



Tamati waka nene facts

Eruera Maihi Patuone, the venerable and deservedly respected Chief of the Ngatihao tribe, Hokianga, whose death occurred at his residence, Waiwharariki, North Shore, Auckland, in old age, it is believed, 108 years old, emerged from a noble lineage of ancestors, whose names, although engraved in the memory of their descendants, do not need to be recorded here. Patuone's father, Tapua, was a renowned chief warrior of a powerful mind, and the priest of his tribe. The civil and religious dictatorship being entrusted to Tapua, it must have been at the height of Maori history. Tapua's wife was a woman of some celebrity, by name, Te Kawehau. His sons were Tari, a daughter, who became the wife of the great Chief of the gre Nene, of whom honorable mention, on several occasions, was made by the Imperial Parliament, the Colonial Legislature and the Press. Of the latter, says the Missionary of the Church of 1850:— This Christian Chief has been, for many years, one of the great friends of the British, as he abundantly avoids in the war with Heke and Kawiti. For his services on this and other occasions, he was rewarded by the government with a pension of £100 a year, the first payment of which he generously devoted to building a power plant for this former enemies, such as a peace offering, and compensation for his losses. * Perhaps it should be declared here that the only way we have to determine the probable ages of the former Maori Chiefs, who are rapidly dying from our midst, leaving their places to be filled by their unspeakably degenerate descendants, is to fix in some well-known event, the date of which is certain, and base our calculations on it, a plan we need to adopt in this instance. In conversation with his old friend, Mr. Thomas Poynton, of Lake Te immediately abandoned their fishing and, paddling, went beside the ship, and presented fish to strangers, then called maitai, that is, from the sea. Referring to Cook's travels, I think it was recorded:- On November 27, Endeavour was among a series of small islands from which several canoes came out for handfuls without requiring anything through exchange. * * * Among the fish obtained from these canoes were cavalles in great abundance; for this reason the captain called these islands with the same name. Once again, the veteran Chief says,—I saw Cook's ship. To find him were the people in four big canoes. Number one was called te Tumuaki, commanded by my father, Tapua, manned by 80 men. Number two, Te Harotu, commanded by Tuwhera, with 40 men. Number 3, Te Homai, commanded by Taha-page 8pirau, with 40 men, and no. 4 called Te Tikitiki, commanded by Ne, with 60 men. The canoes were re-sent to the ship, the Chiefs were on board, and my father received gifts of clothing, and brought with him to shore a cooked pork joint, which was ate by me and Sister Tari. This was the first time maoris saw a pig's meat. Cook's ship was piloted to a place called Te Puna, and the land in that neighborhood was delivered to Cook. When the Europeans landed, the Hokianga tribes were in great alarm. I looked at the faces of these strange people very imagining. The English record is as follows: - Having resisted Corporal Brett, we got bored to leeward, and entered a great Bay on the southwest side of several islands, and anchored; after that we were surrounded by 33 large canoes, containing about 300 Indians, all armed. Some of them were admitted on board, and Captain Cook gave a piece of broad cloth to one of the Chiefs, and some small gifts to the others. Patuone's statements regarding endeavour's anchoring in the Bay of Islands, the presentation of cloth to the Chiefs, and other minutely detailed incidents from the 90ry mem-page at this remote time of the actual occurrences cannot fail to increase our interest in the late Truth-Loving Chief, who was therefore pre-associated with the British values of which we are so rightly proud; and, for Patuone's honor, it should be narrated that, from that moment until the end of his land career, he never ceased to consider himself bound by the strongest bonds to serve and befriend the European race in every possible way; nor was it the affectionate denomination by which he was known to the first settlers of the North wrongly granted, that is, Father of the Count. Three years after Cook's visit, Marion du Fresne landed in the Bay of Islands, and unfortunately was massacred with many others by the Maoris, who in turn were decimated by the French. Volive after a wave of muskism was fired between the entire body of New Zealanders on the beach, who, stupefyed by terror, was like sheep being slaughtered. No mention was made of Patuone in the reports of Marion's death, he was probably the difference in its provisions; and although ignorant page page solemn and touching convocations of the Hebrew Patriarch to his children—Join, sons of Jacob, so that I may tell you what you should do in the last days, ignorant of Jacob's appeal to your children, but Tapua, patriarch as, called your children to hear your prediction. To Nenê, the younger brother, he said:—Hei tangata kino koe; bad and hapai te pakanga, ie You will be a bad man, a defender of war, and to Patuone, the older brother, he said:— Hei tangata koe father, bad and hohou te rongo, that is, You will be a good man - a peacemaker, who characteristic, during patuone's long stay in the world, has been eminently exemplified, his presence among belligerent tribes being almost always seen as the harbinger of peace;- and certainly would be more difficult to find, their presence among belligerent tribes being almost always seen as the harbinger of peace;- and certainly would be more difficult to find, their presence among belligerent tribes being almost always seen as the harbinger of peace;- and certainly would be more difficult to find, their presence among belligerent tribes being almost always seen as the harbinger of peace;- and certainly would be more difficult to find, their presence among belligerent tribes being almost always seen as the harbinger of peace;- and certainly would be more difficult to find, their presence among belligerent tribes being almost always seen as the harbinger of peace;- and certainly would be more difficult to find, their presence among belligerent tribes being almost always seen as the harbinger of peace;- and certainly would be more difficult to find, their presence among belligerent tribes being almost always seen as the harbinger of peace;- and certainly would be more difficult to find, their presence among belligerent tribes being almost always seen as the harbinger of peace;- and certainly would be more difficult to find, their presence among belligerent tribes being almost always seen as the harbinger of peace;- and certainly would be more difficult to find, their presence among belligerent tribes being almost always seen as the harbinger of peace;- and certainly would be more difficult to find, their presence among belligerent tribes being almost always seen as the harbinger of peace;- and certainly would be more difficult to find, their presence among belligerent tribes being almost always seen as the harbinger of peace;- and certainly would be more difficult to find, their presence among belligerent tribes being almost always seen as the harbinger of peace;- among belligerent tribes being almost always seen as the harbinger of peace;- among belligerent tribes being almost always seen as the harbinger of peace;- among belligerent tribes belligerent tribes being almost always seen as the harbinger of peac seen as the harbinger of peace;— and certainly would be more difficult to find, their presence among belligerent tribes being almost always seen as the harbinger of peace;— and it would certainly be harder to find, their presence among belligerent tribes being almost always seen as the prentorante of peace;- and certainly it would be more difficult to find, a kinder person, lover of peace and disinterested among the Maori tribes than was the late Patuone, the last representative of the illustrious Tapua family. Like most of his compatriots, however, he was trained for the use of the spear and the club; — and we found him, as a young man, on the battlefield in Kaipara, where a good number of his people fell, and from which slaughter scene he made his 11cape es-page after a personal fight with Chief Tatakahuanui, whom he killed with a green stone axe, and who, patuone says, ran after me knocking me down. We got up together, when my assailant pointed out another blow to me that I pulled away. After a little struggle, I knocked him to the ground, and calling my comrades, three in number, who were flying before the enemy, they gave me a tomahawk with which I cut off my man's head and took him in one of my clothes. Some time later, I overtook the main army, and Hongi, the leader, seeing my clothes full of blood, said, What are these stains on your clothes? I replied, 'I have something here,' alluding to the dead man's head who in my robes. Patuone still notes: There were fights in Kuratope, in the Bay of Islands district, but before it started, I asked this question, Surely you do not intend to fight?. The opponent replied: In fact, we have. The shooting continued for some time and leg. This was the first time your gun, the gun, was used by me. I shot, killed a man, and threw my gun; and while my wounds were clever, a man ran upon me page 12 with a club; we closed, and pulling out his gun, I dispatched him with it. Our party amounted to sixty, none of which, according to the customs of those days, were consumed by us, but when the law of Christianity came, patuone adds with characteristic consideration, all these evils were abandoned. We will now refer to the a singular story in connection with the Tapua family, which will no doubt be dismissed by many as a wild superstition and unworthy of warning; but whatever opinion may be formed respecting it, the relationship is valuable, because it reveals to us the belief of the old Maori in a future state, and in the immortality of the soul. May I observe here, that the ancient Maoris, as much as they can be gathered from their traditions, seized a Supreme Being known under various designations, such as Ranginui, that is, the Great Celestial, & amp;c. Direct communication with the inhabitants of the first and even the twentieth heaven was also an article of faith, heavenly visitors occasionally descending to communicate messages to men. There were gods and gods too, residing in the air, page 13 on earth, and at sea, to whom prayers and propitious offerings were made, both in the time of peace and war. It was believed, likewise, that some act of disobedience, committed in the presence of Hinenuitepo, that is, the Great Lady of the Night, brought death to our world, but that, man, having two natures, one died, — the body, and that the manawa prays, that is, the living principle, mounted in heaven, or descendant of Hades, or took possession of some bird, reptile, or fish., in the way the deceased spirit visited friends still dwelling on earth; manifesting sometimes extreme sympathy in a manner with the living, and at other times scaring them because of some transgression of the known and sacred law. Let me further invade the reader's patience, stating that while traveling with a distinguished Maori Chief a few years ago, he inadvertently revealed the fact that the Maori, in the old days, worshipped a Supreme Being whose name was considered so sacred that no one but the Priest could pronounce it at certain times and places. The name was lo, perhaps an abbreviation of louru.* Witnessing my anxiety to page 14 obalta more information on the subject, he refused to reveal more Maori secrets as he called them, and politely referred me to an old priest who resided about 100 miles from home. Patuone acted in precisely the same way when an attempt was made by myself to get from him some details about certain ancient Maori rites. It seems that sacred trust committed to the Priesthood was viewed with religious admiration, and no one could play with it, and leave unharmed, his honor being guarded by a number of deities. In the old days, these secrets were transmitted by the Pukenga, that is, Head of the Fountain, to the tauira, that is, disciples, the buildings where these guestions were repeated being sacred, and all present were made partakers, by the Priest, of the same sacredness. Hence, perhaps, the difficulty of obtaining particularities relating to his former faith and practice — a religious fear still clings to them. It should be noted, too, that since the introduction of Christianity, traditional Maori and Maori religious discourses have been discouraged, and the knowledge that every venerable 15possessed chief or priest on these singularly compelling subjects has passed away with it. That the ancient Maori possessed considerable true religious knowledge wrapped in the curtain of tradition and legend is, I think, abundantly evidenced. What, for example, may be more touchingly practical than the worship of the miracle god-man, Tawhaki, the glow of whose body is the flash of lightning, whose breath is the peal of thunder, who, after descending to earth, was murdered, and rising from the dead by his own ininato power, rose to heaven again on the thread of a spider's web, uttering how triumphant he left the world Pike ake Tawhaki ki te rangi tuatahi, & amp;c., i.e., Mount up, Tawhaki, to the first heaven, & amp;c.! One of them is forging here of the psalmist's sublime exultation when he exclaims, Raise your heads O gates, and be you raise eternal doors, and the King of glory will enter. We now come to the story that gave rise to the above observations, and can be briefly declared as follows: Patuone's grandmother, Ripia, had a son still born to whom he was named Te Tuhi. He often disturbed his parents and other members of the tribe, appearing to them page 16sometimes in the form of an apparition, and sometimes turning into a lizard. He came dressed with the wonderful influence that beings in the spirit world should possess. His visits caused great discouragement, and many members of the tribe fell victim to his power. This appearance of Te Tuhi to the Tapua family created much uneasy, as well as the strange appearance for the Wesley family, recorded by his biographers,* who some suggested to be a messenger of Satan sent to John Wesley's father buffet. Tapua, in his priestly capacity, offered prayers, and various enchantments and divinations were appealed in the hope of putting the troubled spirit. It is different that Patuone was repeatedly urged by the restless spirit to become the means of communication between the beings of both worlds, and although modern spiritualists would induce Patuone to accept the honor, if it were an honor -- to keep conversation with deceased spirits, and , in the process of time, Te Tuhi dis-page 17 continued his problematic propensity to visit earthly friends. The Maoris, it can be observed, are still firm believers in what we call spiritism, and in the presence of te Turehu, that is, Fairies, in certain localities. In corroboration of this statement with regard to the last class appointed of beings, I would like to observe that a native chief in the Thames, while securing the services of a gentleman to inspect a block of land in Cape Colville, said to him through me: — Let me warn you of a danger that may come to you while you are involved in the research. The mountain abounds with fairies, their dwellings are on the summit, their pas are intertwined with supple-jack. Your crops are there too. They grow very large gourds, but if any attempt is made by men to obtain one of them for seeds, when the human hand touches it, the gourd is immediately transformed into a stone and becomes so heavy that it cannot be lifted by the hands of men. They play on musical instruments, and the soft airs are swayed from the sides of the tracks until they reach the ears of mortals. When you reach a certain distance from the cones of the hill, stop cutting lines, and use only your instruments. Now be ware of these my injunctions on my page 18 so that evil does not overtake you, and I am guilty of sending you there to face certain death. In 1814, when the first New Zealand Mission was established near Rangihoua, Bay of the Islands, under the auspices of that tireless Ambassador of the Cross, the Rev. Samuel Marsden, also known as the father of the New Zealand missions, Patuone and his brother Nenê were interested in good work; and in 1827, when the Wesleyan Missionaries, The Lords. N. Turner, J. Hobbs and J. Stack were sown in Whangaroa and driven from their homes by the savage tribes of that locality, Patuone, Waka Nene, and his brother-in-law Te Wharerahi, created a force to rescue them, and they with their families were put to safety by the Chiefs of Mangungu in hoangaki, where the triumphs of the gospel among the Maori tribes of that beautiful river were palpablely manifested to all who had eyes to see and ears to hear. On the subject of the goodwill of our deceased friend to the Missionaries, the Rev. John Hobbs—a distinguished man for his disinterest and heroic spirit, often called to exercise during the early barbarian times, when the pioneer missionaries raised the standard of the Cross—says:— page 19 The Mission party always considered itself indebted to Patuone, Waka Nene, and Te Wharerahi of the Bay of Islands to protect them from the question was discussed whether we should be killed or not. The account of the meeting of the two warring tribes on the occasion of the rescue of Mr. Hobbs and companions is surprisingly affecting, and shows how loval the hearts of those noble Chiefs to the excellent Missionaries were. In approaching the hostile army, with their weapons, tomahawks and spears, Patuone and his people asked European families to kneel on the ground, a command that was immediately Patuone and a bunch of his noble hearted heart Meanwhile, he surrounded the Missioraries, extending their arms over the heads of the messengers of peace to protect them from danger, in the discovery of what touching act the enemy moved on, allowing them and their protectors to continue on their journey unmolested. In later years we find Patuone and Nenê his brother in Kororareka with 800 followers, as a result of a bloody battle between page 20 of the local tribes in which, 100 were killed. As always, Patuone was busy in the good work of peace. His efforts in this regard, along with those of his famous brother-in-law. Te Wharerahi, were successfully crowned. In the same year, Patuone was accompanied by his brother Waka Nene, and other ngapuhi celebrities, to Matamata together with the Tribes of the Thames, who were at this time at war with William Thompson's famous father, Te Waharoa, whose country they scoured and whose father they invested. Te Waharoa and his tribes, feeling unwilling to risk an open-air commitment, the formidable tribes of the Thames, along with their allies, the Ngapuhis, retired after consuming all available cultures. Patuone, on his return to the Thames, settled for a time after that, Patuone undertook a trip to Australia, trading deals with Gordon Brown and other Sydney merchants, and returning to New Zealand at Brig Tranmere. Then we find him on the East Coast again associated with the powerful Chief, Titore, carrying a quick trade in linen and sparse, page 21 in Mahurangi and elsewhere. Titore's letter to King William of England is so graphic and honorable to the writer, That I am tempted to insert it here, hoping it will be interesting to the reader. It should be noted that the naval authorities in England, being desirable to obtain a cargo of New Zealand, and the Commander having put himself in communication with Chief Titore, the latter undertook to provide the necessary load of spars. Next, the new letter referred to: To the King of England, King William.— Here I am, friend of Captain Saddler. The ship is full and is now about to sail. I heard you used to be the captain of a ship. You therefore examine the spars, whether they are good, or if they are bad. If you and the French fight, here are some trees for your battleships. I put aboard the Buffalo a green stone battle axe, and two clothes. These are all the things new Zealanders have. If I had anything better, I'd give it to Captain Saddler for you. This page 22 is all mine to you. My. As early as 1795, the Maori had the habit visit Australia. About that this Collins, in his New South Wales story, says of a Maori chief:— He outlined his sketch of New Zealand, with chalk, on the floor of a separate room for that purpose. Among the different New Zealanders brought to Port Jackson was a noted Chief named Te Pahi, who came to the Colony during the time of the Governor King of the Bay of Islands. Both the Governor King of the Bay of Islands. they a little surprised to find in a man totally unloved by any rule of civilized behavior, and kindness of discrimination, which they had never thought compatible with a state of rude barbarism. The settlers still keep in memory many of their observations that equally shew the solidity of their understanding and the veracity of their conceptions. In Otuihu, Bay of islands, when the Waima Chiefs Pi, Te Nana, Te Koukou, and others fell, it is recorded that Patuone found his way in the company of the belligerents, with the purpose of restoring peaceful relations between the parties on page 23, being the leaders Pomare and Kawiti. In an eminence near the pa, Timoti, a relative of our deceased friend, says: Patuone stood up and wept in a loud voice while the parties were fiercely shooting at each other,' The Kawiti were immediately removed by their leader of the pa attack. This intervention and prudent action on the part of Patuone, brought the cessation of hostilities, and the full establishment of peace. For the merchants of Sydney, and for the commanders of all ships negotiating with this true honesty of manner, which invariably held respect. At this point, the Reverend John Hobbs says: ----Captain Delaite and then Raine and Ramsay, and Gordon Brown maintained a commercial establishment in Te Horeke under the protection of Patuone, Tamati Waka Nene, Muriwai, and other friendly natives, that the establishment in Te Horeke under the protection, at all times, of the European settlers. Hobbs informs us that from the company organized by Captain Hurd to occupy Hokianga, four people, McLain, Nimmo, Nesbet and Grillis ventured to stay and climbed the river to patuone's house, where they resided for nine years. Speaking of these early times, Mr. Nicholas, the historian, says of the Maoris: Wherever I minged among them, I have always found the strongest evidence of their sympathy and hospitality; they always presented me with something to eat, and nowhere have I met anything like selfishness in this regard. The same spirit of friendship was by Patuone towards the late Baron of Thierry, when that gentleman found to his dismay, that the land he claimed by virtue of an act signed by certain Chiefs, had not been bought, but that the axes given were only a deposit; To face this disappointment, Patuone and Nenê placed the Baron and his family in lands called Tarawana, at the head of the Hokianga River, free of all, of which the lands of Thierrys remained in peaceful possession for many years. Patuone, I can have four wives here. By Te Wheke, his first wife, he had four sons and page 252 daughters; by Te Hoia, three sons and a daughter; by Riria Takarangi of Ngatipaoa, Thames, previously mentioned, a son; and by Rutu, a son. The only survivor of these twelve is a son named Hohaia. There is no living representative of the family of Tamati Waka Nene, nor of his younger brother, Wi Waka Turau, who lived and died in the former tribal settlement, Hokianga. The children of Patuone's sister, Tari, whose husband was chief Te Wharerahi, often mentioned in the previous pages, were Tupanapana, Tarapata and Te Tane. Two of Tarapata's sons, namely Wi Pani, and Harata, wife of the noted chief Paora Tuhaere of Orakei, the late member of the provincial executive, attended by his grandfather, Patuone, during his last illness, administering his wishes, along with another member of his family named Timoti, and were present at the time of his deceased. Patuone's firstborn, Toa, when a young man fell ill and died. The Reverend John Hobbs visited the bereaved parents, when he saw the deceased in a sitting posture, decorated with feathers and other Maori ornaments, and his two wives in a similar posture beside him, they strangled themselves, according to the Maori page 26usages of those days, to accompany her husband in order to prepare the food that should be needed to sustain him. on his journey to Te Reinga, namely Hades. In 1828, Te Wheke, Patuone's first wife, became ill. At this juncture, the tribal priest was asked to use his prayers and spells to avoid, if possible, the fatal consequences that were seized by Patuone and his family. The priest entered his mission with unusual vigour, claiming for himself a wonderful influence with the gods and gods who claimed to be ruling the destinies of men, some of whom, it was seen by him, had struck Te Wheke with a fatal illness. After sundry gesulations, and quick chants of many Maori prayers, the soothsayer exhibited a large stone, a tin pot, a paper of fish hooks and a piece of a red shirt, which he assured the tribe, with great pertinity, he had succeeded, by his charms, in removing from his body, adding that as a result of his having appeased certain angry waters, but Te Wheke shortly afterwards breathed his last. page 27 Shortly after the creation of the Christian Mission in Hokianga, the work extended to Waihou, Mangamuka, Waipa, and other places in the Hokianga. Itinerant native teachers took the word of peace to Taranaki, and her neighborhood, while others worked in the most immediate locations of their holding of a religious meeting in Mangamuka, were attacked by Chief Kaitoke and his followers, who were under the influence of a famous Maori ventriloquist named Papahurihia, who held evening meetings, in which a large Maoris concourse attended for the purpose, it was claimed, of maintaining sexual relations with his deceased friends. , the ventriloquist being the means of communication. This Maori necromancer had sent his mangamuka disciples a weapon with certain hieroglyphics marked upon him, the bloodthirsty meaning of which, if not fully understood by Kaitoke, should be explained by the weapon's bearer. While divine service was being continued, the three bullets destined for Wi Patene passed through his clothes, Rihimona was mortally wounded, and Matiu killed while holding the 28word page of life in his hands. The unprovoked attack on these excellent teachers created an intense sensation among the Christianized part of the community, many of whom were linked to bloody revenge. An army immediately proceeded to Mangamuka, under the leadership of Patuone, Waka Nene, and other distinguished Chiefs. Upon the arrival of the Christians in sight of the Pa, they received, says Mr. Turner, a succession of musket balls, a chief fell dead, and another seriously injured; after the third shot the native Christians fired, then the balls flew thick, some buzzing by by the Missionaries, who had followed to contain them. if possible, from the violence. The Christian party invaded the Pa, and killed twelve of the prisoners, taking the remaining prisoners, taking the remaining prisoners, including the leader, Kaitoke, who was wounded in the fight. The victorious chiefs held a council, and some of them strongly defended Kaitoke's death, but Patuone's usual course of mercy prevailed. The pagan party was liberated with the understanding that they should abandon their settlement in Mangamuka, and seek a new home. Another pagan group of the Inutai tribe, page 29 under tohukakahi's leadership, had provoked the ire of certain European settlers, some of their numbers being mistreated by the chief above. The settlers, numbered above forty, determined to visit offenders with summary punishment. An expedition, fully armed, recovered the Mangamuka by boat, but, before his arrival in the native Pa, one of the The Reverend W. White preceded the armed settlers, and prevailed over Tohukakahi and his tribe, to vacate his Pa, and seek refuge in the forest, hoping to avoid the expected attack. The settlers, leaving their boats near the river bank, marched in martial order, with tomahawk, sword and weapon in hand, and made a furious attack on the Pa; but finding it deserted, the army was content to seize Maori goods within the fortress, and to take down a large number of pigs, bringing in triumph the carcasses to their flotilla, a feat that secured for this singular adventure the denomination of the Battle of Pig. It is claimed that Patuone accompanied the settlers, being the recognized friend of the Pakeha, and known to his own countrymen for being a man of peace. Since no human blood was placed on page 30 by the settlers, Patuone would probably approve the appropriation of Maori goods, and the heroic attack on the swine herd. The next occurrence that brought Patuone, Waka Nene, and other prominent chiefs on special notice, was the alleged drowning murder of a European settler named Henry Biddell, who had taken a pass aboard a Maori canoe, manned by two natives, the fate of which was Whirinaki, a branch of the Hokianga River. The unfortunate man boarded, it is claimed, in Whaiti, near hurd point; his body was found on kakaho beach, about 20 miles away from the starting point. The corpse was forwarded to Mangungu, where a meeting was convened, and a jury, composed of settlers and Chiefs, formed to deliberate on the guilt or innocence of the accused natives; the late James Busby, then British consul, being president. The two Maoris who had rowed the canoe were indicted before the court, a decision was made, although the evidence was conflicting, that the European had found his death due to certain violent acts perpetrated by the two Maoris; one of them being a mere stripling. It was later determined that the Maori boy should be selected on page 31, and that man should suffer the extreme penalty of human law. Thus, certain people were instructed to prepare a burial site, on a small island called Ruapapaka, near the property of the late Captain McDonnell, R.N. A considerable number of settlers and native chiefs repaired on the island, the convicts were placed on the edge of the newly dug grave, and was quickly dispatched by Pangari, a relative of Patuone. The body being deposited in its resting place, the process terminated; and the various parts that were interested in this sad scene returned to their respective homes. From the establishment of the New Zealand Missions until the year 1840, there was a general disinclination on the part of the Maori tribes to indulge in the use of intoxicating beverages; but the first Hokianga settlers from the first, accustomed to the uses of the day's drink. As some of the Maori Chiefs had been led by their example to absorb occasionally, and thus renounce their self-esteem, and as drunkenness increased among the settlers, it was considered advisable by the Missionaries to provoke a discussion on the subject of Temperance. Page 32 was held in the Wesleyan mangungu chapel, about five hundred Maori present, and some of the settlers. The nature of the proposed deal was explained by the Missionaries, the debatable points were answered by Patuone, Waka Nene, Mohi Tawhai, Taonui, and other notable chiefs. A resolution was unanimously approved, to that effect, that no more spiritist alcoholic beverages should be landed in Hokianga, and that all spirits found on board vessels entering the port should be dumped into the sea. This resolution greatly offended the numbers of settlers residing in various localities, and they decided to resist it if possible, but Patuone, Waka Nene, and his noble coadjutors, intended to carry out the proposed scheme. A delegation was at the same time composed of Maori Chiefs and two European gentlemen, namely Captain Clendon, and Mr. George Stevenson, the delegation then proceeded to a wooden transport ship to Australia, and, making known the decision of the recent temperance meeting, the delivery of the grog on board was demanded by the Chiefs. The master, thinking that there was no alternative, reluctantly fulfilled, making this observation: Things have reached a beautiful page 33 now, that we are obliged to go on our journey without our supply of grog. The captain ordered the rum punch to be hoisted on deck, was taken by the natives into the corridor, the bung drawn, the coveted treasure of the sailors emptied into the sea, and the barrel politely returned to the captain, who commented: I no longer have spirits on board. The other ships in the port were visited, and information sent to them from the Law of Temperance of the Confederate Chiefs. It was unnecessary to embark on Brig Draco, carrying with wood at the time, as she sailed under principles of total abstinence. Some of the settlers, defying the wishes of Maori missionaries and chiefs, renewed their excesses, and a few went so far as to visit the Mission Chapel in Mangungu, dancing around it with applause, holding bottles of rum in their hands. In a drunken brawl, one of them named Thomas Styles, received a blow, which, along with the poisonous effect of his excesses, took him to the Shore of that great precipice that divides the time of eternity. When in this sad condition he sent it to the Missionaries, expressed his sadness because of his determined opposition to them, and to the Confederate page 34Chiefs,

on the subject of temperance; and, as of his compunção, he ordered his rum punches to be taken from his shop, and his contents to be poured on the ground, in the presence of his assembled associates. The poor guy said goodbye to the nightly scenes, 24 hours after receiving the fatal blow, in the drunken fight, which sent him to a premature grave. Long before the colonization of New Zealand by the British crown, there was a rapid trade between Australia and Hokianga, being celebrated by its magnificent Kauri spars. As a general rule, the Maori population showed the greatest friendship with the captains and crews of the ships, entering the port, and provided valuable assistance in preparing the necessary cargo. A schooner named Fortitude, when it was about to sail to Sydney loaded with lumber, stranded in Motukauri, near the Whirinaki River; some of the natives, Whirinaki and Rarawa, according to their tribe, embarked on the Fortress, and appropriated themselves articles of 35 found on board, including the roles of the ship. I have no hesitation in saying that if prudent measures had been taken, the purloinated items would have been restored to the spirit of retaliation was preferred by both the settlers and the Maoris. Quickly, therefore, after the capture of the Fortress, an army was created by The Chiefs Moetara, Rangatira, Te Kakahi, and others, whose country stretched from Maunganui on the coast to One Tree Point, seven miles from the Heads of Hokianga. The armed tribes, in a fleet of canoes, remanded to Motukauri, where they landed in a battle matrix, a circumstance, it seems, that greatly exasperated the Whirinakis and Rarawas, while firing at Moetara's army immediately after landing, killing a man, who was the sign of attack, a general struggle therefore ensued. On Moetara's side, some distinguished chiefs were killed: Te Kakahi, Pahau, Paura, Taungahnru, among others. On the side of the aggressors, two great chiefs, Mariao and Taku were killed. It is estimated that the dead and wounded add up to 22. page 36 Fearing a general war between the Hokianga tribes, and as each settler was under the special protection of a chief, Moetara, on his return from Motukauri with his dead and wounded, landed at the station of the late Captain Young, A Point of the Tree, and built there a large Pa, surrounding the houses, and formed a camp as a precautionary measure , fearing that the exasperated tribes would make a descent over the station, rob the shops, and ill-use the family. War munitions were spilled into several localities, and while war preparations were being proseded with under the of a Chief warrior named Te Waenga, by an act of carelessness an inflamed powder keg, burning him severely, of the effects of which he soon expired. Patuone and his brother Waka Nene joined Moetara at One Tree Point with three hundred followers, including a European named John Marmon, who had a habit of carrying his musket, and fighting side by side with the people of Patuone against the tribe's enemies, either in Hokianga, Taranaki, or elsewhere. Marmon and about thirty of Waka Nene's army crossed the River from One Tree Point, and fired into the Orongotea Pa, occupying page 37 for a section of the Rarawa; a series of skirmishes ensued, with little damage to either party. The allies of One Tree Point demanded the delivery of the papers of fortitude, which was fortunately adhered to, a circumstance that brought the establishment of peace among the belligerents. All things being satisfactorily resolved, Moetara and Rangatira returned to their settlements, and the allies, with their spirited and noble leaders, went to their homes about 30 miles from One Tree Point. Thus, by the friendly intervention of the two famous bro thers, Patuone and Nenê, more bloodshed was avoided, and friendly relations established between the exasperated settlers and hostile Maori tribes. Now come remarkable events, recorded in the annals of Hokianga, that threatened to provoke a war of settlers, with Maori allies helping both the aggressors and the defenders. The fight originated in certain sawyers, who had been laid, was owned by Captain Crowe; a large amount of wood had page 38 prepared for shipment, when some misunderstanding arose regarding the agreement previously concluded by the men and their employer; the first prohibiting timber rafting until a full understanding was reached regarding payment. Captain Crowe, on the other hand, swore his intention to remove the wood, regardless of the workers' protests. The sawyers later made their complaint known to the settlers residing along the banks of the Hokianga River, who immediately responded to their request for help. About a hundred settlers, armed with guns, swords and other deadly weapons, came on their boats to One Tree Point. After landing, they elaborated in military order, the officers stood out using scarlet scarves and other martial skills. The army marched in rank and file to crowe's sawdust station, and stopped near the piles of wood, where a serious fight took place; and, more than once, the captain's life was in imminent danger. Maori Crowe's allies remained with their arms in the immediate neighborhood, refusing to unless crowe or some of his party were shot. Having carefully observed the various phases of the hostile movement, page 39I was led to believe that armed settlers were intimidated by the presence of Crowe's Maori allies. After the destruction of wood sawn by fire, the brave Europeans returned from this singular affliction in their fleet of boats to their distant homes. Remember, that these unique soldiers, conspicuous by the formidable matrix of their rusty stone muskets, were under the two illustrious brothers, Patuone, and Waka Nene; and Captain Crowe under the protection of the two chief Brothers, men of singular distinction. Thus, it will be noted that if any of the aggressors, or defenders, in the conflict described as The battle of the plank, have been killed, the internecina war would have resulted, affectionate both European s and Maoris. It is a matter of congratulations that the height of his life, and his great influence with his people were well known. On this subject, an eyewitness observes: Turning the bend of the river, we suddenly find a war party. They were all armed, and presented a more formidable 40 page as they marched in a compact, action-ready body. They were all armed, and presented a more formidable 40 page as they marched in a compact, action-ready body. river], he immediately turned against his army, and ordered them to stop. Never before have I seen in New Zealand such an exdisplay of authority and obedience. Having made a stop, Patuone and other Chiefs came and rubbed noses with us as a sign of sympathy. Regarding some of the war expeditions of our deceased friends in the previous days, when the Maori brawls were of annual occurrence, we are informed that an army of eight hundred men, under the leadership of Patuone, left the north in war canoes to the Manukau, and passed to Whaingaroa, where the northern army was accompanied by the celebrated Rauparaha. , and Te Ao o Te Rangi. The force, now numbered in 1,400 men during its passage through the maniapoto country to Mokau, refrained from committing any act of violence; but when he crossed the border, and who, ran forward in the fight. The Taranaki tribes were unable to maintain their bases against our race. The other side no longer had the strength to remove their dead and wounded, so they left in the hands of the victors the bodies, and the living who were taken prisoner. After eating, drinking and dancing, Patuone and Rauparaha to Whanganui. In that place, a thousand were found. They fought with the Taiaha,* Tewhatewha, Merepounamu, and other Maori weapons. We had some guns, which scared them a lot. Patuone shot the Ground. the fighting party has now pursued, and the numbers have been stretched dead on the ground. and many prisoners made. Patuone then made peace with Whanganui and gave the main men a quantity of dust. They composed a poem, and sang it in memory of the event; then Patuone returned to Hokianga, and Rauparaha to Whaingaroa. The spirit of friendship, previously insated between Patuone and Hongi, is noticed by Mr. Stack in his diary, dated March 12, 1828. He says: Patuone, who just got back from Whangaroa, called tonight. I asked about Hongi. He told me several things, all of which I felt interested in hearing, as connected with the end of this extraordinary Chief. I noticed Patuone spoke of him in the most loving way. When he and his group arrived in Pinia, where Hongi was, they found him so emaciated that they were greatly affected, and, as usual, wept together. * Patuone and Hongi met in Whangaroa some time after a brother of the former was killed in a pa in that locality, and the last chief advised his friend, Patuone, to avenge his brother's death. Hongi's council was taken in from page 43, the Whangaroa Pa taken, and the Head of the fortress, named Motukiwi, was killed. Regarding the wild seed and prosuspensions of the Whangaroa tribes, many records of their cruelty were passed on to us. Among others, the massacre of Boyd's crew and passengers, about seventy people; a terrible catastrophe, will probably soon be erased from memory, of which Mr. Nicholas says:— The Captain, never reflecting on the character of the savage, whose favorite passion is revenge, and not considering that his own tyranny* had provoked the most sign retaliation that could be taken, had the eruption to leave the ship unprotected, and, taking the crew of a boat with him , headed for the coast, where a horde of outrageous cannibals was prepared for their destruction. The duration of this terrible tragedy was short, but he had not barely landed when he was knocked down and murdered, and the sailors, unfortunately sharing the same fate, were all stripped by the barbarians, who immediately appeared dressed in the clothes of their victims, and went to the ship to complete the carnage. Arriving on page 44 on the ship with its insatist revenge, and still furious by blood, a general massacre of the remaining part of the crew, along with all the passengers on board, immediately followed, and, with the exception of four individuals, no man, son of all that left Port Jackson, escaped the cruel vengeance of his merciless enemies. * The same cruel spirit of barbarism was manifested by the Whangaroa tribes in later times, even when the messengers of peace had the courage to reside among them, hoping to emancipate these merciless peoples from the ugliness and power of the pagan. At this point, the late Reverend N. Turner comments:—About the break of the day, Luke hastily impregnated me because the natives were coming home. Hobbs, Luke and I found them outside. They said, We've come to take your property, and you must have left. They went to the canoes. Being now convinced that nothing less than a whole release of everything we possesswas intended, page 45 we made every rush we could and equip to fly. Four of our students came to the door, saw our situation, and offered to come with us. Fortunately we accept your help, which we do consider essential to our safe escape. The maroons have now smashed all the windows into pieces, opened the back door, and really started ruining the house. Still, we stayed until we saw them carrying the beds from which we had just appeared. Being now fully satisfied that everything we possess would be taken from us, we were happy to escape with our lives. While most of the natives were at the back of the house, we passed the front door. At this time, God's special providence saved Mrs. Turner from a violent death. Gnawed the excitement of the last few minutes, the savagery of the angry savages became uncontrollable. Life or death were at all times. Turner was running out the door. A chief raised him and those close, such as holding the bloody blow and saving a valuable life. * page 46 Patuone, we were told, asked the Missionaries, Lords Turner and Hobbs, to return to their whangaroa station under their protection, but they refused to make Whangaroa their home a second time, having escaped the recent fury of the savages, and previous personal dangers. The Hokianga army, which visited Whangaroa at the time, secured some of the spoils taken from the Mission's facilities, having removed the first looters who belonged to the Hongi tribe. The houses and shops were burned to ashes, and as is customary with Maoris engaged in prey and slaughter, the heads of goats and other domestic animals found at the Missionary Station were displayed on poles as trophies of the crusade made against the ambassadors of the cross. Not content with what they had found above ground, the ruthless barbarians had dug up the coffin of a dear, just because of the blanket in which that supposed that it had been wrapped, and had left the remains to cast on the surface of the earth. There is no reliable evidence to convince us that the renowned Chief Warrior, Hongi, whose reckless acts of blood committed upon his own men of the country have made him the 47th page of terror of all, encouraged, or even countenance the furious attack on the way for the colonization of New Zealand by the British Crown. Certainly Hongi had no complaints against our race; he was treated with great consideration in England by King George IV, the esteemed Samuel Marsden informs us how he spent the first night with Hongi and his followers in Whangaroa. Mr. Nicholas and I got involved in our big coats prepared to rest. The night was clear, the stars shone, and the sea in front of us was soft. Around us there were neither tents nor huts to cover them. I have reviewed our current situation with feelings and feelings that I cannot express, surrounded by cannibals who have massacred and devoured our compatriots. About three in the morning, I got up and walked on page 48 about the camp, inspecting the different groups of natives. beasts of the field. Hongi and other Whangaroa Chiefs were invited to breakfast aboard the Active Prison; at the conclusion of the meal they were presented with prints, axes, bill hooks and other items. The Chiefs seated in the cabin in great shape, to receive the gifts, Mr. Kendall, Hall and Mr. King were introduced to them by Mr Marsden, after the ceremony, he expressed a hope that there would be a cessation in New Zealand for the whole war. On December 25, 1815, in reference to his reception as a preacher of justice by the famous Hongi, Tuatara, and many others of the Maori race, Mr. Marsden remarks pathetically:— Tuatara spent the remainder of the previous day in preparation for the Sabbath. He surrounded about half an acre of land with a fence, erected a pulpit and a reading table in the center, and covered the whole world with native black cloth, or some duck he had brought with him from Port Jackson. He also acquired some funds from old canoes, and fixed them as seats on either side of the 49th pulpit page, for Europeans thus to sit; with the intention of having divine service performed there the next day. These preparations he made of his own free will. I was very with this singular mark of his attention. The reading table about three feet from the ground, and the pulpit as well as the reading table was part of a canoe. The whole was becoming, and had a solemn apparition. Around ten o'clock, we prepared to go to earth, publish for the first time the good news of the gospel. I ordered everyone on board to go ashore, except the companion and a man. When we landed we found Korokoro, Tuatara and Hongi dressed in regiments, which Governor Macquarie gave them, with his elaborate men, ready to be marched to the enclosure to participate in divine service. They had their side of the pulpit. Korokoro marched with his men and placed them in my right hand on the back of the Europeans. Tuatara put his men on the left. The inhabitants of the city with wo-page 50 men and children, and a number of other reading the service, during which the natives stood up and sat at the signs given by the named in the extracts above, the prominent Maori actors narrated in the memorials of the excellent Marsden and others were patuone's particular associates; I therefore take it that my readers will forgive the apparent digression. Marsden and his colleagues, who devoted themselves so nobly to achieving the Christianization of the cannibaltribes of Ngapuhi, will come, whom I, Anodee The Gunna, king of Rangiheehoo on the island of New Zealand, have, in consideration of twelve axes for me in hands now paid and delivered by the Reverend Samuel Marsden of Paramatta, in the territory of New South Wales, given, granted, traded and sold; and by this instrument give, grant, bargain and sell to the Committee of the Church Missionary Society for Africa and the East, established in London, in the Kingdom of Great Britain, and to its heirs and successors, all that piece and parcel of land in hoshee district, on the island of Zeeland, bounded on the south side by a freshwater stream, and to the west by a public road to the interior, along with all rights, members, privileges and attentions even belonging; have and maintain the aforementioned Committee of the Church Missionary Society for Africa aud the East, established in London in the Kingdom of the Great Page 52Britain, its heirs, successors and assignments forever, clear and free of all taxes, charges, impositions and contributions, as and for their own absolute and appropriate property forever. In testimony where I have these gifts, so made and given, place my hand, in Hoshee, on the island of New Zealand, on this twenty-fourth day of February, in the year of Christ one thousand eight hundred and fifteen. Signatures for the Thomas Kendall Award. J.L. Nicholas. The document above, representing the first land purchased in New Zealand, was posted a complete drawing of the tatooing of Gunna's face, executed by Hongi. We should not criticize the spelling of the Maori names that occur in the act, as the Missionaries of the time, were, but imperfectly familiar with the Maori language; but it will be admitted that the paramatta chaplain's land transaction was no different from the famous contract between the memorable William Penn and the American Indians, for which he secured his possessions in Pennsylvania. Marsden, with the intention of advancing the Maoris, sent to be educated in England two young natives, who were placed on page 53 under the care of their friends in London. Of them, he says,—They are good young, and in temperate and natural parts, much like their compatriots in general. Both are Chiefs, and prepared to receive any instruction we can give them. They seem to have benefited greatly from their visit to England, if we can infer from their correspondence to their patrons, Lords Marsden and Pratt. The letters are so new and interesting, no excuses are needed for their insertion here. To Mr. Pratt for the letter you sent me. I was so happy when Mr. Pratt found a ship. I want a ship to go home to. I was in Coal-port. I made four cups. Mr. Rose told me: You soon learn, yes, I say, very soon learn with your fingers, but book very hard. (Signed) Thomas Tui. To Mr. Pratt. Te Tere writes the following for Mr. Marsden:— Church Missionary home, and very close to dying; nothing but bone. Kind missionary friend pray for me every night. I kneel in my room every night, and pray to Jesus Christ our Savior learn me to read the book. Very nice people England. I see the King of England, he very badly and Queen Charlotte very badly too. I see the iron making, and bottles blow; Tui blow a bottle and I blow a bottle. I make four cups in China work. Goodbye good friend. (Signed) Te Tere. Mr. Marsden. In 1820, Patuone's firm friend Hongi visited England; he was invited by George IV to the Carlton Palace and presented with expensive firearms, a sword, and other military accoutrements. His person was majestic, his manner gracious, and, being one of nature's nobles, he was particularly admired by the English; however, under this polished exterior, he had the heart of a cruel savage, and, in bidding adieu for the shores of Britain, he exclaimed in the loftiness of his ambition,— There is only one king in England, there will be only one king in England. between whom and he had had an old feud, the Chief was informed that his territory would be invaded by Hongi on his return to New Zealand. Te Hinaki accepted the challenge. On Hongi's arrival home, he imposed an army of no less than two thousand warriors who found Te Hinaki and his army on the Thames. For some time, victory seemed to favor alternately each army, finally Hongi, which had the largest number of muskets, and who had arranged his men in the form called Roman tactic, the cuneus or wedge, putting himself at the apex, and directing those behind him to rotate the enemy from the right and left, or to fall back into his original position as offered opportunity, shot Te Hinaki, and defeated his army with great massacre. A traveler who visited the site in 1844 says:-The bones of two thousand men are still clearing on the plain, and the ovens remain in which the meat of the slaughtered was cooked for the horrible repasts of the victorious feast. Hongi's cruelties, it will be seen, were concentrated on his own compatriots, some of whom, in a crowning spirit of page 56, inflicted a gun wound on him, which soon after brought to a conclusion of his fearsome career of blood. Patuone, we have been informed by Mr. Stack, witnessed the last affected scene of hongi's dissolution. Realizing by his inner sinking that he was going, he told his friends:-'I will die now soon; his mere or battle axes, muskets, and coat of mail, which he received from King George IV, he bequeathed that day to his children. His dying lips were employed in the favor of kia toa, kia toa, kia toa, that is, be brave, be brave. It was imagined that, according to the ancient Maori customs, the practice of human sacrifice, in honor of the dead, would be used at the time. Patuone, however, deavered this pagan rite, calming the fears of the people of Hongi, which he found gathered in the Pa trembling like leaves in the wind and disproving sons, who, triggered by fear, proposed interspersed with the remains of their father in particular. He ordered the obsequies to be public, and that the usual honors, weeping, speaking, be paid to his late friend, the most notable Chief, perhaps, of the time. It may not be out of place to observe here, that page 57 we have no means of verifying the opinions of the ancient Maori priests, by directing the thoughts of the dying to Te Kangi, that is, hades; but we know this, that certain tribes claim for themselves the denomination of Hekehekenga-a-rangi, that is, descendants of heaven, in contradistinction to other tribes designated Te Hapu Oneone, that is, the tribe of the earth; each, however, professes to trace their descent from ancestors who flourished hundreds of hundred years ago. The reasons that acted to the priest to convey instructions to the dying, and the specialized press about the heart failing their gaze to heaven, may have arisen from the supposed relationship with the heavenly ancestors, or, it may be, that some of the previous generations were possessed of greater religious light in the apprehension of a home in heaven, the fleshiest environment probably being added in later times. Whatever the ancient faith was, whatever the ancient faith was, whatever the influence impelled the initiates to insist on death their upward gaze to the Miracle-Worker-God-Man-Tawhaki, who ascended to heaven after his resurrection on the thread of a spider's web; or pray for a ready entry in hades, by the gates of Muriwhenua, that all classes were agreed upon as to the union of souls in the invisible world, hence the repeated feelings directed to the dead, at the funeral obsequies:—Haere e te hoa, ko to tatou kainga nui tena, i.e. Go, o friend, for this is the great abode of all of us. Patuone, is averred by his relatives, was present in the great Ikaranganui battle fought at Kaipara, between ngapuhi tribes and Ngatiwhatua; numbers of which were killed by the victorious Ngapuhi, and the remnants, under the two great Ngatiwhatua Chiefs, Te Kawau and Te Tinana, fled to Waikato, where they were friends for a time, but some treason action by other tribes residing there induced their suitor friends to assassinate Tina Tena. This cowardly and carefree act moved the refugees under his remaining chief, Te Kawau, to return to their settlements in Mangere, Onehunga, Orakei, and elsewhere. The venerable Chief Apihai Te Kawau, who sold to the government the land on which the city of Auckland is built, resided in Orakei for many years, gaining by himself, by his affability and good heart, the kindest feelings of page 59Governo, and of the Settlers of Auckland; dying at an advanced age, among his friends, in kaipara district; and leaving by of your properties to your favorite favorite favorite favorite Paora Tuhaere, head of extreme intelligence, who has a government appointment, and who is deservedly respected by the English, and by his own countrymen. We were informed that Patuone accompanied Hongi on his expedition against tho Ngatipaoa in Tamaki district, where, after considerable fighting, the enemy was routed by the Ngapuhi invaders, and a chief named Kaitu of the Patukirikiri tribe was captured by Patuone. Kaitu was later released and became a prominent man in land transactions from time to time on the Coromandel peninsula. The notes given from tamaki's campaign do not provide details regarding the prognoses given by the oracle, the ablutions in the neighboring streams under the direction of the priests, nor the usual fasts and prayers practiced before the beginning of hostilities; but we were told that there was a desire on Hongi's part to withdraw from the siege of the fortresses named, respectively, Mokoia and Mauinaina; a desire probably occasioned by the tangle of page 60Hongi's foot on some vines, when one of the beseiged, with a bullet from his musket, tipped the helmet invariably worn by leader Ngapuhi during his military exploits, since his return from England. Patuone, however, advised a renewal of the seige the next day, then perhaps an appeal to the oracles, and the performance of certain ceremonies at the Maori altar, imagined to neutralize the evil omens seen by the army, that is, the accidental intertwining of Hongi's foot, and the prostration of his sacred helmet in dust; however this may be, the invaders invested the two Pas the next day, and took them by storm. The following incidents will elucidate some phases of the old Maori war, practiced by Patuone's father. Em Tapua. It seems that certain powerful tribes of the Ahuahu, called Ngatipou, gained their notoriety for acts of aggression in the neighboring villages, and generally emerged unharmed, being protected by their power; but having cruelly killed a woman of the Uritaniwha tribe, her relatives were exasperated, and an appeal was made to Tapua, who raised an army of 800 men, and harangued her strength to the following effect:- Silently sit, with guns in hand, page 61 remains in their posts until you see a cloud of dust near Pa Ngatipou, then , come to my aid, and the enemy will be in our hands. Tapua then went out with several companions, and, upon reconoitear the Pa, discovered some children playing, one of whom he managed to escape; an event that awakened the pa's inmates, and out they poured into the child smugglers' hot pursuit. The one of many feet lifted a cloud of dust. The sign being understood by Tapua's soldiers, they stood up, and killed several of the most important with his own hands, a general fight then ensued, the Ngatipou were defeated with great loss, and the remnants fled to Whangaroa, and to Waimamaku near the heads of Hokianga. As early as 1833, when he resided in the Thames, far from his tribe and his former settlement, Patuone was known to be an excellent and most influential man, often sought by the Chiefs of the Gulf of Hauraki as a mediator between hostile parties, and by the Missionaries to help them carry out their labors of love. Page 62 of Archdeacon Williams says:—We landed in canoes in Motunau, had breakfast at ten o'clock, the canoes continued, leaving us to remain for the 'Columbine'. We were right on board with a fair wind, to Waiheke. We set up in a small bay in the west end, and went to the coast in search of Patuone, which we found in a very comfortable beautiful place. And on another occasion, when accompanied by Mr. Brown, Fairburn and Mr. Morgan, while taking a tour of the Thames district for the purpose of establishing missions, Mr. Williams says: — Around four, we arrive at Pa, Whakatiwai, where we saw our old friends, Patuone, Kupenga, and others. * Before sunset we gathered about one hundred and thirty natives, with whom we performed service, at night Patuone presented two pigs. After the events narrated here, Patuone seems to have visited his people in the north, as we met him in 1835, sailing in active prison with Mr. Williams, on another missionary tour to the Thames, and other places. The words of the diary are:— At noon we were favored with a sea breeze, and to the five brought from Whakatiwai. * * When all things were put in order, Patuone began the narrative of his travels and wonders of page 63North. He told them he had a lot to say, and he wouldn't leave it out until dawn. Everyone seemed highly interested with his wonderful accounts, and gave him his full attention. * While on the subject of Patuone's residence among the Ngatipaoa tribes, we can relate an event that brought into his possession a slave named John Hobbs, who, after years, became a faithful servant of the days, guests were called to dance. The company having decorated itself with feathers and other Maori ornaments, fixing its carpets of choice around the waist with straps, began the performance. Crowds were drawn to the entertainment, among them Patuone's wife, then young and handsome, who stood with one of the best dancers, and privately arranged an escape with him. The plot was page 64 discovered by Wharekawa and other Ngatipaoa Chiefs, and compensation for the affront required. The tribe recognized their misfortune in the perfidy of one of their numbers, the Chiefs settled the matter amicably by handing over to the afflicted parties, John Hobbs and another prisoner. It is somewhat singular that Patuone's father-in-law, Te Tuhekeheke, was injured in Mauinana Pa, who, as he had previously insisted, was invaded by Patuone and Hongi. We observe here that the unalterable attachment of the two brothers to the European race so often evidenced by their actions during their prolonged lives, was, may be, based on the conviction that the English were right, and their own wrong compatriots. Waka Nene, in particular, did not wait to thoroughly investigate the causes of the disagreement between the races, but acted in the impulse of the moment in defense of the causes of the disagreement between the races but acted in the impulse of the causes of the disagreement between the races. matetakahia, whom he deliberately killed in Ohuki Tauranga, suspecting that his relative was concerned about the murder of an English merchant, called by the Maories, Whar-page 65 angi. It was later discovered that Wharangi had been killed in Whakatane by a chief named Te Ngarara; and the knowledge of this fact so exasperated some of Waka's relatives in the North, that they made their way to Whakatane on a coastal ship, and having discovered their intended victim with some others who came along in a canoe to exchange, the northern chief, Te Haua, shot Te Ngarara dead, to avenge the death of Matetakahia, who had been killed by his waka nene relationship; the latter is unaware of Matetakahia's innocence until after the fatal occurrence. Matetakahia's son, Timoti, is now residing on the estate of the late Patuone, North Shore, having lived with both brothers on the most affectionate terms, despite the loss of his father by Waka Nene's unjudal zeal in the cause of the English settlers, his loyalty to those who were never questioned by any of his own race. The biographer of the late Archdeacon Henry Williams, of memorable value, provides us with the following interesting facts — Mr. Carleton writes:—In February 1840, Mr. Williams baptized his faithful friend and peacemaker brother, Patuone, thomas walker's older brother page 66Nene, whose name does not need to be mentioned. The same writer narrates in his excellent book a high Christian feeling that every thoughtful mind cannot fail to appreciate in these times of sectarianism. He says:-Eru Patuone was the principal agent in organizing Mr. Hobbs's settlement of the Wesleyan Society in Hokianga in 1827. There was little distinction drawn at that time, between the two Missions, which very amicably, not together, but side by side. As before he had satin, the representative of the British Crown in New Zealand before the year 1840, was the late James Busby, during whose consul several political events took place among the Ngapuhi Chiefs to form a federal or perhaps monarchical system under the protection of the British crown. The project, it seems, was approved by the English resident, a public meeting was convened at which the Chiefs were chosen to select the national flag of New Zealand. The Chief chosen by the unanimous voice of the native assembly, to select the Maori emblem, was Moetara, and here I would ask for the indulgence of my readers to insert in these pages, certain paragraphs that overlap in the points discussed above, taken from a biographical sketch, published by myself, September 1864. The following is the article:---- Moetara Motu Tongaporutu was the chief of the Ngatikorokoro tribe, and resided in Pakanae, near the heads of the Hokianga River, whose waters emptied into the sea on the west coast of Auckland province, about 70 miles north of the great Estuary of Kaipara. During the last thirty-five years, the European and Australian markets have received large supplies of spars and lumber from Hokianga; Moetara, Patuone, Waka Nene, and other Chiefs helped the enterprising settlers prepare the Kauri for shipment. Hokianga had other attractions - its romantic setting, its high mountains and fertile valleys abounding in corn, orchards and vineyards, its celebrated missions and native schools. Hokianga is also famous, in the anais of New Zealand history, having the page 68en discovered by the first great Maori navigator, Kupe, and named by him Hokianga or returning, in commemoration of his return trip is said to the homeland of the Maori — Hawaiki. The guardians of the port, which is navigable for ships of 1000 tons of cargo for twenty miles, are a god and goddess, respectively called Arai, Te Uru, and Niua, the latter occupying his residence in the North Head, and the first near the English baton in which, the daring intruders were visited with sign revenge, before the priests could present to the offended dities a purposeful offering. So says the record. Between the years 1820 and 1840, English families residing in native districts were under rarely, if ever, with impunity. Moetara, who had several settler houses under his protection, fulfilled his duties with credit to himself and satisfaction to his English friends. His popularity with the former English and their rights. It is bother Chiefs, and sometimes manifested itself in actions of the English and their rights. It is pleasing to add that Moetara's valuable services have not been forgotten by one of Her Majesty's representatives in a nearby colony. The Governor of Tasmania addressed a note to Moetara congratulating him from the heart. The letter was accompanied by a richly ornate sword, and military robe, which together with His Excellency's communication were received by the late head of the Ngatikorokoro, with the dignity of retiring for which he was so eminently distinguished. It was not when his good principles listed his sympathies in the cause of peace. Then his talents stood out in a bold relief, and the savage tribes- who heard their eloquent appeals to reason, were forced to admit that moral suaion is a thousand times more powerful and effective than mere brute force. The following is a specimen from his 70th tact page and influence:— An old settler bought a property called Whanui near the Heads of hokianga, and, as was customary in those days of primitive lariity, payment for land was made in blankets, iron pots, stones, tobacco pipes, and other goods. The boundaries of the land in question were precisely defined, the price to be paid agreed between the parties, and the deed of the title were duly signed, sealed and witnessed. The property had been transported to the courtyard, and members of the Colonist's house, among whom were several ladies now residing in Auckland, were singularly interested in the scene of the novel that presented itself. At the end of the speech, certain natives who were deputies divided the goods into about twelve lots, carefully dividing to each lot an equal number of blankets and other items. So far, everything has apparently been to the satisfaction of the parties involved, the people who have been entrusted with the delicate task of dividing the goods into actions having carried out their work with scrupulous accuracy. There were still a number of tubes to be distributed before any article could be appropriated by the parties that the twelve actions represented, page 71, when suddenly a Note Chief named Te Pona, who had no right to land, seized a blanket. This was a sign for a general run, and in an instant the whole crowd was in a weave, each person pressing to smuggle some articles, in which huge trays of tubes were crushed into atoms, and the fragments scattered in all directions over the courtyard. Then came the dance of war, the separation of the crowd into two divisions, the clash of arms, and the battle matrix, the ladies fled to the house trembling with affright; The Maori women and children were in momentary apprehension to witness the horrors of a terrible tragedy displayed before our own door. At this juncture, Moetara claimed to be heard. His persuasive words were heard with deep attention, and currently the muscles contracted from each warrior's face began to relax. It then became evident to all that Moetara had managed to bring the people to reflection, and soon the hostile tribes were reunited in the bonds of the common brotherhood. Moetara's gentle offices and authoritarian intervention were not always on request on behalf of their own compatriots; for the unwanted task of page 72curbing the fiery spirit of hostility that the pakehas evidenced to each other, was sometimes placed upon it. The efforts of our late Chief in this department were great, and often ungrateful to boot, being really no matter to contain the English settlers when they arranged to carry out some desperate plan of punishment on one of them, in other words, to enforce the law of the club. We have now come to a subject that was rightly considered of vital importance to the Maori nation, and in which Moetara took a prominent and active part, being associated with the famous Chief Orcharde, Waka Nene, Patuone, Te Wharerahi, and others from the Bay of Islands who received him occasionally as his esteemed guest, and who in turn, with his followers, visited him in Hokianga. Moetara and other defenders of law and order saw with dismay that many of the English settlers scattered throughout the country practiced a course of action antagonistic to the welfare of themselves, and highly objectionable to the most considerate of the native peoples. It was also suspected that the French had decided to visit the islands of New Zealand, the likely reason was the planting of their tricolor in the native peoples. It was also suspected that the French had decided to visit the islands of New Zealand, the likely reason was the planting of their tricolor in the native peoples. It was also suspected that the French had decided to visit the islands of New Zealand, praying for British protection, that the petition provoked a more courteous response. A British resident was appointed, affirmed the independence of the Maori nation, and the choice of a recommended national flag. Moetara, we are told, was asked by his brother Chiefs to recognize the honor bestodied to the New Zealanders by the noble English king, and to select the national standard, a series of colors of various devices were placed before the Chiefs congregated. Moetara's dignified speech at the time was admired by all, and amid the praises of his happy countrymen and his choice fell over a beautiful flag, carrying the proper device of a crescent moon, and stars. The New Zealand standard has now been hoisted with all the solemn pomp befitting such a large event; and as he gleeably trembled in the breeze, the proud emblem of proclaimed nationality, the cannon roar of the English and American ships in the harbor mixed with the joyful acclamations of a grateful people. The New Zealand flag being publicly recognized, was quickly adopted page 74 in various parts of the Island. One presented by Moetara himself to the writer's family, was exhibited a few meters from our house, on the occasion of any new arrival at the port. A large barque named Sir George Murray, which was built in Hokianga, sailed under the Maori flag, as did the Schooner The New Zealander and other ships; and in a short time was generally respected. Thus, it will be seen, this eminent Chief was made the illustrious instrument of ensuring for his native country a great deal of political exaltation. Until this period, Moetara, though a faithful loving friend of the English, paid no tribute to the God of England. He was not even a visible member of the church. The rites and ceremonies of his parents—the ablutions and aspers, the fasts and prayers, the purifications, and atoning offerings† were met with methodical punctility; And relying on the effectiveness of these means, he pertinaciously clung to the 75th page mythology of his race. If our friend lamented felt an uninclination to worship the God of the white man, there was certainly no hesitation in his acceptance of the white man's uses. He gave himself up to the habit of smoking; he occasionally drank wine or beer. And although the writer has never seen him in a state of drunkenness, it is claimed that the kind, benevolent, high-soul Moetara, fell badly wounded on the great battlefield of intemperance, where many stronger than he had fallen before, and where post after the powerful Bacchanaan army are being cut with relentless fury, and mercilessly buried in a common tomb. Moetara and his people's affectionate support for the pagan will seem most remarkable when we consider the fact that the father of the New Zealand Mission, Reverend S. Marsden, had long recorded the acceptance of the Gospel by a part of the Ngapuhi, or Northern Nation. Speaking of the contrast between pagans and native Christians, the venerable Missionary says:— On the other side was the pleasant sound of the church going bell; the natives flocking to divine worship, clean, orderly and decently dressed, most of them on page 76 European clothes; they were carrying the Little Ladainha and most of the Church Service, in his own language, in his hands, with his Hymns. His conduct and the general appearance of the entire settlement reminded me of a well-regulated parish in the English country. In the chapel, the natives behaved with the largest estate, and joined the Church Service. Here can be perceived at once, the blessings of the Christian religion, and the miseries of obtaining linen, seal skins, potatoes and other products. Among his personal friends were Captain Kent of Lord Liverpool, Captain Smith of Transmere, and Captain Crowe of the Brazil Package. There were many other respectable merchants who claimed their friendship. The officers of one of His Majesty's men of war were so pleased with his natural kindness and skill, that they invited him to accompany them on a cruise through the Islands of New Zealand and elsewhere. It was during this journey that Moetara met the page 77 civilized ways of anglo-Saxon and received that Polish for which he was always eminently famous, and who won for him the commenday of all the English gentlemen to whom he was always eminently famous, and who won for him the commenday of all the English gentlemen to whom he was known. to meet the spiritual desires of his nature. We are not surprised, therefore, when we take into account his depth of thought, and the accuracy of his powers of reasoning, to find him adhering to the proposition of a venerable clergyman for the formation of a mission station about two miles from Pakanae, the settlement of our late friend; nor is it strange to know that by the instrumentality of the Bible. He was baptized at the station which he so cheerfully helped form, in the presence of a large lobby of his numerous Maori friends. Not long after this solemn dedication of himself to a power greater than that of You, or Uenuku - Maori gods, he became extremely ill, and despite the unwavering attention of his friends, both Maori and pakeha, hie health quickly page 78declined, and before many months had passed, the melancholy tidings were transmitted to our sad family that Wiremu Moetara Kingi Motu Tongaporutu had expired in about the year fortieth of his age. We have now reached the signing of the Waitangi Treaty. Two great councils were held by Captain Hobson on the theme of ceding the sovereignty of the New Zealand Isles to the British crown.— one in Waitangi, on the estate of the late James Busby, the British crossl, and the other in Mangungu, the Hokianga Wesleyan Mission Station. I was present in the last place, where some of the Chiefs argued against the proposed assignment, stating that it was an Asturian trap to obtain possession of the Maori lands, and enslave the people. After a long discussion, during which all the points discussed by the various speakers were satisfactorily explained by Captain Hobson, through his interpreters, the Missionaries, Patuone, and feast with a warm Maori joy, declared to the Queen. The Treaty was immediately signed by the Okiato Maoris, R.N., who selected as the temporary page 79 capital of New Zealand, a place in the Bay of Islands called by the Okiato Maoris, and by us Russell; but later, a more central position on the Waitemata was chosen, and until 1865, Auckland was the metropolitan city of the Colony. The first governors being inundated with Maori questions from all parts of the Island regarding land issues, disagreements with settlers, and other issues affecting the country's peace, considered it advisable to establish a native office called protectorate, whose boss was the memorable Mr. George Clarke, through whose valuable services many Maori unrest were suppressed, and the feeling of confidence increased between races. Several of his sons provided valuable government services in the Native Department, and one of them, H. T. Clarke, Esquire, now undersecretary for Maori Affairs, was seriously injured while unloading his official duties in the North. During Heke's war, local newspapers were more violent against the moral sweating policy recommended by Mr. Clarke, and adopted by governors in the early days. It is, however, now generally recognized that the popular voice and the 80 page local press , and Mr. G. Clarke right. Some spirits were hardly prevented from breaking, in acts of violence; among them was the famous Hone Heke, a distant relative of the renowned Hongi, who, will be remembered in loftiness of heart, in his departure from Great Britain, said:— There is only one king in England, there will be only one in New Zealand. Heke, who was known to be a man of indomible courage, and exalted ideas of his tribal greatness, made his business investigate the political state of things affecting the native people under the late Admiral Fitzroy, who was generally seen by the Maoris as a kind and suit father. Hone Heke's search after information on relations between his compatriots and the government led him, it is claimed, to adopt a certain plan, an appeal was soon found to carry into practice his dear intentions. A Maori woman named Kotiro, who was living with a Bay of Colonist, cursed a chief named Te Uru. The curse gave an alvium to Heke, who went to page 81 of the settler's house, and fortled Kotiro, a Maori village. The native woman who had been captured husband. Heke was exasperated, and went to the settler's house a second time, forremoving kotiro, who, as before, had cursed Te Uru. She escaped, however, a second time from Heke, and to avoid another attempt at apprehension, she was sent to her former Maori master named Whai. Heke's indignation was intensified as a result of Kotiro eluding his reach, and no longer nursing his wrath, he ran to Maiki, and twice cut the flag stick. Upon discovering that he had been re-erected in a block house guarded by soldiers, he cut it for the third time, killing part of the guard: while the main body under Kawiti and Puinuka, squeeared the city of Kororareka. This brought to the rescue the naval force of Her Majesty's ship Hazard, then anchor, whose gallant commander, Captain Robertson, though five times wounded in the fight, killed with his sword the chief leader, Pumuka, thus creating a panic in the ranks of the enemy. It should be said that before the beginning of hostilities a conference on page 82 was held by the government with Heke and his followers, who pledged to give up all aggression if the troops were withdrawn. The force having returned from the Bay of Islands, by order of the sent a message to Kekeao saying that he was concerned about our account because we were so few, and we should be dominated by his numbers. Heke said to Kekeao: Go to these people, Patuone and Waka, and tell them to go back to their homes, as they are few and we are many. Then Patuone stood up and uttered his saying, but he had not this: Ko te whaiti a Ripia, that is, in numbers the descendants of Ripia were few, but they were brave in the fight. A big pig was killed for our people so that page 83 they could have a good meal before folding in their cartridge boxes, and going to fight, Patuone said, 'What a waste of pork! the people will not be strong to fight. It was said to incite us to bravery. Heke's Pa was in Mawhe; he sent a message to say that if we persisted, he would push us they and when we think of Patuone's words about the pig, we shoot them, killing a man. They took the corpse, and immediately attacked us. We fought Heke, and several were killed on our side, and several were killed on our side men; Taonui's brother was killed in another fight, and his own son, Aperahama, was wounded. Then came Te Otene Pura, from Waima, with two hundred men. Then came Te Hikutu, the people of Rangatira, and Te Rarawa, in all eighteen men on page 84hundred. Then some of Te Ihutai, under Wharepapa, joined us and some joined Heke. Our skirmishes with Heke were many before the Queen's soldiers appeared. We had three Pas in Whakatere and Ahuahu. Kawiti took out two of our detachments on the east side of Te Ahuahu, and then turned around on the West side, saying - I'll try my skill with you, Te Peka Titoke' (i.e. a branch of the Titoki tree, alectryon excelsum, denoting great power and determination.) Our father was not attacked when Kawiti came on the attack. In the fight, a great boss on their side named Heke Te Kakahi was killed, and Heke was wounded in the thigh. Pene Taui, another great boss, was present with Heke. We left our Pa and fought with them all day; night coming, the other side fled. When the English soldiers arrived at the Bay of Islands, they said, 'Let's take him first and have breakfast later,' they fought all day, but they didn't take pa's ambuscade. Kawit was out of the Pa, and several Ngati Chiefs page 85 hine and Ngatitautahi fell into the hands of the soldiers, the rest fled.* The soldiers were killed and wounded. We didn't join the fight, but we went with the troops and loaded the wounded soldiers the next day. After the fighting inside, we went with the troops to Kororareka, then they went to Waikare, with Mohi Tawhai and Hauraki.† Some of our Maoris were killed and wounded, but no enemies. The soldiers did not fight, but burned the Father. After that was the fight in Ruapekapeka. Governor Grey came then. Patuone and Waka Nene went with the troops to Ruapekapeka. The palisade was broken by the great iron shot. The violations were made on Saturday, and on Sunday we entered the Pa, when the prisoners were outside the fence. Upon entering the Pa, the enemy again killed some of them. page 86 were twenty in number, outside the Pa at dusk, smoking rowing tubes. Some of the enemies came upon us suddenly, and fired a volive; we shelter ed behind the trees and fired in return. Patuone hearing the weapons report, came to our rescue, and the enemy fled. Te Whai was killed in Ruapekapeka, and Te Houmatua, of Ngatitaotahi and Ngatahine. After that, the fight ceased and we went to Kororareka. Patuone came to hauraki district, he settled in Waiwharariki, (North Shore, Auckland,) on land given by the Government for his services. * After the fall of Kororareka, and other successful achievements by the insurrections, Heke meditated an attack on the citizens of Auckland, and, calculating with the help of the Kaipara tribes, some of whom were related to the Ngapuhi in weapons against the Government, he sent by special messengers, a bag of bullets, a well understood Maori symbol. Chief Tirarau, however, refused to stop Heke's contemplated attack on Auckland soon spread, causing considerable excitement among the Maori population, and alarm among citizens, the cry being frequently raised - The Maoris are coming. A place of refuge was provided by the Government for the inhabitants of the city, namely the Albert Barracks. As was customary in the days of primitive Maoridom, the death of the Chiefs, or the visit of illustrious personalities in native settlements was heralded by volives of musketeers. Certain events took place in Orakei, a settlement near Auckland, which called for the usual firing of weapons, a tremendous tumult of voices occurred in the city, but above them all were heard the old cry - The Maoris are coming, the Maoris are coming. A general stampede followed; men, women and children rushed to the appointed meeting; some loaded with various habiliments were to be required by them during the expected Maori siege, others carried with its goods and tiles, asked the native interpreters, including myself, the most page 88 likely Maori attack room; the refugees probably fearing that before they won the soldiers' quarters, the enemy would be upon them, with tomahawk, spear and gun. Heke's proposed hostile move against the Government of Auckland was communicated to the late Maori king, Potatau Te Whero-Whero, who immediately ordered the following message to be transmitted to Heke and his comrades-in-arms:—Noho atu i to kainga. Tenei taku kupu; ko au te hoa pakanga mou, ki te tae mai koe ki Akarana; na te mea ko enei Pakeha kei roto i aku keke. This my word; you must fight me [the Wai-katos,] if you come to Auckland; because these Europeans are under my protection. The loyalty expressed to the Government by the Kaipara and Waikato tribes gave confidence to all who knew the Maori character; and the pertinent message forwarded by Potatau, intimidated Heke, who prudently abandoned his project to dismiss Auckland. Although. with that of the New Zealand Govern-page 89ment, his practice during the Northern War was extremely honorable. The atrocities and betrayals of his parents in the Maori war were set aside. Often he could have promptly cut off the supplies of our troops, and harassed them in various ways, but he preferred a fair and open fight; and when the Maori priest ordered Lieutenant Philpott's body to be mutilated, it was taken advantage of Heke's absence, which mutilated him aloud. The dead who fell into Heke's hands, he ordered to be carefully buried, and strictly forbade his warriors from shooting all unarmed Europeans. While killing the guard who protected the baton, he found a European woman on the block, probably the wife of one of the soldiers, who was led by him to a safe place among his own people. Many other chivalrous acts of Heke were mentioned by the natives, who, not being recorded at the time, went into oblivion.* The fall of Ruapekapeka and the declining health of Heke discouraged Kawiti and his supporters, who, weary of the war, found that page 90 had much to lose, but nothing to gain, expressed a desire to cease hostilities against the Government., and their Maori allies Patuone and Waka Nene. The Governor received the message approving, and at a public meeting, Kawiti, having made the proper concessions, His Excellency agreed to proclaim peace. Very wisely the proposal to confiscate Maori lands was abandoned, a policy strongly recommended by the late Mr. Clarke, who rightly arrested the serious consequences that would have quickly followed the confiscation, he was well acquainted with the old saying:---Ko te tangata ki mua ko whenua ki muri, i.e. First the murder of men, after that the taking of the lands. Due to the judicious course of procedure in the North, the bond of union then cemented between the Government and the Ngapuhis, was never broken, but on the contrary, the spirit of sympathy between the races increased, and manifested itself openly in many large native meetings in the Bay of Islands district: the tribes evidencing their loyalty to the Queen of England and her Majesty's representatives here, standing with the Maori ceremony and undreamed honor, our flag team present in Maiki, Bay page 91 of the Islands. The The Kawiti, Maihi Te. Too. being the protagonist at the event agitated, stated that the father had cut an employee, but the son would raise another, which no native would dishonor forever. The sacredness with which this promise was maintained is equally commendable for Te Kuhanga and the Ngapuhi nation. The ties that linked Patuone to the Thames district were severed by the death of his wife Riria, his relatives wished him to return to his tribal possessions in Hokianga; but Sir George Grey invited him to Auckland, and secured him a 100acre North Coast property where some of Patuone's relatives still live. Sir George Grey's wisdom in placing near Auckland as distinct a Chief Ngapuhi as Patuone, and in placing in Mangere the representative head of Lower and Upper Waikato, the late Potatau Te Wherowhero, was palpable to all those who had any knowledge of the Maori character; a policy that guaranteed Auckland perfect peace and security when helpless by troops, and their inhabitants comparatively few in number. After the cessation of hostilities in the North, the Maori population advanced rapidly in 92-page agricultural activities. Many tribes secured the services of millwrights, also owned horses, dlows, carts, harrows, and other breeding implements, and bought numerous crafts from various burthen, which they sailed, providing auckland markets thus grain, flax, kauri gum and other goods. As fast trade continued, mutual trust manifested itself between the races, a state of things maintained without interruption until the beginning of the war in Taranaki; an outbreak that unfortunately extended its ramifications into a large part of the North Island. Before the entry of English troops into the Waikato in 1863, Patuone waited for Sir George Grey, and begged him not to cross the Mangatawhiri stream, which being the recognized border between the Government and the Maoris, noting:-Ki te whiti koe, ka kataina taua e i runga nei: engari ma Waikato e whakawhiti mai, katahi taua ka tika Se você cross the river [Mangatawhiri], the one above will laugh at both of us; but if the Waikato cross page 93 for us, we'll both be on the right. The advice presented by Patuone was disregarded by the Government, and the complications that resulted from this, still fresh in the memory of the settlers, do not need to be listed here. There has always been a kind word and a smile for Patuone when he met his European friends on the streets of cities or in their homes. The following remarkable paragraph from Reverend N Turner's pen in 1853 will no doubt interest the reader:—At 5:00 p.m.m. our prison was clinging to the Gulf of Hauraki, near the site. in 1840, poor Bumby was drowned. On the other side of the Gulf, beautifully situated, is the residence of Patuone, our liberator of apparent destruction as he fled to our lives from Whangaroa in 1827. I met him on Auckland Street on the day of my landing, when his face smiled with pleasure as I greeted him as our Kai-whakaora, i.e. preserver. From the life of Reverend J. H. Bumby, published in 1864, I quote this:— It was evident to Mr. Bumby that the native Christians were going through a process of trial, that is, the transition from a barbarian to a civilized state. They began to wear European clothing, this page 94 (I quote this) and the transition from a barbarian to a civilized state. made them more susceptible to moisture and exposure, and therefore all cases of neglect or natural recurrence to previous habits, brought morbid affections that often resulted in inflammation, consumption and death. The wife of William Barton, a beautiful young woman, nenê's daughter, or Thomas Walker, one of hokianga's Christian Chiefs, was in decline because of. Many died this time; but they died in the Lord. Mr. Turner introduced our friend to the same Chief Nenê, who was related to Patuone, his companion as the father (i.e., superintendent) of the Missionaries. Ah, said Thomas, who was a very

cunning and sensible man and subsequently took a very important role in the affairs of his country, okay; Is he a father? He's just a boy; but maybe he has the heart of a father. Referring to Patuone, on the occasion of a visit from Auckland to Hokianga in 1864, the late Reverend Walter at the district meeting, we were happy with the 95th page of Holy Saturday; and for me it was particularly interesting to witness the fleet of canoes approaching the station throughout the Sabbath. In the early morning of the Lord's Day, the native prayer meeting began, attended by about one hundred people, despite the frost. They sang very badly, but with obvious interest and devotion. At ten o'clock, the large chapel was full of natives. Mr. Woon read the abbreviated service; and at the request of love began; nor was time wasted, for the biscuits soon disappeared, and the speech of the native Christians was very serious and uninterrupted for about an hour and a half. At my request, Mr. Buller dropped several of his speeches; they were as follows,- Paora Matangi - My thoughts are little by day, because I have sined in those days that are against my Heavenly Father, the father of my body, and my relatives who died in the faith. They weren't left to die their sins, but they depart in the faith of the Gospel; and I desire to follow them by fulfilling the Apostle Paul's injunction to the plate of righteousness; and his feet threaded with the preparation of the gospel of peace; above all, taking the shield of faith, with which you will be able to satiate the burning darts of the wicked. And take the helmet of salvation, and the spirit, which is the word of God: always praying with all perseverance and supplication for all the saints. Tipene Toro.—I didn't know before that I was a sinner. I loved it long before I felt a sense of my sins: but then I felt great pain in my heart, and I sought God's mercy. I find great comfort from Christ's words to Peter: I prayed for you that your faith will not fail. It is my desire not to trust in my own righteousness, but in the righteousness of Christ. Edward Marsh, (Patuone.) — That's my thought: I am from the headquarters of wickedness. When I heard about the Gospel, I thought to myself that I would recline it. God made the world, the trees, and the grass, and He gave us his word; and I'm going to try to be saved by him. That's all I have to say. page 97 In 1840, honorable mention is made of Patuone's brother, Waka Nene, in reference to these sublime truths that are related to man's happiness. This is the record:— On Tuesday there was a special service in Mangungu, when the station was immensely crowded with natives. After the morning sermon, Mr. Waterhouse baptized ninety natives, and exhorted them through the middle of an interpreter, to. seek the baptism of the Holy Spirit and give himself fully to the Lord. In the afternoon, a feast of love was held, when, among others, Nenê (Thomas Walker) also spoke to William Barton, his son-in-law, and Moses, with great feeling and impressive, of his conversion to Christ. On Sir George Grey's departure from New Zealand to the Cape Government, the greatest confidence was replaced in the government of this country by the Maori population. The speeches were presented by numerous native tribes on the eve of Sir George Grey's departure to Africa. Patuone and John Hobbs were eager to express their gratitude for the public favors received and recognized by the Maori race. I extract here, as specimens, translations of the songs incorporated page 98 in the addresses of the last two people mentioned. The following is from Patuone:— Ye wintry winds sweeping amain, Ye pierce me sore; You're not careful to contain your angry roar. Stop while I scale tapeka height limiting the sea; Actually, my friend is still in sight, and he's waiting for me. I last saw him on the steep, that arises wash; But now there's nothing the deep but a wild wave. Since you, unfortunately! art called aside, and we must separate; Let your affection close to me stay to calm my heart. John Hobbs' signature is attached to the following:- I'll cry while you art here, O'er the steep wild and rocky of the earth bound by the depths, a land no more free. page 99 I love you yet, The Lord, Yes, thee, and I long to say, but I am trapped as per a spell, while among us rolls the wave, the wave of the mountain of the sea. In the drifting canoe I will spring, to you; And there I will leave myself quiet, and supported by the tides flowing, to the rock of Karewa I go, and i find you at sea. During his numerous travels throughout the North Island, Patuone was often put in touch with those who felt the deepest interest in the welfare of the native peoples. Reverend S.M. Spencer of Maketu, who worked hard and faithfully among the Arawa tribes, says of our late friend —My first memory of Eruera Maihi Patuone dates back to about 1844, when I was asked by an old Tuhourangi chief named Kohika, for assistance in transmitting the letter from page 100a., I did not know what it was but then concluded that it was to ask for the gift of a horse, for in the course of about a year later one was received from Patuone, an iron-gray mare — the first animal of the species ever possessed by the tribe; in fact, then, no native interior of the Lake Country had possessed one, except Te Heuheu, who was buried in the landslip at Taupo; whose horse, plunging remained above the rubble and escaped unharmed. At this time, the only name By which I heard our late friend mentioned was Patuone, as it probably wasn't until after he was baptized by Archdeacon Henry Williams of the Bay of Islands. The only other circumstance in reference to this horse that occurred to me is that Ho-hepa Tamamutu called one of his sons De Kohika, probably from some temporary loan from the animal, that so that his people had left wade, where they were occupying the penalty, and were making a temporary stay in Matakana, opposite Sir George Grey's residence in Kawau. On this page 101times, during occasional visits to the island, they were allowed to bivouac in and over the boathouse, where I once had an opportunity to ride them for morning service, and then engage in conversations about their highest interests. Since then, I have reason to believe that my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Baker of the Church Mission, sought occasion to prepare this old man for the great change inevitably so of all of us. Whatever opportunities he and his tribe might have had in previous years of of religious ministries, they were greatly increased when he finally took over his. residence on the North Coast, when he was very advanced in. These memories are remembered for presenting a photograph, copies of which were obtained by my friends in the Mission of the Church, above the name. Loyal and faithful as was Patuone's attachment to the English, through a long series of years, demonstrated in many ways before many respectable witnesses, but he was almost stuck in legal difficulties, or criminal prosecution and perhaps death, as a result of the 102dinary extraor-page perversity of a European settler named Burns, who was in the employment of the late Chief, the payment for whose services from time to time I was called to descarr. This man's weekly allowance was small due to his indolent and drunken habits, and being spurred on by his evil prosuspensions to get more money for the gratification of his basic desires, he created the cruel, cowardly and inhuman ethos plan of sacrificing the lives of some of his fellow settlers. It is possible that Burns and a guilty companion of his named Margaret Reardon, started from Patuone's house on a boat around midnight for the purpose of visiting Lieutenant Snow's home near flagstaff, Takapuna; they watched that gentleman's movements during the day, upon receiving his salary from the Auckland Treasury. Upon arriving at Lieutenant Snow's house, Burns and Margaret Reardon were found by a large watchdog, and when they managed to strangle this faithful sentry, they rushed to the house under the pretext of warning the inmates, who were sleeping in bed, of a Maori attack on the North Coast settlers. Lieutenant Snow, for her part, was assaulted, but not quickly dispatched. The strong reason for this terrible act to be soothed was expected that Mrs. Snow would give the murderers her purse, hoping to save her own life and that of her son; but such hope was vain, for after Burns had mercilessly cut off one of Mrs. Snow's legs, her son was beaten to death, and finally she had to succumb to the knives and axes of his murderers. After the murder, a further mutilation of the bodies occurred, Burns waited for this savage procedure, to correct the guilt on the Maoris; he consequently returned to Patuone's Maori friends in the neighborhood who were camped there on a fishing excursion. As a matter of course, there was intense excitement when the murders came to be known, and certain Maori authorities, upon seeing the mutilated state of the bodies, without hesitation declared that he certainly the work of Maori savagery. But knowing that the natives had no reason to induce them to perpetrate these outrages, I assured page 104 authorities that the culprits were almost undoubtedly of our own race. A popular outcry for the arrest of all Maoris suspects was maintained, and in order to institute a preliminary investigation, about twenty of Patuone's friends were arrested; they were submitted to the most pointed masterful inquiry, but, no shadow of guilt resting on them, they were released. Nothing happened for some time after the perpetration of the terrible act referred to on which to base even a suspicion on the culprits. Meanwhile, Burns went to and from Patuone's house, but ended up boarding aboard one of Her Majesty's war sloops that crossed the Australian coast. For months, the police did not miss the opportunity to seek information that could lead to the apprehension of the culprits in the Snow case, but in vain. Acted out of extraordinary desire, Burns suddenly returned to Auckland, and during a fight between him and Margaret Reardon, in the vicinity of the Black Bull Hotel, he ran at her with a large knife, and after inflicting a terrible wound, which was supposedly fatal, he attempted to commit suicide by slitting his own throat. Page 105 of the assault between them was transmitted to police, who found Burns and Margaret Reardon lying on the ground full of blood, arrested the two. Medical help was called, and after prolonged treatment, these two degraded people, now suspected of Snow's murder, were sufficiently recovered to be subjected to the ordeal of a legal investigation. While under review in the police court, they confessed to some knowledge of Branca's murder, but misattributed the blame to a perfectly innocent man who had resided for many years at Flagstaff, highly respected by all who knew him. The settler was immediately arrested, and after suffering several criminal harassments, instituted by the authorities, he was allowed to return to his family, while Burns and Margaret Reardon were rightly held in prison by the iron control of the law, hoping that further revelations would be extorted from them. Suffice it to say that the blame has finally been corrected on Burns, he have confessed not only to the murder of the White family, but also to two other murders in Auckland previously. Burns was taken to the North Coast, where he paid the extreme penalty of the law on page 106 where he had murdered and mutilated his victims; and the woman, Margaret Reardon, was placed in criminal servitude for life. Thus, by the triumph of truth, a noble veteran chief and some of his intimate Maori friends were exonerated from the dark stigma of murder. When numerous Arawa tribes moved from Lake to the banks of the Waitemata, Whangarei, and other places, for the purpose of advancing their interest in the trade by digging gum and other means, they threatened to attack the settlers, or rescue from prison an Englishman named Charles Marsden, that they could put violent hands on him, due to him having killed, in an attack of delirious tremens, an Arawa Chief named Kerara. Patuone offered good advice to the government, not received without thanking at this time of emergency. So angry and arrogant were some of the Arawa, parading the streets of Auckland with their spears and battle axes, that Colonel Wynyard considered it necessary to observe his movements, and place soldiers in the prison yard during the trial of the unfortunate man, who was charged with murder; and to suppress the tumult of page 107 large concourse of Maoris near the Court, I warned that numerous Arawa Chiefs should help keep the peace being sworn in as special police officers, who fortunately had the desired effect. Charles Marsden was sentenced to death, which totally satisfied the most vehement of the Arawas, who seemed committed to blood revenge, and who in their usual style of braggartism, threatened that they would have retallied if the law had declared the accused innocent. It is not due that the war dances and various meetings held by the Arawas, in which I was assigned by Colonel Wynyard to report, were countenance by the Ngatiwhatuas, the Waikats or the tribes of the Thames. Very largely different from the spirit evidenced by the Arawas was that of the Hauraki tribes, when one of their chiefs named Taraiwaru was arrested on suspicion of throwing into the sea a Smalley the master of a coast cutter, with whom he was associated. The accused native was examined in the Police Court, and although there was not the slightest evidence presented to implicating him in the alleged murder, however, he was detained in prison, authorities ensured that, maori-like, the prisoner page 108 would disclose the entire case if he were guilty. Taraiwaru's own story was very simple, and probably true; he stated that the master of the cutter went out in a dingy to visit some natives with whom he was negotiating, whose settlement was a short distance from the place where the ship was on the anchor. The dingy was found, but his late occupant never. There was no deviation in Taraiwaru's account; he invariably held the same story. His relatives in the Thames ventured to ask, not with guns raised and arrogant asserts, as did the Arawa, but modestly, what motive there were to continue the incarceration of the alleged culprit. His investigations were not answered with decisive answers from the Government, while the poor, desperate to never get his freedom again, albeit a strong man and hale, quickly and died. O O he created deep sorrow in the minds of the Thames people, and although they considered that pleased Patuone and all those who were faithful to the Government. Now comes a case that places a section of the special friends on page 109Patuone, the Ngatipaoa, in a position somewhat similar to that of the Arawa described earlier in the case of Kerara, with which, however, he himself had no sympathy. The following are the details:— A disturbance occurred on the streets of Auckland, when police interfered and arrested a Maori, who was being taken to the condon when a well-disposed Ngatipaoa chief went ahead, not to rescue the prisoner, but to explain the source of the riot. The police, perhaps confusing Hoera's intention, dealt with him very rudely, and also put him in prison. An exaggerated account of the treatment the Chief had found at the hands of the police was quickly promulgated, and the excitement resulting from it culminated in the assembly of the tribe, totaling two or three hundred people, who manned their canoes in Waiheke, Kawakawa, and elsewhere. The whole party landing in Auckland, fully armed, the main chiefs went to the Government House and demanded explanations. The premature process of these warriors angered the Governor, who peremptorily ordered the Chiefs and their people to take their departure from the city in two hours, ad-page 110ding, that if this order were resisted, the weapons of the man-of-war then in the port would be opened upon them in the Bay of Mechanics, and the troops would fall on them in the rear. The Ngati-paoas had the good sense to drag their canoes to the low watermark, and return to embark long before the expiration of the time announced by the Government for their departure. Sentinels were placed in various localities near the city, as the Ngatipaoas, who were burning in anger because of their humiliation, were expected to return to the outskirts of the city to massacre settlers, according to maori use; but prudence and wisdom triumphed, and the government went through the difficulty without further annoyance. Another rise to arms by sundry tribes residing in Papakura, Patumahoe, and the surrounding neighborhood, occurred, based on the alleged murder of one of their peoples by a European settler. The Maori's body was found in a field, and taken with wild lamentations to a temporary camp. The most turbulent of the party advocated immediate retaliation, declaring that this act of the white man was a declaration of war, for the pur-page 111pos to bring to open hostility the Waikato tribes; but the most considerate recommended an investigation by law, that the lawyer was adopted by the assembly, and messengers sent to the Government, asking them to set up an inquiry, which has been joined. In the examination, some of the Maoris bowed submissively to the dictation of the law, and things immediately calmed down. But the European nevertheless abandoned his home to avoid the supposed evil intentions of some of the most violent. The government's size during these critical circumstances, and the prudence exercised by them, cannot be highly praised. During Mr. Whitaker's Superintendence, Patuone was courteously received by him at various times, and the favors requested were happily coupled by the Provincial Government. Whitaker strongly advised Patuone to make his will, a recommendation that was on page 112cared in practice without delay. Mr. E. Davis, Mr. J.C. Young, and I were chosen executors for Patuone's estate; a respected friend, Reverend J. Buller, Minister Wesleyan, interpreting the scripture, and signing it as chief witness. The legal settlement of the North Coast lands of Patuone during his lifetime was wise and judicious, for it prevented his son, Hohaia, from frittering away a valuable property; and provided a comfortable home for the relatives of our deceased friend, who are currently residing in it. In 1866, at a session in Auckland of the General Synod of the Anglican Church of New Zealand, Patuone became very interested in the process, and when one day he was separated for a special service, and the administration of Holy Communion, to which members of the various parishes were invited, Patuone waited for me expressing his desire to participate in the Sacrament. In the Convocation of Bishops and Clergy, we have recalled the Cathedral of St Paul, where the Lord's Supper was properly administered to both of us; the solemnity of the occasion, and the marked reverence of the late venerable Chief Maori were peculiarly interesting, and left in my mind an impression not easily erased. page 113 The late superintendent, John Williamson, selected Patuone and other representative chiefs to deliver a speech to the Duke of Edinburgh on the day of his landing at Queen Street Wharf, Auckland. The various Maori tribes who were eager to participate in the demonstration secured prominent positions along the path line and arches through which His Royal Highness and Suite were to pass; in whose approach the prolonged cry of Maori welcome resounded through the air. The address, which was beautifully written in vellum, and artistically illuminated with floral and Maori devices, was read on landing, in an audible voice, by Paora Tuhaere de Orakei, and the English translation was presented I can say here that the venerable Chief and many other Maori dignitaries were welcomed by His Highness Koyal at Government House; in which loyal and most enthusiastic speeches were delivered in honor of Queen Victoria and her Son Eoyal; and several of the greatest Chiefs presented dear kiwi page 114mats, and other Maori treasures, the prince thanking donors through his interpreters for the gifts granted, and answering his loyal speeches in a nutshell but appropriate. Shortly before the events narrated above, patuone's body weakness convinced me that he was unable to do much manual labor in the fields; and knowing how indifferent Maoris are generally to the desires of the declining age, 1 thought it was right to address a letter to the Government on behalf of my friend, begging that a small amount a year be allowed so that the necessary medical comforts could be obtained for him. I waited for Hon. Dr. Pollen, then General Agent of the Government, and that gentleman have kindly recommended granting my application in favor of Patuone, an allowance of twenty pounds a year was granted, which greatly cheered the old Chief, Waka Nene his brother, and others. Some time after that, Hon. Sir D. McLean generously increased the annity to 50 pounds, which additional act of benevolence Mr. S.C. G. Vickers, of the Native Office, informs me that occurred on July 1, 1871. Just before Patuone's last illness, he took the 115th page of the opportunity, while able, to visit his European friends residing in the city of Auckland and the suburbs, to wish them goodbye. He made my home his home for several days, and traveled on foot to fulfill his dear desire to say goodbye to all he knew. After performing this sacred duty, as he considered it, he went home and issued a proclamation to the tribes that the usual Maori feasts and lamentations should not be observed when his deceased should be announced. This brought to his side a great body of the people of the Thames, who, in a sign of deep respect, lamented about him as he lived, and in his prayers, lasting several days, enumerated the excellent scriptures called by his benevolence of heart. His speeches were answered by his relatives, being too weak to respond to his friends gathered in such a great occasion. The following is a translation of a paper closed to me, dated July 19, 1872:- Waiwharariki. At this moment, I have uttered a word of affection to my European friends who reside on this island and embracing those on the other side, extending to the Queen. Now I discover, on July 19, 1872, my 116extreme page of bodily weakness, and desire, greet the English people, and the governors, friends of me and brother [Waka Nene] in days past. O greetings to all of you, and to our Mother, the Queen, Now I discover, on July 19, 1872, my 116extreme page of bodily weakness, and desire, greet the English people, and the governors, friends of me and brother [Waka Nene] in days past. O greetings to all of you, and to our Mother, the Queen, Now I discover, on July 19, 1872, my 116extreme page of bodily weakness, and desire, greet the English people, and the governors, friends of me and brother [Waka Nene] in days past. 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O greetings to all of you, and to our Mother, the Queen, we have a standard desire, greet the English people, and the governors, friends of me and the governors, friends of the greeting to all of you, and the governors, friends of the greeting to all of you, and the governors, friends of the greeting to all of you and the governors, friends of the greeting to all of you and Queen, The shadow of God, greetings to you! Great is my love for all of you now that I am so weak and my heart fragile. God is the director of our times; It determines our lot; He is the Giver of Life and the Nameof Death. As for myself, God protected and preserved me, and now I understand that the care of our God extends for a long period, [that is, extended my life to extreme old age]. Though the sins of the world are great, God still loves him; He does not quickly manifest his anger, but his mercy. O friends, your God, your parents [that is, the God of the English] has preserved me—the God of Abraham, Jack, and Jacob. The God who gives us breath, and in whom the whole world can rest - the Stone that was placed in Sion - the Stone of The Chief Corner.- (See 1 Peter ii., 6, 7, 8.) He -- that Stone that was rejected -- saved me. Lo, this is my word to you:— You protect my grandchildren and my people during the time of page 117confusion [i.e., war] so that we do not call the Lord's name in vain. (See 1 Peter i., 23.) For if you are born again, not of corruptible seeds, but of incorruptible, by the word of God that lives and remains forever, then your love for them will be as your own love for yourselves; (as in Romans, xiii., 9.) This is a word of remembrance of me to you, let your consideration be in accordance with the rule of Scripture; that you and the ministers of religion take care of us [that is, the Maoris] because evil abounds; and man's love of God shaves cold, and man's love also for man; be loving to us Maoris who are inclined to stray in many ways, for the flesh. But how should these things be accomplished? We don't have the strength to do anything right, but the power is with God. My prayer and appeal to God is that He will preserve me from evil now, and that He will preserve my people for the years that come after me. He who strengthened my heart to think of him; luring me from death to life, page 118 O friend, greetings to you, now that God's mercy abounds for us. Enough. From your dear friend, (Signed) Eru Patuone. The following is addressed to your native friends:- To the Maoris, O hearken, O! Maori people, for the words of my mouth. You love each other. Let men love men, and women to each other in Christ. Here's a word for women: Women obey their husbands, and let children honor their fathers and mothers so they can be in jehovah's land for a long time. These words above are contained in the Catechism, and in Peter III. is in the sky [looking at us]. May his good works be constant for one another(1 Timothy vi., 18). If you load load these principles, so God will look to the sensitive heart. Do not indulte in owes yourself to owes you, for evil has increased, and the Christian rules of love are diminishing. Friend Wiremu Tarapata, [Patuone's nephew] take care of these things that have been compromised in his care. Turn away from evil speechand false sayings (1 Timothy ii., 20), page 119because the Spirit of God when in the heart of man speaks only the truth; so all those who resist power resist the law of God.—(Romans xiii., 2). To be in opposition to evil, and to cling to what is good. Sincerely love each other in fraternal affection and defend each other. Do not be lazy, be fervent in spirit, fearing the Lord. Rejoice in hope, be patient in tribulation, or persevering in prayer.— (Romans xii., 10, 11, 12). Remember that James says:— When lust conceived, it brings sin and sin when death ends. Keep the Christian faith firm. Enough. From his beloved grandfather, Eru Patuone. Not long after the occurrences narrated above. Patuone became increasingly weak, and it was generally expected by his friends that some days would end his career on Earth. H. T. Kemp, Esq., Civil Commissioner, was asked to visit him. That gentleman at once obeyed the summons of the dying chief, and throughout Patuone's last illness, Mr. Kemp; with unceasing attention, provided that all that was necessary in the path of medical comforts, often anticipating their desires, and indeed far from page 120exceused them, that benevolent acts were highly appreciated by Patuone, and repeatedly drew his grateful acknowledgments. Thomas Poynton of Lake, North Shore, and other European friends, paid their respects to Patuone as the tide of his life was running out; and it was very pleasant to observe, while lying in his house, the joy that lit up his countenance in recognizing his friends. How could a man possess such benevolent feelings and disinterest of the heart be otherwise than happy under the circumstances! On the occasion of my visit, he thanked me in the most loving way. As a mark of his gratitude, he presented me with fifteen acres of his valuable land on the North Coast, strongly urging me to accept the gift, stating that no one had more right to it than I did; but I, with thanks, refused the benefit offered.* These facts are simply recorded as 121niable inde-page proof of the late Chief's heart generosity. The following, on August 22, 1872, was sent by his relatives:--- [Translation.] We all gather to see our elder, Eru Patuone. Your words of goodwill have been expressed to us. We greet at the same time our father, saying, Greetings, O father, the father of the people, the father of the left in the world. Father of good words and deeds, when you're gone? The rat tree [Patnone] under which orphans find shelter is disappearing, and perhaps now the wind will keep us, that is, the callous words of others. Enough, O father, we will, after your deceased, call for remembrance of your words of affection, your kind deeds; their uninterrupted union with the European race. To his son, he said, My son, be considerate and allow people to live in the land that are now in possession. Let people not be treated rudely, because page 122 will please others. Sweeten my rules of action after I'm gone, so people don't think badly of you. In no gentleness of wise negligence; it is a power that will help you, and if any desire to come here, let them live with you. Don't forget good offices. Timoti, be good to the tribe and the Pakeha. Mr. Davis, be aware of the people who live on this earth. Comes. While the lamp of life was gradually being extinguished, frequent message written:- From my lips. Hearken, European side, this is a parting word from me to you while I am in possession of my faculties, for I can go soon. O my European friends, be good to the Maori, for you have been my shelter so far, and the shelter of my people, and you have expressed kindness to the Maoris can act with the right page 123 caution so that they do not see the anger of the English. The last scene was more impressive; the invalid did not suffer pain, but quietly seeking the summons of this higher power to which he had previously surrendered his sofa, waiting, as they said, for his sun to lower, he shone brightly for many long years. There were no necromancers present as in the days of their parents - no Maori priest to reinforce the dying with false hopes of happiness arising from influences vaunted with supernatural beings who were supposed to rule the destinies of men - no announcement of the pleasure of the Maori oracle - but there was a mere childish trust in the One who is the Way, the Truth and the Life, valuing the feeling uttered by the poet Whisper your love in my heart. Let me know of my end of approach, and then I leave joyfully, and then I leave joyfully, and then I for your arms ascend. So quietly Patuone passed away from time to that eternal state to which we are all and from where no traveler returns. Funeral obsequies were carried out by page 124Government, under supervision of Mr. Kemp; and the late Chief having expressed a desire to be buried in the cemetery of Trinity Church, Devonport, among his English friends, and near the tomb of the late Chief having expressed a desire to be buried in the cemetery of Trinity Church. main mourners, Auckland officials, volunteers and a number of citizens, along with a large group of natives, each wearing in their hat or hair, the old Maori mourning - green branches and the white flowers of the native clematis. After holding a religious service in the Hall, led by Reverend R. Burrows, the funeral procession proceeded to the cemetery, where the funeral was read, and the remains buried with military honors, the Maoris pulling out the branches and flowers from their heads, consigned them to the tomb, which was some time later closed by the government with a caste iron fence, and on the stone slab that overlaps the tomb, the following words in Maori and English are inscribed:— Ko te tohu tapu O Eru Patuone, page 125 Te Tuakana O Tamati Waka Nene; Tamariki to Tapua; He Rangatira nui No Ngapuhi; He hoa aroha no te Pakeha He kai hapai i te tare Kuini; A He kai hapai i te tare Kuini; Patuone, older brother of Tamati Waka Nene, Sons ot Tapua; A remarkable chief of the Ngapuhi tribe, a warm friend of the Europeans, a supporter of the Queen's laws. page 126 And peacemaker with his own countrymen. He died in Auckland, September 19, 1872. This stone is erected by the Government of New Zealand. Patuone's memory is appreciated by a large circle of European friends, and as for the Ngapuhi tribes, they have lost in it a large national pillar that will probably not be replaced; for it must be admitted that modern Maori are much inferior, physically and mentally, to the great patriarchal chiefs who almost all disappeared from the native circles of commercial and political notoriety. Closely associated as he was with our race, and allied to us in the bonds of brotherhood, he did not adopt our drinking customs or tobacco use, defending himself in a bold relief as a protest against the cruel habits of the current Maori generation, who make their study to copy our vices, but rarely, if ever, our virtues. As it was projected that Patuone, after the death of his father, Tapua, should assume the duties of priest, he was educated accordingly in all that was attached to the priestly office. Familiar with the 127 ancient mythology page of his race, his legendary history, and all other subjects calculated to elevate the priesthood to the highest pinnacle of dignity and influence, we can understand happened that he should have had cited by the tribes of the North as authority in maori political and religious affairs; for it should be remembered that the priest, by the common consent of the people, was the means between mortals and all invisible beings who should take an active part in the history of every individual still in the flesh. Unsurprisingly, his mind was richly stored with Maori views of mortals' duties to imagined supernatural powers. His knowledge was also extensive in relation to the necessary offerings of the first fruits of the soil to recognized diasia, the intricacies of tapu's legislative promulgations, and the other multitudinarian rites in conneximento with the religious and civil observances of the Maori in his pagan state, our knowledge that, with regard to our late friend, he passed away with him; such subjects, often called superstitions, were never seriously investigated by early Christian philanthropists, nor by settlers in general; page 128 enquiries on such topics being looked at with little or no interest. I cannot close this brief biography of the late great and good Chief Ngapuhi, without recording my regret that so many similar spirits of his race should have joined the vast invisible majority, leaving no chronicle of his noble sayings and actions; but let us hope that the more advanced Maori will not suffer the excellent traits of their compatriots to go unnoticed in the rich anais of our New Zealand values. worthies.

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