, karamu* and fern (but mostly *tutu*) into the water just in front of Mr. Lynn McKelvie's present house, then past Inverhoe on the river side of the road, where it was all natural grass in the clearings of the bush, which consisted of *kowhai, hohi, koromiko* and *ngaio*; then through another old river bed nearby which (though later) Mr. Wheeler lived. The country was all flax stalks (*Korari*) in full flower; thousands of tui, and makomako sucking flowers. It was more like fairy land than any description I can give; then along the sand hills and through flats, the sledge going over old flax bushes and tois like a ship at sea; then the track turned almost due west to get round a swamp, and came out in front of the present Waitatapia House; then over some sandhills, and so on to Parewanui flat, straight to Pukehou, the road through the *pa* was not made for a long time. There were two roads north from this, one the high road and the other the low road. The first led eventually to Turakina and the second to Major Marshall's. The low road went down past the blacksmith's shop, through what was called the 'duhb' (Gaelic for muddy hole or duck pond) to the mouth of the Tutaenui, which then joined the Rangitikei about where the gum trees are, opposite the Raumai gate (and where Mr. Winks lived). The track here turned to the left up past Puke-Rewa at the end of the long bush over a sandhill, and into what was afterwards called the Lake Paddock, round the side of the Lake and so on over some sandhills (afterwards levelled down) and down on to the present road, and through what was afterwards called Fernwood; then down on to the Tutaenui again, through the gate opposite Fernwood entrance, across the stream; up through Baker's flat (this is

now Mr. Paulin's) below the cliff on which the road runs; back again and across the Tutaenui and up the track near where the Fergussons lived originally, across what is now Brandon Hall, somewhere near where the old track ran out past Trickers, through what was known as Hitchings' clearing, then through the bush, where there were tracks cut past the window of my present house; and so on round the bush to Bulls, past where Miss Dalziel now lives, and up the terrace past Colonel Gorton's, and up past Ted Reid's and away along past the brothers, over what was called the Bay of Biscay (it was so rough), and then on to Turakina.

"The other road went past Daniel's *whare* (near the present pound) below the Terrace on the Racecourse up to the Tutaenui, and across at Curl's, then over the hill till it reached the present Woodendean gate (now called Rawhitiroa, where Mr. Levin lives), and on to the Motuweka bush on York Farm; thence it went across the Porewa down a steep place nearer Marton than where the bridge is now, up a point and across the flat in front of Mr. R. Marshall's house, and down into the Porewa, and then up to Tututotara at the present gate."

Those who can follow this description* from their knowledge of the country will see that the track was a very tortuous one, for the very sufficient reason that the present road, which is comparatively straight, crossed boggy creeks, swamps, bush, sandhills and other obstructions. The track had to go round the bush, find a good crossing through swamps, and a sound place in some of the creeks, and over reasonable places in the sandhills, some of which had to be cut down, and Mr. Fraser says he did this with the help of Maoris, who were then very content to receive 1/- a day. The cutting is to be seen to this day, but after the big earthquake the sandhill fell into the river at the point and left a track round, which

*See Swainson's map accompanying this volume.

was made into the road where it is now running between a sandhill and the cliff, which is fenced.

It will thus be seen that moving about in those days was a difficult job, and where a motor car will run you over the whole district in an hour or two, it was half a day's journey from Bulls to Tututotara, even on horseback, the track twisting and turning, passing and repassing the position of the present road.

CHAPTER X.

I have given a description of the road (although Mr. Stevens did not come for some time after the first settlers, as will be seen later) because it was along this track that the first sheep were driven, which came up about 1850, and were owned by a Mr. Skipwith, who had a Maori wife at Otaki—a daughter of Whatanui—and whose son, Kipa te Whatanui, still lives at Otaki.

The sheep must have been driven all along the coast, and were ferried across the rivers in canoes. Mr. Fraser thus describes the way they were packed. They tied their feet and laid three in the bottom of the canoe, two others on the top of the three, and one more on the top of all, until the whole length of the canoe was filled. These were taken across the river, left on the other side, and the process repeated until all were ferried over. The driving along the Coast was probably the easiest part of the journey, though those who remember the tiring and dreary journey in the coach along the beach, can imagine it must have been very tiresome, with the roaring waves on one side and the sandhills on the other, with now and then the skeleton of a wreck high and dry on the beach. The sheep, no doubt, got some pickings now and then on the sandhills near the sea, or became accustomed to their surroundings to such an extent as to nibble at the seaweed if the tide was out. Sheep get quite fond of seaweed, when running out on the Coast, and possibly, as it contains a good deal of potash and phosphoric acid, it is a healthy food for them, especially hoggets, which I am told do especially well, run lightly on the sandhills on the Coast line.

The sheep, which came from Sydney in vessels, were sold at about 30/- per head, and sometimes £2. I was told by one who had bought part of a shipment in the early days. He afterwards settled in Hawke's Bay, but took the sheep he bought up to Masterton, and ran them on shares, as was frequently the custom at that time. The owner of the land, I think, found the pasture and took half of everything, including progeny.

My friend afterwards leased land from the Maoris near Waipukurau, and proceeded to take the sheep from Masterton. Soon he got into the bush, and then he had a trying job. The track sometimes came to clearings, and in them, growing thick, was generally plenty of tutu, and this the sheep ate greedily as they got nothing in the bush track except leaves flavoured with mud. Soon they were sprawling about in convulsions, from the effects of the tutu poison, and each one had to be bled, and they had to wait till they could travel again. It was a great relief when he got out on to the Coast, and had the sheep safe on the beach.

They seem to have been all merinos, and must have been hardy beasts, but how their feet stood is a mystery. These sheep are very subject to foot rot, and get very foot sore when travelled. No doubt they took very short journeys, as people did not live at the breakneck speed of the present day, and, as the Scotch would say, were "contented wi' little and canty wi' mair." The journey up the Coast must have been a thing of many weeks, but assistance was no doubt at hand, as the Maoris were always present and glad to earn a shilling. When they had crossed the Rangitikei River they must have had a difficult job to get the poor footsore sheep along. Probably they camped them for a week or two at different places, with little fear of their wandering, for Merino sheep generally keep close together, and never spread out like the English breeds. I remember when I came buying some Merino ewes from Mr. Fergusson at Mingiroa—

(there were few cross-woolled sheep in the country then). After I bought them they were turned out on the Mangaone side, where a man (Donald Sinclair) was putting up a division fence by himself. To his astonishment, he saw a flock of animals all come pouring over a hill, black looking little things, all huddled together, and he told me afterwards he thought they were pigs. However, they were to us what the pig is to the Irishman, the animal that "paid the rint."

The man whom Mr. Skipwith sent up with this first lot of sheep was "Jim Bell," who seemed to have had them on terms (in 1851) at what was called Koreromaiwhaho. Mr. Bell died shortly afterwards, and the hospitality of "The Hoe" seemed to extend to him even after death, for he was buried there.

The family which, undoubtedly, had the greatest effect upon the settlement in Rangitikei was that of Duncan Fraser and his wife Marjorie,—this is a favourite name in the Highlands and is usually contracted to Maisie. Mr. Donald Fraser describes his father as "being one of a family of fifteen, his mother one of fifteen, and himself one of fifteen." They came out in the "Blenheim," a barque of 450 tons, under Captain Gray. She sailed from Greenock, and after a voyage of four months and ten or twelve days, arrived in Wellington harbour on Christmas Day 1840. There were 150 emigrants on board, mostly from the Highlands. The passengers landed at Kaiwarra on the 27th December, 1840 (according to Mr. Alick McDonald, whose autobiographical notes have been lent to me, and who came at that time as a boy with his parents). There were Camerons galore—three large families connected with each other; Frasers, Mackenzies, Macfarlanes, Fergussons, McDonalds, McQuarries, Campbells, McGregors, McMasters, Morrisons, McKays, and Browns were some of the names of the new arrivals. And as Mr. Fraser says most of the single men on board

married "Blenheim" girls, as the four months and a half voyage "was a grand time for courting."

Mr. and Mrs. Fraser and family came from Fort Augustus, on the Caledonian Canal. Mr. Duncan Fraser's father was 107 years 7 months and 7 days old when he died. Mrs. Fraser did not change her name when she married, as her maiden name was also Fraser. She belonged to the Lovat family, her grandfather being a Captain in the 42nd Highlanders. On New Year's day, 1841, they were established in a *toe-toe whare* at Kaiwarra. The Government had got the Maoris to build big *whares*, and these were partitioned off for the different families, and the Frasers lived in one, with Wharepouri's canoe standing overlooking them all. It is there to this day, I believe, although I have not seen it for some time. The Maoris had a quaint habit of digging a hole and setting their chief's canoe upright—so that about two-thirds of it stood out of the ground—as a monument to the dead.

John Fraser was the eldest and learned the blacksmithing trade with his father, but he soon left to join the armed police under Major Durie. Mrs. McGregor (who lives now in Wanganui), Mrs. Stevens, Mrs. T. U. McKenzie, Mrs. Campion, Mrs. Richardson, Alec. (who died about 1859), Donald (born February, 1835), Duncan (who died in 1860 in Whanganui), Thomas, born in the Bay of Biscay (there had been a previous boy called Thomas, who died at Home), Hugh, born in Wellington, Marjorie, first wife of Frank Deighton, Miss Fraser, who lives at Patea, and Jane, who married Mr. Richardson, and whose son is now County Clerk, constituted the Fraser family. With such a large family, almost all married, it is no wonder that the descendants of these grand old pioneers are legion.

Mr. Fraser, soon after arrival, started a blacksmith's shop on the beach, helped by his son John, near where the Tinakori road starts now from the Hutt road, and where at that time there were several shops.

Mr. Fraser came out to the Colony with the intention of buying land to settle his family upon, for he saw that there was much more chance of their getting on well in a new country than in "Caledonia stern and wild," and when the Rangitikei block was purchased he very soon came up to have a look at it, and rode on to Whanganui, where his daughter, Mrs. Campion, was then living. On his return he bought Section 34, containing 200 odd acres, and he paid the Government 10/- an acre for it. The balance of Pukehou was purchased at different times by his son, Mr. Donald Fraser, the present owner.

The front sections were assessed at 10/- an acre, a fairly good price for land which had just cost the Government a few years before 2½d. an acre. The land behind could be applied for by any one, and the Land Commissioner came up and pointed out an imaginary line, behind which the land cost 5/-, and in front 10/-. Some of it cost, however, 7/6 per acre. One might ask a conundrum Who made the land worth its present value? Mr. Fraser and family, or the public? Socialists say, the people. Honest folk think Mr. Fraser is entitled to any increment. The glorious country which the people of New Zealand have inherited, with all its advantages of climate, soil and situation, was made possible by such pioneers as the Frasers. Socialists point the finger of scorn at them, and say, "Wealth is the creation of labour, therefore to labour belongs all wealth." Well, certainly the Frasers, and such as they, had shown that they had made the country's wealth, and some more of other peoples, they changed a wilderness into a fertile country. But that is another story. It seems that Mr. Duncan Fraser paid for the land with what was then known as "compensation scrip," which he purchased from one, "Ashdown." Many bought this scrip at Home from the New Zealand Land Company, by which they were entitled to take up so much land in New Zealand. Many got dissatisfied with the delay in getting their land, and sold the scrip, often for less than

the face value. Mr. Donald Fraser describes the land as being all covered with fern and *tutu* on the lower flats and swamps with flax and *toe-toe* round the edge.

John Fraser and his brother Alec. came up in 1851 to settle on the land. John was a genial pleasant man with much to tell of early days. He told me one very interesting fact about the Maoris. Of course a *whare* was the first thing thought of, and the next was water, and John and his brother proceeded to dig a well. The Maoris used to come up and watch them with great curiosity when they were told that they were digging for water, they thought the *pakeha* was *porangi* indeed. Each day they watched—as only Maoris can—sitting contentedly watching others working, until at last to their astonishment water was struck, and in a few hours a plentiful supply was the result. Then their thoughts changed. "How did you know there was water there?" they asked. John said it was a mystery which only he could solve, and he posed for the nonce as a water finder.

Pukehou *whare,* Mr. John Stevens describes as "a large clay house 36 x 36—"wattle and dab"—thatched with bark, and over that with *toe-toe* pulled from the roots, which lasts three times as long as the leaves alone would do. When he came to Rangitikei, in 1854, the dairy was being built similarly, and there was a bark and slab blacksmith's shop, just where the present shop stands. The first *whare* naturally was not likely to be of such a palatial size. Mr. Donald Fraser come up in 1852 with his brother John, who had returned to Wellington for some cattle, and they drove them all the way from Wellington on foot. They crossed the river at the mouth, and drove the cattle up a surveyor's line to the Hoe. This was in March of that year. The stock for a time must have had a free run all over the country, for there were only the natural fences, such as swamps and rivers, to restrain them from wandering here and there, there were probably bits of "tie-ups," as the Maoris called them, put

across the track through the swamp. As time went on the sheep that came through and knocked up were left with the settlers, and the Pukehou flock began in this way. The younger men learnt to shear on this small but gradually increasing flock. Hugh Fraser and John Stevens, being boys together, as they grew up became expert shearers, and most of the young men of the district followed their example.

The life must have been a very free one, and no doubt a busy one, for as the flocks and herds grew, and the division fences so indifferent, they must have got mixed and taken a great deal of mustering and watching. Very much the same kind of life as Gordon describes.

" 'Twas merry in the glowing morn, among the gleaming grass,
To wander as we've wandered many a mile,
And blow the cool tobacco cloud and watch the white wreathes pass
Sitting loosely in the saddle all the while.
'Twas merry 'mid the blackwoods, when we spied the station roofs,
To wheel the wild scrub cattle at the yard.
With a running fire of stock-whips, and a fiery run of hoofs,
Oh! the hardest day was never then too hard.

There must have been often difficulty in getting through the work of the day, for they might have exclaimed as Cecil Rhodes did, "So little time—so much to do," and men and women alike must have been as busy as bees, the whole of their waking hours.

It would be impossible for me to follow out the ramifications of the Fraser family, but again I quote Mr. Alick Donald: "The family of Duncan Fraser and his wife must now number fully one thousand souls. Of the second, third, fourth, fifth and sixth generations descended from old Duncan Fraser and his wife, I have lost all count, but I do think it would be very remiss on

the part of his family if they do not, before it is too late, construct a proper *whakapapa*, or family tree.

"Down to the latest time the descendants of that old couple may be proud of their descent from these early and worthy colonists, and so it may be said of other families who came out at that time, though I do not know of any single family quite, or even nearly, so numerous as the Frasers."

As was to be expected from their character, there were always some Maoris around to help and to look on, and sometimes they attached themselves to particular individuals.

One old fellow over sixty years of age had thus constituted himself henchman at Pukehou. Some one asked him one day who he was. "Oh! I am the boy of Pereiha" (Fraser). Reading over the Maori names attached to the deed of sale one day to Mr. Fraser and Mr. R. Stevens, the latter said when I came to one Maori name, "Oh! that's our old Maori. I remember him well when I was a boy, he used to sit outside all day, and do odd jobs. When anyone asked him who he was he always said he belonged to us."

And thus the time went by; no sales to attend, no newspapers to read, except an occasional budget from Home; no circulating library or magazine club; no afternoon teas; only work.

Before I am done with Pukehou, perhaps a short note or two about Mr. John Stevens would not be out of place, as he grew up in Lower Rangitikei, and to whom I am indebted for much information. His memory is wonderful, to the minutest detail.

He was born in Wellington on the 20th October, 1845, on Thorndon flat. When a lad he paid occasional visits to a school kept by Mr. Buxton, but found outdoor life more congenial, and shepherded some sheep on Thorndon flat for Elijah Wilton for a time, at 10/- a week. In December, 1854, he came up to Rangitikei with his

grandfather in a fore and aft schooner called "The Sisters" with "Barney" Riley as Captain. Starting from the sand beach at Pipitea Point, they embarked in the afternoon, and next morning found themselves north of Kapiti, under full sail with a steady breeze. This must have been good going, for John Lees told me it once took him a week to go by schooner from Wellington to Whanganui.

It was time for breakfast and the boy was hungry, and he readily agreed to try the dish, which Barney called "scouse." It was in a big tin dish and was really liquid Irish stew, and it was soon all gone.

By four in the afternoon they ran on to the sand spit on the north, inside Rangitikei heads. They lowered the dingy and the passengers went ashore, walking up over sandhills to Scott's accommodation house. On the way up they met some Maori boys playing at breaking in horses. One with a shirt down to his hips, and a tremendous head of hair, with his already big mouth made bigger, and sore and bleeding by the bit, as he was supposed to be the horse. When he saw them he ran up and gazed at the white boy who was smaller than him, and turning to Mr. Fraser said, "Hullo! Pereiha." They soon came to Scott's the original *whare*, on the north bank of the river and much nearer the heads than the present road (about a mile and a half from the old ferry) where there were several boys to foregather with. They stayed at Scott's for a day or two, partly, no doubt, to help to start the schooner. John went with the Scott boys—Jack, Tom, and Davy—to Adam Keir's in a cart (he distinctly remembers that the mare was named "Taratahi") to get a pig, along the track which, for this short distance, apparently was possible for cart traffic. There were great quantities of *tutu* and *koromiko*. Locusts, both green and brown, were flying about in a manner most alarming to the boy who was a towny. However, nothing happened, and after

getting the pig the day's adventure came to an end by the return to Scott's. Next day his uncle, Donald Fraser, came down for them with four bullocks attached to a sledge. The names of the bullocks he remembers were, Tom, Colonel, Charlie and Soldier. So there was little novelty as far as names were concerned, but the trip up was a never-to-be-forgotten one—very little different from the oscillating movement of the schooner. There seems to have been some provision made for a school, for "Missionary" Taylor had sent out a man called by the settlers Benfield, but his name was really Bonnefelt.

Later there was a night school between Pukehou and Waitatapia, kept by one Freeth, and later the school was removed to the flat between Pukehou and Raumai, where John McLenaghan, a sergeant in the 5th, seems to have had charge. The big *whare* at Pukehou had been built, and "Bill" Sparks and Ive Dunn, of the 65th Regiment, were helping John Fraser to saw the timber for the blacksmith's shop.

As there were no *pakeha* children, except his uncle Hugh, about the same age, his principal companions were Maoris, and thus he "picked up" their language—the dialect of the Ngatiapas is said to be the worst in New Zealand—and wherever he went after he grew up, to act as interpreter, he was known to the Maoris as a Ngatiapa.

Goats seem not to have been despised in those days, for Mr. Stevens says that he began shearing on the pet sheep, and learned to milk chiefly on goats, of which there were hundreds. Afterwards Mr. and Mrs. Stevens came up and lived on the flat below Pukehou, and their son then went there to live with them. This house had the grand name of the Handley Arms, because the first visitor who arrived was Mr. Handley, who bought 1,000 sheep from Mr. Campion, and came to take them away. When this house was built it was considered rather a curiosity, for it was weatherboarded and thatched with straw. The thatching was done by old Mr. Whale, who was a splendid

farm hand, and had been well taught at Home. When they saw him putting the straw on, they said that it would never keep the rain out. "Look 'ere maester, if that 'ere straw le-akes I'll e-ate al' that 'ere straw." But although it didn't leak it was soon replaced by shingles. The remark reminds me of an old friend Jeffries—or, as he was always called, "Jeff"—in Melbourne. He was looking through Wilson's St. Albans stables with a number of others from Melbourne, and they came to a horse called "Don Juan," which had just won a race at Caulfield, and there was some discussion as to whether he would not win the Melbourne Cup. He was rather a common-looking gelding with a plain head: but was only to carry 6st. 12lbs, in the Cup. When they were coming out of the box, Jeff said, "If that horse wins the Melbourne Cup, I'll eat my hat." Well, he did win: but Jeff never ate his hat, as far as I know. He had been a middy in his youth, and was before Sebastopol in his vessel. Having a day off he climbed up the hill overlooking Balaclava Valley, and sat down. The guns were firing on both sides of the valley at the Russian end. He saw a commotion in the English camp. The bugles blew and the horsemen formed up and dashed down the valley. A single horseman rode across their front pointing with his sword to the guns on the side, and then fell forward in his saddle and the Charge of the Light Brigade began. Puffs of smoke on all sides, horses falling as they went in twos and three, they dashed into the guns at the bottom of the valley and silenced them, and there was a general melee. Formed up again they rode back—'But not the six hundred."—He said that the whole thing only took a few minutes. This is the charge that the French, who went to their assistance and charged and silenced the guns on one of the sides of the valley, said,

"*C'est magnifique mais ce n'est pas la guerre.*"

Mr. and Mrs. T. N. McKenzie,
Poyntzfield

John McKelvie,
Flockhouse

CHAPTER XI.

Another family which soon came to reside in Rangitikei was that of T. U. McKenzie. He himself came out in the "Aurora," which left Gravesend in September, 1839. The three ships, "Aurora," "Oriental," and "Adelaide" sailed away from Gravesend together, amid great excitement. Many friends had come to see them off. Bands were playing, flags flying, when the whole three vessels "started off like horses in a race." He worked about Wellington for some time and had a horse and cart on the beach, and was mates with "Johnny Martin," who also plied for hire about the same time. In 1849 he went out to Porirua and was a "ganger" on the road, while it was being made up the Horokiwi Valley, and was paid for his work at the rate of 2/6 a day. I remember an old fellow, Carpenter, who was a very early Colonist and had a second-hand book shop in Molesworth Street, Wellington. I have often talked to him about the early days, and he told me he was glad to get work out at Karori at 2/- or 3/- a day, and lived quite happily on it. Sir George Grey used often to stop and yarn to the old fellow on his way to the House.

Mr. McKenzie had, in the meanwhile, married Miss Margaret Fraser in Wellington, and they went up to Turakina about 1850, and lived where the Manse and Maori School now stand. He worked round there for a while, shearing, etc., and in 1854 bought Poyntzfield, which he added to by buying out Nattrass and Bennett, who had taken land up with scrip, but I do not think they ever resided in Rangitikei. Another piece he bought was from W. B. Rhodes, who afterwards owned so much land

between Bulls and Turakina. He bought some sheep from Treweek in Wanganui, and brought them out. He used to say that all his draught stock were descended from an old mare, "Annie," which he bought from "Dick" Hammond, who then lived near Wellington, and brought her up in foal to "Samson," which was a very well known horse. The Maoris had quite a number of horses then, many of them with Riddleworth blood in their veins.

There was a very large family of the McKenzies. Robert, Tom, and Duncan had land bought for them on the Carnarvon side when it was sold about 1866, and when the land at Taipo bush was sold Mr. McKenzie bought land for his other sons, Donald, Alick, Willie, Charlie, David, and James. But they parted with the land there, and are now scattered everywhere. Many of them have been successful colonists.

Mr. McKenzie was a great gardener, and his garden was celebrated far and wide. He was most generous in giving things away; he had taken great pains to get plants of all kinds long before the days of nurseries, and the visitors to Poyntzfield were all charmed with the profusion of flowers.

There were also a great many daughters in the family, but they have all left Rangitikei.

I think Mr. McKenzie was one of the best drivers I ever saw. He always drove a pair, which were well matched, and he kept them together and smartened them up in a way which only comes to a few. "Charlie" Gordon, who, as a lad, had been post boy in Dunkeld and Pitlochry, was his only equal in the district.

Mr. and Mrs. Brookie first came up to work for Mr. McKelvie, and after going to Mr. Keir's they bought their present farm from Mr. Dickson and have resided on it ever since. Mr. Brookie lately died, aged 93, after a life of usefulness. Almost to the day of his death he worked on the farm at something. Mrs. Brookie still lives on the farm with her son. The

other members of the family are all living in the neighbourhood.

Another very early settler was "Con" Campion. He, too, had married a Miss Fraser, in 1848. They afterwards went up to Whanganui. He seems to have been an extremely popular man. He was born in the same year as Queen Victoria (1819) at Mount Rath, in Queen's County, Ireland, where his people were farmers and bred a great many horses. He ran away from home and enlisted when he was about seventeen, but he was bought out and taken home. The spirit of unrest, however, was on him, and off he went again. When he got some distance away from home, he found that his brother, several years younger than himself, had followed him. So he took him with him, and they both enlisted in the 65th Regiment. "Con" was a big fellow, and went into the ranks at once, but his brother was put into the Regimental school, and became very clever with his pen, and as a draughtsman. "Con" rose to be the Colour-Sergeant before he left it.

After the Frasers came to live in Rangitikei, about 1852, Mr. and Mrs. Campion first came out and bought what is now known as Fernwood from T. Tylee. When Mr. Campion lived there he both grew and bought a good deal of wheat from the Maoris. The two flat paddocks between the road and the sandhills which Mr. Keiller cropped several times, were frequently in wheat. As has been mentioned before, the Tutaenui stream was opposite here, and a fairly large flat lay between it and the Rangitikei, but this has all been washed away, and the stream now runs into the river at the bridge further up. The wheat was taken down in canoes to Scott's, and there shipped away in crafts elsewhere. The canoes lay in the Tutaenui below, and the wheat had to be carried from where it was stored, down a steep path to the canoes, close to where the gate in the hollow is now, opposite Fernwood gate. This work the Maoris did, and pretty

heavy work it must have been. I suppose they got what Mr. Fraser paid them for other work, viz., 1/- a day.

One of these Maoris was called Paparua (the mule). During the carrying of this wheat down there was a good deal of chatter and chaff to enliven the work, and Paparua was frequently challenged to carry two bags down. Being a stout, thickset fellow, he had a great reputation for strength, and was very proud of it. After a time he got fired with ambition, and to show them his prowess, said he would, and accordingly did carry the two bags down to the canoe. But he only left one, and solemnly carried the other up again to the top. His reason for giving himself this additional work was, he explained, "that he was paid to carry one, and he wasn't going to carry two for the same pay." He then tramped down again with the sack of wheat, which had done the double journey.

Mr. Campion afterwards sold this place to a Mr. Holgate, who came from Buenos Aires, where he had been storekeeping, after which he went home again to Yorkshire. But he became restless, and came out to New Zealand and brought with him a regular set of implements for a small farm, including a one-horsepower threshing machine, and iron and wooden-framed house, which he afterwards set up at Fernwood, but at first he lived in the Campion's *whare*. I always heard that he was an artist, but apparently he was only an amateur, for Mr. R. B. McKenzie tells me he has a picture of his of "Lake Champlain," and on the back it is recorded that it is by "John Fawcett Holgate, Derby, amateur." He died in 1860.

The woolshed, I forgot to say, was on the kowhai flat by the Tutaenui, but it was eventually washed away. Holgate had a penchant for horses, and even when I came, many years later, there was a tradition of Holgate's grey mare. Mr. Stevens tells me she was called "Kiki," and imported from New South Wales, with a good dash of Arab blood in her, and had a beautiful head and neck.

She had a lot of foals by "Craven," of which Mr. Stevens broke two, and John Buller several others. "Craven" was by "Samson," a draught horse.

The Whales, Emmens (married to sisters) and Crockers, came out with the Bunnys, who afterwards came to Rangitikei, and Mr. and Mrs. Emmens went to keep house for Mr. Holgate, who was a bachelor.

After Mr. Campion sold out to Holgate he bought what is now called Raumai, then called Makiri. This place had changed hands several times. The first to purchase it was "Andy" Green, the father of the Mr. W. Green, who lived in Bulls for a long time, and was known, by way of distinction, as "Billy" Green.

Green swopped the place for a public house in Whanganui to J. M. Taylor, who never resided on it, but sold it to Alec Winks, who planted the gum trees just opposite the present Raumai gate, and had a house there. Tricker, who worked for him, had been bought out of the 65th Regiment by Mr. McDonell for £20, was now on Raumai, and had a *whare* on the sandhill just across a small swamp from the gums, on what was called Puke-Rewa. Alec. Winks then sold to one Wooley, who again sold to Campion, and Winks bought a piece of land from Keir lower down. During the time Campion had it, the Whales and Emmens lived on it in *whares*. The Campions were a fairly large family. There were Mrs. John Stevens, Mrs. R. Stevens, Duncan and Mrs. Fred Bryce (twins), Con, Alec, Mrs. Jack Bryce, Mrs. Fred Hammond, and Miss Campion. Mr. Campion seems to have led too roving a life to settle down to farming, and did not do well. He got entangled somehow in money matters with the Frazers of Mana, two old bachelors, who seemed to have the knack of saving money. Raumai was let for a time to Hugh Fraser and John Stevens, but scab got amongst the sheep and they did not do much. The Frazers bought Campion out, who went over the river and bought Pine Creek, where Mr. Campion died. Mr. James Campion said his

father was born the same year as the Queen, that is 1819, and he died when 54 years old, that would make his death in 1873. Mrs. Campion was a splendid type of colonist, always kind and motherly, always cheerful; a strong character who was loved by everyone who came in contact with her.

Another and well-known settler, who came rather later than those above mentioned, was John McKelvie. He seems to have been what his countrymen call a "land gatherer," yet he had led a roving and varied life.

He was born in Edinburgh about 1818, was apprenticed to Duncan and Flockhart, chemists, there, but soon left home for Sydney, where he got a position in the Sydney hospital for several years, and went up country to begin life as a hut keeper; then he became stockman, and began life on "his own" by joining with two or three others and buying up 800 bullocks, which were then very cheap, and drove them 1000 miles to Sydney. After selling them they had a profit of £10 to divide, which was spent in champagne that night, and they began again. Shortly afterwards the diggings broke out in Victoria, and he hied him there, having bought more bullocks and driven them overland. He had a number of teams then on the road from Melbourne to the diggings, though the best thing he did from a monetary point of view was to corner flour, and when he came to New Zealand he had £20,000 in cash, a ripe experience, and a very saving nature.

When he came to Wellington he put his money in the hands of Nathaniel Levin, then a young man beginning business, and the head of what became Levin & Co., and I think his (McKelvie's) business has never left the firm to this day. I think he must have bought some Wellington property before he came up, at any rate, at his death, he was owner of a good deal there. He first came to Rangitikei in about '55 or '56, and seems to have come up and stayed with another Edinburgh man called

Adam Keir. (The Keirs in Scotland got their name because of being left-handed.) He seems to have been a brewer, but bought and sold considerable areas of land (for the time), and at last settled on a small section near the present Waitatapia House. At the time Mr. McKelvie came up he (Keir) was living on section 5.

CHAPTER XII.

With the help of Mr. Marchant, late chief surveyor, I hunted up some old maps, and found from them the original grantees. Here are some of them from Parewanui downward:—

Section 3—James Wallace, afterwards belonged to John McKelvie.

Section 4—James Walker, afterwards belonged to John McKelvie.

Section 5—Adam Keir, afterwards belonged to John McKelvie.

Section 6—James Wallace, afterwards belonged to John McKelvie.

Section 7—John McKelvie, afterwards belonged to John McKelvie.

Section 8—R. S. Boroughes, afterwards belonged to John McKelvie.

Section 9—Francis Logan, afterwards belonged to John McKelvie.

Section 10—T. Holland, afterwards belonged to John McKelvie.

Section 10a—A. Keir, afterwards belonged to John McKelvie.

Section 11—John Yule, afterwards belonged to John Burns.

Section 12—T. U. McKenzie, afterwards belonged to T. U. McKenzie.

Section 12a—T. U. McKenzie, afterwards belonged to T. U. McKenzie.

Section 13—W. L. Nattrass, afterwards belonged to T. U. McKenzie.

Section 14—Wm. Bennett, afterwards belonged to T. U. McKenzie.

Section 15—Ruth France, afterwards belonged to T. U. McKenzie.

Section 16—A. Osborne, T. Holland and T. Page, afterwards belonged to W. Waring Taylor.

Section pt. 16—Sir B. B. Wrey.

Section 17—W. B. Rhodes, afterwards belonged to J. McKelvie.

Section 18—J. Somes, afterwards belonged to W. Waring Taylor.

Section pt. 19, 21, 23 and 25—D. Cameron, afterwards belonged to Mrs. McDonell.

It will then be seen that Mr. McKelvie became the owner of over 2,000 acres of the finest land in Rangitikei, and "McKelvie's flat" has been synonymous with fattening qualities. Mr. McKelvie was a great reader, and had his bent been in the direction of politics he would have had no difficulty of taking a leading part in them. He would soon have been able to make very effective speeches, for his conversation (save that he never forgot the overlander's lingo) was always more or less of a speech.

Dr. Curl, who was a pet aversion of his, once began, and carried out some experiments in grass growing. He was noted for starving his stock, and a more miserable lot of sheep could not be seen on a day's journey; so that it seemed rather an anomaly that he should experiment on grasses. He published his views in the "Transactions of the Philosophical Society," Wellington, and one day asked Mr. McKelvie if he had seen it. 'Yes, sir, I have, and I've read it all before in Chambers' "Miscellany." Everything he took in hand turned into money, and he died a very wealthy man.

Mr. McKelvie married the daughter of an old settler, Mr. Amon, who came out some years later. Mrs. Amon and Mrs. G. W. Wheeler, another old Rangitikei settler, were sisters. Mr. Wheeler had been in the Navy, and

came out about '51 or '52, before his wife and her relations, and came up to Rangitikei to assist Mr. Scott in his business at the Ferry—keeping the books, etc.—as there was then a considerable trade by sailing crafts to and from Wellington. No doubt this trade was the reason of Mr. and Mrs. Amon's coming out to settle, about 1856. Their eldest son, Arthur, managed for Mr. McKelvie for a long time; till he bought the place his sons have now at the mouth of the river. Mr. and Mrs. McKelvie had a large family, mostly settled in Rangitikei. Another Miss Amon married into the McKenzie family, who lived close by. Mr. Amon, Senior, was very fond of music, and rarely missed a concert in Bulls. His was a very kindly, pleasant nature, and he was a good citizen. His other sons have properties in the Glen Oroua district.

The Burnes family also arrived about the same time. Henry Burnes took up what was known as the "Round Bush," which name still marks the spot. Mr. William Burnes and Mr. James Paulin came about this time to Rangitikei. Mr. Paulin bought his land from Mr. Campion. Mr. Paulin came from Aberdeen, where he was connected with the fishing trade. When he came out to Rangitikei he and Mr. William Burnes put up the first ditch and bank fence for the Frasers which was built in the neighbourhood, and he got £1 a chain for it and his food. The ditch-and-bank fences have gone almost entirely out of fashion nowadays, with the advent of cheap wire; but, unless we get some substitute for timber, we may again have recourse to them. No doubt re-inforced concrete posts act as an imperishable substitute, but they have not "taken on" in New Zealand yet. The ditch-and-bank fence takes up too much ground in these times of high-priced land, a three-sod bank being about 9ft. wide, and a four-sod bank proportionately more. Around a paddock on Ngaio I have a fence which was originally put up for Laurie Daniel, when he had the place leased from the Maoris. It was used for a paddock

to muster the run cattle into, and required to be high and formidable to keep the cattle in. Mr. Alec. Bailey told me that he and his brothers put it up when the mill at Pukapukatea was stopped for some reason, and they preferred to work at this job rather than remain idle. It must have been a very imposing structure, for, even now, after nearly fifty years, it takes some "leppin'." The gorse is still growing well, although much of it in the neighbourhood is dying out. The beautiful colour of the gorse fences made Rangitikei quite pleasing to the eye; but now we have the useful and trim-looking wire fences, which are certainly not beautiful.

Mr. Paulin,* like many others, went to the Bendigo diggings when they broke out, but returned and settled down, marrying Miss Harkness, who hailed from the same district in Scotland. Having worked very hard as a young man, he has suffered much from rheumatism, and is now able only to see the world from his verandah across the trim garden in front, which at all times of the year is bright with flowers. He had a beautiful flat opposite his house covered with kowhai trees, as most of the flats used to be. It had belonged to Major Baker in Wellington, whose son afterwards was head of Bannatyne & Co.'s. The river, however, in one of its vagaries, washed nearly the whole of it away right up to the cliff below his house, and left his land on the other side. For many years Mr. Bull paid him rent for this piece, and it must have been a sad blow to him to see his best land gone.

The Fergussons, whose land joined his on the north, came out in the same vessel as the Frasers. They came from Skye. Donald and Sarah came with their people in the "Blenheim," and Alexander was born in Wellington. Donald and Alexander Fergusson were very good settlers and much respected: Donald has departed, and

*Alas! Mr. Paulin, too, has joined the majority.

all their descendants have left the district, but Alexander Fergusson still lives in the neighbourhood.

This completes the whole Lower Rangitikei land, as it was first taken up, as far up as where Greatford is at present. The next land above that was taken up by Sir William Fox (then Mr. Fox). Sir William was a lawyer, and came from Durham in England, and was sent out to wind up the Land Company's affairs. He was a very able man, with a very bitter tongue, which often made enemies, but he was a fine, upright, public-spirited man, who played a great part in the public life of the Colony. Lady Fox was a slight, fragile woman, who played her part well, too, and many of the old generation in her neighbourhood can remember that they went to Sunday School, and they all had a great regard for her as a truly Christian woman.

Sir William had bought a good deal of compensation scrip at various times from those who, coming to the Colony and not caring for the life, sold out for what they could and left; or turned their attention to other occupations. He was thus able to take up a considerable area, running in an oblong block from the Rangitikei River up beyond the present Crofton. When he sold this township he must have named it after some English village. He called the place 'Westoe,'' and I fancy it must have been Lady Fox who named it, for she probably came from Devonshire, and hence the West Country name. Lady Fox was a Miss Halcombe, and her nephew, Arthur Follett Halcombe, afterwards came and managed the property. Old ''Westoe'' was on the flat next York Farm, and a clump of trees marks the spot yet. The present house, situated on the second terrace, but sheltered from the nor'-west wind, was built much later. Advantage was taken of the natural bush on the face of the cliff, and the drive went through this and round to the front, making a most picturesque entrance.

Adjoining this property was York Farm, taken up

by Dr. Dorset, a well-known man of that time, whose son is still in the Wairarapa. At that time it was called Motuweka, from the bush above, the remnant of which is still standing. The settlers for a long time were allowed to get their firewood from it, until it was sold to Mr. Hammond. The two brothers, Richard and Mathew Hammond, who eventually bought it, came from Yorkshire, where they were connected with the wool trade. They came out in the same ship as the Foxes, and settled down on the old Porirua road, near where Sir William Fox had a house. They naturally had horses (all Yorkshire men are fond of horses) and they acted as carriers and dealt with the settlers in wool and skins. They followed Sir William up to Rangitikei, and first bought land in Upper Tutaenui, which, having sold to the Galpins, they bought York Farm, as they called it, from Dr. Dorset, and settled down to work it. It ran right from the river up to the Tutaenui, following up that stream to just opposite Marton, which, of course, did not exist at that time. Mr. Richard Hammond was what Colonials call "a goer," and turned his attention, besides farming, to many things. His brother, Mr. Mathew, however, sold his share to "Dick" Hammond, as he was known, and bought Captain Daniel's property of Killeymoon, already alluded to. Mr. Richard Hammond's sons, Thomas, William, and John, were considered great men after cattle, especially "Bill." They leased land, all up the river, from the Maoris, and had cattle running along the river banks, where they readily fattened. Shortly after I came I remember 100 head being sold to Mr. Gear at £11 a head, all fattened along the river, and it must have been an exciting time getting them in, for cattle got very wild in those days. The way the Hammond boys were able to get the cattle out of the bush was proverbial, and, with a pack of dogs and a stock whip, they roamed the bush right away to the Kiwitea, and seldom were beaten. The marvel was

that they were not drowned, for they had to be continually crossing the river when going to their upper run, but "Bill," who did most of this work, had a charmed life, and although wet for days, and after many escapes, he died only a year ago—a great martyr to rheumatism. He hunted the hounds when they first started in Rangitikei, and no fence was too big for him, he always got over somehow. In the early times, too, the steeplechases used to be held on York Farm, and he is said to have ridden a horse, Marshall McMahon, round the course after having lost his bridle. His gear was never of the best, and breaking a bridle was a frequent occurrence. His world's gear, unfortunately, was of a similar description, I am afraid, and, after all his hard work, he never stuck to any land.

Above the Hammonds were the Thoms and Cockburns, on the Porewa, and whose families are still there, though many of the Cockburns went elsewhere. Shrewd, thrifty people they were, and some of them amassed considerable wealth. True to their nationality, they were always admirers of the Clydesdale, and often had very good specimens of that breed. Old Mr. Cockburn died a centenarian, and some of his family still remain in the district, Mr. Cockburn, of Sandon, being a son, and Mrs. H. Hammond, Waitohi, a daughter. Some of the sons were employed at first on "Westoe."

Mr. Thoms was also employed for a while at Westoe, and got some land from Mr. Fox. Just above Mr. Thoms' farm is a bluff on the Rangitikei, and running from it is a bed of papa rock, which has withstood the river encroachment since the first settlement. When the Onepuhi bridge over the Rangitikei was mooted, the late Mr. Hammond of York Farm said he would show the engineers where to put it, and he showed them a position somewhat below this bluff, and running out to a point of land on the Reu Reu side, which he said during all the time he had been in Rangitikei had never been flooded. Acting on

this advice the bridge was built, and the Rangitikei, as if resenting the intrusion, began at once to shift its course, and made inroads on the bank for very 'cussedness.'' Much work was done to protect the bank, but at last an ''old man flood'' came and washed the end away, and the stream ran on the other side. About a mile above there is a wonderful site for a bridge: high cliffs approach each other about 1000 feet apart, where a suspension bridge could be put up and be clear of any flood; and some day, I expect, a bridge will be built there, for it is the best site for miles either way. The north side abutts on to Mr. Marshall's land, and the only other land similar to it below is opposite the Bulls Racecourse, but there the cliffs are about 1300 feet apart.

The sight of the big '97 flood, issuing out of this gorge at Tutu Totara, must have been appalling, the water belching forth as out of a spout, and carrying with it trees, stacks, whares, fencing, and everything that came within its reach. Below this, and opposite Mr. Thoms', quite 100 acres must have been washed away. When the bush was standing along the upper reaches, the rain which fell soaked into the ground, and much of it was absorbed; but now, so much of the country has been grassed, that the rain runs down at once into the creeks, and the floods come down much faster. The water-way is too small, and in consequence the destruction caused means that Nature is trying to remedy this, and the river is making room for itself. There must have been thousands of acres washed away in this manner up and down the river.

Patikipapa, which lies to the west of Messrs. Cockburn's and Thoms' farms, and to the north of York Farm, was taken up by a brother of A. De B. Brandon's, and at one time a Mr. George Roberts was with him on it. (This Mr. Roberts was the father of Mr. Roberts recently deceased, who was Commissioner of Crown Lands in Westland). It was sold, however, to Messrs. Harrison

and Jones, who sold the lower land to Messrs. Easson Bros., two brothers from Strathmore, who had a splendid flock of Lincolns. They, in their turn, sold to Messrs. Death and Lynch, and went home to their native place and there died. Their sister, who had a life rent of their money, recently died, and £5000 came back to New Zealand as an endowment to the Whanganui Hospital, and is providing for the new wing it is proposed to build. Mr. Harrison retained the top portion of the farm, but not long ago it was cut up into smaller farms and sold.

One of the Deaths came next in what is now called Overton. His brother had a piece of land now owned by Mr. David Crabb, and Mr. Ross settled down next to him. Mr. Ross was a lawyer of repute in Wellington, but his health suffered from the sedentary occupation, and he took up what was christened by him "Cokeley," which property remained so long in his family. He found his next-door neighbour was Mr. Death, and, being of a humorous turn, used to tell his friends that "he had to leave Wellington for his health and come to Rangitikei, and now he found himself at Death's door." The succeeding generation found out that the name was realy De Ath, or more properly D'Ath. The family have all left Rangitikei now and have scattered over New Zealand. Mr. Ross was the hero of an incident which might have had serious import, but which fortunately for all parties exploded in laughter. Accompanied by a friend he journeyed one day along the beach to the Hutt to shoot pigeons and kakas. Anyone who has seen the interesting pictures by Mr. Brees, the surveyor of the N.Z. Land Company, of the Hutt will have noticed that most of the land was covered with dense bush, even down to the river's edge. This bush was the habitat of innumerable pigeons and kakas, as indeed all New Zealand bush was until the merciless slaughter of these beautiful birds by the pakehas practically exterminated them. When I came to New Zealand, in 1873, scarcely an hour passed

without seeing some of these birds; now I haven't seen one for many years, except behind Mr. Mathew's, at Waiorongomai, on Lake Wairarapa, where he has preserved a considerable area of native bush as a sanctuary. The native system of securing these birds for food was to snare them, and in order to entice them into the snare they cultivated the various calls of the birds until their imitation was most life-like. The process of snaring was, however, a slow one, and although time was of no moment to the Maori, so few were caught that the numbers in no way diminished until the *pakeha* brought his gun. Then the beautiful but confiding and innocent pigeon soon became victims to the "pot" hunter. The kaka did not suffer so badly, but he, too, is a thing of the past except where in a few places in New Zealand the bush is untouched. Even the parakeet is never now seen, and the huia has been hunted for in vain. However, that is another story, though a sad one. Mr. Ross and his friend had no thought for the extirpation of the native birds, but as the natives were very much interested in guns and shooting, and perhaps thought some of the game would fall to their share, eagerly accompanied the sportsmen from the neighbouring *pa* in considerable numbers. As was their wont one of them was dispatched up a tree to "call" the birds and was imitating with considerable success the harsh shriek of the kaka. Hearing the bird so near him in the tree, and not knowing that any Maori had been sent up as a decoy, he took a pot-shot at what he thought was the bird, like the tailor in the old rhyme he "fired at the pigeon and shot the crow," for down came the Maori from amongst the branches, shot by the *pakeha*.

It is difficult to imagine the hub-bub that took place. Every Maori shouting at once, vowing vengeance against the unfortunate Mr. Ross, who didn't know a word of Maori, and could only guess by their threatening manner that he was in for a bad time, owing to an unfortunate accident which he could not intelligibly explain to the

rapidly increasing number of Maoris, who soon gathered around. Mr. Ross was hurried to the *pa,* there to be "koreroed" over, and his friend was dispatched hot-foot to Wellington for the assistance of someone who knew the Maori language, and could explain matters.

Mr. W. Swainson was Resident Magistrate at that time, and was a Maori scholar, so he was appealed to, and at once agreed to go out in haste to make an appeal on behalf of Mr. Ross. He had an impediment in his speech, which, under ordinary circumstances he was able to sufficiently control, but when he became excited this became sometimes sufficient to interrupt all connected speech. When he got to the *pa* and found his friend, Mr. Ross, dejectedly sitting in the midst of a jabbering lot of excited Maoris, all no doubt expressing their determination to exact an eye for an eye, his excitement increased very naturally. It must be remembered that only a few years before this several English at the Hutt had been cruelly murdered by the Maoris, and this seemed likely to bring about another outbreak. The Maoris all became silent when he told them he was there to speak for his *pakeha* friend, they sat sullenly by as is their custom when resentful. The more Mr. Swainson tried to speak the more he stuttered and spluttered, and made "confusion worse confounded." The Maori is very curious about any peculiarity of gait, speech, or appearance, and at once notices, imitates, and speaks of these to each other. Like schoolboys, they have nicknames for most people, which is explained by some peculiarity of the individual. They are, moreover, great speakers themselves, and, although they never speak in the same direct and clear way that the Saxon does when he has anything to explain, they use imagery to an extent which is only known to the Eastern nations from which they sprung. Here was a man, however, whose grimaces were diverting to them, and whose attempted speech was a series of repetitions of syllables. This was too much for their gravity; at first a

titter of amusement was heard when some wag, imitating Mr. Swainson's effort at a speech, then it became general, and at last the whole audience, which had been sullenly wrathful only a few minutes before, became a convulsed and merry one, many giving vent to their imitative faculties. This saved the situation, no more effective speech was ever delivered by an advocate to save the life of his client before a jury. The Maoris were too much amused to be any longer resentful, and when Mr. Swainson, calmed by the turn of events, was at last able to state that no one was as sorry as Mr. Ross at the unfortunate accident, and that he would make every reparation in his power, the Maoris were content with the explanation, and the relieved *pakehas* left the scene, accompanied by a running imitation amongst the young bloods of the stuttering magistrate.

Just below "Cokeley" was Moturumaruma, and this piece of land was taken up by Mr. Jenkins, who kept the New Zealander Hotel in Wellington; but he had no intention of living on it, so he engaged my old friend, Alec McDonald, to manage it. As I have Mr. McDonald's MSS. I will give his experience in his own words:—"At last, when I was twenty-two years old, I took a billet as a full-blown manager of a five-hundred-acre farm belonging to a gentleman residing in Wellington. The farm was two miles or less above where the town of Marton now stands. My wages as manager were £50 per annum for self and wife in case I married. This engagement was in 1851. The first thing was to build a *whare*, and, as I have always been large-minded in the matter of house-room, I determined to build a good big one. This I did with the assistance of a number of Maoris from the Reu Reu. The building was of saplings, walled, thatched, and divided into four rooms with *toe-toe* reeds. Next, I went to Wellington and brought up about a hundred cattle, purchased by my "Boss," then I split slabs and made all the furniture I considered necessary.

Next, my dear and faithful little sweetheart* and I went into Whanganui, there being no parson any nearer, and we were married. All Turakina that could ride a horse were there as witnesses. Then we all returned to Turakina to my father-in-law's *whare* and had a jollification. After this, my wife and I came home to our own *whare*. This was in January, 1852."

To show the open house that was kept in those days Mr. McDonald goes on to say: "From 1845, when I ran away for good and all into the back blocks, I had no settled home. I ranged about through all the country districts of Wairarapa, Manawatu, Rangitikei, and Whanganui. Everywhere it was the same, there were no hotels, except at long intervals, for the convenience of travellers, mailmen, and stores for the surrounding districts. But any settler's *whare* was a place where a stray wayfarer, or intending settler looking for a location, was as welcome as in a first-class hotel. There was always bread and meat and tea. In the *whares* of a year or two older there would be in addition butter, eggs, and cheese, or bacon and vegetables. At least, the dear old "damper" and a quart pot of tea was sure as the sun. I earned my own living in these wanderings, and if there did not happen to be work at one place, there would be at another within a few miles. But I saved no money. However, when my wedding day came round, I had saved £10, and that took me to Whanganui, gave the parson, my dear old friend the Rev. Mr. Taylor, a trifle for his fee, and took me over the ferry and back home. I had nothing to pay for the jollification. As I have said, our *whare* was about two miles from where Marton stands—(it was afterwards called Willow-brook, and was owned by Mr. Lambert.—J.G.W.).—There was, of course, no Marton then (January 7th, 1852). I had one neighbour, a grand old man, Mr.

*Mr. McDonald says she was the daughter of Donald Cameron, called for distinction "Bane," of whom we may hear more when speaking of the Turakina side.

Ross. He had been a barrister, but had retired from practice, and come to his farm with his old wife, a widowed daughter, three fine lads of sons, and one young daughter. Mr. Ross, to my great satisfaction and advantage, built his first *whare* within half-a-mile of mine, so that my wife and I had a pleasant time of it in the way of society. I had no other neighbour nearer than four or five miles, till Andy Green, an old whaler, came to settle down where Marton is now.

"After 1852 settlers came into the district of Rangitikei pretty fast. Every previous settler's *whare* was a freely-offered shelter for new-coming women and children till the men of the family got a *whare* up for themselves. There was an everlasting cry for roads or for anything else as there is now.* Certainly, after a time, say 1858-9, the want of schools became very urgent, but we picked up here and there girls or men who could do no manual labour, and with such we did the best we could until the children became more numerous, and we were able to get schools within reasonable distance of the settlers. Long afterwards came our present educational system.

"It occurs to me that it may be said that the "back-blockers" in the time I write of had "open land" and that is the cause of the out-cry now about the roads. It is true the districts I have been mostly referring to were not heavy forest land, but they were heavy flax, *toe-toe*, and manuka scrub lands, intersected in all directions by boggy creeks. Roads are not a whit more necessary in the heaviest forest land than in the flats of Rangitikei or Manawatu. We did not require roads in my young days. For many years after settling on a back-block, wool was packed on horses or bullocks, or sheep were driven to be shorn at some place accessible to vehicles, and for years there was nothing for carts to do. Buggies and pairs were unknown.

*Mr. McDonald once told me that he rode all the way from Wellington to attend the first meeting of settlers about the first road.

"Certainly, we had one advantage over the heavy forest settlers, after the first year we could grow a patch of wheat, which we ground in steel mills. It was very laborious work, and many preferred to pack their flour. I packed everything I required, including flour, twenty-eight miles, from Scott's Ferry. At least it was twenty-eight miles by the track we had at that time to follow. I do not know now what is the distance by roads, which after many years were made.—(It is about twenty-two miles.—J.G.W.) When we settled the Rangitikei block, 1849-50, the wages of a farm hand, competent to do any sort of work on a farm, was £25 a year, and rations or food from the farm *whare*. I affirm, from personal experience, that farm hands could, and in many instances did, save more money, so as to buy a section of land for themselves, out of these wages than the same class of men are now able to do out of double or treble the annual wage. I got in 1852 £50 a year as 'Manager,' without supervision and with a wide discretion as to expenditure on a farm of 500 acres, and I considered, and so did all my mates, that I was getting what might properly be called a great salary, and not mere wages at all."

I have quoted Mr. McDonald at length, for it gives, by one who has gone through the pioneering work, a graphic description of the life that men and women passed in those days. One more quotation as to their pleasures. He describes in another place how—"we had many a happy evening at Turakina in those days. The young fellows would come in from all around the district. In one or other of the *whares* a dance would be set up on the hard clay floor to the music of a comb and a piece of paper, together with a tin milk dish well beaten, tambourine fashion, till the elders drove us out, and we had to be home to our respective places in time for the morrow's work. I have been to balls since then, some of them to be called grand, but I have never enjoyed myself or seen others enjoy themselves at such functions as we

did at these Turakina dances. But neither we nor our elders were troubled with Members of Parliament, or with Road Boards, County Councils, or anything at all of that kind, and our digestions were as good as moderate, open-air work and happy lives could make them."

Again—"Take the worst-served back-blocks of the present day, and so far as conveniences are concerned their case is no worse than ours of the early days. I have seen a highly-educated gentlewoman and a horny-handed labourer trudging side by side round the coast to the Wairarapa, each with 60lbs. of flour and sundry groceries and a blanket on their backs. I have seen another excellent Wairarapa settler trudging round the coast to Wellington, leading a mule, with two kegs of butter. Later on, wool was brought the whole length of the great valley on pack donkeys to the coast at Te Kopi, whence whaleboats brought the little bales to Wellington.

"Up our coast of Wellington Province the first out-settlement was at Whanganui.

For years the only communication by sea was by the little 'Catherine Johnston,' a ten-ton cutter. Of course, all the stock had to travel *viâ* the coast, with nine rivers to cross, including the Whanganui, without bridge or regular ferry. So late as 1852, when we were settling the district between Rangitikei and Turakina Rivers and inland, I had to pack everything I required except meat, through bush and swamp twenty-eight miles on a pack bullock. I had to go the same distance to post or receive a letter, and my neighbours had each and all to do the same. Well, we did not vex ourselves or the world with wailing or complaints, we saw no reason why we should do so; on the contrary, we were 'happy as Larry.'" Then Mr. McDonald describes a dance, and apostrophises a friend thus: "Oh! Bob Knox, Bob Knox, friend and mate of my young days, you are now dead. But well do I remember your beating of that tin dish till knuckles bled." Truly, they led the "simple life."

Another of the early settlers was Major Marshall, of the 65th Regiment, who took up land on the extreme N.E. corner of the block on the Rangitikei river. He came up first to look at the land before it was purchased in 1848. How he came to hear of the land was through a fine old Maori called Noatera Rauhihi, of Onepuhi, who was working on the road into the Wairarapa under the Major's brother-in-law, William Swainson. This Maori said that the land was the best in the district, and advised his *pakeha* boss to go and buy it. This was passed on to Major Marshall, who went up to see it and eventually bought it. On his way up and down he stopped with the Duries at Waikanae, where it will be remembered an outpost was stationed. On one of these occasions, while he was there, the great earthquake of 1848 occurred.—(The year book gives the date as October, 1848). He had as his companion on this journey Major Hamley (now General Hamley), a cousin of the writer of history, and well known as a military tactician. Mr. John Marshall, during his recent visit to London, says he visited him several times. "The old man is now in his ninety-first year and as bright and cheery an old chap as you would meet anywhere. He has a perfectly clear remembrance of these old days. He asked me about all the old hands on the West Coast, from 'Scotch Jock' at Paekakariki, to old Mrs. Scott at Rangitikei." It is pleasant to think that he has not forgotten these old people.

Mr. John Marshall does not remember when his uncle, William Swainson, first came up to Tutu Totara, but I think it must have been in 1853. Certainly "the Major," as everyone knew him, made a capital selection, for it is one of the finest and most picturesque farms in the neighbourhood. He went Home with his two boys, John and William, and they all experienced a bad railway accident, in which the Major was considerably hurt, but he recovered, and before he came out to settle married again, and, I think, came up to Rangitikei about 1861; William

Major Marshall, 65th Regiment,
of Tutu Totara.

First visited Rangitikei in 1848

Tutu Totara, Rangitikei

Swainson, his brother-in-law, going over to Te Rakehou, as we shall see by-and-bye. Mr. Swainson was a great lover of flowers, and was known always as the greatest gardener in the district. He was a near neighbour of mine for many years, and the wattle trees now growing in my garden at Bulls were plants grown by him. His garden in the bush at Rakehou was a most grateful sight, full of flowers in bloom. He always had some most beautiful verbenas. His father had been at one time in South America, and must have been a most accomplished man—(he was surveyor to the old New Zealand Land Company)—and I often used to see his beautiful pencil sketches of tropical flowers, which were only equalled by Miss North's, now housed in a special house in Kew Gardens. If Mr. Swainson's are existent now they should be placed alongside hers. His garden at Tutu Totara was also his glory. If Mr. McDonald was loud in his praises of the hospitality and kindness of those who in the earlier days had only the comfort of a *whare* to offer, their mantle had certainly fallen upon the Marshalls at Tutu Totara. A kindlier and more hospitable man and wife could not have been found in Christendom. When their family and visitors outgrew the old house it was added to, bachelor quarters were provided for their guests, who flocked there and were welcome at all times. The number of young fellows who came out and found a second home in Tutu Totara must be legion. At one time there were a great many public school boys, who come out to settle, and they all seemed to gravitate at some time to "the Marshalls." Some of them are now getting on in years, but I am sure they look back to the days spent at Tutu Totara as the happiest days of their lives, and remember with grateful thankfulness the consideration and kindness shown them there. And many, as they go on and have children of their own growing up, can now see what an effect such a hospitable house had on the young men in the neighbourhood. On Sundays, instead of idling their

time at home, or seeking a township for company, they were received with open arms into a well regulated home, where religious services were never forgotten, and where temperance in all things was the rule. There was always an air of discipline about, for "the Major" had several old soldiers in his retinue, whose appearance gave that indefinable feeling that they had been drilled; and their respectful bearing showed that they had been taught. Major and Mrs. Marshall had a great influence on the district, always the same kindliness and patience, ready to comfort, advise or cheer. Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven. The Major died in 1891, some years after Mrs. Marshall. Mr. John Marshall tells me that the first entry of sheep he can find was in 1852, when three hundred merino ewes were bought from Clifford and Weld at about 25/- to 30/-.

The land down the Porewa was owned at one time by Dr. Anson. There was at one time a good deal of scrub upon it, and any young fellow who came as a cadet was put on to fell it. One of these, a tall strapping fellow, who had been sent out from London, was called Davis, and he found this work very uncongenial, and got on so slowly that the patch became known as "Davis's quarter-acre section."

On the other side of the Porewa and bounding Patikipapa, was a farm called Puketutu. It was originally taken up by a Mr. Schultze, who had a flour mill in the Ngahauranga Gorge (which may be standing, a delapidated ruin, to this day, for it was there the last time I passed) driven by the water of the stream. Mr. Schultze never resided on it, but had a man called Davidson there, who was either partner or manager. This man was evidently scared as to his safety, for he had over his door a regular man-trap, consisting of a big log of wood with harrow teeth in it, so that anyone opening the door without the "pass" might easily have been killed. Mr. Harry Death bought it from him about 1862, Mr. Marshall

fixing the date from the fact that Davidson was there when the Marshall family came to live at Tutu Totara in that year. The farm was afterwards sold to Mr. Arkwright, and called "Overton."

The Hendersons, who afterwards had the flour mill at Marton, had a piece of land on the Porewa, but they sold it to Mr. Nesbit, and went up to the farm near Marton later.

The land on the top of the hill on the Cliff line was some time in being taken up; no doubt because there was a good deal of bush on it; for in 1862 Mr. Marshall says it was a vacant section, but was soon after taken up by Mr. Aitkin and is still in the family.

The next farm, also containing a good deal of bush, originally belonged to Major Marshall, who sold it to Mr. Gray, whose family retain it still. Mr. Gray was a schoolmaster, and his wife was a native of Mauritius.

The land beyond this and running up to the Marton road originally belonged to the Hammonds, and Mr. Mathew Hammond lived there till he sold to Mr. Galpin, who, in his turn, sold to Mr. A. R. Fitzherbert. The Bartletts, too, had land adjoining. On the other side of the road at Norwood corner, the land was taken up by the Jeffersons (three brothers, John, Robert, and Ben), and Mr. Meads. They were related by marriage, and some of the family still hold the land.

Mr. McBeth bought Dunsinane about 1853—1000 acres at 10/- an acre. He, too, was a great planter, as the trees in Mr. Newman's bush testify. There are some beautiful specimen trees to be seen scattered through the natural bush. This farm was on the edge of what was known as "Fern Flat." The clay land, which predominated nearer the river, was covered with manuka scrub with a fringe of bush to the north. Dunsinane and further west was high fern and of a much lighter and porous character. It was looked upon as a very favoured spot when I first came to Rangitikei, and was mostly in the hands of Mr. Thomas

Bryce, Mr. Alex. Milne, and Mr. Coombe. Beyond that was bush, and, as it is to be supposed, the open country in those days was most sought after.

As Mr. Bryce's career is an interesting one, I give it in the words of his brother, the Hon. John Bryce. "Thomas Bryce was landed from the 'Bengal Merchant' on Petone Beach on March 5th, 1840, being then twelve years old. He was born in Glasgow. He had a rough time of it in the bush of the Hutt Valley, where he went through the Maori War. He went to California in 1849, from there to Australia in 1852, mostly storekeeping in partnership with his brother-in-law Campbell. The three of them came back to Otago about 1864 and continued storekeeping till 1867 at Dunstan, where Campbell died. Brother and sister then came to Fern Flats, where I had taken up land for my brother with money he sent me for the purpose a year or two previously. I bought the land from the Government, but cannot give the year as all records of mine, and a good many of my brother's, too, were destroyed when my house was burnt in the Maori War. That particular piece of land was pointed out to me by A. Milne. It was the last vacant bit of Government land about the district. My brother did not come from Otago till long afterwards. Meantime I had a good deal of improvements made on the place, fences, fern burning, grass sowing, etc. Wilson Milne did most of the actual work for me. All this was in the olden times of long ago."

Mr. Bryce had about the first flock of Lincolns in the district, and had very fine sheep, well grown with heavy fleeces. He must have done very well with them.

The Hon. John Bryce also furnishes me with a few words about the next neighbour, Mr. A. Milne. "The latter was also an old 'Hutt' settler, whose arrival there dated from 1842. I have a good general knowledge of his life and labour, but I am quite unable to give dates or particulars. I know he had to *work* for every sixpence he

earned. The standard wage when he was able to get work was 2/6 for a long day's *work*, on condition that he was paid in cash and not in debentures. Times have changed."

Mr. Milne was a very able, public-spirited man, and was one of the first representatives of Rangitikei in the Provincial Council, and also Chairman for many years of the Rangitikei Highway Board and County Council, and all the settlers spoke in the highest terms of his work on their behalf, as well as lauding his upright character.

Mr. Coombe, as his name implies, was a Devonshire man, and he told me the last time I met him, as I sat next to him at the Hutt Club dinner, how he came to be so fond of horses. His father was a farmer and had quarries up in the Tors of Exmoor. The stone when it was quarried had to be carted to the farmhouses and towns, and this was the work Mr. Coombe used to do for his father. When he came to settle down horses were his hobby, and he had several entires which used to travel the district. He was a very substantial man in more ways than one, and was much in requisition as a Judge of Draughts at the Shows.

Mr. Maunder, who was nearer Marton, bought his land from Peter Laing (so well known as a baker in Wellington).

I have already spoken of Cokeley and Moturumaruma. When old Mr. Ross died part of Cokeley was sold, and the land which Mr. Alex. McBeth's family owned was part of it.

There was a considerable area of bush north of these settlers which was not at first taken up, Mr. Still for some time being the furthest up settler. Before I came the whole of it was settled, Mr. Wm. Galpin's house standing on about the last section to the north in that direction of the original Rangitikei purchase.

CHAPTER XIII.

Marton was sold by Messrs. Follett, Signal, and Morris, and was, therefore, not a Government township. Richard and James Signal each bought sixty acre sections, and part of one section was sold to Mr. Follett, and eventually the whole was cut up into sections and sold. What is now Marton consisted of three sections of land, I think of 60 acres each, belonging to Robert Signal, Chas. Follett, and Tom and Richard Morris. The latter came with Mr. Cawood from Swan River, and bought a section from Government. From what I can gather Mr. Signal was the first to sell his, and the township that thus began was called "Tutaenui," and the settlement further up, to distinguish it from this, "Upper Tutaenui." The first hotel built was known as the "Travellers' Rest," which is now named "the Marton Hotel," and it was kept by a retired sergeant of the 65th Regiment named Mathews. The first store was opposite the "pub," and owned by Beavens Bros., Whanganui, and managed by Mr. Henry Lyon, who was afterwards a chemist in the township, and father of Mr. Lyon, the solicitor. When the coach came this way to Whanganui the horses were changed at "the Traveller's Rest," but when a Mr. Polgreen built the White Hart the coaches removed there. The Post Office was then in charge of Mr. Henderson, at the Mill. After a time people were not satisfied with the name, and a public meeting was called so that a name could be selected, and Mr. Lyon moved that it be called Marton, after the township of that name in Yorkshire where Captain Cook was born, and this was adopted. The land to the north seems to have been owned by Mr. Andy Green, who seems to have

had something to do with many properties; it was afterwards sold through Peat and Alexander to Mr. W. Hair, who, after residing there a number of years, sold it and went up the coast.

James Slight built about the first house outside Marton on the Whanganui road, in 1861. Where Mrs. Cash's house stands was owned at one time by Mr. Tom Wing, the next section being owned by an absentee, opposite this Mr. David Collins had a section. A man named Dickson owned what became Captain Johnston's property, and Mr. Williamson purchased in the early sixties.

Mr. Robt. K. Simpson, the present chairman of the County, after marrying Miss Grant, bought his present Bonny Glen property from a brother of Dr. Mussen, in 1865.

THE 1868 ALARM.

An Incident. A Letter to the "Rangitikei Advocate."

"Sir,—You have had two accounts of the "Alarm" in Rangitikei in 1868. May I ask space for a third? The "alarm" was on the first Sunday in November, 1868. Just at early dawn that morning an orderly (Jack Regetand) galloped up to Tutu Totara with an urgent despatch to my father from Colonel Haultain, Defence Minister, then in Wanganui, saying that the Government had received warnings, which it was impossible to disregard, that as soon as the rebel natives crossed the Patea River there would be a general rising of the West Coast natives from Patea to Otaki, and authorising him to take whatever steps he deemed necessary for the protection of the Rangitikei-Manawatu settlers. My father woke me, and after telling me the news, which he did not credit, directed me to go at once to the Porewa *Pa*, where Utiku Potaka and some of his people were living, and find out if he had heard anything of the threatened rising. I found he knew nothing, and ridiculed the idea, saying it was all humbug.

By the time I returned to the house my father had written out a general order warning settlers of possible immediate danger, and desiring them to assemble at stated points to throw up redoubts or fortify houses. All our men were sent in different directions with this order, with instructions for settlers to warn their neighbours, so in a very short time the whole district was alarmed. I was sent down the bank of the Rangitikei to Messrs. Thoms, Symond, Cockburn, Hammond, as far as Westoe, whence after breakfast, with Mr. and Mrs. Fox I went to Marton, and joined the working party, which had begun throwing up a redoubt where St. Stephen's Church now stands. All the neighbouring settlers were there and working hard with spade and shovel or cutting and carting fern for building up the earth wall. Before night it must have been half finished, and it was completed, except the block house, within the next two or three days. I remember the incident of the house catching fire and being burnt to the ground before any of those working at the redoubt could get to it. I think we all dropped our tools and ran towards the fire as soon as the fire was seen. Nothing could be done when we got there as it was a mass of flames. The fire was purely accidental, though, of course, in the excited state of men's minds at the time it was magnified outside as a beginning of hostilities. On the day following a redoubt was begun at York Farm. Its site was on the south side of the road, directly behind the large shed, and on the edge of the terrace overlooking the Rangitikei river. I worked there for some days, and later at another redoubt which was thrown up at the north corner of the cross roads at Dunsinane. Both have long since been levelled, and their sites furrowed by the plough. Redoubts or block houses were at the same time put up at Bulls, Parewanui, Foxton, etc., but of these I had no personal knowledge. The militia had been called out for active service about three months previously (compulsory service it was then for all between the ages of 16 and 60,

Major Trafford,
Koreromaiwaho

Koreromaiwaho in Major Trafford's time

any shirkers were liable to imprisonment), but they were not all armed or equipped.—I am, etc.,

"J. W. MARSHALL.

"Tutu Totara, November 27th, 1911."

Before we turn to the Turakina district, Major Trafford might be mentioned, as his was a name well known in the district. He became owner of Koreromaiwaho some time in the fifties, after living in Wellington, where he took a leading part in the races in the early days, for he, too, seems to have been very fond of horses. He was in the same regiment as Major Marshall, the 65th (hikiti pip, the Maoris called it). It was fashionable in those days to wear a single eye-glass, and Major Trafford was in the fashion. The Maoris, therefore, called him "Karu Tahi," or "one-eyed." He kept open house, and there seems to have been "high jinks" going on there. Whenever those who took part spoke of them, there was a merry twinkle of the eye, which denoted pleasurable thoughts of the good time they had in those days. I discreetly refrain from too close an enquiry. Trafford had some very valuable mares, "Sybil" being noted perhaps more than any, and some of the best horses of the present day have her blood in their veins. The old name of the place had a curious meaning. According to Mr. Stevens, it was what the Maoris called out when they wanted those inside a *pa* to come out and have a talk. But, in most cases, in "Colonialese" they wern't having any," because it was often a preliminary to a general massacre. Amongst those who lived there were Major Biggs (who was afterwards massacred at Poverty Bay), and Mr. and Mrs. Willie Fergusson. The latter came to Wellington in 1856, and they soon afterwards came *viâ* Scott's Ferry to take charge of the establishment. Later, when Major Trafford had bought a section across the river, they shifted there to look after it, and brought Miss Trafford with them. She, later, married Mr. Dundas, the surveyor, but both have been dead some time.

The son, when I knew him, was a lithe, pleasant fellow, a good cricketer and rider, and much about Rangitikei. But he fell into evil days, and also died. After passing through the hands of Captain Jordon, who added to it by using his military scrip, Koreromaiwaho was purchased by Major Willis in 1864, and a portion bought from Mr. Beamish, and another from the Hon. Mr. Petre, and the place was re-christened Woodendean. Major Willis had been Magistrate in the Wairarapa, and took over a portion of the district over which Dr. Buller had previously presided in Rangitikei and down the Coast to Otaki in 1865. When he first went up to Woodendean scab was rampant, and yet he sold fat wethers at 16/6 to Lethbridge and Alexander. It was he who first brought Romney sheep into the district by purchasing some of Mr. Ludlam's sheep at the Hutt. He had some purebreds from which the flock was descended. These were dispersed a few years ago, and some seven-eighth bred ewes. They never were crossed with any other breed from that year till they were sold: so that they were practically all pure when the flock book was started, but only the pure flock was entered.

Another name which should be mentioned in this neighbourhood is Mr. Walter Tricker. He, too, was a 65th man, and was bought out in Whanganui by Mr. McDonnell of the Hoe, where he stayed for a while, but drifted up to Mr. Campion, and, as has been mentioned, had a house by the cutting just on the north side of Raumai front gate. The place he bought, which was originally Brandon Hall, from Mr. Lambert, a carpenter, who built many of the houses about. Mr. Tricker was an exceptionally hard-working, trustworthy man, and had the misfortune to be suspected of causing the death of a neighbouring settler. He was tried, and, most unjustly, found guilty. The people were up in arms about it, for they believed him guiltless, and Archdeacon Stock proved to the authorities that it was impossible that he could

have been implicated. Strangely enough, although the sentence was commuted, he was not liberated till some time after. Fortunately, a few of the foremost people of the district took the matter up later, and a free pardon was at last tardily granted to a perfectly innocent man. His farm is a monument to his industry to this day.

The country at the back was now beginning to be settled, and Mr. A. de B. Brandon had some of what is now known as Brandon Hall, and Mr. Fitzherbert the front portion. When Mr. Bunny came out he bought this land from the above in 1855, and settled on it, but he had borrowed money from some one at Home. The place was put up to auction, and, as we have seen, Mr. Tricker bought part; Preston fell to Mr. Raynor; and further up Mr. McHardy bought a farm; the balance was bought in by Mr. Bewley, who had been sent out to look after the interests of the mortgagees. He added at the back by applying for what was then known as waste land. He in his turn had to hand it over to the Hon. John Johnston, whose family held it till it was again lately sold to Mr. James Bell, and then cut up into farms and is now a very prosperous settlement.

With Mr. Bunny there came several families, the Crockers, Whales, and Emmens, who remained in the lower district for some time, but their descendants have now places of their own.

Waitatapia seems to have been originally taken up by Thomas Tylee, who again sold it to Taylor and Watt, of Whanganui, who, together with Captain Campbell, of Wiritoa, and Captain Cameron, of Marangai, had it for some time, and the cattle running on it were looked after by Mr. T. U. McKenzie. It was sold to Mr. W. W. Taylor, a merchant in Wellington, about 1858, who added to it by buying Adam Keir's section in front, and in 1862 taking up a considerable portion of the waste lands at the back. Later it fell into the hands of Mr. Taylor's son-in-law, Mr. J. T. Dalrymple, whose family still retain it.

The remains of the famed Awamati *Pa,* of the Ngatiapa tribe, is still to be seen in the lake on this property. Whenever they were in dire strait, or pursued by the enemy, the Ngatiapas seem to have retired to this *pa,* which sheltered them from slaughter.

The country still further back was used as a run by some people, and the Rosses had a run for some years about Lakes Alice and Otakipo. Mr. Alfred Ross told me they had a rare time after wild dogs, which were constantly annoying the sheep.

Talking of Alfred Ross and wild dogs reminds me of an incident that befell me in connection with him. It was shortly after we had started the hounds in Rangitikei, and we were hunting up in the neighbourhood of Cokeley, on Mr. Death's place. I didn't know whose property we were on, as I was then unacquainted with the upper district. The hounds had got into the bush after a very good run, and got away towards the road, where there were some ewes and early lambs, and we had to go over and stop them. The fence, whether it has grown bigger because of the lapse of time or not I do not know, but my recollection of it is that it was the biggest fence I ever jumped; but it had to be got over, and Cyclops (a horse that Willie Mills bred, and a great jumper) got over all right. To my dismay I found the hounds had killed two or three lambs, so I got off and threw the carcases into a ditch under the gorse, so that the owner should not see, on the principle of "what the eye does not see the heart does not grieve for," and rode home through Marton. In the few minutes I was there I ran across Alfred Ross, and told him of my adventure. Judge my horror when I found later that Alfred Ross owned the lambs, and, he found, when he got home, that the hounds had been on to his farm. He, however, took it very well, for he was a genial soul, and forgave me.

There were, no doubt, cattle running on all the unoccupied land before "the run," as it was called, was

taken up. For instance, Mr. James Bull (I have some notes from him, which I will quote later on) told me that in 1862, together with a mate of his, Howard, he took up land at 10/- an acre. So that it must have been many years before it all went. W. Barnard Rhodes took a great deal of it. Mr. Hickson, of Wellington, had some land at Lake Alice. Mr. Beamish, Manager for Mr. Rhodes, took Kilkern up, and so on until it was all gone.

Mr. R. K. Simpson, then a young unmarried man, rented, with others, Mr. Hickson's 1000 acres at Lake Alice, after the Rosses had given the run up, and also 10,000 acres towards the coast from Government at ½d. an acre. In 1860, after having it about a couple of years, Captain Rhodes came along and bought nearly the whole of the run at 10/- an acre, so they gave up their lease of Mr. Hickson's land, and moved on to Ruatangata, which they had meanwhile rented.

CHAPTER XIV.

When I commence to try to give some account of the pioneers at the Turakina end of the Rangitikei-Turakina Block, I confess, my mind misgives me. Very imperfectly I have been able, through the kindness of the old residents, to mention some of the early settlers, although I must have omitted many. I am afraid that my notes on the early Turakina settlers will be more imperfect still. The latter were mostly Highland people, who took up land there, and I am assured that in most cases the older people could only speak Gaelic, and this gave to many of them that peculiar—to me very attractive—accent which those who usually speak Gaelic have when they converse in English. My old friend, John Lees, used to chuckle over a story in connection with this when he told it.

When the war was going on, and the soldiers were stationed in Whanganui, many of the young officers used frequently to visit the Highland people at Turakina for the sake of shooting, and when any of their hosts came to Whanganui, they always welcomed them at their quarters. One old gentleman was so visiting an officer, and, on his leaving, the officer asked his friend if he would like a book to take out with him to read, pointing to a number on the table. "Oh, ae, I maight," was the reply, and, taking the first that came to hand without looking at it, he was putting it in his pocket, when his host said apologetically, "I don't know, Mr. ——, whether you would care for that book. It is in French." It's al' the same in Tur-a-keen-a," came the reply, and without more ado he bade good-bye, taking the book with him. I hope it wasn't a naughty French novel.

Mr. Fraser has an excellent recollection of the first settlers, and gives me an account of those who came out in the same vessel, the "Blenheim." I leave out those who settled elsewhere.

There were several Camerons, the first family being that of "Big John," already alluded to. He had several sons and two daughters—John, Angus, Duncan, Charles, Allen, Archie, and Dugald (who is still alive), and Ann (Mrs. Frank Baldwin), and Maisie (Mrs. Cumberland McDonell), it would therefore require what Mr. McDonald calls a Whakapapa, or family tree, to be able to keep in touch with the descendants.

A second family of Camerons, of Turakina, was that of Donald "Bane," whose family consisted of John, Allan, Duncan, Sandy, James, and George, Mrs. McLaughlan (afterwards Mrs. Brabazon), Mrs. Grant (Mrs. A. K. Simpson's mother), and Mrs. Alick McDonald, the latter of whom I have already given some account from her husband's MSS.

Mrs. John McQuarrie was also a Cameron, but daughter of another brother, Hugh. She was afterwards Mrs. Perry.

Another family of "Blenheim" Camerons, that of Donald—better known as "Piper" Cameron—never came up to Rangitikei, but a daughter was Mrs. McDonell, of the Hoe, and one of the sons married a Miss Glasgow, from Turakina. Lately there was an account in "The Dominion" of the meeting of one of the sons, Mr. Duncan Cameron, of Pahau, and Mr. Donald Fraser, at the Cecil Hotel, and these two, who had been boys together on the "Blenheim," had many reminiscences to discuss. When I asked Mr. Fraser if I had got the names right, he said I had mixed the McDonells and Camerons up, and so I had, but as three McDonells married three Cameron girls, it is not to be wondered that a mere sassanach would find it difficult to do otherwise.

Mr. Alick McDonald says in his manuscript, "There were two settlers owning considerable areas of land among the first Turakina settlers; they were Captain Rhodes and Mr. James Wilson. They did not personally settle at first, but their cattle were managed by Mr. Beamish for the former, and Mr. G. McGregor for the latter.

The Captain Rhodes mentioned, who was more familiarly spoken of as "Barney" Rhodes, had the land near the mouth of the river called "The Plains," which is now in the hands of the Simpson Bros. Mr. Wilson was the father of Mr. Robert Wilson, so long and favourably known as manager for Heaton Park. Mr. James Wilson then owned 10,000 acres in the Valley, including Anne Bank. On the south side of the Makirikiri, beside Captain Rhodes, were Robert Glasgow and Alex. Grant. The Camerons were on the other side.

In the township itself were Farrell O'Riley and Fox, the shoemaker. His cottage is still there, but now lacks the beautiful cactus which, when he was alive, used to look so brilliant when in flower, against the chimney. Then there were John Glasgow, Cluny McGregor, James Lowrie, Cameron and Simpson, afterwards on "Dalvey," where Mr. Harry Lethbridge now lives. In Bonny Glen there were John Gower, Francis Baldwin, James Stewart, Hempseed. R. K. Simpson was in the Glen later. One of the most familiar figures was "Charlie Cameron," who for long was in partnership with Mr. Alick Simpson. Mr. Cameron had "got" the Gaelic; he died quite lately, over eighty years of age. A fine stamp of a hardy old Highlander. So necessary was it to speak Gaelic, that, when a clergyman was appointed, Mr. Ross was chosen because he could preach in that language, and one service was always in Gaelic.

Although on the railway line, Turakina has never gone ahead like other townships, but is a very picturesque village, with many beautiful trees and hedges. The land

lately has been further cut up into small farms, and dairying has increased greatly, so perhaps it will bloom again.

Turakina will, however, never again have the same fascination for me. The old Highland people are all being replaced by ordinary Colonials—no doubt as good as their forefathers, but their tongue has lost the beautiful intonation and precision of those who "had the Gaelic." I have already said that many of them thought and read Gaelic, but although most of them were able to speak English, some never really mastered the intricacies of our idiom, and still more of the colloquialisms found in novels, but when read to them they followed the story, and especially the jokes, with the utmost glee. One of these fine old Highland gentlemen got in some way a hold of "Valentine Vox," which had in its day an immense popularity, but he failed to make head or tail of it. So he brought it to a friend, who, although a true Celt, had lived amongst sassanachs, and was able to follow and pronounce the slang terms which were frequent in the book. It was handed over with the statement, "Here's a pretty book, they say it is splendid," and by the light of a whale-oil lamp (the usual light) it was read out night after night, and often the audience would laugh until the tears ran down their cheeks, and the reading would go on amidst such ejaculations as "Man, man, isn't that splendid?" "Go on, Tom, go on give us some more." On one occasion a Turakinaite was asked by one of his officer friends "what work he liked best," and he replied without hesitation, "Tricker, Tricker is the best worker I know. He's a splendid worker, Tricker—yes, man." So he was able to make himself understood if he did not understand, and not like the Highlander who went to Dundee and couldn't find anyone who could tell where to find "te shirra tepot," until it was discovered by one more versed in Highland ways than others, that he meant the Sheriff Deputy.

One of the first things that new settlers think of is a medical attendant, but in this case there was a Doctor in the district before the people settled in it. In the Rev. Mr. Taylor's diary, he has the following entry on June 30th, 1848:—"We got a canoe at the Rangitikei, and there I found a Dr. Chamberlain living, who gave me a pressing invitation to stay the night, but, as he was living with a native woman, I felt, as a minister, I could not countenance this, and so pushed on to Puke Puke." The latter place is now all settled and drained, but at one time there were a number of natives living about these lakes. This is the only mention I have ever come across of this Dr. Chamberlain, and he seems to have faded into eternity without leaving any footprints.

The next doctor was named Roer, and he lived at Wink's, near the mouth of the river, but he was somewhat unsteady, and, in crossing the Wangaehu one day, he was drowned. The next medical man who settled in the district was Dr. Tuke. Curiously enough, I had never heard of him as a resident doctor until I began to collect these notes. Shortly after hearing the name, I noticed in the paper that Sir John Batty Tuke was in the Colony on a visit to renew his acquaintance with New Zealand after a number of years. Of course, I had known his name, as member of the House of Commons for my old University (Edinburgh), but never connected him as a Rangitikei man. I had the opportunity of being introduced by Dr. Martin, at Palmerston, and I found he was coming over to see the scenes he so vividly remembered. So I offered to show him round. I found him hale and hearty, a genial companion, who smoked, like Dr. Featherston, continually cheroot after cheroot. He told me he came up to Rangitikei in 1857, having just married before he left England, and Captain Daniel, being anxious to get a medical man to reside in the district, offered him twenty acres of land if he (Dr. Tuke) would reside on it. This he agreed to do, and he brought his wife up to

Scott's, and stayed there while he built the house. The land given and the house built was the same that Dr. Curl lived in for so long, and a portion of it is still standing. Dr. Tuke built the house himself with the assistance of John Lambert, who had already been building a number of houses in the district, and amongst them Killeymoon. The house at "Manuka Bush," as it was then called, was mostly of slabs, there were four rooms, kitchen, bedroom, sitting and spare bedroom. When he came over, I took Sir John to see this old house, and, when we got there, he looked round and said "But the house I built had slab walls,"—turning the corner, we found one of the walls intact, as he had built it over fifty years ago. On going inside he looked round and seemed to hesitate. "Ah," he said, "that was the spare bedroom, I remember; but for the life of me I can't remember where the kitchen was." I suggested that perhaps he had nothing to do with the kitchen. "Hadn't I just, hadn't I to get up, light the fire, go and get the cow in and milk her when my wife was cooking the breakfast." He remembered, too, that there was in the creek a pool at his back door that he used to bathe in; also that "the whole country around was like a waving prairie—no manuka scrub, but the land was mostly covered with flax, *toe-toe*, and fern." Near by his house, in what is now Mrs. Roache's paddock, there was a dense and almost impenetrable mass of koromiko, and sometimes when the creek was up, he had to wade through the blind creek, which crosses the lane now running to the house, and has a footbridge for passengers over it. Being close to Koreromaiwaho, he often went there when Major Trafford had it. It was a bachelor's establishment with a Maori housekeeper. Dr. Tuke found living there with Major Trafford two very congenial souls, Biggs and Sam Deighton. I asked him about Biggs, for there was a tradition, when I came, that he was a very plucky fellow, and used to swim the river no matter what water there was in it when he later lived at Mingiroa. If there hap-

pened to be an English mail in he had to go to Bulls to get it. "Yes," the doctor said, "Biggs was a plucky fellow. He was the best horseman I ever saw, but strange to say, I saw him thrown twice when he got on 'Sybil,' a mare that Trafford won a lot of races with afterwards. I asked him to let me try, and she moved away when I got on, without a buck in her. I often rode her after that and she was a grand mare." Then he went on to say that "we had a conspiracy, Trafford, Daniel, Blewitt, Swainson, and myself, to buy the land from the natives on the other side of the river, and we rode all over it down to Alick McDonald's, but Grey wouldn't give us a title." I told him the same men afterwards got a lease of it from the natives, and that I had bought Daniel out.

Although somewhat older than myself, the names of the professors and surgeons he knew in Edinburgh were familiar to me, and I found that Sir John had been house surgeon under Syme, who was the crack surgeon in my day, and was Lister's first pupil. I asked him if in those days Lord Lister had any inkling of his antiseptic treatment in operations. His reply was "Yes, he had glimmerings. Talking one night, he said, let us change the subject and go down and look at a case in the hospital which I operated on," he had made an incision for an aneurism. The wound was quite healthy, and Lister said, "I am trying to find out how to be sure that every wound will be as clean as that." This occupied our conversation till we had whizzed up to Westoe and down the avenue—for we were in a motor. He remembered the country quite well, but said that they had no road then down the hill, and they had to go down a very steep track down the cliff to Westoe, where Fox was then living, and also the Hammonds at York Farm.

He also pointed out where they used to cross the river —somewhere near the present railway bridge—to go over what was then a "terra incognita," the present country about Halcombe. He remembered that in the other direc-

tion he used to ride up to Otakipo, where the Rosses then had a run, and said he had made a trip up the river a long way with Coouts Crawford, and had been immortalized in that gentleman's book (which, later, I shall have occasion to quote from.)

In 1859 he had an opportunity of being attached to the 65th Regiment, then stationed at Whanganui, and he then left Rangitikei. "Ah," he said, "looking at the old house, and again when we went to look at the site of the Korero-maiwaho house, "I spent many happy days there."

In 1863 he had an opportunity of a good position at Home, but he did not like leaving the Regiment, as they wanted him when the war was going on. The Colonel said, however, "Why should you stay, perhaps to be shot in a ditch in this out-of-the-way place," and so he went Home with Major Trafford, who was invalided because of having locomotor ataxi (the Doctor had got him a good deal better). Trafford married in England, and died only five years ago,—"a fine, straight gentleman," was Dr. Tuke's verdict.

During our conversation he paid a very high compliment to our medical men in New Zealand whom he had heard at the Conference, and said those he had met were of a high class. He also thought highly of the hospital in Palmerston North, which he visited, and where he saw several operations, saying the discipline of the matron and nurses, and the work of the surgeons was of a high standard.

Having been a politician for a number of years, he had naturally looked with interest on the politics of the Colony, and had considered that we were altogether overburdened with debt; but he told me "that when I came over Mount Stewart, and saw, what fifty years ago I knew as an uninhabited waste of fern, flax, *toe-toe*, swamp, and bush, and realised that the whole of the vast area seen from that point was in happy homesteads of 200 acres, I am not so sure that New Zealand had not done wisely in

borrowing money to open up such a country.'' He also said that we should turn out attention to afforestation, in which I cordially agreed with him.

Next day I happened to be in Whanganui at the races (Sir John had gone to stay with Dr. Wilson there), and between the races I was sitting next to Mr. James Bull, and asked him if he remembered Dr. Tuke. ''Don't I,'' he replied, ''Wasn't he doctor on the ship I came out in, the 'Indian Queen.' '' And here were two men, who came out in the same ship in 1857, happening to be visiting the same town after all these years. Mr. Bull told me he well remembered that Mrs. Scott told him how ill Mrs. Tuke had been when she stayed with her, and it was thought that if it had not been for Mrs. Scott's excellent nursing both mother and child would have died.

When Dr. Tuke left Rangitikei Dr. Curl took up his practice, and for many years was the only doctor for many miles around.

CHAPTER XV.

No sketch of these early times would be complete without some mention of Mr. James Bull. For many years he was the business life of the whole of the lower Rangitikei, and was the original settler from whom the present township took its name. I dragged from him (for he gave it reluctantly, and said nobody would care to know about him, though in this I assured him he was quite mistaken), that he was born in 1831 in Chelsea, so that, though hale and hearty, he was nearly eighty years old when last here. His trade was that of a carpenter, and one and all agreed that he was a first-class tradesman. He was apprenticed to Gazell and Peto, who were great builders in London. Mr. Bull had the opportunity of some office work when with them, which must have stood him in good stead when he entered business himself. Gazell and Peto were the contractors for the present Houses of Parliament at Westminster, and Mr. Bull did a good deal of work at the House of Commons. One day, when he and John Lees were there listening to a debate, Mr. Bull pointed out to his friend the panelling he had himself done, the last work before leaving for New Zealand. There is another piece of work which to this day stands to his credit in a public place. The same firm had to build a pavilion at Windsor Station for the Queen when she took train there, and Mr. Bull was given some intricate panelling to finish in the bay window, although at the time, he could scarcely be out of his teens. He could not remember what induced him to come out here, but he supposes it must have been the spirit of unrest which is common to most youths of an adventurous character. He landed, as has

already been stated, in Wellington, in 1857, and, strange to say, the first work he had to do was work on the Provincial Government Buildings in Wellington, where he made the sashes and doors. After some time, while working there with a mate called Dick Howard, Fred. O'Donnell came to Wellington to engage carpenters to help him to build a house for Mr. Scott at the ferry. O'Donnell, in fact, was able to build a house, but it was another thing to make sashes and doors, and required a training he lacked. So, about the end of 1858, James Bull and his mate, Dick Howard, started to walk up the coast. The first place they stopped at was Paekakariki, at which place the accommodation house was kept by Dick Deighton. Mr. Bull remembers seeing Major Trafford with his eyeglass, and recalled a cheeky answer he made when the Major asked "what he was." They came up to the Ferry and started what was then thought the largest known house, to replace the old accommodation house which had done duty for ten years. The timber was cut by hand in the Parawanui bush called Tawaroa. O'Donnell ("Blue Nose" he was called because he came from Nova Scotia) mated with a native woman, and there were several descendants of his in New Zealand, but after some years he left for America, and has not been heard of since.

After the Scott's house was finished, Mr. Bull looked round for other work in the district, and was soon drawn into business of a more extended character, for people not only wanted houses, but they wanted timber to build them with. He, therefore, came up the river to be near the bush. The natives agreed to allow him to cut timber on the "Maori Gardens" on the Rangitikei Flat near the present bridge. Mr. Bull says when he went to the edge of the cliff and looked over this land it was like Paradise, with all its beautiful New Zealand trees in bloom, and, although he admired it beyond measure, he very soon had the sawyers at work cutting timber out of the great

totara trees, whose stumps still show where they stood; mighty monarchs of the forest. Not only did he find it difficult to get timber cut for himself, but he also found that the settlers around were always coming to him, and, as a favour, asking him for a "bit of timber." This made him think of starting a mill.

Meanwhile, he had leased a piece of land at Bulls from Captain Daniel, about five acres, just where the timber yard now is in connection with Jones and McGregor's store, and proceeded to build himself a *whare*, which was soon converted into a store.

Major Durie had been appointed Resident Magistrate in Whanganui, and, in order to dispense justice, Mr. Bull built alongside the store a "Whare Whakawa" or Court House, and behind this the mill was built. The bush around was cut up, and when he finished this he went to the lower flat. The logs were dragged up a steep cutting near the edge of the cliff beyond the flour mill. All trace of this track is now nearly lost, but it must have been a serious undertaking to get a tramway down. I could not find out who were the workmen at the mill, except two splendid sawyers, Joe Dunn and Ned Hall, who seemed to be with him for a long time. Afterwards Mr. David Murray, who later had a foundry in Whanganui, was his engineer. He had scarcely got started in his work when one day Major Durie said that war had broken out up the coast, and he had better leave. However, Mr. Bull was not made that way, and replied that he intended to stop where he was, and "if there was any fighting to be done he could fight too."

The Maoris were at this time very disturbed, many of them going up the coast to take a hand, for we have seen that many of the Maoris belonged to other tribes up the coast. Big Hori has already been alluded to. He lived just across the river, and used to sell maize to Mr. Bull. One day he brought a sack of maize over and sold it as usual. The mouth of the bag had been tied with a piece

of flax, and had been opened to look at the sample. Mr. Bull, in tying it up again, pulled at each end with both hands in too vigorous a manner, and the flax broke suddenly and his hand hit Big Hori in the mouth. This was too much for the big fellow, who towered above Mr. Bull, and, with a savage look, he was just going to knock him down when some impulse restrained him, but Mr. Bull avers that there wasn't the slightest reason why he should have desisted from knocking him on the head.

In the calm, frosty weather, the notes of a bugle could be plainly heard as someone practised the calls of the military. This was the bugle which was taken from the little bugler boy at the Hutt when he was struck down for sounding an alarm. In some way Big Hori had got it, and the Maoris remember it quite well, though whether Hori was the man who killed the boy I could not find out. However, he boasted of having killed three *pakehas* in the Hutt, including one called Rush, whose dog was brought up by Mr. Fraser when he came up the coast. At any rate the bugle had somehow come into his possession. Hori also was with Rangihaeata when he fought the English soldiers at Horokiwi, where several men were killed and laid by their comrades in the little cemetery there, on what is now Mr. Blackie's property. The place is well cared for, and is surrounded by a hawthorn hedge.

It can easily be imagined that the handful of settlers felt very insecure amidst a big population of Maoris, some of whom were most unfriendly, and, although there were many scares, nothing happened, and things went peacefully on. The settlers had all to be armed, and had to turn out regularly to drill. A block house was built on the edge of the cliff, where Zion Square is now, in fact, one of the houses is the block house itself converted. A fortification was thrown up where the inhabitants could retire to, the remains of which are still visible in Dr. Watson's garden. Fortunately, it was never really required.

The river at that time ran right from the cemetery corner, hugging the cliff closely, until it shot across to the opposite side below Mr. Flower's mill, and a big willow tree near the present butts was planted on the Ohinepuiawe side by old Harry Rewiti when a young man. So that the river then ran between the willow tree and the cliff. Across the river there were a number of Maoris, but they were mostly friendly to the *pakeha*.

The young men of the district formed themselves into a fine cavalry corps under Pennington Richardson (he married one of the aforesaid Fred. O'Donnell's daughters, and had a son, who was afterwards sent Home on Capt. Richardson's death to live with his grandparents, but I never heard what became of him), and although the corps itself was not in action, many members of the troop were in action further up the Coast.

One of the early settlers in Bulls was Mr. Alick Cockburn, who had lived with his father at Westoe. He was a shoemaker by trade, and Mr. Bull built the house which stands back from the road—close to the blacksmith's shop—opposite the Clifton Hotel—the latter used to be called the Coach and Horses, and the coaches for Whanganui used to start from there—this must have been about '62 or '63. Mr. Cockburn found the house too small to work at his trade as well as being a dwelling-house, and he built the workshop further up the road opposite the present town board office—this originally was the Courthouse and police station—which Mr. Cockburn afterwards disposed of to Mr. Fagan, when he went to live in Sandon.

Somewhere about 1862 Mr. Bull and his mate, Howard, bought a hundred acres from the Government at Pukepapa Hill, and there were several crops grown on it by one called Rolf; but the land afterwards became Mr. Howard's, who died there in his old friend's arms. The land was purchased for 10/- an acre.

During all this time settlers were coming into the district, and Mr. Bull soon started a carrying business, and began to send timber into Wanganui and bring goods out. Dan Coughlin and Billy Poad were two of the drivers, and their teams were as fine as any I have ever seen. Mr. Bull, although not brought up in the country, must have had a natural eye for a horse, for there wasn't a bad one amongst them, and, having good men to work them and never stinting the feed, they were always in good fettle and did their work well. Mr. Charles Bull came later and joined his brother in business; and resided for many years in the township, till he went to live at Aorangi. When the Pukapukatea bush was cut out Mr. James Bull acquired the land from the Maoris, and soon had a fine farm, which was called Pukenui, after a trig on the property, and it was managed by Mr. W. Mills, who had long been managing the adjoining run for Mr. Daniels.

This property was sold to the Government by Mr. Bull, and is now the prosperous settlement of Ohakia.

The races in Bulls were first held in 1859 on the same course (slightly altered) that is now in the hands of the Rangitikei Jockey Club.

CHAPTER XVI.

A TRAGIC INCIDENT.

While there was great uncertainty as to whether the Maoris would come as far south as Rangitikei, in their attack upon the *Pakehas,* the militia had been called out and were drilled at regular intervals—some at Lower Rangitikei and some at Bulls. Every able-bodied man had to attend. Drill instructors had been appointed, and Major Marshall had charge of the district, having retired from the Army and settled on his property, as we have seen, at Tutu Totara. One of the drill days appointed was Friday, the 28th day of August, 1863. Apparently there was to be a cavalry drill that day at Bulls, and Mr. J. W. Marshall recollects quite well riding down with his father, although then but a lad. On the previous day one of the settlers, named Robert S. Rayner, living at Preston, just beyond the Tutaenui, had sold some cattle to Thos. Dougherty, a buyer of fat cattle for the Dunedin and Westland markets. In all £200 had been paid by Dougherty to Rayner, and the latter when alone with Mr Bull (who was Postmaster at the time) enclosed the money in an envelope, registered it, and posted it to Wellington. Rayner left the township about ten or eleven o'clock and was never seen alive by anyone afterwards. He had been speaking to Russell, the Cavalry Instructor, the night before, and had said at parting he would be down at drill at ten o'clock next day. It was noticed, however, that he did not attend the parade, although he was usually a regular attendant. It was thought that perhaps he had gone to Wellington to see his wife, who had gone back to her relations there, fearing a Maori outbreak. The

Lower Rangitikei people had stayed in their houses, as they were fairly close together. Duncan Fraser had been killed in an accident in Whanganui, and Mrs. Campion, his sister, had been into town in consequence. Mr. Tricker at that time had sent his wife away to Whanganui, and had ridden out again with Mrs. Campion on the night of Thursday, 27th August, staying at the Campions as had been his wont. Old Mr. Whale was working for Captain Daniel at the time, and from his house, which was quite close to the stable, at what is now Killeymoon, he could see Preston quite well, and used to look every day to see if there was smoke rising at Rayner's, who was always an early man. Whale used to call out to his sons, "Get up, boys, Rayner's up, for I see his smoke." He noticed there was no smoke about on the morning of Friday, the 28th August, but thought Rayner must be away. A few days passed, and some people had gone up to the house and found things in disorder—which they thought peculiar, for Rayner was a very tidy man—but no signs of the missing man. Whale, to set his mind at rest, rode to Scott's Ferry to ask if Rayner had crossed. Finding that he had not, he determined to make a more careful search. With him was working a Thomas Wise, a deaf and dumb man, whom he had brought out from Newbury, Berkshire, with the family. He went by the name of "Dummy." Whale and his son, George, and "Dummy" went up to Preston, searched the Tutaenui Creek, and several creeks on the flat below the house, but no sign could be found of the missing man. Just at the back, to the west of the house, was another small blind creek, and walking along this creek (Whale being on the west side and the other two on that nearest the house), Whale thought he saw a bit of cloth sticking out under a board at the bottom of the creek, where some gravel had been excavated, and also some flies going in and out of a hole under the board. He called out to his son George to tell "Dummy" to look under the board, and when he did so he uncovered the

body of Rayner. Having ascertained this, they went down and told Mr. Bull (who had, with others, also been making a fruitless search) that they had found the body, and it was conveyed to a house of Mr. Bull's in the township, called a wharewhakawa, which was used as a Courthouse. Naturally, in such a small community, and with a scare about a Maori outbreak, this terrible event struck terror into the hearts of even the bravest. There had been a half-caste and a Maori boy working for Rayner, but they had disappeared. Mr. John Marshall remembers that the half-caste, Hamilton, had come up that Friday and had ridden through what is now Overton, and afterwards crossed the river to the Onepuhi *pa*. As soon as the body was found, a warrant was issued to arrest the two lads (Hamilton was about sixteen, and the other Maori boy, Hoani Tawhira, some years younger). Mr. Halcombe went up to the Hou-hou with a party of settlers, and brought them back to Bulls, and they were lodged together in a house behind Mr. Bull's store. Dr. Curl was coroner, and held an inquest. Dr. Davis, of the 57th Regiment, then stationed at Whanganui, came out and gave evidence that there was a wound on the skull about four inches long, made as if with the blunt edge of a spade. The doctor "found a depressed fracture of the skull about the size of a fourpenny bit. I found the inner table fractured to a more serious extent. The blow would have stunned a person, and might have been ultimately dangerous." Then he went on to say that he found three bullet wounds in various parts of the body. Hamilton and the Maori boy stoutly denied any knowledge of the murder. There must have been some Maoris on the jury, for one asked "Is there any person who has had a quarrel with Rayner?" It was known that Tricker had been sentenced to two years' imprisonment for shooting a heifer belonging to Rayner. Tricker had some land next to Preston, and at the back there was a large run known as Rhodes's run, Brandon Hall run, and

Campion run, on which were a number of stray cattle. When beef was wanted they went out, shot a beast, and brought it in in a bullock dray. Although the heifer proved to have Rayner's brand on it it was easy to make a mistake in such rough country. The query naturally brought the old story up, and that Tricker had used some veiled threats. At the inquest, then, this was mentioned, and Tricker was arrested. The coroner seems to have conducted the inquest in a somewhat off-hand and arbitrary manner, for the judge, at the trial later on, made some severe comments on the coroner's actions. Tricker was accordingly lodged for the night. There was sufficient evidence to show that in all probability the murder was committed on the Thursday night. Russell, the drill instructor, heard three shots fired from the direction of his house, about three-quarters of an hour after Rayner left the township. Thomas Scott, Jun., also stated he heard the three shots at a like time, and a man named Nelson, who was working for Mr. Cockburn, corroborated this. When, therefore, it was proven that Tricker had ridden out from Whanganui on the same Thursday night and slept at Campions, and the time all accounted for, he was at once acquitted, and an open verdict was declared. This ended the matter for the time being, but the Government offered a reward of £250 to anyone who would give such information as would clear up the mystery. It was stated that Rayner had feared attack by Maoris and that there had been strange Maoris in the district, but no evidence was adduced that they were about on the Thursday night. The settlers also said that they would give a like amount to bring the culprit to justice.

Some time after this Mr. John Marshall recollects quite well seeing Napia Taratoa (not the old chief who befriended the *pakehas*, but a son) coming up and having a long talk with Hamilton, who was then working at Tutu Totara. After this they both rode away to Whanganui. Hamilton then made a statement diametric-

ally opposed to his sworn evidence at the inquest. One or other of these statements must have been false. Sir William Fox examined him at some length, but could not shake his evidence. It is, however, much easier for a Maori who knows English to answer questions put by counsel; in other words, if he has to concoct answers he has time to think and weigh his answer while the question is being translated into Maori. He now swore that he had got up before sunrise, which was at that time of year about half-past six, had caught his horse and ridden into Bulls and called at the house of his sister for some clothes, had then gone back to Rayner's, and found Rayner in the kitchen preparing breakfast (yet Whale stated there was no smoke from Rayner's chimney that morning). Hamilton then went out and milked two cows. He says, 'I may have taken an hour.'' That was, of course, absurd, because he claims to have been a good milker, but, as will be noticed later, he wanted to make the time as late in the day as possible. He then went in to breakfast, and Rayner went outside, and the half-caste was startled to hear a shot fired, then another and another. When he went outside he saw Tricker standing with a pistol in his hand and Rayner lying on the ground. At this, he ran away, but Tricker ran after him with an outstretched pistol, saying he would shoot him if he did not return and help him to bury the body. This he did. He described how Tricker tied several pieces of flax to the legs, presumably to drag the body to the hole made to receive it in the creek a few yards off. Hamilton described how he stood on the bank and shovelled some earth on the body. Tricker then cautioned him if he ever told anyone about what he had seen that they would both be hung. Upon this statement being sworn before Major Durie, he issued a warrant to arrest Tricker, who was taken to Whanganui, and from there he was committed for trial to Wellington.

It was not till June the following year, however, that the trial took place before Mr. Justice Johnston. None of

the people in Rangitikei ever thought that Tricker was guilty, and suspicion fell on others, but that, too, seems to be quite ungrounded. Many Rangitikei witnesses went to Wellington to give evidence, for the defence was that Tricker had that day ridden down to Scott's Ferry to purchase some clothes, and had been seen all along the road, and had been at Fraser's at eleven o'clock, when an infantry drill had been called but did not take place.

Evidence was given for the prosecution by Hamilton (whom the issue of the "N.Z. Advertiser" of June 11th, 1864, calls the "perjured half-caste"), who again stated that Tricker had murdered Rayner in the morning of Friday, the 28th August. There were several discrepancies in his evidence from that which he had given at the inquest, but his main evidence was not shaken, although the report says he often seemed puzzled about his answers in cross-examination. The Maori boy, Hoani, who was wearing a pair of Rayner's boots, which Mr. Cockburn had just made for him, when he was arrested, was not called. He must have been at Otaki or in the neighbourhood, for Dr. Hewson, who lived there, gave a certificate that unless he was fetched in a trap he could not attend the Court.

Several witnesses swore that on the Thursday night they heard three shots fired about eleven o'clock, and all the residents seemed to agree that there was a most unusual barking of dogs, which continued from about twelve o'clock or so onwards.

It was also proved that Tricker left Campion's about 6.30 on this eventful Friday morning, that he passed Brookie's at 6.45 (the sun well up as Mr. Brookie described the time) and that he arrived at Scott's Ferry at 7.30. (Scott said ten minutes to seven, but this must have been a mistake, because Tricker passed Arthur Amon and talked about a fence at 7.25, but, of course, clocks, as now, in the back country, are subject to great variation). Here he stayed for some time, about an hour Mr. Scott thought,

who gave him some letters to deliver to Wheeler and Winks, both of whom lived near the road. Wheeler deposed that the letters were delivered at nine o'clock, and that then Tricker said he "was in no hurry." The next person who saw him was Mr. Winks, who lived five miles and fifty chains from Scott's, and who stated it was 9.50 when Tricker came there. The prosecuting counsel sought to show that it was during the time between Tricker's leaving Wheeler's and arriving at Winks' that he had ridden to Rayner's, murdered him, buried him, and returned to Winks' by 9.50. By taking Scott's time as correct, and putting the time he left Wheeler's at 8.40 this allowed seventy minutes in all to do what was suggested. Those who know the district know that this is impossible. He could not have gone by the road for he would have been seen. The evidence as to distance was given by Mr. Knowles, a surveyor, who was not a resident, and who stated that there was a short cut to Rayner's not necessitating the passing of any house except Tricker's own. It was *not,* however, stated that this necessitated the crossing of a swamp, which during dry years in summer was known to be passable, but only then. Yet the time of the year was the beginning of spring, 28th August, when all the swamps were full and impassable. Even if it were passable it would take longer than by the road. Nor did the evidence state that Tricker was riding a young horse called "Maraku," a green colt, said to be two and a half years' old. The only other way possible, and really the only way he could have gone, was round by the Rotoarua "eel cuts," which the Maoris had at the outlet of the swamp (a stream forming in which the overflow ran out to the sea), for a horseman had to go round the swamp. Taking the point where anyone travelling that way on the main road must leave it to go to the "eel cuts," on account of the bush close to Wheeler's, a direct line to the "eel cuts" was found to be four miles sixty chains, and from there to Rayner's (both as the crow flies)

six miles sixty chains. This evidence was not given at the trial but collected afterwards by Archdeacon Stock. The "eel cuts" were somewhere near Sandridge, and then the track must have wound in among the sandhills across to Titoki Flat, round the base of Rangitoto Hill, through Brandon Hall, and so on to Rayner's. No one knowing this track can imagine it possible to ride there and back even in the time, save on a first-class horse going as fast as it could, owing to the roughness of the track. The track across the swamp before it was drained was, according to Mr. Fraser, impassable at the time. Even now I have been bogged passing over the drained swamp close to Pukehou boundary. Constable Freeth said he "timed the distance between Wheeler's to Rayner's at a smart gallop." The time was forty-six minutes. He also timed the distance between Rayner's and Winks' by the road and found it took him thirty-nine minutes, but added that by the new track it would take five minutes more, or forty-four minutes. That then accounts for ninety minutes, which surely was sufficient proof in itself that Tricker never could have done what he was accused of.

The constable was accompanied on this ride by Mr. John Stevens, riding the identical horse, "Maraku," which Tricker had ridden on the eventful day of the murder, but as the green colt had a summer's grass he had developed into a much better horse. Mr. Stevens supplies the following note:—"We rode along the main road in the month of March, when it was perfectly dry, the time taken to ride as fast as it was possible from Wheeler's house to the front gate of the fence immediately in front of Rayner's house was forty-six minutes. Neither of us dismounted, but turned our horses immediately and rode back again as fast as possible over the same road to Winks', at Parawanui, which occupied thirty-nine minutes. Had this been undertaken on the 28th August, during the wet weather, it would have been an impossibility to accomplish it in anything like the time, viz., 85 minutes.

The judge, however, summed up against him, took the unsupported evidence of the "perjured half-caste," and without making sufficient inquiries as to the possibilities of this Dick Turpin-like ride. The jury returned a verdict of guilty, to the consternation of everyone in Rangitikei. The residents could surely better judge from their knowledge of the country how impossible it was for him to be guilty than a town jury. Tricker must have been very badly defended, for on reading the report of the case carefully there seem many points in Tricker's favour which were not brought out. It must be admitted that Tricker used violent language about persons who had done him wrong and vowed vengeance; but those who knew him well felt sure it was never his intention to carry these threats out. Nor is it certain that they were directed against Rayner. The verdict created very high feelings of indignation in the district as a miscarriage of justice. The settlers were so certain that this was the case that they refused to pay anything towards the reward they had promised. A memorial was got up and signed by all and sundry, asking that the sentence should not be carried out, and although Tricker remained in prison and there was no formal reprieve, nothing was done. Not only in the district, but all over the Colony, there was great interest taken in the case. Mr. J. A. Bailey told me that he and his brothers were working on the diggings in Otago with some mates, and they used to read the evidence when it was published. They came to the conclusion that the accused was not guilty, although none of them knew the country then, in which they afterwards settled close by.

The young men of the neighbourhood all tried to ride the distance on their horses, Mr. Donald Fraser on the very horse that Tricker had ridden on the eventful day. I am told only Lawrie Daniell, on a very fine thoroughbred, was able to do it in the time named.

Fortunately, Archdeacon Stock, of Wellington, was

convinced that Tricker was not guilty, and he set to work to examine the evidence. Mr. Fraser and others supplied him with the local knowledge, and he published a pamphlet on the subject with a sketch map drawn to scale of the district and the points named in the case. I can perhaps do nothing better than quote a few of the sentences in this pamphlet which was so very carefully drawn out:—

"Every witness," he wrote, "speaks of the stillness of Mr. Rayner's premises on that morning. No smoke was seen. The fowls were not let out. The dog did not bark. There had been a very loud barking of dogs on the Thursday night. Mrs Hitchings—(Note.—The Hitchings lived quite close to Somerset House, where Mr. John Stevens lived before it was burnt.—J.G.W.)—at the inquest said: 'It was not ordinary barking—they were barking like mad. Does it not seem that the murder was done on the Thursday night and not on the Friday morning?' Had Tricker really wished to murder Mr. Rayner why did he not do it at once, after his return from gaol? He is a very hot-tempered man. Such men seek their revenge directly and not when their anger has had time to cool." Yet Tricker, when he had been treating with Rayner about some adjustment of boundaries, said to Mrs. Campion about a month before the murder, "I think Rayner and I will be good friends yet, he is behaving very differently to me to what he has done." Although no evidence of a renewal of friendly relations between Rayner and Tricker was given at the trial, at the inquest James McDonell stated that Tricker said that Rayner and he (Tricker) were on the best terms, and, again, that Rayner had asked him to select some rams for him; and both Messrs. Fraser and Paulin corroborated this at the inquest.

"It was assumed at the trial, Scott's time being unquestioned, that after leaving Wheeler's Tricker rode up to Rayner's, murdered him, chased Hamilton, buried the

body, ransacked the house, then rode back to the main road, showing himself at Winks' at 9.50. That he had an interval of time, seventy minutes, unaccounted for, which might have been thus filled up."

"But it was not known at the trial, as all maps showed the main road only, that a swamp stretches across this loop road: that the length must have been at least twice 11 miles 40 chains, or 23 miles: and therefore the interval to be accounted for, which the Judge put down at 70 minutes, deducting 24 minutes allowed him for the murder, etc., he rides 23 miles in 46 minutes."

The Archdeacon then shows if he had taken the swamp route that as the crow flies he would have "twice 7 miles 10 chains, or 14¼ miles to be ridden in 46 minutes', at the rate of 18 miles an hour over rough country and a swamp."

"It is certain that Hamilton was at the burial of the body from his footprints on the top of the bank—(see evidence of Mr. Fox at the inquest)—that he was seen by Watson near Major Marshall's, nine miles from Rayner's about one o'clock, and that he crossed the Rangitikei in the afternoon."

This remark is most significant—"Hamilton must have been at the burial." It is curious that no steps were taken to retain Hamilton, if this was the case, until some further enquiry was made; for whoever did the deed must have been known to Hamilton. It was stated by him in his evidence at the trial that several Maoris who had been working for Rayner remonstrated when they were being paid that it was not sufficient, and "they were using threatening language towards Rayner, they were remonstrating with him for their pay being so small: "I heard them swearing at Rayner after they left him."

Hamilton also stated that on the Thursday night he hung up Rayner's saddle as usual on the peg, but the evidence of others was that when they entered the stable the saddle was lying on the ground with mud marks on

it. Another witness said that there was blood on the stable door, and an empty case, also in the stable, had blood on it.

When the body was found Mr. Bull, who was present, said that the deceased was wearing the same clothes in which he left his (Mr. Bull's) house. It would have been a curious thing if Rayner had put on the "long grey overcoat" that he was dressed in the night before if he was just going out from breakfast.

Archdeacon Stock also points out that the rifle marks on the balls which were taken from the body were quite different from those which would have been fired out of Rayner's pistol, which it was assumed had been used. Three chambers had been fired and two were loaded, and three bullets were found in the body.

This evidence collected by Archdeacon Stock created such a feeling in the Province that Parliament was petitioned, and Tricker was allowed to go at large. No pardon was then granted.

After reading the evidence many times, and making all enquiries which I have been able to make, it would seem the most likely thing that happened was that Rayner left Bull's and rode home. Some Maori or Maoris, knowing he would bring his saddle into the stable, concealed themselves and awaited his return. They would be in the dark and unseen, though Rayner would be visible to them. He was struck on the head with the edge of a spade and stunned, and was then shot when he was on the ground.

It was quite reasonable to suppose, if this is correct, that they knew he would have money in the house somewhere, or it might have been known that he was receiving money from Mr. Bull that day. It is unlikely that Hamilton would himself have done this, but he must have been privy to it. He is not likely to have said anything to incriminate anyone at the inquest, as he himself might have been also tried because of the marks of his boots on

the side of the bank. Least of all is it likely that he would say anything to incriminate a Maori or Maoris. The Maoris would naturally go into the house and search for any valuable, but apparently were disappointed.

They had ample time to bury the body, and it is said that the flax knots which were found on the legs of the body were those usually tied by Maoris. Their horses would be handy, and they could ride away unseen in the dark.

It is only fair to add, however, that this is not the opinion of Mr. John Marshall, who remembers the whole circumstances well. He knew Hamilton and Hoari, and has lived most of his life near Maoris, and had constant communication with them, and therefore knows their characters well. I referred these notes to him, and he writes: "I notice you incline to the theory that Rayner was murdered by the Maoris with whom he had quarrelled. I cannot think so for two reasons—First, the time and manner of the murder was entirely foreign to Maori nature. No Maori would have gone after dark and waited in the dark for their enemy to come. They would have attacked him in the early morning or lain in wait in daylight, and, having struck him down with the spade, would have gone on battering him with it; further, a Maori bent on mischief would have, in those days, gone to work with his own tomahawk, and would not have trusted to finding a weapon on the place to do the job with. Revolvers, too, were new weapons at that day. A Maori would have known nothing of them or their use. Second, a Maori or Maoris would sooner or later have boasted of having killed a *pakeha,* and of having revenged himself. He couldn't have held his tongue, for to wipe out an insult in blood was a point of honour in the old Maori. He would have boasted in his *pa* of his revenge, and sooner or later the tale would have leaked out. Now I have never heard the name of any Maori connected with the crime, which, to me, makes it incredible that the murderer was a Maori.

Who the murderer was will never be known in this world. I have not a suspicion.'' And there it must rest.

Next morning the two lads naturally would get away as soon as possible. They seem to have both gone eventually to the Hou Hou, for it was there they were arrested and brought to Bulls. They had ample time to concoct any story, because they were all night in the lock-up together. The whole case was muddled at the coroner's inquest, and the lads went away free, and Mr. Halcombe, the foreman of the jury, who knew the district well, was satisfied that Tricker had cleared himself. Anyone who has had to do with Maoris knows that on occasion they can concoct a most wonderfully consecutive story in giving evidence before the Land Court when making a claim for land.

This murder no doubt formed the topic for many a discussion in the Maori *pas* at night. The temptation of a reward would incite further invention. I have no doubt at all that Hamilton's story was concocted by himself, or with the assistance of others, and he was induced to tell this story in Whanganui perhaps to save others as well as himself, and perhaps with the hope of some reward. Napia was never liked or trusted, like his father, by the white residents, and after this event he was shunned and felt the cold shoulder. The mystery will never be cleared up, but it darkened the lives of a family for many years. Some years after several residents in Rangitikei interested themselves in having a free pardon granted in Mr. Tricker's case, which was presented to him in the Town Hall, Bulls, by Mr. John Stevens, which was some consolation to the family. Mr. Tricker showed great pluck and wonderful endurance, both mental and physical, during the whole time. He had an extraordinary desire for work, and, although a slight man, never seemed to tire of improving his place. Every little bit of swamp was drained and utilized, every sandhill covered with grass and sand-break stopped from spreading. It was no doubt this fervour of work that saved him from fretting about

his troubles. Although I often used to have a chat with him he never mentioned any of these occurrences except once. It was an election day somewhere about the end of the seventies. I met him in the street and he mentioned that it was the anniversary of Rayner's murder, but I did not like to pursue the subject. He often, however, talked about it to others, and shrewdly said to one, "If I wanted to murder Rayner I could have done it on the run, and the pigs would soon have destroyed all traces."

He passed away a few years ago, after a most strenuous life, respected by all his neighbours. Surely never was a man more sorely tried.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE RANGITIKEI-MANAWATU BLOCK.

When we turn to the land on the south side of the Rangitikei, we have an entirely different condition of things to deal with. It is very noticeable that, as far as there is any record, there was never a word of dispute in connection with the Rangitikei-Turakina Block purchase. The surveys went on as a matter of course, and the settlement was welcomed by the Maoris. Things were very different in the case we have now to consider.

It must be remembered that the Maoris in 1849 were still living according to Native custom, and scarcely yet understood the meaning of *Pakeha* money. Only a few years before this the Whanganui land had been purchased for goods—as described by Wakefield in his "Adventure in New Zealand"—and a very unseemly scramble took place in the distribution. The chiefs could not restrain the people from fighting for possession. Nor did it seem that the chief got much more than any one of his people. The fact must always be remembered that in the early sales the Natives considered they were selling something of no value to themselves for a consideration of great value. The *Pakeha* was buying at a price land to which his advent had given a value, and nothing which the Maori had done—except that the cultivation round his *whare* was of value to him—enhanced that value.

In the state we found the Maori he had no conception of private ownership in land, yet the very *raison d'etre* of the *Pakeha* in New Zealand was that he should be able to get a piece of land of his own. There was always enough land for the Natives, wherever he liked to settle amongst his friends, to cultivate and grow kumaras for himself and

family. There were, no doubt, tribal lands which served as the hunting and fishing grounds for the people, who did not reside on these, but they all had a right to visit them when they liked. They had their seasons for going, and, no doubt, generally moved in concert for fear of any enemy. For instance, fern root was a source of food and had to be dug up and prepared by the women in a certain way, but, saving when other food was scarce, this food was not greatly sought after. The Natives well knew where the best root was to be obtained. Then, a particular season was devoted to eels. No doubt the time selected was at the end of summer when the first heavy rains came, and the lakes, swollen by these rains, overflowed again to the sea. Then it was that the larger eels swarmed to the sea in countless numbers to breed. Even now, when this occurs, it is not difficult to get a dray load of these fish in a very short while. There were times for fishing at sea, and, without doubt, the whole coast was carefully fished either by a line while standing in the surf, or a canoe outside, as was frequently seen from the coach as it travelled along the coast. There were also times for the snaring of pigeons, kakas, and tuis in the bush and its outskirts, when these birds were in good condition—or ducks in the swamps and lakes. Even when fighting was going on between tribes, the old people and women and children remained to attend to the cultivations.

Soon this gradually changed. The potato was more easily grown than the kumara; the missionaries taught the Maori (who is naturally one of the best cultivators of the soil known) to grow wheat. Baked bread became common, meat could be obtained from the *Pakeha* when he killed a beast, and pigs were reared in the *pa*. Fighting had ceased between the different tribes, and the Maori found that the land in the neighbourhood of his settlement became valuable, and could be dealt with so that it would bring in an income. Naturally, therefore, the Maoris who had settled in the district between the Rangitikei and

Oroua began to consider that they had a claim to the land, and to battle for it on all occasions that arose.

The first mention of the Manawatu country I have come across is in Wakefield's "Adventure in New Zealand," in August, 1840. He seems to have paid a visit to the district in a three-ton cutter belonging to "Geordie" Young, which was hired for the trip. Stormy weather delayed the start, and he stayed with the whalers. He says, "The rough hospitality of the whalers, however, made me as comfortable as possible, and I watched two or three exciting chases from the look-out hill, which overhung the principal *whare*."

Those who see the peaceful stretch of water from the top of Pukerua—where the train leaves the tunnels to go over the saddle into Porirua from Paekakariki—stretching away towards Kapiti, cannot imagine it the scene of many a great whale chase. I have been told by old whalers that as many as 100 boats and many whaling vessels would sometimes gather between Ohau Bay (just below Pukerua) and Kapiti, and not only did they chase whales, but many an exciting race occurred as to who would reach the whale to give it the first harpoon.

Wakefield had already passed the mouth of the Manawatu in February of 1840, and says, "As we ran along within two miles of the shore I saw a remarkable grove of high pine trees, near the mouth of a river called Manawatu, or "hold breath," which flows into the sea about twenty-five miles from Kapiti." This grove of pine trees is still existent, and has served steamers going to Foxton as a guide as to the entrance. It is called "Omarupapaku," and is seen from the railway near the racecourse at Foxton. It is on a Harbour Board reserve. Stock have, however, so damaged the trees that many are dying, and "Omarupapaku" will soon be "Tupapaku" (a dead body).

This time, in "Geordie" Young's cutter, he went inland, and "landed through the surf on the beach to the north, the bar looking dangerous. Three young natives

travelled to the northward and bivouacked on the sand-hills with us till dark. At midnight, the tide being more favourable, we threw out our ballast, and poled our boat through the inner rollers on the north sand-spit, into the river. About a mile along the north bank we found a small deserted *pa*, where we put up for the night.—(This must have been about the Fishermen's Bend.—J.G.W.) At daylight we proceeded about fifteen miles up the river to the spot where the vessel was building." (He had gone up to see a Captain Lewis, who had come up to the Kari Kari, where there was a fine bush close to the river, to build a thirty-ton vessel.) "The river was deep, but narrow, and the land on both sides level, and apparently fertile; but the waters of extensive swamps drained sluggishly over the low banks at places. Until near Captain Lewis's huts, the country was nearly clear of timber, and we enjoyed an uninterrupted view of the north-western face of the Tararua range, over the high flax and reeds on the south bank. To the north the horizon seemed unbounded. Near the small dock-yard forests of large timber trees began to line the banks, and in one of the finest groves we perceived the skeleton of a small vessel on the stocks, two reed huts, a pig-stye, and a sawpit. Captain Lewis and his brother, now looking more like Yankee backwoodsmen than whalers, a sawyer, a carpenter, and their native wives and relations greeted our arrival."

This was where, later, the Messrs Kebbell Bros. put up their sawmill and had a flour mill as well. He then describes the heads of the river, where he sounded the bar and found six feet at low water—it seems to have been much the same as it is now. He then goes on to describe a journey which a man called Jack Duff took up the river.

He went as far as a whaleboat could go (fifty miles, he thought) "through country of the same level, fertile character, abounding with the finest timber." Then, in

canoes, he went further up and through the Gorge, when the "country again opened out."

About a year later, Wakefield went to Rangitikei. He says, "I was accompanied from Manawatu to Rangitikei by the wife and brother of Taratoa (Napia). . . . As the rivers were swollen, and it was reported that no natives were at the mouth, I accompanied these people to the *pa* of the Ngatiapa (Parewanui). They behaved with great kindness and regard towards me, and I got a canoe from the other side, wished them farewell, and crossed over to the village. Here the whole of the Ngatiapa residing on this river, who are not about a hundred in number, have their abode. The country is perfectly level in every direction for many miles about here, and most fertile. In the open spots, the grass is as thick and luxuriant as though it has been carefully sown and cultivated."

Another time, in 1842, he travelled from Parewanui to Puke Totara on the Oroua. "We travelled all day through open pasture land, the path apparently avoiding the timber parts, which rose in various directions like the islands and promontories of a coast. Towards dusk we entered into a spacious kind of bay among the wood, and reached the borders of a swamp which filled one-half of it.—(The Horse Shoe as it was called in the Oroua Downs time.—J.G.W.) As we had been warned that this *roto* or swamp might be very deep, we thought it prudent to encamp till daylight. . . At break of day we followed the track across the swamp, about a mile to the edge of the wood. The water was only a little above our knees after all, but painfully cold. . . . At the edge of the wood we found a family catching eels close by.—(Probably Sluggish Creek.—J.G.W.) They were one of the original tribes, a remnant of the few natives left in tributory freedom after Rauparaha's invasion—(the Rangitanes.—J.G.W.). My boys shot some pigeons while we were drying our wet things. About two miles through the forest, which almost entirely consisted of magnificent

totara trees, brought us to the banks of the Oroua." (This bush would be just south of Jones's line, where there was a sawmill many years ago.) They then got a canoe and "descended the river about ten miles to its confluence with the main river, where a large *pa* called Puke Totara is situated." He was anxious to get to the survey station at Kari Kari, or "Dig-Dig," about 24 miles lower down the river, and, after much bargaining, procured a canoe and got to the station. He then describes the sawmill which the Kebbell brothers were putting up. The engine was a rotary one of twenty-horse power. It was covered with a thatched building of the most curious form; gable after gable and roof after roof having been added on as each part of the machinery was erected and required protection. Out of the midst of the heap of angles a great chimney rose to the height of forty feet. This, and the steam which had been set going once or twice on trial, excited the unbounded respect of the natives. *He puia mokia,* "It is a tame boiling spring," one of them said."

"A great many of the natives were employed in rafting logs down the river, and hauling them up the bank to the mill yard, where tramways were laid to carry them to the mill yard. The forge, the residences of the millers, and their labourers, iron in various shapes, and machinery of all kinds, surrounded the bustling scene. Opposite, a shopkeeper from Port Nicholson (Wellington) had established a trading store, where about fifty natives were loitering and haggling about; and my fat friend, Jimmy Jackson, was alongside loading potatoes into a schooner which he had built at Te Awaiti."

Such is the graphic description of the first sawmill in the Manawatu Bush, destined to be all cut out by hundreds of busy mills in our own time, seventy years afterwards.

On the Oroua the Rangitanes still lived at Puke Totara. On the Manawatu River, east of Motoiti, a section of the Ngatiraukawa also had a *pa.* Further over at Puke Puke

Lake, which they used for fishing, the Ngatiapas had a *pa*. On the Rangitikei was another *pa* called Hokianga. At Paparata, near where the Messrs. Amon now live there was a portion of the Ngatiwehiwehi tribe; and at Owhaoa (Ooa), near Taikorea, where Mr. Scott lives—here the principal man was called Wiriharae te Angainga a Ngatiterangi. Another *pa* was adjacent to the bush at Purakau, east of the present Carnarvon schoolhouse, where Pene te Whareakaka was head man, and there were *pas* all the way up the Rangitikei river. When the Europeans first began to run cattle on the south side of the river, there were a great many conflicting interests to consider.

Mr. Fraser seems to have been the first to negotiate for a lease of a run. This he arranged with the following natives:—Ratana, Mohi Mohi and Utiku Marama of Parewanui, Ngatiapa, with the consent of Napia Taratoa, who lived at Matahiwi, and Tapu te Whata, Ngatiraukawa, whose *pa* was at Awhuri, but who seemed to have claims at the Rangitikei. The boundary of this run was the bush which then ran across the country to the Oroua River from the Rangitikei below Sandon, from the Makowai to the ridge overlooking Highden, along that ridge to Mt. Stewart, down the track which ran from there to the Makowai, and thence back again to the bush. This run was called Waitohi, and was taken up by Mr. Donald Fraser and his brother Duncan. When Mr. Fraser went to the diggings half of it went to Mr. Jordan in 1862, and, later, the other share was sold to the same buyer, who had it for some years, and sold it to Mr. Harry Hammond, whose family has it now.

Mr. Jordan brought his brother-in-law out, Jack Reigaud, and he was boundary riding there for a long time. His father was Bishop of the Bermudas, and Jack was often called "The Bishop." Jack Reigaud was well known afterwards as the driver of the coach from Bulls to Greatford, and his little rotund figure grew rounder and rounder as time went on. "Billy" Hayward owned

the stables (which he took over from Bob Erskine) at the Rangitikei Hotel, from which the coaches started.

One day the coach came down alone, and, without stopping at the Post Office, turned into the yard and stopped as usual, and everyone was astonished to find there was no driver. The horses, having got tired of waiting, started off themselves, and left Jack at the station. When Mr. Hayward retired, he went on to his farm on the Oroua, a beautiful bit of land, where he has since resided.

Laurie Daniel leased Hikungarara run from the same Maoris (Mr. Fraser thinks). It joined the Waitohi run on the south, and ran back to the ridge overlooking the Mangaone North to the bush at Mt. Biggs, and down to the river again. Napia Taratoa of Matahiwi, Hare Rewiti and his brother Katene, and Aparahama te Huru-Huru had a share in this, as the latter lived on Ohinepuhiawe adjoining the homestead.

Further up the river Major Trafford had the Mingiroa the principal lessor being Aparahama te Huruhuru. The northern boundary where the Rangatawa and the open country round about Halcombe was part of it. The manager was the Biggs we have already noted at Korero-maiwaho, and who afterwards went to Poverty Bay, and, as Major Biggs, was massacred there in the Te Kooti trouble. We have already seen that, like "Young Lochinvar," he swam the Esk (Rangitikei) river, "where ford there was none," and he married and went to Poverty Bay. Te Kooti and a body of native prisoners on the Chatham Islands escaped and landed at Poverty Bay, and, against the advice of Mr. Donald McLean, and the wishes of the native allies, the Stafford Government sent a totally inadequate force to attack him. A number of his people were shot, and, in retaliation, he came down at night and surrounded the settlement, where the Biggs and Wilson families lived. Poor Biggs had been warned to bring away his family, but, as my informant says, "he was a brave fellow, and refused." The two families were

simply wiped out, except Mrs. Wilson and her little son, who hid in the fern.

The Honourable J. D. Ormond, who went through all the troublous times and worked with Sir Donald McLean (then Mr.), and succeeded him as Native Agent, speaks in the highest terms of the Ngatiporou tribe during the time beginning with the murder of Volkner to the end of the Te Kooti episode. He says, "It was Sir Donald McLean's personal influence with the Ngatiporou tribe that saved the wiping out of European settlements on the east coast, but "that is another story."

Te Rakehou was another run on the Mangaone creek, and extended from that creek to the Oroua in open country. This was taken up by Captain Blewitt, Mr. Fraser thinks, and Mr. Alick McDonald went there about 1862. Unfortunately, Mr. McDonald, in his notes, does not mention anything of his life there. It afterwards passed into Mr. William Swainson's hands, probably about 1865, but I have no record of the exact date.

Another run, south of the Mangaone and reaching to Awahuri, called Pohatatua, was leased by Captain Campbell, of Wiritoa, and Mr. John Cameron, of Marangai. W. P. Campbell and John Lees went from Whanganui to manage it in April, 1861. Mr. John Lees was a nephew of Mr. Cameron's, and came out to New Zealand in 1859, and brother of Dr. Cameron Lees (now Sir Cameron Lees), who, as a preacher, was such a favourite of the late Queen Victoria. Mr. John Cameron's advice to the young men when they went out to take possession of the run was "Leave their pigs and women alone, and you'll have no trouble with the natives." And it speaks well for the settlers generally, that this rule was not broken, for, in no single instance (save a dispute between the natives themselves as to receipt of rents) have I heard of any trouble between the lessees in those days and their Maori landlords.

The Campbells sold the run later, and it fell into the hands of John Lees eventually. John Lees, on his "hollow

back," was one of the familiar figures in Rangitikei in the sixties and seventies—a fine character and a good friend.

The Maoris who leased these two latter runs were Tapa te Whata, Hoeta Kahuhui, Kooro te One, and Poi-te-Ara (the wife of Takana te Kawa), the latter a woman of commanding appearance and of great strength of character, is alive now at a place called Kai-Iwi, on the Oroua river, between Awahuri and Feilding. Her *hapu* was the Ngatikauwhata—a branch of the Ngatiraukawa.

It must have been during this period, when he was at Rakehau, that Mr. McDonald knew these people intimately.

South of the bush, which ran through from the Makowai creek to the Oroua, but which is now almost cleared, was a considerable area of open land, covered with scrub, fern, tutu, toe-toe, and flax. This ran right down the coast to Foxton, and was bounded by a fringe of bush running from Oroua Bridge up the Oroua river in clumps, and round above the series of swamps, through which the Sluggish Creek ran, and taking in what is now the flourishing district of Rongotea.

The lower end of this land was stocked much earlier than the upper end. In fact, Captain Robinson was at Foxton somewhere in the middle forties, and his stock was managed by Harry and Charlie Symons, and, later, his brother-in-law, Mr. Summerfield, worked with him.

His homestead was in the Awahou Block, which was sold to the Government earlier. The northern boundary of this Block ran from the sea about a couple of miles above the Manawatu Heads, through the trig station, Oruakaitawa, and thence in almost a straight line below the present Harbour Reserve (Omarupapaku), and Mr. Barber's Himitangi Run to the Manawatu, at a place called Wahi Tapu, a burial ground. This block embraced all the Moutoa Swamp and Foxton.

The first tenant (Ratana says) of the land now consisting of the open country south of the Makowai and the

Carnarvon district was Dr. Best, who was some relation to Captain Robinson. The land was leased from Hakeke, Hunia's father, and extended as far east as Taikorea Trig Station. He took this run about 1847.

North of this line the land was leased to T. U. Cook about 1850, who was well known on the Coast, his homestead, on an old map I have, is shown by the surveyor, J. Hughes, to have been on the south-eastern corner of Lake Kaikokopu, though afterwards shifted to the Oroua Downs house. Parakaia and his people were the lessors. This run afterwards fell into the hands of Jacob Joseph (for whom Walter Simpson managed), who eventually bought the homestead block of 640 acres, and sold it to Mr. John Douglas.

CHAPTER XVIII.

There was still a large area unlet up towards the Rangitikei River, where Mr. McKelvie's and Mr. McKenzie's properties are now. This was first let to Mr. Higgie, of Whanganui, and by him passed on to Patterson and Alexander in 1858, by the Ngatiapa, with an occasional payment to the Ngati Raukawa, as a douceur to keep them quiet. Mr. David Peat had just come out, and had been a few months at Westmere when his uncle (Mr. James Alexander, who was afterwards his partner) engaged him to go down and look after the cattle. Mr. Peat says, "There were about 500 as fine cattle taken down from Whanganui as one would wish to see." All branded P.A., which brand became well known up and down the coast. Mr. Peat goes on, "What the extent of the run was I never knew. The stock ran from Rangitikei to the Manawatu. Robinson grazed the Manawatu portion and the P.A. cattle the Rangitikei end, but they mixed all through. There were no settlers on the Rangitikei end of the block. I was there for about four months looking after the cattle, but I soon saw that without a stockyard, a *whare*, and a secure paddock or two, the cattle would soon go wild, as Robinson's wild cattle drew towards the Carnarvon end. I could not persuade them into my views, and left, as I would have been blamed for letting them get wild. They found to their cost that their judgment was wrong. I lived at Poyntsfield with the late Thomas McKenzie, who took charge of the herd at my departure." Mr. Peat was quite right in his surmise, and after he left Messrs. Donald Fraser and Tom Richardson, Sen., put up a stockyard close to the mouth of the Makowai, within fifty yards of the river, and a

long lead was erected northwards to get the cattle in. A *whare* are built, and the mustering time for branding calves was a scene of great activity. A Mr. James Heath followed Mr. Peat in charge, and then Mr. T. U. McKenzie had supervision. Mr. Stevens, who was one of the musterers, says the *whare* was full to overflowing at mustering time. From Foxton came "Harry and Charlie Symons, Tom Cook, Tommy and Bill Barnett, Jack Ronacles, Frank Robinson; and Jack Scott, Willie Hair, John and R. B. McKenzie, McKelvie sometimes, Cumberland McDonell and his brother "big Mac," with Arona te Hana (one of the best men after cattle I ever saw, and later minister at Parawanui), and myself formed the northern contingent, whilst Alick Patterson represented the owners." The John McKenzie spoken of was the late Mr. T. W. McKenzie's eldest son "who was shortly afterwards killed when cutting out cattle in the corner of McKelvie's paddock. We used to go out on the run and muster up as many sometimes as 500 head, drive them round the big trig (Mt. Alexander), and so to the river, where the lead took them on to the yard." Perhaps for a month they would be at this work, for Mr. Stevens reckons there would be 6000 head of cattle on the run, and strenuous work it was. "Alick Patterson was a stout man and had a clumsy horse with a big head, thick neck and wide chest, that lumbered along after the mob when they broke, I used to gallop up past him, and he would call out "gang a heid lad and stop the sanguinary vermin."

After about four yearly musterings, generally about February or March, Patterson and Alexander sold out to Captain Fiske, an auctioneer in Whanganui; but, after getting a few head in, he sold the lot to Mr. Scott, of the Ferry. A lead was put out by the new owner from the yard right out to near Taikorea Trig Station, but the cattle were very wild and used to break it down. Mr. Stevens describes that "one day Tom Higgie and I got about 500 head rounded up near what is now Robinson's

Lake on a flat, and amongst them was a well-known wild cow, who took the lead away over the sandhills. The only chance was to kill her, and, getting a knife from Tom, I galloped up and made a slash at her, but only succeeded in making a big gash in her flank; but the cattle had got so wild with their rush to get away that we couldn't stop them, and only got some seven or eight head into the yard. I thought I had killed the cow, but a year afterwards I saw her amongst a mob of 500 or 600 in Davy Scott's paddock, still alive and well, but with a gash still in her side."

What cattle they could get in were sold, and a number shot, and then "my brother Bob, and Duncan McKenzie got the right to shoot bulls, and for a couple of years they shot about 200 or 300 head per annum for their hides."

"Hugh Fraser and I had Raumai at the time, and the sheep got the scab from Bewley's. We got the dry sheep in and dipped them thrice, and, after putting them on 'the island,' (a paddock now in my son's hands, but then an island in the midst of impenetrable swamp—J.G.W.), on to which, by the assistance of many cart-loads of scrub, we made a road and got the sheep over and left them as long as we could. I then arranged with the Maoris to run them on Carnarvon, which by this time was being sold to the Government, and we took them over the river and left them in charge of Tom Richardson and Jim Wallace. Of these I took 280 fats up to Auckland (the year Prince Alfred was there) on deck of a steamer, and Messrs. Fraser and McKelvie sent up 48 fat bullocks in the hold. We had a dreadful trip up, and when we got inside the Manakau Heads 19 out of 48 head of bullocks had to be hauled out of the hold and thrown overboard, dead. Only three of the sheep died. I got from 25/- to 32/6 a head for the sheep, which cost in freight about 2/6. Alfred Buckland sold them. The rest were sold locally in 1868, but meanwhile sheep had fallen, and we only got 4/- or 5/- a head for them."

"After we took the sheep over the river Mrs. Winks laid an information against us for shifting the sheep without a permit, and Mr. R. K. Simpson (then Inspector) had to prosecute us. I explained that it was the best we could do, for the sheep were clean, and had they remained would certainly have become scabby again, but Mr. Fox, who was on the bench, fined us £100,—but the Provincial Government never got the money, so it was all right."

The sheep which remained scabby at Raumai were eventually taken to the boiling down establishment, which Messrs. Hammond and Stevens had started in Bulls (where Dr. Watson's cow shed is now) and eventually the country became clean again.

There was another run rented by Dr. Hildebrand, Messrs. Peter Hume, Carr and Kelly, consisting of the land above Awahuri and all the country round about the present town of Feilding. About 400 head were sent up the coast from Wellington, and eventually were taken to Fred. O'Donnell's yard (where Mr. Tom Cameron lives now) and there branded and then taken through the bush to Mr. Richardson's and across the run to the Oroua. A man named Jim Smith was left in charge of them. Mr. Stevens describes staying a night with him on his way, with a Maori, to Napier across the mountain track. Smith showed him a beautiful piece of greenstone he had polished, and eventually it was bought for 10/- and hung on a silver watch-chain Mr. Stevens was very proud of. On reaching Raukawa, preparatory to crossing the Manawatu, he found old Hirate Wanu, a very well-known Ngatikohunga chief who lived there, and he showed his newly-purchased ornament with pride, but Hira ridiculed it and said it was "glass bottle," and sure enough it was. But although Mr. Stevens doesn't remember what he did with it, he adds, "I must have traded it away, for I don't think I was likely to lose my ten shillings," and I don't suppose he did.

Those who remember the country before settlement—and there is still a considerable number—will have some idea of the free and open air life the settlers then spent. The land was mostly in fern, tutu, koromiko, flax, toe-toe and scrub, and the cattle roamed about at will. Those in charge of them had to watch the boundaries of their runs as well as possible by constantly riding along them, and turning the stock back (what the Scotch call hefted), so that they would remain on their own grazing land. But cattle wander a great deal, and when the time of branding took place, everyone had to be present so that they might brand their own calves. Of course there were many which eluded the musterer, and as a result many bulls were left to become almost wild, and often eventually had to be shot. This all entailed much work on horseback, and the riders in those days were celebrated for their prowess. Perhaps they had not the finish of the gentleman rider of England, but they could give many points to him when it came to backing a young horse, or chasing cattle in rough country. The fern on the hillside was so dense that it was difficult to force a way through it, and the grazing was chiefly in the creeks, and on the flat land on top of the ridges. Besides the tracks which were used by the settlers to their homesteads from Bulls (which was the centre mostly used, as there was no Feilding or Palmerston), there were of course, tracks made by the cattle which they used in moving about to their different grazings. A wild beast, therefore, if he was started and got to one of these tracks, was very difficult to "head" He, because he was in front, had the best of the running, and even if by strategy he was headed it was a hundred chances to one that he *would* not be stopped, however much the stock whip played upon his face, eyes and horns. "Jimmy" Fox was one of the best horsemen employed at this time, and Mr. Mills, who managed the run for Laurie Daniel,—himself one of the best hands with cattle and horses in the district—used to speak of a particular bullock, which gave them a lot of trouble. One day they

were mustering cattle on the Mangaone and this bullock broke away and Jimmy Fox after him. He went straight for the Rangitikei River, and would not be headed, till he stuck up in some scrub close to the homestead. There, several hours afterwards, they found "Jimmy" sitting contentedly on the hillside, and the bullock below. Poor fellow, Jimmy Fox (who was a son of the shoemaker in Turakina) was killed in a very simple manner. He was showing off a horse near the bridge at Wangaehu, and jumped a post and rail fence off the road—the horse fell and the rider never rose again. He seemed to be a great favourite with all who knew him, for they all spoke affectionately of him. Mr. R. B. McKenzie in some notes he was kind enough to give me, says of this time, when he speaks of the A.P. cattle, "as fine a lot of gallopers as any boy could wish to chase after. Many a chase I had after them and many a draft of fat bullocks (about 100 to 200 in each lot) I helped to muster. We used to muster them for fats on Tawhirihoe flat (afterwards called "Scott's flat") and "cut out" the fats—(this cutting out required both an expert horseman and special horses and was most exhausting work for both, for bullocks had to be separated from the mob and driven away some distance; some horses were noted for their handiness in "cutting out" all up the coast—J.G.W.) then drive them along the beach to the Manawatu Lower Ferry (where the Heads township now stands), which was in charge of Trask and Barnett. Sometimes we were two or three days "crossing cattle." The Maoris had four working bullocks, which would swim the river, and were used to lead the cattle across. The charge for "the Bullocks" was £1 for the first time across and, I think, 10/- for every other time. Sometimes they would be driven across 10 or 15 times in a day. These decoy bullocks would be placed near the river's edge, and held there till the mob of fats were brought up to them. The canoes were ready to close in behind the cattle, as soon as they got afloat. When the mob joined the decoys the Maori would shout, 'Te Pot"

(Gee Spot), "Te Braney" (Gee Brandy), and they would go straight for the river followed by the mob of cattle, the men urging them on with their good old stockwhips, the dogs barked and heeled, and the men kept up a running fire of cracking stockwhips, yells and curses. (How they did curse and swear). The canoes (3 or 4) closed in behind the cattle, which sometimes went straight across after their leaders. Then the men *laughed* and swore and made for the Ferry Hotel, where they *drank* and swore and told of the times they had crossed cattle, though they seldom got drunk. Sometimes, however, they were not so lucky, and the cattle would break away before reaching the river. Then they had to be rounded up and another start made; at other times they would get afloat —that is swimming—and then start to "ring," despite the canoes and the long manuka poles, which the men in the canoes laid on to them; back they came, and had to be rounded up for another try. The decoy bullocks would, however, go straight across and had to be brought back to give another lead. If they had not got too far the canoes would head them back before they reached the other side."

Many a toss was taken on those days after cattle and many a horse lamed, but it must have been congenial and exciting work for the young men of the day. The York Farm Hammonds were the best in the bush, and, when after cattle to get in fats, used to roam the bush with a pack of dogs to turn them out into the open. They must have had an extraordinary knowledge of the bush, for they would often spend the night out when on these expeditions.

They also had a run up the river, what is now Mr. Ewen McGregor's property, just by Otara Bridge. Behind them was another run, occupied by Major Marshall, and his son "Willie" looked after it, and many an adventure these young fellows had up and down the river, in and about the bush.

When the mosquito time came, the cattle used to come out of the bush, and then it was that big hauls were made, and driven off home again. Mr. Mills used to say whenever they got cattle back from the Kopane on the Oroua River they were always fat, and no wonder, for it has proved some of the best fattening ground in New Zealand since it was settled.

On Mingiroa and Rakehou some merino sheep were run. They were more easily managed in the sense that they did not stray so much, yet they were very difficult to muster and often missed at shearing time. When, therefore, scab broke out amongst them it was very difficult to get rid of: but eventually they were declared clean. Mr. Willie Ferguson, who had charge then of Mingiroa, said the last scabby sheep he ever found was at the O-te-Ao-iti Bush, just above my present woolshed. But that was some years before the land was sold.

The sheep seemed to encourage the growth of scrub very much, for as soon as sheep were put on, the manuka scrub came thick on the flats on top of the ridges. Mr. Mills remembered when a flat, which cost me about £1 per acre to clear of scrub, was flax and toe-toe. This flat became a great harbour for wild pigs, and one very big boar defied all attempts to kill him; but at last he was caught by the Maoris, his tusks were the biggest I have seen.

CHAPTER XIX.

Whilst all was peace between the different sections of the Maoris and the lessees, there was much disputation amongst the tribes themselves. It became very evident that the land which they only occasionally used was valuable in the sight of the *pakeha,* and the *hapus* of the different tribes laid claim to much of it. The Ngatiapas declared it was theirs by ancestral right, and that they had never been dispossessed of it, and therefore the "squatters" could not have any land at all (as they had not been in undisputed possession) except perhaps their immediate holdings. And this became the basis of a very pretty and persistent quarrel. It must be remembered, too, that the system of government had been completely altered since the Rangitikei-Turakina Block purchase. A constitution had been granted, a general government ruled in the land, and New Zealand was divided into provinces. Wellington had for its Superintendent Dr. Featherston, a man born to govern, and who later died when Agent-General in London.

Perhaps I cannot do better than describe the position in Mr. Alick McDonald's own words (he took a very active part later on behalf of the Ngatikauwhata (a *hapu* of the Ngatiraukawa), in their dispute with the Government):—"The Rangitikei-Manawatu Blocks lie between the Rangitikei and Manawatu Rivers. In 1863 the Ngatiapa tribe and the Ngatiraukawa tribe fell into violent dispute as to their respective rights to the Block. Ngatiapa claimed to have inherited the district from their ancestors, and that they had never been dispossessed of it. Ngatiraukawa claimed that fifteen or twenty years before British rule had been established in New Zealand

(1840), they with other northern tribes, under Te Rauparaha, had conquered the original tribes on this coast, and had occupied the Block in virtue of that conquest; and they pointed to their old and new clearings and settlements in proof of their long-continued occupation.

"In 1864 the dispute became very hot and urgent. The colonists were not directly concerned, but war was raging elsewhere, and if actual hostilities broke out here, the settlers on adjoining blocks were sure to become involved. There was, however, no Court to which the disputants could appeal, and both tribes took to their arms.

"It should be mentioned here that although a Native Land Act was passed by Parliament in 1862, the district from the Rangitikei River to the Ohau River was excluded from the operations of the Act, on the motion of Dr. Featherston (Superintendent of the Province of Wellington).

"The respective rifle pits of the contending tribes were advanced to within sixty yards of each other, when Sir William Fox heroically intervened. He, standing between the opposing rifle pits, promised that if both parties would return to their respective settlements, he would undertake that in the ensuing session of Parliament means would be provided for a judicial investigation of the title of the block.

"With this promise both sides were satisfied, and they at once mutually retired to their settlements.

"Sir William Fox fulfilled his promise. But how? By causing to be issued to Dr. Featherston a double Royal Commission.

1st. To judicially investigate and determine the Maori title of the rival claimants.

"2nd. An ordinary Land Purchase Commission."

Mr. McDonald, who entirely favoured the Ngatiraukawa—as agent for the Ngatikauwhata *hapu*—in this dispute, considers that Dr. Featherston, who was appointed Commissioner to settle this dispute, was not a proper appointment, "his position as Superintendent of the Pro-

vince of Wellington unfitted him as Judge of rival Maori claims to lands in the Province.''

Most people, however, would have thought that Dr. Featherston was a very suitable man. He was trusted by everyone, his integrity was unquestioned, and his experience in the Wellington Province was surely of great help in determining the merits of the claimants. He had purchased land from the Maoris before, and had their entire confidence. Nor, indeed, would the Land Court have been any better, for Mr. McDonald says later that ''in 1868 a Native Land Court, the first in these districts, opened at Otaki (under Judge Smith, with him Justices Rogan and White and two Maori assessors). The claim of one of the non-sellers, by name Parakaia, and his *hapu* was called on. Parakaia was represented by Mr. T. C. Williams, and the sellers by Sir William Fox, who, by this time, was out of office, instructed by Dr. Featherston and Mr. Buller. The claim was for 11,000 acres of the disputed block near Foxton. The case occupied the Court for forty days, and the judgment was an equal division of the section between sellers and non-sellers. Mr. T. C. Williams was so disgusted with this judgment that he declared he would not appear in that Court again. Dr. Featherston also loudly and publicly declared his dissatisfaction, and the judgment was generally regarded as a compromise and not a judgment on the merits.''

But, in these few scattered notes, it would be out of place to go into the details of the trouble over the title to the land. Mr. Buick has gone into it exhaustively in his ''Old Manawatu,'' and has given all the judgment of the Court when it came to adjudicate upon the merits of the case, but, it seems to me, has come to a wrong conclusion, for he favours the view that the Ngatiraukawa had a claim over the land.

It is somewhat doubtful whether Mr. McDonald was right when he said it was Sir William Fox's action which prevented fighting. Mr. Buick's record is that it was only

when Dr. Featherston came up that the disputants agreed not to fight and settle the matter amicably.

It is certain that Ihakara had fortified his *pa* at Tawhirihoe; that the Hokianga *pa* was also made ready for war; and another at Makowai, just about 1864; for Ihakara mentions this when he was twitted that he did not want to fight. The Ngatiapas were also certainly prepared to fight, and were in Heke's old *pa* at Awahou (near the mouth of the Rangitikei River), and it must have been here that Mr. Fox met the disputants.

If the truth were known, I believe neither of the parties had any inclination to fight at all, and were glad of the excuse to refer it to someone to decide. It was an extremely knotty point, however, for any court to give a judgment on.

We have already seen that a tribe had come down from Mangatautari, gone through the Ngatiapa country (some by the coast, others down the Rangitikei River) along the Rangatawa, down the Mangaone to the Oroua, and so down the Oroua to the Manawatu, down that river and across it at the Kari Kari, and so on to Te Rauparaha's assistance at Kapiti. They seem to have killed and probably eaten any straggling Ngatiapa they came across. But they did not assume possession of the land. When Te Rauparaha had served his purpose (which was to conquer the resident tribes), he was glad that they should go home as they proposed, and is said to have given some land on the south of the Manawatu to them, although, as far as I can see, there is not any record of this. It is certain, however, that sections of the Ngatiraukawa did occupy lands on the block in various places, the Ngatiwehiwehi on the Manawatu and round about Taikorea, Napia Taratoa at Matahiwi, the chief of the Ngatiparewahawahas and others of the same *hapu*, at Ohinepuhiawe where Aperahama te Huruhuru and Hare Rewiti lived, and the Ngatikauwhata at Awahuri on the Oroua, where the principal people were Tapa te Whata, Hoeta Kahuhui, and Takana te Kawa;

whilst Kooro te-oone of the same *hapu* at Mangawhata lived near Oroua Bridge.

Ihakara Tukuwaru was occasionally resident on the south of the Manawatu, but had a *pa* at Tawhirihoe close to the mouth of the Rangitikei on the south side. As we have seen the Ngatiraukawa tribe claimed that they held the land by right of conquest, whilst the Ngatiapas claimed on the grounds of ancestral rights, and because they had never been dispossessed, though they had acquiesced in the occupation of portions of the land by some of the *hapus* of the Ngatiraukawas from friendly feelings towards them, and it is certain that until the disputes as to ownership arose they lived on friendly terms with them, and intermarried one with another. It was only when the land became of value and was let to Europeans that any disputes arose.

After many meetings, much discussion, squabbles (during which Ihakara was firm that the land should be sold to the Government, as the only solution of the problem) as to the ownership, Dr. Featherston agreed that £25,000 should be paid for the block of land, that the Ngatiapa should get £15,000 as their share, and that those members of the Ngatiraukawa (Ihakara and others) who signed the deed of cession should receive £10,000. In all the negotiations Dr. Featherston was assisted by Mr. Buller, then Magistrate at Whanganui, and who was later knighted, and was the author of that valuable book, "The Birds of New Zealand."

The non-sellers were apparently to be cut out of the block and given their land where they lived; and it seems to me that the decision come to was a very fair one. The principal *hapu* who refused to sell, viz., the Ngatikauwhata, got a very large share indeed of the land, besides getting much compensation, as will be seen. Tapa te Whata was the only seller amongst them, and he got a section of 400 acres besides his share of the payment.

Two Courts sat later to adjudicate upon the shares of the various non-sellers. One at Otaki, as we have seen,

awarded Parakaia and his *hapu* 5,000 acres at Himitangi. The second Court sat at Wellington in 1869, Chief Judge Fenton and Judge Maning being the Judges. Judge Maning gave the Court's decision, and there was probably no one in New Zealand better able to give a judgment under Native custom. After going exhaustively into the history of the various tribes, their migration, fights, ancestral rights, etc., the Judges found:—

"1st. That the three Ngatiraukawa *hapus*—called respectively Ngatikahoro, Ngatiparewahawaha and Ngatikauwhata—have acquired rights which constitute them owners, according to Maori usage and custom, along with the Ngatiapa tribe in the block of land, the right to which has been the subject of the investigation.

"2nd. That the quantity and situation of the land to which the individuals of the above-named Ngatiraukawa sections who have not sold or transferred their rights, are entitled and the conditions of its tenure are described in the accompanying schedule.

"And the Court finds that the Ngatiraukawa tribe has not as a tribe acquired any right, title, interest or authority in or over the block of land which has been the subject of this investigation."

And this seems to me to be a very proper and fair judgment. The Ngatiraukawas who resided on the land, and would not agree to the sale, got their share cut out of the block. Those who agreed to the sale got their portion of the purchase money and the land they resided on reserved for them inalienably. The Ngatiapas got their share of the purchase money, reserves were also cut out and given them by Sir Donald McLean as Native Minister, to quieten the demands that were made later, really for the sake of peace. But there was so much turmoil and so many objections made, to allow the survey to go on Sir Donald thought it best to give these reserves to pacify the objectors. Besides this, the Ngatiraukawas had large claims elsewhere, and lately have got a considerable

amount of money for timber rights in the Hauhungaroa and Puketapu blocks near the Main Trunk Line.

A very curious point arose when the general Government, through Sir Donald McLean, allocated to various natives reserves on the block as douceurs to quieten their clamour. Dr. Featherston, as Superintendent of the Wellington Province, claimed compensation for land which belonged to the Province, but which had been given away by the Native Minister, who was a Minister of the Crown in the General Government. Although the point was pressed for some time, it was not gone on with.

All these meetings, differences, threatenings and discussions, culminated in the sale of the land to Dr. Featherston. The Dr. always firmly stated that, until some fairly unanimous opinion was arrived at, he was not prepared to purchase the block. He did not expect a unanimous agreement; but, if only a few stood out, he was prepared to deal with them and purchase the block as a whole from the sellers. The non-sellers numbered in all about sixty. These were principally—Parakaia, the Ransfields (who had claims, although they lived at Ohau), the Ngatikauwhatu *hapu* at Awahuri (except Tapa te Whata), Miritana te Rongiwhakaruru, Keremehama and Peti (his wife), (father and mother of Mrs. Tom Richardson), and Wirita Kimati on the Rangitikei River.

To this latter section the Court awarded 1,000 acres at Mangamahoe. I see I have a note, however, that one of these, Miritana, was allotted a piece of land at Matahiwi, but he also took some of the purchase money afterwards. This same man was rather demonstrative. Mr. J. T. Stewart was sent by the Government to Mount Alexander, near the Makowai, to try and estimate the area of land south of that trig. It was understood that Miritana intended making a demonstration against this, and Constable McAnulty of Bulls was in attendance. When the Maori and his few followers came dancing up to demolish the "Taipo," as they called the theodolite,

"Mac." caught Miritana, slipped the handcuffs on and took him off without further resistance.

If there were differences before the sale took place, they became worse after the sale. The non-sellers finding a very simple means of creating a disturbance. When the surveyors went on to the ground, a number of women went and took forcible possession of the instruments, and the surveyor could do nothing but go back to his camp and report the matter to his chief. Then those in authority would come up to quell the disturbance, to be met with the full force of the talk which only Maoris can produce. The game was played in good humour, and the settlers did not fear any consequences, but it was a game the Maoris excelled in. Time was no object to them: they had nothing to lose by delay, and gradually all took a hand it it: and there was a general scramble for reserves alike by sellers and non-sellers, and Sir Donald McLean with rather lavish hand distributed these (to prevent further interference), and on the portion near the Rangitikei River.

During this time there were also disputes about the impounded rents. When Dr. Featherston bought the land he intimated to the tenants of the runs that the rents must be paid to the Government; which as they had bought the land, and paid the purchase money, they were entitled to the receipts. These rents amounted to £4,699. And, although it seems that Dr. Featherston was quite right to consider the money to belong to the Provincial Government, he apparently thought it wiser to pay it over; but the Maoris could not agree to the distribution, yet they showed great confidence in the Superintendent, for they asked him to make a division, which he did, giving to the three Ngatiraukawa *hapus* £1,600, the Rangitanes £550, and the Ngatiapa tribe £2,545.

There were still some Maoris living up the river at the Reu Reu above Kakariki, who, though not claiming that the block belonged to them, clamoured for Reserves. They had come down at a later date to Te Rauparaha's

migration, and therefore were not in the same position as those who had fought their way down. A Reserve of 4,000, acres was set aside for them, extending from Kakariki along the eastern banks of the river to the Waitapu creek, the northern boundary of the block. These natives belonged to the Ngatirangatahi, Ngatipikiahu sections of the Ngatiraukawa tribe, and there were also some Ngatimaniapotos amongst them, no doubt in some way connected with the Ngatiraukawa. One of them was Wi Pukapuka, who was of some importance, and seems, when the disputes as to ownership and rents occurred, to have taken part in them down at Matahiwi, and to have got a share of the *utu* in consequence.

A good story is told of one of the natives, Wi Pata. He was a curious creature, splendid shearer, who got drunk like a lord and made an awful noise when tipsy. His appearance would lead one to suppose he had negro blood in his veins, and his curly hair was quite marked. Being a good shearer he could make plenty of money, and knew all the *pakehas* well and was fond of their company.

After the railway went through Halcombe it so happened that two trains started from that station, each going different ways. They were therefore backed van to van. Wi Pata watched his chance, and finding them once so close he could couple them together he successfully did so, and awaited the result with expectation. The engines tugged, and Wi jumped for glee, and shouted, "Kapai the Engine," and many other irrelevancies not quotable. Eventually it was found why the trains did not start and Wi Pata got a month in Whanganui gaol.

CHAPTER XX.

The deed was duly signed and witnessed, as will be seen by referring to the appendix. I have not given the names in full as a great many signed who really had no claim at all; Mr. Buller's zeal, however, to get signatures was such that he got many useless names attached to the deed.

The scene at Parewanui during the sale was most picturesque, and has been graphically told in Sir Charles Dilke's "Greater Britain," and he, as well as the present head of the publishers, Macmillan and Co.,* have very kindly given me permission to reproduce it here, and for this kind permission I desire to offer my grateful thanks.

PAREWANUI PAH.

"Here is Pétatoné.
This is the 10th of December;
The sun shines, and the birds sing;
Clear is the water in rivers and streams;
Bright is the sky, and the sun is high in the air.
This is the 10th of December;
But where is the money?
Three years has this matter in many debates been discussed,
And here at last is Pétatoné;
But where is the money?"

A band of Maori women slowly chanting in a high, strained key, stood at the gate of the *pa*, and met with this song a few Englishmen who were driving rapidly on to their land.

Our track lay through a swamp of the New Zealand flax. Huge sword-like leaves and giant flower-stalks all but hid from view the Maori stockades. To the left was a village of low *whares*, fenced round with a double row of lofty posts, carved with rude images of gods and men, and having posterns here and there. On the right were

*Both these gentlemen are dead since the permission was given.

groves of karakas, children of Tanemahuta, the New Zealand sacred trees—under their shade, on a hill, a camp and another large *pa*. In startling contrast to the dense masses of the oily leaves, there stretched a great extent of light-green sward, where there were other camps and a tall flag-staff, from which floated the white flag and the Union Jack, emblems of British sovereignty and peace.

A thousand kilted Maoris dotted the green landscape with patches of brilliant tartans and scarlet cloth. Women lounged about, whiling away the time with dance and song; and from all the corners of the glade the soft cadence of the Maori cry of welcome came floating to us on the breeze, sweet as the sound of distant bells.

As we drove quickly on, we found ourselves in the midst of a thronging crowd of square-built men, brown in colour, and for the most part not much darker than the Spaniards, but with here and there a woolly negro in their ranks. Glancing at them as we were hurried past, we saw that the men were robust, well limbed, and tall. They greeted us pleasantly with many a cheerful, open smile, but the faces of the older people were horribly tattooed in spiral curves. The chiefs carried battle-clubs of jade and bone; the women wore strange ornaments. At the flag-staff we pulled up, and, while the preliminaries of the council were arranged, had time to discuss with Maori and with *pakeha* (white man) the questions that had brought us thither.

The purchase of an enormous block of land—that of the Manawatu—had long been an object wished for and worked for by the Provincial Government of Wellington. The completion of the sale it was that had brought the Superintendent, Dr Featherston, and humbler *pakehas* to Parewanui *pa*. It was not only that the land was wanted by way of room for the flood of settlers, but purchase by Government was, moreover, the only means whereby war between the various native claimants of the land could be prevented. The *pakeha* and Maori had agreed upon a price; the question that remained for settlement was how

the money should be shared. One tribe had owned the land from the earliest time; another had conquered some miles of it; a third had had one of its chiefs cooked and eaten upon the ground. In the eye of the Maori law, the last of these titles was the best: the blood of a chief overrides all mere historic claims. The two strongest human motives concurred to make war probable, for avarice and jealousy alike prevented agreement as to the division of the spoil. Each of the three tribes claiming had half-a-dozen allied and related nations upon the ground; every man was there who had a claim direct or indirect, or thought he had, to any portion of the block. Individual ownership and tribal ownership conflicted. The Ngatiapa were well armed; the Ngatiraukawa had their rifles; the Wanganuis had sent for theirs. The greatest tact on the part of Dr. Featherston was needed to prevent a fight such as would have roused New Zealand from Auckland to Port Nicholson.

On a signal from the Superintendent, the heralds went round the camps and *pas* to call the tribes to council. The summons was a long-drawn, minor-descending-scale: a plaintive cadence, which at a distance blends into a bell-like chord. The words mean: "Come hither! Come hither! Come! come! Maories! Come———!" and men, women, and children soon came thronging in from every side, the chiefs bearing sceptres and spears of ceremony, and their women wearing round their necks the symbol of nobility, the *Heitiki,* or greenstone god. These images, we were told, have pedigrees, and names like those of men.

We, with the resident magistrate of Wanganui, seated ourselves beneath the flag-staff. A chief, meeting the people as they came up, stayed them with the gesture that Homer ascribes to Hector, and bade them sit in the huge circle round the spar.

No sooner were we seated on our mat than there ran slowly into the centre of the ring a plumed and kilted chief, with sparkling eyes, the perfection of a savage.

Halting suddenly, he raised himself upon his toes, frowned, and stood brandishing his short feathered spear. It was Hunia te Hakeke, the young chief of the Ngatiapa.

Throwing off his plaid, he commenced to speak, springing hither and thither with leopard-like freedom of gait, and sometimes leaping high into the air to emphasize a word. Fierce as were the gestures, his speech was conciliatory, and the Maori flowed from his lips—a soft Tuscan tongue. As, with a movement full of vigorous grace, he sprang back to the ranks to take his seat, there ran round the ring a hum and buzz of popular applause.

"Governor" Hunia was followed by a young Wanganui chief, who wore hunting-breeches and high boots, and a long black mantle over his European clothes. There was something odd in the shape of the cloak; and when we came to look closely at it, we found that it was the skirt of the riding-habit of his half-caste wife. The great chiefs paid so little heed to this flippant fellow, as to stand up and harangue their tribes in the middle of his speech, which came thus to an untimely end.

A funny old grey-beard, Waitere Maru Maru, next rose, and, smothering down the jocularity of his face, turned towards us for a moment the typical head of Peter, as you see it on the windows of every modern church—for a moment only; for, as he raised his hand to wave his tribal sceptre his apostolic drapery began to slip from off his shoulders, and he had to clutch at it with the energy of a topman taking-in a reef in a whole gale. His speech was full of Nestorian proverbs and wise saws, but he wandered off into a history of the Wanganui lands, by which he soon became as wearied as we ourselves were; for he stopped short, and, with a twinkle of the eye, said: "Ah! Waitere is no longer young; he is climbing the snow-clad mountain Ruahine; he is becoming an old man"; and down he sat.

Karanama, a small Ngatiraukawa chief with a white moustache, who looked like an old French concierge, followed Maru Maru, and, with much use of his sceptre,

related a dream foretelling the happy issue of the negotiations; for the little man was one of those "dreamers of dreams" against whom Moses warned the Israelites.

Karanama's was not the only trance and vision of which we heard in the course of these debates. The Maoris believe that in their dreams the seers hear great bands of spirits singing chants: these when they wake the prophets reveal to all the people; but it is remarked that the vision is generally to the advantage of the seer's tribe.

Karanama's speech was answered by the head-chief of the Rangitane Maoris, Te Peeti Te Awe Awe, who, throwing off his upper clothing as he warmed to his subject, and strutting pompously round and round the ring, challenged Karanama to immediate battle, or his tribe to general encounter; but he cooled down as he went on, and in his last sentence showed us that Maori oratory, however ornate usually, can be made extremely terse. "It is hot," he said—"it is hot, and the very birds are loath to sing. We have talked for a week, and are therefore dry. Let us take our share—£10,000, or whatever we can get—and then we shall be dry no more."

The Maori custom of walking about, dancing, leaping, undressing, running, brandishing spears during the delivery of a speech is convenient for all parties; to the speaker, because it gives him time to think of what he shall say next; to the listener, because it allows him to weigh the speaker's words; to the European hearer, because it permits the interpreter to keep pace with the orator without an effort. On this occasion, the resident magistrate of Wanganui—Mr. Buller, a Maori scholar of eminence, and the attached friend of some of the chiefs—interpreted for Dr. Featherston; and we were allowed to lean over him in such a way as to hear every word that passed. That the able Superintendent of Wellington—the great protector of the Maoris, the man to whom they look as to Queen Victoria's second in command, should be wholly dependent upon interpreters, however skilled, seems almost too singular to be believed; but it is possible

that Dr. Featherston may find in pretended want of knowledge much advantage to the Government. He is able to collect his thoughts before he replies to a difficult question; he can allow an epithet to escape his notice in the filter of translation; he can listen and speak with greater dignity.

The day was wearing on before Te Peeti's speech was done, and, as the Maories say, our waistbands began to slip down low; so all now went to lunch, both Maori and *pakeha*, they sitting in circles, each with his bowl, or flax-blade dish, and wooden spoon, we having a table and a chair or two in the Mission-house; but we were so tempted by Hori Kingi's* whitebait that we begged some of him as we passed. The Maoris boil the little fish in milk, and flavour them with leeks. Great fish, meat, vegetables, almost all they eat, in short, save whitebait, is 'steamed'' in the underground native oven. A hole is dug, and filled with wood, and stones are piled upon the wood, a small opening being left for draught. While the wood is burning, stones become red-hot, and fall through into the hole. They are then covered with damp fern, or else with wet mats of flax, plaited at the moment; the meat is put in, and covered with more mats; the whole is sprinkled with water, and then earth is heaped on till the vapour ceases to escape. The joint takes about an hour, and is delicious. Fish is wrapped in a kind of dock-leaf, and so steamed.

While the men's eating was thus going on, many of the women stood idly round, and we were enabled to judge of Maori beauty. A profusion of long, crisp curls, a short black pipe thrust between stained lips, a pair of black eyes gleaming from a tattooed face, denote the Maori belle, who wears for her only robe a long bed-gown of dirty calico, but whose ears and neck are tricked out with greenstone ornaments, the signs of birth and wealth. Here and there you find a girl with long, smooth

*Hori Kingi te Anansia died on the 18th of September, 1868.

tresses, and almond-shaped black eyes; these charms often go along with prominent, thin features, and suggest at once the Jewess and the gipsy girl. The women smoke continually; the men not much.

When at four o'clock we returned to the flag-staff, we found that the temperature, which during the morning had been too hot, had become that of a fine English June—the air light, the trees and grass lit by a gleaming yellow sunshine that reminded me of the Californian haze.

During luncheon we had heard that Dr. Featherston's proposals as to the division of the purchase-money had been accepted by the Ngatiapa, but not by Hunia himself, whose vanity would brook no scheme not of his own conception. We were no sooner returned to the ring than he burst in upon us with a defiant speech. "Unjust," he declared, "as was the proposition of great 'Petatone' (Featherston), he would have accepted it for the sake of peace had he been allowed to divide the tribal share; but as the Wanganuis insisted on having a third of his £15,000, and as Petatone seemed to support them in their claim, he should have nothing more to do with the sale." "The Wanganuis claim as our relatives," he said: "verily, the pumpkin-shoots spread far."

Karanama, the seer, stood up to answer Hunia, and began his speech in a tone of ridicule. "Hunia is like the ti-tree: if you cut him down he sprouts again." Hunia sat quietly through a good deal of this kind of wit, till at last some epithet provoked him to interrupt the speaker. "What a fine fellow you are, Karanama; you'll tell us soon that you've two pair of legs." "Sit down!" shrieked Karanama, and a word-war ensued, but the abuse was too full of native raciness and vigour to be fit for English ears. The chiefs kept dancing round the ring, threatening each other with their spears. "Why do not you hurl at me, Karanama?" said Hunia; "it is easier to parry spears than lies." At last Hunia sat down.

Karanama, feinting and making at him with his spear, reproached Hunia with a serious flaw in his pedigree—a

blot which is said to account for Hunia's hatred to the Ngatiraukawa, to whom his mother was for years a slave. Hunia, without rising from the ground, shrieked "Liar!" Karanama again spoke the obnoxious word. Springing from the ground, Hunia snatched his spear from where it stood, and ran at his enemy as though to strike him. Karanama stood stock-still. Coming up to him at a full charge, Hunia suddenly stopped, raised himself on tiptoe, shaking his spear, and flung out some contemptuous epithet; then turned, and stalked slowly, with a springing gait, back to his own corner of the ring. There he stood, haranguing his people in a bitter undertone. Karanama did the like with his. The interpreters could not keep pace with what was said. We understood that the chiefs were calling each upon his tribe to support him, if need were, in war. After a few minutes of this pause, they wheeled round, as though by a common impulse, and again began to pour out torrents of abuse. The applause became frequent, hums quickened into shouts, cheer followed cheer, till at last the ring was alive with men and women springing from the ground, and crying out on the opposing leader for a dastard.

We had previously been told to have no fear that resort would be had to blows. The Maoris never fight upon a sudden quarrel: war is with them a solemn act, entered upon only after much deliberation. Those of us who were strangers to New Zealand were nevertheless not without our doubts, while for half an hour we lay upon the grass watching the armed champions running round the ring, challenging each other to mortal combat on the spot.

The chieftains at last became exhausted, and the Mission-bell beginning to toll for evening chapel, Hunia broke off in the middle of his abuse: "Ah! I hear the bell!" and turning, stalked out of the ring towards his *pa*, leaving it to be inferred, by those who did not know him, that he was going to attend the service. The meeting broke up in confusion, and the Upper Wanganui tribes at once began

their march towards the mountains, leaving behind them only a delegation of their chiefs.

In the morning, we rose to alarming news. Upon the pretext of the presence in the neighbourhood, of the Hau-Hau chief Wi Hapi, with a war party of 200 men, the unarmed Parewanui natives had sent to Wanganui for their guns, and it was only by a conciliatory speech at the midnight runanga that Mr. Buller had succeeded in preventing a complete break-up of all the camps, if not an intertribal war. There seemed to be white men behind the scenes who were not friendly to the sale, and the debate had lasted from dark till dawn.

While we were at breakfast, a Ngatiapa officer of the native contingent brought down a letter to Dr. Featherston from Hunia and Hori Kingi, calling us to a general meeting of the tribes convened for noon, to be held in the Ngatiapa *pa*. The letter was addressed, "Kia te Petatone te Huperintene"—"To the Featherston, the Superintendent"—the alterations in the chief words being made to bring them within the grasp of Maori tongues, which cannot sound f's, th's, nor sibilants of any kind.

When we drove on to the ground, all was at a deadlock—the flag-staff bare, the chiefs sleeping in their *whares*, and the common folk whiling away the hours with haka songs. Dr. Featherston retired from the ground, declaring that till the Queen's flag was hoisted he would attend no debate; but he permitted us to wander in among the Maoris.

We were introduced to Tamihana te Rauparaha, chief of the Ngatitoa branch of the Ngatiraukawa, and son of the great cannibal chief of the same name who murdered Captain Wakefield. Old Rauparaha it was who hired an English ship to carry him and his nation to the South Island, where they ate several tribes, boiling the chiefs, by the captain's consent, in the ship's coppers, and salting down for future use the common people. When the captain, on return to port, claimed his price, Rauparaha told him to go about his business, or he should be salted too.

The captain took the hint, but he did not escape for long, as he was finally eaten by the Sandwich Islanders in Hawaii.

In answer to our request for a dance-song, Tamihana and Horomona Toremi replied through an interpreter that "the hands of the singers should beat time as fast as the pinions of the wild duck"; and in a minute we were in the middle of an animated crowd of boys and women collected by Porea, the buffoon.

As soon as the singers had squatted upon the grass, the jester began to run slowly up and down between their ranks as they sat swinging backwards and forwards in regular time, groaning in chorus, and looking upwards with distorted faces.

In a second dance, a girl standing out upon the grass chanted the air—a kind of capstan song—and then the "dancers," who were seated in one long row, joined in chorus, breathing violently in perfect time, half forming words, but not notes, swinging from side to side like the howling dervishes, and using frightful gestures. This strange whisper-roaring went on increasing in rapidity and fierceness, till at last the singers worked themselves into a frenzy, in which they rolled their eyes, stiffened the arms and legs, clutched and clawed with the fingers, and snorted like maddened horses. Stripping off their clothes, they looked more like the Maoris of thirty years ago than those who see them only at the mission-stations would believe. Other song-dances, in which the singers stood striking their heels at measured intervals upon the earth, were taken up with equal vigour by the boys and women, the grown men in their dignity keeping themselves aloof, although in his heart every Maori loves mimetic dance and song. We remarked that in the *haka* the old women seemed more in earnest than the young, who were always bursting into laughter, and forgetting words and time.

The savage love for semitones makes Maori music somewhat wearisome to the English ear; so after a time we began to walk through the *pas* and sketch the Maoris,

to their great delight. I was drawing the grand old head of a venerable dame—Oriuhia te Aka—when she asked to see what I was about. As soon as I showed her the sketch, she began to call me names, and from her gestures I saw that the insult was in the omission of the tattooing on her chin. When I inserted the stripes and curves, her delight was such that I greatly feared she would have embraced me.

Strolling into the karaka groves, we came upon a Maori wooden tomb, of which the front was carved with figures three feet high, grotesque and obscene. Gigantic eyes, hands bearing clubs, limbs without bodies, and bodies without limbs, were figured here and there among more perfect carvings, and the whole was of a character which the Maoris of to-day disown, as they do cannibalism, wishing to have these horrid things forgotten. The sudden rise of the Hau-Hau fanaticism within the last few years has shown us that the layer of civilization by which the old Maori habits are overlaid is thin indeed.

The flags remained down all day, and in the afternoon we returned to the coast to shoot duck and pukeko, a sort of moor-hen. It was not easy work, for the birds fell in the flax-swamp, and the giant sword-like leaves of the "phormium tenax" cut our hands as we pushed our way through its dense clumps and bushes, while some of the party suffered badly from the sun: Maui, the Maoris say, must have chained him up too near the earth. After dark, we could see the glare of the fires in the karaka groves, where the Maoris were in council, and a Government surveyor came in to report that he had met the dissentient Wanganuis riding fast towards the hills.

In the morning, we were allowed to stay upon the coast till ten or eleven o'clock, when a messenger came down from Mr. Buller to call us to the *pa*: the council of the chiefs had again sat all night—for the Maoris act upon their proverb that the eyes of great chiefs should know no rest—and Hunia had carried everything before him in the debate.

As soon as the ring was formed, Hunia apologized for the pulling down of the Queen's flag; it had been done, he said, as a sign that the sale was broken off, not as an act of disrespect. Having, in short, had things entirely his own way, he was disposed to be extremely friendly both to whites and Maoris. The sale, he said, must be brought about, or the "world would be on fire with an intertribal war. What is the good of the mountain-land? There is nothing to eat but stones; granite is a hard but not a strengthening food; and women and land are the ruin of men."

After congratulatory speeches from other chiefs, some of the older men treated us to histories of the deeds that had been wrought upon the block of land. Some of their speeches—notably those of Aperahama and Ihakara—were largely built up of legendary poems; but the orators quoted the poetry as such only when in doubt how far the sentiments were those of the assembled people: when they were backed by the hum which denotes applause, they at once commenced with singular art to weave the poetry into that which was their own.

As soon as the speeches were over, Hunia and Ihakara marched up to the flag-staff carrying between them the deed-of-sale. Putting it down before Dr. Featherston, they shook hands with each other and with him, and swore that for the future there should be eternal friendship between their tribes. The deed was then signed by many hundred men and women, and Dr. Featherston started with Captain te Kepa,* of the native contingent, to fetch the £25,000 from Wanganui town, the Maoris firing their rifles into the air as a salute.

The Superintendent was no sooner gone than a kind of solemn grief seemed to come over the assembled people. After all, they were selling the graves of their ancestors, they argued. The wife of Hamuera, seizing her husband's greenstone club, ran out from the ranks of women, and

*Wounded at the defence of Okutuku, against the escaped Hau-Haus, 7th of November, 1868.

began to intone an impromptu song, which was echoed by the women, in a pathetic chorus-chant:—

"The sun shines, but we quit our land; we abandon for ever its forests, its mountains, its groves, its lakes, its shores.
All its fair fisheries, here, under the bright sun, for ever we renounce.
It is a lovely day; fair will be the children that are born to-day; but we quit our land.
In some parts there is forest; in others, the ground is skimmed over by the birds in their flight.
Upon the trees there is fruit; in the streams, fish; in the fields potatoes; fern-roots in the bush; but we quit our land."

It is in chorus-speeches of this kind that David's psalms must have been recited by the Jews; but on this occasion there was a good deal of mere acting in the grief, for the tribes had never occupied the land that they now sold.

The next day Dr. Featherston drove into camp surrounded by a brilliant cavalcade of Maori cavalry, amid much yelling and firing of pieces skywards. Hunia, in receiving him, declared that he would not have the money paid till the morrow, as the sun must shine upon the transfer of the lands. It would take his people all the night, he said, to work themselves up to the right pitch for a war-dance; so he sent down a strong guard to watch the money-chests, which had been conveyed to the missionary hut. The Ngatiapa sentry posted inside the room was an odd cross between savagery and civilization; he wore the cap of the native contingent, and nothing else but a red kilt. He was armed with a short Wilkinson rifle, for which he had, however, not a round of ammunition, his cartridges being Enfield and his piece unloaded. Barbarian or not, he seemed to like raw gin, with which some Englishmen had unlawfully and unfairly tempted him.

In the morning, the money was handed over in the runanga-house, and a signet-ring presented to Hunia by Dr. Featherston in pledge of peace, and memory of the sale; but owing to the heat, we soon adjourned to the karaka grove, where Hunia made a congratulatory and somewhat boastful speech, offering his friendship and alliance to Dr. Featherston.

The assembly was soon dismissed, and the chiefs withdrew to prepare for the grandest war-dance that had been seen for years, while a party went off to catch and kill the oxen that were to be "steamed" whole, just as our friends' fathers would have steamed us.

A chief was detached by Hunia to guide us to a hill whence we commanded the whole glade. No sooner had we taken our seats than the Ngatiraukawa to the number of a hundred fighting-men, armed with spears, and led by a dozen women bearing clubs, marched out from their camp, and formed in column, their chiefs making speeches of exhortation from the ranks. After a pause, we heard the measured groaning of a distant *haka,* and, looking up the glade, at the distance of a mile saw some two score Wanganui warriors jumping in perfect time, now to one side, now to the other, grasping their rifles by the barrel, and raising them as one man each time they jumped. Presently, bending one knee, but stiffening the other leg, they advanced, stepping together with a hopping movement, slapping their hips and thighs, and shouting from the palate, "Hough! Hough!" with fearful emphasis.

A shout from the Ngatiraukawa hailed the approach of the Ngatiapa, who deployed from the woods some two hundred strong, all armed with Enfield rifles. They united with the Wanganuis, and marched slowly down with their rifles at the "charge," steadily singing war-songs. When within a hundred yards of the opposing ranks, they halted, and sent in their challenge. The Ngatiraukawa and Ngatiapa heralds passed each other in silence, and each delivered his message to the hostile chief.

We could see that the allies were led by Hunia in all the bravery of his war-costume. In his hair he wore a heron plume, and another was fastened near the muzzle of his short carbine; his limbs were bare, but about his shoulders he had a pure white scarf of satin. His kilt was gauze-silk, of three colours—pink, emerald, and cherry—arranged in such a way as to show as much of the green as of the two other colours. The contrast, which upon

a white skin would have been glaring in its ugliness, was perfect when backed by the nut-brown of Hunia's chest and legs. As he ran before his tribe, he was the ideal savage.

The instant that the heralds had returned, a charge took place, the forces passing through each other's ranks as they do upon the stage, but with frightful yells. After this, they formed two deep, in three companies, and danced the "musket-exercise war-dance" in wonderful time, the women leading, thrusting out their tongues, and shaking their long pendant breasts. Among them was Hamuera's wife, standing drawn up to her full height, her limbs stiffened, her head thrown back, her mouth wide open and tongue protruding, her eyes rolled so as to show the white, and her arms stretched out in front of her, as she slowly chanted. The illusion was perfect: she became for the time a mad prophetess; yet all the frenzy was assumed at a whim, to be cast aside in half an hour. The shouts were of the same under-breath kind as in the *haka*, but they were aided by the sounds of horns and conch-shells, and from the number of men engaged the noise was this time terrible. After much fierce singing, the musket-dance was repeated, with furious leaps and gestures, till the men became utterly exhausted, when the review was closed by a general discharge of rifles. Running with nimble feet, the dancers were soon back within their *pas*, and the feast, beginning now, was, like a Russian banquet, prolonged till morning.

It is not hard to understand the conduct of Lord Durham's settlers, who landed here in 1837. The friendly natives received the party with a war-dance, which had upon them such an effect that they immediately took ship for Australia, where they remained.

The next day, when we called on Governor Hunia at his *whare* to bid him farewell, before our departure for the capital, he made two speeches to us which are worth recording as specimens of Maori oratory. Speaking

through Mr. Buller, who had been kind enough to escort us to the Ngatiapa's *whare*, Hunia said:—

"Hail, guests! You have just now seen the settlement of a great dispute—the greatest of modern time.

"This was a weighty trouble—a grave difficulty.

"Many Pakehas have tried to settle it—in vain. For Petatone was it reserved to end it. I have said that great is our gratitude to Petatone.

"If Petatone hath need of me in the future, I shall be there. If he climbs the lofty tree, I will climb it with him. If he scales high cliffs, I will scale them too. If Petatone needeth help, he shall have it; and where he leads, there will I follow.

"Such are the words of Hunia."

To this speech one of us replied, explaining our position as guests from Britain.

Hunia then began again to speak:—

"O my guests, a few days since when asked for a war-dance, I refused. I refused because my people were sad at heart.

"We were loath to refuse our guests, but the tribes were grieved; the people were sorrowful at heart.

"To-day we are happy, and the war-dance has taken place.

"O my guests, when ye return to our great Queen, tell her that we will fight for her again as we have fought before.

She is our Queen as well as your Queen—Queen of Maoris and Queen of *Pakeha*.

"Should wars arise, we will take up our rifles, and march whithersoever she shall direct.

"You have heard of the King movement. I was a Kingite; but that did not prevent me fighting for the Queen—I and my chiefs.

"My cousin, Wiremu, went to England, and saw our Queen. He returned. . . .

"When you landed in this island, he was already dead. . . .

"He died fighting for our Queen.

"As he died, *we* will die, if need be—I and all my chiefs. This do you tell our Queen.

"I have said."

This passage, spoken as Hunia spoke it, was one of noble eloquence and singular rhetoric art. The first few words about Wiremu were spoken in a half-indifferent way; but there was a long pause before and after the statement that he was dead, and a sinking of the voice when he related how Wiremu had died, followed by a burst of sudden fire in the "As he died, *we* will die—I and all my chiefs."

After a minute or two, Hunia resumed:—

This is another word.

"We are all of us glad to see you.

"When we wrote to Petatone, we asked him that he would bring with him *Pakehas* from England and from Australia—*Pakehas* from all parts of the Queen's broad lands.

"*Pakehas* who should return to tell the Queen that the Ngatiapa are her liegemen.

"We are much rejoiced that you are here. May your heart rest here among us; but if you go once more to your English home, tell the people that we are Petatone's faithful subjects and the Queen's.

"I have said."

After pledging Hunia in a cup of wine, we returned to our temporary home.

If the scene so well described was picturesque, I regret to say that it became a debauch after the money was paid over. The Maoris had learnt from the *Pakeha* many of his evil ways, and it is better to draw a veil over the whole proceedings, by adding that it was a thousand pities that some provision had not been made to protect the Maoris from what took place.

The purchase of the land did not, however, quieten the non-sellers. We have already seen that Judges Fenton

and Maning had given judgment practically in favour of the Ngatiapa tribe, with certain reservations for three of the *hapus* of the Ngatiraukawas. Two of these *hapus* were more or less satisfied, viz., the Ngatikahoro and Ngatiparewahawaha. The third *hapu*, the Ngatikauwhata were entirely dissatisfied. They had already appointed Mr. Alick McDonald as their agent, and by becoming so, he had incurred the ire of Sir William Fox and Dr. Featherston,* but he was so impressed by the position that some of his old friends were placed in that he threw discretion to the winds, and entered heart and soul into the case. It was a very quixotic action, for he had apparently nothing to gain by it, and a great deal to lose. But he was not one of those who counted the cost. He acted with such zeal on their behalf that his *hapu* were in the end extremely well treated.

By the judgment, Mr. McDonald says, they obtained 4,500 acres at Awahuri, and three other reserves of 500 acres, 1,000 acres and 200 acres. To be divided amongst 35 Maoris this was a large area. To the whole of the non-sellers, however, in 1871 "Sir Donald Maclean gave 20,000 acres in various areas, and paid considerable sums of money as compensation for the loss of individual cultivation." To those who know what a common thing it is for the Maori to shift his cultivations, the payment seems to have been generous.

There was further trouble because the Maoris could not deal with the land, they had no title, and Mr. McDonald did a very rash thing; the bridge over the Oroua at Awahuri had just been completed, so that the coach route, which at that time either ran up past Sandon or by Scott's, I forget which, was altered, and it was to go by the Bulls-Palmerston road. Andrew Young himself was driving, and after changing horses, they started to cross the bridge. Mr. McDonald, in order to bring the matter

*Mr. McDonald was then Sheep Inspector under the Wellington Provincial Government, and Dr. Featherston, Superintendent.

in dispute to a head, called upon the driver to stop, but he did not do so, and Mr. McDonald fired at the leading horse, which dropped down, effectually stopping the mail. To interfere with Her Majesty's mail was a serious offence, and a sentence of three years' imprisonment was imposed upon him. It was thought the horse was killed, but this was not so, for years afterwards he was running into Otaki when Mr. A. Hall had the coaches, and there he went by the name of "Mac."; the mark could just be seen above his right eye, where he had been shot.

During the time of the sentence the Maoris were extremely good to Mrs. McDonald and family. Immediately after the offence, Sir James Ferguson came up and investigated affairs, and the titles were issued for the 4,500 acres. As soon as this was done, the *hapu* ordered that 800 acres should be surveyed round Mr. McDonald's house, and the necessary deed prepared, and the land was transferred to Mrs. McDonald. But that was not all; they mortgaged 2,500 acres of the rest of the land for £1,000, and handed the proceeds over to stock the land. Mr. McDonald says, "who shall say that Maoris have no sense of gratitude." He was soon released, and in 1877 recovered from the Government the sum of £4,500 for expense the non-sellers had been unjustly put to in the defence of their land, and that closed the long dispute.

Although in reading of these troubles they may seem trivial, they were very serious at the time. Only a few years before, the war had been going on up the Coast, and in a new settlement these disturbances were very disquieting. New settlers coming into a district, and living far from neighbours, no doubt magnified the occurrences, and felt far from comfortable. But there never was any intention of interfering with them in any way. The dispute was entirely between the Maoris and the Government, and I am sure it never entered the heads of the Maoris to do anything against the interests of the settlers.

They were, in fact, a very fine lot of people, as can be seen from their actions in trying to compensate Mr.

McDonald for his efforts on their behalf. All the old settlers spoke of them in the highest terms. To the day of his death Mr. McDonald thought them most unjustly treated, although others held quite the reverse opinion. There was something in his Celtic blood, no doubt, which resented injury in any form: even though it might be only fancied. He came of the Glencoe McDonalds, who had occasion to resent a grievous wrong, and I suppose it was hereditary to believe that the Government was doing wrong. Mr. McDonald was, however, a delightful companion, a true friend, and a most upright man, and his old friends have very kindly remembrances of him.

With these episodes settlement went on apace, as we shall now see.

CHAPTER XXI.

To those who know the great stretch of country between the Rangitikei and Manawatu River of recent years, it is almost impossible for them to realize what the country was like when the first settlement took place. The whole country was a wild waste; all above Halcombe (Whakamaetakapu) one apparently interminable bush. The Sandon country—"Whakari" the Maoris called it—hills and flats covered with fern, tutu, koromiko, flax, toetoe and manuka scrub, with only a few well defined horse tracks between the different settlements and homesteads. Here and there a bullock dray track, where, in many cases, it looked impossible for a dray to travel, but bullocks are patient animals, and time was not so much an object as in these days when motor cars are all the vogue, and we hear of a Rangitikei boy as an aviator.

Naturally, horses in those days were of great value, and the man who, like Young Lochinvar, could say "In all the wide border his steed was the best," was, indeed, a proud man. Coming from Victoria as I did, where, if horses were well bred, they were light and speedy, I was much struck with the horses in New Zealand, and wanted to take some back with me, but I was unsuccessful in buying a very handsome grey horse I had my eye upon. There had been a great many really good sires in New Zealand from time to time, and the king of them all seems to have been "Riddlesworth." His progeny do not seem to have been fast, but it was for their staying qualities that they were treasured. "Riddlesworth" was imported to Wellington by the Hon. Mr. Petre about the year 1843, where he served until 1857, when he was sent to Nelson, at which place he died in 1861," *vide* stud book. Mr.

Cameron, Marangae, had a "Riddlesworth" horse, "Multum in Parvo," and although not in the stud book, was the sire of numerous good hacks. "Figaro" was still earlier; he was imported to Wellington in 1841. "Il Barbiere" was a son of his, who ran very well in the races at the time, and sired some good horses. "Frantic" and "Glaucus" also stood in the district. Later "Traducer," "Ravensworth," and "Peter Flat," all well-bred horses, were used: so it is no wonder the Rangitikei horses were good. They had to do incredibly long journeys in the time under discussion, and often the riders would leave Wellington in the morning and travel up the Coast, reaching Rangitikei in the evening—a journey of some 80 miles. There was thus every reason then to value a good horse, and any specially good horse was known to the people far and near.

Besides cattle on the Hikungarara Run, Captain Daniel bred a great many horses, and the "E.D." brand was known everywhere, and was held in good repute. Nearly everyone had special mares, which were noted for breeding good horses.

Mr. Stevens mentions several more sires—an old horse, "Peter Finn," no doubt by the celebrated horse of that name in Tasmania that did so much for thoroughbreds there; Capt. Daniel's "Cymeter," and a half-bred Arab called "Sifting," which died just below the cliff at Bulls. Then there were "Phœnix" and "Rubin" in Wellington, and another horse called "Garabaldi" that came from Eketahuna way, and belonged to Tapa te Whata. Any special horse belonging to any settler was as well known as the great race horses of the present day. Laurie Daniel had some ponies too, and he lent one to each of the lads about, to break in and ride. He also gave a prize to be raced for, and John Stevens won his first race on his pony, and very proud he was of it.

A young fellow called Bromley, with the Campions, had a mare from "Sybel" he was very proud of, but she was a "terror" to buck. A sailor coming along said he would

ride her, and to the onlookers' astonishment he got on back to front, and she "went to market" in great style and bucked away over a steep face, and caused much anxiety to the owner. The sailor was not so clever as the O'Neils are now and was pitched after a while, and the mare escaped with a few scratches.

There were so few newspapers at that time; stories were retailed over log fires; adventures related, and yarn capped by yarn, till it was time to go to bed. Small wonder then, that horses formed a common topic. Even the coach horses had a history, a fine big gray mare running in the centre of the three leaders from Waikanae to Otaki, had belonged to "Jimmy Fox" at Turakina, and went by the name of "Miss Fox." She was eventually bought by Mr. Larkworthy, and I daresay many of her progeny are about Motoa and Foxton to this day. "Peacock," a leader, which used to run on the stage out of Wellington, was a picture, and, I think, was elevated afterwards to the Governor's carriage. Can we wonder that the horses were loved and talked about, for how faithfully they served the people then. Well may Professor Huxley write of him as "our esteemed servant and friend, I had almost written colleague."

These, then, were the animals which had to be depended on by the settlers, who, without roads, or any of the present day conveniences, settled this big block of land.

CHAPTER XXII.

At this time the Carnarvon portion of the block was completely cut off from the Sandon portion by the bush which ran along the Makowhai Creek until it crossed the Sandon-Foxton road, and then on east until it reached the Oroua River.

As far as I can ascertain, there were several tracks through this bush, east and west, but none north and south, although the bush may have been traversed on foot. The Makowhai was probably difficult to cross on horseback.

The lower portion or Carnarvon side, was the first settled. There was very little dispute over this area, and I suppose the surveyors were, therefore, not interfered with.

Even in this block the first sale did not take place until Monday, 27 February, 1871, and it was offered by Mr. T. H. Holdsworth, Crown Lands Commissioner, at the Town Hall at Marton. The upset price was £1 per acre. According to a map kindly marked by Mr. J. W. Marchant, there were not a great many purchasers that day. Beginning at "Penny's line," the following names are given, and as they were the first buyers in the block perhaps I may record them. W. Payne (where Mr. Pearce now lives); W. Murray; B. Eglington, two sections; M. McFarland; W. Payne; J. Mitchell. These were all on the west side of the main road. T. U. McKenzie bought one on the other side. No sections in the bush were bought at this sale, when the open was again reached Mr. Campion bought two sections. The Campions were then living at Pine Creek, and bought that section fronting two roads, and another on the opposite side.

Other purchasers were Messrs. Burne, McKelvie and McKenzie. Mr. Fraser bought the land now owned by Mr. R. B. McKenzie; J. Murray and P. J. Richardson bought down the tramline near Taikorea.

The remaining sections, down as far as the Taikorea line and a mile east of the tramway line, were again offered in Wellington on the 26th day of February, 1872, but not many of the sections were sold. Among others, Mr. F. Robinson and Mr. McKelvie seem to have purchased some more land. T. Crosbie and A. J. Whyte bought sections down near Taikorea, where Mr. Scott now lives.

There was still a large area of land to be disposed of, and I find the proclamation was issued by the Superintendent on 30th November, 1872, offering this land on special terms under the provisions of an Act entitled "An Act to provide for the Sale of Land in the Province of Wellington on Deferred Payment and for setting apart of Land in the Province for Special Settlement," passed 16th November, 1871.

The provisions of this Act enabled the Superintendent of the Province to set aside 50,000 acres to be disposed of under the deferred payment system. And here I might say that this system was the most successful system that has ever been tried in New Zealand. It enabled men to take up land and make it their own on the easiest terms; the payments were made light when the occupier could least afford to pay, viz., at the beginning of the occupation. In those days, cash was very much more difficult to secure. Still, by dint of hard work outside the farms, the occupiers were able to meet the payments. The farms themselves returned very little; homes had to be built, fences erected, and a thousand and one things bought. By this system the payments extended over ten years, and a man with 200 acres had only to pay £40 a year (afterwards this amount was reduced) and at the end of the payments the title was issued to him. In the Act the mode and terms of sale are set out—the price was

not to be less than 20/- nor more than 40/-. The area allowed was not less than 40 acres nor more than 200 acres; on application the applicant had to deposit one-fifth of the price, if there was more than one applicant, the land was put up and sold to the highest bidder.

The second provision was for Special Settlement: under this part the Superintendent could set apart one hundred thousand acres by Proclamation "on such terms as may be sanctioned by the Governor in Council." (There were Governors in Council even in those days). Under this part of the Act the Superintendent (Dr. Featherston) issued a proclamation on 30th November, 1872.

Under this Proclamation Mr. Falconer Larkworthy, who was then, I believe, Manager of the Bank of New Zealand in Auckland, applied for 7000 acres, and the application read as follows:—

> "Application (Special Settlement).
>
> Application No. 4524 for 7000 acres more or less by Falconer Larkworthy on 3rd December, 1872, £3,500 paid as a 1st instalment of purchase-money under the regulations contained in the first schedule of the Superintendent's proclamation of 30th November, 1872.
>
> Registered 3rd December, 1872, by
>
> (Signed) W. HOLMES,"

Most of this land consisted of what became known as the "Carnarvon Estate," which for a number of years was managed by Mr. John Gower. Three sections in the bush now owned by Messrs. Rowe Bros. formed part of it, north of the Makowhai. No doubt this was taken up for the purposes of the timber for fencing and fire wood, but later became the most valuable portion of the estate. At that time there were no roads, merely tracks; but, strange to say, I cannot find any Maori tracks which led through this strip of bush. The Makowhai Creek and this bush completely cut off the northern or Sandon portion from the lower or Carnarvon district. When I came

over from Victoria in January, 1873, I rode with a friend and Mr. T. Drummond, a surveyor (who then lived at Awahuri and was brother-in-law to Messrs. John and Robert Stevens) from Bulls to Foxton, and had to traverse this bush.

I recollect that the Maoris were then occupied in cutting the bush on the road line, and we were much interested in seeing such a number of people who greeted Mr. Drummond with effusion. Near where the men were working (or, rather, lying down, for they happened to be taking a spell) seemed innumerable women and children who were equally effusive, and all hailed us with delight. I never knew who they were, but Mr. Tom. Richardson gives me the following names of some who were working in the bush—Henare Hopa te Ngatiterangi, Witane Parere (Kuku), Wirita te Huruhuru, Timuha and Kaepa te Taiporatu.

I shall never forget coming suddenly—in the midst of the bush—on these merry, laughing people. As this was my first meeting with Maoris, it left a pleasant memory.

We must have crossed the Mokowhai on some rough bridge and then came out into the open country again. It seemed an endless, densely covered plain, intersected by long narrow sandhills. On one of these we stood to view the country, and came upon Mr. Robert Stevens, who was then living at the Campions. Looking from this sandhill away towards the Tararuas was a dense forest with scarcely a soul living in it, except a few scattered Maoris. Little did I think I should live to see the day that this would be thickly populated by thriving farmers. For at that time no one had solved the problem of what was to be done with bush country, except to cut it for timber. The track we were on was a narrow horse track, and it was seldom that we could ride in any other way than single file.

Mr. Larkworthy sent out some very valuable short-horns, that at the time he purchased in England. He

had gone to London as Manager of the Bank, and there was a great craze for the "Duchess" blood. His advisers turned rather to fashionable lines of blood than for individual merit. But one bull he sent out, "Umbelini," was a fine robust animal that afterwards went to Oroua Downs, where he was much prized.

The second block offered was all the land north of the Makowhai, and running up to the boundary of the Hutt Small Farm block on the north, and another block to the east of the present tramway line running right past Sandon and adjoining Mr. Williams' property and on to the cemetery line along this to the Halcombe Mt. Stewart road. Thence, along that road past Mt. Stewart, and down to Taipo Bush Corner, and thence along the road which runs to the tramway line.

On the sale map of this block is written: "Plan showing Sections in the Township of Sandon and Carnarvon to be thrown open for Selection on Deferred Payment on Tuesday, 19th November, 1872, also of sections in the Township of Carnarvon to be offered for Sale by Public Auction Wednesday, 20th November, 1872."

Below, it is noted on the plan—

"Exhibited at the auction sale at the Crown Lands Office, Wellington, 20th November, 1872.

(Signed) J. G. HOLDSWORTH,
C.C.L."

and again "on 18th December, 1872.

(Signed) J. G. HOLDSWORTH,
C.C.L."

On the copy of the map which I have before me, on the whole of the block east of the Foxton road, as far as I can see, only Messrs. Bishop, Mathews, M. Read, Penny, and the Hammond Estate are now owned by the original families.

Most of the bush land on what is known as Freckleington's line, belonged to the Featherston Estate. On enquiry, Mrs. Newman, one of Dr. Featherston's daughters, says, "The land was a grant from the Provincial Government, in recognition of my father's ser-

vices in getting the natives to allow the purchase of the Manawatu block. It was offered to him and refused, but the Provincial Government set aside 2,000 or more acres and made it over to my father's heirs some time after his death. I think Sir W. Fox and Sir W. Fitzherbert were co-trustees at the time, but Sir W. Fox was living in England when my father died, so I suppose my brother-in-law, C. J. Johnston, took his place. The land was sold in bits, and we all shared alike." She adds, "We were told a large area consisted of sandhills and was worthless." This land was sold, after I came, to the various holders; very little of it has changed hands since, and it has probably been the best purchase in the district. The land on the Makowhai creek being some of the best fattening or dairying land in the neighbourhood.

Perhaps it might here be explained the reason of the frequent mention of the "Township of Sandon" in describing these rural lands offered for sale.

During the war a great deal of land scrip was issued to soldiers for serving in New Zealand. This scrip could be used in the payment for land, just as in the previous land purchases New Zealand land scrip could be used. A practice had grown up to buy this scrip from those soldiers who had no intention of using it for themselves, and many speculators purchased it at much below face value. When they had accumulated a sufficient amount they purchased land, handed in the scrip (which may have been purchased for 10 per cent. of the face value), and thus got the land without bringing any money into the coffers of the Provincial Government. The Government's finance was thus hampered, and money could not be found to open up the land by roads, which had been promised. They got over the difficulty in a very simple manner. A provision existed that this scrip could not be used in buying township lands. So they called the land they offered for sale "The Township of Sandon and Carnarvon." Cash had thus to be paid. Even when the Kiwitea block was sold I believe it was described "in the Township of Sandon" for the same reason.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"The Sandon Small Farm Block."

A special settlement, under the same clauses as those taken advantage of by Mr. Larkworthy of the "Wellington Settlements Act, 1871," was initiated at the Hutt, prior in reality to the last-mentioned purchase. Some time in 1868 a number of Hutt settlers who wanted to go farther afield, took advantage of this Act and formed themselves into an Association and entered into an agreement to take 5,000 acres of the Rangitikei-Manawatu block to be surveyed and divided into sections of various sizes. The negotiations were apparently begun very soon after the purchase of the land. But it must have been made in anticipation of the Act of 1871, or it may have been under the conditions prevailing when the Pahautanui Small Farms were settled at an earlier date. The Hutt was a prosperous settlement by this time; the boys were growing or had grown up to manhood—where were they to settle? It was because of this desire to hive off on the part of the young people that the Government had been so anxious to purchase this Rangitikei-Manawatu block, and here was the chance.

Mr. Thomas Mason, an old and respected settler at the Hutt, seems to have been Chairman of the Association, although he did not participate in the purchase. Mr. Mason was a quaker, and was one of the most enthusiastic gardeners New Zealand has had. His gardens at the Taita even to-day are viewed with great pleasure. While he lived there was scarcely a plant that would grow that he did not have in this garden.

Mr. Ludlum, a neighbour of his at the Hutt, had also a celebrated garden, which is still extant, and there must

have been great rivalry between them, all in the interests of horticulture. I remember that some of the older settlers told me that he came up to give his advice as to the land, and he (Mr. Mason) expressed the opinion that, although it would do very well for cattle, it was not suitable for sheep. The country has, however, developed much more into sheep country than for cattle.

Mr. Stephen Fagan was treasurer. He was a member of the Provincial Council for the Hutt. When I came to Bulls he carried on business as boot-seller, having bought Mr. Cockburn out. He was for many years the Chairman of the Town Board, and in great requisition at any meeting which took place on public matters. Mr. H. Sanson was Secretary of the Association, and he also became a prominent public man in Road Boards, County Councils and Education Boards, and once stood, but not successfully, for the House of Representatives.

With such men at the head of affairs, it is no wonder that the Association was a complete success, though they had to wait a long time before they actually got the land apportioned. The first payment made by the members seems to have been on February 8th, 1868. The members, however, could not get their land for several years, owing, as has been explained, to the difficulties that were made by the Maoris, so that the survey was delayed.

The Provincial Government seems to have allowed them ten per cent. per annum upon any money they paid in advance. At this time the Provincial Government were only too anxious to get in any revenue they could, for there was little coming into the Treasury.

The Proclamation (see appendix) was issued by Sir George Bowen on the 9th day of February, 1872. Thus, there must have been a good deal of interest allowed. Mr. Williams, who was the first schoolmaster in Sandon, was then teacher at the Taita, where most of the members of the Association resided, and he tells me that he and his boys did the computing of the interest on the payments made at various times by the purchasers.

Meanwhile, Mr. T. W. Downes was making the survey (when he was allowed to), and on the plan (of which I have a copy through the kindness of Mr. J. W. Marchant) is written: "Plan of the Hutt Small Farm Block in the Township of Sandon, Manawatu District, 1871. Scale 20 chains to 1 inch. (Signed) Thos. W. Downes, Wellington." Under this is written: "Laid out in accordance with my instructions. (Signed) Henry Jackson, Chief Surveyor, April 26th, 1871."

The list of those originally applying is as follows:—

1. D. McKenzie.

2. Syd. Hirst and T. Hirst (later this was taken by Messrs. T. Hirst and J. Hirst).

3. G. Hedges (later sold to Mr. Edwards).

4. R. Burt (passed on to Mr. E. Pearce, and now belonging to the estate of the late Mr. James Kilgour).

5. W. Scarrow.

6. R. Dallison (later sold to Mr. Edwards).

7. G. Williams.

8. D. Hughey (later sold to Mr. G. Phillips).

9. G. Phillips.

10-11. G. Farmer, A. Farmer (now owned by Messrs. R. and J. Perrett).

12. J. Roberts (now Mr. J. A. Bailey's).

13. H. Sanson (later bought by Mr. T. Sanson).

14. A. A'Court (now in possession of Mr. W. J. Phillips).

15. J. Prisk.

16. C. Grace.

17. T. Harris.

18. J. Harris.

20. S. Fagan (now Mr. J. A. Bailey's).

21. Mr. J. A. Bailey.

22. G. Hirst (now part of Ohakea Special Settlement).

23. T. Masters (originally taken by S. Hirst and O. Stent).

43. J. Martin.

44. J. Risk (later sold to Mr. Thompson).

Each of the purchasers had also 20 acres in the bush, and one acre in the Township of Sandon.

Mr. Williams says the land was allotted in the following manner:—"A share in the Association consisted of 40 acres. No member was allowed more than 5 shares (200 acres). We drew lots for order of choice of section. The last choice (Hobson's choice) had first choice in town, and others in their order. Each holder of a 40-acre lot was entitled to a town section. The remaining town sections were sold to the Public. Any profit after paying for the land survey divided among the members."

Mr. W. J. Phillips tells me his father and family came up in May, 1872, and built a house, where many of the settlers when they first came up stayed. Many sold their town sections, and I remember Mr. Scarrow, who had the last choice in the country and the first in the township, telling me that he sold his section, which was a corner one, where the present hotel stands, to Mr. Brown for £200. Mr. Scarrow was working for Mr. Fraser when he first came up (he was an old soldier, but had been a gardener at the Hutt), who sold it for him. It was lucky he took it in hand, for the owner would probably have taken £100 for it.

Those who only see the pleasant homesteads along the road have little idea of the difficulties these new settlers —who now nearly all came up to settle—had to go through before they got their farms even fenced in. First, they had to get the house built, which was usually of very modest dimensions. There was the garden to fence, and a ring fence to be put up. Nearly all the fences consisted of ditch and bank planted with gorse. Many of these are at present in use. There were no roads and no bridges, and getting timber was very difficult. But scrub was plentiful, and a neat wattle fence was made with it on the top of the bank which lasted till the gorse grew up.

Fortunately Mr. Bulls' mill was at work at Puka-

pukatea and I think the price of timber was about 8/- a hundred feet.

Those settlers who had capital of course employed labour to do all this; but those whose savings had gone into the land had to go and work in the neighbourhood to earn enough to keep the pot boiling and fence their farms. Most of those who came up brought cattle with them. But it was several years before their fencing was completed, and even when I first stocked my farm with sheep in 1873 or 1874, the sheep had open country down to Waitohi. To get stores at Bulls (the nearest and only township) the Rangitikei River had to be crossed, and many were the accidents in the river, but, fortunately, few were fatal. There were some cases of drowning, one of the victims being the wife of one of the Mr. Sansons. There was a punt which Mr. Bydder worked, but it usually stopped when the river rose; the current was so swift that it was dangerous to trust the punt in a "fresh." The days of the "runs," however, were soon a thing of the past, and the country gradually assumed the appearance of farms.

The balance of the land, consisting of that to the north of Sandon Small Farm Block, and extending to Feilding to the east and a line running through Mount Taylor's and Mount Biggs trig stations, was sold on the 17th of April, 1873. It was at this sale that I bought my land, part of which I still occupy. The homesteads of Messrs. Daniel, Trafford, Swainson, Lees and Hammond (none of which are now owned by the purchasers or their families, except Waitohi) were offered at this sale; but as there were certain improvements made by them on these homestead sections, which contained 640 acres, they were loaded with their value. The purchaser (if he was not one of the original holders) had to pay this loading; but in each case the lessees bought the freehold. Laurie Daniel, who was then alive, only bought his section. I bought all round him and out to the Mangaone stream. Mr. Dundas, on behalf of the Trafford family, bought a section adjoining

the Mingiroa homestead, Mr. W. Swainson of Te Rakeho (now owned by Mr. McIlroy) bought several, as did Mr. John Lees of Poatatua. One of these sections he called "Fassifern," after the Cameron of Locheil's place, his mother being related to that family. Mr. Harry Hammond bought extensively round his homestead some bush and some scrub country. This had now also been leased in various farms.

The land on the east of Mangaone was mostly bought by Mr. Lethbridge of Turakina, but this property has been cut up and sold in smaller areas. Messrs Baker and Short also bought the land near Feilding. This sale was the last held, as the whole of the block had been thus disposed of up to the boundary of what was known as the Manchester block. This latter block of land, consisting of 106,000 acres, was sold to an Association of which the Duke of Manchester was head, to enable emigrants from England to start their Colonial life in New Zealand. Col. Feilding (a brother of the Duke) had come out in 1871, and was allowed to select an area of land for the purpose of this Association, on his agreeing to settle a number of people on the land. This area is that which is now known as the Oroua County. It was originally called the Manchester Highway Board; but the late G. C. Wheeler, when Chairman, succeeded in getting it proclaimed a County, and consisted of the northern portion of the Rangitikei-Manawatu block and the northern portion of the Ahuataranga block, which block extended from what is known now as Linton to Apiti, and from the Taonui stream and Oroua river to the Ranges. Part of the agreement was that the Government had to spend a certain amount of money on roads, to complete the West Coast Railway through the timber land, so as to enable saw mills to be started and the timber railed away, and the emigrants—which the Company had agreed to bring out to the number of 2,000—work on the construction of it.

It was not, however, until 1874 that any of the immigrants were settled in Feilding. A natural clearing

on the flat near the river was an ideal place to choose for a site; but there were rough times before those who first settled on it. The road through the bush from Awahuri was sometimes in a dreadful state, and had to be facined with manuka scrub or the waggons would have been bogged.

The mosquitoes at certain times of the year were almost unbearable, and it spoke well for the grit and determination of the immigrants that they were not daunted by their first experiences.

Several of the names, Kimbolton, etc., owed their origin to the connection with the Feilding family at Home. Mr. A. F. Halcombe was appointed agent of the Company in New Zealand, and Mr. D. H. MacArthur his lieutenant. Mr. Halcombe (a nephew of Lady Fox) was well known as a public man, as he had been Provincial Secretary in the Wellington Provincial Government, and in that capacity had a good deal to do with the settlement of the land.

The immigrants were provided with houses in the township, and work was provided for them either on the railway contracts, or in felling the bush for roads, and forming the water table for metalling. The scheme was a good one—to make the roads before settling the land, charging at first £2 and then £3 per acre for the land, Despite the fact that the price of the land was higher than what the surrounding land cost, the settlement of this huge block of land has been one of the most successful settlements in New Zealand. The scheme was an admirable one, well carried out, many of the immigrants getting splendid chances to begin successful careers.

This left still a considerable area of swamp and bush lands east of the Carnarvon estate to the Oroua river, consisting of all the land now comprised in the ridings of Kawakawa and Rongotea of the Manawatu County and portion of the Waitohi riding on the Oroua river. It was an exceedingly rich area of land, but almost impenetrable except for a Maori track. Certainly when cattle went into

it, and the owner was fortunate enough to get them back, they came out most extraordinarily fat, so that even those who never explored the country were sure of the richness of the land. The whole of this country was applied for in 1874 by "John Douglas, sheep farmer, Mount Royal, Otago, and Robert Campbell, sheep farmer, Otekaike, Oamaru," the area being 21,400 acres, and the sale being effected at a price of £13,375, on 7th September, 1874. A great deal of the land was swamp, part of it we have seen was traversed in the early days by Mr. Wakefield, and the rest was dense bush. Mr. Douglas was really the purchaser, but Mr. R. Campbell, Senior, and his sons joined him in the purchase. It was known then as the Douglas Block. There were the following conditions attached to the sale—that a main drain be cut right through from the Kopane through what became known as the Horseshoe Swamp to the Oroua river, and that seventy families be settled on the land. It was first intended that these should be settled on the Kopane, but this was stoutly resisted by the Maoris, who held that this was their eeling ground, and, therefore, the Government had no right to it, and it never had been purchased. Meanwhile, the Crown grant was issued in October, 1877, for 14,627 acres, and the balance was subsequently conveyed by Crown grant to the seventy heads of families settled by the Douglas Company. In the end Major Atkinson compromised with the Maoris and gave them, I think, £4,000 in lieu of their fishing rights, which they probably never had. They no doubt did catch eels in these swamps, and traversed them by canoe in flood time and up creeks at other times. One of the creeks, which runs into the Oroua about Jones' line, was called Whakanekeneke because the canoe (Whaka) went further and further on by a sort of jerks, meaning, evidently, that it was hard to push up amongst the raupo. Another, further down, was called Mangawhata, and from it the Government settlement near Oroua Bridge takes its name, but the creek was much further up than the settlement. The

portion selected for the immigrants was surrounding the present township of Rongotea (it was first called Campbelltown, but, fortunately, was changed to the name of one Turi's *hapu*). 7,000 acres were thus disposed of, giving each settler 100 acres. If I remember rightly, each one paid £3 per acre, but there was some stipulation that the roads through the settlement would be formed, and a long time was given to make the payments. In the early days the roads were simply awful, sometimes impassable, and were only equalled as a deterrent to comfort by the mosquitoes. The settlers, were, however, not of the kid glove stamp, but very few settlements went through the same difficulties. Fortunately, those who had not the means to purchase food were employed by the "Station" as it was called, on the main drain that the Company had agreed to put through. This looked really more like a canal than a drain when it was first cut. Mr. Dawson had charge of it as manager of the Station. The late Mr. Dalton worked under him, and had many draining contracts at various times. As time went on, and more bush was cut down, there was a little taken off the land, chiefly in the way of butter, which was then worth at the stores about 4d. a pound. Most of the settlers living on their land found it to be excellent soil, and when the drains were properly put through, capable of carrying dairy cows very well.

After Mr. Dawson left, Mr. McLennan came from Oamaru to manage the property, and a very excellent manager he was; ably seconded by Mr. John Reid, who lived at the Kopane. The Company had purchased the Jacob Joseph property near Himitangi, and made that its headquarters. I think they had in all about 28,000 acres. The drained swamp proved to be of the very best quality as a fattening ground for bullocks, and they simply rolled off the place.

The estate passed into the hands of the Hon. Robert Campbell, and at his death it was cut up and sold. Mr. McLennan bought the homestead, and after his death this

property was sold in its turn. Mr. McLennan was a very active-minded, public-spirited man, and was on the County Council for a long time. When I stood for Parliament in 1881 he gave me most generous support, which I shall never forget. It was largely owing to Mr. McLennan's encouragement and help that I headed the poll, much to my own astonishment.

This completed the settlement of the Rangitikei-Manawatu block. No one who has not gone through the life can have any idea of what those who settled on the virgin land had to go through before they got their sections fenced in, and made suitable housing for their families. If the men were hard working, the women were heroines, and as the young people grew up they became known all over New Zealand as expert axemen, for all the bush had to be felled before the land was settled. The land has proved excellent, and is now changing hands daily at greatly enhanced prices. The modern New Zealander, however, who lives in comfort in towns and travels in express train, is bored with even the suggestion of a story of the "old times," and is prepared to tax or "cut-up" anyone who has been fortunate enough to have retained some of his hard fought-for gains.

CHAPTER XXIV.

It seems almost incredible; but, long before any of the settlement I have tried, though imperfectly, to recount, the head-waters were being explored by an intrepid and splendid old man, the Rev. Mr. Colenso. "He was a printer, and was sent out by the British and Foreign Bible Society to New Zealand in December, 1834. He carried the first printing press that was established in that group of islands." (Extract from year-book of the Royal Society, England).

In 1844 he finally left the Bay of Islands and came to Hawke's Bay to reside.* He settled near Farndon at a place called "Waitangi," where he says "two large fir trees (pines pinaster) and also a row of "cabbage trees" (Cordyline Australis) raised from seed and planted there by me, mark the spot." He had charge of a huge district under Bishop Selwyn and has contributed largely to our knowledge of Maori ways and habits. He says that "In the summer I saw pretty nearly all the Maoris of the immediate neighbourhood, dwelling between Tangoio and Patangata, who were then numerous, and I also wished to see or to know something more of those dwelling in the inland Patea country, beyond the Ruahine mountain range, of whom I have formerly heard." He therefore determined to cross over the mountains into what then was an unknown country, by a track which was only partially known and where there had been many lives (Maoris) lost amongst the snow. He began the journey on the 8th February, 1845, and went up through the Ruatanihwa plains. His starting point up the Waipawa river (he

*From his first journey to the Ruahine Mountain Range.

spells it Waipaoa) was from Tikokino, and he proceeded up the bed of the river. "About an hour before we arrived at the fork, we had on a sudden a fine clear view of the summit towering high above us, yet apparently not very distant. It seemed a round-topped hill, and is called by the old Maoris Te Atua-o-maharu." On this occasion, however, he was only to gain a glimpse of the "promised land." As they ran short of food two of the Maoris were sent on to get assistance and food. They got as far as a *pa* on the Rangitikei called Te Awarua, but there were no natives there, and, after writing a message on a piece of bark, they were forced to return.

Colenso and the rest of the party ascended to the summit and looked over to the West Coast. He says: "Here on the western summit. . . . we found it open, flat, intersected with shallow snow-runs and low bushes and boulders. . . . We failed to discover any signs of natives approaching, or of any human habitation or cultivation, or fire or smoke, in all that enormous tract of open country of several score miles in extent that lay like a desolate wilderness panorama before us."

Mr. Colenso was really more interested in the botany of the neighbourhood than the view, and it is interesting to note that he mentions the grasses he saw.

"I must not omit to notice the grasses of the mountain. Of these I found several species (more than I expected) belonging to various genera, these have all been subsequently published by Dr. Hooker. A few of them are identical with some of our esteemed English pasture grasses—as Festuca duriuscula (Hard fescue) and agrostis species, and also Hierochloe alpina; while others of them are also found in Tasmania and Australia. Some are new, and have not been detected anywhere else in New Zealand: others of them have been since found in the South Island—one, a new species of Poa (P. Colensoi) which I brought from the Summit, is common in the South Island, and is said to be among the best of the indigenous food grasses of New Zealand—and curiously

What Mr. Colenso saw when looking from Te Atua-o-maharu on the Ruahine Range

The Birch covered spurs of the Ruahine Range, 1914

enough, one species, Catatrosa antarctica, has only been hitherto met with in the far off Antarctic islet, Campbell Island, where it was also found by Dr. Hooker. None, however, grew thickly together forming pastures—like the well-known native grass here on our Hawke's Bay hills, Microloena stipoides, and the common grasses of our meadows—except here and there around a few snow holes and snow water courses of gentle declivity, where a very short pale grass grew thickly (said by Dr. Hooker to be a depauperated variety of Festuca duriuscula, found also on the mountains in the South Island) but only extending a few feet each way: it always bore a half-withered appearance, no doubt caused by the snow and the sun. Nearly all of the various species of grasses were found in single plants, or small tufts scattered among other herbage, except the one short turfy species by the snow holes before mentioned: and one other small grass, a species of Erharta (E. Colensoi) which grew in cushion-like patches, or large tufts, scattered here and there on the tops." He describes two birds seen here too, the blue mountain duck or Whio, and a small brown bird, the size of a lark, with a white head—he called it Pakotea, no doubt the native canary, which Buller gives as Popokatea or Whitehead.

This was the description of the ground at his feet; but the view that met the eye of the first white man who probably had looked at it, would be very different to what it would be like now. The surrounding country is what is now called Mokai Patea, and is in the occupation of Mr. D. G. Riddiford. Two men went from his place over the Range last year in two days; but now they have found the track they think they can go through in one day. I had a look at this country from a high peak on the Mangawhaririki the other day, and the whole of it is practically in grass. Pukeokahu country on the north west; Taihape almost west; the Kawhatau and Mangaweka to the south-west.

However, he (Mr. Colenso), was to become much more intimately acquainted with the country next year, when he attacked it by the "round-about-way" from Taupo side, which he recounts in his "Second journey to the Ruahine Mountain Range," which occurred early in the year 1847. Leaving Roto-Aira early in the morning they crossed the Onetapu desert by 3 o'clock, he says, "a most desolate weird-looking spot about two miles wide where we crossed it—a fit place for Macbeth's witches." They seem to have travelled on towards the east now and got to some birch bush near the head of the Moawhango river; and this was his first acquaintance with the Rangitikei.

In this bush they passed a most miserable time, as it rained and blew—"21st Sunday. Another wet and uncomfortable day. The wind, however, lessened a little and we could now manage to make up a fire—which we could not do yesterday." After travelling all Monday and throwing themselves down on the fern at night to rest, and probably crossing the river two or three times (in an earlier paper he says of the Moawhango, alluding to this trip), "I crossed the river more than once on long poles thrown across the narrow surface chasm (I could not see the water below in looking down through the rift) and sustaining himself upon a "raw potato," they, at last, next morning, came to "an outlying plantation village of only two huts, but where we found a feast awaiting us in baskets of hot smoking cooked potatoes, to which we all did justice." They then went on to the principal *pa*—Matuku—of the district. "In our way to Matuku we crossed the river Moawhango without seeing it, for it ran at a great depth below us in the earth: the width of the rift, or cleft, in the stony soil was only at top about 10-12 feet, and across this were laid the trunks of two small trees, over which the natives of the place ran with naked feet like birds. I did not like it, but there was no help for it: I almost thought I could have jumped over it, but there was no room to take a run for a spring.

The natives told me that the fissure continued for a long way, and that it was pretty uniform in width (though very likely this was its narrowest) and that a small canoe could pass through the river." (This bridge I have located with the help of Mr. Birch, as being considerably below the present village of Moawhango, somewhere near Hiwera and where he remembers the Maori bridge). He then describes the *pa* thus: "The village of Matuku is picturesquely situated on the ridge and summit of a very high hill, rising abruptly in the midst of these immense primeval forests which surround it on every side. One great disadvantage was its want of good water, there being none within a mile, at least, and that at the foot of a long hill in the forest. . . . The view from this place was very extensive, solemn and grand, overlooking miles of forests with the eternal mountains uprearing their heads and peaks around. On the east and south was the great Ruahine Range with the many isolated spurs and ridges on its western flank, here rising abruptly and looking like a formidable barrier to our progress that way. On the west was Taranaki (Mount Egmont) and on the north-west Paratitaitonga, Ruapehu and Tongariro; and still further north was the Kaimanawa range: of all these Paratitaitonga and Ruapehu were now covered with snow." The natives showed him the peak he had advanced to two years before, but he did not recognise it. "Indeed the whole appearance of that range was strangely different from what it is on the eastern side: one huge table-topped spur, projecting towards the north and uprearing its dark and sharp outline against the sky, interested me greatly (likely to be Te Potae—J.G.W.) it seemed so like a built-up rampart: the natives call it Te Papaki-a-kuutaa." After being at Matuku for a day he says, "We left Matuku at noon. Our journey to Te Awarua was nearly a continual descent for a few miles, over a good beaten Maori track. On arriving at the immediate bank of the Rangitikei river, which lay between us and the mountain range, and

which we had to cross, I found I had to descend the perpendicular cliff of nearly 300 feet, the worst feature being that one could not see one's way: for at the edge of the precipice one had to turn round, and holding on to the grass and fern drop over somewhere, and so descend sailor fashion. For some time I did not at all relish it; but, finding there was no help for it—and the natives of the place, men, women and children, all did so, and then got across the river in safety (as I could see from the heights) I consented to follow—disliking it more as I went on; for the sheer height not only made me giddy, but here and there in the descent friendly plants to lay hold on failed, or had been half pulled up in long use, and in their stead old flax leaves and strips of bark had been tied to shaky shrubs, and other make-shift devices of pegs and sticks had also been resorted to, and these, as I proved, were in many places old and rotten and not to be trusted to. However, by degrees, the natives kindly helping me, I got safely to the bottom in the bed of the river.

The Rangitikei river here was tolerably wide and not very deep. I managed to cross it by help of the natives without great difficulty. In this place, as in many others in its course further down (as I have proved for many a weary mile) it runs between high cliffs, the village of Te Awarua being on its eastern side'' (this spot is marked on the map—J.G.W.) ''on the lowermost slope of the Ruahine range. This is one of the principal potato cultivations of this tribe, the soil being rich and well sheltered by the forest around. In visiting these localities in after years, I was surprised to find such an extensive and formidable growth of English docks, four or five feet high and densely thick, so that in some places I could scarcely make my way through them. On enquiry I found, when some of these people had visited Whanganui to sell their pigs, they had purchased from a white man there some seed, which they were told was tobacco seed! In their ignorance they took their treasure back

with them, and carefully sowed it in some of their soil, which they also had prepared by digging, and lo! the crop proved to be the horrid dock—which, seeding largely, was carried down by the rivers and filled the country." (No wonder we have them so plentiful in the lower country—J.G.W.).

"This place (Te Awarua), however, was of far more importance in the olden time as the decaying remains of its old fortifications still showed. When it was in its glory as a *pa* (fortified village) it was taken by the enemy, who carried it by storm, and here, on a rock in the river which was shown me a near relation of our well known present Hawke's Bay Chief, Renata te Kawepo was killed on that occasion, in endeavouring to escape from the foe, Renata himself being also closely related to this tribe." They then set out to cross the Ruahines. "The principal Chief of Patea, Te Kaipou, and a resident old man of this outlying village whose name was Pirere also going with us. . . . We travelled on till sunset, constantly ascending, when we halted by a small wood: our course at first lay through fern and brushwood, without the faintest track. One abrupt and isolated stony hill, or young mountain, which we had to cross, called Mokai Patea, was completely covered with a species of Coriaria, by the natives it is called Tutupapa." Here we must leave him to find his way across the range to Hawke's Bay, which he did after some considerable privation. From Mokai Patea, the track took an easterly direction to the peak he had already been on Te Atumahuru, curiously enough, almost at the summit, he describes surprising two English rats—I wonder if they too were sold by a "white man" in Whanganui like the dock seed as a choice morsel of diet.

Then we have records of the Upper Rangitikei being explored before even the land was purchased at Pare-wanui. I can myself quite understand the Moawhanga (Mr. Colenso explains this means "hoarse sounding Moa" and supposes it is the noise made in the deep canyon) for

some thirty years ago I made a trip with some friends when there was only a track through this country. The party consisted of Messrs. W. H. Beetham, W. C. Buchanan, W. Marshall and myself. After laboriously plunging along a very bad track through the bush, we reached a Government *whare* where Utiku is now, and there we camped for the night, the horses being in a small paddock close by. As the *whare* was not over clean, Mr. Beetham said, "I see some scrub over there, I'll go and get some and make a broom to sweep the *whare* out." He came back very soon and said, "Why, the river runs between us and the scrub, and it seems about sixty feet down to the water, so I decided to leave the scrub alone." Sure enough, on going to look, the Hautapu was seen running at the foot of a narrow gorge, which looked as if one could step across it. The Rangitikei, too, above Te Awarua was very narrow between the cliffs. The Maoris have a tradition that a Maori was once chased by a foe with a tomahawk, and to save his life jumped over the river on to the opposite cliff. Mr. Colenso explains that when the Maoris got horses they had to shift their camps, and live where the horses could get feed in the open country. As fighting ceased, the strategical positions chosen for *pas* were no longer needed, and they were abandoned. Here and there, up the river on the flats close to the water's edge, the natives planted peach trees, and the old maps show these peach groves in various places. Judging by Mr. Colenso's account of the life of the Maoris on the Upper Rangitikei in these early days, they did not use the river above Te Awarua as a highway.

I might perhaps relate a matter in connection with Mr. Colenso with which I was connected. In 1861 and onwards, I was at school in Tottenham, London, at Bruce Castle, a very fine old place standing in the midst of fine grounds dotted with grand old trees. One of my school-fellows was a boy we called "The Bishop," his name being Colenso, and a relation to Bishop Colenso of

Natal, about whom, at that time, there was a great controversy as to his orthodoxy. In 1862, the year of the great Exhibition, some Maoris came over to London, and were much made of by the authorities, the means to communicate with whom was Mrs. Colenso, the mother of my schoolfellow (who was a day scholar) who was staying with her daughter in the village.

These Maoris belonged to the Ngapuhi tribe, I think, and one was called George Pomare, "unto him a son was born," when in London and Queen Victoria stood godmother. This Pomare was a very fine big fellow, and used to play football with us frequently when he visited the school with the Colensos. Twenty years afterwards I was a guest of Mrs. Simcox of Otaki, and found during the course of conversation that she was the Miss Colenso above mentioned. This was the son and daughter of the Rev. Mr. Colenso, from whose writings I have quoted so freely.

There had been a good deal of interest in certain circles as to the wonderful cabbage trees which Mr. Colenso mentions in the narative of the trip over the Ranges. He first mentions the size of the cabbage trees when on his journey down the Moawhango, and this partially locates his track, as Mr. Birch tells me there are no cabbage trees on the east side of Moawhango, so he most probably crossed the river twice, once about the present township, and went down the west side until he came to the bridge he mentions. In the first map in the Land Office of the Awarua block (which I was able to examine through the kindness of Mr. J. W. Marchant) there are some cabbage trees marked at the site of the Te Awarua *pa*, one of which may be the phenomenon he mentions as being 20 feet in circumference, and being used as a room for tools and chattels by a Maori who had put a door on it.

The Rangitikei river was looked upon as we now look upon the Main Trunk Line, as a means of connection between the interior and the coast. It was the scene of

many a fight and struggle for supremacy. Mr. Travers, in his life of Te Rauparaha, gives various accounts of the natives journeying down the Rangitikei. Te Ahu Karama, a Ngatiraukawa chief of high rank, with 120 armed men went down to assist Te Rauparaha in his conquest of the West Coast. Again, Mr. Travers says, "In the meantime Whatanui and Te Heuheu had also determined to visit Te Rauparaha in order to inspect the country he had conquered. . . . In pursuance of this determination, they, with a strong force of their own warriors, joined Te Apu Karama's party, the whole travelling down Rangitikei river along the route followed by Te Ahu on his previous journey. During this journey they attacked and killed any of the original inhabitants whom they happened to fall in with." After consultation with Te Rauparaha, Whatanui determined to bring his people down, and "for this purpose he and Te Heuheu returned to Taupo, some of the party passing across the Manawatu Block so as to strike the Rangitikei river inland, whilst the others travelled along the beach to the mouth of that river intending to join the inland party some distance up. The inland party rested at Rangatawa (Kakariki) where a relative of Te Heuheu, named Keremai, famed for her extreme beauty, died of wounds inflicted upon her during the journey by a stray band of Ngatiapa. A great *tangi* was held over her remains, and Te Heuheu caused her head to be preserved, he himself calcining her brains and strewing the ashes over the land, which he declared to be for ever *tapu*. His people were joined by a party from the beach road at the junction of the Waituna with the Rangitikei."

The burial of Keremai took place on the Waituna creek not far from the river, and the spot is still pointed out by the Maoris. It may be mentioned that the potato, which became the staple food of the Maoris, was introduced by these conquering tribes to the Manawatu district.

This route was the natural, in fact the only means

of reaching the Waikato and Taupo districts except by the coast or by the Whanganui river, which does not seem to have been favoured in the same degree, partially, perhaps, because it was too far to the west and was more difficult of access from Taupo.

Hare Rewiti used to relate many accounts of these fights, but, unfortunately, I took no notice of his descriptions. One, however, I recollect, related to a fight which occurred just below Westoe. The Ngatikohungungu tribe seems to have been the attacking party, having come down the river and reached what was called Te Ana, the flat the railway crosses. The Ngatiapa tribe on the top of the cliff to block their way, believing themselves to be in an impregnable position (something like the line of Torres Vedras with the French below) from which they could only be dislodged by the enemy clambering up a steep cliff, and if they reached the top could easily be dealt with. After Maori fashion, they therefore kept up a running fire of jeers at their enemy on the flat. The boasts were returned with vigour, and the whole neighbourhood must have resounded with the shouts of the different fighting men. The top of the hill was called by the Maoris "Pokaka," somewhere near Greatford, where Mr. Cornfoot's house stands. Despite the difficulties, the Ngatikohungungus succeeded in scaling the heights and driving the Ngatiapa back to their stronghold on an island in Otakipo Lake. The Maoris, where possible, utilized islands for safety, much as our forefathers used a moat, over which was an entrance bridge, which could be pulled up at will to bar the enemy's attack. Before the use of firearms a *pa* on an island could only be attacked by swimming, as the canoes were all drawn up into the *pa*.

Another story which I imperfectly remember, relates to a fight with the Ngatihauitis. This time it was the Ngatiapas which got the best of it. The Ngatihauitis and the Ngatiwhitis seem to have been sub-tribes of the Ngatiwharetoas. They inhabited different portions of

the river. The Ngatihauitis were apparently descended from Hauiti, but the Ngatiwhitis take their name from a woman marrying one of the main tribe called Whiti-Kaupeka. She was a Ngatikohungungu, and the family of Utiku Potaka are descendants.

According to my informant, the Ngatihauitis were led by one Pukeko, who is described as a very powerful man with feet much turned inwards. He seems to have been the only one who escaped, and fled up the river pursued by the Ngatiapa. He succeeded in getting as far as Otara, where they came up to him, and to secure a rest he clambered on to a big round boulder—which was named Papahauiti. One of the pursuers managed to grab hold of his leg, but, wrenching it away, he plunged again into the river, and eluded the enemy by scaling the cliff.

These parties of natives who went up and down the river probably walked most of the way up,* for the canoes would not be available, but, in coming down, they would very quickly fall a white pine tree and make a rough canoe of it for transport. I have sometimes brought posts down the river, and the Maoris who brought them down did this to carry their provisions and tents. The resident natives, however, no doubt had canoes, and used them going both up and down. We have already recorded that Mr. Fraser bought wheat from the natives grown on Te Mahoe flat on the river opposite Rata in the early days, and it was brought down by canoes. It must have been very tedious, however, to pole up against the stream.

*Maoris in walking on river beds wore grass sandals, and often had to stop at some place where there was a supply of grass suitable for the purpose to make sufficient to last a while. The Japanese do the same in climbing Fusyama, where they have to walk over rough scoria.

CHAPTER XXV.

I have an account of such a journey taken by the late J. Coutts Crawford, in 1862, which may be interesting as showing how this was accomplished.

TO LAKE TAUPO AND BACK.

An account of a trip up the Rangitikei River in 1862, by J. C. Crawford. An extract from his book, "Travels in New Zealand." (By permission.)

A short residence among the Maoris affords an opportunity of estimating the merits and demerits of communism; and the admirers of that system might with advantage study the results practically arrived at in the old tribal organisation of New Zealand. No man could fairly call his property his own. I observed one Maori, more industrious than his neighbours, who owned a cow, and milked it, but the rest of the tribe helped themselves to the milk as a matter of course, and the owner thought himself lucky to be allowed to retain a small modicum. Not that all men are equal among the Maoris, as great weight attaches to the word and authority of the chief, but the difficulty of acquiring and retaining individual property under the old native customs is in practice so great as to paralyse individual exertion and improvement. Living, feeding, and sleeping are very much in common. This may seem somewhat picturesque, but it is very damping to individual ambition, and seriously injurious to the progress of the community in what we call civilization. Communism may be suitable as a certain stage in the life of a people, about the first advance from utter barbarism, but for a civilised community to adopt such a system would be absolute retrogression.

On our arival at Wanganui, Topia informed the resident magistrate (Major Durie) that the natives intended going armed in a large body to Otaki early in March to salute the King's flag, but that the *pakeha* need not be alarmed, as no harm was intended. Major Durie replied that he would refer the matter to the Governor.

As I was unwilling to be defeated in my attempts to explore the Upper Whanganui, I resolved, after consulting with Mr. Deighton, and others, to turn the flank of the position and get in the rear of the obstructionists. Having therefore, made the necessary preparations, I mounted my horse and started for the Rangitikei river on January 8th; the steamer "Wonga Wonga" coming up the river from Taranaki at the same time with the wing of the 65th Regiment.

I called upon the Rev. Mr. Taylor at Putiki. He told me that the dip of the coal at Tangarakau was slight, and that he considered this coal-field extended across the strait from Makau to Massacre Bay. In riding to the westward the farms appeared to be rather burnt up, and much remained to be done to bring the pasture-land into a proper state of cultivation. At Cameron's Inn at Turakina I met the Bishop of Wellington looking tired and sunburnt. He had lost his horse at the Rangitikei and was forced to continue his journey, mounted first upon a large cart horse and next upon a pony. The name of Cameron is legion in the district, and the Christian names of Sandy and Donald abound; while Gaelic is heard on all sides. At 6 p.m. I reached the Koreromaiwaho, the residence of Mr. Jordan, and heard great complaints of the drunkenness of both Maori and *Pakeha* at the races held there lately. On January 9th I proceeded with Mr. Deighton to obtain a canoe in which to ascend the Rangitikei river. We called at Hammond's and fell in with one Mahia, who took us to the Pa Onepuehu (Onepuhi), on the opposite side of the river. Here we engaged a canoe with a crew of four men to start on the thirteenth, and take us to Patea. In the evening we returned to Jordan's. Mr. Gibbes Jordan

complained that however well the Maoris were treated and fed they would give no assistance unless paid exorbitantly, and were always ready to desert at a pinch or to stand out then for a rise of wages. The Rangitikei land is not equal to that at Whanganui. It is cold and wet, and will involve a large outlay in draining and working before it can be brought into good order, although when well treated it will eventually do well.*

On January 12th Mr. Deighton and myself went to Major Marshall's, where Mr. Swainson then resided. Here the land is very good and there are some fine paddocks. The native name is Tututotara. It lies near the forest, and the scenery is very fine, I may say magnificent, looking up the course of the river. Mosquitoes and sandflies abounded. The garden was good; raspberries, strawberries, red currants, and cherries were in season and plentiful. I observed four terraces from the top of the plateau to the bed of the Rangitikei, consisting of drift gravel, but showing fossils in places. On January 13th it rained, and the canoe did not make its appearance until late in the afternoon, too late to start.

On January 14th we got away at 8.30 a.m. Our crew consisted of Mahia, as captain, Hohepa (Taioneone) Hohepa, Anatipa. Thus out of four men we had two "Josephs"; that, I think, is the meaning of Hohepa. The Rangitikei river is much inferior in size and depth to the Whanganui; consequently the canoes which navigate it are smaller. I may also state that the crews have not the same physique, and that the population of the district is sparser. In the lower part of its course the Rangitikei has a shingly bottom, like the rivers of the Canterbury Plains, winding and sprawling through a broad bed of gravel, which again is bounded by cliffs of gravel, sand and clay, with tertiary strata in places. This lower part of the river is mostly open and free from forest.

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*I saw immense improvement three years ago.

From our point of embarkation, however, the character of the river changes. It is bounded by cliffs at a moderate distance from each other, and the bed of the river, although still of gravel, has not room to spread into the great sheets of shingle which we found lower down. We spent six days in passing through the forest. A section of the cliff gave me the following result in a descending series:—1, drift-gravel; 2, soft sandstone with marine fossils fifty or sixty feet thick; 3, blue clay with fossils. I was informed that at a place called Ekipi, the cliff being thrown down by the earthquakes of the year 1855, had blocked up the river for two days, during which time a lake formed above and the river became dry below. This is an accident extremely likely to happen in the beds of any of the rivers on this coast from the Rangitikei westward, and might produce serious catastrophes. We spent the night on a gravel bed at a place called Waikokowai, where I found some lignite containing inpressions of ferns.

The Rangitikei seems to have none of the long deep reaches so common in the Whanganui, and I may add so beautiful in fine weather. Some of the scenery, however, which we passed through during the afternoon much resembled that of the latter river. Game was plentiful, and we shot eight pigeons and one duck, a welcome addition to our larder. Mosquitoes and sandflies were abundant and troublesome. On January 15th I observed the seam of lignite in the cliff about twelve feet below the surface gravel; it was several inches thick. We passed Rangatira hill on the right bank, where, I was informed, "Taniwha"* formerly lived, and as we did so, some blocks fell down from the cliff, which we naturally gave the "Taniwha" credit for upsetting. My impression is that the Rangatira marks a line of higher terrace, or rise, to the interior, but our point of observation from a canoe low down between cliffs was not an advantageous one.

*A fabulous gigantic saurian.

At 6 p.m. we encamped at Makohine on the left bank; the place is tolerably open, and a large bush fire was burning. Here the road from the west coast strikes the river. We met a party of natives from Taupo. They had walked so far, and were making a bark canoe to take them down the river. I found waldheimia here. I observed the Maoris preparing to catch eels with meat on the end of a piece of flax which was tied to a rod. The scenery is very like that of the Whanganui, except that the cliffs are not nearly so high. We observed a good deal of totara. Our encampment was highly picturesque—the natives round their fire, the tents, the cliffs, the foliage, and the river, lighted by the clear starlight and the camp fires. At this place a large bush fire was close to us, and the effect of the burning embers falling in streams of fire over the cliffs was magnificent.

On January 16th we started at 8.30 a.m., after a good bathe and an eel breakfast. At 9 o'clock we stopped at Kaitarepa on the left bank to get a pannikin; we had left without one and found the inconvenience of having nothing but the lid of a tin to drink out of. We passed Te Marakiraki and Te Rangiau on the right bank and reached Tapue on the left. Here an aboriginal brought a side of pork as a present to our crew. At 11 a.m. I saw the Otaire range bearing N.N.W. It is covered with forest, and has every appearance of being only a higher part of the tertiaries. We passed a deserted *pa* on the right bank, called Waimanu. Here we shot a cormorant. On the left bank opposite is Putatara perched on the top of a cliff. We stopped to dine at Otaire and found here pecten, waldheimia, spirifer, etc. We passed Taupakamau, Koau and Te Horeta on the left bank, and at 4 p.m. ascended a bad rapid, and soon afterwards passed a waterfall on the right bank. Few waterfalls on this river are to be compared with those of the Whanganui.

We nearly came to grief at a rapid below Te Whata. Anatipa and Hohepa (Taioneone) were towing the canoe up stream with the painter, when the former slipped and

fell into the current. Both lads were swept down stream with great velocity; the canoe went rapidly in the same direction, and turning broadside to the stream, half filled with water and threatened to be dashed against the cliff on the right bank. Hohepa, exhausted and nearly sinking, was rescued by Mr. Deighton, who caught him by the hair when he was below the water. The situation was one of danger, which, however, was over in a few seconds. The canoe was then baled out, and being lightened by some of us landing and walking above the rapid, was towed up. We passed some more bad rapids and camped at Te Whata, a confined space with whity-blue clay cliffs containing nodules. We slept on fuchsia boughs after a delicious bathe, the weather during the day having been intensely hot. Mahia and Anatipa went to catch eels, in which they were successful. The eel is caught with strips of meat or guts tied as bait to the line with flax.

On January 17th the weather was cooler, and we started at 8.30 a.m. The Maoris indulged in singing airs, which put me in mind of the drawling music of the Arabs and other Easterners. Having passed a succession of bad rapids, we stopped at Pohunga to dinner. Here the Taupo road crosses the river. The cliffs now are entirely of a bluish-white clay with marine fossils beneath, and drift gravel, as of an old river bed, at the top, from five to twenty feet thick. While dinner was being prepared, two pigeons alighted on a tree just above the fire, and were dropped by Mr. Deighton almost literally into the pot. At 4.30 p.m. we passed the Kauwhatu (Kawatau) junction. This tributary is almost as large as the main river, and falls in on the left bank. Here we shot a bittern, and encamped a little higher up in a most picturesque spot. We passed some large boulders of volcanic rock to-day, apparently not "in situ," and suggestive of the question, for future investigation, how they got there. Anatipa adorned his head with a bittern's wings, and they made a magnificent head-dress. The roar of water heard during the night was very great. It must be awkward camping on the Rangitikei when floods

prevail, as it is difficult to find any ground upon which to rest except the shingle flats, and the cliffs are vertical.

On January 18th we passed through cliffs entirely of sandstone, with bands of flat and of rounded stones. At Kai-inanga, Deighton shot a pair of "whio," or blue ducks. We passed Hautapu at 10.30, a large tributary falling into the right bank. Here the Taupo road touches the river. At 11 a.m. sighted Ruahine, bearing north-east by compass. At the Tokakaitangata rapids, which were very bad ones, we got another pair of "whio." If I remember right, these boulders are of igneous rock. Kowhai is plentiful, and festoons the banks like weeping willow; totara is also a common tree. At Terare, an old deserted settlement, we foraged and got onions, potatoes, cabbages, and a pannikin. We soon afterwards reached Maungatutu, where the stream of that name comes in on the left bank between cliffs of nodular and sandstone about two hundred feet high and only twenty to thirty yards across. Here the crew insisted on encamping, although it was a disagreeably confined space between high cliffs on both sides.

On Sunday, January 19th, in accordance with Maori custom, we were obliged to halt. The heat was excessive, and bathing delicious. We fed excellently on "whio."

On January 20th we passed through Te Wahaihai, or the cleft. Here the river has perpendicular cliffs on both sides and winds much. The height of the cliffs is about one hundred and fifty feet, the breadth of the river about thirty yards. The crew seemed well aware of the military strength of the locality, and said with triumph, "These are the paraki Maori"—*i.e.*, the Maori barracks or forts. I observed a small flounder in the river. We reached Moawhanga, a tributary on the right bank, which, leaving the main stream, we after dinner began to ascend. This stream is often not more than ten or twelve feet wide, with perpendicular cliffs and with the trees actually

*The "Whio," which was very easily killed, has become extinct on the river.

meeting in many places overhead. The scene is unique, and the light and shade produced by a bright sun gleaming through the foliage is most remarkable. Our canoe voyage of six days was now over. We disembarked, and were not sorry to emerge from this deep ditch and to ascend a cliff about two hundred and fifty feet high, whence we obtained an extensive view over forest and plain, a sight which we had not enjoyed for many days. We walked to Pawerawera, a small village. Here we found no one at home, so we took possession of the principal house and spread out our blankets to dry. I walked out and obtained a view of the open country of Patea; it seemed a good grass country. I found tobacco growing here, and that thistles had reached the district. Tongariro and Ruapehu were hidden. During the evening we had one of these disputes which are ever apt to annoy those who travel with Maori guides. Our crew proposed that they should there and then be paid and return home, leaving us to find our way as we best could manage. In this case, however, there was a written agreement to take us to Patea, and on this being pointed out they agreed to adhere to its terms. After this we had a cold night, but no mosquitoes, consequently peace and comfort. On the morning of January 21st, Ruapehu was in sight at daybreak in the direction that I had indicated by compass, which differed materially from that pointed out by the Maoris. We got our packs ready, and started on foot at 9.30 a.m., passing various signs of population, including a pigeon hung up in a tree. The road led through bush. At 10.30 a.m. we got the bearing of Ruapehu, N. 55° W., Ngauruhoe throwing up dense smoke. We met two old women and a child, and had a tremendous *tangi*. After walking through bush for two hours, occasionally looking down some three hundred perpendicular feet into the bed of the river Moawhanga, we reached the Papatahi *pa*, a settlement of no great size, situated in the middle of a potato garden. We found here only two men and several women and children. Deighton and I were some distance

ahead of the crew, and informed the inhabitants of Papatahi that the latter were approaching. One of the ladies thereupon decorated her hair with green leaves and prepared for a *tangi*; so that when our men approached she was ready with her wailing cry. She performed her part in style, and the performance lasted a long time. The crew were fed and paid, and took their departure for the river, while one of the Patea natives went to look for horses for us. Meanwhile I walked to the top of an open hill to reconnoitre the country.

The view in the direction of Napier shows flat-topped hills, evidently limestone tertiaries. In the *pa* were seventeen dogs, one calf, two pigs, four hens, and one little chicken. In the evening the Maori returned, having procured only one horse, a grey; so we had to pack the horse with our baggage, and walk to Taupo.

On January 22nd the Maoris brought us two pigeons for breakfast. Parere, one of the Maoris, started with us, and with Aperahama accompanied us to Pakehiwi. We crossed the Moawhanga by a bridge (Tuhape), the banks being quite perpendicular and the river about one hundred and fifty feet below. The bridge was only six paces across; I think this was the first bridge I had seen of Maori construction. Here I got some tertiary fossils. We found the old horse rather addicted to kicking. He was born in the year Te Heu-Heu was smothered—about 1847. At 2.30 p.m. we reached Pakehiwi, a small village unenclosed. The ground we had passed over is excellent sheep country, well grassed, undulating, and, except in a few flats, which may be wet in winter, seems dry. At Pakehiwi we were favoured with a small *tangi*; a most ridiculous affair, and the oftener I see it, more so. No business is transacted by the Maoris before feeding. Potatoes were first cooked, and then we had to make a hard bargain with one Tuakau, who, because, as it seemed, he was the only person who could go on with us, had us at his mercy. He insisted on ten shillings a day for himself and twenty-five for his horse, to go to Taupo,

and to this we were obliged to consent. We had now reached a considerable elevation (through how great, for want of an aneroid, I could not tell), and the nights were cold. We had, however, a fire on the floor of the *whare*, and the company of seven or eight Maoris of various ages. A damsel tried to get the cow in, so that we might have some milk for tea, but the cow would not "bail up," as the young lady correctly expressed it in English. We passed a very communistic night. In addition to the members of the "genus homo" previously mentioned, we found plenty of fleas hopping about, and sundry dogs, which, after vain attempts to burst the door open, succeeded in effecting an entrance by breaching the walls. The noise they afterwards made in munching the fleas in their skin did not conduce to slumber. Luckily the children were quiet.

On the morning of January 23rd a bell was rung for "karakai," or prayer. We afterwards breakfasted, and on preparing to start found that the horse had strayed. We observed some very handsome maire and kowhai trees. In the branches of the former we had the day before observed many snares set for catching pigeons. The Maoris are a matter-of-fact people. Having drawn a sketch of the village, into the foreground of which Mr. Deighton introduced the figure of a horse with a boy feeding it, the Maoris wished to know which was the horse and which the boy. The horse having been caught, we made a start at 11.15 a.m., passing over a rolling country covered with grass, ferns, tutu, spear-grass, etc. At 1 p.m. we ascended Te Horo-o-moe-hau, a landslip. From this point Ruahine stands out well; it appeared bare, with bush in patches. Otaire bore S. 25° W. At 2.30 p.m. we reached the pretty village of Turangarere, the principal residence of the late chief Herekiekie, situated on the right bank of the Hautapu. Here there is a celebrated "waata" or storehouse, very large and highly ornamented with carvings. There is also a fine waterfall about twenty feet high, and here I got marine tertiary

fossils. The locality is tolerably open, grassy, pastoral and pretty. Herekiekie died lately. He was a chief highly respected both by the Maori and by the *Pakeha.* We bathed in the Hautapu, fed, and started at 4.15 p.m. At five o'clock we opened upon the large plains reaching to the foot of the volcanic group. Ruapehu bore N. 33° W., Ngauruhoe N. 20° W., the top of the latter being enveloped in smoke. The country continued grassy and apparently a fine sheep country. I observed a good deal of aniseed. Our road lay near the banks of the Hautapu, upon which we camped at 6.45 p.m., at a place called Poutamurengi, where we slept under an old breakwind in an artificial cave. We found breakwinds to be a regular institution in the interior. The country lies high and cold, and in places there is no bush; therefore it is found necessary to have permanent sleeping places for travellers. The night was bright and cold, but the view from the breakwind over the valley of the Hautapu was pleasing and pastoral, being a happy intermingling of open country and forest, of hill and dale, with the silver stream winding through it.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Like a big mountain the ever-changing phases and colours of which dominate often the thoughts of the people who live within its sphere, so the river seems to influence and charm—sometimes by its very ferocity—those who live in the valley and can daily watch its moods. The Rangitikei river creates not only a love for its beauties but a respect for its powers both for evil and good. The good it has done has been to lay down beautiful rich flats; swamps in its old course, terraces above, and, as if impatient of man's determination to subdue its work to his own uses, it often seeks to undo his work. The Maori, it seemed to look upon with favour, for he never attempted to curb its turbulent temper, benefiting rather by its contribution to his food supply. We have seen that from time immemorial it had—save when it suddenly changed its course—remained within the narrow limits of its channel, its banks fringed with beautiful bush and forming a highway for the inhabitants. The *Pakeha* was soon, however, to turn the bush to his needs and the flats to his use, and this the river resented and began to tear away its banks. The spot where the actual purchase of the Rangitikei took place is now a shingle bed, as well as the grave of the first white man buried in the district. As soon as cattle were fed upon the land and watered at the river, the banks became worn down, and the bush being destroyed, nothing was left to hold the banks together, and the sandy nature of the soil became a ready prey to each flood that attacked it. This erosion has been going on to the present day all up the river. Near the mouth where the stream flowed more quietly there has not been so much damage done, but further up, all along

the Parewanui side, many acres have been washed away. Opposite Mr. Paulin's, the river took a sudden turn, and has made a shingle bed of what at the time of early settlement was a beautiful kowhai flat. Higher up again was a small flat on the right bank, now all washed away; opposite this was the rich flat where Mr. Bull's Pukapukatea mill cut out many million feet of timber, and where great giant totara trees with an admixture of white pine and matai grew with a beautiful fringe of ngaio and kowhai trees (until the 1897 flood these were still to be seen in all their beauty). Much of this has gone, as well as a big strip from the Maori gardens on the other side. When I first knew Ohinepuiawe, it was like a park in the Old Country; patches of bush in all their native beauty, with picturesque Maori *kaiangas* dotted about in its shelter. Three-fourths of this is gone, and a unsightly river-bed covers a wide expanse of what was once a beauty spot.

Everywhere you go up the river the same erosion of the lower lands is going on. What was known as the Lower Holm, where Captain Daniel took up his land, has had much of it washed away, and in some instances, where the river was originally running within banks from either of which a stone could be thrown on to the other the river bed is now about half a mile across. At Westoe too, much has gone, and at Onepuhi, hundreds of acres have been washed away. Mr. Marshall has lost a good deal. At Pikitara, land that was once used as a racecourse is now a shingle beach nearly a mile in width.

Above this, on both sides, much of the kowhai covered flats have gone. The Rewa and Pakihikura flats are a little higher above the river, and here the banks are of harder material, and have resisted with better success the onslaughts of the river.

Few remain now who have seen the pristine beauties on the banks of the lower reaches of the river; the last vestige of which went in the 1897 flood, when the beautiful ngaio and kowhai trees were destroyed for ever. No more

the purple hued tui, with its mellow, liquid note will be heard, or will feed on the honey from the kowhai blossoms, nor the screeching kaka, as he flies overhead, nor will the trustful lovely-plumaged native pigeon come down from the bush to fatten on the fruits of the cordyline and fall a prey to the potting gun. The parakeet will no longer be seen joyously flying through the bush. Even the amusing pukeko—whose numbers were legion—will no more strut the banks, in pursuit of grubs, with its white tail bobbing at every step—all gone. A few tuis come from their "ain countree" at the time the blue gums of the lower country are in blossom, but soon are away again. The pugnacious bell-bird has long ceased to declare his presence from the tree tops. All these joys will be no more known to the prosaic inhabitants of to-day, who have substituted the destructive English bird which—if allowed—will eat him, as regards fruit, out of orchard and garden. Just a few shining cuckoos appear and pipe their long-drawn plaintive note—though they are rarely seen—to remind us that there are other songsters of the country, or the grey warbler's minor note, to tell us she does not resent our intrusion; or the confiding fantail flirting its tail as we pass, as if to say, "She knows we will do her no harm." Not only are the birds gone, except perhaps in the upper reaches of the river as we may yet see, but they have taken with them a large portion of the romance of life. Some day, perhaps with the care which owners of land exercise "if they are encouraged," these waste shingle beaches may be again reclaimed and "warped" as many of the marshy river flats have been in England. But the beauties of a fringe of native trees is gone never to grow again. The hand of man has been engaged in a great struggle to retain what land he already has, sometimes not very successfully. Eventually the river will require to be confined, as the Wairau is in Marlborough by a belt of willows on each side. This will require to be undertaken by a Board or some Local Body, else the

whole work of many settlers may be destroyed by the neglect of one neighbour.

Long before the settlement of the land up the river Messrs. Hammond ran cattle on the flats on the river side, and I well remember seeing 100 bullocks collected off these flats and sold to Mr. Gear, going down the road under the whip of Mr. Crocker. They also had a run which Mr. Ewen McGregor now has, opposite Ohingaiti, where they had numerous cattle. The Otara bridge, a fine structure—which took the place of a very rickety and fearsome little footbridge hung on fencing wires, which swayed about in an alarming manner—now gives access to this country. Just above the bridge is a dangerous whirlpool made by the river gouging out a deep hole against the papa cliff. It is said that a bullock once got into it and was drowned—no living thing getting into it could come out alive—the body whirled about for days, until a flood washed it out and down stream. Often times the cattle got away into the illimitable bush, between the river and the Tararua and Ruahine, but the Hammond "boys" (led by "Bill" Hammond) never seemed to be at a loss to locate them, and seemed to find their way as easily in the bush as in the open. They soon knew the streams which fell into the Kiwitea from those which ran into the Rangitikei, so that by following the first stream they came to they were sure to come to a familiar place, although there might in their wanderings in the bush often be great discomfort and sometimes little to eat. The country was so overrun with dogs run wild—or Maori dogs, who shall say—that to keep sheep up the river was then practically impossible. The getting of supplies to their "run" was no easy matter, and when the faithful horse was available, it was commandeered to drag a canoe up the river to save the labour of poling. Major Marshall and his sons had a "run," also up in the wilds at the back of Hammond's running down the the banks of the Kiwitea, which, too, was used for cattle. Dr. Curl, too, had a run which still

goes by his name, "Curl's clearing," on the other bank of the Kiwitea, but not much stock ran there. A thorn tree planted by him on the Whare road is still (the last time I passed) growing to show where the *whare* stood. The adventure in the river will never be forgotten by those whose highway it was, although they are things of the past. Many lives were lost and narrow escapes from drowning occurred in those days when the river took its toll. Once, and once only, I regret to say, did I make a trip a short way up under the guidance of "Billy" Green, so I have some recollection of what it was like before civilization had destroyed its beauties. We went up past York Farm and along the Sudbury road past the Cockburn's and down on to the river on a small section, which an old soldier had taken up just opposite Onepuhi; crossing the river the track led across the flat below Pikitara and then across the river to the Hou Hou, where we interviewed Utiku Potaka. Crossing the river again we passed along a flat on which was Ritamona's *pa*, and then across the river to the Mahoe flat and again across, passing up under Rewa and on to Pakihikura flat, and still once more crossing the river and up a steep face at Vinegar Hill, we came to a *whare* Mr. Green had built on part of the Rangatira Block, now owned by Messrs. Simpson Bros. All the way up, these flats were mostly covered with light open bush running generally right down to the shingle with cattle lazily lying amongst its shelter, staring at us as intruders. It was a delightful ride on a long summer's day. The river had not then done much havoc and was still in its original course, quite narrow, though it was soon to widen out and commence its depredations.

CHAPTER XXVII.

As all the available land was now taken up the Government soon began other purchases. Paraekaretu block being purchased, I think, from natives at Kaungaroa, principally Whanganui and Mangawhero natives and some from Taupo. Messrs. Booth, T. W. Lewis and Sheriden completed the purchase at 10/- an acre. Aperahama Tipae being the biggest man amongst the sellers, had the distribution of some of the money when it was paid over. He had an ingenious way of saying "So much for this one, so much for myself, so much for that one, so much for myself" on each partition; he therefore got his share which, probably, amounted to a considerable portion of the purchase-money. His birth and *mana* giving him almost supreme power amongst the natives in the neighbourhood of where he lived. To my uneducated eye he was a very ordinary middle-sized, unprepossessing Maori, who, when I knew him, had lost any elasticity he might have had, and had thickened round the waist very considerably. Still he must have had a great standing amongst the tribes to which he belonged, for even at the first sale he was a personage, and up to the time of his death held great sway. There were 44,000 acres in the block, so that the purchase-money came to the goodly sum of £22,000. No doubt Aperahama got the most.

The Paraekaretu block on the south joined the Rangitikei-Turakina block, and lay between the Turakina and the Porewa rivers bounded on the north by the Otairi blocks, the boundary coming into the main road some way past the Messrs. Simpson homestead. The actual boundary ran in a straight line from the Turakina river through the Tiriraukawa and Kaikarangi trig sta-

tions to the present main road at the south-west end of Mr. Dalziel's property. About 5,000 acres of it were set aside and leased as education leases. Part of this land was obtained by Mr. Galpin and the rest mostly to Mr. James Johnston. 4,500 acres (fronting what is now known as the Mangahoe line) was handed over as a Wellington College Reserve. The south-east corner was, however, cut off for the Rata Maoris, of which Utiku Potaka (Ngatihauiti) is chief, and this reserve called Taraketi contained about 2,000 acres. This block of land (surveyed by Messrs. Ll. Smith, M. Carkeek, Jas. McKenzie, W. Snoden, C.E. and O. Smith), was offered for sale by the then Commissioner of Crown Lands, Mr. J. G. Holdsworth, for the Wellington Provincial Council. The Wellington Provincial Gazette of Sept., 1874, contains particulars of an "Extensive and important sale of 100,000 acres of Crown lands, to be offered for sale by public auction at the Provincial Chambers, Wellington." Included in this are 44,000 acres in the Paraekaretu block. Amongst the purchasers were Messrs. Joe Dransfield, James and R. C. Bruce, F. Larkworthy, W. B. Buller, A. McGregor, Mace and Tolhurst, Ben. Smith, C. Parker, and D. McKay. Many of these, however, must have bought for others, as they never resided on the land. I think, of the above, only Mr. R. C. Bruce now owns his original purchase, containing the beautiful lake Ngaruru. Some considerable time elapsed before the whole of this block was taken up, and I remember that Dr. Buller held a considerable area, which the settlers around thought he should either settle on or sell. Eventually, he sold the whole of his interest to Mr. Silver, a London merchant, after whom it was called Silverhope. Mr. Aldworth, who now owns the homestead, and who had farmed in Berkshire, came out to manage it in 1882. Recently it was cut up, and sold, and realized good prices. The original price was 15/- per acre, I think, but there was much to do before it was in grass. Shocking roads to pass over to get access; special rates to pay to improve them, but

those days are gone, and this portion of Rangitikei has not only good roads intersecting the land, but has the Auckland-Wellington Main Trunk Line running through it. Hunterville (called after Mr. George Hunter, then Mayor of and Member for Wellington, though he had no connection with the block) was the township laid off by Government; now a prosperous town, with the country all settled far beyond; it was for a long time on the outskirts of settlement.

Mr. Robert K. Simpson bought his land near the township in 1878, and was the first to do any bush-felling in the neighbouorhood. The absence of roads was a serious drawback to the actual settlement of the land. It was not until several years after, that the settlement of the township took place, and Messrs. Stewart and Baskin opened a small store to supply the bush-fellers.

A large portion of this block was settled by the stalwart McGregor family. Their father had been in the Gordon Highlanders, and one of the family still retains a most interesting relic of the past in the form of a sword —an Eastern blade—which he found in the Pyramids, when fighting the French in Egypt. He brought his family out to New Zealand and settled near Whanganui, and when the Paraekaretu block was settled the young men got a considerable area of it. Only one, however, remains on his original farm.

The next block purchased was the Rangatira block. It consisted of 19,500 acres, and comprised the land on the east of Paraekaretu block to the Rangitikei river; the southern boundary was the Taraketi block; the land narrowed very much at the north end at Makohine. The natives interested were the Ngatiapa and Ngatihauiti tribes. They were both anxious to sell. Mr. Donald Fraser negotiated the sale for the Hon. J. Johnston, Messrs. Bull, McKelvie and himself from the Ngatiapa tribe at 11/- per acre: the purchasers to pay all expenses. These ran up very considerably, and in the end it cost the purchasers about 23/-. Mr. Richard Hammond, of York

Farm, bought the interest of the Ngatihauiti, of which Utiku Potaka was the chief. The Court sat in Marton with Major Heaphy as judge, and the Ngatiapas were represented by Sir Walter Buller (then Dr. Buller) and Captain Blake appeared for the Ngatihauitis. The proceedings were long drawn out, Utiku Potaka, for instance, being in the witness box for 7 days giving evidence.

It was arranged that the block should be divided in two by a straight line drawn north and south, leaving 8,500 acres on the river side, as this was thought most valuable, and 11,000 acres on the west side. Mr. Richard Hammond (with whom were associated Messrs. Beckett Hammond and Dick) had the first choice, and, contrary to expectation he chose the larger portion. This was surveyed by Mr. T. Drummond in 1879, and the plan of sale is dated October 15th of that year. A Hunterville extension was laid off adjoining that township on the east side of the Porewa and sold well, the rest of it was sold in various sections at good prices. The straight road (Rangatira road) which runs past Mr. John Hammond's, was the dividing line between the two purchases; this straight line extended right to the end of the property.

Portion of this land was milled by the Bailey Bros., and is now in the occupation of Mr. and Mrs. John Hammond. On the river side a beautiful flat, where—as has already been stated—the Maoris grew wheat in the early days: called the Mahoe, was seriously injured by the 1897 flood—this piece of land ran out like a tongue with the steep cliff on the other side. The river rushed across the flat tearing up the land and leaving shingle in its place. No doubt at some future time this will be remedied, but it is sad to see such havoc. It is just opposite this Mahoe flat that the big cliff is supposed to have fallen and blocked the river in the early days of settlement. Mr. W. Ferguson told me that he crossed the river going to Bulls when there was scarcely any water in the river at all. When he went back it was too high to be fordable. The Maoris had a name for this cliff,

"Putorino"; there is a lake at the top: in which they said a Taniwha lived, and at certain times he used to make a sound like the sound made by the Putorino, which my informant said, was a war trumpet. Mr. Hamilton, of the Dominion Museum, tells me that Putorino is not a war trumpet. He had one in the Museum about 5 feet long, and he got a professional player in who, after a little practice, was able to sound all the ordinary bugle calls on it. He says, however, that these war trumpets are called Pukaea and the putorino is about "15 or 16 inches long, and is more like a flageolet, the mouth being placed at the larger end and the sound modulated with the fingers." This, I may say, was the instrument which was used by Hinemoa's lover to lure her to his island. However, the cliff is called Putorino, and, according to the statements of the natives in the Land Court, the Taniwha and his music was the origin of the name.

The other settlers on the block are Mr. Rhodes, at the corner of the road leaving Rata, Mr. Pryce, who has land on both sides of the road, Mr. Bull, Mr. Cook, and the Messrs. Simpson Bros., with many settlers in the neighbourhood of Hunterville.

The Otairi block, which lay between the Turakina and the Rangitikei river was next sold by the natives, and settled in various ways. The western portion was purchased by the solicitor (Mr. Duncan), who appeared for the native owners, these living at Whanganui and Kaingaroa; there were several thousand acres of this. Eventually Mr. John Duncan purchased this property. At his death his two sons succeeded to it: half of it was sold to Messrs. Morton Bros. and the other half retained by Mr. T. Duncan. The central portion, which is the largest, was purchased by Government. Murray's track ran through this block. It was cut up into large areas and settled mostly as grazing runs. The portion near Pukiore clearing was disposed of in August, 1889. J. A. Beach, F. Floyd, J. H. Duncan, D. McKay, C. H. Nolan, M. Christensen, and J. McChesny were some of the names

of the settlers. Another portion to the east was settled, some of it as small grazing runs in 1887. Dr. Sherman, M. Hale, W. Aitken, S. Gibbons, B. McAlley, W.A. Floyd appear to have taken it up. Two large grazing runs were first taken up by Friston and Burden, now owned by Dr. Anson and by W. Duncan.

The eastern portion of this same block was purchased by Europeans direct from the native owners. Mr. Churton, of Whanganui, buying the portion near Ohingaiti, which was purchased by Mr. A. R. Russell, and the block held now by Mr. Dalziel was purchased direct from the Ngatiapa owners by that gentleman. Mr. Fraser bought 1100 acres for Mr. Blew, which, after passing through other hands, is now owned by Messrs. Simpson Bros. Another 500 acres was allocated to Ratana, but was soon sold by him.

Just north of the Otairi block was the Pohonuiatane block, running up the Turakina river to Ruanui. This was purchased by the Crown and taken up by several Special Settlement Associations, The Hunterville S.S. 1, 2, and 3, the Sommerville S.S., and the Palmerston Knights of Labour Association. Still further up the river is the Ruanui block, leased direct from the natives by Mr. J. Studholme, the lease of which has several years to run yet. The lease of this property was negotiated by Mr. Neville Walker for Russell and Morrin, of Auckland, but came into the hands of Mr. John Studholme, whose son inherited it later. Mr. Studholme held leases also of large areas around Karioi and Waioura as sheep runs, which were eventually taken over by the Crown, and leased to others.

The portion lying between Tekapua (also bought and settled by the Crown, and lying contiguous to the Pohonuiatane block) and the Rangitikei river is the far-famed Te Awarua block. As this was settled much later we must turn back to the land lying between the Rangitikei and the Oroua river, which had been settled meanwhile. The first block of land purchased by the

Crown north of the Rangitikei Manawatu purchase was the triangular Waitapu block. This had rather a curious history. Kawana Hunia, who had been instrumental in selling the Rangitikei-Manawatu block to the Crown, ingeniously discovered that the surveyors had taken the wrong boundary, or at any rate that there was an area north of the purchased block which had not been paid for. His contention was that the boundary of the block was a line running from the Waitapu Creek to Parimanuka (Manuka Cliff), a well-marked spot, instead of going in a line to Umatoi, as the surveyors had taken it. The Government had, of course, given a lump sum, as we have seen, for the original purchase, but in the end had to buy this additional piece for a further sum, which was paid over to the Ngatiapas and the Ngatiwhiti. This was settled at different times. The first portion was the Waituna, where Messrs. J. J. and S. Williamson and Murray seem to have been amongst the first purchasers. This has proved excellent land, although the flat country is a little light; it grows very fine sheep, and seems to be specially suited for the Romney breed.

I have a note from Mr. Marchant, which says another block was called the Kiwitea block,* and that the eastern portion was selected by the Palmerston North Knights of Labour Association (T. W. Downes, surveyor). The western portion was thrown open for sale in June, 1888, on the optional systems. Amongst other names on the sale plan were Messrs. G. V. Shannon, Ward, Levett, Welford, and others. The Hon. John Bryce and the Messrs. McBeth also bought areas, which have been cut up and sold at high prices. The land is light, but grows splendid root crops, and has something of the appearance of that in the Fern Flat near Marton. This block is plentifully supplied with townships, there being one, Beaconsfield, in the Kiwitea, and another, Kiwitea, on the

*This really was the northern portion of the Rangitikei-Manawatu block.

Oroua, neither of which have proved profitable purchases for those who bought sections.

It was part of this block, the Kiwitea, which Mr. W. Mills bought, who managed for Mr. Daniels, and afterwards went to Pukenui to manage for Mr. Bull. I recollect quite well when he went to the sale at Wellington. It was thought the land was "at the back of beyond." It proved, however, that very soon after he went to live there the roads were made, and the settlement went on apace. Now Cheltenham has a dairy factory second to none, and the farms around have risen in value very rapidly. The road between Feilding and Kimbolton has on each side a succession of nice houses and prosperous farms.

The block above the last-mentioned—the Kiwitea—was a very large one. The disputes in connection with it seem to have gone on for years. The Otamakapua—the block in question—contained 106,000 acres, nearly all bush except one or two small clearings. This block and another, the Mangoira (sold to the Crown by Utiku Potaka), and the south-eastern portion of the Awarua block (to the south of the Kawatau river) comprise the Kiwitea County.

In several of the blocks in the neighbourhood the East Coast natives asserted a claim, but so far as we have gone were unsuccessful in proving their claim to the Court. In the Otairi block, for instance, Renata Kawepo claimed a considerable area. He was represented by Dr. Buller at the Court. Irene Karauria (Mrs. Donnelly) was represented by Mr. Stevens. The Ngatiapas had Mr. McLean as lawyer, with Mr. D. Fraser to watch their interests.

Renata was called as a witness, and soon convinced the Court he knew nothing about the land and he was never on it, although he put forward a large claim. No doubt had he not put in this claim he might have fared worse when he came to have his claim in other blocks to the north adjudicated upon. It was this case which was my first experience of a Native Land Court. I found it extremely interesting, but hadn't time to follow the case.

One day in the Court I was an interested listener when Mr. Stevens was cross-examining Renata. Renata was asked a question which enraged him very much, and he would not answer. It was, "Were you not a slave on the East Coast?" He was obliged to admit he was, but it seemed cruel to force him to answer it, though I suppose all is fair in love and war. Renata was a great help to the *Pakeha*, and had the misfortune when he was fighting on the East Coast to be taken prisoner. The Maoris in that case—the Court for a time sat in Bulls—were present in great numbers, and there was much ado amongst them during the sitting. Maoris everywhere in the township, but perfectly peacable, and never a word of interference with any of the residents. There were *hakas* performed in the streets, and dinners, and feasts given, but as far as I remember no excess of any kind.

To come back to the Otamakapua block. Renata Kawepo and his niece, Irene Karauria, again made a claim—Hunia for the Ngatiapas Herewhini, Hunia's brother-in-law, Utiku Potaka for the Ngatihauiti, Ritimona (Richmond) and Ema, his wife. In this case the Court bought the land at a price per acre, and then had it surveyed. The Court had then to decide to whom the money was to be paid. Eventually this was settled, although I have no record of the different amounts, except that Mrs. Donnelly got 1000 acres and Ema got 200 acres and £100. A glance at the map will show the position of the block, which has proved a very valuable one. Kimbolton is on the southernmost boundary, and the Kawatau is the northern. On the west the Rangitikei, and to the east the Oroua until it takes a turn to the east, and then the eastern boundary runs due north. It was a long time before it was entirely settled. There were several special settlements taken up in the block. One, the Sandon Special Settlement at Vinegar Hill, with its township of Livingstone; this was allotted about 1888. The land to the south of this was surveyed by Mr. A. Dundas, and disposed of in November, 1890. The land

opposite Te Mahoe on the Rangitikei river, the Te Rewa block, was offered in 1888.

The Pemberton Special Settlement Association, which has Rangiwahia as the township, and the surrounding country, which was taken up by Messrs. McGregor, Bennett, W. S. Marshall, J. J. Bryce, R. E. Beckett, etc., was offered about 1889. Another Special Settlement Association went from Marton and took up land some distance up the Kawatau. The land lying between the Mangawharariki and the Kawatau was disposed of in 1894. Adjoining the river here is the Kawatau Improved Farm Settlement, opened up in 1894, as well as the Haweaga Village Settlement.

At the junction of the Kawatau and the Rangitikei rivers was a block of land which contained three clearings (where the above Special Settlements were located), and as Mr. Charles Clayton had it in occupation he was allowed to lease and occupy it before the country was surveyed and opened for settlement. There was a Maori track up the Kawatau, and over the ranges which Tapuae Utiku (Utiku Potaka's father) told Mr. Marshall was used very frequently, and that the Ngatihauitis passed as much of their time in Hawke's Bay as in Rangitikei. The whole of this vast area of land has been very successfully settled, although very often precipitous, in some places with scarcely enough level land to build a homestead, it has turned out a splendid sheep country. It is mostly on the papa formation, darker coloured on the south and running into a blue papa at the north. This blue papa formation extends from the white cliffs north of Waitara in a straight line across the country to the Mangawharariki. It is noted as being excellent sheep country, but nearly all precipitous razor-backed hills. At first when the bush is felled it slips in a most alarming fashion, but fortunately the bare faces soon weather and crumble down, and the grass spreads over them with a wonderful rapidity. There is a considerable quantity of lime in the papa, so that whenever it is exposed to the

weather it breaks up rapidly, and takes grass very well. The only way to keep the fences up at all is to follow the ridges, if they are put up on the side of the hill the slips—in a rainy season—carry chains away, often far down into the valley. The faces of the cliff on the river show some curious nodules almost spherical; apparently dropped in from somewhere when the papa was being deposited under the sea. Riding along on one of the topmost ridges I was astonished to find two of these great boulders on the very top. They are very hard, evidently hardened by the weather. They must have been quite eight feet in diameter, and exactly like what are known as the Moeraki boulders. These latter boulders are conspicuous on the sea shore at Moeraki Bay in the south. It is useless to speculate how they came here, but no doubt have been rolled down from the mountains by some glacier-fed river in the ice age and deposited amongst the soft silt also brought down by streams.* The whole seems as if by some sudden upheaval the country has been cast up above sea level when in a soft pulpy state, the rains falling on it, the streams must have cut deep gorges in it and caused the side to fall in until it either got covered with some vegetation or found the angle of repose. To view this country away to all the points of the compass and note the jumbled-up appearance it has—it is much more marked now the land is in grass—gives an eerie feeling, and impresses one with the wonders of Nature. To road and settle such a country certainly deserved some reward, and fortunately the land has turned out good, and the sheep have done well on it. There is very considerable expense in keeping the fences up, and, unfortunately, owing to the Government sowing

*Dr. Marshall, who has published an interesting handbook on New Zealand Geology, tells me these boulders are similar to the surrounding papa, but usually contain more lime. Mr. Aston kindly analysed a small piece, and gives the following as the result:—Lime CaO 15.7%, equivalent to Carbonate of Lime $CaCO_3$ 28.0%, Phosphoric acid P_2O_5 2.7%, equivalent to tricalcic phosphate $Ca_3P_2O_8$ 5.9%.

inferior seed on the tracks as the roads were first put through when the Main Trunk line was being surveyed and roaded, the whole country being badly infested with Californian Thistle. It doesn't do a great deal of harm as the grass grows amongst it, but to keep it cut down such as the Noxious Weeds Act demands costs about 1/6 an acre. In this particular block there were very few Maoris living, but large areas were partitioned off especially for the Utiku Potaka family, much of which is still in its native state. The rest of the block is, however, all down and in grass, and seeing that it is not more than twenty-one years since it was first tackled, it reflects great credit on the settlers and the Council that the roads should be so good, though expensive to keep up owing to slips—and the bush all felled.

I have not gone into the part the Native Land Court played in the latter cases because they had largely lost their interest; much of the land was unused by any of the natives, and there had sprung up a younger generation of Maoris, who had forgotten all their race's traditions and had begun to look upon the land as merely a means of securing a large sum of money, too often to dissipate not so much in riotous living as useless display. Too often evidence was concocted and bogus claims made, so that the native race when it appeared in Court did not do so to advantage except in the case when some of the older Maoris gave evidence of what happened in the old times. We mustn't blame the Maori for this unsatisfactory state of affairs, because the *pakeha* in too many cases was only too willing to show him the way. It is, therefore, not surprising that the older and unsophistic natives should often feel aggrieved at the decision of the Court when they saw the younger men receiving perhaps a greater share of attention than their position or evidence warranted.

The last of the great blocks of land which came before the Court was the Awarua block. This great block of land, of more than 200,000 acres in extent, had for its southern boundary the Otairi block, as we know it at

present (it is just about the Mangaweka railway station). The Rangitikei river was the boundary until the Hautapu river was reached, when this river became the southern boundary until the Pourangaki stream was reached, the latter becoming the boundary, and then a straight line to the mountain to the trig station Te Hekenga-o-te-rakau. The eastern boundary ran along the top of the Ruahine Range to a point opposite Aorangi—such a marked feature in this district that no one can mistake it—from this hill it ran to the Rangitikei river, which became the boundary until it came to the junction of Makokomiko East, which, with its sister stream, Makokomiko West, running into the Moawhango, formed the northern boundary, following this river south till the Mangatauwhiri stream is reached, which, with the Pakaingarara (a tributary of the Hautapu), form the boundary until that river is reached, thence it runs across the river and up the Mamunui stream south of Mataroa in a southerly direction down the Mangaone for some distance, and continues south until the Otairi boundary is reached, and thence to the Rangitikei again. It will thus be seen what an enormous area it covered. Most of the block is now in the Rangitikei County, but portions are also in the Whanganui, Hawke's Bay, and Kiwitea Counties. Te Awarua, although the last to be purchased, became fairly well known for some time. The Main Trunk line had been surveyed, a line had been fallen through the bush, a bridle track made, *whares* erected by Government at various places for travellers. At Mangaweka there was one which was called "the three-log *whare*," at Utiku there was another on the bank of the Hautapu, in which on an expedition in the middle eighties a pleasant party—of which I was one—passed a night. The track through the bush was indescribable—a series of holes filled with water and ridges between. The horses, which were not accustomed to such tracks, tried to step on the ridges but soon gave the attempt up, for they continually slipped into the mudholes, and thereafter simply plunged foot after foot into the holes made by countless horses passing along the track. This track, too,

became after a time the means of communication between the inland Patea country and the West Coast, so that the whole block became familiar to a great many travellers. Everywhere they passed through magnificent forest, in some places composed of fine totara,which was to supply for years the whole of the depleted timber country to the south; near Taihape the track passed over a natural bridge with a stream running below it. Naturally where so many tribes joined there were many claimants for the land—the Broughtons, Renata Kawepo, Mrs. Donnelly of Hawke's Bay, the natives who lived at Moawhango, and a lady who at one time ran quite a number of sheep on the open country called Ani Puki, Utiku Potaka, representing the Ngatihauitis, Ritimona of the Ngatiwhitis, and many others, most of whom made good their claims in a greater or less degree. The purchase was made by giving so much for a share, and was begun by Mr. Booth and continued by Messrs. Butler, Sheridan, and T. W. Lewis. The land was settled at different times, the Utiku country, between the Hautapu and Moawhango, at one time. At another the Pukeokahu block to the east of Moawhango to the Rangitikei, both of these fine limestone land. Another considerable area was sold or leased by the Crown west of Mangaweka, and another lot around Taihape, which soon became the principal township owing to its central position. Much of the land, however, remained in the hands of the native owners, who leased it to Europeans for settlement or milling purposes. Much of the bush has now been cut out and it is grassed and carrying stock. The Mokai Patea country is now also carrying stock, and in the hands of Mr. D. G. Riddiford is doing well. A considerable area of bush on the Rangitikei river has been felled and grassed, but the open country over which we have seen Mr. Colenso pass several times on his way to and fro to "inland Patea," is excellent summer country, but sometimes covered with snow for a short while in winter. An interesting spot named Papaatarinuku, just above the junction of the Mangatera and the Rangitikei, is where a Maori repeatedly is said to have

jumped across the Rangitikei. The land on the western side now belongs to Mr. H. Dalrymple. In Mr. T. W. Downes's Notes on the Ngati-apa Tribe he gives an account of this man. "It is also related that Whare-pu-rakau was a very athletic man, and near his place on the Upper Rangitikei he on several occasions saved himself from pursuit by clearing at a jump a narrow part of the river where the cliffs nearly meet. No other man would venture this hazardous feat, so he could defy his enemies and often did so. He lost his life by drowning in the Rangitikei River. As his party were crossing a dangerous ford his wife got into difficulties, and in going back to assist he himself lost his life, though his wife was saved." The cliffs here are said to be only about fifteen feet across, though the river is sixty or eighty feet below. This frequently occurs in the papa rock formation. Nearly all the tributaries of the Rangitikei run deep down between cliffs which causes a kind of echo, and makes the noise of the river below have a deep rumbling sound. The name Moa whango, for instance, as previously noted, is said by Colenso to mean "deep-sounding Moa," so that perhaps we can get some idea of the notes of the moa by listening to it. The Maoris easily made a bridge across these streams by felling a suitable tree so as to give access to the other side.

South of this, to the south of the Makopua stream, the land was cut up into larger areas, and is all settled, Messrs. Brown Bros. and Mr. Totman having very good runs. To the north of this stream there is some land which the Government is offering partially on timber royalties and partly for settlement. None of the millers have thought the terms good enough, and all this country will no doubt be disposed of. In another ten years it is safe to say that the whole of this wide and valuable block of land will all be in grass. Much of this land, although at a considerable altitude, is carrying 2½ to 3 sheep to the acre, dairy factories have sprung up in several places, and now with the hoots of the Express engine and the constant traffic to the stations the whole country has

become civilised, and has lost much of its mysterious and romantic character. Fortunately a wise Land Board has left a considerable area on the Hautapu River, near Taihape as a scenery reserve, and this gives visitors some idea of what the country was like before the devastating axe spoilt its beauty for ever. A small block to the west, the Tekapua block, was purchased and settled by the Crown. To the north are the Ngaurukeku and Raketapauma, settled by the Crown. At Motukawa, as some of the land is not so good, the areas are larger in some instances. The rest of the area at the head waters of the Rangitikei, is in large blocks, used as sheep runs, viz., the Mangohane, Oruamatua, Owhauko, and Rangipo. These have not much interest to the settlement, as the land is only fit for large sheep runs, and small settlement would be impossible.

During the time I have been gathering these "scrappy" notes I have had to consult many people, many books and old newspapers, and many records. The lapse of time since the early settlement has left only a few alive to give first-hand information. I have ever been sorry that when I had the opportunity of consulting others I was otherwise engaged, and it was only as time went on that this subject became more and more interesting, but many of the pioneers had gone. Their heroism and resource, however, was always the subject of my admiration, for although I did not arrive in the Dominion till 1873 I saw enough of pioneering to make me realize the hardships and difficulties those who had paved the way must have undergone to bring the country to its then condition. I have felt, as I am sure many others must have done, that some record of the sacrifices these early settlers made for the benefit of posterity should be published. These I feel I have very imperfectly transcribed, but with its shortcomings I offer this contribution, such as it is, to the public, so that those of the younger generation into whose hands it may fall will have a less imperfect knowledge of what pioneering in New Zealand was like.

APPENDIX.

(COPY.)

Extract from "Maori Deeds of Land Purchases in the North Island of New Zealand.

THIS DEED written on this thirteenth day of December in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-six (1866) is a full and final sale conveyance and surrender by us the chiefs and people of the tribes Ngatiapa, Ngatiraukawa, Rangitane, Wanganui, Ngatitoa, Muaupoko, and Ngatiawa, whose names are hereunto subscribed and Witnesseth that on behalf of ourselves relations and descendants we have by signing this deed parted with and for ever transferred unto Victoria Queen of England her heirs the Kings and Queens who may succeed her and her and their assigns forever in consideration of the sum of Twenty-five thousand pounds (25,000) Sterling agreed to be paid to us by Isaac Earl Featherston Land Purchase Commissioner on the due execution of the present Deed, All that piece of land situated between the Manawatu and Rangitikei rivers on the western side of the Province of Wellington, the boundaries whereof are set forth at the foot of this Deed, with its rivers, Trees, Minerals, Lakes, Streams, Waters and all appertaining to the said land or beneath the surface of the said land and all our right title claim and interest therein. To hold to Queen Victoria her heirs and assigns as a lasting possession absolutely and for ever. And in testimony of our consent to all the conditions of this Deed we have hereunto subscribed our names and marks and in testimony of the consent of the Queen of England on her part to all the conditions of this Deed the name of Isaac Earl Featherston Land Purchase Commissioner is hereunto subscribed. These are the boundaries of the land sold by us, namely, the Western boundary is the sea, the Northern boundary is the Rangitikei River to the mouth of the Waitapu Creek, and the Southern boundary commences at the mouth of the Kai-Iwi stream and follows the boundary of the land already sold to the Queen till it reaches Pakingahau on the Manawatu River. These are the other boundaries. The river Manawatu from Pakingahau to the mouth of the Oroua stream, then the Oroua stream as far as Te Umutoi which is the North-western boundary of the Upper Manawatu Block already sold to the Queen, thence the boundary runs in a direct line to the mouth of the Waitapu Creek, thence (as already described) along the course of the Rangitikei river to its mouth and along the sea coast to Kai-iwi the starting point. And we, the chiefs, and people before mentioned, Do by this writing agree that the said sum of twenty-five thousand pounds (25,000) shall be paid by the Land Purchase Commissioner to certain Chiefs to be nominated at a general meeting of the tribes concerned at Parewanui on the

thirteenth day of December aforesaid who shall then divide and distribute the same among the sellers.

I. E. FEATHERSTON,
Land Purchase Commissioner.

Signed by the said Isaac Earl Featherston in the presence of—
W. J. KENNARD, London, Gent.
C. WENTWORTH DILKE, London, B.A., Barrister-at-Law.
S. E. ILLINGWORTH, B.A., London.
WALTER BULLER, Wanganui, Resident Magistrate.
HUNIA TE HAKEKE ×
and 1,646 others.

(These are too many to record.—J.G.W.)

(COPY.)

RECEIPT.

We the undersigned being the chiefs nominated by the Ngatiapa and Rangitane Tribes at the Parewanui meeting to receive their share of the purchase money do hereby in the presence of the assembled Tribes and on their behalf, acknowledge to have received from His Honour I. E. Featherston Land Purchase Commissioner the sum of Fifteen thousand pounds (£15,000) for distribution among the aforesaid tribes and the secondary claimants related to them.

HUNIA te HAKEKE × his mark.
APERHAMA TIPAE × his mark.

Dated at Parewanui this Fourteenth day of December, A.D. 1866.

Witnesses to marks and to payment—
C. WENTWORTH DILKE, Barrister, London.
S. E. ILLINGWORTH, B.A., London.
A. FOLLETT HALCOMBE, Settler, Rangitikei.
WALTER BULLER, Wanganui, Resident Magistrate.
MAILLARD NOAKE, Rangitikei, J.P.
M. W. ANDERSON, Wellington, Contractor.

We the undersigned being the chiefs nominated by the Ngatiraukawa and Ngatitoa tribes at the Parewanui meeting to receive their share of the purchase money do hereby in the presence of the assembled tribes and on their behalf acknowledge to have received from His Honour I. E. Featherston, Land Purchase Commissioner, the sum of Ten thousand pounds (£10,000) for distribution among the aforesaid tribes and the secondary claimants related to them.

IHAKARA TE HOKOTIRITUKURI.
APERAHAMA TE HURUHURU × his mark.

Dated at Parewanui this Fourteenth day of December, A.D. 1866.

Extract from Provincial "Gazette," page 23, 1872.

PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS by an act of the General Assembly of New Zealand entitled Wellington Special Settlements Act 1871 It is enacted that it shall be lawful for the Superintendent of the Province of Wellington with the advice of his Executive Council and by Proclamation in the Government "Gazette" of the said Province to set aside out of the waste lands within the Province of Wellington the Native title of which has been extinguished any block or blocks for the purpose of special settlement not exceeding in the whole 1,000,000 acres on such terms as may be sanctioned by the Governor in Council anything in the existing regulations for the management or disposal of the waste lands in the Province to the contrary notwithstanding. It is also provided that no land shall be sold at a less price than land of a similar description is now sold at under the regulations aforesaid and that the proceeds thereof shall be subject to any sum already imposed thereon by an act of the General Assembly And whereas by an order in Council dated the nineteenth day of February 1872 a block of land at Sandon in the Manawatu district in the said Province is sanctioned as a special settlement under the said act for the members of an association known as the Hutt Small Farm Association and upon the terms and conditions set forth in the schedule thereto Now therefore I William Fitzherbert Superintendent of the Province of Wellington with the advice and consent of the Executive Council thereof and in exercise of the power and authority for the purpose in me invested do hereby proclaim and declare that the block of land situated in the township of Sandon in the Manawatu district in the Province of Wellington containing 5008 acres 2 roods 32 perches more or less and bounded as described in the schedule hereto shall be reserved and set apart as a special settlement for the members of the Hutt Small Farm Association upon the terms and conditions set forth and specified in the before mentioned order in Council and further declare that the Provincial Government shall have the right to select out of the rural lands included within the said block ten acres for gravel reserve such ten acres to be selected within twelve months from the date of this proclamation and in the event of the land so selected forming part of a purchased section or sections a refund of the purchase money *pro rata* shall be made to the owner or owners thereof but should the land so selected as aforesaid be only partly paid for a reduction of the balance of the purchase shall be made *pro rata* in favour of the purchaser In all cases the gravel reserve shall be fenced at the expense of the Provincial Government Also that the Provincial Government shall have the right to carry through any and all of the rural sections within the said block all water that may be collected in the side drains of the two principal public Roads to its natural outlet without any compensation being payable to the owner of the land which such outlets may be taken The Provincial Engineer to be the judge as to what constitutes a natural outlet.

Given under my hand and seal of the Province of Wellington at Wellington, 4th March, 1872.

(Signed) WILLIAM FITZHERBERT,
Superintendent.

By His Honor's command,

(Signed) HENRY BUNNY,
Provincial Secretary.

SCHEDULE.

All that piece of land in the township of Sandon in the Manawatu district being sections No. 1 to 44 and also all that piece of land known as the township of Sandon bounded towards the north by section 7 to 8 towards the east by the continuation of the eastern boundary of section 7 towards the south by sections 15 and towards the West by sections 7 and 15.

SIGNATURES TO THE RANGITIKEI-TURAKINA SALE.

Ani Patena Paenga × her mark
Wirihana Ngapa×his mark
Kaiatu × his mark
Ritomona Mahuri × his mark
Utiku Mahuri × his mark
Utiku Una × his mark
Watikini Wahapu × his mark
Tarita Wakairi × her mark
Mere Pukaihua × her mark
Paro × her mark
Reweti Matiti × his mark
Rawinia Taiaha × her mark
Ripeka Ngaia × her mark
Tamati Taniki × his mark
Taniora Karatau × his mark
Hopa te Ao Wahie × his mark
Ropiha te Ao Putere × his mark
Kewetone Papaka × his mark
Kepa Ronga × his mark
Hoana Tikuku × his mark
Reupena Peni
Kuini Miri × her mark
Hipora Kaiatu × her mark
Wikitoria Tamona × her mark
Ko te Ani × her mark
Irarera te Ora × her mark
Unaiki Puruha × her mark
Rawinia Mangumangu × her mark
Hariata Hainewenewe × her mark
Riha te Mihi × her mark
Rawinia Taupo × her mark
Rakapa te Ratapu × her mark
Kereopa Kirihuka × his mark
Hapeta Makureia × his mark
Heta Tionga × his mark
Erina Waikata × her mark
Metiria Ruahina × her mark
Raimapaha te Karipi × his mark
Waikopu × her mark
Pipi Mapihi × her mark
Ko Iwi te Ra × her mark
Rahera Irea × her mark
Irihapeti Nana × her mark
Mata te Mohi × her mark
Miriama Waipaipai × her mark
Heroriaha Awanui × her mark
Poreke × her mark
Harota te Rao × her mark
Mata Wakareha × her mark
Rora Awea × her mark
Riria Tarawe × her mark
Rongomate
Ko Ruta
Wirihana Raupo × his mark
Ramari Apipiro × her mark
Heremaia Ngapape × his mark
Manahi te Ao × his mark
Te Ratana Ngahina × his mark
Hone Ropiha te Moko × his mark
Ani
Mihi Tirina Tungia × her mark
Ko te Ope × her mark

Mata Haua × her mark
Harata te Waiuri × her mark
Tauwi × her mark
Para × her mark
Hera Pohokura × her mark
Kohatu × her mark
Hariata Tikanga × her mark
Pirihira Watumaka × her mark
Rahiri Tuma × her mark
Te Onekore × her mark
Raimapa te Noti × her mark
Mou × her mark
Manganui × her mark
Rahiri Pikinga × her mark
Pipirangi × her mark
Kuao × her mark
Ko te Ao × her mark
Upoko Tapu × her mark
Tawana × his mark
Huana Kokonu × her mark
Raimare te Noti × her mark
Wirihana Mokara × his mark
Miriama Koherangi × her mark
Haenga × her mark
Heramuku × her mark
Roka Kuao × her mark
Mata Pakinga × her mark
Hana te Noho × her mark
Hurihanga × her mark
Kataraina te Anganga × her mark
Ripeka te Ipuwakatara × her mark
Hohipeta Ereora × her mark
Mata te Ahi × her mark
Nikorima Huri × his mark
Kawana Hunia Hakeke × his mark
Kawana te Iki × his mark
Awira te Ore × his mark
Raniera Toka × his mark
Motui Toariki × his mark
Tamihana Te Kotama × his mark
Pairama Paua × his mark
Wiremu Tamiru × his mark
Tahana Tauanake × his mark
Herewini Unukawa × his mark
Kewekewe × his mark
Hamiora te Wunu × his mark
Hone Hira × his mark
Ahira × his mark
Hohua Arorangi × his mark
Te Warena Hiriwarawara × his mark
Hone te Awho × his mark
Matini Pakawai × his mark
Hori te Rangihau × his mark
Ngamana Ko × his mark
Rawiri te Maua × his mark
Hinia Tauri × his mark
Aperahama Mangumangu
Henare Tahau × his mark
Pirika Maki × his mark
Aporo Tukirunga × his mark
Rapuna Mimi × his mark
Taituha te Waka × his mark
Nahona Tutehonuku × his mark

Te Waka Timanga × his mark
Te Watarauhi × his mark
Eramiha te Kopiropiro × his mark
Nikorima Irihia × his mark
Rupuha te Orau × his mark
Rawinia te Mitioti × her mark
Mohi Mahi × his mark
Kawana Hunia te Hakeke × his mark
Rihimona Tauwea
Hura te Rua × his mark
Ko to Makomako × his mark
Hori te Mohi × his mark
Ko Ihaka Pakeha × his mark
Aropeta Iria × his mark
Kingi Hori te Hanea × his mark
Tahana Pati × his mark
Ko te Ngawa × his mark
Ko te Ahuru × his mark
Tamihana to Kau × his mark
Ko Nga Papa × his mark
Aperahama Poroma × his mark
Rihari Karoro × his mark
Ko te Rerepoti × his mark
Ko Pura × his mark
Ko Wiremu Mokomoko × mark
Matini te Matuku × his mark
Haora te Nge × his mark
Hori Kanini × his mark
Waiteri Marumaru × his mark
Harawira Tamaiterangaanguku × his mark
Raihania Kawika × his mark
Ko te Kiripango × his mark
Hemi te Kiore × his mark
Hohepa Kahunga × his mark
Peneamini Kiao × his mark
Matiaha Peko × his mark
Meihana Tahuri × his mark
Parakaia Witiki × his mark
Niu Piripi Turaki × his mark
Hakaraia te Rangipouri × his mark
Taituha Pikiata × his mark
Kanake × his mark
Mitai Takiri × his mark
Haehana Takiri × his mark
Ko Tuia te Rangikekupa
Reihana Moetahi × his mark
Weteraka te Wiurangi × his mark
Matenga Peketau × his mark
Timoti Tamana × his mark
Paora te Awa Mate × his mark
Tahu Raiti × his mark
Hamuera
Tauroa
Hemara te Rangita
Wawe
Peta te Uru × his mark
Pehira Toanga
Te Waka Kawariki × his mark
Ihakara piri Moanga × his mark

Hopa te Nge × his mark
Paihana Tahere
Hoani te Urukaika × his mark
Hare Tipeni Takota × his mark
Tamati Wiremu Kawini × his mark
Reweti Poui × his mark
Hapurona Tohikura × his mark
Rihiona te Rangiamaia
Anaru te Rangi × his mark
Epiha Kume × his mark
Horikawe × his mark
Wiremu Matenga × his mark

Alfred Wyatt, Major 65th Regt. N.Z.
George Magler, Lt. 65th Regt.
Smith Sunderland, D.A.S.G.
H.F. Turner, Lieut. 65th Regt.
W. Ronaldson.
M. Campbell, J.P.
Robert Park, Surveyor, acting for the New Zealand Company.

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