

BUICK THOMAS LINDSAY

An Old New Zealander; or, Te
Rauparaha, the Napoleon of the
South.

Thomas Buick

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Napoleon of the South.**

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T. Lindsay Buick

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PREFACE

I have been constrained to write the story of "An Old New Zealander" largely to gratify the frequently expressed desire for a more comprehensive sketch of Te Rauparaha's career on the part of many readers of my former books, in which fitful glimpses of the old chief were given. These references have apparently awakened some considerable interest in the life and times of the great Ngatitoan, and although this period of New Zealand's history is by no means barren of literature, I am hopeful that there is still room for a volume in which much heterogeneous matter has been grouped and consolidated. There may be some amongst the reading public who will question the need, or the wisdom, of recording the savage and sanguinary past of the Maori; but history is always history, and if this contribution serves no other useful purpose, it may at least help to emphasise the marvellous transformation which has been worked in the natives of New Zealand since Te Rauparaha's time – a transformation which can be accounted one of the world's greatest triumphs for missionary enterprise. It may be, too, that some critics will not subscribe to my estimate of the chief's character, because it has been the conventional view that he who refused to part with his own and his people's heritage was destitute of a redeeming feature. Owing to the misrepresentation of the early settlers and traders he has been greatly misunderstood by their successors; and they have further added to the injustice by sometimes seeking to measure one who was steeped in heathen darkness by the holy standard which was raised by the Founder of Christianity. As in the careers of most conquerors, there is much in the life of Te Rauparaha that will not bear condonation; but in every British community there is a wholesome admiration for resourcefulness, indomitable will, and splendid courage; and, if the succeeding pages serve to balance these high qualities of the chief against his failings, they may assist in setting up a more equitable standard whereby future generations will be able to judge him.

In compiling this work I have necessarily had to draw upon many of the existing publications on New Zealand, and I now desire gratefully to acknowledge my obligations to their authors. I have also to thank Mr. S. Percy Smith, F.R.G.S., for the kindly interest he has displayed in the progress of my work, and in no less degree must I pay my respectful acknowledgments to Mr. H. M. Stowell and to Mr. J. R. Russell for their judicious criticisms and suggestions, whereby I have been assisted in arriving at a correct historical perspective. To Mr. T. W. Downes, of Whanganui, who has enthusiastically co-operated with me in procuring some of the illustrations, and to Mr. J. W. Joynt, M.A., for his careful revision of the proofs, I am equally indebted, and now beg to tender to these gentlemen my sincere thanks for their assistance.

Humbly acknowledging the force of Carlyle's dictum that "Histories are as perfect as the historian is wise and is gifted with an eye and a soul," I now present the result of my last year's labour to the reader.

THE AUTHOR.

Victoria Avenue, Dannevirke, N.Z.,
May 23, 1911.

LAMENT ON THE CAPTURE OF TE RAUPARAHA

Composed by Hinewhe, and supposed to be sung by Te Rangihaeata

I

Alas! my heart is wild with grief:
There rises still
The frowning hill
Of Kapiti, in vain amid the waters lone!
But he, the chief,
The key of all the land, is gone!

II

Calm in the lofty ship, O ancient comrade, sleep,
And gaze upon the stillness of the deep!
Till now, till now,
A calm was but a signal unto thee
To rise in pride, and to the fray
Despatch some martial band in stern array!
But go thy way,
And with a favouring tide
Upon the billows ride,
Till Albion's cliffs thou climb, so far beyond the sea.

III

Thou stood'st alone, a kingliest forest tree,
Our pride, our boast,
Our shelter and defence to be.
But helplessly – ah, helplessly wast thou
Plucked sword-like from the heart of all thy host,
Thy thronging "Children of the Brave,"
With none to save!
Not amid glaring eyes;
Not amid battle cries,
When the desperate foes
Their dense ranks close:
Not from the lips of the terrible guns

Thy well-known cry resounding o'er the heath:
"Now, now, my sons!
Now fearless with me to the realms of Death!"
Not thus – not thus, amid the whirl of war,
Wert thou caught up and borne away afar!

IV

Who will arise to save?
Who to the rescue comes?
Waikato's lord – Tauranga's chief,
Thy grandsons, rushing from their distant homes,
They shall avenge their sire – they shall assuage our grief.
While you, the "Children of the Brave,"
Still sleep a sleep as of the grave,
Dull as the slumbering fish that basks upon the summer wave.

V

Depart then, hoary chief! Thy fall —
The pledge forsooth of peace to all —
Of Heaven's peace, so grateful to their God above,
And to thy kinsmen twain, by whom
Was brought us from the portals of the "land of gloom,"
This novel law of love —
This law of good:
Say, rather, murderous law of blood,
That charges its own crimes upon its foes —
While I alone am held the source whence these disasters rose!

CHAPTER I

WHENCE AND WHITHER?

Probably no portion of the globe is so pregnant with the romance of unsolved problem as the Pacific Ocean. For thousands of years before Vasco de Balboa, the friend of Columbus, stood upon the heights of Panama and enriched mankind by his glorious geographical discovery, this great ocean and the islands which its blue waters encircle had remained a world in themselves, undisturbed by the rise and fall of continental kingdoms, unknown even to the semi-civilised peoples who dwelt on the neighbouring continental shores. But although thus shut out from human ken and wrapt in impenetrable mystery, we are entitled to presume that during all this period of time Nature, both animate and inanimate, had been there fulfilling its allotted part in the Creator's plan, though no pen has fully told, or ever can tell, of the many stupendous changes which were wrought in those far-away centuries either by the will of God or by the hand of man. That vast and far-reaching displacements had been effected before the Spanish adventurer's discovery of 1513 broke this prehistoric silence, there is little room to doubt, for the position and configuration of the island groups are as surely the results of geological revolutions as their occupation by a strangely simple and unlettered people is evidence of some great social upheaval in the older societies of the world. Precisely what those geological changes have been, or what the cause of that social upheaval, it would be imprudent to affirm, but there is always room for speculation, even in the realm of science and history, and there is no unreasonable scepticism in refusing to subscribe to the belief that the Pacific Ocean always has been, geographically speaking, what it is to-day, nor rash credulity in accepting the ruined buildings and monolithic remains which lie scattered from Easter Island to Ponape, as evidences of a people whose empire – if such it can be called – had vanished long before the appearance of the Spaniards in these waters.

But even if the opinion still awaits scientific verification that the islands and atolls which sustain the present population of the Pacific are but the surviving heights of a submerged continent, there is less room to doubt that the dark-skinned inhabitants of those islands can look back upon a long course of racial vicissitude antecedent to the arrival of the Spaniards. What the first and subsequent voyagers found was a people of stalwart frame, strong and lithe of limb, with head and features, and especially the fairness of the skin, suggestive of Caucasian origin.¹ Although of bright and buoyant spirits, they were without letters, and their arts were of the most rudimentary kind. Of pottery they knew nothing, and of all metals they were equally ignorant. For their domestic utensils they were dependent upon the gourd and other vegetable products, and for weapons of war and tools of husbandry upon the flints and jades of the mountains. Their textiles, too, were woven without the aid of the spindle, and in much the same primitive fashion as had been employed by the cave-dwellers of England thousands of years before. In the production of fire they were not a whit less primitive than the semi-savage of ancient Britain. They thus presented the pathetic spectacle of a people lingering away back in the Palæolithic period of the world's history, while the world around them had marched on through the long centuries involved in the Bronze and Iron Ages.

But though devoid of these mechanical arts, the higher development of which counts for much in national progress, these people were no sluggards. They were expert canoe-builders, and their skill in naval architecture was only equalled by the daring with which they traversed the ocean waste around them. They were bold and adventurous navigators, who studied the flow of the tides and the sweep of the ocean currents. They knew enough of astronomy to steer by the stars, and were able to navigate

¹ "The distinguishing characteristic of the Marquesan Islanders, and that which at once strikes you, is the European cast of their features – a peculiarity seldom observable among other uncivilised peoples. Many of their faces present a profile classically beautiful, and I saw several who were in every respect models of beauty" (*Melville*).

their rude craft with a wonderful degree of mathematical certainty. Whether their wanderings were in all cases due to design or sometimes to accident, cannot now be definitely affirmed; but there is abundant proof that their voyages had extended from Hawaii in the north to Antarctica in the south, and there was scarcely an island that was not known and named in all their complex archipelagos.

Of literature they, of course, had none, but they revelled in oral traditions and in a mythology rich in imagination and poetry, which accounted for all things, even for the beginning of the world and for the ultimate destiny of the soul. Being deeply religious and as deeply superstitious, they interpreted natural phenomena in a mystic sense, and Pope's lines on the poor Indian would have been equally applicable to the ancient Maori in Polynesia —

"Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the wind:
His soul proud science never taught to stray
Far as the Solar Walk or Milky Way.
Yet simple Nature to his hope has given
Behind the cloud-capt hill an humbler heaven;
Some safer world in depths of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold."²

The cradle of the Polynesian race was undoubtedly Asia; and to arrive at a clear understanding as to how it became transported from a continental home into this island world it will be necessary to carry the mind back probably more than 200,000 years. At that time the dominating section of the human family was the Caucasian – fair-skinned, blue-eyed, and revelling in the glory of long, wavy hair. Their civilisation, however, like their weapons of chipped stone, was of the most primitive character; but they had advanced sufficiently in the ascending scale of human progress to show that they valued life by paying pious respect to their dead. They preserved the memory of the departed by erecting over their burial-places huge blocks of stone, many of which monuments stand to-day to mark the course of their migrations. And, except possibly a flint axe-head or a rude ornament found deep in some ancient gravel-bed, these megalithic monuments are amongst the most convincing evidence we have of the wide diffusion of the human race in prehistoric times. From the most westerly point in Ireland, across the European and Asiatic continents, they stretch by the shores of the Atlantic and the Mediterranean in the former, and the plains of Siberia in the latter, until they reach the waters of the Pacific. Even this wide expanse of ocean proved no insuperable barrier to the onward march of wandering man; for it is by the presence of his stone-building habit in so many of the Pacific Islands that we are able to construct a probable hypothesis of the process by which Polynesia first became inhabited.

In the light of modern knowledge, the theory which finds most ready acceptance is that in Palæolithic times the Caucasian race, being more or less a maritime people, had obtained possession of the coastal districts of Europe. As they multiplied and spread, they followed the ocean's edge to the northward, and, as the Arctic regions were then enjoying a temperate climate, there was a plentiful and pleasant home for them even in the most northerly part of Siberia. But later a drastic climatic change began to take place. The great ice-sheet, which is known to have twice covered northern Europe and Asia, began to creep down upon the land, driving man and beast before it. Impelled by

² "I found that the Natives had not formed the slightest idea of there being a state of future punishment. They refuse to believe that the Good Spirit intends to make them miserable after their decease. They imagine all the actions of this life are punished here, and that every one when dead, good or bad, bondsman or free, is assembled on an island situated near the North Cape, where both the necessities and comforts of life will be found in the greatest abundance, and all will enjoy a state of uninterrupted happiness" (*Earle*).

this relentless force, there began a momentous migration of Palæolithic man, who swept in hordes southward and eastward in search of a more hospitable home. In course of time a section of these fugitives, travelling across the Siberian plains, reached the Pacific coast, and here their old maritime spirit reasserted itself. With the pressure of climate behind them, and in their breasts the love of adventure, the sea soon became as much their domain as the land.

At first their canoes were of the frailest character; but experience and unlimited opportunity soon taught them the art of constructing safe sea-going craft, which could carry considerable numbers on a course of discovery. The tales of new lands found, and their warm and genial climate, no doubt stimulated the spirit of exploration, so that gradually, and almost imperceptibly, the tide of migration which was flowing from the centre of the continent was drawn across the sea to the region of eternal summer.

From somewhere in the vicinity of the Japanese archipelago, fleets of canoes set off at various times carrying with them a freight of humanity destined to found a new people in a new land. But, in order to account for the transportation of large numbers of women and children on vessels which, at the best, must have been mainly constructed of reeds, we must assume smaller intervals of ocean than exist now. There are evidences of other kinds that startling geological changes have occurred in this portion of the globe; and this assumption would help to explain feats of travel otherwise apparently impracticable to a rude and poorly equipped people.

For how many centuries this stream of venturesome humanity flowed southward no one can tell; but it is safe to assume that great numbers must have taken the plunge into the unknown, some resting by the way, others pushing on to a point beyond the furthest preceding colony, until the main groups of islands were occupied, and outpost after outpost was firmly established. With them these people carried their simple mode of life, their primitive arts and customs, not the least of which was their stone-building habit, which, as already shown, had originated in their desire to perpetuate the memory and preserve the bones of their dead. Hence arose in their new home those strange structures of uncemented stone which astonished the early discoverers, and which stand to-day, broken and decrepit relics, like ghostly wraiths from a long-forgotten past.

But, whatever its duration may have been, two causes operated to bring this period of migration to a close. The first of these influences was the dispersion of the Mongolian race from Central Asia; the second, the subsidence of the land along the Asiatic coast. Either of these events would have been in itself sufficient to cut off the supply of emigrants to the islands. The descent of the more warlike Mongols from their high plateau would effectually close the inland route across the north of Asia to the gentle Caucasians; while the sinking of the land-bridge, along which they had been wont to pick their way, would so increase the hazard of the journey that none would care to risk a voyage across the greater stretch of sea. Thus the first stratum of the Polynesian race was laid by an invasion of European people embarking from Asia; and these light-skinned, fair-haired Vikings, who were driven out of their ancient home by the descent of the giant glaciers, plunged into the abyss of uncertainty, little dreaming that from their stock would arise a people whose life-story would be, as it still is to some extent, one of the world's unsolved problems.

Amongst the many features which have seemed to intensify the shroud of mystery enveloping these people is the combination of a dark skin with tall and stalwart frames and a head-form usually belonging to fair races. Also the strange stratification of their customs discloses a social condition so contradictory as to amount almost to a paradox. Why a dark-skinned race should possess features which find their counterpart in the whites of to-day, or why the most primitive method of obtaining fire – by friction – should be found side by side with highly scientific methods of warfare, especially displayed in the art of fortification, seemed difficult of explanation, until the idea of a second invasion, comprised of dark-blooded people, had been conceived and had taken root.³

³ "It is most certain that the whites are the aborigines. Their colour is, generally speaking, like that of the people of Southern

The theory of a grafting of a dark race on to the Caucasian stem which had already been planted in Polynesia explains much. It would account for the olive-coloured skin of the present-day natives, and it would provide the reasonable supposition that, being later comers, they would import with them newer ideas and more modern customs, some of which would be adopted in their entirety, others in a modified form. With the advantage of many centuries of contact with neighbouring peoples, they had necessarily learned much of the art of war, which had been quite unknown to the islanders in their isolation. These dark invaders were therefore able to come in the spirit of conquerors; and consequently the masculine arts, such as the making of weapons and the building of forts and canoes, received an impulse which placed them considerably in advance of anything of which the original people had ever dreamed. But the domestic arts would be but little changed, for the reason that the invasion, being one of warlike intent, would be comprised largely of males, the women who were taken to wife after their lords had been vanquished being allowed to retain their old modes of life. Hence the methods of twisting threads of fibre, of weaving mats, and of making fire, would remain the same as had been practised by them from time immemorial, while there would be a distinct advance in those arts which came more exclusively within the domain of the males. In two respects, however, these newcomers did not better the condition or raise the standard of art amongst the people with whom they were about to mingle their blood. They introduced neither pottery nor the use of metals. It is therefore clear that the section of the human family to which they belonged had not advanced beyond the Stone Age when their invasion took place; and this fact helps us to some extent in our inferences as to the period when this second migration commenced and when it terminated.

For the direction whence these dark-skinned invaders came we have to rely on a careful comparison of the traditions and genealogies of the present-day people, who have preserved in a remarkable way certain leading facts, which serve as landmarks by which their journeys can still be traced. By the aid of these, the thread of their history has been followed back to a time at least several centuries before the birth of Christ, when a dark-skinned people dwelt upon the banks of the river Ganges. Here, by contact with other races, probably the Egyptian and Semitic, they acquired that smattering of mythology which, as preserved by the ancient Maori, resembled so closely the beliefs still prevalent in many parts of the Old World. But although versed in the mysterious philosophy, if such it can be styled, of their time, they were entirely ignorant of the principles of the Buddhist religion; and from this circumstance it is fair to deduce that they had left India before Gautama, who died in 477 b. c., had commenced his teaching of "Nirvana and the Law."

But when we come to inquire into the causes which operated to inspire this migration, we get little information beyond the explanation commonly given as the root of all Polynesian movements, that "great wars prevailed." If this be the true reason why a whole nation should move *en masse*, then it is not unreasonable to suppose that the future Polynesians were the defeated people, and were forced by irresistible waves of invasion to abandon their home in India. Slowly they were pushed southward and eastward by the more warlike tribes who came down from the north; and as they made their way along the coasts of the Malayan Peninsula, circumstances, climate, and assimilation with other peoples continued the process of racial modification which had commenced before they abandoned the valley of the Ganges. For three hundred years or more they drifted from point to point. We know little more, for there occurs a comparative blank in the story of their journeyings as they moved along the coast of Sumatra and down the Straits of Malacca.

In the year 65 b. c., however, we again get a glimpse of them on the island of Java. From this point, although their movements are often vague and shadowy, they are never entirely lost to sight. Tradition, at this period, speaks of a renowned personage named Te Kura-a-moo, who "went to the east, to the rising sun, and remained there." To precisely what spot in the east he journeyed

Europe, and I saw several who had red hair. There were some who were as white as our sailors, and we often saw on our ships a tall young man, 5 feet 11 inches in height, who, by his colour and features, might easily have passed for a European" (*Crozet's Description of the Maoris at the Bay of Islands*).

is uncertain, but his objective is generally supposed to have been the island of Java, which was then known as Avaiki-te-Varinga. This is the first suggestion of migration which we have in Polynesian tradition; and as it corresponds in date with other large ethnic movements which are known to have occurred in the Malayan archipelago, it is more than probable that pressure from other invaders compelled the occupation of Java, which thus became the parent Hawaiki, towards which the Maori stands in much the same relationship as does his brother *pakeha* to the Garden of Eden.

But the same cause which drove these wandering Asiatics into Java, at a latter period led to its evacuation. And still the movement was in an eastward direction, towards the islands of Indonesia, the people as they moved becoming more and more expert in the art of navigation and sea-craft. In view of the scattered nature of the archipelago in which they now found themselves, their voyages became gradually longer, requiring larger canoes and more daring seamanship. They were beginning to leave the beaten path which hitherto had been the common course of the human race – the mountain, the river, and the plain. With them the sea was gradually becoming the broad highway which had to be traversed in order to find fresh resting-places, or to maintain communication with established outposts in more advanced situations. The spirit of the sea-gipsy, which led them to do and dare, was rapidly developing within them, and the knowledge thus born of courage and experience was shortly to prove invaluable to them in carrying to a successful issue their own great policy of conquest.

Wars and rumours of wars are again heard of, and are given as the underlying cause of the next movement southward from Indonesia, the date of which is so uncertain that it cannot safely be defined more strictly than as between the first and fourth centuries. It is unfortunate that we are driven to this loose estimate of time for so important a national event, because it was this final migration which led to the actual entry into Polynesia of these dark-blooded wanderers, and if our first hypothesis be correct, to their ultimate fusion with the fair-skinned, stone-building people who had preceded them by many centuries.

They had obviously come into contact with strange people and strange animals, for the existence of the former has been preserved in their traditions and the memory of the latter in their fantastic carvings. Not the least interesting of their stories is the finding of a fair-complexioned people, whom their fancy has elevated into the realm of fairies, and from whom they claim to have learned the art of net-making. Whether these mysterious people, who are said to have laboured only at night and to have vanished when the sun rose, were the original Caucasians who, we have supposed, set out from the eastern coast of Asia, and who were about to be absorbed by the more virile emigrants from India, or whether they were, as some suggest, a few wandering Greeks or Phoenicians on the coast of Sumatra, we cannot pretend to decide. But, in all its vagueness and fanciful setting, the tradition is interesting, as indicating the existence on their route of a people fairer than themselves, and the fact that they must have come into close personal contact with them. A careful reflection upon the probable circumstances attending the story of how Kahu-kura captured one of the fairy's nets inclines us to the opinion that it is the first evidence we have of the contact of the Indian branch of the Polynesian race with their whiter predecessors. These they would meet in island after island as they moved down the Pacific towards Fiji, which group they are believed to have occupied about A.D. 450.

Like all other dates connected with Polynesian migrations, this one can only be approximate, for the people were without any mode of reckoning time, except by reference to ancestral lines. But there is traditional authority for supposing that their descent upon Fiji was made in considerable numbers, and that for a time these islands constituted one of their principal colonising centres. Whether Tonga and Samoa were settled from this point seems doubtful; but it is certain from the marvellous stories which find credence in the traditions of this period that an era of extensive voyaging had set in, and that the newcomers began to spread themselves with considerable rapidity from atoll to island and from island to archipelago. These excursions into new realms naturally gave promise of an attractive home amongst the palm-covered islands; and, simultaneously with their policy of conquest and colonisation, they began the absorption and assimilation of the resident people. As the defending

warriors were driven out or annihilated, the women of the vanquished were taken possession of by the victors, and their domestic arts were taken with them. This blending necessarily, in the course of many centuries, worked appreciable modifications in the physique and customs of both races, and gave to the world the Polynesian people as we know them to-day.

A race of stalwarts, long-headed, straight-haired, and brown-skinned, warriors from birth, full of courage, and ardent for adventure, they were not altogether devoid of those higher ideals which make for the elevation of man. They were deeply imbued with a love of poetry, which enabled them to appreciate in a rude way the beautiful in life and to preserve in quaint song and fantastic tradition the story of their wanderings and the prowess of their heroes. They were even enterprising enough to attempt the solution of the marvellous natural phenomena everywhere presented to them, which, to their simple minds, could have no origin except in the intervention of the gods.

With a continuous stream of fresh immigrants flowing in from the north to reinforce the southern outposts, the conquest and colonisation of the islands was now only a matter of time. Before we come to the period directly connected with our story, some seven hundred years had elapsed, during which every trace and even the memory of the original people had been effaced, and but for their stone monuments, which have withstood alike the shock of invasion and the ravages of time, their very existence would have remained as one of the problems of a forgotten past. But long before this period had been reached, some great ethnic or geographical event had occurred to terminate the further inflow of these invaders from the north. Either the movements of the nations upon the Asiatic continent supervened to make continued migration unnecessary, or geographical changes in the distribution of land and sea operated to make it more difficult, if not impossible. Certain it is that the supply of warriors was effectually cut off, and that at a time before the parent people had learned the use of metals. From this period, down through the ages until the day of their discovery by the Spaniards, the gulf which separated them from the rest of the human family remained unbridged, and the Polynesians were suffered to evolve their own racial peculiarities and develop their own national spirit, untrammelled by exterior influences. Isolated from the rest of the world, they lived in total ignorance of the progress with which other peoples were advancing towards a higher type of human development and loftier ideals of national life. They knew nothing of the growth of science or of art, and they derived no benefit from the stimulating effect of competition, or from the bracing conditions of a strenuous life. Nature was bountiful to them in the ease and abundance with which their simple wants were supplied, for it required neither labour nor ingenuity to provide for their daily needs. Hence there was little incentive to depart from traditional customs, or to seek more advanced methods than their fathers had learned and applied in that far-off time when they lived on the banks of the Ganges. Had it been otherwise, the Polynesians would not have been found still clinging to their stone clubs and flint axes, while the continental peoples surrounding them had acquired a written language, the use of metals, and the arts of husbandry, pottery, and weaving. The complete absence of these primary evidences of civilisation amongst the islanders gives us the right to assume that they came into the South Seas before man had acquired any knowledge of the metallic arts, and that their migration ceased before pottery and the weaving spindle were known.

Polynesia must, therefore, have been occupied during the Palæolithic and Neolithic periods of the world's history. From that time down to the Spanish era all communication with the surrounding nations was completely cut off, and the Polynesians were allowed to sleep the sleep of centuries and to work out their own destiny in the midst of their tragic isolation. As the evolution of the race progressed, there was gradually developed a rude system of tribal government, administered by acknowledged chieftains, who claimed and obtained unquestioned obedience. So, too, victory or defeat became gradually the chief factor in determining the home of each tribe. These tribal boundaries were, however, by no means arbitrary lines of exclusion, and, in fact, there were frequent visits of friendship between the different sections of the race. These voyages necessarily led to a wide knowledge of the Southern seas and their archipelagos, and often contributed surprising results.

While the sea-captains navigated their canoes with wonderful accuracy, unaided as they were by chart or compass, their vessels were not always under absolute control, and in stress of sudden storm, or influenced by some unexpected current, they were frequently carried far out of their intended course.

It is probable that in some such way the first canoes reached New Zealand, for it is known that individual vessels had visited these shores long before the historic migration known as "the fleet" left Rarotonga in or about the year 1350 a. d. The stories brought back by these pioneering mariners excited the cupidity and fired the imagination of the islanders, and when a fleet of several great canoes arrived at Rarotonga, and found that group already fully occupied, they decided to set out in search of the strange land which had been dragged from the depths of the sea by the miracle-working Maui, and discovered by the great sea-captain Kupe.⁴ Here they hoped to capture the giant bird, the flesh of which Ngahue had preserved and brought back with him, but more than all they were eager to enrich themselves by the possession of the *toka-matie*, or much prized greenstone, the beauty of which they had heard so much extolled.

The story of this migration is recorded amongst the classic traditions of the New Zealanders: how the Arawa canoe came perilously near being lost in a tempest, and descended into the mysterious depths of the whirlpool, Te Parata; how the crew of the Taki-tumu suffered the pangs of starvation; how the Kura-haupo suffered wreck; and how, on landing, the crew of the Arawa practised the deceit upon the sleeping Tainui of placing the cable of their canoe under that of the latter, in order that they might, with some hope of success, set up a claim to first arrival. One by one the canoes reached these shores, the major part of them making land in the vicinity of East Cape, thence sailing to the north or to the south, as the whim of the captain or the divination of the *tohunga* decided their course. In this way they spread to almost every part of the North Island, which they found already peopled with the remnants of prior migrations, who were living in peaceable possession. With these the warlike Vikings from the Pacific fought and contended until they gained undoubted supremacy, thus giving a starting-point to New Zealand history by establishing ancestral lines from which all Maoris love to trace their descent. These tribes soon became the dominant power in the land. The weaker *tangata whenua*⁵ were subdued and absorbed. Their traditions, arts, and customs disappeared, except in so far as they may have unconsciously influenced those of their conquerors. The latter grew in strength and numbers, extending their influence far and wide, as they marched towards the development of their national existence and their final consolidation into the Maori race.

Unto these people was born, about the year 1768, a little brown babe who was destined to become the great Te Rauparaha, chief of the Ngati-Toa tribe.

⁴ The knowledge which the Polynesians possessed of the Southern sea, and their skill as navigators, was such that when "the fleet" set out from Rarotonga, they did not go to discover New Zealand, but they went with the absolute certainty of finding it.

⁵ "Man of the land, native, aboriginal." Probably these people were a mixture of the Melanesian and Polynesian types.

CHAPTER II

ARAWA AND TAINUI

If the genealogies of the Maori race can be relied upon, it may be accepted as a fact that the immediate ancestors of Te Rauparaha came to New Zealand in the canoe Tainui, which is said to have been the first vessel of the fleet after the Arawa, prepared for sea. By an unfortunate circumstance there sprang up between the crews of these two canoes a fatal rivalry, which repeated acts of aggression and retaliation were continually fanning into open ruptures, even after they had landed and were widely separated on the shores of New Zealand. This ill-humour, according to the tradition, was first engendered by Tama-te-kapua, the chief of the Arawa, depriving the Tainui of her high priest, Ngatoro-i-rangi, by inviting that renowned *tohunga* on board his vessel for the purpose of performing some of the all-important ceremonies which the complex ritual of the Maori demanded on such occasions, and then slipping his cable and putting to sea before the priest had time to realise that he had been deliberately led into a trap. But this act of treachery on the part of the bold and unscrupulous captain cost him dear, and bitterly must he have repented before the voyage was over his trifling with the dignity of so consummate a master of magic as Ngatoro-i-rangi. But that story belongs to the voyage of the Arawa. Of the voyage of the Tainui, under Hoturoa, we know little; but presumably she had a comparatively uneventful passage until she touched land at a point near the north-east end of the Bay of Plenty, which her people named Whanga-poraoa, for the reason that there they found a newly stranded sperm-whale. But scarcely had they disembarked than a dispute arose between them and the Arawas, who had beached their canoe at a spot close by, as to the ownership of the carcase. The result of the debate was an agreement, arrived at on the suggestion of a Tainui chief,⁶ that the crew which had first touched land should be the acknowledged owners of the fish, and to establish the date of arrival it was further agreed that they should examine the sacred places which each had erected on the shore, and on which they returned thanks to the gods for guiding them safely across the ocean. Here the ingenuity of the Arawa people enabled them to outwit the Tainuis. While the latter had built their shrine of green wood, the followers of Tama-te-kapua had taken the precaution to dry the poles of their altar over the fire before sinking them into the sand. Precisely the same process had been applied to their hawsers, so that when the examination was made for the purpose of determining priority of arrival the Arawa temple carried with it the appearance of greater age, and the Tainuis, without detecting the trick, conceded the point and yielded the prize to their rivals.

Hoturoa then decided to make further explorations to the north, and moved off in that direction with his canoe, to be followed a few days later by the Arawa. The Tainui skirted the coast, noted and named many of its prominent features as far as the North Cape, and then, as the land terminated at this point, the canoe was put about and retraced her course as far south as Takapuna.⁷ Here a halt

⁶ On this occasion Hotu-nui is credited with having addressed his people in the following terms: "Friends, hearken! Ours was the first canoe to land in New Zealand before any of you had arrived here. But let this be the proof as to which of our canoes landed first. Let us look at the ropes which the various canoes tied to the whale now before us, and also let us look at the branches of the trees which each have put up in building an altar, then the owners of the rope which is the driest and most withered, and of the altar the leaves of which are the most faded, were the first to land on the coast of the country where we now reside."

⁷ After the canoe left Whanga-poraoa the first stopping-place was at Whare-nga, where the crew amused themselves with various games on the beach. To mark the spot, one legend has it, they placed one large stone on top of another, while a second story has it that this monument, which is still existent and is called *Pohatu Whakairi*, represents one of the crew who was turned into stone. The next point of interest was Moe-hau, now known as Cape Colville. They then landed at Te Ana-Putā, where, it is said, the canoe was moored to a natural arch of rock jutting into the sea. For some reason the anchor was left at a spot between Wai-hou and Piako, and under the name of *Te pungapunga* (the pumice stone) is still to be seen on the coast by those who are curious enough to look for it. The course was then deflected slightly to the west, and the canoe crossed to Whaka-ti-wai and coasted along the mainland past Whare-Kawa, where, it is said, Marama, one of the wives of Hoturoa, desired to be put ashore with one of her male slaves. Here they were

was called, and exploring parties were sent out to ascertain if all the district promised was likely to be realised. Upon ascending one of the many hills⁸ which mark the landscape in this particular locality, the voyagers were surprised to observe flocks of sea-birds, some flying over from the westward, others wheeling with noisy flight in mid-air. To the experienced eye of the native, who had been bred on the borders of the sea, this circumstance bespoke a new expanse of water to the west. The canoe was once more launched, and on their crossing the Wai-te-mata⁹ harbour a critical examination of the eastern shore revealed to the astonished visitors the fact that a narrow portage existed at the head of the Tamaki River, over the ridge of which lay another arm of the sea, apparently as wide and as deep as that which they had just entered.

In the meantime they had been joined by the Tokomaru canoe, and the joint crews decided upon the bold scheme of hauling their vessels over the narrow portage at Otahuhu.¹⁰ The Tokomaru was the first to be taken across, and under the guidance of the chiefs she glided with perfect ease and grace over the carefully laid skids into the deep, smooth water. But when the drag-ropes were applied to the Tainui, pull as they would, she remained fast and immovable. Tradition says that Marama-kiko-hura, one of Hoturoa's wives, being unwilling that the weary crews should proceed at once upon this new expedition, which the chiefs were evidently projecting, had by her power as an enchantress so rooted the canoe to the ground that no human strength could move it. Against this supernatural agency the stalwart boatmen struggled unavailingly, for, although there was a straining of brawny arms, a bending of broad backs, and much vocal emulation, inspired by the lusty commands of those in authority, the charm of the enchantress could not be broken. In this distressful emergency the womanly sympathy of a second wife of the chief was stirred within her, and she, being even more gifted in the art of magic than her sister, chanted an incantation so great in virtue that instantly the spell was loosed and the wicked work of a disappointed woman undone.¹¹

The song which was chanted on this memorable occasion has long since been embalmed amongst the classics of the Maori, and has become the basis of many another chant which is used while canoes are being drawn down to the sea.

"Drag Tainui till she reaches the sea:
But who shall drag her hence?
What sound comes from the horizon?
The Earth is lighting up,
The Heavens arise,
In company with the feeble ones
Welcome hither! Come, O joyous Tane!
Thou leader and provider.
Here are the skids laid to the sea,
And drops the moisture now from Marama,
Caused by the gentle breeze
Which blows down from Wai-hi;
But still Tainui stays,

left, and, according to one version of the tradition, it was her misconduct with this slave which prevented the crew dragging the Tainui over the portage at Otahuhu. The canoe then went on, some accounts say, as far as the North Cape, and others seem to imply that she was shortly afterwards put about and, returning into the Hauraki Gulf, sailed past the islands of Waiheke and Motu-Korea, until land was once more made at Takapuna.

⁸ Now called Mount Victoria or "Flagstaff Hill."

⁹ Waitemata may be interpreted as "the waters of volcanic obsidian," no doubt a reference to the eruptive disposition of Mount Rangitoto.

¹⁰ Otahuhu signifies "ridge-pole." This portage is only 3,900 feet long and 66 feet high.

¹¹ There are different versions of this tradition, some attributing the transfixing of the canoe to Marama, others crediting her with releasing it. The version given in the late Sir George Grey's *Polynesian Mythology* has been here adopted.

And will not move.
Red, red is the sun,
Hot, hot are its rays,
And still impatient stands the host:
Take ye and hold the rope,
And drag with flashing eyes
And drag in concert all.
Rise now the power
To urge. She moves and starts,
Moves now the prow,
Urge, urge her still."

Under the exhilarating influence of the singer's musical voice, together with a profound faith in her skill as a mistress of magic, the weary crews once more bent themselves to their task. Their renewed efforts were rewarded with success; for with one vigorous pull the canoe was seen to move, and was soon slipping and sliding on her way to the bosom of the bay below.¹² Once fairly launched, the Tainui was soon speeding her way to the open sea; and, having successfully crossed the Manukau bar, she passed out into the Western Ocean to battle with adverse winds and tides. Evidently, the physical features of this coast were not greatly to the liking of the explorers. Unlike the eastern side of the island, there were fewer shelving beaches and favourable landing-places; the predominating aspect was high and abrupt cliffs, fringed with jagged and evil-looking rocks, against which the surf beat with deafening roar. The sea, too, was much more turbulent; so that, after travelling only some eighty miles, the canoe was headed for the sheltered harbour of Kawhia,¹³ and there Hoturoa and the tribes who accompanied him determined to bring their wanderings to an end.

The canoe which had brought them safely over so many miles of open ocean was hauled to a secure spot on the beach, there to await the ravages of decay, the spot where she rested and finally rotted away under the *manuka* and *akeake* trees being still marked by two stone pillars,¹⁴ which the natives have named Puna and Hani. The next thing was to erect an altar to the gods for having thus far prospered their journey. The spot chosen was that afterwards called Ahurei, in memory of their old home in Tahiti;¹⁵ and, doubtless for the same sentimental and patriotic reason, the spot on which the wives of Hoturoa first planted the *kumara*¹⁶ was called Hawaiki. With these preliminaries settled, the pilgrims from the east were now faced with the most serious duty of all, to arrive at an equitable division of the new land which was about to become their permanent home. What method of adjudication was employed in the apportionment we cannot now say; but two main divisions mark the final arbitrament. The Waikatos occupied the country from Manukau in the north to the Marokopa River in the south, while the tribe afterwards known as Mania-poto occupied a domain which extended from that point to one about two miles south of the Mokau River. Within these

¹² Some authorities are of opinion that the Tainui was not taken across the portage at Otahuhu (ridge-pole), and they base this contention upon the fact that no traditional marks have been left inside the Manukau harbour. All the points of interest which have been handed down, and are remembered, are on the sea coast; and from this circumstance it is argued that the canoe was never in Manukau harbour at all. Others say that some of the skids of Tainui were left at South Manukau Heads.

¹³ As they were passing the mouth of the Waikato, the priest of the canoe, noticing that the river was in flood, named it by calling out "*Waikato, Waikato, kau.*" Further on, noticing that there were no landing-places, he threw his paddle at the face of the cliff and exclaimed, "*Ko te akau kau*" (all sea coast). The paddle is said to be still embedded in the face of the rock, and is one of the traditional marks by which the course of the Tainui can be traced. At the entrance of Kawhia Harbour they ran into a shoal of fish, and the priest gave this haven its present name by exclaiming "*Kawhia kau.*" Another account is that the name comes from Ka-awhi, to recite the usual *karakia* on landing on a new shore, to placate the local gods.

¹⁴ The distance between these stones is 86 feet, indicating the probable length of the Tainui canoe.

¹⁵ Now called Te Fana-i-Ahurei (or, in Maori, Te Whanga-i-Ahurei, the district of Ahurei).

¹⁶ The Tainui brought the species of kumaras known as *Anu-rangi* (cold of heaven) and the *hue* or calabash. Those planted by Marama did not come up true to type, but those planted by Whakaoti-rangi, another of the chief's wives, did.

comprehensive boundaries was embraced the acknowledged territory of the numerous sub-tribes; but to only two of these need we refer at this stage, namely, to the Ngati-toa, who lived on the shores of Kawhia Bay, and to the Ngati-Raukawa, who had settled further inland, in the country of which Maungatautari is now the centre.

When the Tainui people landed on the shores of Kawhia and began to spread their settlements throughout the valleys of the district, they did not find, as they might have expected, an empty land. At some time, and by some means, man had already established himself in New Zealand, and before the organised migration, of which the Tainui was a part, had set sail from Rarotonga, the country was already extensively peopled. Whether these *tangata whenua*, as the Maoris called them, were Polynesians like themselves, and the fruits of some of the prior migrations which are known to have taken place, or whether they were a lower order of mankind struggling through the process of evolution to a higher plane of civilisation, is a point which cannot well be debated here. But whatever manner of men they were who lived in the balmy climate of Kawhia, they were already well established there in their villages and gardens, and for many generations – perhaps for many centuries – they had been burying their dead in the secret caves which honeycombed the limestone cliffs that rise in beetling precipices sheer from the harbour's edge. Although they are generally credited with being a less combative and virile race than the fierce and hardy tribes who came with the fleet, they were not disposed to surrender or divide their estate without a struggle, and Hoturoa found that, if he was to become master of Kawhia, it could only be as the outcome of a successful war. But Kawhia was a country worth fighting for. Early travellers through New Zealand, who saw it before the devastating hand of man had marred its beauties, speak with eloquent enthusiasm of its extremely picturesque and romantic landscape.¹⁷ At full tide the harbour shines in the sunlight like an unbroken sheet of silver, in which the green and gold reflections of the surrounding bush are mirrored and magnified. For many miles in length and breadth the sea runs inland from the bay's bar-bound mouth, stretching its liquid arms right to the base of the mountains which encircle the harbour like a massive frame. Rugged and picturesque are these mountains, with their cloak of deep verdure, through which huge masses of limestone rock protrude their white faces, suggesting the bastions of some old Norman tower covered with gigantic ivy. So marked, in fact, is this resemblance, that the character of the peaks has been preserved in their name – the Castle Hills.¹⁸ Down the sides of these slopes run innumerable streams, the largest being the Awaroa River, which enters the harbour at the north-east end, where the scenery attains its most impressive grandeur. A little to the north-east of Kawhia, and over the ranges, lies the broadly-terraced valley of the Waipa, and between this district and the harbour stands "an ancient and dilapidated volcano," called Pirongia, upon which the evening sun directs its blood-red darts, lighting up its many peaks and towers until they resemble a giant altar raised by some mighty priest. The climate, too, is mild and soft, like that of Southern Spain, and there the orange and the lemon might bud and blossom with all the luxuriance found in the valleys of Granada.

Such was the home in which the people of the Tainui canoe sought to gain a footing, when they abandoned their vessel; but these exiles from far Hawaiki were yet to pass through the bitter waters of tribulation before their arms were blessed with success and their claims ceased to be contested. In the quaint language of an old *tohunga* we are told: "In the days of the ancient times the descendants of those who came in the Tainui made war on the people who had occupied the interior of Waikato. These people were called Te Upoko-tioa, and were the people who had occupied the land long before the Tainui arrived at Kawhia. These people were attacked by those who came over in the Tainui. The men they killed, but the women were saved and taken as wives by the Tainui. Those who attacked these people were of one family, and were descended from one ancestor, who, after they had killed

¹⁷ "I reckon this country among the most charming and fertile districts I have seen in New Zealand" (*Hochstetter*).

¹⁸ The natives call them Whenuapo.

the inhabitants of Waikato, turned and made war each on the other – uncle killed nephew, and nephew killed uncle: elder killed the younger, and the younger killed the elder."

Of the various battles which the Tainui people fought during the conquest of their new home we have scarcely any account, beyond vague and general statements of the most fugitive character. These, unfortunately, do not afford us any wealth of detail, the possession of which would enable us to picture in vivid colours the doughty deeds by which the invaders overcame the strenuous resistance of the *tangata whenua*, who maintained the struggle with the desperation of men who were fighting for their very existence. The story of the conquest of Kawhia may be regarded as lost in the misty distances of the past, but it is not surprising to discover by shadowy suggestion, such as quoted above, that, after the original inhabitants had been effectually subdued, the turbulent nature of the Maori should lead to devastating and sanguinary internecine wars. One of the traditions of the Tainui tribes is that they left the South Pacific because of a great battle called "Ra-to-rua," which originated in a quarrel between Heta and Ue-nuku; and it would be quite unreasonable to expect that they should suddenly forsake their warlike passions on reaching New Zealand, a country in which there was so much to fight for. With the Maori war had now become more than a passion: it had become part of his nature; for, through all the long centuries of migration, the story of the race had been one of incessant struggle with other races and with circumstances. They fought their way into the Pacific, and were in turn submerged under the tide of a second invasion, which gave to the world a people inured to the hardships inseparable from strife, who had tasted the bitterness of defeat as well as the joys of victory – a proud and haughty race, sensitive to the slightest insult, and so jealous of their honour that they were ever ready to vindicate their fair name before the only tribunal to which they could appeal – that of war. Steeped as they had been from birth in this atmosphere of strife, they had grown to expect the clash of arms at every turn, and, as they grew to expect it, they grew to love it. It is small wonder, then, that, when they found their enemies at Kawhia and its neighbourhood vanquished, they occasionally turned their hands upon each other, in the attempt to efface some real or imagined wrong.

But, fatal to national progress as these inter-tribal wars must have been, they, nevertheless, played an important and valuable part in spreading the Maori over New Zealand. A tribe defeated in battle was forced to fly before the pursuing enemy, with no alternative but either to appropriate some district still unoccupied or to displace some weaker people, upon whom the burden was cast of again establishing themselves where and as best they could. Thus the tide of fortune and misfortune rolled and recoiled from Te Reinga to Te Ra-whiti, until an asylum was sought by the last of the refugees even across the waters of Cook Strait. Although we have no accurate information on the point, it is probable that these blood-feuds contributed in no small measure to the ultimate distribution of the Tainui people; for their subsequent history is eloquent of the fact that, while they claimed common descent from the ancestral line of Hoturoa, this family bond did not prevent hatred and hostility springing up, and at times bathing their country in blood.

The first migration, however, of which we have any record did not apparently ensue upon the result of a battle, although a quarrel was its underlying cause. Hotu-nui, who was one of the principal chiefs of the canoe, is said to have taken as his wife a daughter of one of the *tangata whenua*, and was apparently living in the same village and on terms of perfect friendship with her people. Having been wrongfully accused of an act of petty thieving, he determined to rid the *pa* of his presence; and so, with one hundred of his immediate followers, he, it is said, moved off towards the Hauraki Gulf. As the years rolled on, and the systematic exploration of the country began to be undertaken, many similar expeditions, no doubt, went out from the parent home at Kawhia, one at least of which was fraught with fateful consequences. A chief named Raumati,¹⁹ whose story has been embalmed in tradition, had taken a band of followers with him and travelled across the island, past Rotorua, until he finally

¹⁹ His full name was Raumati-nui-o-taua. His father was Tama-ahua, who is reputed to have returned to Hawaiki from New Zealand, and his mother was Tauranga, a Bay of Plenty woman.

came to the shores of the Bay of Plenty, where his mother's people lived. Here he was in the Arawa country, and it was not long before he heard that their canoe was lying at Maketu, some distance further to the southward. It will be remembered that there had never been good feeling between the Tainui and Arawa peoples, and Raumati determined upon an act which would demonstrate beyond all doubt that he, at least, was not disposed to hold out the olive-branch to Arawa. His scheme was to effect the destruction of the great canoe which had brought the hated rivals of his tribe to New Zealand. Once decided upon, his plan was put into execution with a promptness worthy of a better cause. Travelling along the coast from Tauranga to Maketu, he and his followers arrived at the latter place when all its inhabitants were absent in quest of food. But his trouble was that the Arawa had been berthed on the opposite side of the Kaituna River, where she had been housed under a covering of reeds and grass to protect her from the ravages of the weather. Nothing daunted, however, Raumati soon proved that his ingenuity was equal to the desperate circumstances in which he found himself placed. Taking a dart, and attaching to the point of it a live ember, he hurled the smoking stick across the water with unerring aim, and, to his intense satisfaction, he saw the firebrand fall in the midst of the combustible material which formed the covering of the canoe. The fire was soon in full blast: the glare of the flames lit up the surrounding country and was reflected in the red glow of the evening sky. The first impression of the people out in the forest was that the Maketu *pa* had been destroyed; but in the morning they were undeceived, for then they saw that it was their beloved canoe which had been burned, and all that remained of her was a heap of glowing ashes.²⁰

The unanimous conclusion was that this had been the work of an enemy, and messengers were sent far and wide to acquaint the tribesmen of the fate of the canoe and call them to council upon the subject. At the meetings the debates were long and serious, for the tribe was torn between its desire to live in peace with all men and its natural impulse to revenge the burning of the Arawa, which "they loved and venerated almost as a parent." They remembered the injunction which had been given to them by Hou when on the point of leaving Hawaiki: "O my children, O Mako, O Tia, O Hei, hearken to these my words: There was but one great chief in Hawaiki, and that was Whakatauihu. Now do you, my children, depart in peace, and, when you reach the place you are going to, do not follow after the deeds of Tu, the God of War: if you do, you will perish, as if swept off by the winds; but rather follow quiet and useful occupations, then you will die tranquilly a natural death. Depart, and dwell in peace with all; leave war and strife behind you here. Depart and dwell in peace. It is war and its evils which are driving you hence: dwell in peace where you are going; conduct yourselves like men; let there be no quarrelling amongst you, but build up a great people."

These were, no doubt, excellent words of advice, and they expressed a very noble sentiment; but the practical question which they had to determine was whether they could afford to adopt an attitude of passivity while these acts of aggression went on around them: whether they should declare war on account of the destruction of their canoe, or permit the act to pass without notice. This was the problem over which they pondered; and, as they discussed and debated it, "impatient feelings kept ever rising up in their hearts." But at last an end was made of deliberation, the decision of the tribe being in favour of battle as the one and only sufficient means by which they could be compensated for the burning of their canoe. In the words of the old tradition, "then commenced the great war which was waged between those who arrived in the Arawa and those who came in the Tainui."²¹

²⁰ The date of this incident has been approximately fixed at a. d. 1390, or forty years after the arrival of "the fleet."

²¹ "It is to be presumed that Raumati's relatives and friends at Tauranga made his cause their own, for they met the Arawa people somewhere near Maketu, where a great battle was fought. Raumati's party, though successful at first, were defeated, and their leader killed by the power of *makutu*, or witch-craft, for Hatu-patu, the Arawa chief, caused a cliff to fall on him as he retreated from the battle, and thus killed him" (*Polynesian Journal*).

CHAPTER III

A WARRIOR IN THE MAKING

In one of the many sanguinary battles of those intertribal wars which raged in Old New Zealand from this period down to the introduction of Christianity, Werawera, the father of Te Rauparaha, was captured, killed, and eaten. The subject of our sketch was at that time a mere child, and the grim old warrior who had made a meal of Werawera was heard to remark that, if ever the youngster fell into his hands, he would certainly meet a similar fate, as he would make a delicious relish for so great a warrior's *rau-paraha*. The *rau-paraha* here referred to was a juicy plant of the convolvulus family, which grew luxuriantly upon the sand-dunes of the seashore, and was largely used by the Maori of those days as an article of food. Such a tragic association of the child with the plant was never forgotten by his tribe, and it was from this circumstance that he derived that name which has stood paramount amongst Maori *toas*²² of all time – Te Rauparaha – the convolvulus leaf. The branch of the Tainui people to which Te Rauparaha belonged was the Ngati-Toa tribe, who have already been described as occupying the country immediately surrounding the shores of Kawhia harbour. Like all the other Tainui tribes, these people claimed direct descent from Hoturoa, the admiral of the canoe; but the ancestor from whom they derived their name was Toa-rangatira, and from him Te Rauparaha was descended in a direct line on his father's side. Werawera, however, had married a Ngati-Raukawa lady, named Pare-kowhatu, and this fact, placing a bar sinister across Te Rauparaha's escutcheon, destroyed in a measure the purity of his pedigree from the Ngati-Toa point of view, although, as compensation, it gave him an influence with the Ngati-Raukawa tribe, which in after years carried with it fateful results.

The Ngati-Raukawa people were closely allied to Ngati-Toa by ties of blood and friendship; for Raukawa, the ancestor who gave them name and individuality as a tribe, was related to Toa-rangatira, both chiefs being descendants of Raka, and through him of Hoturoa. This common ancestry gave these two tribes a common interest and sympathy, which were steadily increased by frequent inter-marriages; and to these bonds they appear to have been faithful through all the varying fortunes of their history. Conflicts between the Ngati-Toa and Ngati-Raukawa tribes were less frequent than was the case with the majority of the tribal families; and when the time came to mould their affinities into a closer union, Te Rauparaha used this long-standing friendship as the central argument, by which he eloquently sought to convince Ngati-Raukawa that there was but one destiny for them and for Ngati-Toa.

Te Rauparaha had two brothers and two sisters, all older than himself; but none of them ever achieved a great position or reputation in the tribe, except perhaps Waitohi²³, who might claim the reflected glory of being the mother of that fiery and volcanic soul, Te Rangihaeata. This chief, whose life enters largely into early New Zealand history, rose to be the fighting lieutenant and trusted adviser of his more famous uncle, and, in these questionable capacities, he was probably the most turbulent spirit who crossed the path of Wellington's pioneer colonists. Towards them he ever manifested an uncompromising hatred, the one redeeming feature of his hostility being the absolute frankness with which he proclaimed it.

²² Braves.

²³ Waitohi had other children, one of whom, Topeora, afterwards became the mother of Matene Te Whiwhi, one of the most influential and friendly chiefs on the west coast of the North Island. Topeora is perhaps more famed than any other Maori lady, for the number of her poetical effusions, which generally take the form of *kaioaraora*, or cursing songs, in which she expresses the utmost hatred of her enemies. Her songs are full of historical allusions, and are therefore greatly valued. She also bore the reputation of being something of a beauty in her day.

Unfortunately but little is known of Te Rauparaha's boyhood. Presumably he was brought up by his mother, after his father's death, between the settlements at Maungatautari²⁴, where he was born about the year 1768, and Kawhia, where his father's relatives lived. As he grew in years, the greater part of his time was spent at Kawhia with the Ngati-Toa tribe, by whom he was regarded as a hereditary chief and as one of their future leaders. His influence with Ngati-Raukawa did not commence until he had attained to early manhood; and the visits which he paid to his kindred at Maungatautari during this period had no military importance, and could only be regarded as interchanges of friendship. His sojourns at Maungatautari were always welcome, for as a boy he is said to have had a particularly sunny disposition, and to have entered eagerly into all the amusements dear to the heart of Maori children of that day. These enterprises frequently led him into mischief, and into those moral pitfalls which beset the path of high-spirited lads. But, for all his boisterous spirits, the boy never failed to pay respect to his elders, and one of the marked characteristics of his nature at this time was his willing obedience to those who were entitled to give him commands. He was even known to have performed services at the request of a slave, whom he might very well have ordered to do his own work, since his birth and breeding placed him far above the behests of a menial.

As Te Rauparaha grew to youth and early manhood he began to display qualities of mind which soon attracted the attention of the leading Ngati-Toa chiefs; but, strange to say, his mother was the last to discern these exceptional talents in her son, and always maintained that Nohorua, his elder brother, was the clever boy of the family. These maternal expectations, however, were not destined to be realised.

Before the introduction of Christianity amongst the Maori, it was the custom to assign to a young chief some girl from his own or a neighbouring friendly tribe as his wife. Neither of the parties most directly interested in the alliance was consulted, and their feelings or wishes were not considered to have any important bearing upon the question. Such a system frequently led to unhappiness and heart-burning, but in the case of Te Rauparaha, the choice made for him proved to be a happy one, and Marore²⁵, a girl of tender grace, made him an admirable wife. Of her he became extremely fond, and out of this affection arose the first military enterprise which gave him fame and reputation as a leader of men.

As not infrequently happened in Maori life, his own people had prepared a great feast for some visiting tribesmen; but when the food which had been collected for their entertainment was distributed to the various families, Te Rauparaha observed with considerable displeasure that the portion given to Marore was of the very plainest, and contained no dainty morsel which she was likely to enjoy. The want of consideration thus shown towards his child-wife preyed upon the young chief's mind, and he speedily determined that, come what might, he would find with his own hand the relish which his friends had failed to provide. Accordingly he petitioned those in authority at Kawhia to permit him to organise a war party for the purpose of invading the Waikato country, where he hoped to take captive in battle some warrior who would make a banquet for his bride. At first his proposals were received with opposition, for the reason that he was himself at this time in delicate health, and it was deemed prudent that he should await recovery before embarking upon so desperate a venture. Moreover, the tribe being then at peace with Waikato, the chiefs were naturally reluctant to sanction any act which would inevitably embroil them in a quarrel with their neighbours. But the fiery enthusiasm which Te Rauparaha displayed for his own scheme, and the persistency with which he urged its claims, overcame the resistance of the tribal fathers, who thus acknowledged, for the first time, the strength of the personality with whom they had to deal.

²⁴ There appears to be some doubt as to the exact locality of Te Rauparaha's birth, some authorities giving it as Maungatautari and others as Kawhia.

²⁵ Marore was killed by a member of the Waikato tribe – it is said, at the instigation of Te Wherowhero – while she was attending a *tangi* in their district, about the year 1820.

Armed with this authority, he at once set about marshalling his forces, and his call to arms was eagerly responded to by a band of young bloods equally keen for adventure with himself. The *taua*²⁶ made its way safely to the nearest Waikato *pa*, where the profound peace prevailing at the time had thrown the defenders off their guard. In the belief that the visitors were on a friendly journey, they invited their advance guard within the walls of the village. Soon, however, the error was discovered; and the inhabitants, realising the position, flew to arms with an alacrity which sent the invaders flying through the gate of the *pa*. The impetuous energy of the Waikatos, led by Te Haunga, induced them to push the pursuit a considerable distance beyond the walls of their stronghold; and it was the strategic use which Te Rauparaha made of this fact that gave him the victory and established his claim to leadership in future wars. Owing to the difficulty which he experienced in walking, he had not been able to march with the leaders, but was following with a second division of his men, when he saw, to his dismay, his warriors being chased out of the *pa*. His own force was as yet concealed behind an intervening hill, and, quickly taking in the situation, he ordered his men to lie down amongst the *manuka* scrub, which grew to the height of several feet beside the narrow track which they had been traversing. He saw that the fugitives would follow this line, in order to rejoin him as speedily as possible, and in this anticipation his judgment proved correct. At full run they swept past, closely followed by the angry Waikatos, who, having escaped from one trap, little dreamed how simply they were falling into another. Close in his concealment, Te Rauparaha lay until the last of the pursuing body had rushed by; then, bursting from his hiding-place, he attacked them in flank and rear with such vehemence that they were at once thrown into disorder. The tumult of his assault checked the flight of the Ngati-Toas, and the Waikatos, now wedged in between two superior forces, sustained heavy losses. Te Rauparaha is credited with having slain four of his opponents with his own hand, and the total killed is said to have numbered one hundred and forty. Amongst these was Te Haunga, the principal chief of the *pa*, who formed a specially valuable trophy in view of the purpose for which the raid had been organised. His body was carried home to Kawhia to provide the relish which Te Rauparaha so much desired for Marore.

Although this attack upon Waikato was only one of the many sporadic raids so common amongst the Maori tribes, and could not be regarded as a military movement of national importance, Te Rauparaha had conducted it with so much skill and enterprise that his achievement became the chief topic of discussion throughout the neighbouring *pas*, and, in the words of an old narrator, "he was heard of as a warrior by all the tribes." The fame which he had thus suddenly achieved, and the desire to live up to his reputation, inspired him with a new sense of responsibility, and he became a keen student of all that pertained to the art of war as practised in his day. He was shrewd enough to see the advantages attending military skill amongst a people with whom might was right, and, even at that age, he was ambitious enough to dream dreams which power alone would enable him to realise. He aimed at making the acquaintance of all the great chiefs of the surrounding tribes; and, when it was safe to visit them, he travelled long distances to sit at the feet of these old Maori warriors, and learn from them the subtle methods by which fields were won. These journeys gave him a familiarity with the country and the people which was very useful in the disturbed and precarious relations between Ngati-Toa and the neighbouring tribes. In these warlike excursions, which were as often of an aggressive as of a defensive nature, Ngati-Toa was not invariably successful. But, even in their defeats, the reputation of Rauparaha increased with his years, for he was ever turning to account some new device of tactics or giving some fresh proof of his personal courage.

Nor did he neglect to cultivate the good opinion of his tribe by generosity in the discharge of his social duties. His bounty was never closed against the stranger; and when he invited his friends to a feast, his entertainment was always of the most lavish kind. Even to his workmen he was strikingly considerate. He abolished the practice indulged in by the field labourers of giving a portion of the

²⁶ War party.

food provided for them to strangers who happened to arrive at the settlement, by insisting that the kumara-planters should retain their full ration and the strangers be fed with food specially prepared for them. This unconventional liberality speedily created the desired impression,²⁷ and became the subject of general remark amongst those who were on visiting terms with the Kawhia chief. It even became proverbial, for it was sometimes said of a benevolent Maori, "You are like Te Rauparaha, who first feeds his workmen and then provides for his visitors."

Reference has already been made to the fact that Te Rauparaha had been in the habit of making frequent visits to parts of the country distant from Kawhia, for the dual purpose of completing his education in the art of warfare and of strengthening his personal relations with influential chiefs, who might be useful to him in future diplomacy. During one of these excursions he had proceeded as far as what is now known as the Valley of the Thames, in the Hauraki Gulf, to pay his respects to the chiefs of the Ngati-Maru²⁸ tribe, who were then both numerous and influential in that part of the island. How much he was esteemed by the leaders of this people may be judged by the fact that, when he was about to return, they, amongst other gifts, presented him with a firearm and a few cartridges, his first acquisition of the kind. To us the gift of an old flintlock might seem a trivial circumstance; but to a Maori, who was lingering on the fringe of the Stone Age, such a weapon was a priceless treasure. So dearly were they prized by the natives at this time that only the consideration of warmest friendship could have induced the Ngati-Maru to part with even one. There was in these rusty and erratic "fire-spears" that which would before long revolutionise the whole system of native warfare; and the shrewdest of the natives saw that the tribe which acquired the largest number of guns in the least time would have an enormous advantage in the field of battle.

For some years a few vagrant and adventurous voyagers, together with the more honest whalers, had been making the Bay of Islands one of their principal rendezvous; and in the desultory trade which had been carried on between the crews and the natives, guns had first fallen into the possession of the Nga-Puhi tribe. The deadly use which these warriors had made of this new instrument of destruction, in their skirmishes with their neighbours, had so impressed the native mind that forces hitherto well-disciplined were seized with panic when marched against guns, until it was felt by the inland tribes that such weapons were absolutely indispensable to safety or victory.²⁹ Many of the natives, whose curiosity had been aroused by the novel sights which they had seen on the visiting whalers, had shipped as seamen before the mast in the hope of seeing more of the great world from which the *pakeha* came. In this way they had been carried to Port Jackson, where they had witnessed on a more extensive scale the destructive power of the European weapons. Owing to the misjudged generosity of the Sydney public, some had been able to bring a few muskets back with them, while others had secured hatchets and bayonets, which, fastened on the end of long handles, were soon recognised as weapons vastly superior to the spears and *taiahas* of their fathers. These discoveries accentuated the desire to replace their obsolete arms with others of a more modern type; and as a result of the excessive demand thus created, the commercial value of a musket rose in the market, until the traders asked, and the Maoris willingly gave, as much as a cargo of flax for a single weapon. The effect of this musket-hunger was to change completely the existing relations between the *pakeha* and Maori, going far to remove the estrangement and distrust which had been generated between the two races. Up to this time but little respect had been shown to the dark-skinned natives of these far-away islands by the rude sailors who had visited them; and in their contempt for the "niggers" they had been guilty of many outrages which would have staggered humanity, had humanity been able to

²⁷ The traditional accounts of the Maoris have it that at this period Te Rauparaha was "famous in matters relative to warfare, cultivating generosity, welcoming of strangers and war parties."

²⁸ This tribe was afterwards partially exterminated during the raids of Hongi and Te Waharoa.

²⁹ "When Paora, a northern chief, invaded the district of Whanga-roa, in 1819, the terrified people described him as having twelve muskets, while the name of Te Korokoro, then a great chief of the Bay of Islands, who was known to possess fifty stand of arms, was heard with terror for upwards of two hundred miles beyond his own district" (*Travers*).

grasp the full measure of their ferocity.³⁰ Retaliation, culminating in the murder of Marion du Fresne and the burning of the *Boyd*, followed upon outrage, and hatred, fed by misunderstanding, was daily driving the two peoples further and further asunder.³¹ But the need and the hope of acquiring muskets suddenly changed all this, for the natives now saw that it was necessary to their very existence that they should cultivate the European, in order that they might trade their flax and pigs for guns; while the white man, seeing that he could procure these valuable products at so insignificant a cost, was nothing loath to forget the many injuries which had been inflicted upon his own race.

Thus the spirit of crime and revenge, which for years had darkened the page of New Zealand's history, suddenly disappeared in the eagerness for trade, and in its stead came the spirit of industry, which sent countless natives toiling in the swamps and on the hill-sides, preparing in feverish haste the fibre wherewith they might purchase this new weapon of destruction. This mad rush for muskets did not escape the keen observation of Te Rauparaha, who saw with unerring precision what its ultimate effect must be. Had he been a resident of the east coast there is little doubt that he too would have plunged with enthusiasm into the fatal scramble, trusting to his natural shrewdness and business acumen to secure for him a fair share of the market's prizes. But he was at the outset placed at this disadvantage. His country was on the west coast of the island, where the whalers and traders seldom came; and the Ngati-Toa, unlike the Nga-Puhi, had few or no opportunities of holding intercourse with the *pakeha*, from whom alone the coveted muskets could be procured. It was therefore with a heavy heart and sorely perplexed mind that Te Rauparaha returned to Kawhia, for he knew with absolute certainty that so soon as the Waikatos succeeded in arming themselves with firelocks it was only a question of time when they would decide to attack him and his people, in satisfaction for many an old grudge. Then the day would go hard with Ngati-Toa, who could only encounter this new invasion with stone clubs and wooden spears.

As the result of many years of intertribal wars the country surrounding Aotea harbour, to the north of Kawhia, had become almost denuded of population. A few inconsiderable *pas* still remained, but their defenders were so inefficient as to constitute a living invitation to some stronger people to come down and exterminate them. Thus it was not surprising that a section of the Ngati-Mahanga tribe, whose home was at Raglan, should, after a successful raid in this quarter, decide to permanently occupy so inviting a district. They immediately attacked and drove out the feeble occupants, and then sat down to enjoy the fruits of their conquest. This act of aggression was hotly resented by Te Rauparaha, who could not suffer his allies to be buffeted in so unceremonious a manner, and within an incredibly short period of time he had his fleet of canoes on the water carrying a *taua* to Whangaroa, where he met and decisively defeated Ngati-Mahanga. The report of this Ngati-Toa victory soon spread throughout the enemies' domain, and in due course reached the ears of those branches of the tribe living at the mouth of the Waikato River, who at once resolved to espouse the cause of their defeated friends. Manning seven large canoes, they came down the coast with a well-disciplined force under the renowned leader Kare-waho, and landing at Otiki, they first demolished the *pa* there and then passed on to Ohaua, whither the fugitives had fled, and delivered their attack upon that stronghold. No decisive result was achieved, as the rupture appears to have been healed before victory crowned the arms of either side, and the invaders were as eager to return as the besieged were glad to see them go. But the peace thus hastily made was as speedily broken, and a series of events was soon to ensue which was fated to have far-reaching results. Shortly after the return of the northern raiders

³⁰ "If we take the whole catalogue of dreadful massacres they (the New Zealanders) have been charged with, and (setting aside partiality for our own countrymen) allow them to be carefully examined, it will be found that we have invariably been the aggressors: and when we have given serious cause of offence, can we be so irrational as to express astonishment that a savage should seek revenge?" (*Earle*).

³¹ Marsden, writing of this time, says that such was the dread of the Maoris that he was compelled to wait for more than three years before he could induce a captain to bring the missionaries to New Zealand, as "no master of a vessel would venture for fear of his ship and crew falling a sacrifice to the natives." As an extra precaution, all vessels which did visit the country were supplied with boarding nets.

a noted Waikato warrior, named Te Uira, came into the disputed Aotea territory, and while there varied his sport as a fisherman by killing a stray Ngati-Toa tribesman. On hearing of this tragedy Te Rauparaha and a war party promptly went over and retaliated by slaying Te Uira. Though to all appearances strictly within the code of morality which sanctions the taking of a life for a life, the Waikato people chose to regard this act as one of treachery, and the magnitude of the crime was measured by the value of the life taken. Te Uira was a man who had ranked high in their esteem. As a warrior and a leader of men he was a *toa*, indeed, and his death was to them a disaster. They therefore determined that the annihilation of Ngati-Toa was the only adequate solace for their injured feelings, and on this end they now concentrated their energies. War party after war party was sent over to Kawhia, and many desperate battles were fought, out of which Ngati-Toa seemed to emerge generally with success. But the gloom of impending disaster was gathering round Te Rauparaha, for the powerful Ngati-Mania-poto tribe became leagued with Waikato against him; and, although he had no difficulty in defeating them singly when they met, their coalition with his old enemy was a more serious matter. Stung by a recent repulse at Ta-whitiwhiti, they hurried messengers to all their distant friends, and in answer to their call a combined force of 1,600 men under Te Rau-Angaanga, father of the more famous Te Wherowhero, was soon marching against Kawhia's diminishing band of defenders. Crossing the ranges, they soon fell upon the Hiku-parea *pa*, which they invested at the close of the day. During the night half their force lay concealed in ambush, and when the garrison emerged in the morning to give battle to an apparently small body of besiegers they were mortified to find themselves so hopelessly outnumbered and outgeneralled that there was nothing left for them to do but die as bravely as they might. The invaders then marched to attack the great Te Totara *pa*, where Te Rauparaha was personally in command, and here again the defenders were driven in before the swift onslaught of the allies. But where his arms had failed him Te Rauparaha's diplomacy stood him in good stead. He managed to soothe Te Rau-Angaanga into agreeing to a truce, and a temporary peace was patched up, only to be broken by the turbulent temper of the Ngati-Toa, who saw no impropriety in committing fresh aggressions so soon as their militant neighbours had returned home.

The position was thus becoming grave for Te Rauparaha, and in an effort to stem the threatening disaster he sought to turn to some practical purpose the influence and prestige which he had now gained with the neighbouring chiefs. He suggested to his more trusted friends amongst the Maori leaders the need and wisdom of a confederation of all their tribes against the oppression of the Waikato people. But, though conducted with consummate tact and skill, these negotiations were destined to be futile. While all were friendly enough with Te Rauparaha, mutual jealousies existed amongst the other tribes, which destroyed any prospect of that unanimity and cohesion so essential to the success of such a scheme. Nga-Puhi remembered how Ngati-Maru had invaded their territory in days of old, and now that they were possessed of muskets they saw a prospect of repaying the debt – a chance much too promising to be lightly thrown away. Te Heuheu, the great chief at Taupo, would not coalesce with Ngati-Maru, and the Arawa still nursed their grudge against Tainui. These ancient grievances, which never seemed to die, kept the tribes outside Waikato apart, while the fact that Te Wherowhero had been able to form an offensive and defensive alliance with the Blücher of Maoridom, Te Waharoa, so strengthened his position that, after months wasted in fruitless appeal, Te Rauparaha returned to Kawhia more than ever convinced that if his tribe was to be spared the humiliation of defeat, and perhaps annihilation, self-reliance must be the keynote of his future policy.

During the next two years (1816-1818) Te Rauparaha devoted himself to occasional excursions against Waikato, in which he was moderately successful; but his more important operations at this period were directed against the tribes of Taranaki. The peculiar ethics of Maori warfare were largely responsible for the first of these southern descents upon a people with whom he was now beginning to enjoy considerable intercourse. A marriage had been celebrated between Nohorua, his elder brother,

and a Taranaki lady,³² and by way of commemorating the solemnity, a feast on a sumptuous scale had been given to the bridegroom's friends. Te Rauparaha, with the generosity for which he was at this time remarkable, was not slow to return the compliment, and in the course of a few months he journeyed southward to Te Taniwha *pa*, where Huri-whenua, the brother of Nohorua's young wife, lived, bringing gifts of dried fish and other seasonable foods. These social amenities led to still more intimate relations, and at the end of the following kumara and taro harvest the chief of Te Taniwha proceeded northward in his fleet of canoes on a promised visit to Kawhia. A fair wind beating into their triangular sails carried the canoes to within ten miles of their destination, and at the close of day the fleet headed for the shore at Harihari. Next morning they were met at their camp by Te Rauparaha and Rauhihi, who assured them of a cordial welcome at Kawhia and then proceeded overland to prepare their reception. In the meantime a rolling surf had set into the bay where the canoes were beached, and in the operation of launching them several were overturned and their crews nearly drowned. This misfortune, which involved the loss of all the food intended for the feast, angered Huri-whenua exceedingly, and he adopted a strange but characteristically Maori-like method of seeking balm for his injured feelings. Gathering a party of his people together, he set off in pursuit of Te Rauparaha and his friend, and, attacking them, succeeded in killing Rauhihi, but not Te Rauparaha, who reached Kawhia after an exciting chase. His assailants, knowing full well that this unprovoked attack upon their chief would excite the indignation of Ngati-Toa, retired in haste to their home, which they immediately began to place in a condition of defence against the day when Te Rauparaha would return to seek satisfaction for the contemptuous disregard of his hospitality and the menace offered to his life. Nor were their precautions taken a moment too soon. Scarcely had the walls been strengthened and the Waihi stream dammed up so as to form a wide lake on one side of the *pa* than Te Rauparaha appeared, accompanied by Tuwhare,³³ one of the most celebrated Nga-Puhi chiefs of his day. This was Tuwhare's first visit to the south. He had gladly accepted the invitation to join the expedition, for his purpose in coming to Kawhia had been to lead an invasion into Taranaki territory, in order to secure some of the valuable mats, for making which the people of that part were widely famed.

Tuwhare's contingent consisted of not more than two hundred men, but they brought with them something which, at this period, was more to be dreaded than men – the deadly musket. A few of these arms were carried by the invaders, while the defenders had not as yet even heard of or seen them.³⁴ The precautions of the garrison had robbed the northerners of all hope of successfully capturing the *pa* by assault, and so they sat down to besiege it in the most leisurely fashion. For several weeks besiegers and besieged watched each other across the wide lagoon which had been formed by the waters of the Waihi. At last Te Rauparaha and his people, growing weary of the enforced inactivity, sent proposals of peace to Huri-whenua. These were accepted, and subsequently ratified, but not before the pride of Ngati-Toa had been salved by their insistence upon a quaint condition. Te Rauparaha, recognising that the damming of the Waihi stream had been the means of frustrating his plans, demanded that, before the siege was raised, the dam should be removed. The point was conceded and the barrier broken down; and, as the waters rushed back into their bed, the northerners ostentatiously discharged their muskets in token of victory, and "then," says a Maori chronicler, "this ignorant people of these parts heard for the first time the noise of that weapon, the gun." The war party remained for some time on amicable terms at Te Taniwha, and before they had resolved to return home they were importuned to engage in further aggressions by Te Puoho, of whom we shall hear more anon. This warrior was a man of influence amongst the Ngati-Tama tribe, who held what has been called "the gate of Taranaki";

³² Whare-mawhai, sister of Huri-whenua, chief of the Ngati-Rahiri, who lived at Waihi, four or five miles north of Waitara.

³³ Tuwhare belonged to the Roroa branch of the Nga-Puhi tribe.

³⁴ When the musket was first introduced into Taranaki, a slave was very anxious to know how it was used. A Nga-Puhi warrior explained to him the method of loading and priming, then told him to look down the muzzle. The slave did so, whereupon the Nga-Puhi pulled the trigger, and the top of the unfortunate slave's head was blown off, much to the amusement of the surrounding crowd.

and it was due to the numerous connections by marriage between the northerners and Ngati-Tama that the former had been permitted to pass unmolested to the attack upon Te Taniwha. Te Puoho now sought recompense for his friendship by enlisting the sympathies of the northern leaders in the redress of his own grievances. He solicited their aid in an attack upon Tatara-i-maka *pa*, the home of those who had been responsible for the death of his sister not long before.

Obedient to Te Puoho's summons, and eager to secure mats and heads and slaves, the war party marched upon the *pa*, which stood with its terraced ramparts upon the sea-coast eleven miles south-west of New Plymouth. Seeing the invaders approach, the defenders went out to meet them, and gave them battle on the open space in front of the *pa*; but the sound of the guns, and the sight of men falling as by the hand of some invisible enemy, so terrorised the defenders that their lines were soon broken, and they fled, a demoralised host, back to their stronghold, which was immediately stormed and taken with great slaughter. This incident inspired the following lament, which was composed by one of the Taranaki people, in memory of those who fell at Tatara-i-maka: —

"Sweet is the Spring, the September month,
When brilliant Canopus stands aloft,
As I lay within my solitary house,
Dazed with sad thoughts for my people
Departed in death like a flash.
To the cave of Rangi-totohu —
Emblem of sad disaster —
They are gone by the leadership
Of Uru, of the fearsome name.
'Twas there at the hill of Tatara-i-maka
The foe advanced in wedge-like form,
Whilst our gathered people bid defiance
At the entrance of the *pa*,
Where Muru-paenga³⁵ forced his way —
The army-raiser, the leader —
His was the fatal blow delivered,
At the ascent of Tuhi-mata:
Hence I am dried up here in sorrow."

From Tatara-i-maka the *taua* moved southwards, attacking Mounu-kahawai as they went. This *pa* was taken under cover of the smoke caused by firing the dry *raupo* which grew in the neighbouring swamps, and then Tapui-nikau was invested. Here the defenders, though fighting only with their *rakau maori*, or native weapons, made so gallant a resistance that not even the guns of the invaders could penetrate it. They had filled the fighting towers of the *pa* with huge boulders and smaller stones, and the branches of the trees which overhung the trenches were lined with men, who handed

³⁵ Associated with Tuwhare and Te Rauparaha in this raid was another and equally famous chief, named Muru-paenga. That he was a great warrior is proved by the fact that his enemies speak of him in the lament already quoted as "the army-raiser, the leader," while his friend Te Taoho, in a *tangi* composed after his fall, refers to his "warlike eloquence," and compares him to "a richly-laden vessel, with all knowledge and great courage." But Muru-paenga is not merely famed in song, for his achievements have in a measure passed into proverb. In the taking of *pas*, one of his favourite stratagems was to stealthily approach the enemy's fort at nightfall, and pounce upon it with the first light of dawn. This involved the sleeping of his men amongst the tender ferns growing on the outer edge of the bush, which in the morning necessarily bore a trodden-down appearance, a fact which did not escape the keen observation of those who had oft been the victims of his tactics. Consequently, when Muru-paenga was killed by Nga-Puhi in 1826, the joyful news went through the country which he had previously devastated, and the saying was composed, in significant suggestion that the ferns and the people would no longer be crushed, "Rejoice, O ye little ferns of the woods, Muru-paenga is dead."

the missiles to those best able to drop them upon the enemy as they swarmed round the walls.³⁶ Changing their tactics, the invaders drew off to a position which closed all communication with the *pa*, and at the same time gave them complete control of the surrounding country, so as to prevent the possibility of succour reaching the beleaguered *pa*. It was during the respite from active hostilities thus secured that there occurred one of those strange incidents which, though common enough in Maori warfare, appear so anomalous in the light of European custom. Te Ratutonu, one of the defending chiefs, had been so conspicuous in repelling attacks that his gallantry and skill in arms became the subject of universal admiration throughout the northern camp. But not alone upon the men had his bravery made its impression. Rangi Topeora, Te Rangihaeata's sister, had witnessed his prowess, and, charmed by his handsome figure and manly strength, had been seized with a desire to have the hero for her husband. When the clash of arms had ceased, she persuaded her uncle, Te Rauparaha, to have Ratutonu "called," a ceremony which was performed by some one approaching the beleaguered *pa*, and under a guarantee of safety, inviting the warrior into the camp. Ratutonu obeyed the summons, and came down from the *pa* to meet Topeora; and to her he was married after the orators had delivered themselves of speeches rich in eulogy of their new-found kinsman, and full of admiration for the virtues of his bride.³⁷

This unexpected union had raised a hope in the breast of the defenders that the rigour of the siege would now be relaxed, and that peace would be made as a fitting sequel to the romantic nuptials. In this they were, however, doomed to disappointment, for the Nga-Puhi, knowing that the food of the *pa* must be failing, would listen to no suggestion of compromise. But, moved by a more generous impulse, Ngati-Awa, the Taranaki section of the allies, entered into secret communication with the garrison, and finally arranged that the defenders should be allowed to pass through their lines by night and escape to the neighbouring hills. Next morning, great was the excitement in the camp when it was discovered that there was neither smoke ascending from the fires nor sound from the ramparts of the *pa*. The enemy had slipped from under their very hand; had flown from under their very eyes; and, as Ngati-Awa kept their own counsel, there was not a trace to show or suggest how the trick had been accomplished. Nothing, therefore, remained for the outwitted besiegers to do but avail themselves of what plunder had fallen into their hands, and make the best of their way back to their homes.

Upon the return of the *taua* to Kawhia, its composite forces separated and departed to their respective districts, but not before the plans of a still more extensive campaign had been discussed. These operations, however, did not commence for a year, and, in the meantime, the seriousness of his position in relation to the Waikato people was more than ever apparent to Te Rauparaha, whose inability to come into contact with the whalers, and the consequent difficulty he experienced in becoming possessed of muskets, brought him much "darkness of heart." But, as he meditated, his anxiety of mind was to some extent relieved by the arrival at Kawhia of the northern portion of the war party, the raising of which had previously been agreed upon. In accordance with this arrangement, Tuwhare, accompanied by Patuone, and his brother, that picturesque figure in Maori history, Tamati Waka Nene³⁸ – whose influence and eloquence were subsequently to be so powerfully used to secure the acceptance by the natives of the Treaty of Waitangi – left Hokianga in November, 1819, and

³⁶ "During the siege, Tawhai (afterwards Mohi Tawhai), father of the late Hone Mohi Tawhai, M.H.R., who was with the northern contingent of the *taua* in the attack, was close under one of the towers of the *pa* when one of the defenders hurled a big stone at him which split open his head. But by careful doctoring he recovered – careful doctoring according to Maori ideas meant that they poured hot oil into the wound and then sewed it up" (*Polynesian Journal*).

³⁷ Topeora did not secure her husband without a struggle, for another lady, Neke-papa, had also taken a fancy to the handsome warrior, and as Te Ratutonu was leaving the *pa*, a dispute arose as to which should have him. But Topeora, being fleet of foot, ran to meet the advancing warrior, and cast her *topuni*, or dog-skin mat, over him, "and this being in accordance with Maori custom, Te Ratutonu became the husband of Topeora."

³⁸ His home was on the banks of the Hokianga River, on the western side of the country, opposite to the Bay of Islands. He afterwards became a convert to the Wesleyan Mission, and received at his baptism the prefix "Thomas Walker" to his old Maori name of Nene, hence the name by which he is known in history – Tamati Waka Nene.

proceeding by a circuitous route which embraced the country of the Waitemata, reached the home of Te Rauparaha, and found there a force of four hundred men waiting to welcome them.

Accredited estimates give the strength of the combined contingents at fully one thousand men, and they were armed with a greater number of muskets than had ever previously been carried into the field by any Maori organisation. A further distinction was the presence of many leaders whose deeds were to be deeply imprinted upon the records of Maori history. Each tribal section was under chiefs who are acknowledged to have been amongst the classic warriors of their time; so that, in the matter of skilful direction and heroic example, the *taua* might consider itself more than usually fortunate. The primary purpose of the expedition appears to have been no more than a love of adventure and a desire to kill and eat a few of their enemies; but embraced within this scheme was a secondary motive, which involved the redress of a grievance which Te Puoho had acquired against the Whanganui people, whom he considered accountable for a slight put upon his daughter. The friendly relations which prevailed between Ngati-Toa and Ngati-Tama ensured the war party an uncontested passage through "the gate of Taranaki"; and, although Ngati-Awa assembled to oppose them, they were satisfied to desist, upon Te Rauparaha consenting to pay the tribute of ownership by requesting permission to pass through their territory.

The first important halt was made at Manu-korihi, on the north bank of the Waitara River, where a stay of some length was made for the purpose of finally determining the order of their plans. The Manu-korihi people became deeply interested in the muskets which the visitors had brought with them; and curious to observe their effect – at the expense of some one else – they persuaded Te Rauparaha and his friends to commence hostilities against the famous Puke-rangiora *pa*, whose inhabitants had been guilty of some cause of offence. The invitation to attack the great stronghold was accepted with alacrity; but when the war party presented themselves before the walls, they found it so strongly fortified and so keenly defended that discretion dictated a less valiant course, and so they passed Puke-rangiora, and went over the mountain track to Te Kerikeringa in search of a meaner enemy. This *pa* was a central point in the system of defence set up by Ngati-Maru, who had established populous settlements and made great clearings in the forest east of the present town of Stratford. Their great fighting chief was Tutahanga, who in former days had subdued the pride of both the Waikato and the Nga-Puhi. Now he was old, but his martial bearing was still such that, when the invaders inquired of their guides how they might distinguish him from those of inferior rank, they were told, "He is a star."

Graced by the red plumes of the tropic bird, the northerners moved up to the attack, but were met with so stout a resistance by the defenders, who had donned the white feathers of the sacred crane, that, in spite of their muskets, their combination broke, and they retired in disorder to the western slopes, where they were compelled to resort to the tactics of a regular siege. From these heights, which dominated the *pa*, they were occasionally able to shoot down an unwary defender who exposed himself to their fire; but they did not rely entirely upon this method of fighting to effect their conquest. Frequent assaults were made upon the gateway, in one of which they succeeded in shooting Tutahanga, and in another Patu-wairua, his successor in command. Before his death, Patu-wairua, persuaded that the *pa* could not hold out much longer, desired to make peace if possible; but his conciliatory views were overruled by the less diplomatic leaders of the tribe. Patu-wairua then sat down and sang a lament for his people, whose impending fate he deplored with all the affection of a father. In the next sally he was killed in the fore-front of the fighting line, bravely sustaining the unequal contest, in which the *mere* was matched against the musket.

With their two great leaders gone and many of their tribesmen dead, a feeling of depression settled down upon the garrison, whose position was daily growing less secure. But while they were sinking under the weariness begotten of incessant vigilance, a Maori-like episode occurred, in which the arts of the women were employed to do that in which the stalwart arms of the men had failed. As a last device, the Ngati-Maru generals hit upon the idea of sending all the young women of the

pa into the camp of the invaders, to beguile the warriors with their charms, and so induce them temporarily to relax the severity of the siege. History does not record the fate of these maidens of Te Kerikeringa; but they deserve at least a certain immortality. For during the diversion thus caused the *pa* was silently evacuated, the survivors of the siege making their escape across the Waitara River along the Tara-mouku Valley, and through the dense forest which stretched for many miles into the heart of the island.

The tidings that Kerikeringa had fallen spread with such rapidity that, before the rejoicings of the victors had concluded, the tribes to the southward had succeeded in concealing themselves within their mountain fastnesses. Consequently we hear of no conflicts with Ngati-Ruanui or Nga-Rauru, as the victorious *taua* passed over the old forest track which leads out into the open country near the town of Normanby. This peaceful passage was not interrupted until they reached the Whanganui River, where they found the resident tribes drawn up in battle array to oppose them at the Turua *pa*. This *pa* was situated on the eastern bank of the river, a little above the present town of Whanganui; but, in reaching it, the northerners were faced with a serious initial difficulty, inasmuch as they had no canoes of their own, and Te Anaua, of Whanganui, had taken the precaution to remove his flotilla to the opposite shore. But the ingenuity of Tuwhare and Te Rauparaha was equal to an emergency of that kind. Ordering their men into the neighbouring swamps, they employed a month in cutting dry *raupo* leaves, out of which they constructed a *mokihi* fleet, and on these vegetable rafts the whole force was eventually transported across the wide and deep river. The capture of the *pa* was a work of no great difficulty; for here, as elsewhere, the muskets exercised their terrifying influence upon natives coming into contact with them for the first time.

Southward the march was once more directed, and skirmishes followed with Ngati-Apa in the Whangaehu and Rangitikei districts. No protracted fighting was possible where the panic-stricken inhabitants fled before the all-destroying guns. Across the Rangitikei the *taua* passed into the fertile district of the Manawatu, which since the traditional days of Whatonga had been the home of the Rangitane people. Of this hostile descent upon the coast the Rangitane people declare that they, secure in their mountain fortresses, heard nothing until the arrival of the war party at Otaki. Thither some of the children of Toki-poto, the chief at Hotuiti, near Awahou (Foxton), had gone on a visit to their friends; and there they met Te Rauparaha, who inquired of them the whereabouts of their people and the number and strength of their *pas*.

The patronising and fatherly demeanour which this warrior could assume³⁹ when his ends were better served by the concealment of his true purpose completely won the confidence of the lads, and, in their innocence of the man, to whom they were confiding the secrets of the tribe, they readily told him all that he wished to know. When the desired information had been obtained some of Te Rauparaha's followers proposed, as a precautionary measure, that the children should be killed; but Te Rauparaha, more far-seeing than they, interposed, for he had not yet exhausted their usefulness. In the depths of his cunning he had conceived the idea of making the children of Toki-poto the instruments by which that chief should be delivered into Ngati-Toa's hands. Accordingly, he resisted the demand for their blood, saying, "No, let them alone, they are only children. Rather let us go and take Toki-poto out of the stern of the canoe." This was his expressive and figurative method of conveying to his warriors that he sought a more valuable trophy than the life of a child, and that he had resolved upon no less a scheme than the assault of the Hotuiti *pa*. To Mahuri, the eldest son of Toki-poto, he then turned, and in dulcet tones he said, "Go to your father, I will see him."

Accompanied by the Ngati-Toa warriors and their leader, the lad led the way to a small lake *pa* at Hotuiti, whither Toki-poto had gone with the major portion of his people from their main settlement on the banks of the Manawatu River. The *pa* itself was built on one of the many miniature

³⁹ The late Hon. J. W. Barnicoat, who knew Te Rauparaha well, has assured the writer that when it suited him the wily old chief could "lend a most angelic expression to his countenance."

islets which dot the face of the lake; and, while Te Rauparaha and his followers lurked in the bush which fringed the margin, he sent the unsuspecting Mahuri to tell his father that Te Rauparaha wished to talk with him. The first thought to arise in the mind of the Rangitane chief was one of suspicion, and he at once exclaimed, "No, I will not go. I shall be slain." But the boy, into whose good graces Te Rauparaha had completely ingratiated himself, ridiculed these fears, and urged his father to go. To these entreaties, and possibly to fears of retaliation if he did not comply, Toki-poto at last yielded, and, taking a few of his people with him, went in his canoe, unarmed, to welcome his visitor.

Scarcely had they reached the edge of the wood when they were set upon by the secreted warriors, and in the massacre which followed the chief and a number of his followers were killed, the remainder, with the exception of two, being taken prisoners. The two who escaped were Mahuri, the innocent cause of the disaster, and Te Aweawe, the father of the well-known family who still reside upon the Rangitane lands in the Manawatu. Side by side with Toki-poto, there fell that day another chief named Te Waraki, whose greenstone *mere*, a weapon famous in the annals of the tribe, was buried on the site of the massacre by the mourning people, and there it remained hidden for full sixty years, until it was discovered in 1882.

Strange to say, Te Rauparaha did not press the advantage gained by the removal of Hotuiti's chief by attacking the *pa*, but contented himself with carrying off his prisoners to Otaki, where he rejoined Waka Nene. Here the two chiefs rested for a time, pursuing vigilant inquiries into the number and disposition of the resident tribes. They visited for the first time the island stronghold of Kapiti, and found it in the possession of a section of the Ngati-Apa people, under the chieftainship of two men named Potau and Kotuku. The visit was made with a simulation of friendship, for the time was not ripe for an attack; and the northerners were satisfied for the moment with examining the strategical features of the island, and extorting from Potau and Kotuku a considerable quantity of the greenstone which they had accumulated during the course of their traffic with the Ngai-Tahu of the South Island.

Refreshed by their sojourn at Otaki, and considerably enlightened as to its military possibilities, the northern war party then pushed on southwards, fighting as they went, first at Wai-mapihi, a fortified *pa*, the remains of which are still to be seen not far from the Puke-rua railway station. The *pa* was captured, it is said, by treachery suggested by Te Rauparaha, and the Muaupoko, whose valour had defied the most desperate efforts of their assailants, were hunted in and through the bush by their fierce pursuers. Here, and at Porirua, a number of canoes fell into the hands of the invaders, some of whom now decided to vary the monotony of the land journey by the exhilaration of the sea route. This determination ended disastrously. Ignorant of the silent currents and treacherous tides of Cook Strait, the Nga-Puhi men of two canoes were swamped while taking the outer passage in rounding Sinclair Head, and fully one hundred of them were drowned. The remainder of the canoes, steering a course inside the reefs, escaped the danger of shipwreck, and reached Whanganui-a-Tara⁴⁰ almost simultaneously with the party who had journeyed by land.

The country surrounding this great basin was then held by the Ngati-Ira, a sub-branch of the Ngati-Kahungunu tribe, whose possessions practically extended from Gisborne to Cape Palliser, on the eastern side of the North Island. They were a brave and numerous people, and when their *pa* at Pa-ranga-hau was attacked, they fought with a desperation which extorted admiration even from their enemies. Though considerable numbers of Ngati-Ira were killed in this conflict, Nga-Puhi did not escape scatheless; for one native account says: "Ngati-Ira charged them in the face of the flames of their muskets, and with their native weapons killed many Nga-Puhi." Hunger was now beginning to assert its inconvenience; and the war party were at this time compelled to live exclusively on the flesh of their slaves, of whom large numbers were killed, each chief undertaking successively to provide the necessary supply. Disease also attacked their camps, of which there were two; and some mysterious pestilence was responsible for the death of many warriors and several chiefs, whose heads

⁴⁰ Now known as Wellington.

were preserved and their bodies burned, to prevent them falling into the hands of the enemy. Scarcely had the stricken host recovered from the prevailing sickness than the Ngati-Ira swept down upon the bivouac at Te Aro in the dead of night, and, in the first shock of the surprise, inflicted sore loss upon the sleeping warriors. Thanks to their guns, the northerners were ultimately successful in beating off the attack, and immediately afterwards the *pas* which skirted the harbour were deserted by their inhabitants, who, reluctant to accept the responsibility of battle under such unequal conditions, beat a stealthy retreat into the Hutt Valley, whither the northern chiefs followed them, though their force was now only a remnant of what it had formerly been. They travelled by canoe up the river which waters the valley, and, as they went, the resident people, confident in their numbers, collected along the banks to jeer at them, and contemptuously invited them on shore to be eaten.

The details of this campaign are but a repetition of successive slaughters; for the panic created by the strange sound and deadly power of the gun left the unhappy defenders no spirit to resist the onslaughts of their assailants. For several weeks they remained in the valley, guided from *pa* to *pa* by their slaves, who, to save their own lives, were forced to sacrifice those of their tribesmen. Every nook of the dark forest was penetrated, and even the steepes of the Rimutaka Range were climbed in vengeful pursuit of the fugitives. In connection with these manoeuvres the reputation of Te Rauparaha has again been besmirched by suggestions of treachery – and treachery of the blackest type; for nothing could be more hurtful to the honour of a high chief than that he should prove faithless while feigning hospitality. It has been recorded by the Nga-Puhi chroniclers that, as they pushed on through the forest, they came upon a strongly built and populous *pa*, which left some room for doubt as to what the issue of an attack would be. To tempt the warriors into the open was the policy advocated by Te Rauparaha, and to achieve this end he sent messengers to the Ngati-Ira chiefs with offers of peace. To render the bait more seductive, a feast was prepared, to which the warriors of the Hutt were invited; and, on assembling, a northern man sat down beside each one, prepared at a sign from their chief to spring upon the unsuspecting guests. Into the *marae* the women brought the food, and, as the unsuspecting Ngati-Ira were revelling in the delights of the banquet, the fatal signal was given by Te Rauparaha, and a massacre commenced, which ended only with the capture of the *pa* and the rout of its inhabitants.⁴¹ Whether the name of Te Rauparaha will ever be cleared of this odious imputation which the Nga-Puhi record has branded upon it is uncertain. But, as a counterpoise, it must be remembered that those who have made the accusations were at least willing participants in the schemes which they ascribe to him, and that, if the plans were his, the execution of them was undoubtedly theirs.

Having exhausted the field of conquest open to them in the valley of the Hutt, the war party returned to the harbour where their canoes were beached, and, undeterred by the fact that their numbers had now dwindled to less than three hundred, they set off by sea for Palliser Bay, by which route they had determined to enter the Wairarapa. A successful reprisal by the Ngati-Kahungunu tribe, who had cut off and annihilated a small party of the northerners, was the immediate justification for this new development in the plans of Tuwhare and Te Rauparaha. The opposing forces met at the Tauhere Nikau *pa*, near Featherston, which was strongly fortified and bravely defended; but the muskets which these rude imitators of Cortés carried with them were here, as elsewhere, sufficient to spread consternation through the opposing ranks, and the *pa* soon fell before the Ngati-Toa assault. Numbers of the besieged escaped to the hills, where they suffered the biting pangs of hunger, and the bitterness of soul inseparable from the aftermath of war.⁴² Others, keeping to the open country, were pursued as far as Porangahau, in Hawke's Bay; and then the war party, weary of their bloody work,

⁴¹ "All these works of treachery, ambushes, murders, and all these wrongs done by the *taua* of Nga-Puhi, were taught them by Te Rauparaha" (*Nga-Puhi account*).

⁴² The female prisoners were secured by plaiting flax ropes into their long hair, and the men were imprisoned in enclosures made for the purpose.

made their way back to Tauhere Nikau, where they spent some days demonstrating their contempt for the enemy by eating the bodies of the slain.

When hunger and tribal hatred had been sated, the victorious warriors, observing ominous signs of a gathering storm, returned to the west coast, and remained for a few days' rest at Omere.⁴³ While here, the eagle eye of Waka Nene descried a vessel⁴⁴ in full sail beating through Cook Strait. To the quick intellect of the chief, the sight of the ship opened up in an instant fresh possibilities; for he knew what intercourse with the *pakeha* had done for the Nga-Puhi, and he saw no reason why the same advantages should not be shared by his friend and ally, Te Rauparaha. Doubtless that chief had confided his fears to Waka Nene, and they had probably consulted long and anxiously as to the growing weakness of the position at Kawhia. When, therefore, Tamati beheld the passing ship, he saw at a glance that, if this part of the coast was frequented by vessels of the white man, it offered the same facilities for obtaining arms and ammunition which Hongi enjoyed at the Bay of Islands. With unrestrained excitement he called out to his comrade: "Oh, Raha,⁴⁵ 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 optimistic little speech was apparently all that was required to confirm Te Rauparaha in his growing desire to take the decisive step of migrating with the whole of his people from the storm-threatened Kawhia; and when the chief turned his face towards home, it was with the full resolve to come back at the first convenient season and make the country his own.

The homeward journey was characterised by the same ruthless behaviour towards the resident people which had been practised on the way down, those who were captured being killed and eaten without any unnecessary ceremony.⁴⁶ What occurred within the confines of the Manawatu district we do not know, because the present-day representatives of the Rangitane people declare that they saw and heard nothing of the invaders. As they proceeded further north, however, we hear more of them; for while they were in the Rangitikei district an incident occurred which it suited the Ngati-Apa people not to forget. In one of the many excursions made into the interior in search of prisoners, a young chieftainess, named Pikinga, was captured by a party of Te Rangihaeata's men. Pikinga was the sister of Arapata Hiria, the Ngati-Apa chief against whom Waka Nene and Te Rauparaha were operating at the moment; and, if the gossip of the day is to be believed, she was possessed of no mean personal charms. She, at least, was attractive enough to captivate the most ruthless of the party, for it was not long before Te Rangihaeata fell a victim to her charms and made her his wife.

Whether this was merely a passing whim on the part of an amorous young warrior or a move in a much deeper game of diplomacy, it would be difficult to say at this distance of time, particularly as each tribe now imputes to the action of the chief a different motive. The Ngati-Apa claim, with some insistence, that the marriage was the expression of a bond of perpetual peace between them and Te Rauparaha: while the Ngati-Raukawa, to whose lot it fell some fifty years later to contest the point, contend that no such wide construction could be put upon Rangihaeata's action, and that, even if it involved the tribes in a treaty of friendship at the time, the compact was subsequently denounced by Te Rauparaha on account of the treachery of Ngati-Apa. It is quite within the region of possibility that Te Rauparaha, having regard to the political aspect of the situation, would, so soon as he had measured their strength, lead the Ngati-Apa to believe that he desired to cultivate their goodwill;

⁴³ Omere is a high bluff just to the south of Ohariu Bay. This bluff was the place which Maoris always visited to see if the Straits were calm enough to cross: hence the reference in the old song —Where Omere projects outside, The look-out Mount for calms.

⁴⁴ It has been suggested that this vessel was either the *Wostok* or the *Mirny* of the Russian scientific expedition sent out by Czar Alexander I. in 1819, and which visited Queen Charlotte Sound. If this is so, the date of this event was either late in May or early in June, 1820.

⁴⁵ A contraction for Rauparaha.

⁴⁶ On one occasion, when Te Rauparaha was conversing with Mr. George Clarke, then Protector of the Aborigines, the latter asked him how he made his way from north to south. With a wicked twinkle in his eye, Te Rauparaha replied, "Why, of course, I ate my way through."

because immediately he had determined to seize the country opposite Kapiti, he would perceive the wisdom of having some friendly tribe stationed between him and his northern enemies, upon whom he could rely to withstand the first shock of battle in the event of a Waikato invasion. Such tactics would not be foreign to the Ngati-Toa leader, for that part of his life which was not spent in battle was occupied in the development of schemes whereby the efforts of one tribe were neutralised by the efforts of another; and if he could make pawns of the Ngati-Apa, he would chuckle to himself and say, "Why not?"

But Te Rauparaha was not the man to seriously contemplate anything in the way of a permanent peace with Ngati-Apa, or with any one else whom he felt strong enough to destroy. And even assuming that he encouraged them in the belief that Rangihaeata's devotion to Pikinga was a common bond between them, he would not dream of maintaining such an understanding a moment longer than it suited his purpose. It seems, therefore, more likely that, when he satisfied himself that the people of the Rangitikei were no match for his own warriors, and that he could subdue them at his leisure, he was at some pains to impress them with a sense of his magnanimity, but only because he desired to use them as a buffer between himself and the Waikatos. Years afterwards, when he felt secure against invasion, he repudiated all friendship with Ngati-Apa, and ordered his people to wage eternal war against them. The claim which the Ngati-Apa subsequently made to the land in the Rangitikei-Manawatu districts, on the ground that they were never conquered by the Ngati-Toa, because this marriage protected them from conquest, was therefore not well founded, the ordinary occurrence of a chief taking a captive woman to be his slave-wife being invested with a significance which it did not possess. Upon the consummation of this happy event, the war party, laden with spoil and prisoners, made their way back to the north. When they reached Kawhia, after an absence of eleven months, Tuwhare being dead,⁴⁷ Waka Nene, who had now assumed command of the northern contingent, took his leave of Te Rauparaha, and Te Rauparaha prepared to take leave of the land of his fathers.

⁴⁷ On reaching Whanganui, a division in the councils of the leaders took place, Ngati-Toa and Nga-Puhi remaining on the coast, while Tuwhare made an intrepid dash up the Whanganui River with his own immediate followers. They fought their way up into the "cliff country," in the upper reaches of the river, and here, in an engagement at the Kai-whakauka *pa*, Tuwhare received a wound on the head from which he shortly afterwards died. On receiving the fatal blow, he contemptuously remarked to his assailant: "If thine had been the arm of a warrior I should have been killed, but it is the arm of a cultivator."

CHAPTER IV

THE LAND OF PROMISE

When the period of feasting and enjoyment, which invariably followed upon the return of a successful Maori war party, had terminated at Kawhia, Te Rauparaha immediately became involved in a fresh struggle with Waikato. The cause of the hostility was remote; but, as Waikato had vowed to drive him out, no pretext was too slight upon which to base a quarrel. Thus the killing of one of their chiefs by a Taranaki warrior, to whom Te Rauparaha was related, was sufficient to justify the marching of a large war party against him. Their force advanced in two sections: the one came down the inland track, and the other, which was to actively engage Te Rauparaha, entered Kawhia from the sea. Two *pas*, Tau-mata-Kauae and Te Kawau, speedily fell before the invaders, and again Ngati-Toa were defeated at the battle of Te Karaka, on the borders of Lake Taharoa, after an heroic struggle, in which it is said that three hundred Ngati-Toa fought more than a thousand Waikatos. These disasters were indeed darkening the outlook for Ngati-Toa, and the position has been graphically described by one native historian, who states that "the losses of the tribe of Te Rauparaha were very great; by day and by night they were killed by Ngati-Pou." Success had also attended the arms of the section of Waikato who, under Te Wherowhero, had swept through the Waipa Valley and across the forest plateau until they reached the Wai-Kawau *pa* on the sea-coast, just north of the Mokau River. This they stormed and sacked by force of overpowering numbers, and, surfeited with victory, they united with their comrades at Te Karaka, and then triumphantly marched home.

With so many of his *pas* obliterated and his warriors slain, Te Rauparaha retired upon Te Arawi, a coastal stronghold built upon the summit of a forbidding-looking rock, which at full tide is completely surrounded by a breaking sea. Here he had leisure to reflect upon the lessening radius of his freedom and to formulate his plans for extricating his people from a position of increasing peril; and we may fairly assume that it was now that his final decision to migrate from Kawhia to Kapiti was taken. Once resolved on this course, he applied himself systematically to the task of persuading his people to enter into the spirit of the scheme, over which he himself had become so enthusiastic, and which he now deemed necessary to their safety. The task was by no means a simple one, for the impending danger was not so apparent to all the tribe as it was to their chief; and, moreover, there centred in the spot which he was asking them to leave the traditions and associations of all the centuries which had passed since their forefathers had first landed there from the pilgrim canoe. They knew each nook and corner, from the caves to the hill-tops, every point of which spoke to them of the beloved past. Here a rock which had been a trysting-place in some tragic love affair, there a haunt of spirits, yonder a burying-ground made sacred by the bones of their ancestors, and there again a battlefield hallowed by the memory of the fallen. Each of these was a tie dear to the Maori; and they were loath to leave all that linked them to the past and face a future full of doubt and uncertainty.

But the confidence which Te Rauparaha had inspired, and the prospect of guns and ammunition in abundance, gradually overcame these sentimental objections; and before long the Ngati-Toa people agreed to follow their chief whithersoever he might lead. Te Rauparaha was, however, prudent enough to recognise that his own section of the tribe, though brave at heart, were few in numbers for so serious an undertaking as the conquest of a new territory. As soon, therefore, as he had secured the consent of his own tribe, he paid a visit to Maungatautari, for the purpose of obtaining the co-operation of Ngati-Raukawa. With them he was no more successful at first than he had been with his own people. He pointed out their liability to attack, the difficulty in obtaining guns, shut out as they were from communication with the whalers, and the prospect of an easy victory over the weakened tribes of the coast. But they were reluctant to give up all that they possessed for a visionary and problematical success, and it was not till quite a year later that he was able even partially to break

down their resistance. In pressing his claims upon the Ngati-Raukawa, he was materially aided by a somewhat romantic incident which occurred during his stay at Maungatautari. Although his mother was a Ngati-Raukawa woman, and by virtue of that fact he could claim chieftainship amongst them, Te Rauparaha was not regarded as a particularly brilliant star in their peerage; but what he lacked in pedigree was more than compensated for by his mental initiative and personal courage. Conscious of his own power, he never lost an opportunity of impressing it upon others; and it is therefore not a matter for surprise that he made the death of the Ngati-Raukawa chief the occasion of advancing his own claims to leadership.

Thus it was a fortunate circumstance for him that, while he was advocating the conquest of Kapiti, Hape Taurangi, the great chief of Maungatautari, was seized with a fatal illness, and, while the whole tribe sat silently waiting for the end, the question of succession seemed to trouble him, as he probably realised the absence of a master-mind amongst his own sons. To them he put the question: "Can you tread in my steps and lead my people to victory? Can you uphold the honour of the tribe?" To these interrogations not one of his sons replied, and the silent suspense remained unbroken, until Te Rauparaha, springing from the ring of warriors, exclaimed, "I am able to tread in your steps, and even do that which you could not do." The apparent presumption of this speech was lost in the general satisfaction, and, when Hape passed into the Great Beyond, Te Rauparaha took over his wives and his leadership, the latter of which he retained to his dying day.⁴⁸ But the measure of authority which had passed to him on the death of Hape did not include the sole direction of Ngati-Raukawa's affairs. The tribe still looked to their natural leaders for guidance in domestic matters, and the new influence gained by Te Rauparaha in their councils, though considerable, was not sufficient to overcome the obduracy of the tribe towards what they chose to regard as his chimerical proposal.

Nothing daunted, however, by the refusal of his kinsmen to participate in his bold enterprise, Te Rauparaha proceeded with patient deliberation to make his own arrangements. These involved the most careful planning and delicate negotiation, for failure in any one direction might wreck the whole scheme. The first consideration was to secure safe conduct for his people through the territory of the Taranaki tribes, and the establishment of resting-places where the very old and very young could recover their strength, and where sufficient food could be grown to carry them on to the next point of vantage. To this end negotiations were entered into with the Ngati-Awa and Ngati-Tama chiefs, who were more or less connected with Ngati-Toa by inter-marriage. It would, however, be a mistake to elevate this racial relationship into a bond of sincere friendship between these tribes, for neither would have hesitated long about a proposal to destroy the other, had a favourable opportunity presented itself. Their attitude towards each other was distinctly one of armed neutrality, which at any moment might have broken out into open rupture. But even this negative attitude of the tribes proved useful to Te Rauparaha, as it enabled him to approach Ngati-Awa and Ngati-Tama with at least the semblance of friendship, while it deprived them of open hostility as a reason for refusing his requests. The concessions which the Ngati-Toa leader asked for were therefore granted, though grudgingly; but he could no more persuade Ngati-Awa to go with him than he could impress the Ngati-Raukawa; and when he reminded them of the change which was coming over the system of Maori warfare, and the weakness in which they would be left by his departure, they laughed at his misgivings, boasted of their ancient *mana*, and told him that his fears were altogether unworthy of a chief of his standing. How dearly they paid for their lack of foresight is told in the fall of Puke-rangiora *pa* a few years later, when the Waikatos swept down upon them and drove them flying into the arms of the man whose counsel they had so carelessly despised.

Having thus diplomatically arranged an open road for the passage of his people to the south, he found it equally essential to secure an unmolested departure from the north. He therefore appreciated

⁴⁸ "It is not unusual for the natural *ariki*, or chief of a *hapu*, to be, in some respects, supplanted by an inferior chief, unless the hereditary power of the former happens to be accompanied by intellect and bravery" (*Travers*).

the necessity of making terms with his old enemy, Te Wherowhero, of Waikato, and in this important negotiation he availed himself of the services of two Ngati-Mania-poto chiefs, who occupied the country close to Kawhia and were on friendly terms with Te Wherowhero. These chiefs paved the way for a conference, at which Te Rauparaha appears to have been unusually candid with his old antagonist. He frankly unfolded to him the details of his proposed migration, and, in consideration of Te Wherowhero's guaranteeing him immunity from attack, he, on his part, agreed to cede the whole of the Ngati-Toa lands to the Waikato tribes after his people had vacated them. Such easy acquisition of a valuable piece of country was not without its influence upon Te Wherowhero. But he was even more impressed by its strategic than by its inherent value. The migration of Ngati-Toa would rid him of a troublesome enemy on the west, and enable him to concentrate all his forces on his eastern frontier, where he would be the better able to resist the aggressions of that other remarkable figure in Maori history, Te Waharoa, should it ever occur to that warrior to attack him. On the understanding, then, that Kawhia was to be formally ceded to him, Te Wherowhero undertook not to molest the migrating tribe, either during their preparations or on the actual march.

The question of immunity from attack having been thus satisfactorily disposed of, the next matter which Te Rauparaha had to consider was the securing of an adequate supply of provisions for his people during their pilgrimage. As it was impossible to complete the journey in a single season, it was necessary not only that large quantities of food should be carried with them, but that planting-places should be established at various points along the route of march, where these supplies could be renewed from time to time. None of these details were overlooked, but all were worked out with mathematical exactitude by the consummate organiser in whose brain the migration had been planned; and the smoothness and precision with which these precautions dovetailed together furnish a remarkable example of high organising capacity. As a final preparation, it was necessary that the disposition of his fighting men should receive some attention, because he could not hope to conceal his real purpose from the people whose country he was about to invade. It is true he did not anticipate any serious opposition, because the defeats inflicted upon them by the recent expedition under Tuwhare, Waka Nene, Patuone, and himself had so reduced their strength as to render serious opposition impossible; but, in view of the limited force at his command, and the unlikelihood of increasing it, unnecessary waste had to be guarded against. He therefore divided his warriors into suitable sections, and, appointing a sub-chief to lead each company, he retained the supreme command of affairs in his own hands. The carrying out of these varied preparations had now occupied several months, and when all was ripe for departure he paid a last visit to the surrounding tribes and chiefs – to Kukutai, of Lower Waikato, to Pehi-Tukorehu, of Ngati-Mania-poto, to Te Kanawa, of Waikato, bidding them good-bye, and, as an example in good faith, he kept his word to Te Wherowhero, saying to that chief: "Farewell! remain on our land at Kawhia; I am going to take Kapiti for myself: do not follow me." At Mungatautari a final effort was made to induce the Ngati-Raukawa to join him; but, although there were evidences of weakening resistance, he had still to wait several months before their objections were so far overcome as to permit him any measure of hope that they would yet yield and follow him. The tour of leave-taking at an end, Te Rauparaha returned to his *pa* at Te Arawi, and there summoned his people to prepare for the fateful march. When all was ready, the blazing flaxstick was put to the walls of the great carved house which had adorned the *pa*, and as the smoke of its destruction arose, the whole tribe of fifteen hundred souls passed through the gate which they were never again to enter.

In the case of unlettered peoples there is necessarily some difficulty in determining the precise periods at which important incidents in their history have occurred; and in this instance we have nothing to guide us except the arrangement and comparison of subsequent events. By this mode of reasoning we are led to the conclusion that the migration from Kawhia must have occurred during the latter months of the year 1821. But, whatever obscurity rests upon this point, tradition is clear⁴⁹ that

⁴⁹ I have here followed the narrative of Travers; but, in his *History and Traditions of the Taranaki Coast* Mr. Percy Smith makes

the circumstances under which the exodus commenced were singularly auspicious. The day broke with a cloudless sky, and, as the sun rose into the blue dome, the landscape for miles was lit by the rosy tints of morn, rendering every peak and valley more beautiful. On the route of march lay the hill of Moeatoa, and to its summit the pilgrims climbed, in order to take a last fond look at their ancient home. As they turned and gazed upon old Kawhia the memories of the past came crowding back upon them, and it is easy to understand their deep manifestations of sorrow at leaving their ancestral domain. The softer sentiments associated with home and country are not the exclusive prerogative of civilised beings. These people, savage and ruthless though they were, thrilled with the same patriotic feeling which prompted the Prophet of Israel to exclaim: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem! may my right hand forget her cunning." And although their form of expressing it was neither so beautiful nor so poetical, they were, nevertheless, quite as sincere when they cried upon the mountain-side: "Kawhia, remain here! The people of Kawhia are going to Kapiti, to Waipounamu." "The love of a New Zealander for his land is not the love of a child for his toys," says a well-known writer.⁵⁰ "His title is connected with many and powerful associations in his mind, his affection for the homes of his fathers being connected with their deeds of bravery, with the feats of their boyhood, and the long rest of his ancestors for generations." And there is no reason to suppose that these feelings were less active in the Ngati-Toa at such a moment than they were in other Maori tribes.

The closing scene in the life of the Ngati-Toa at Kawhia has been beautifully described by Thomas Bracken, whose word-picture of the scene on Moeatoa Hill is amongst the finest that came from his poetic pen: —

"Beneath the purple canopy of morn,
That hung above Kawhia's placid sheet
Of waters crystalline, arose on high
The golden shield of God, on azure field,
With crimson tassels dipping in the sea!
And from its burnished face a shower of rays
Shot up the hills and gilt their spires and peaks
In lambent sheen, until the turrets seemed
Like precious ornaments of purest gold
On mighty altars raised by giant priests
In olden times, to offer sacred fire
As sacrifice unto the Fount of Light,
From whence the planets and the myriad stars
Drink their effulgence!
In the wild ravines
And gorges deep, the limpid babbling creeks
Sang matins as they left their mother hills
To mingle in united waters, where

it appear that at the moment of migration Te Ariwi was being besieged; that the exodus was not premeditated, but was suggested to Te Rauparaha by a Waikato chief as the only means of escape, and that the evacuation of the *pa* was carried out at night. As affording an interesting sidelight upon the diversity of opinion which prevails as to the cause of Te Rauparaha's migration, I here append the following note which I have received from Mr. H. M. Stowell, a descendant of the great Hongi. "There is one striking Rauparaha fact which has not yet been properly given: Rauparaha had become a pest among his own people, and they warned him to beware — this at his Kawhia home. Consequently, when the *taua*, or war party, of my people, under Waka Nene and his brother Patuone, arrived at Kawhia on their way south, and invited Te Rauparaha to join them, he was only too willing. He was in personal danger at home, and he could only lose his life, at the worst, by coming south. He therefore came. When the war parties returned to Kawhia, Rauparaha at once gave out to his people that he intended to move south permanently. This being so, his people did not take any steps to molest him, and in due course he came south. These facts are important, as showing that his coming south was not a mere whim or accident; on the contrary, it was imperative, because he had made himself obnoxious to his own people."

⁵⁰ John White, *Ancient History of the Maori*.

They lost their little selves, and merged in one
Pellucid flood that gathered stronger life
From day to day! as God's great human church,
Now building on the earth shall gather all
The little sects and creeds and small beliefs
That split mankind into a thousand parts,
And merge them in one universal flood
Of boundless charity.
The dazzling points
Of morning's lances pierced the bursting hearts
Of all the flow'rets on the fertile slopes,
And waked red Kawhai's drops from sleep
And shook the dew buds from the Rata's lids,
Until its blossoms opened up their breasts
And gave their fragrance to the early breeze
That played amongst the Koromiko's leaves,
And stole the rich Tawhiri's sweet perfume,
And strung the flax-leaves into merry tune
To woo the Bell-bird from his nest, to ring
The Tui up to sing his morning hymns.
The scene was made for man, not savage man,
The cunningest of brutes, the crafty king
Of beasts! but Man the Spiritualised,
With all the light of knowledge in his brain,
With all the light of love within his heart!
And yet they were but savages who stood
On Moeatoa's hill, above the scene,
Mere savages, a step beyond the brute!
But still there were bright sparks of God-lit fire
Within their breasts! they loved their native vales
With heart and soul! for they had hearts and souls
Far nobler than some milk-faced races who
Have basked 'neath Calv'ry's sun for ages long,
And yet lie grov'ling in the nations' rear,
With hearts encased in earth too coarse and hard
For Calv'ry's glorious light to penetrate.
Poor savages! that Orient had not yet
Shed its benignant rays upon their souls,
To melt the dross that dragged them down to earth
In carnal bonds! they knew not yet the road
To reach the standard of their better selves.
Yet they were men in all save this! brave men
With patriots' hearts, for as they stood and gazed
O'er fair Kawhia's hills and vales
That stretched into the sea, o'er which their sires
In ages past sailed from Hawaiki's shores,
The tears ran down their tattooed cheeks, and sobs
Welled from their bosoms, for they loved the land
With all the love intense a Maori feels

For childhood's home! The hist'ry of their tribe
Was written there on every rock and hill
That sentinelled the scene, for these had known
Their deeds of prowess, and their fathers' deeds
Of valour! And the caverns held the bones
Of those from whom they'd sprung! Their legends wild,
And weird traditions, chained them to the place,
And ere they burst those links of love they gave
A long sad look on each familiar spot
And wailed above Kawhia's lovely vale:

Oh! Kawhia, remain,
Cavern, gorge, and bay,
Valley, and hill, and plain —
We are going away.

Oh! Kawhia, remain,
Take our tears and our sighs;
Spirits of heroes slain,
Rise up from Reinga, rise.

Oh! Kawhia, remain,
With thee, Tawhaki, stay;
Long may he o'er thee reign —
We are going away."

The first stage of the journey ended with the close of the fourth day, when the *pa* of Puohoki was reached; and here Te Rauparaha decided to leave his wife Akau⁵¹ and a number of the women and children under a suitable guard, while he and the bulk of the people pushed on as far as Waitara. Here they were received by the Ngati-Tama and Ngati-Awa tribes, in whose *pas* they were quartered for the season; and, except that a spirit of parsimony seemed to pervade their welcome, they had every reason to feel rejoiced at the success which up to this moment had attended their venture.⁵² After the lapse of a brief period spent in perfecting his arrangements, Te Rauparaha decided to return for his wife and her companions, and on reaching the *pa* where they were staying he learned to his great joy that Akau had borne him a son. This infant lived to be the well-known missionary chief, Tamihana te Rauparaha. Against the advice of his tribe, Rauparaha had only taken a band of twenty warriors with him, and on the journey back to Waitara his strategic abilities were tested to the full to escape annihilation. Three days after his arrival he left on his return journey, carrying his infant son in a basket on his back. Knowing that he had left Kawhia, a party of the restless Ngati-Maniapoto had crept down the coast in the hope of finding some stragglers of his party whom they might conveniently kill. But instead of meeting, as they had expected, a few irregulars, they came suddenly upon Te Rauparaha himself near the mouth of the Awakino River. To some extent the surprise was mutual, but the stress of the position was all against Te Rauparaha. Supported only by a limited force and hampered by the women and children, he was in serious difficulties, as the enemy might cut off his retreat and then attack him in force. Suddenly a brilliant idea struck him. Before the enemy

⁵¹ This woman was one of the wives whom Te Rauparaha had taken over after the death of Hape Taurangi at Maungatautari.

⁵² On the way down one disaster overtook the party. In the passage of the Mokau a canoe capsized and the only child of Te Rangihaeata was drowned. It was due to this circumstance that Rangihaeata in after years sometimes adopted the name of Mokau.

approached within striking distance he ordered twenty of the most active women to disrobe and don the mats and headgear of fighting men. Then arming each of them with a stone club, he placed them under the charge of Akau, who was a woman of magnificent physique, with instructions to march in the van brandishing their weapons after the manner of veteran warriors. The more helpless women and children were placed in the centre, while he and his fighting men covered the retreat. Misled by the stratagem, the Ngati-Mania-poto were tricked into the belief that the Ngati-Toa force was much stronger than it really was, and instead of attacking they began to retire. Observing this, Te Rauparaha immediately accelerated their panic by charging down upon them, and in the skirmish which followed Tutakara, their chief, was killed by Te Rangi-hounga-riri, Te Rauparaha's eldest son by his child-wife Marore, who was rapidly making a name for himself as an intrepid warrior. But, although the position was somewhat relieved, Te Rauparaha felt that the danger was not yet at an end. He was experienced enough in native tactics to know that the Ngati-Mania-poto would be tempted to return at nightfall and renew the attack in the hope of avenging the death of their chief. He therefore could not consider himself safe until the Mokau River was crossed, and, unfortunately, when he reached its banks the tide was full and the river was in flood. Nothing remained to be done except to wait, but in order still to maintain the deception twelve large fires were kindled, at each of which three women and one warrior were stationed, while the chief and the rest of his followers lay prepared for emergencies. It was also an injunction to the sentinels at the fires to address each other occasionally in the heroic language of the time. "Be strong, O people, to fight on the morrow if the enemy return. Take no thought of life. Consider the valour of your tribe." These stimulating exhortations, which were intended for the enemy's ears as much as for their own, were supplemented by fervid speeches from the women, whose shrill voices were carried out into the night air as a warning to the enemy that they would not lag behind their lords in the coming battle.

Meantime, Te Rauparaha lay waiting for the enemy, who never came. Either having no stomach for another encounter with so redoubtable a warrior, or still not understanding the true position, they wisely declined to provoke a battle, about the result of which they could be by no means sanguine. At midnight the tide turned, and the river fell sufficiently to be fordable.⁵³ Leaving their fires burning, the Ngati-Toa crept silently down to the bank, and, wading across, made their way to the *pas* of their friends, which they reached amidst general rejoicing. Early next morning the scene of the previous day's battle was revisited and the bodies of the slain enemy recovered to make a feast, at which the sweet revenge harboured against Ngati-Mania-poto was surfeited.

While the Ngati-Toa plans were developing in Taranaki, another misfortune was falling upon the people of the southern districts from the opposite direction. Towards the middle of 1820 a band of six hundred warriors, under Apihai Te Kawau, of Ngati-Whatua, Te Kanawa, and Tu-korehu, of Waikato and Ngati-Mania-poto, and other prominent chiefs, longing for some new excitement, had journeyed down the east coast through Hawke's Bay and the Wairarapa, for no particular purpose except to kill, eat, or make slaves of whoever might fall into their hands. In the course of this pilgrimage of blood they crossed over to the west, and there attacked in succession the Muaupoko, Rangitane, and Ngati-Apa tribes, upon whom they inflicted sore and mortal wounds; and when they retired back to the north they left the conquest of Kapiti a matter of comparative simplicity to Te Rauparaha. But they were soon themselves to feel the sting of defeat. Passing into the Taranaki country on their homeward march, they were set upon by the Ngati-Awa people, who strenuously opposed their further progress at Waitara. This was a strange reversal of all previous policy on the part of Ngati-Awa, who had always been friendly to, and had frequently co-operated with, the Ngati-Mania-poto and Waikato peoples on similar raids. By some authorities this new antagonism has been

⁵³ During the night a peculiar incident, illustrative of Maori life at this period, occurred. One of the women, the wife of a chief, had a child with her, which, in its restlessness, began to cry. Te Rauparaha, fearing that his stratagem would be betrayed by the wailing of the child, told its mother to choke it, saying, "I am that child." The parents at once obeyed the command, and strangled the child.

attributed to the sinister influence of Te Rauparaha, who was still at Ure-nui waiting to harvest his crops. He had not forgotten the anxious moments to which he had been subjected on the banks of the Waitara River, and it would have been more than human on his part had he not sought to balance accounts now that the opportunity offered. "By means of plotting and deceit," says one writer, "he succeeded in rousing Ngati-Awa – or the greater part of them – to take up his quarrel." Whatever the cause of Ngati-Awa's hostility, the effect was a series of determined and well-organised attacks upon the northern *taua*, which ultimately drove them to seek refuge with a friendly section of the Ngati-Awa in the famous Puke-rangiora *pa*. Here they were besieged for seven months, fighting repeatedly, and, towards the end of that period, suffering intense privations. Frequent attempts were made to send intelligence of their straits through the enemy's ranks to their friends; but so close and vigilant was the investment that their messengers were invariably captured, and their heads fixed upon poles and exhibited to the besieged in a spirit of exultant derision. One, Rahiora, a young man of the Ngati-Mahanga tribe, did at length succeed in evading detection, and travelling into the Waikato by Kete-marae and Whanganui, thence by Taupo and Waipa, was able to communicate to the great Te Wherowhero the critical plight of his tribesmen. Te Wherowhero immediately made his call to arms, and soon a numerous relief party was on its way to join the force already in the field, which had vainly endeavoured to cut off Te Rauparaha at the Mokau. The junction of these forces was successfully accomplished, and the pride of Waikato's military strength, under two of the greatest chiefs of that time, Te Wherowhero and Te Waharoa, marched southward for the dual purpose of raising the siege of Puke-rangiora and of attacking Te Rauparaha. Though they failed to reach within striking distance of the beleaguered *pa*, their movement indirectly achieved its object, for the advent of so large a force lightened the pressure of the siege by drawing off a considerable number of the besiegers. Of these Te Rauparaha took command, and to his strategical genius was due the victory which he ultimately achieved on the plain of Motu-nui. This plain stretches along the sea-coast between the Ure-nui and Mimi Rivers. At this point the shore is bounded by perpendicular cliffs, fully one hundred and fifty feet high, along which are dotted several small *pas*, used as fishing-places in olden times. Away to the eastward of the plain run the wooded hills, on the steep sides of which rise the numerous streams which rush across the plain to the sea. On the southern end of one of the spurs descending from the range was built the strongly fortified Okoki *pa*, which was made the point of assembly by the Ngati-Awa and Ngati-Toa warriors.

The Waikato *taua* came on as far as a place called Waitoetoe on the southern bank of the Mimi River, and there commenced to make a camp preparatory to throwing down the gage of battle. To the watchers in the Okoki *pa* their fires had been visible for several miles; and when it was seen that they had determined to pitch camp, there was a general request that their position should be at once attacked. Personally, Te Rauparaha preferred to take no risks until the portion of his force which was still holding Tu-korehu in check at Puke-rangiora should have come up. He, however, yielded to the importunities of some of his chiefs, and consented to send out a *hunuhunu*, or reconnoitring party, to test the mettle of the enemy. To meet the possibility of the skirmish developing into a more serious encounter, he took the precaution of concealing a strong reserve force, composed of the older men, in the bed of one of the wooded streams which ran close beneath the *pa*. Having instructed Rangiwhia, of Ngati-Mutunga, in whose charge he left these supports, he took eighty of the younger men with him, and advanced across the plain by stealthy marches. So secretly was the movement effected, that they were within a stone's-throw of the Waikato camp, and had actually commenced the attack upon some of the Waikato warriors, before their presence was discerned. In the first onset Te Rauparaha's followers were roughly handled, and, in accordance with their preconceived plan, they began rapidly to fall back, sustaining severe losses the while from the guns of the enemy. Their retirement soon developed into a general retreat, which might have been much more disastrous but for a fatal division of opinion which sprang up amongst the Waikato leaders, as to whether or not the fugitives should be pursued. Te Wherowhero was content to have repulsed them, and advised

resuming the interrupted work of building their shelters; but others, not so cautious, urged immediate pursuit, and, these counsels prevailing, the whole Waikato force was soon in full cry after the retreating scouts. The chase was fierce and stern, and many a good Taranaki warrior dropped upon the plain as he sped towards the *pa*, for the pursuers kept up as hot a fire as their rapid movements rendered possible. Seeing the men falling round him, a chief who was running close to Te Rauparaha repeatedly urged him to turn and attack the pursuers; but the crafty general, knowing that the time was not yet, declined to forestall his prearranged strategy. He held on his way, only urging his men to faster flight, while Te Wherowhero incited his marksmen to single out the Ngati-Awa chiefs for death. Some two miles of the plain had been covered, and the southern warriors were nearing their supports. As the foremost reached the wooded gully, they waited there to recover their breath, and allowed the pursuers to close in upon them. Weary and blown with their long and exciting run, the Waikatos came straggling up, innocent of the trap into which they had fallen. At the psychological moment Te Rauparaha gave the signal, and out dashed his veterans, fresh and eager for the fray, charging down upon the exhausted and astonished Waikatos. Their chiefs who were in the forefront of the chase were the first to go down, and their numbers were perceptibly diminished as they were beaten back by repeated charges across the blood-stained field. Te Wherowhero fought through the reverse with supreme courage, engaging and vanquishing in single combat no less than five of Taranaki's greatest warriors; and to his fine defence and heroic example is attributed the fact that his tribe was not completely annihilated on the field of Motu-nui. On the other hand, it has been whispered that his companion in arms, Te Waharoa, did not bear himself in this fight with his wonted gallantry. Waikato paid a heavy toll that day. They left one hundred and fifty men dead on the field, and the slaughter of chiefs was a conspicuous tribute to their bravery – Te Wherowhero and Te Waharoa being the only leaders of eminence to escape.

For some inexplicable reason, Te Rauparaha did not pursue his victory to the bitter end, as was his wont.⁵⁴ This forbearance on his part is especially surprising in view of the fact that Te Wherowhero had specifically promised to remain neutral during the progress of the migration. Possibly the consciousness that he would have done the same thing himself induced him to take a lenient view of his old antagonist's want of good faith; for there can be no doubt that the bloody wars which were at this time ravaging the country had completely sapped the old Maori sense of honour. "At the period in question, more perhaps than at any other in the history of the race, moral considerations had but little weight in determining the conduct of either the individual or the tribe. Even the nearest relatives did not hesitate to destroy and devour each other." There was thus nothing unusual about Te Wherowhero's conduct; but his experience of Te Rauparaha on this occasion was such that from that day onward he left him severely alone.

The effect of these successive victories was to enhance enormously the prestige and power of Te Rauparaha. He began to be regarded with reverence by Ngati-Awa and with something akin to worship by Ngati-Toa. As a tangible proof of the gratitude which his hosts felt for the services which he had rendered them, food, which had been grudgingly supplied up to this time, was now given in abundance to his people, and, what was of even greater moment to Te Rauparaha, adherents began freely to flock to his cause. But, although he had beaten off both the Ngati-Mania-poto and Waikato tribes, the position was still unsatisfactory to him from the point of view of numbers, and so he resolved to make one more effort to persuade Ngati-Raukawa to join him. Accordingly he journeyed back to Opepe, a village on the shores of Lake Taupo, where he met young Te Whatanui, a chief destined to become famous in after years as the protector of the Muaupoko people whom Te Rauparaha wished to destroy. Upon the assembled tribe, and upon Te Whatanui in particular, he

⁵⁴ As illustrating the peculiar methods of Maori warfare, it is said that during the night following this battle Te Wherowhero came close to the Ngati-Toa camp and called out: "Oh Raha, how am I and my people to be saved?" To which Te Rauparaha replied: "You must go away this very night. Do not remain. Go; make haste." Following this advice, the Waikatos left the field, leaving their fires burning, and when the Ngati-Awa reinforcements arrived in the morning, no enemy was to be seen.

again impressed the merits of his scheme, pointing out the altered position occupied by the tribes who had managed to become possessed of fire-arms, as compared with those who had only wooden spears and stone *meres*. He dwelt upon the fact that ships were beginning to frequent Kapiti, and that there they could obtain guns, as Nga-Puhi had done at the Bay of Islands. He also reiterated all that he had formerly told them about the fertility of the soil and the ease with which the country might be conquered: but in vain. Te Whatanui volunteered no sign of approval. He gave many presents to Te Rauparaha, as marks of respect from one warrior to another. He also made him a long oration, skilfully avoiding the all-important topic upon which Te Rauparaha had travelled so far to consult him; nor did the majority of his people conceal their objection to coming under Te Rauparaha's immediate command, to the exclusion of their own chiefs. Angered at this perversity, Te Rauparaha shook the dust of Opepe from off his feet and proceeded to Rotorua, and as far as Tauranga, where he sought the aid of the great Te Waru. But he met with no success, for Te Waru had schemes of his own which claimed his personal attention. While resting with the Tu-hou-rangi branch of the Arawa tribe on his return to Rotorua from Tauranga, Te Rauparaha (according to accounts) perpetrated an outrage upon Nga-Puhi which was destined to inspire one of the most disastrous wars and one of the most daring assaults known in Maori history. His motive for "sowing the seeds of evil counsel" is not clear. By some it is alleged a jealous envy of Nga-Puhi's success in procuring arms, while others find it in the consuming desire for revenge for the death of a young relative killed a few weeks before at the fall of the Te Totara *pa* at the Thames. Whatever the motive, before leaving he took occasion to recite a *karakia*, or song, informing the Tu-hou-rangi that there was a small band of Nga-Puhi travelling about in their vicinity, and broadly insinuating that "death and darkness were very good things." This hint, however enigmatical, was taken and acted upon. When Te Pae-o-te-rangi, Hongi's nephew, and a company of his Nga-Puhi followers arrived at the Motu-tawa *pa*, from which Te Rauparaha had just departed, they were treacherously set upon and killed by the Tu-hou-rangi people. It was to avenge the death of Te Pae-o-te-rangi that Hongi performed the Herculean task of dragging his canoes from Waihi, near Maketu, to Lake Rotorua, and on the island of Mokoia slaughtered the unfortunate Ngati-Whakaue (Arawas), who had been entirely innocent of the original crime.

Before quitting Rotorua, however, Te Rauparaha had the good fortune to fall in with the Nga-Puhi chief Pomare,⁵⁵ who handed over to him a few of the men who had accompanied him to the Lake district on a mission of bloodshed. With this small reinforcement Te Rauparaha returned to Taranaki and prepared to resume his journey southward, having in the meantime enlisted the services of some four hundred Ngati-Awas under one of the most famous men of his time, Rere-ta-whangawhanga, father of Wi Kingi Rangitake.⁵⁶ The force at Te Rauparaha's command now numbered about eight hundred fighting men and their families. With these he resumed his march in the autumn of 1822, when the kumara had been gathered in, and advanced without interruption or mishap until he reached Patea. Here a slight skirmish took place, and six of the invaders were killed, their deaths being immediately avenged by the slaughter of some Waitotara people. From them a large canoe was captured, and was employed in the transportation of some of the women and children by sea, thus saving them the labour and fatigue involved in the land journey. Te Rauparaha himself also travelled by water with the women, but, with the exception of those required to propel the canoes, the men continued on foot along the coast, capturing and killing an occasional straggler who had lingered too long in the vicinity of the warpath.

At the mouth of the Rangitikei River the canoe was drawn up on the beach, and the whole party halted for several days. Hearing of their arrival, the friends of Pikinga came down to the camp to welcome her, but the remainder of the Ngati-Apa tribe fled to the hills and concealed

⁵⁵ This is according to Travers's account. Some authorities say that Pomare could not have been there at that time.

⁵⁶ Afterwards a thorn in Te Rauparaha's side: the saviour of Wellington in 1843, and the honourable opponent of the British forces in the Waitara war in 1860.

themselves amongst the mountain fastnesses. It would therefore appear that the friendship which they afterwards alleged to have existed between Te Rauparaha and themselves was not of a very substantial character.⁵⁷ Nor did the marriage of their chieftainess with Te Rangihaeata avail them much; for while the bulk of his people rested by the river, odd bands of their fighting men were continually scouring the country in search of some plump Ngati-Apa who was needed to keep the ovens fully employed. While the weather continued fine, Te Rauparaha was anxious to lose no more time than was absolutely necessary. So soon, therefore, as his people had been refreshed by the rest, he pushed on again, making his next stage the mouth of the Manawatu River, where he harassed the Rangitane people by the inroads of armed parties on their settlements. But comparatively few captures were made, as the *pas* were deserted immediately the inhabitants scented the danger.

The migration which Te Rauparaha was thus conducting had for its objective a sweet and fertile spot on the banks of the Ohau stream; and when the remaining portion of the coast had been traversed without opposition, and the tribe had reached its journey's end in safety, preparations were at once made to establish them permanently on the land. A *pa* was built large enough to accommodate the whole party, and ground was cleared for cultivations, in which the potato was planted for the first time on this coast. Their nearest neighbours were the Ngati-Apa, who held possession of the island of Kapiti, and the Muaupoko tribe, who were settled round the shores of Lakes Horowhenua and Papaitonga. In what light the former regarded the aggression upon their borders it is difficult to say; but the latter were evidently very ill at ease, for they had a heavy presentiment of what the ultimate result would be. But how to avert the danger was no simple problem, as they had learned enough in the stern school of experience to recognise that victory in open battle was not to be hoped for. Strategy was therefore determined upon. Learning from two Whanganui chiefs, who were then on a visit to Horowhenua, that Te Rauparaha's vulnerable point at this period was his desire to obtain canoes, they resolved to tempt him with the bait to which he was most likely to fall a victim. The ease with which the chief fell into the trap was due to his excessive ambition and the further large schemes towards which his aspirations soared.

He had heard strange stories of a treasure-trove of greenstone which the Ngai-Tahu people had stored in their *pas* over on the Middle Island; and as he stood on the beach at Ohau and looked across the Strait towards the hills of Waipounamu, he dreamed of this wealth and how he could possess himself of it. Without a fleet of canoes to convey his warriors over the intervening sea, the project of invasion was visionary; but even with the frailest vessels he might make it a reality, and at one bold stroke add to his dominions, gratify his avarice, and satiate his hate by waging war upon the southern tribes.

Of canoes the Muaupoko had many. Residing as they did upon the shores of two lakes, these vessels were almost as essential to them as gondolas to the Venetians; and when they learned of Te Rauparaha's eagerness to obtain what they possessed, a device was cautiously planned by which they might rid themselves of a neighbour whose coming they felt boded them no good. Into this conspiracy of murder the Rangitane people of Manawatu were admitted; and for thus allowing themselves to be made the cat's-paw of others they paid a bitter penalty, for they succeeded in nothing except in arousing the eternal hatred of the great chief, who seemed invulnerable alike to their cunning and their force. The authors of the scheme were Turoa and Paetahi, both of the Ngati-Apa tribe; and the willing instrument in their hands was Toheriri, a leader of the Muaupoko, whose part was, shortly after the arrival of the Ngati-Toa at Ohau, to send an invitation to Te Rauparaha and a number of

⁵⁷ Between the years 1863-69 a violent dispute raged between the Ngati-Raukawa and Ngati-Apa tribes as to their respective rights to sell a valuable block of land known as Rangitikei-Manawatu to the Provincial Government. Ngati-Raukawa claimed the land on the ground of conquest, while Ngati-Apa urged that the marriage of Pikinga, their chieftainess, with Rangihaeata was a bond between them and Te Rauparaha, which induced him to protect rather than to destroy them. Te Rauparaha and Rangihaeata were furious when they heard of these pretensions, and severely upbraided Ngati-Raukawa for not having permitted them to exterminate Ngati-Apa, whom they described as "the remnant of their meal."

his followers to pay a friendly visit to his *pa* at Papaitonga. As already indicated, the inducement held out to Ngati-Toa was the promise of a gift of canoes, and, under the circumstances, a more artful pretence could not have been conceived. "Canoes were at this time his great desire, for by them only could he cross over to the island of Waipounamu," is the explanation of the position given by Tamihana Te Rauparaha; and, if the Muaupoko could gratify that desire, Te Rauparaha was not the man to refrain from making a convenience of his enemies, as well as of his friends. Accordingly he accepted the invitation, notwithstanding the earnest remonstrances of his nephew and lieutenant, Te Rangihaeata, who declared his irresistible conviction that murder, rather than hospitality, was the secret of the Muaupoko invitation.

Rauparaha was in no mood to speculate about omens, good or evil. Canoes he wanted, and canoes he would have, even if the gods or the devils were against him. His unusual recklessness even carried him so far that he selected only a few warriors to accompany him, and with these he arrived, just at the fall of evening, at Papaitonga. The party was, of course, received with the most profuse expressions of friendship. Toheriri and his fellow-chief Waraki conducted their visitors in state to view the canoes which were to be handed over in the morning; but, on returning to the *pa*, they were careful to conduct Te Rauparaha to a house at one end of the settlement, while his followers were provided for at the opposite end. This fact appears to have aroused no suspicion in the Ngati-Toa mind; for at night all slept soundly, until the shouts of the combined Rangitane and Muaupoko war parties were heard in the early morning as they rushed upon the slumbering *pa*.

The assailants appear to have been too precipitate in their onset. Instead of first surrounding the *whare* in which Te Rauparaha lay, they commenced the massacre of his followers at the other end; and Toheriri, who was lightly sleeping in the same compartment as Te Rauparaha, was compelled to go out and direct them to the particular hut in which their common foe was lying. This delay was fatal to their design, but fortunate for Te Rauparaha. In the absence of his host, he stayed not to take his leave, but bursting through the *raupo* wall which formed the end of the *whare*, he slipped away between the houses; and when the tardy Rangitane rushed up to the hut, their prey had flown, and nothing remained but to wreak their vengeance upon the less distinguished victims, whom they slaughtered without mercy. Included amongst these victims of treacherous onslaught were several of Te Rauparaha's wives and children. Of the latter, however, two were spared, Te Uira and Hononga, the former of whom was a daughter of his child-wife Marore. The reason for this partial clemency is not clear; apparently vengeance was satisfied by sending them prisoners to the Wairarapa, where they afterwards became wives of men of renown in the district.⁵⁸

Amidst the chaos of treachery which surrounds this incident, it is pleasant to record an act of chivalry of an heroic type. Amongst those who accompanied Te Rauparaha on this eventful visit was his son, Rangi-hounga-riri, who, it will be remembered, had distinguished himself by slaying Tutakara, the chief of the Ngati-Mania-poto, when that tribe attacked Ngati-Toa at the Awakino River. He, being strong of body and lithe of limb, had managed to break through the attacking cordon, and, had he chosen, might have made his escape. But, as he hurried away, his ear caught the sound of a girl's piteous crying for help. He recognised the voice as that of his sister, Uira. Heedless of consequences he rushed back to the *pa*, and, forcing his way to the side of the girl, placed his protecting arm around her, and fought her assailants until overpowered by superior numbers. By his death, Te Rauparaha lost one of his most intrepid lieutenants, and the Ngati-Toa tribe one of its most promising leaders. As chivalrous as he was brave, he was the type of chief whose nobility lifted the ancient Maori above the level of the mere savage, and illustrated the manly qualities which so impressed those early colonists who took the trouble to understand the people amongst whom they had come. The qualities are still there, and justify the hope that, by sound laws, and sanitary and

⁵⁸ Te Uira was at this time the wife of Te Poa, who was killed at this massacre. Hononga was Te Rauparaha's daughter by his second wife, Kahui-rangi.

educational reforms, such as are now being effected, it may yet be possible to stay the process of degeneration which set in as the result of the first contact of the Maori with the European.

Te Rauparaha, having slipped from the snare of his enemies, plunged into the long grass which surrounded the *pa*, and, in the semi-darkness, succeeded in eluding his pursuers, eventually reaching his settlement at Ohau, weary, angry, and almost naked. Bitterly disappointed at the result of his mission, and deeply enraged at the treatment he had received, he in his wrath cursed the Rangitane and Muaupoko peoples, and, calling his tribe around him, he charged his followers to make it the one special mission of their lives "to kill them from the dawn of day till the evening." This doctrine of extermination was not preached to unwilling ears; and from that day the fixed policy of the Ngati-Toa tribe was to sweep the Muaupoko and Rangitane from their ancestral lands. In the reprisals which followed as the result of Rauparaha's vow of eternal vengeance, the former tribe seems to have suffered most; and there is little room for doubt that they would have been ultimately uprooted and effaced from amongst the tribes of New Zealand, but for the kindly offices of that dark-skinned humanitarian, Te Whatanui, who, years afterwards, took them under his protecting mantle, and declared, in the now historic phrase, that "nothing would reach them but the rain from heaven."

The Rangitane people were more fortunately situated, having the impassable forests of the Manawatu and its inaccessible mountain fastnesses to protect them. But they by no means escaped the bitterness of persecution, as bands of Ngati-Toa were constantly roaming their country in search of some one to kill and devour. The constant absence of these parties convinced Rauparaha that the small band of men whom he had with him was by no means sufficient for the magnitude of the task which his ambitious mind had conceived, and so he determined upon doing two things. The first was to strengthen his position by conquering the island of Kapiti, which was still in the possession of a section of the Ngati-Apa people; the second, once again to despatch ambassadors to the north, to persuade some of his former allies to join him in mastering a district which promised a rich supply of guns and ammunition. As a preliminary to the former scheme, he extended his frontier as far as Otaki, from which point he could the better watch the movements of the islanders and sweep down upon them at a favourable moment. But the intervals in which there was lack of vigilance were few and far between, and consequently the first series of attacks failed signally. The defenders were strongly posted and incessantly watchful; so Rauparaha, seeing that the frontal attack, however well delivered, would not avail, decided upon a stratagem which, judged by its success, must have been admirably planned.

His device was to lull the defenders of the island into a false sense of security by apparently withdrawing all his forces from Otaki for the purpose of some larger movement in the north, at the same time leaving a small band of well-armed men, whose duty it was to make a dash for the island and seize it before its inhabitants had recovered from their surprise. He accordingly marshalled his forces one morning, and, with an amount of ostentatious display which was calculated to attract the attention of the Ngati-Apa spies, he marched away to the Manawatu at the head of his warriors. The Ngati-Apa saw this movement, but did not understand it. Believing that the absence of Te Rauparaha meant a period of respite, they withdrew their sentries and gave themselves up to rejoicing. This was precisely what the Ngati-Toa chief had hoped for and calculated upon. He also had the satisfaction of knowing that the most critical part of his scheme was in safe hands. His uncle, Te Pehi Kupe, who was left in charge of the attacking party, was a tried and grim veteran, and, true to the trust imposed upon him, he came out of his concealment just before dawn on the morning after Te Rauparaha had left. Silently the intrepid little band launched their canoes, and as silently they paddled across the intervening water, reaching the island at the break of day. They found the inhabitants still sleeping, and unconscious of any danger until the shouts of their assailants and the cries of the wounded warned them that some desperate work was on hand. Not many of them stayed to fight, and those who were not killed in the first onslaught scrambled into their canoes and made for the mainland, thus ingloriously leaving the last independent stronghold of the Ngati-Apa in the hands of the invaders.

It has been charged to the discredit of Te Rauparaha, that, in planning this attack upon Kapiti, he cherished a guilty hope that Te Pehi might fall in the assault, and by his death rid him of a powerful rival in the councils of the tribe. But, while his critics have never been slow to attribute to him the grossest treachery towards his enemies and infidelity to his friends, there is absolutely no evidence that on this occasion he meditated a crime, such as sacred history imputes to the King of Israel when he placed Uriah the Hittite in the forefront of the battle. Te Pehi was a great chief. He was Te Rauparaha's senior in years and his superior in birth. His prowess in battle was known far and wide, and the circumstances under which he afterwards emulated the example of Hongi by visiting England, and like him, subsequently procuring for his tribe, guns and ammunition at Sydney, stamp him as a man of strong initiative and individuality. But he did not possess the political genius with which his nephew was endowed; he lacked the organising power, the tact, and the gift of inspiring others with his own enthusiasm. While Te Pehi might lead a charge with brilliancy, Te Rauparaha could often gain more by diplomacy than he by force of arms; and these statesmanlike qualities gave the younger chief an influence with the tribe which Te Pehi did not and never could possess. Indeed, the tragedy associated with his death at Kaiapoi, in 1828, is sufficient to convince us that he was strangely lacking in conciliation and tact. So far as can be learned, there is nothing to lead us to suppose that Te Pehi ever questioned his nephew's superiority in the diplomatic department of his tribal office; on the contrary, he seems to have cheerfully accepted a secondary position, and loyally aided Te Rauparaha in all his projects. Under these circumstances, it is somewhat difficult to imagine what Te Rauparaha was to gain by sacrificing so brave an ally. Moreover, the intense grief which he manifested when Te Pehi was killed at Kaiapoi, and the signal vengeance which he took upon the Ngai-Tahu tribe for their act of treachery, render the suspicion of foul play on his part utterly improbable. In view of these considerations he may fairly be exonerated from any criminal intent towards Te Pehi. It is clear that the seizure of Kapiti was but an essential move in his policy of conquest, and that the manner of its seizure was but a cleverly designed piece of strategy, certainly not unattended by risk, but affording very reasonable chances of success.

The capture of this natural fortress did not result in its immediate occupation, for Te Rauparaha still had abundance of work to do on the mainland before he could regard the power of the enemy as broken and the conquest of his new home complete. In pursuance of his policy of extermination, he had been interspersing his larger movements with repeated raids upon Rangitane and Muaupoko, in which he invariably made them feel the sting of his revenge. Finding that these attacks were becoming more frequent and more vigorous, the chiefs of the latter tribe conceived a plan by which they hoped to elude the persistency of their implacable pursuers. Hitherto their *pas* had been built on the shores of the picturesque lakes, around which they had lived since their advent into the district, centuries before. But they now decided to abandon these strongholds, which were exposed to every raid of the enemy, and build their dwellings in the centre of Lakes Horowhenua and Papaitonga. At the cost of an amazing amount of industry and toil, they constructed artificial islands upon the beds of these lakes at their deepest parts, and upon these mounds they built a miniature Maori Venice. The construction of these islands was most ingenious, and desperate indeed must have been the straits to which Muaupoko were driven before they imposed upon themselves so laborious a task.

Proceeding to the bush, their first operation was to cut down a number of saplings, which were pointed and then driven into the soft mud, closely enclosing in rectangular form sufficient space on which to place the foundations of the houses. Smaller stakes were then driven into the centre of the enclosure, upon which were spitted those compact masses of vegetation known as "Maori-heads." A layer of these gave the builders a solid basis upon which to work, and huge stones, earth, and gravel were brought in the canoes from the shore, and poured into the enclosures until the pile of *débris* rose some height above the level of the water. Six such islands were formed on Lake Horowhenua and two on Papaitonga, and on these *whares* were erected, which were gradually extended by the addition of platforms reaching a considerable distance beyond the islands. Round each of these platforms ran

a stout palisade, which served the dual purpose of preventing the very young children from falling into the water and offering a formidable barrier to the assaults of the enemy. As the only means of communication with these islands was by canoe, and as it was well known to the Muaupoko people that Te Rauparaha had few such vessels, they felt comparatively secure from attack so soon as they had transferred themselves to their new retreat.

But they little reckoned on the kind of man with whom they had to deal, when they imagined that a placid sheet of water could interpose between Te Rauparaha and his enemies. Canoes he had not, but strong swimmers he had; and it is a fine tribute to their daring that, on a dark and gloomy night, a small band of these undertook to swim off to one of the Horowhenua *pas* and attack its sleeping inhabitants. With their weapons lashed to their wrists, they silently entered the water, and by swift side strokes reached the walls of Waipata, the *pa* which they had chosen for their attempt, and were swarming over the palisades before a note of warning could be sounded. Taken at such a disadvantage, it was not to be expected that the Muaupoko resistance would be effective, for they were both stunned by surprise and paralysed by fear at the awful suddenness of the attack. Flight was their first thought, and such as were not slain in their sleep or caught in their attempt to escape, plunged into the lake and made for the nearest shelter. In this endeavour to escape death all were not successful, and it is estimated that, between the killed and drowned, the attack upon Waipata cost the Muaupoko several hundred lives, besides adding to their misfortune by shattering utterly their belief in the inaccessibility of their island *pas*. The adjoining *pas* upon the lake, warned of the impending danger by the tumult at Waipata, at once prepared for a stubborn defence; but the attacking party, feeling themselves unequal to the task of a second assault, discreetly withdrew to the mainland before it was yet daylight, and at once made preparations for another attack upon a more extensive scale. But both prudence and necessity dictated the wisdom of delay; it was wiser to wait until Muaupoko had relapsed into their former state of confidence, and, moreover, the plan upon which it was proposed to make the attack required time for its development.

Recognising the strength of the Waikiekie *pa*, against which the energies of his tribe were next to be directed, Te Rauparaha saw that success was not to be expected unless he could attack it in force. This involved the transportation of a large body of men over the waters of the lake, which could only be effected by means of canoes. These he did not possess in numbers, and, even if he had, he must still devise means of conveying them to the lake, which was several miles from the coast. His ingenious mind, however, soon discovered an escape from these perplexities, and he at once decided upon a plan, which was not without precedent in European warfare or imitation in subsequent Maori history. His scheme involved the haulage of his canoes over the belt of land which separated the lake from the sea, and the enterprise seems to have been as cleverly executed as it was daringly designed. Out of the lake runs an insignificant stream, which slowly meanders over shallows and between narrow banks down to the ocean; and to the mouth of this creek were brought such canoes as had fallen into Te Rauparaha's hands at the taking of Kapiti, and a larger one which had been procured from his friends at Whanganui-a-Tara.⁵⁹ Where the water was deep enough, or the reaches straight enough, the canoes were floated up the bed of the stream; but as this was possible only at rare intervals, the greater part of the distance was covered by dragging the vessels over the grassy flats and ferny undulations. Such a task would be laborious enough under any circumstances; but on this occasion it was rendered even more wearisome by the necessity for conducting it in absolute silence. As the success of the expedition depended mainly upon the completeness of the surprise, it was essential that no note of warning should be given, and therefore it was impossible to encourage the workers to greater exertions by song or speech; but so heartily did they bend themselves to their monotonous task, that the three miles of toilsome road were traversed before the break of day.

⁵⁹ Now Wellington.

The outflow of the lake was hidden by a clump of trees which grew close to the water's edge, and behind this natural screen the canoes were concealed, and the men lay down to rest until the moment came to strike. At the first appearance of dawn, the canoes were shot into the lake, and before the inhabitants of Waikiekie had shaken slumber from their eyes, the shaft was on its way that would send many of them to their last long sleep. The *pa* was attacked on every side, and with a vigour which left little chance of escape. Such resistance as was possible in such a situation was offered by the drowsy defenders. But the mortal fear with which they had come to regard the Ngati-Toa, together with the fury of the onslaught and the completeness of the surprise, spread panic amongst them, and the resistance was soon left to a desperate few. Their valiant efforts brought them nothing but the glory which attends the death of the brave. They were quickly borne down before the onrush of the assailants, whose shouts of triumph, joined with the terrified cries of the fugitives, filled the morning air. Large numbers, who looked to discretion rather than valour, plunged into the lake, and by swimming, diving, and dodging, a few managed to elude both capture and death. But many were slain as they swam, and, while their bodies sank to the bottom, their blood mingled with the waters of the lake, until it lay crimson beneath the rising sun. Warriors and women, old men and children, to the number of two hundred, we are told, perished on that fateful morning, which saw the Muaupoko tribe driven from Horowhenua, and the epoch of their greatness brought to a close. A mere remnant of the tribe escaped, and made their way through the forests and mountain fastnesses towards the south, where, within the space of another year, they were again pursued, hunted, and slaughtered, with all the old relentless hatred of their destroyer.

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