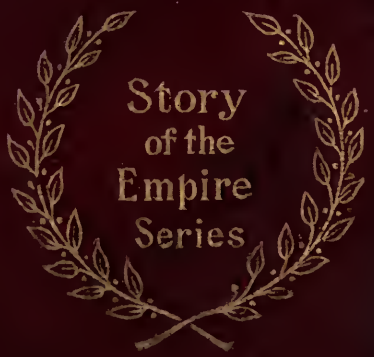
W ZEALAND

IAM PEMBER REEVES



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NEW ZEALAND.

BY

WILLIAM PEMBER REEVES.

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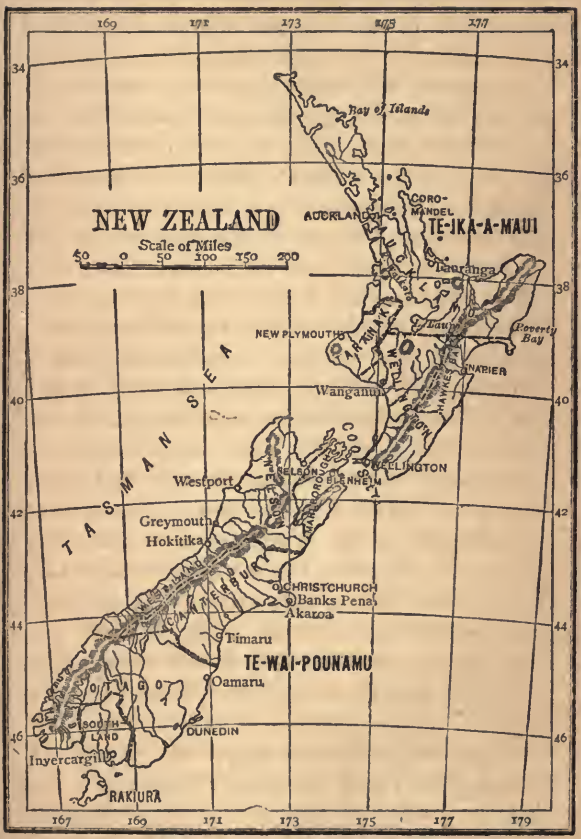
CHAPTER I.

THE FORTUNATE ISLES.

THOUGH one of the parts of the earth best fitted for man, New Zealand was probably about the last of such lands occupied by the human race. The first European to find it was a Dutch sea-captain who was looking for something else, and who thought it a part of South America, from which it is sundered by five thousand miles of ocean. It takes its name from a province of Holland to which it does not bear the remotest likeness, and is usually regarded as the antipodes of England, but is not. It was taken possession of by an English navigator whose action, at first adopted, was afterwards reversed by his country's rulers; and it was only annexed at length by the English Government which did not want it, to keep it from the French who did. The Colony's capital bears the name of a famous British commander, whose only connection with the country was a

flat refusal to include it in the Empire. Those who settled it meant it to be a theatre for the Wakefield Land System. The code of land laws, however, which its settlers have gradually developed is a complete negation of Wakefield's principle. Some of the chief New Zealand settlements were founded by Church associations; but the Colony's education system has long been purely secular. From the first those who governed the Islands laboured earnestly to preserve and benefit the native race, and on the whole the treatment extended to them has been just and often generous—yet the wars with them were long, obstinate, and mischievous beyond the common. The pioneer colonists looked upon New Zealand as an agricultural country, but its main industries have turned out to be grazing and mining. From the character of its original settlers it was expected to be the most conservative of the colonies; it is just now ranked as the most democratic. Not only by its founders but for many years afterwards, Irish were avowedly or tacitly excluded from the immigrants sent to it. Now, however, at least one person in eight in the Colony is of that race.

It would be easy to expand this list into an essay on the vanity of human wishes. It would not be hard to add thereto a formidable catalogue of serious mistakes made both in England and New Zealand by those responsible


NEW ZEALAND
Scale of Miles
50 0 50 100 150 200
Bay of Islands
AUCKLAND
CORO-MANDEL
TE-IKA-A-MAUI
Tauranga
NEW PLYMOUTH
Poverty Bay
NAPIER
Wanganui
WELLINGTON
Westport
Greymouth
Hokitika
CHRISTCHURCH
Banks Pena
Akaroa
Timaru
TE-WAI-POUNAMU
Oamaru
DUNEDIN
Invercargill
RAKIURA
TASMAN SEA
167 169 171 173 175 177 179
34 36 38 40 42 44 46

for the Colony's affairs—mistakes, some of which, at least, seem now to argue an almost inconceivable lack of knowledge and foresight. So constantly have the anticipations of its officials and settlers been reversed in the story of New Zealand that it becomes none too easy to trace any thread of guiding wisdom or consistent purpose therein. The broad result, however, has been a fine and vigorous colony. Some will see in its record of early struggles, difficulties and mistakes endured, paid for and surmounted, a signal instance of the overruling care of Providence. To the cynic the tale must be merely a minor portion of the "supreme ironic procession with laughter of gods in the background." To the writer it seems, at least, to give a very notable proof of the collective ability of a colonizing race to overcome obstacles and repair blunders. The Colony of New Zealand is not a monument of the genius of any one man or group of men. It is the outcome of the vitality and industry of a people obstinate but resourceful, selfish but honest, often ill-informed and wrong, but with the saving virtue of an ability to learn from their own mistakes.

From one standpoint the story of New Zealand ought not to take long to tell. It stretches over less time than that of almost any land with any pretensions to size, beauty, or interest. New Zealand was only discovered by Europeans in the reign of our King Charles I.,

and even then the Dutch explorer who sighted its lofty coasts did not set foot upon them. The first European to step on to its shores did so only when the great American colonies were beginning to fret at the ties which bound them to England. The pioneers of New Zealand colonization, the missionaries, whalers, and flax and timber traders, did not come upon the scene until the years of Napoleon's decline and fall. Queen Victoria had been on the throne for three years before the Colonial Office was reluctantly compelled to add the Islands to an Empire which the official mind regarded as already overgrown.

Yet so striking, varied and attractive are the country's features, so full of bustle, change and experiment have its few years been, that lack of material is about the last complaint that need be made by a writer on New Zealand. The list of books on the Colony is indeed so long that its bibliography is a much larger volume than this; and the chief plea to be urged for this sketch must be its brevity—a quality none too common in colonial literature.

A New Zealander writing in London may be forgiven if he begins by warning English readers not to expect in the aspect of New Zealand either a replica of the British Islands or anything resembling Australia. The long, narrow, mountainous islands upon which Abel Jansen Tasman stumbled in December, 1642, are so far

from being the antipodes of Britain that they lie on an average twelve degrees nearer the equator. Take Liverpool as a central city of the United Kingdom; it lies nearly on the 53rd parallel of north latitude. Wellington, the most central city of New Zealand, is not far from the 41st parallel of southern latitude. True, New Zealand has no warm Gulf Stream to wash her shores. But neither is she chilled by east winds blowing upon her from the colder half of a continent. Neither her contour nor climate is in the least Australian. It is not merely that twelve hundred miles of ocean separate the flat, rounded, massive-looking continent from the high, slender, irregular islands. The ocean is deep and stormy. Until the nineteenth century there was absolutely no going to and fro across it. Many plants are found in both, but they are almost all small and not in any way conspicuous. Only one bird of passage migrates across the intervening sea. The dominating trees of Australia are myrtles (called eucalypts); those of New Zealand are beeches (called birches), and various species of pines. The strange marsupials, the snakes, the great running birds, the wild dogs of Australia, have no counterpart in New Zealand. The climate of Australia, south of Capricorn, is, except on the eastern and south-eastern coast, as hot and dry as the South African. And the Australian mountains, moderate in height and flattened, as a rule, at

the summit, remind one not a little of the table-topped elevations so familiar to riders on the veldt and karroo. The western coast of New Zealand is one of the rainiest parts of the Empire. Even the drier east coast seldom suffers from drought. On the west side the thermometer scarcely ever rises above 80 deg. in the shade; on the other, not often above 90 deg. New Zealand, too, is a land of volcanic peaks and cones. Some of the loftier volcanoes are still active, and the steam of their craters mounts skyward above white fields of eternal snow. The whole length of the South Island is ridged by Alpine ranges, which, though not quite equal in height to the giants of Switzerland, do not lose by comparison with the finest of the Pyrenees.

No man with an eye for the beautiful or the novel would call Australia either unlovely or dull. It is not, however, a land of sharp and sudden contrasts; New Zealand is. Her dense jungle-like forests show such a wealth of intricate, tangled, luxuriant life, that the delighted botanist hardly knows which way to turn first. Not only are the giant trees crowded closely together, but the spaces between their column-like trunks are filled with bushes, ferns, reeds and shrubs of every size and kind. Creepers and llianas swing from the trees and bind the thickets together. A profusion of parasitic growths, orchids, grasses, climbing ferns and lichens almost

conceals the tree-trunks. Many of the forest flowers—the white convolvulus, the starry clematis, the feathery blood-red rata—are lovely and abundant. In the month of February, when the rata flowers, there are gorges in the New Zealand Alps which are ablaze for miles with

> "Flowers that with one scarlet gleam
> Cover a hundred leagues, and seem
> To set the hills on fire."

Of greater interest, even, are the forest birds, of which at least four or five are songsters of no mean delicacy and sweetness.

The wood of the trees is not only useful timber, but when cut and polished is often beautiful in grain. Unhappily, the destruction of this lovely and valuable forest goes on rapidly. The trees, as is usually the case with those the wood of which is hard, grow slowly. They feel exposure to wind, and seem to need the society and shelter of their fellows. It is almost impossible to restore a New Zealand forest when once destroyed. Then, most of the finest trees are found on rich soil. The land is wanted for grazing and cultivation. The settler comes with axe and fire-stick, and in a few hours unsightly ashes and black funereal stumps have replaced the noble woods which Nature took centuries to grow. The process is inevitable, and in great part needful, frightfully wasteful as it seems. But the forest

reserves of the Colony, large as they are, should be made even more ample. Twelve hundred thousand acres are not enough—as the New Zealanders will regretfully admit when a decade or so hence they begin to import timber instead of exporting it. As for interfering with reserves already made, any legislator who suggests it should propose his motion with a noose round his neck, after the laudable custom followed in a certain classic republic.

I have said that New Zealand is marked by sudden changes and sharp contrasts. Nothing could well be more utterly different than the luxuriant jungles of the wet west coast—with their prevailing tint of rich dark green, their narrow, rank, moist valleys and steep mountain-sides—and the eastern scenery of the South Island. The sounds or fiords of the south-west are perhaps the loveliest series of gulfs in the world. Inlet succeeds inlet, deep, calm, and winding far in amongst the steep and towering mountains. The lower slopes of these are clothed with a thick tangle of forest, where foliage is kept eternally fresh and vivid by rain and mist. White torrents and waterfalls everywhere seam the verdure.

Cross to the east coast. There the plains and dales were open, grassy, almost treeless. They were easy of access and for the most part fertile —an ideal country for that unæsthetic person, the practical settler. Flocks and herds roamed

amongst the pale tussock grass of the slopes and flats without fear either of man, beast, climate or poisonous plant. A few wooden buildings and a certain extent of wire fencing represented all the initial expenses of the pioneer. Pastoral settlement speedily overran such a land, followed more slowly and partially by agriculture. The settler came, not with axe and fire to ravage and deform, but as builder, planter and gardener. Being in nineteen cases out of twenty a Briton or a child of one, he set to work to fill this void land with everything British which he could transport or transplant. His gardens were filled with the flowers, the vegetables, the fruit trees of the old land. The oak, the willow, the poplar, the spruce, the ash grew in his plantations. His cattle were Shorthorns, Herefords and Devons. The grasses they fed upon were mixtures of cocks-foot, timothy and white clover. When it was found that the red clover would not flourish for want of penetrating insects, the humble bee was imported, and with complete success, as many a field now ruddy with crimson blossom testifies. The hedges which surround these fields are also English, but with a difference. The stunted furze which beautifies English commons is at the other end of the earth a hedge plant, which makes a thick barrier from five to eight feet high, and, with its sweet-smelling blooms, has made the New Zealand fields "green pictures

set in frames of gold." The very birds which rise from the clover or wheat, and nest in the trees or hedgerows of furze or quickset, are for the most part English—the skylark, the blackbird, finches (green and gold), and that eternal impudent vagabond the sparrow. Near Christchurch rooks caw in the windy skies. Trout give excellent sport in a hundred streams. The hare increases in size and weight. The pheasant has spread from end to end of the Colony. The Briton of the south has indeed taken with him all that he could of the old country.

He has also brought a few things which he wishes he had left behind. The house-fly and the flea thrive mightily. The Norway rat has driven the native black rat into the recesses of the forest. A score of weeds have come, mixed with badly-screened grass-seed, or in any of a hundred other ways. The watercress threatened at one time to choke half the streams. The sweetbriar, taking kindly to both soil and climate, not only grows tall enough to arch over the head of a man on horseback, but covers whole hillsides, to the ruin of pasture. Introduced, innocently enough, by the missionaries, it goes by their name in some districts. The rabbit, multiplying in millions, became a very terror to the sheep farmers, is even yet the subject of anxious care and inspection, and only slowly yields to fencing, poison, traps, dogs, guns, stoats, weasels, ferrets,

cats, and a host of instruments of destruction. Moreover, just as Vortigern had reason to regret that he had called in the Saxon to drive out the Picts and Scots, so the New Zealanders have already found the stoat and weasel but dubious blessings. They have been a veritable Hengist and Horsa to more than one poultry farmer and owner of lambs. On the whole, however, though acclimatization has given the Colony one or two plagues and some minor nuisances, it would be ridiculous to pretend that these for a moment weigh in the scale against its good works. Most of the vegetable pests, though they may flourish abnormally for a few years in the virgin soil, soon become less vigorous. With the growth of population even the rabbit ceases to be a serious evil, except to a few half-empty tracts. The truth is that outside her forests and swamps New Zealand showed the most completely unoccupied soil of any fertile and temperate land on the globe. It seems probable that until about five or six hundred years ago she had no human inhabitants whatever. Her lakes and rivers had but few fish, her birds were not specially numerous, her grasses were not to be compared in their nourishing qualities with the English. Of animals there were virtually none. Even the rat before mentioned and the now extinct dog of the Maori villages were Maori importations from Polynesia but a few centuries ago.

Not only, therefore, have English forms of

life been of necessity drawn upon to fill the void spaces, but other countries have furnished their quota. The stately but heavy eucalypt of Tasmania is the commonest of exotic trees. The almost artificial stiffness and regularity of the Norfolk Island pine, and the sweet-smelling golden blooms of the Australian wattle, are sights as familiar in New Zealand as in their native lands. The sombre pines of California cover thousands of acres. The merino sheep brought from Spain—*via* Saxony and Australia—is the basis of the flocks. The black swan and magpie represent the birds of New Holland. The red deer came from Germany. And side by side with these strangers and with the trees and plants which colonists call specifically "English"—for the word "British" is almost unknown in the Colony—the native flora is beginning to be cultivated in gardens and grounds. Neglected by the first generation, it is better appreciated by their children—themselves natives of the soil.

In the north and warmer island the traveller also meets sharp contrasts, not so much between east and west as between the coasts and the central plateau. For the most part, all the coasts, except the south-east, are, or have been, forest clad. Nearly everywhere they are green, hilly and abundantly watered; windy, but not plagued with extremes of cold and heat. Frost touches them but for a short time in mid-winter. They are indeed shores

> "Made green with the running of rivers
> And gracious with temperate air."

New Zealand throughout is a land of streams. From the height and narrowness of the islands the currents of the rivers and of the brooks—or, as the colonists term them, "creeks"—are swift. In flood-time most of them become raging torrents. Many were the horses and riders swept away to hopeless death as they stumbled over the hidden stony beds of turbid mountain crossings in the pioneering days before bridges were. Many a footman—goldseeker or labourer wandering in search of work—disappeared thus, unseen and unrecorded. Heavy were the losses in sheep and cattle, costly and infuriating the delays, caused by flooded rivers. Few are the old colonists who have not known what it is to wait through wet and weary hours, it might be days, gloomily smoking, grumbling and waiting for some flood to abate and some ford to become passable. Even yet, despite millions spent on public works, such troubles are not unknown.

The extreme south and north of the North Island could hardly, by any stretch of imagination, be called rich and fertile. But the island demonstrates the "falsehood of extremes," for between them is found some of the finest and pleasantest land in the southern hemisphere. Nearly all of this, however, lies within fifty miles of one or other coast. When you have left these tracts, and have risen a thousand feet or so, you come to a volcanic plateau, clad for the most

part in dark green and rusty bracken or tussocks of faded yellow. Right in the centre rise the great volcanoes, Ruapehu, Tongariro and Tarawera, majestic in their outlines, fascinating because of the restless fires within and the outbreaks which have been and will again take place. Scattered about this plateau are lakes of every shape and size, from Taupo—called Te Moana (the sea) by the Maoris—to the tiniest lakelets and ponds. Here are found pools and springs of every degree of heat. Some are boiling cauldrons into which the unwary fall now and again to meet a death terrible, yet—if the dying words of some of them may be believed—not always agonizing, so completely does the shock of contact with the boiling water kill the nervous system. Many pools are the colour of black broth. Foul with mud and sulphur, they seethe and splutter in their dark pits, sending up clouds of steam and sulphurous fumes. Others are of the clearest green or deepest, purest blue, through which thousands of silver bubbles shoot up to the surface, flash, and vanish. But the main use of the hot springs is found in their combination of certain chemical properties,— sulphuric-acid, sulphur-alkaline. Nowhere in the world, probably, are found healing waters at once so powerful and so various in their uses. Generations ago the Maori tribes knew something of their effects. Now invalids come from far and near in

hundreds and thousands, and when the distractions and appliances of the sanitary stations equal those of the European spas they will come in tens of thousands, for the plateau is not only a health resort but a wonderland. Its geysers rank with those of Iceland and the Yellowstone. Seen in the clear sunny air, these columns of water and white foam, mounting, swaying, blown by the wind into silver spray, and with attendant rainbows glittering in the light, are sights which silence even the chattering tourist for awhile. Solfataras, mud volcanoes and fumaroles are counted in hundreds in the volcanic zone. If there were not such curiosities, still the beauty of the mountains, lakes, streams and patches of forest would, with the bright invigorating air, make the holiday-maker seek them in numbers. Through the middle of this curious region runs the Waikato, the longest and on the whole most tranquil and useful of that excitable race the rivers of New Zealand. Even the Waikato has its adventures. In one spot it is suddenly compressed to a sixth of its breadth, and, boiling between walls of rock, leaps in one mass of blue water and white foam into a deep, tree-fringed pool below. This is the Huka Waterfall. It is but one of the many beautiful falls to be met with in the Islands.

But enough of the scenery of the Colony. This is to be a story, not a sketch-book. Enough that the drama of New Zealand's

history, now in the second act, has been placed on one of the most remarkable and favourable stages in the globe. Much—too much—of its wild and singular beauty must be ruined in the process of settlement. But very much is indestructible. The colonists are also awakening to the truth that mere Vandalism is as stupid as it is brutal. Societies are being established for the preservation of scenery. The Government has undertaken to protect the more famous spots. Within recent years three islands lying off different parts of the coast have been reserved as asylums for native birds. Two years ago, too, the lovely mountainous territory of the Urewera tribe was by Act of Parliament made inalienable, so that so long as the tribe lasts their ferns, their birds and their trees, shall not vanish from the earth.

CHAPTER II.

THE MAORIS.

NEARLY at the end of 1642, Tasman, a sea captain in the service of the Dutch East India Company, sighted the western ranges of the Southern Alps. He was four months out from Java, investigating the extent of New Holland, and in particular its possible continuation southward as a great Antarctic continent. He had just discovered Tasmania, and was destined, ere returning home, to light upon Fiji and the Friendly Islands. So true is it that the most striking discoveries are made by men who are searching for what they never find. In clear weather the coast of Westland is a grand spectacle, and even through the dry, matter-of-fact entries of Tasman's log we can see that it impressed him. He notes that the mountains seemed lifted aloft in the air. With his two ships, the small "Heemskirk" and tiny "Zeehan," he

began to coast cautiously northward, looking for an opening eastward. He seems to have regarded New Zealand simply as a lofty barrier across his path, to be passed at the first chance. Groping along, he actually turned into the wide opening which, narrowing further east into Cook's Strait, divides the North and South Islands. He anchored in Golden Bay; but luck was against him. First of all the natives of the bay paddled out to view his ships, and, falling on a boat's crew, clubbed four out of seven of the men. Tasman's account—which I take leave to doubt—makes the attack senselessly wanton and unprovoked. He says that he took no vengeance, but sailed away further into the strait. By night, the officers of the "Zeehan," coming on board, let him know their suspicion that an opening existed to the east. But next morning a strong gale had sprung up. Cook's Strait is now playfully termed "the windpipe of the Pacific." Tasman, therefore, turned and ran on northward, merely catching glimpses, through scud and cloud, of the North Island. Finally, at what is now North Cape, he discerned to his joy a free passage to the east. He made one attempt to land, in search of water, on a little group of islands hard by, which, as it was Christmastide, he called Three Kings, after Caspar, Melchior, and Balthasar. But a throng of natives, shaking spears and shouting with hoarse voices, terrified

his boat's crew. He gave up the attempt and sailed away, glad, no doubt, to leave this vague realm of storm and savages. He had called it Staaten Land, on the wild guess that it extended to the island of that name off the coast of Terra del Fuego. The Dutch authorities altered the name to New Zealand. Their secretive commercial policy made them shroud Tasman's discoveries in mystery. It is said that his chart was engraved on the Amsterdam Merchants' Exchange. The full text of his log has only been quite recently published. His curt entries dealing with the appearance of the New Zealand coast and its natives seem usually truthful enough. It is noteworthy that he describes the natives of Golden—or, as he named it, Murderers'—Bay as having double canoes. When the country was annexed, two hundred years afterwards, the New Zealanders had forgotten how to build them.

In double canoes, doubtless, the Maoris voyaged safely over the thousands of miles of open ocean which separate New Zealand from the tropical islands of Eastern Polynesia. It was thence that they unquestionably came. They are of the same race as the brown, handsome people who inhabit the South Sea Islands from Hawaii to Rarotonga, and who, in Fiji, mingle their blood with the darker and inferior Melanesians of the west. All the Polynesians speak dialects of the same musical

tongue. A glance at Tregear's "Comparative Polynesian Dictionary" will satisfy any reader on that point. The Rarotongans call themselves "Maori," and can understand the New Zealand speech; so, as a rule, can the other South Sea tribes. All are well though rather heavily built, active when they choose, and passionately fond of war and sport. The New Zealanders are good riders and capital football players. The Samoans are so fond of cricket that they will spend weeks in playing gigantic matches, fifty a side. Bold as seamen and skilful as fishermen, the Polynesians are, however, primarily cultivators of the soil. They never rose high enough in the scale to be miners or merchants. In the absence of mammals, wild and tame, in their islands, they could be neither hunters nor herdsmen. Fierce and bloodthirsty in war, they were good-natured and hospitable in peace and affectionate in family life.

There is no reason to think that the New Zealanders are any more akin to the modern Malays than they are to the Australian blacks; nor have attempts to connect them with the red men of America succeeded. They are much more like some of the Aryans of Northern India. But the truth is, their fortunes before their race settled in Polynesia are a pure matter of guess-work. Some centuries ago, driven out by feuds or shortness of food, they left their

pleasant tropical isles, and found their way to Aotearoa, as they called New Zealand. Landing at different points, and at widely different dates, they spread about the pleasant land. Always needing fish, they placed their villages near the sea beaches or the rivers and lakes. In the forests they found birds, and, not having the bow-and-arrow, made shift to snare and spear them ingeniously. In their canoes they would paddle as far as twelve miles from land. Amongst other fish they caught sharks, killing them before they hauled them into the crank canoes, and drying them in thousands for winter food. The fern-root they found as plentiful as it was nutritious; but their vegetable staples were a root called taro and the kumara, or sweet potato, which they had brought with them from their Polynesian home. What between fish, birds and vegetables, with occasional delicacies in the shape of dogs and rats, they were by no means badly provisioned, and they cooked their food carefully and well, chiefly by steaming in ovens lined with heated stones. Without tea, coffee, sugar, alcohol or tobacco, they had also but seldom the stimulant given by flesh meat. The cannibalism was almost confined to triumphal banquets on the bodies of enemies slain in battle. Without the aid of metals or pottery, without wool, cotton, silk or linen, almost without leather, they yet contrived to clothe, feed and house themselves

and to make some advance in the arts of carving, building and dyeing. The native flax dressed by them made kilts and mantles—soft, warm and silky. With the aid of fire and hatchets and chisels of the hard green jade, they not only hewed logs and shaped boards, but, with incredible patience, covered the hardest wood with artistic and elaborate carvings. The decorative work on their canoe-prows, on their weather-boards, weapons, and the lintels of their doors, has real beauty. The curious and grotesque curves and spirals tattooed over the faces of their chiefs showed no contemptible sense of line in the artist. The dyed patterns on their mantles, and on the dried reeds and rushes with which they lined their council-halls, displayed a barbaric but by no means tasteless love of colour. Both their muscular men and dark-eyed women were tall and bulky, and ought, one might have thought, to have increased and multiplied till they had filled both islands.

They did not, however. I see no reason to believe that they ever numbered more than a hundred and fifty thousand. Except on the shores of Cook's Straits, they only planted a few scattered outposts in the South Island. Yet that is the larger island of the two. It is also the colder, and therein lies the chief secret of the check to the Maori increase. They were a tropical race transplanted into a temperate

climate. They showed much the same tendency to cling to the North Island as the negroes in North America to herd in the Gulf States. Their dress, their food and their ways were those of dwellers on shores out of reach of frost and snow. Though of stout and robust figure, they are almost always weak in the chest and throat. Should the Maoris die out, the medical verdict might be summed up in the one word tuberculosis. Nor do they show much nervous power when attacked by disease. Cheerful and sociable when in health, they droop quickly when ill, and seem sometimes to die from sheer lack of the will to live. Bright and imaginative, almost, as the Kelts of Europe, their spirits are easily affected by superstitious dread. Authentic cases are known of a healthy Maori giving up the ghost through believing himself to be doomed by a wizard.

Another check on the increase of their race was—and still is—their immorality, with its plain result in a low birth-rate. There are, however, other evil influences under which this attractive and interesting people are fading away. Though no longer savages, they have never become thoroughly civilized. Partial civilization has been a blight to their national life. It has ruined the efficacy of their communal system without replacing it with any equal moral force and industrial stimulus. It has deprived them of the business and pleasure of their lives—

their tribal wars—and given them no spur to exertion by way of a substitute. It has fatally wounded their pride and self-respect, and yet has not given them habits of labour and self-restraint. A hundred years ago the tribes were organized and disciplined communes. No unit or family could starve or lack shelter; the humblest could count on the most open-handed hospitality from his fellows. The tribal territory was the property of all. The tilling, the fishing, the fowling were work for the community. The chief was not a despot, but the president of a council, and in war would not be given the command unless he was the most capable captain. Every man was a soldier, and, under the perpetual stress of possible war, had to be a trained, self-denying athlete. The stockaded and intrenched villages, or *pas*, were, for defensive reasons, built on the highest and therefore the healthiest positions. The ditches, the palisades, the terraces of these forts were constructed with great labour as well as no small skill. The fighting was hand to hand. The wielding of their weapons—the wooden spear, the club, the quaint *mere* and the stone tomahawk—required strength and endurance as well as a skill only to be obtained by hard practice. The very sports and dances of the Maori were such as only the active and vigorous could excel in. Slaves there were, but not enough to relieve the freemen from the necessity

for hard work. Strange sacred customs, such as *tapu* (vulgarly Anglicized as taboo) and *muru*, laughable as they seem to us, tended to preserve public health, to ensure respect for authority and to prevent any undue accumulation of goods and chattels in the hands of one man. Every male adult had to be an active, brave, self-respecting, disciplined citizen. Certain colonial writers have exhausted their powers of ridicule—no very difficult task—upon Maori communism. But the system, in full working order, at least developed the finest race of savages the world has seen, and taught them barbaric virtues which have won from their white supplanters not only respect but liking. The average colonist regards a Mongolian with repulsion, a Negro with contempt, and looks on an Australian black as very near to a wild beast; but he likes the Maoris, and is sorry that they are dying out.

No doubt the remnants of the Maori communal system are useless, and perhaps worse than useless. The tribes still own land in common, and much of it. They might be very wealthy landlords if they cared to lease their estates on the best terms they could bargain for. As it is, they receive yearly very large sums in rent. They could be rich farmers if they cared to master the science of farming. They have brains to learn more difficult things. They might be healthy men and women if they would accept the teachings of sanitary science as sincerely as

they took in the religious teachings of the early missionaries. If they could be made to realise that foul air, insufficient dress, putrid food, alternations of feast and famine, and long bouts of sedulous idleness are destroying them as a people and need not do so, then their decay might be arrested and the fair hopes of the missionary pioneers yet be justified. So long as they soak maize in the streams until it is rotten and eat it together with dried shark—food the merest whiff of which will make a white man sick; so long as they will wear a suit of clothes one day and a tattered blanket the next, and sit smoking crowded in huts the reek of which strikes you like a blow in the face; so long as they will cluster round dead bodies during their *tangis* or wakes; so long as they will ignore drainage—just so long will they remain a blighted and dwindling race, and observers without eyes will talk as though there was something fateful and mysterious in their decline. One glimmer of hope for them has quite lately been glimpsed. They are caring more for the education of their children. Three years ago the Government reorganized the native schools, had the children taught sanitary lessons with the help of magic lanterns, and gave power to committees of native villagers to prosecute the parents of truants. The result has been a prompt, marked and growing improvement in the attendance and the general interest. Better still, the educated

Maori youths are awakening to the sad plight of their people. Pathetic as their regrets are, the healthy discontent they show may lead to better things.

CHAPTER III.

NO MAN'S LAND.

THE Dutch made no use of their Australian discoveries. They were repelled by the heat, the drought, and the barrenness of the north-western coasts of New Holland. For a century and a quarter after Tasman's flying visit, New Zealand remained virtually unknown. Then the veil was lifted once and for all. Captain James Cook, in the "Endeavour," sighted New Zealand in 1769. He had the time to study the country, and the ability too. In four visits he surveyed the coast, described the aspect and products of the islands, and noted down a mass of invaluable details concerning the native tribes. Everyone may not be able to perceive the literary charm which certain eulogists have been privileged to find in Cook's admirable record of interesting facts. But he may well seem great enough as a navigator and observer, to be easily able to survive a worse style—say Hawkesworth's. He found New Zealand a line on the map, and left it an

Archipelago, a feat which many generations of her colonists will value above the shaping of sentences. The feature of his experiences which most strikes the reader now, is the extraordinary courage and pugnacity of the natives. They took the "Endeavour" for a gigantic white-winged sea-bird, and her pinnace for a young bird. They thought the sailors gods, and the discharge of their muskets divine thunder-bolts. Yet, when Cook and a boat's-crew landed, a defiant war-chief at once threatened the boat, and persisted until he was shot dead. Almost all Cook's attempts to trade and converse with the Maoris ended in the same way—a scuffle and a musket-shot. Yet the savages were never cowed, and came again. They were shot for the smallest thefts. Once Cook fired on the crew of a canoe merely for refusing to stop and answer questions about their habits and customs. He killed four of them—an act of which he calmly notes that he himself could not, on reflection, approve. Yet, for that age, he was singularly humane, and so prudent that he did not lose a man on his first and most troubled visit to New Zealand. During this voyage he killed ten Maoris. Later intercourse was much more peaceful, though Captain Furneaux, of Cook's consort, the "Adventure," less lucky, or less cautious, lost an entire boat's crew, killed and eaten. Cook himself was always able to get wood and water for his ships, and to carry on

his surveys with such accuracy and deliberation that they remained the standard authority on the outlines of the islands for some seventy years. He took possession of the country in the name of George the Third. He gave the natives seed potatoes, and turned fowls and pigs loose to furnish them with flesh-meat. To this day, the wild pigs which the settlers shoot and spear in the forests and mountain valleys, are called after Captain Cook, and furnish many a solitary shepherd and farmer with a much more wholesome meal than they would get from "tame" pork.

For two generations, the English Government paid no attention to the new-found land. What with losing America, and fighting the French, it had its hands full. It colonized Australia with convicts—and found it a costly and dubious experiment. The Government was well satisfied to ignore New Zealand. But adventurous English spirits were not. In the seas round New Zealand were found the whale and the fur-seal. The Maoris might be cannibals, but they were eager to trade. In their forests grew trees capable of supplying first-class masts and spars. Strange weapons, ornaments, and cloaks were offered by the savages, as well as food and the dressed fibre of the native flax. Moreover, a peculiar and profitable, if ghastly, trade sprang up in tattooed heads. A well-preserved specimen fetched as much as twenty pounds. Hitherto

hung up as trophies of victory in the *pas*, these relics of battle were quickly turned to account, at first for iron, then for muskets, powder, and lead. When the "natural supply" of heads of slain enemies ran short, slaves, who had hitherto never been allowed the aristocratic privilege and dignity of being tattooed, had their faces prepared for the market. Sometimes, it is recorded, a slave, after months of painful preparation, had the audacity to run away with his own head before the day of sale and decapitation. Commodore Wilkes, when exploring in the American "Vincennes," bought two heads from the steward of a missionary brig. It was missionary effort, however, which at length killed the traffic —and the art of tattooing along with it. Cook had found the Maoris still in the Stone Age. They were far too intelligent to stay there a day after the use of metals had been demonstrated to them. Wits much less acute than a Maori's would appreciate the difference between hacking at hardwood trees with a jade tomahawk, and cutting them down with a European axe. So New Zealand's shores became, very early in this century, the favourite haunt of whalers, sealers, and nondescript trading schooners. Deserters and shipwrecked seamen were adopted by the tribes. An occasional runaway convict from Australia added spice to the mixture. The lot of these unacknowledged and unofficial pioneers of our race was chequered. Some castaways

were promptly knocked on the head and eaten. Some suffered in slavery. Others were admitted into the tribes, and married to one, sometimes two or three, wives. The relatives of these last occasionally resorted to an effectual method of securing their fidelity by tattooing them. Once enlisted, they were expected to distinguish themselves in the incessant tribal wars. Most of them took their share of fighting with gusto. As trade between whites and Maoris grew, each tribe made a point of having a white agent-general, called its *Pakeha* Maori (Foreigner Maorified), to conduct their trade and business with his fellows. These gentry were for the most part admirably qualified to spread the vices of civilization and discredit its precepts. But, illiterate ruffians as most of them were, they had their uses in aiding peaceful intercourse between the races. One of them, Maning by name, who lived with a tribe on the beautiful inlet of Hokianga, was an Irish adventurer, possessed not only of uncommon courage and acuteness, but of real literary talent and a genial and charming humour. He lived to see savagery replaced by colonization, and to become a judicial officer in the service of the Queen's Government. Some of his reminiscences, embodied in a volume entitled "Old New Zealand," still form the best book which the Colony has been able to produce. Nowhere has the comedy and

childishness of savage life been so delightfully portrayed.

Maoris, shipping before the mast on board whalers and traders, made some of the best seamen on the Pacific. They visited Sydney and other civilized ports, where their fine physique, bold bearing, and strangely tattooed faces, heightened the interest felt in them as specimens of their ferocious and dreaded race. Stories of the Maoris went far and wide—of their fierce fights, their cannibal orgies, their grotesque ornaments and customs, their lonely, fertile and little-known country. Humane men conceived the wish to civilize and Christianize this people. Benjamin Franklin had planned something of the kind when the news of Cook's discovery first reached England. Thirty years later, Samuel Marsden, a New South Wales chaplain, resolved to be the Gregory or Augustine of this Britain of the South. The wish became the master-passion of his life, and he lived to fulfil it. Led by him and his companions, Hall and Rendall, the missionaries entered the islands in 1814, and though for many years their progress was slow, it had become rapid and general in the decade before the annexation of 1840. They gave the Maoris a written language. Into this, with the aid of Professor Lee, of Cambridge, the scriptures were translated. Marsden had a sound belief in the virtues of teaching savages the decencies and

handicrafts of civilized life. He looked upon such knowledge as the best path to religious belief. Almost alone amongst his class, he was far-sighted enough to perceive, at any rate in the latter years of his life, that the only hope of New Zealand lay in annexation, and that any dream of a Protestant Paraguay was Utopian. Quite naturally, but most unfortunately, most missionaries thought otherwise, and were at the outset of colonization placed in antagonism to the pioneers. The missionaries taught the elements of a rough-and-ready civilization, which the chiefs were acute enough to value. But the courage and singleness of purpose of many of them gave them a higher claim to respect. To do the Maoris justice, they recognised it, and the long journeys which the preachers of peace were able to make, from tribe to tribe of cannibals and warriors, say something for the generosity of the latter as well as for the devotion of the travellers. In the face of occasional insult and plunder, the work went on. Missionary stations, pleasant oases in the desert of barbarism, began to dot the land. The ruins of many of these are still to be seen, surrounded by straggling plots run to waste, "where once a garden smiled." When Charles Darwin, during the voyage of the "Beagle," visited the Bay of Islands, the missionary station at Waimate struck him as the one bright spot in a gloomy and ill-ordered land. Darwin, by the way, was

singularly despondent in his estimate both of Australia and New Zealand. Colonial evolution was clearly not amongst his studies.

Colonists as a rule shrug their shoulders when questioned as to the depth of Maori religious feeling. It is enough to point out that a Christianity which induced barbarian masters to release their slaves without payment or conditions must have had a reality in it at which the kindred of Anglo-Saxon sugar-planters have no right to sneer. Comic as Maori sectarianism became, it was not more ridiculous than British. It is true that rival tribes gloried in belonging to different denominations, and in slighting converts belonging to other churches. On one occasion, a white wayfarer, when asking shelter for the night at a *pa*, was gravely asked to name his church. He recognised that his night's shelter was at stake, and had no notion what was the reigning sect of the village. Sharpened by hunger, his wit was equal to the emergency, and his answer, "to the true church," gained him supper and a bed. Too much stress has been laid on the spectacle of missionaries engaging in public controversies, and of semi-savage converts wrangling over rites and ceremonies and discussing points of theology which might well puzzle a Greek metaphysician. Such incidents were but an efflorescence on the surface of what for a number of years was a true and pretty general earnestness.

CHAPTER IV.

BATTLE, MURDER AND SUDDEN DEATH.

MARSDEN sketches his first night in New Zealand. The missionary paced up and down on the sea beach by which a tribe was encamped. The air was pleasant, the stars shone brightly, in front of him the sea was smooth. Around lay the Maori warriors sleeping, wrapped in their dyed mantles and with their spears stuck upright in the ground. It was a quiet scene. Most of the scenes of that time which have come down to us were not of quietness. A few of them are worth telling here as examples of the condition of things which the missionaries landed to confront, and amidst which they worked.

In 1810, four years before Marsden's coming, the ship "Boyd" made a voyage from Sydney to Whangaroa for timber. Amongst the crew were several Maoris. One of these, George, a young *rangatira*, or gentleman, was twice flogged

for refusing to work on the plea of illness. The captain added insult to the stripes by the words, "You are no chief!" The sting of this lay in the sacredness attached by Maori custom to a chief's person, which was *tapu—i.e.*, a thing not to be touched. George vowed vengeance, and on reaching Whangaroa showed his stripes to his kinsfolk, as Boadicea hers to the Britons of old. The tribesmen, with that craft of which the apparently frank and cheerful Maori has so ample a share, quietly laid their plans. The captain was welcomed. To divide their foes, the Maori beguiled him and a party of sailors into the forest, where they killed them all. Then, dressing themselves in the clothes of the dead, the slayers made off to the "Boyd." Easily coming alongside in their disguises, they leaped on the decks and massacred crew and passengers without pity. George himself clubbed half-a-dozen. Yet, even in his fury, he spared a ship's boy who had been kind to him, and a woman and two girl-children. All four were afterwards rescued by Mr. Berry, of Sydney, and took refuge with a friendly neighbouring chief, Te Pehi. Meanwhile, the "Boyd" had been stripped and burned. In the orgie that followed, George's father snapped a musket over a barrel of gunpowder, and, with a dozen of his friends, was blown to pieces.

Then ensued a tragedy of errors. The captains of certain whalers lying in the Bay of

Islands, hearing that the survivors of the "Boyd" were at Te Pehi's village, concluded that that kindly chief was a partner in the massacre. Organizing a night attack, the whalers destroyed the village and its guiltless owners. The unlucky Te Pehi, fleeing wounded, fell into the hands of some of George's people, who, regarding him as a sympathiser with the whites, made an end of him. Finally, to avenge him, some of the survivors of his tribe afterwards killed and ate three seamen who had had nothing to do with any stage of the miserable drama.

The merchant-skippers who in brigs and schooners hung round the coasts of the Islands thought little either of kidnapping men or carrying off women. They would turn their victims adrift in Australia or on some South Sea islet, as their humour moved them. With even more cruel callousness, they would sometimes put Maoris carried off from one tribe on shore amongst another and maybe hostile tribe. Slavery was the best fate such unfortunates could expect. On one occasion, the missionaries in the Bay of Islands rescued from bondage twelve who had in this fashion been thrown amongst their sworn enemies. Their only offence was that they had happened to be trading on board a brig in their own port when a fair wind sprang up. The rascal in command carried them off rather than waste any of the wind by sending them on shore.

Pre-eminent in infamy amongst these ruffianly traders was a certain Stewart. In the year 1830, he was hanging about Cook's Straits in the brig "Elizabeth." There he agreed to become the instrument of one of the most diabolical acts of vengeance in Maori annals. Some time before, one Te Pehi, a North Island chief, had been killed in a chance brawl by the natives of Kaiapoi in the South Island. Te Pehi's son, Rauparaha, a warrior famed alike for craft and cruelty, bided his time. The appearance of Stewart, ripe for any villany, gave him his chance. For thirty tons of flax, the "Elizabeth" was hired to take Rauparaha and a war-party, not to Kaiapoi, but to Akaroa, a beautiful harbour amongst the hills of the peninsula called after Sir Joseph Banks. It lay many miles away from Kaiapoi, but was inhabited by natives of the same tribe. Rauparaha and his men hid below. Stewart, by swearing that he had no Maoris on board, but merely came to trade, tempted the local chief and his friends on deck. They were at once seized, the common people killed, the chief and his wife and daughter bound. Rauparaha then landed, fired the village, and killed all he could catch. Coming on board again, the victors feasted on the slain, Stewart looking on. Human flesh was cooked in the brig's coppers. The entrapped chief was put in irons—lent by Stewart. Though manacled, he signed to his

wife, whose hands were free, to kill their young daughter. The woman did so, thus saving the child from a worse fate. Returning to Cook's Straits, Rauparaha and comrades went on shore. Stewart held the unhappy captive chief as a pledge until his flax was paid over. It was paid over. Then this British sea-captain gave up his security, who with his wife was tortured and killed, enduring his torments with the stoicism of a North American Indian. The instrument of his death was a red-hot ramrod. The "Elizabeth," flax in hold, sailed to Sydney. But Stewart's exploit had been a little too outrageous, even for the South Pacific of those days. He was arrested and tried by order of Governor Darling, who, it is only fair to say, did his best to have him hanged. But, incredible as it seems, public sympathy was on the side of this pander to savages, this pimp to cannibals. Witnesses were spirited away, and at length the prosecution was abandoned. Soon after, Stewart died at sea, off Cape Horn. Surgeon-Major Thompson, in his book on the early days of New Zealand, says that he dropped dead on the deck of the "Elizabeth," and that his carcase, reeking with rum, was pitched overboard without ceremony. The Akaroa chief had not so easy a death.

Meanwhile Rauparaha had organised a grand attack on the Kaiapoi *pa*. With complete secrecy he brought down his men from Cook's Straits and surprised his enemies peacefully

digging in the potato grounds outside their stockade. A wild rush took place. Most of the Kaiapois escaped into the *pa*, shut the gate and repulsed a hasty assault. Others fled southward, and skulking amid swamps and sand-hills got clear away and roused their distant fellow tribesmen. A strong relieving force was got together, and marching to the beleaguered *pa*, slipped past Rauparaha and entered it at night. But sorties were repulsed, and the garrison had to stand on the defensive. Unlike most *pas*, theirs was well supplied with food and water. At last Rauparaha, reaching the stockade by skilful sapping, piled up brushwood against it. This the besieged, taking advantage of a favourable wind, boldly fired. Unhappily for them, the wind, suddenly shifting, blew the flames upon their walls, and Rauparaha's warriors charged through the burning breach. Piles of human bones were witnesses, many years after, to the massacre and feast which followed the fall of Kaiapoi. Nearly seventy years have passed since these deeds were done. Kaiapoi, a pretty little country town, is the site of about the most flourishing woollen-mill of the Colony. Kapiti, Rauparaha's stronghold, is just being reserved by the Government as an asylum for certain native birds, which stoats and weasels threaten to extirpate in the North Island. Over the English grasses which now cover the hills round Akaroa sheep and cattle

roam in peace, and standing by the green bays of the harbour you will probably hear nothing louder than a cow-bell, the crack of a whip, or the creaking wheels of some passing dray. Then it is pleasant to remember that Rauparaha's son became a missionary amongst the tribes which his father had harried, and that it is now nearly a generation since Maori blood was shed in conflict on New Zealand soil.

From 1820 to 1840 was a time of war far surpassing in bloodshed and ruin anything witnessed in the Islands before or since. For the first time the Maoris used fire-arms. Probably a fourth of their race perished in this ill-starred epoch. Hongi, a chief of the Ngapuhi tribe, is usually spoken of as the first chief to introduce the musket into the tribal wars. This was not so. Another Ngapuhi chief, the leader of an attack on the men of Tauranga, armed his men with thirty-five muskets, which they used with crushing effect. This was in 1818. Hongi saw the bravest warriors run before the new and terrible weapon. He never forgot the sight. A hopeful pupil of Marsden in Sydney, he knew the ways of the white men. In 1820, he and a brother chief were taken to England by Kendall to help in the translation of the scriptures. The pair were lionized, and on all sides presents were made to them. They were presented to King George IV., who gave Hongi a suit of armour. On his return, this translator of the

scriptures heard at Sydney that his tribe was at war and that one of his relatives had been killed. Now was his time. He at once sold all his presents except the suit of armour and bought three hundred muskets and a supply of powder and bullets. The Sydney Government did not prevent him. Landing in New Zealand, he determined to imitate Napoleon. Allowing for the enormous difference in his arena, he managed to be nearly as mischievous. His luckless enemies, armed only with spears, tomahawks, stones and clubs, were shot and enslaved by thousands and eaten by hundreds. Wide districts were swept bare of people. No man cared for anything except to procure a gun and thereby have a chance to save his life. A musket was, indeed, a pearl of great price. In their desperate straits the tribes sold flax, timber, potatoes, mats, tattooed heads, pigs—even their precious land—for fire-arms. Without them their lives were not worth a month's purchase. Men and women toiled almost frantically at growing and preparing flax or providing anything exchangeable for muskets, powder and lead. Undoubtedly whites were welcomed, both as traders and fighters, with a readiness unknown before. In 1835, New Zealand exports to Sydney were valued at £113,000, her imports at £31,000. It was a poor set-off against an era of butchery. Hongi used to go to battle in King George's suit of armour. In a fight in 1827 he rashly went

without it and was shot in the lungs. He did not die of the wound for fifteen months. It is said that he used to entertain select friends by letting the wind whistle through the bullet-hole in his chest. Surgeon-Major Thompson embodies the story in his book, so, perhaps, a writer who is not a surgeon ought not to doubt it.

CHAPTER V.

"A SHIP OF WAR WITHOUT GUNS."

BETWEEN 1830 and 1840, then, New Zealand had drifted into a new phase of existence. Instead of being an unknown land, peopled by ferocious cannibals, to whose shores ship-captains gave as wide a berth as possible, she was now a country with a White element and a constant trade. Missionaries were labouring not only along the coasts but in many districts of the interior, and a large minority of the natives were being brought under the influence of Christianity. The Whites were made up of four classes—first, the missionaries; second, the *Pakeha* Maoris; third, the whalers and sealers of the South

Island; and, fourth, the traders and others settled in the Bay of Islands. In the last-named beautiful haven, Kororareka—now called Russell—formed a sort of Alsatia. As many as a thousand Whites lived there at times. On one occasion, thirty-five large whaling ships were counted as they lay off its beach in the bay. The crews of these found among the rum-shops and Maori houris of Kororareka a veritable South Sea Island paradise. The Maori chiefs of the neighbourhood pandered to their vices and grew rich thereby. So outrageous were the scenes in the place that its own people had to organise some sort of government. This took the form of a vigilance committee, each member of which came to its meetings armed with musket and cutlass. Their tribunal was, of course, that of Judge Lynch. They arrested certain of the most unbearable offenders, tarred and feathered them, and drummed them out of the township. When feathers were lacking for the decoration, the white fluff of the native bull-rush made an efficient substitute. In the absence of a gaol, the Vigilants were known to keep a culprit in duress by shutting him up for the night in a sea chest ventilated by means of gimlet-holes.

They were not, however, the only representatives of law and order in New Zealand. The British authorities in New South Wales were now, perforce, keeping their eye on this troublesome

archipelago in the south-east. A statute was passed authorising the trial and punishment of persons guilty of murder and other crimes in certain savage and disturbed countries, amongst which were specified New Zealand, Otaheite, and Honduras. One white ruffian was actually arrested in New Zealand, taken back to Sydney and executed. An Australian Governor prohibited the inhuman traffic in preserved and tattooed heads by attaching thereto a penalty of £40, coupled with exposure of the trader's name.

In England more than one influential believer in colonies had long been watching New Zealand. As early as 1825, a Company was formed to purchase land and settle colonists in the North Island. This Company's agent, Captain Herd, went so far as to buy land on the Hokianga Estuary and conduct thither a party of settlers. One of the first experiences of the new-comers was, however, the sight of a native war-dance, the terrifying effects of which, added to more practical difficulties, caused most of them to fold their tents and depart to Australia. In 1829, a deputation of the Friends of Colonization waited upon the Duke of Wellington, then Prime Minister, to urge that New Zealand should be acquired and settled. The Duke, under the advice of the Church Missionary Society, flatly refused to think of such a thing. It was then that he made the historically noteworthy

observation that, even supposing New Zealand were as valuable as the deputation made out, Great Britain had already colonies enough. When one reflects what the British Colonial Empire was in 1829, and what it has since become, the remark is a memorable example of the absence of the imaginative quality in statesmen. But the Duke of Wellington was not by any means alone in a reluctance to annex New Zealand. Four years earlier a number of Maori chiefs had petitioned for British protection, which had not been granted. The truth is not only that the Empire seemed large enough to others besides the Duke, but that the missionaries stood in the way. As representing the most respectable and the only self-sacrificing element amongst those interested in the islands, they were listened to. It would have been strange had it been otherwise. Nevertheless, the growing trade and the increasing number of unauthorised white settlers made it necessary that something should be done. Consequently, in 1834 Sir George Gipps sent to the Bay of Islands Mr. James Busby to reside there as British Resident. He was paid a salary, and provided with £200 a year to distribute in presents to the native chiefs. He had no authority and was not backed by any force. He was aptly nick-named "the ship of war without guns." For some years Mr. Busby lived there, going through as strange an experience as has often fallen to the lot of

a British official. Had he been a man of genius he might possibly have managed the inhabitants of this Alsatia. As it was, these latter did not like him, and complained that his manners were exclusive and his wit caustic. Probably this meant nothing more than that he declined to share their orgies. But, as not infrequently happens when conscientious officials are appointed to reside in barbarous countries without definite duties, Mr. Busby proceeded to make work for himself. He drew up a federal constitution for the Maori tribes. He induced a number of chiefs to accept this comical scheme, and, as a first step to the organization of the New Zealand race, procured and hoisted a national flag. The flag was duly run up, but, if we except a severe snubbing administered to Mr. Busby by his official superiors, its hoisting formed the first and last act in the federation of Maori tribes under parliamentary institutions. A little before this an even more ridiculous and pretentious fiasco took place. An adventurer of French parentage, a certain Baron de Thierry, proclaimed himself King of New Zealand, and bought, or imagined he bought—for thirty axes—40,000 acres of land from the natives. He landed at Hokianga with a retinue of ninety-three followers. The Maoris of the neighbourhood gravely pointed out to him a plot of three hundred acres, which was all they would acknowledge of his purchase. Unabashed,

he began the making of a carriage-road which was to cross the island. Quickly it was found that his pockets were empty. Laughed at by whites and natives alike, he at once subsided into the harmless obscurity of a hut at Kororareka.

Yet this little burlesque was destined to have its share in hastening the appearance of England on the scene. Thierry had tried to enlist the sympathies of the French Government. So also had another Frenchman, Langlois, the captain of a whaling ship, who professed to have bought 300,000 acres of land from the natives of Banks Peninsula in the South Island. Partly owing to his exertions, a French company called "The Nanto-Bordelaise Company" was incorporated, the object of which was to found a French colony on the shores of the charming harbour of Akaroa, on the land said to have been purchased by Langlois. In this company Louis Philippe was a shareholder. In 1837, also, the Catholic missionary Pompallier was dispatched to New Zealand to labour among the Maoris. Such were the sea-routes of that day that it took him some twelve months voyaging amid every kind of hardship and discomfort to reach his journey's end. In New Zealand the fact that he showed Thierry some consideration, and that he and his Catholic workers in the mission-field were not always on the best of terms with their Protestant competitors, aroused well-founded suspicions that the French had their

eye upon New Zealand. The English missionaries were now on the horns of a dilemma. They did not want a colony, but if there was to be annexation, the English flag would, of course, be far preferable. Moreover, a fresh influence had caused the plot to thicken, and was also making for annexation. This was the appearance on the scene of the "land-sharks"—shrewd adventurers who had come to the conclusion that the colonization of New Zealand was near at hand, and were buying up preposterously large tracts of land on all sides. Most of the purchases were either altogether fictitious, or else were imperfect and made for absurdly low prices. By 1840 it was estimated that 20,000,000 acres, or nearly a third of the area of New Zealand, was supposed to have been gobbled up piecemeal by the land-sharks. The claims arising out of these transactions were certain at the best to cause confusion, ill-feeling and trouble, and indeed did so. Some legally-constituted authority was clearly wanted to deal with them. Otherwise armed strife between the warlike Maoris and adventurers claiming their lands was inevitable. Both Marsden and his ablest lieutenant, Henry Williams, had come to see in 1838 that the only hope for the country lay in annexation.

Yet, in the face of all these moving causes, the Colonial Office was still hanging back. Its hand was forced by a body of persons who appeared on the scene not in New Zealand, but

in England. They were composed of men of good standing, in some cases of rank and even personal distinction. They were not traders, but colonizers, and as such could not be ignored, for their objects were legitimate and their hands as clean as those of the missionaries. They first formed a body called "The New Zealand Association," and when this failed to get a charter and collapsed, they erected on its ruins the well-known "New Zealand Company." At their head were John Lambton, Earl of Durham, and Edward Gibbon Wakefield. Their more prominent members included Mr. Francis Baring and Sir William Molesworth. The Earl of Durham was a genius of irregular temper, who played a great part in another colonial theatre—Canada. Gibbon Wakefield, in spite of striking defects, is likely to be remembered as long as the history of Australia and New Zealand is read. In company with Sir William Molesworth, he did much to aid the agitation which put an end to the transportation of convicts to Australia. He was actively concerned in the foundation of South Australia, where his system of high prices for land was destined shortly to bring about one of the maddest little land "booms" in colonial history. But these things were not enough to occupy his daring, original, and indefatigable spirit. He threw himself into the colonization of New Zealand. He and his brother, Colonel

Wakefield, became the brain and hand of the New Zealand Company. After repeated efforts to obtain the help and sanction of the English Government, they decided to go on unauthorized. Colonel Wakefield, as Agent for the Company, was despatched in May, 1839, to the southern end of the North Island, and there he entered into a series of negotiations with the Maori chiefs which led to extensive land purchases. Ultimately Colonel Wakefield claimed that he had bought many millions of acres—indeed, nearly the whole of what are now the provincial districts of Wellington and Taranaki, and a large slice of Nelson. It is quite probable that he believed he had. It is certain that the Maoris, for their part, never had the least notion of selling the greater portion of this immense area. It is equally probable that such chiefs as Rauparaha and Raugiheata, who were parties to the bargain, knew that Wakefield thought he was buying the country. Fifty-eight chiefs in all signed the deeds of sale. Even if they understood what they were doing, they had no right, under the Maori law and custom, thus to alienate the heritage of their tribes. Had Colonel Wakefield's alleged purchases been upheld, the Company would have acquired nine-tenths of the lands of no less than ten powerful tribes. The price paid for this was goods valued at something less than £9,000. The list of articles handed over at the Wakefield

purchases is remarkable enough to be worth quoting :—

300 red blankets.
200 muskets.
16 single-barrelled guns.
8 double-barrelled guns.
2 tierces tobacco.
15 cwt. tobacco.
148 iron pots.
6 cases soap.
15 fowling pieces.
81 kegs gunpowder.
2 casks ball cartridges.
4 kegs lead slates.
200 cartouche boxes.
60 tomahawks.
2 cases pipes.
10 gross pipes.
72 spades.
100 steel axes.
20 axes.
46 adzes.
3,200 fish-hooks.
24 bullet moulds.
1,500 flints.
276 shirts.
92 jackets.
92 trousers.
60 red nightcaps.
300 yards cotton duck.
200 yards calico.
300 yards check.
200 yards print.
480 pocket handkerchiefs.
72 writing slates.
600 pencils.
204 looking glasses.
276 pocket knives.
204 pairs scissors.
12 pairs shoes.
12 hats.
6 lbs. beads.
12 hair umbrellas.
100 yards ribbons.
144 Jews' harps.
36 razors.
180 dressing combs.
72 hoes.
2 suits superfine clothes.
36 shaving boxes.
12 shaving brushes.
12 sticks sealing wax.
11 quires cartridge paper.
12 flushing coats.
24 combs.

Meanwhile the Company had been advertising, writing, canvassing, and button-holeing in England, had kept a newspaper on foot, and had secured friends in Parliament and in London mercantile circles. By giving scrip supposed to represent plots and farms in its New Zealand territory, it secured numbers of settlers, many of whom were men of character,

education and ability. Towards the end of 1839 its preparations were complete, and the first batch of its settlers were shipped to Port Nicholson. They landed there on January 22nd, 1840, but in June, 1839, the Colonial Office had at length given way. What between the active horde of traders and land-sharks in New Zealand itself—what between the menace of French interference and the pressure at home of the New Zealand Company, the official mind could hold out no longer. Captain Hobson, of the Royal Navy, was directed to go to the Bay of Islands, and was armed with a dormant commission authorizing him, after annexing New Zealand, to govern it in the name of Her Majesty. In Sydney a royal proclamation was issued under which New Zealand was included within the political boundary of the colony of New South Wales. Captain Hobson was to act as Lieutenant-Governor, with the Governor of New South Wales as his superior officer. On January 29th, 1840, therefore, he stepped on shore at Kororareka and was loyally received by the Alsatians. The history of New Zealand as a portion of the British Empire dates from that day.

CHAPTER VI.

CROWN *versus* COMPANY.

THOUGH Governor Hobson landed in January, the formal annexation of the Colony did not take place until May. He had first to take possession; and this could only be effectually done with the consent of the native tribes. The northern chiefs were therefore summoned to meet the Queen's representative at Waitangi (Water of Weeping). Tents and a platform were erected and the question of annexation argued at length. The French Bishop Pompallier appeared in full canonicals to oppose the new departure. On the other hand, Henry Williams, representing the Protestant missionaries, threw all his weight into the scale on the Governor's side and acted as translator. While a minority of the chiefs were still hostile, Waka Nene, the most influential of the Ngapuhi tribe, spoke strongly and eloquently for

annexation. His speech gained the day and a treaty was drawn up and signed.

By the preamble, Queen Victoria invited the confederated and independent Chiefs of New Zealand to concur in Articles to the following effect:—

(1) The Chiefs of New Zealand ceded to Her Majesty, absolutely and without reservation, all their rights and powers of Sovereignty.

(2) Her Majesty guaranteed to the Chiefs and Tribes of New Zealand, full, exclusive, and undisturbed possession of their Lands and Estates, Forests, Fisheries and other properties; but the Chiefs yielded to Her Majesty the exclusive right of Pre-emption over such lands as the proprietors thereof might be disposed to alienate, at such prices as might be agreed upon.

(3) Her Majesty gave to the natives of New Zealand all the Rights and Privileges of British Subjects.

Nearly fifty chiefs signed the treaty there and then, and within six months—so energetically did the missionaries and Government agents carry it throughout the tribes—it had been signed by five hundred and twelve. Only about one chief of first-class rank and importance refused to sign it. This was that fine barbarian Te Heu Heu, whose home lay at the foot of the great volcanoes by Lake Taupo on the plateau in the centre of the North Island. Te Heu Heu was the last of the old heathen warriors. He stood fully six feet high, a patriarch and leader of men who scoffed at the white men and their religion

and defied Governor and missionaries alike to the end. As he could neither be coerced nor persuaded he was let alone. For the rest, it may fairly be claimed that the Maori race accepted the Treaty of Waitangi.

They had very good reason to do so. To this day they regard it as the Magna Charta of their liberties. They were fully aware that under it the supreme authority passed to the Queen; but they were quite able to understand that their tribal lands were guaranteed to them. In other words, they were recognised as the owners in fee simple of the whole of New Zealand. As one of them afterwards expressed it, "The shadow passes to the Queen, the substance stays with us." At the same time Governor Hobson had announced to the white settlers by proclamation that the Government would not recognise the validity of any of their land titles not given under the Queen's authority. It is not easy to see how else he could have dealt with the land-sharks; but at the same time his treaty and his proclamation were bound to paralyse settlement, to exasperate the entire white population, and to plunge the infant colony into a sea of troubles. Outside the missionaries and the officials everyone was uneasy and alarmed. All the settlers were either land owners, land claimants, or would-be land purchasers. Yet they found themselves at one and the same time

left without titles to all that they possessed, and debarred from the right of buying anything more except from the Crown. Space will not admit here of a discussion of the vexed question of the land clause in the Treaty of Waitangi. As a rule civilised nations do not recognise the right of scattered handfuls of barbarians to the ownership of immense tracts of soil, only a fraction of which they cultivate or use. However, from the noblest and most philanthropic motives an exception to this rule was made in the case of New Zealand, and by treaty some seventy thousand Maoris were given a title guaranteed by England—the best title in the world—to some sixty-six million acres of valuable land. Putting aside the question of equity, it may be observed that, had not this been done, the Maoris, advised by the missionaries, would certainly have refused their assent to the Treaty. The millions sterling which have had to be spent in New Zealand directly and indirectly in acquiring Maori land for settlement supply of course no argument whatever against the equity of the Treaty. When honour is in the scale it outweighs money. Yet had Captain Hobson been able to conceive what was entailed in the piecemeal purchase of a country held under tribal ownership it is difficult to think that he would have signed the Treaty without hesitation. He could not, of course, imagine that he was giving

legal force to a system under which the buying of a block of land would involve years of bargaining even when a majority of its owners wished to sell; that the ascertainment of a title would mean tedious and costly examination by courts of experts of a labyrinth of strange and conflicting barbaric customs; that land might be paid for again and again and yet be declared unsold; that an almost empty wilderness might be bought first from its handful of occupants, then from the conquerors who had laid it waste, and yet after all be reclaimed by returned slaves or fugitives who had quitted it years before. Governor Hobson could not foresee that cases would occur in which the whole purchase-money of broad lands would be swallowed up in the costs of sale, or that a greedy tribe of expert middlemen would in days to come bleed Maori and settler alike. Yet it would have been but reasonable for the Colonial Office to exert itself to palliate the effects of the staggering blows it thus dealt the pioneer colonists of New Zealand. They were not all land-sharks; most of them were nothing of the sort. It was but natural that they felt with extreme bitterness that the Queen's Government only appeared on the scene as the friend and protector of the aborigines. For the whites the Government had for years little but suspicion and restraint.

It would have been only just and statesmanlike

if the recognition of Maori ownership had been accompanied by a vigorous policy of native land purchase by the authorities. But it was not. Captain Hobson was only scantily supplied with money—he had £60,000 sent him in three years—and did not himself appear to recognize the paramount need for endowing the Colony with waste land for settlement. He is said to have held that there need be no hurry in the matter inasmuch as the steady decrease of the Maoris would of itself solve the problem. Nearly sixty years have passed since then, and the Maori race is by no means extinct. But Captain Hobson, though a conscientious and gallant man, was no more imbued with the colonizing spirit than might be expected of any honest English naval officer. Moreover, he was just what a man in his irksome and difficult position should not have been—an invalid. Within a few weeks after the signing of the Treaty of Waitangi he was stricken with paralysis. Instead of being relieved he was left to die slowly at his post. To have met the really great difficulties and the combination of petty worries and annoyances which beset him, the new governor should have had the best of health and spirits. The complications around him grew daily more entangled. In the North he had a population amongst which the traditions of the old Alsatian life lingered long. Confronting the whites were the native tribes,

who, if united and irritated, could have swept all before them. Hobson, a man accustomed to command rather than to manage, was instructed to control the Maoris by moral suasion. He was to respect their institutions and customs when these were consistent with humanity and decency, otherwise not. How in the last resort he was to stamp out inhuman and indecent customs was left unexplained. Certainly not by force; for it would have been flattery to apply such a term to the tiny handful of armed men at his back.

Moreover, for the reasons already sketched, the English in New Zealand formed a house divided against itself. As though the differences in the north between Maori officials, Alsatians of the old school and settlers of the new, were not sufficient, there was the large and daily increasing antagonistic element being brought into the centre of the Colony by the New Zealand Company. With an energy quite unchecked by any knowledge of the real condition of New Zealand, the directors of the Company in London kept on sending out ship-load after ship-load of emigrants to the districts around Cook's Straits. The centre of their operations was Port Nicholson, but bodies of their settlers were planted at Wanganui and New Plymouth, further north, and at Nelson in the South Island. Upon these at the very outset came the thunderbolt of Governor Hobson's proclamation refusing

recognition to their land purchases. Of this and of the land clause in the Treaty of Waitangi the natives were made fully aware by the missionaries. Rauparaha, before referred to and still the most influential chief near Cook's Straits, was exactly the man to take advantage of the situation. Crafty by nature, he was wise by experience, cold-blooded, and treacherous. He had taken the muskets and gunpowder of the Company, and was now only too pleased to refuse them the price they thought to receive. It was, of course, impossible to justify Colonel Wakefield's purchase. But it was certainly incumbent on the Government to find a *modus vivendi* with the least possible delay. On the one hand they had thousands of decent, intelligent English colonists newly landed in a savage country and not in any way responsible for the company's haste and carelessness. The settlers at any rate had paid ample value for their land. On the other hand were the native tribes who, as the price of land went in those days, had certainly received the equivalent for a considerable territory. There was room for an equitable arrangement just as there was most pressing need for promptitude. Instead of that, a Commissioner was appointed who did not arrive until months after the Governor, and whose final award was not given for years. When he did give it he cut down the Company's purchase of twenty million acres to two hundred and

eighty-three thousand. Meantime, the long and weary months dragged on and the unfortunate settlers were either not put in possession of their land at all, or had as little security for their farms as for their lives. To show the state of the country it may be noted that the two tribes from whom Colonel Wakefield bought the land round Port Nicholson quarrelled amongst themselves over the division of the goods he paid them. The Ngatiraukawa treacherously attacked the Ngatiawa, were soundly beaten and lost seventy men. Moreover, the Company's settlement at Port Nicholson was perversely planted just on that place in the inner harbour which is exposed to the force of the ocean. It had to be shifted to a more sheltered spot, and this the natives denied they ever sold. From that moment began a series of disputes which led to murder and petty warfare, and were hardly at an end seven years later. The settlers, however, held the disputed land on which they had squatted, and which is now the site of Wellington, the capital of New Zealand.

Cooped up in their narrow plots by the sea, Colonel Wakefield and his settlers established a provisional Government. Captain Hobson, hearing probably some very exaggerated account of this, sent down his Lieutenant, Mr. Willoughby Shortland, in a Government vessel, with sailors and marines to put down this act of insubordination. Mr. Shortland,

who suffered from the not uncommon failing of a desire to magnify his office, made the process as ridiculous as possible and landed amongst the settlers, who had gathered to welcome him, in the fashion of a royal commander sent to suppress a rebellion. It is not to be wondered at if a feeling grew up among the New Zealand settlers directed against both officials and missionaries, which at times intensified to great bitterness and which took many years to die down. Even now its faint relics may be observed in a vague feeling of dislike and contempt for the Colonial Office. The New Zealand Company, however, cannot be acquitted of blame in more respects than one. Not only were their purchases such as I have sketched, not only did they hurry out thousands of settlers without proper knowledge or consideration, but they unquestionably committed a capital error in their choice of localities for settlements. Wellington, with its central position and magnificent harbour, is undeniably the key of New Zealand. It was in after years very properly made the seat of Government, and is always likely to remain so. But it was an almost criminal error on the part of the Company to plump down its settlers in districts that were occupied and certain to be stubbornly held by warlike natives. Nearly the whole of the South Island had no human

occupants. The east and south-east of that island lay open to the first comer. Moreover, the country there was not only fertile but treeless, and, therefore, singularly suited for rapid and profitable settlement. It is quite easy to see now that had the New Zealand Company begun its first operations there a host of failures and troubles would have been avoided. The settlement of the North Island should not have been begun until after an understanding had been come to with the Imperial authorities and missionaries, and on a proper and legal system of land purchase. This and other things the Company might have found out if it had taken early steps to do so. The truth is that the first occupation of New Zealand was rushed, and, like everything else that is done in a hurry, it was in part done very badly.

So little was known or thought of the South Island that sovereignty was not proclaimed over it until four months after the Governor's arrival in the North, and even then the royal flag was not hoisted there. The consequence was a narrow escape from an attempt by the French to plant a colony at Akaroa in Banks Peninsula. The French frigate "L'Aube" put in at the Bay of Islands in July, 1840, bound for the south. Her captain, hospitably entertained by Hobson, let fall some incautious words about the object of his voyage. Hobson

took the alarm and promptly dispatched the "Britomart" to hoist the English flag at Akaroa. Thanks to bad weather, the "Britomart" only reached the threatened port a few days before the Frenchmen. Then it was found that an emigrant ship with a number of French settlers was coming with all the constituent parts of a small colony. The captain of "L'Aube" finding himself forestalled good-humouredly made the best of it. A number of the immigrants did indeed land. Some of them were afterwards taken away to the Marquesas Islands in the South Seas. Others remained permanently settled at Akaroa. There around a bay, still called French Bay, they planted vineyards and built cottages in a fashion having some pathetic reminiscences of rural France. There they used to be visited from time to time by French men-of-war; but they gave no trouble to anyone, and their children, by removal or intermarriage, became blended with the English population which in later days surrounded them.

Captain Hobson now had to choose a capital. He made so good a choice that his name is likely to be remembered therefor as long as New Zealand lasts. By founding the city of Auckland he not only took up a strategic position which cut the Maori tribes almost in half, but selected an unrivalled trading centre. The narrow neck of land on which Auckland

stands between the winding Waitemata on the east and the broader Manukau Harbour on the west will, before many years, be overspread from side to side by a great mercantile city. The unerring eye of Captain Cook had, seventy years before, noted the Hauraki Gulf as an admirable position. Hobson's adviser in choosing it as his seat of Government is said to have been the missionary, Henry Williams. In any case the selection was a master-stroke. Twenty-four years later Auckland ceased to be the capital of the Colony; but though in this she had to yield to the superior claims of Wellington, she could afford to lose the privilege. First in size and beauty, she is to-day second to no other New Zealand city in prosperity and progress.

Hobson had other advisers besides the missionaries. In some of them he was fortunate. Mr. William Swainson, his Attorney-General, was an English lawyer of striking ability in certain directions. Luckily one of these lay in drafting statutes. On him devolved the drawing-up of the laws of the infant Colony. In doing so he ventured to be much simpler in language and much less of a slave to technical subtleties than was usual in his day. By an ordinance dealing with conveyancing, he swept away a host of cumbrous English precedents relating to that great branch of law. Other excellent enactments dealt with legal procedure

and marriage. Mr. Swainson's ordinances were not only good in themselves but set an example in New Zealand which later law reformers were only too glad to follow and improve upon. Another official of ability and high character was Sir William Martin, Chief Justice, long known, not only as a refined gentleman and upright judge, but as an enthusiastic and unswerving champion of what he believed to be the rights of the Maori race. But a more commanding figure than either Martin or Swainson was George Augustus Selwyn, the first Bishop of the Colony. No better selection could have been made than that by which Mr. Gladstone sent this muscular Christian to organise and administer a church of mingled savages and pioneers. Bishop Selwyn was both physically and mentally a ruler of men. When in the wilderness he could outride or outwalk his guides, and could press on when hunger made his companions flag wearily. He would stride through rivers in his Bishop's dress and laugh at such trifles as wet clothes; when at sea in his missionary schooner he could haul on the ropes or take the helm—and did so. If his manner and actions savoured at times somewhat of the dramatic, and if he had more of iron than of honey in his nature, it must be remembered that his duty lay in wild places and amongst rough men, where strength of will and force of character were more needed than

gentler virtues. For more than a generation he laboured strenuously amongst Maoris and Europeans, loved by many and respected by all. He organised the Episcopal Church in New Zealand upon a basis which showed a rare insight into the democratic character of the community with which he had to deal. The basis of his system is found in the representative synods of clergy and laity which assemble annually in each New Zealand diocese. The first draft of this church constitution came indeed from the brain and hand of Sir George Grey, but for the rest the credit of it belongs to Selwyn.

Governor Hobson died at Auckland after ruling New Zealand for a little less than three years. His best monument is the city which he founded, and the best verdict on his life is by common consent written in a letter addressed by a Maori chief to the Queen. "Let not," said this petition, "the new Governor be a boy or one puffed up. Let not a troubler come amongst us. Let him be a good man like this Governor who has just died." When these words were written the judgment of the English in New Zealand would have been less complimentary. But time has vindicated Hobson's honesty and courage, and in some important respects even his discernment. For the rest, it must be remembered that he was sent to New Zealand not to push on settlement

but to protect the natives against settlers. This he faithfully and consistently did.

In 1842 it took eight months before an official writing from New Zealand to England could hope to get an answer. The time was far distant when the results of a cricket match in the Southern hemisphere could be proclaimed in the streets of London before noon on the day of play. It was not therefore surprising that Hobson's successor did not reach the Colony for more than a year after his death. Meantime the Government was carried on by Mr. Secretary Shortland, not the ablest of his officials. He soon very nearly blundered into war with the Maoris, some of whom had been killing and eating certain of another tribe. The Acting-Governor was, however, held back by Selwyn, Martin, and Swainson. The two former walked on foot through the disturbed district, in peril but unharmed, to proffer their good advice. The Attorney-General advised that what the Acting-Governor contemplated was *ultra vires*, an opinion so palpably and daringly wrong that some have thought it a desperate device to save the country. Poor Mr. Shortland's next troubles were financial. To replenish the treasury chest he tried to borrow £10,000 in Sydney. But New Zealand, which has lately borrowed many times that sum at about three per cent. interest, could not then raise the money at fifteen per cent.

Mr. Shortland next drew bills on the English treasury, which were dishonoured, though the mother country afterwards relented so far as to lend the sum, adding it to the public debt of the Colony. Finally, the Governor whose arrival superseded Mr. Shortland made a beginning by publicly insulting that gentleman. Very wisely the Secretary at once resigned, and was sent by Downing Street to govern a small island in the West Indies.

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION.

IF neither Captain Hobson nor Mr. Shortland found official life in New Zealand otherwise than thorny, their career was smooth and prosperous compared to that of the personage who next appeared on the scene. Admiral—then Captain—Robert Fitzroy will have a kind of immortality as the commander of the "Beagle"—Darwin's "Beagle." His scientific work as a hydrographer at the Admiralty is still spoken of in high terms. He was unquestionably a well-meaning sailor. But his short career in New Zealand is an awful example of the evils which the Colonial Office can inflict on a distant part of the Empire by a bad appointment. It is true that Fitzroy was not fairly supported by the authorities at home. They supplied him with neither men nor money. But a study of his two years of rule fails to reveal any pitfall in his pathway into which he did not straightway blunder.

In justice, it should be said that the unlucky Governor landed at Auckland to find an ample inheritance of trouble awaiting him. In June, 1843, the Cook's Straits settlers had at last come to the death-grip with Rauparaha and his ally Rangiheata. The encounter took place in the fertile Wairau Valley, in the north-east corner of the South Island. Here was some land which the New Zealand Company claimed. The Company insisted upon having it, and put up huts there. These the Maoris burned down. With foolish hardihood, Captain Arthur Wakefield, Colonel Wakefield's brother, obtained a warrant for the arrest of Rauparaha on a charge of arson, and set out to arrest him at the head of a *posse* of Nelson settlers. Rauparaha, surrounded by his armed followers, met and of course defied them. They made as though to arrest him. There was a scuffle; a gun went off, and in the confused conflict which followed, the undisciplined settlers were panic-stricken and ran. Five gentlemen and four labourers, ashamed to follow, gave themselves up to Rauparaha. But Rangiheata had a blood feud with the English. Some time before, a Maori woman, a relative of his, had been murdered by a white who, however, when tried in the Supreme Court, had been acquitted. Now was the hour for vengeance. Rangiheata fell upon the unresisting prisoners and tomahawked them all. Captain Wakefield, thus untimely slain,

was not only an able pioneer leader, but a man of high worth, of singularly fine and winning character, and far the most popular of his family. The Wairau Massacre, as it was called, gave a shock to the young colony. The Maoris triumphantly declared that the *mana* (prestige) of the English was gone. Twenty-two settlers in all were killed that day and five wounded. The native loss was only four killed and eight wounded. So easily was the first tussle between Maori and settler won by the natives.

The colony waited to see what Governor Fitzroy would do. Influenced by his philo-Maori advisers, he decided that, as the Company's title to the land was faulty, Rauparaha and Rangiheata must be freely forgiven. He journeyed south and at Otaki, in the Wellington district, held a public conference with the chiefs. Both there and subsequently his language and manner failed to impress the natives, while they deeply incensed the settlers. The former put down their hasty pardon to weakness, while the latter found themselves scolded in a style so violent and undignified that they declared the new Governor could not be master of his own actions. That Gibbon Wakefield's brother should have been savagely butchered and not avenged was bad enough; that his fellow-settlers should be rated for their share in the disaster, seemed a thing not to be endured. The Maoris grew insolent, the settlers sullen, and for years

afterwards a kind of petty warfare lingered on in the Wellington district.

Governor Fitzroy was no more successful in Taranaki. There the Company, after claiming the entire territory, had had their claim cut down by the Commissioner's award to 60,000 acres. But even this was now disputed, on the ground that it had been bought from a native tribe—the Waikato—who had indeed conquered it and carried away its owners as slaves, but had never taken possession of the soil by occupation. When Colonel Wakefield bought it, the land was virtually empty, but when the enslaved Taranaki tribesmen were afterwards released through the influence of Christianity, they returned to the desolated land and disputed the claim of the Company. On this nice point Captain Fitzroy had to adjudicate. He decided that the returned slaves were the true owners of the land. Instead of paying them fairly for the 60,000 acres—which they did not require—he handed the bulk of it back to them, penning the unhappy white settlers up in a miserable strip of 3,200 acres. The result was the temporary ruin of the Taranaki settlement and the sowing of the seeds of an intense feeling of resentment and injustice which bore evil fruit in later days.

Nor was Captain Fitzroy more skilful in dealing with finance than in his land trans actions. His very insufficient revenue was

largely derived from Customs duties. Now, trade at the Bay of Islands had, by this time, greatly fallen away. Whalers and timber vessels no longer resorted there as in the good old Alsatian days. Both whites and settlers grumbled at the change, which they chose to attribute to the Government Customs duties. To conciliate them, the Governor abolished Customs duties at Kororareka. Naturally a cry at once went up from other parts of the colony for a similar concession. The unhappy Governor, endeavouring to please them all, like the donkey-owner in Æsop's fable, abolished Customs duties everywhere; but the prospect of a compensating land-tax gave such a shock to the colony, that he was obliged to levy them once more. His next error was the abandonment of the Government monopoly of land purchase from the Maoris. As might be expected, the pressure upon all rulers in New Zealand to do this and to allow private bargaining with the natives for land has always been very strong, especially in the Auckland district. Repeated experience has, however, shown that the results are baneful to all concerned — demoralizing to the natives, and by no means always profitable to the white negotiators. When Fitzroy proclaimed that settlers might purchase land from the natives, he imposed a duty of ten shillings an acre upon each sale. Then, when this was bitterly

complained of, he reduced the fee to one penny. Finally, he fell back on the desperate expedient of issuing paper money, a thing which he had no right to do. All these mistakes and others he managed to commit within two short years. Fortunately for the colony, he, in some of them, flatly disregarded instructions from Downing Street. Hence his providential recall.

The last and worst of Governor Fitzroy's misfortunes was an unsuccessful war. To do him justice, he and his missionary advisers tried hard enough to avert any conflict with the Maoris. If conciliation pushed to the verge of submission could have kept the peace it would have been kept. But conciliation, without firmness, will not impress barbarians. The Maoris were not impressed by the well-meaning, vacillating Governor. They set to work, instead, to impress him. They invited him to a huge banquet near Auckland, and danced a war-dance before their guest with the deliberate intention of over-aweing him. Indeed, the spectacle of fifteen hundred warriors, stripped to the waist, stamping, swaying, leaping, and uttering deep guttural shouts, brandishing their muskets, and chanting wild rhythmic songs in perfect time, while their tattooed features worked convulsively, was calculated to affect even stronger nerves than the Governor's.

In 1845, Hone Heke, son-in-law of the great Hongi, presuming on the weakness of the Government, swaggered into Kororareka, plundered some of the houses, and cut down a flag-staff on the hill over the town on which the English flag was flying. Some white of the beach-comber species is said to have suggested the act to him by assuring him that the flag-staff represented the Queen's sovereignty—the evil influence which had drawn trade and money away to Auckland. Heke had no grievance whatever against the settlers. At the moment Fitzroy had not a hundred soldiers in the country. He hurried up to the scene of disturbance. Luckily Heke's tribe — the Ngapuhi — were divided. Part, under Waka Nene, held with the English. Accepting Nene's advice, Fitzroy allowed Heke to pay ten muskets in compensation for the flag-staff, and then foolishly gave back the fine as a present and departed. Nene and the friendly chiefs undertook to keep peace. They failed, for Heke again cut down the flag-staff. This of course brought war definitely on. The famous flag-staff was re-erected, and a party of soldiers and sailors set to guard it and Kororareka. Heke, however, notified that he would take the town—and did so. He marched against it with eight hundred men. One party attacked the flag-staff, another the town. The twenty defenders of the flag-staff fought hard, but numbers prevailed. During the attack

on the town the small garrison was paralysed by the blowing-up of their powder magazine. With the townspeople they took refuge on board the ships which lay in the bay. For the third time the flag-staff was cut down, and the victorious Maoris streaming into the houses plundered and burnt, while the ships' crews lay off shore looking at their antics. It was a greater blow to the English *mana* than even the Wairau massacre.

Troops were procured from Sydney, but they had no artillery. The natives relied on their *pas* or stockades. These, skilfully constructed by means of triple rows of heavy palisades, divided by shallow ditches which did duty for rifle pits, could not be carried without being breached by cannon. A fruitless attack upon one of them having demonstrated this, guns were fetched from Australia, and Heke and his men were brought to bay at their principal *pa*, Ohaeawai. Colonel Despard commanded the besiegers, who out-numbered the defenders by more than three to one. After bombarding the palisades for some days, the colonel, in defiance of the advice of his artillery-officer—who declared there was no practicable breach—ordered an assault. Two hundred soldiers and sailors were told off for the duty and charged up to the palisades. Only two or three got inside. In a quarter of an hour half the force were shot down, and the survivors only saved by the bugle-recall which Despard ordered to be

sounded. Forty, including a captain and two lieutenants, were killed on the spot or died of their wounds. Sixty-two others were wounded. Brave Lieutenant Philpotts, the first through the stockade, lay dead, sword in hand, inside the *pa*, shot at close quarters by a mere boy. The wounded could not be removed for two days. During the night the triumphant Maoris yelled and danced their war-dance. They tortured—with burning kauri gum—an unfortunate soldier whom they had captured alive, and whose screams could be plainly heard in the English camp. Despard, whose artillery ammunition had run short, remained watching the *pa* for several days. But when he was in a position to renew his bombardment, the natives quietly abandoned the place by night, without loss. According to their notions of warfare, such a withdrawal was not a defeat.

Such are the facts of one of the worst defeats sustained by our arms in New Zealand. It will scarcely be believed that after this humiliation Captain Fitzroy, on missionary advice, endeavoured to make peace—of course, without avail. Heke became a hero in the eyes of his race. The news of Ohaeawai reached England, and brought things to a climax at the Colonial Office. Fitzroy was recalled, and Captain Grey, the Governor of South Australia, whose sense and determination had lifted that colony out of the mire, was wisely selected to replace him.

CHAPTER VIII.

GOOD GOVERNOR GREY.

CAPTAIN Grey came in the nick of time. He arrived in November, 1845, to find Kororareka in ashes, Auckland panic-stricken, the Company's settlers in the south harassed by the Maoris and embittered against the Government, the missionaries objects of tormenting suspicions, and the natives disaffected and exultant. The colonists had no money and no hope. Four hundred Crown grants were lying unissued in the Auckland Land Office because their owners could not pay the fee of £1 apiece due on them. Happily Lord John Russell not only gave the unfortunate settlers a thoroughly capable ruler, but supplied him with sufficient troops and a certain amount of money. His first business was to end the war. This he did by attacking Heke's strongest *pa*, Ruapekapeka. Colonel Despard again commanded our troops, which, as at Ohaeawai, greatly outnumbered the garrison. The *pa*, with its cleverly

constructed defences, fell by an accident. Our artillery fire, continued for several days, was—rather to the surprise of our Maori allies—not stopped on Sunday. The defenders, Christians also, wishing to hold divine service, withdrew to an outwork behind their main fort to be out of reach of the cannon balls. A few soldiers and friendly natives, struck by the deserted aspect of the *pa*, crept up and got inside before they were discovered. The insurgents, after a plucky effort to retake their own fortress, fled with loss. The blow thus given ended the war. Heke sued for peace and was pardoned. From that day to this there has been no outbreak amongst the tribes north of Auckland, and Heke's relation and namesake, Hone Heke, M.H.R., is now a member of the New Zealand House of Representatives, which he addresses in excellent English.

The petty warfare in the Cook's Straits district took longer to end. It was a series of isolated murders, trifling skirmishes, night surprises, marchings and counter-marchings. Their dreary insignificance is redeemed by one story of heroism. An outpost of the fifty-eighth regiment had been surprised at dawn. The bugler, a lad named Allen, was raising his bugle to sound the alarm when a blow from a tomahawk half-severed his arm. Snatching the bugle with the other hand, he managed to blow a warning note before a second tomahawk-stroke stretched him dead.

Rauparaha, so often mentioned, now a very old man, was nominally not concerned in these troubles. He lived quietly in a sea-coast village by the Straits enjoying the reputation earned by nearly fifty years of fighting, massacring and plotting. The Governor, however, satisfied himself that the old chief was secretly instigating the insurgents. By a cleverly-managed surprise he captured Rauparaha in his village, whence he was carried kicking and biting on board a man-of-war. The move proved successful. The chief's *mana* among the Maoris was fatally injured by the humiliation.

Peace quickly came. It is true that at the end of the year 1846 there came a small outbreak which caused a tiny hamlet, now the town of Wanganui, to be attacked and plundered. But the natives, who retired into the bush, were quietly brought to submission by having their trade stopped and in particular their supply of tobacco cut off. Fourteen years of quiet now followed the two years of disturbance. During the fighting our loss had been eighty-five whites killed, and one hundred and sixty-seven wounded. Small as this total seems, it was larger than the casualties of the insurgents.

For his success Governor Grey was made Sir George, and greatly pleased the natives by choosing Waka Nene and another friendly chief to act as esquires at his investiture. But it was in the use he made of the restored tranquillity that he

showed his true capacity. He employed the natives as labourers in making roads, useful both for war and peace. The Maoris found wages better than warfare. He gained their confidence and interested himself in their material welfare as well as in their customs, songs, and old traditions. After a good deal of tedious litigation he was able to settle nearly all the outstanding land claims. His influence with the Maoris enabled him to buy considerable tracts of land. By him the Colonial Office was persuaded to have a reasonable force retained for the protection of the colony. He abolished the paper currency. He put an end to the office of "Protector of the Aborigines," the source of much well-meant but unpractical advice. When Earl Grey sent out in 1846 a constitution prematurely conferring upon the colonists the right of governing themselves—and also of governing the Maoris—Sir George had the moral courage and good sense to stand in the way of its adoption. For this, and for refusing to allow private purchase of native land, he was bitterly attacked; but he stood his ground, to the advantage of both races. Especially in the settlements of the New Zealand Company was the agitation for free institutions carried on with vigour and ability.

In addition to this hornet's nest, the Governor had enemies amongst the missionaries. A certain number of these belonging to the

Church of England had, between 1830 and 1845, bought about 216,000 acres of land from the natives. The English Commissioners cut down this purchase to about 66,000 acres. Even then there was some litigation and much bitterness. Some of the very missionaries who had been most prominent in thwarting the land purchases of the New Zealand Company were themselves purchasers of land. As may be imagined, the criticisms directed at them were savage and often grossly unjust and exaggerated. The Governor became involved in this miserable controversy, which only slowly died away when he passed ordinances that did much to settle doubtful and disputed claims.

With the Maoris, Grey's relations were as pleasant as pacific. The chiefs recognised his imperturbable courage and self-control and were charmed by his unfailing courtesy and winning manners. The study of their character, their songs, customs, and art was not only to him a labour of love, but bore practical fruit in the knowledge it gave him of the race. Few men have ever understood them better. He could humour their childishness and respect their intelligence. When a powerful chief refused to allow one of the Governor's roads to be pushed through his tribe's land, Grey said nothing, but sent the chief's wife a present of a wheeled carriage. Before long the road was permitted. But on the all-important question of the validity

of the land clause in the treaty of Waitangi the Governor always gave the Maoris the fullest assurance. He helped to found schools for them and interested himself in the all-important question of their physical health.

CHAPTER IX.

CHURCHES, AND SHEEP.

THE Company's settlements were no longer confined to the shores of Cook's Straits. The South Island—less certain reserves—had been bought from its handful of Maori owners. In 1848 and 1850 that was done which ought to have been done a decade sooner, and the void spaces of Otago and Canterbury were made the sites of settlements. The Otago pioneers landed in March, 1848. They were a band of Scotch Presbyterians, appropriately headed by a Captain Cargill, a Peninsular veteran and a descendant of Donald Cargill. As these pages go to press, Otago is celebrating her jubilee, and the mayor of her chief city, Captain Cargill's son, is the first citizen of a town of nearly 50,000 inhabitants which in energy and beauty is worthy of its name—Dunedin. For years, however, the progress of the young settlement was slow. It had no Maori troubles worth speaking of, but the hills near its site, rugged

and bush-covered, were troublesome to clear and settle, the winter climate is bleaker than that of northern or central New Zealand, and a good deal of Scottish endurance and toughness was needed before the colonists won their way through to the more fertile and open territory which lay waiting for them, both on their right hand and on their left, in the broad province of Otago. Like General Grant in his last campaign, they had to keep on "pegging away," and they did. Their leaders felt keenly the difficulty of getting good school teaching for the children, a defect so well repaired later on that the primary schools of Otago are now, perhaps, the best in New Zealand, while Dunedin was the seat of the Colony's first university college. They stood stoutly by their kirk, and gave it a valuable endowment of land. They had a gaol, the prisoners of which in early days were sometimes let out for a half-holiday, with the warning from the gaoler, Johnnie Barr, that if they did not come back by eight o'clock they would be locked out for the night. The usual dress of the settlers was a blue shirt, moleskin or corduroy trousers, and a slouch hat. Their leader, Captain Cargill, wore always a blue "bonnet" with a crimson knob thereon. They named their harbour Port Chalmers, and a stream, hard by their city Dunedin, the Water of Leith. The industrious, brave, successful, and cantankerous

little settlement soon ceased to be altogether Scotch. Indeed, the pioneers, called the "Old Identities," seemed almost swamped by the flood of gold-seekers which poured in in the years after 1861. Nevertheless, Otago is still the head-quarters of that large and very active element in the population of the Colony which makes the features and accent of North Britain more familiar to New Zealanders than to most Englishmen.

The next little colony founded in New Zealand dates its birth from 1850. Though it was to be Otago's next-door neighbour, it was neither Presbyterian nor Scottish, but English and Episcopalian. This was the Canterbury settlement. It owed its existence to an association in which the late Lord Lyttelton was prominent. As in the case of Otago, this association worked in conjunction with the New Zealand Company, and proposed to administer its lands on the Wakefield system. Three pounds an acre was to be the price of land in the Canterbury Block, of which one pound was to go to the church and education, two pounds to be spent on the work of development. The settlers landed in December, 1850, from four vessels, the immigrants in which have ever since had in their new home the exclusive right to the name of Pilgrims. The dream of the founders of Canterbury was to transport to the Antipodes a complete section of English society, or, more exactly, of the English Church.

It was to be a slice of England from top to bottom. At the top were to be an Earl and a Bishop; at the bottom the English labourer, better clothed, better fed, and contented. The dream seems a little pathetic as well as amusing now, but those who dreamed it were very much in earnest in 1850, and they laid the foundation stones of a fine settlement, though not precisely of the kind they contemplated. Their affairs for some years were managed by John Robert Godley, a name still well remembered in Downing Street. He had been the life and soul of the Canterbury Association, and made a strong administrator. Their Earl and their Bishop soon fled from the hard facts of pioneer life, but the pilgrims as a rule were made of sterner stuff, and sticking to their task, they soon spread over the yellow, grassy plains and wind-swept hillsides of their province. Their territory was better suited than Otago for the first stages of settlement, and for thirty years its progress was remarkable.

Neither in Canterbury nor Otago, however, were the plough and the spade found to be the instruments of speediest advance. They were soon eclipsed by the stockwhip and the shears. Long before the foundation of New Zealand Macarthur had taught the Australians to acclimatize the merino sheep. Squatters and shepherds from New South Wales and Tasmania were quick to discover that the South

Island of New Zealand was a well-nigh ideal land for pastoral enterprize. Coming to Canterbury, Otago and Nelson they taught the new settlers to look to wool and meat rather than to oats and wheat for profit and progress. In a few years the whole of the east and centre of the island, except a few insignificant cultivated patches, was leased in great "runs" of from 10,000 to 100,000 acres to grazing tenants. The Australian term "squatter" was applied to and accepted good-humouredly by these. Socially and politically, however, they were the magnates of the colony, sometimes financially also, but not always. Alas! the price of sheep and wool could go down by leaps and bounds, as well as up, and two or three bad years would deliver over the poor squatter as bond-slave to some bank or mortgage company. In the end, maybe, his mortgagee stepped in; he and his children saw their homestead, with its garden and clumps of planted eucalypts, willows and poplars—an oasis in the grassy wilderness—no more. Sometimes a new squatter reigned in his stead, sometimes for years the mortgagee left the place in charge of a shepherd—a new and dreary form of absentee ownership. The peasant cultivator, or "cockatoo" (another Australian word), followed slowly in the sheep farmer's wake. As late as 1857 there were not fifty thousand acres of land under tillage in the South

Island. The chief export was wool. The wool-growers looked upon their industry as the back-bone of the country. So, at any rate, for many years it was. But then the system of huge pastoral leases meant the exclusion of population from the soil. A dozen shepherds and labourers were enough for the largest run during most of the year. Only when the sheep had to be mustered and shorn were a band of wandering workmen called in. The work done, they tramped off to undertake the next station, or to drink their wages at the nearest public-house.

The endowed churches, the great pastoral leases, high-priced land, and the absence of Maori troubles, were the peculiar features of the southern settlement of New Zealand. Naturally these new communities, while adding greatly to the strength and value of the Colony as a whole, brought their own special difficulties to its rulers. With rare exceptions the settlers came from England and Scotland, not from Australia, and were therefore quite unused to despotic government. Having no Maori tribes in overwhelming force at their doors, they saw no reason why they should not at once be endowed with self-government. They therefore threw themselves heartily into the agitation for a free constitution, which by this time was in full swing in Wellington amongst the old settlers of the New Zealand Company. Moreover, in this, for the first time in the history of

the Colony, the settlers were in accord with the Colonial Office. As early as 1846, Earl Grey had sent out the draft of a constitution the details of which need not detain us, inasmuch as it never came to the birth. Sir George Grey refused to proclaim it, and succeeded in postponing the coming-in of free institutions for six years. For many reasons he was probably right, if only because the Maoris were still in a large majority; yet under Earl Grey's proposed constitution they would have been entirely governed by the white minority. Warlike and intelligent, and with a full share of self-esteem, they were not a race likely to put up with such an indignity. But Governor Grey's action, though justifiable, brought him into collision with the southern settlers. Godley, with questionable discretion, flung himself into the constitutional controversy.

Grey was successful in inducing the Maoris to sell a fair amount of their surplus land. During the last years of his rule and the four or five years after he went, some millions of acres were bought in the North Island. This, following on the purchase of the whole of the South Island, had opened the way for real progress. The huge estate thus gained by the Crown brought to the front new phases of the eternal land question. The question had to be faced as to what were to be the terms under which this land was to be sold and leased to the

settlers. Up to 1852 the settlers everywhere, except in the north, had to deal, not with the Crown, but with the New Zealand Company. But in 1852 the Company and its species of overlordship were finally extinguished. A quarter of a million was paid to it in satisfaction of its claims. Thereafter, the Company, with its high aims, its blunders, its grievances, and its achievements, vanishes from the story of New Zealand.

In the Church settlements of the South the Wakefield system was in full operation. Three pounds an acre was being charged for land. One pound went to the churches and their schools. This system of endowment Grey set himself to stop, and he did so at the cost of embittering his relations with the Southerners, which already were none too pleasant. For the rest, the southern settlements continued within their original special areas to sell land at from £1 to £2 an acre, and on the whole, at any rate up to the year 1870, their system could not be called a failure. A great deal of good settlement went on under it, and ample funds were provided for the construction of roads, bridges, and other public works. Meantime, Grey was called upon to devise some general system of land laws for the Colony at large. The result was the famous land regulations of 1853, a code destined to have lasting and mischievous effects upon the future of the country. Its main feature was the reduction of

the price of land to ten shillings an acre. Had this been accompanied by stringent limitations as to the amount to be purchased by any one man, the result might have been good enough. But it was not; nor did those who ruled after Grey think fit to impose any such check until immense areas of the country had been bought up by pastoral tenants and thus permanently locked up against close settlement. Grey's friends vehemently maintain that it was not he but those who afterwards administered his regulations who were responsible for this evil. They point out that it was not until after his departure that the great purchases began. No doubt Sir George Grey never dreamt that his regulations would bring about the bad results they did. More than that one can hardly say. His own defence on the point, as printed in his life by Rees, is virtually no defence at all. It is likely enough that had he retained the control of affairs after 1853 he would have imposed safeguards. He is not the only statesman whose laws have effects not calculated by their maker.

CHAPTER X.

THE CONSTITUTION AND PARLIAMENT.

THE Constitution under which the colonists were granted the management of their own affairs was mainly Grey's work. Its quality may be judged from its duration. It worked without alteration for twenty-two years, and in the main exceedingly well. In more recent days, it has been much cut about and modified. Briefly described, it provided the Colony with a dual system of government. Side by side with the central Parliament were to exist a number of provincial assemblies. The central Parliament was to have two Chambers, the Provincial Councils one. Over the Parliament was to be the Viceroy ruling through Ministers; over each Provincial Council, a Superintendent elected, like the Councils, by the people of his province. Each Superintendent was to have a small Executive of officials, who were themselves to be Councillors—a sort of small Cabinet. The central Parliament, called the

General Assembly, was to have an Upper House called the Legislative Council, whose members were, in Grey's scheme, to be elected by the Provincial Councils. But the Colonial Office demurred to this, and decided that they should be nominated by the Crown. Had Grey's proposal been carried out, New Zealand would have had a powerful Senate, eclipsing altogether the Lower Chamber. The Lower House was, of course, to be elected—on a franchise liberal though not universal. In 1853, the year of the land regulations, the Governor was entrusted with the task of proclaiming the constitution. He took the rather curious course of bringing the Provincial Councils into existence, and leaving the summoning of the central Parliament to his successor. He left the Colony in December of the same year, praised and regretted by the Maoris, regarded by the settlers with mixed feelings. Nevertheless, it would not be easy now to find anyone who would refuse a very high meed of praise to Governor Grey's first administration. It was not merely that he found the Colony on the brink of ruin, and left it in a state of prosperity and progress. Able subalterns, a rise in prices, the development of some new industry, might have brought about the improvement. Such causes have often made reputation for colonial rulers and statesmen. But in Grey's case no impartial

student can fail to see that to a considerable extent the change for the better was due to him. Moreover, with singular foresight and power of imagination, he not only grappled with the difficulties of his time, but built for the future, and—with one marked exception—laid foundations deep and well.

If the Colonial Office did not see its way to retain Grey in the Colony until his constitution had been put into full working order, it should, at least, have seen that he was replaced by a capable official. This was not done. His successor did not arrive for two years, and, meanwhile, the Vice-regal office devolved upon Colonel Wynyard, a good-natured soldier, unfitted for the position. The first Parliament of New Zealand was summoned at Auckland on the Queen's birthday in 1854. Many, perhaps most, of its members were well-educated men of character and capacity. At last, those who had been agitating so long for self-government had the boon apparently within their grasp. In their eyes it was a great occasion—the true commencement of national life in the Colony. Nevertheless, the irony of fate, or the perversity of man, turned it into a curious anti-climax. The Parliament, indeed, duly assembled. But it dispersed after weeks of ineffectual wrangling and intrigue, amid scenes which were discreditable and are still ridiculous. Those who had drawn up the constitution had forgotten

that government through responsible Ministers, forming a Cabinet, and possessing the confidence of the elective Chamber, must be a necessary part of their system. Not only was no provision made for it in the written constitution, but the Colonial Office had sent the Governor no instructions on the subject. The Viceroy was surrounded by Patent Officers, some of whom had been administering since the first days of the Colony. No place of refuge had been prepared for them, and, naturally, they were not going to surrender their posts without a struggle. Colonel Wynyard was wax in their hands. When the Parliament met, he asked three members to join with his old advisers in forming a Cabinet. They agreed to do so, and one of them, Mr. James Edward Fitzgerald, a Canterbury settler of brilliant abilities, figured as the Colony's first Premier. An Irish gentleman, an orator, and a wit, he was about as fitted to cope with the peculiar and delicate imbroglio before him as Murat would have been to conceive and direct one of Napoleon's campaigns. In a few weeks he and his Parliamentary colleagues came to loggerheads with the old officials in the Cabinet, and threw up the game. Then came prorogation for a fortnight and another hybrid ministry, known to New Zealand history as the "Clean Shirt Ministry," because its leader ingenuously informed Parliament that, when asked by the Governor to form an administration, he had

gone upstairs to put on a clean shirt before presenting himself at Government House. The Clean Shirt Ministry lived for just two days. Then followed more wire-pulling, in which Mr. Attorney Swainson, who had got himself made Speaker of the Upper House, while retaining his post as the Governor's legal adviser, and Mr. Gibbon Wakefield, who was ostensibly nothing but a private member of the Lower House, pulled the strings behind the scenes. The Governor sent a message to the House written on sheets of paper, one of the leaves of which the clerk found to be missing. Gibbon Wakefield thereupon coolly pulled the missing portion out of his pocket and proposed to hand it in—a piece of effrontery which the House could not stomach. At last a compromise was arrived at. Colonel Wynyard was to go on with his Patent Officers until a Bill could be passed and assented to in England establishing responsible government: then the old officials were to be pensioned off and shelved. At one stage in this singular session the door of the House had to be locked to prevent the minority running away to force on a count-out, and one Honourable Member assaulted another with his fists. Australia laughed at the scene, which, it may here be said, has never been repeated in the New Zealand Legislature.

The Colonial Office snubbed Colonel Wynyard and Mr. Swainson, and informed them that

responsible government could be initiated without an Act of Parliament. A year, however, passed before the General Assembly was summoned together, and then it merely did formal work, as the Acting-Governor had taken upon himself to ordain that there should be a dissolution previous to the establishment of responsible Ministers. This put everything off till the middle of 1856, by which time Colonel Wynyard had left the Colony. To his credit be it noted that he had kept out of native wars. Moreover, in his time, thanks to the brisk trade caused by the gold discoveries in Australia and the progress of sheep-farming in the South Island, the Colony was waxing prosperous.

The New Zealand House of Representatives, after getting fairly to work in 1856, has now lived for nearly half a century—a life which has been laborious and not dishonourable. It has exactly doubled in size since Governor Wynyard's day. Old settlers say that it has not doubled in ability. But old settlers, with all their virtues, are incorrigible *laudatores temporis acti*. The industry of the members, the difficulties they had to cope with in the last generation, and the number and variety and novelty of the questions they have essayed to solve in this, are undoubted. Their work must, of course, be tested by time. Much of it has already borne good fruit, and any that does

manifest harm is not likely to cumber the earth long. If laws in colonies are more quickly passed, they are also more easy to amend than in older countries.

The Lower House of a Colonial Parliament resembles, in most ways, the London County Council more than the House of Commons. But the New Zealand members have always been paid—their salary is now £240 a year. Farmers and professional men make up the largest element. The Labour members have never numbered more than half a dozen. In the more important debates speeches are limited to an hour, otherwise to half an hour. About twenty per cent. of the speaking is good; most of it is made with little or no preparation. Bores are never shouted or coughed down—the House is too small, and nearly all the members are on friendly terms with each other. The discussions in Committee are often admirably business-like, except when there is obstruction, as there frequently is. The House supports a strong Speaker, but is disposed to bully weakness in the chair.

For the last thirty years, the Maori race has returned four members to the House. They usually speak through an interpreter. In spite of that, when discussing native questions they often show themselves fluent and even eloquent. Outside local and private bills, nearly all important legislation is conducted by Government.

Private members often profess to put this down to the jealousy and tyranny of Ministers, but the truth is that Parliament, as a whole, has always been intolerant of private members' bills. Of the seven or eight Ministers who make up a Cabinet, four or five are usually able and overworked men. There is no direct personal corruption. In character, the politicians have been at least equal to the average of their fellow-colonists. But party ties are much looser than in England. Members will sometimes support Governments for what they can get for their districts, or leave them because they have not been given a portfolio. Ministries, if not strangled at the birth—as was the "Clean Shirt" Cabinet—usually last for three years. Since August, 1884, there have virtually been but two changes of the party in power. Reconstructions owing to death or retirement of a Premier have now and then added to the number of apparently new Cabinets. The stress of New Zealand public life has told on many of her statesmen. Beside Governor Hobson, McLean, Featherston, Crosbie Ward, Atkinson and Ballance died in harness. Most of the Colony's leaders have lived and died poor men. Parliaments are triennial, and about one-third of the constituencies are pretty certain to return new members at a general election. All the elections take place on one day, and if a member—even the leader of a party—loses his

seat, he may be cut out for years. Elections are inexpensive, and there is very little of the cynical blackmailing of candidates and open subsidising by members which jar so unpleasantly on the observer of English constituencies. Indeed, cynicism is by no means a fault of New Zealand political life. The most marked failing is, perhaps, an over-strained earnestness, and lack of sense of proportion or humour. Newspapers and speeches teem with denunciations which might have been in place if hurled at the corruption of Walpole, the bureaucracy of Prussia, the finance of the *Ancien Regime*, or the treatment of native races by the Spanish conquerors of the New World.

CHAPTER XI.

GOVERNOR BROWNE'S BAD BARGAIN.

COLONEL Gore Browne took the reins from Colonel Wynyard. The one was just such an honourable and personally estimable soldier as the other. But though he did not involve his Parliament in ridicule, Governor Browne did much more serious mischief. In ordinary matters he took the advice of the Stafford Ministry, which the new Parliament—after making and unmaking a couple of short-lived Cabinets—put into office in August, 1856, and kept there. But in native affairs the Colonial Office had stipulated that the Governor was to have an over-riding power. He was to take the advice of his ministers but not necessarily to follow it. To most politicians, as well as the public, the Native Department remained a secret service. On Governor Browne, therefore, rests the chief responsibility for a disastrous series of wars which broke out in 1860, and were not finally at an end for ten years.

Briefly, they arose from a league formed by a number of native tribes against further selling of land. To weld this league together, certain powerful Waikato chiefs, of whom the most celebrated was Tarapipi, usually known as William Thompson, determined to have a king. After years of argument and speech-making they came to the point by electing an old chief, Te Whero Whero, once a famous warrior, now broken and enfeebled. They disclaimed hostility to the Queen but would sell no land, would allow no whites to settle among them except a few mechanics whose skill they wished to use. They even expelled from their villages white men who had married Maori wives, and who now had to leave their families behind. They would not allow the Queen's writ to run beyond their *aukati* or frontier, or let boats and steamers come up their rivers. Amongst themselves they talked of driving the *Pakeha* (foreigner) into the sea. Space will not permit of any sketch of the years of discussion and negotiation by which attempts were made to deal with the King Movement. Serious mistakes were certainly made. Thompson, while still open to conciliation, visited Auckland to see the Governor and ask for a small loan to aid his tribe in erecting a flour mill. Governor Grey would have granted both the interview and the money with good grace. Governor Browne refused both, and the Waikato chief departed deeply incensed. A

much graver error was the virtual repeal of the ordinance forbidding the sale of arms to the natives. Because a certain amount of smuggling went on in spite of it, the insane course was adopted of greatly relaxing its provisions instead of spending money and vigilance in enforcing them. The result was a rapid increase of guns and powder sold to the disaffected tribes. Finally, in 1860, came the Waitara land purchase—the spark which set all ablaze. Waitara is a little seaport in Taranaki, a province where, as already said, feeling on the land difficulty had always been acute. Enough had been purchased to enable the settlement to expand into a strip of about twenty miles along the seashore, with an average depth of about seven miles. During a visit to the district, Governor Browne invited the natives to sell land. A chief, Teira, and his friends at once offered to part with six hundred acres which they were occupying. The head of their tribe, however, the chief Wiremu Kingi, vetoed the sale. The Native Department and the Governor sent down commissioners, who after enquiry decided erroneously that Teira's party had a right to sell and the head chief none to interfore. A fair price was paid for the block, and as Kingi threatened war an armed force was sent to occupy it. Then Kingi astutely made the disputed piece over to the King tribes, and forthwith became their protégé. Without openly

making war, they sent him numbers of volunteer warriors. He became the protagonist of the Maori land league. Hostilities broke out early in 1860. It should be mentioned that while all this was going on, the Premier, Mr. Stafford, was absent in England, and that his colleagues supported the Governor's action. Parliament did not assemble until war had broken out and then a majority of members conceived themselves bound to stand by what had been done. Nevertheless, so great was the doubt about the wisdom and equity of the purchase that most of the North Island members even then condemned it. It was not a crime, unless every purchaser who takes land with a bad title which he believes to be good is a criminal. But, technically wrong and politically disastrous, it will always remain for New Zealand the classic example of a blunder worse than a crime.

In 1860 the Taranaki settlement was growing what it now is—a very pleasant corner of the earth. Curving round the seashore under the lofty, lonely, symmetrical cone of Egmont, it is a green land of soft air and many streams. After long delays and much hope deferred, the colonists —English of the south-west counties—had begun to prosper and to line the coast with their little homesteads standing among peach orchards, grassy fields, and sometimes a garden gay with the flowers of old Devon. Upon this quiet little realm the Maoris swept down, and

the labour of twenty years went up in smoke. The open country was abandoned; the settlers took refuge in their town, New Plymouth. Their women and children were mostly shipped off to the south; the men armed and drilled as a militia. Regiments of troops arrived. A General was brought over from Australia. In time the blockaded whites outnumbered their Maori enemies by four to one. There was plenty of fighting, mostly desultory. The Maoris started out of the bush or the bracken to plunder or to fight, and disappeared again when luck was against them. Sometimes they built earthworks and stockades, which the English general would try to approach by long and laborious sapping. So long and laborious was the process occasionally that once the Maoris —who have a keen sense of humour—sent out a flag of truce and offered to finish the sap themselves if that would expedite matters. There was much marching and counter-marching; frequent displays of courage—more courage than co-operation sometimes—and several rather barren successes. Among the fighters, Captain Harry Atkinson, in after years the Colony's Premier and best debater, played the man. Month followed month, and still the settlers were pent up and the province infested with the marauding Taranaki Maoris and sympathisers from other tribes, who after planting their crops had taken their guns and come over to New

Plymouth to enjoy the sport of shooting *Pakehas*. Meanwhile, the farms and homes of the devastated settlement lay a plundered wreck. As the unhappy colonists looked out on the ruin, one of them, at any rate, thought of the days when the Athenians, pent up within their city's walls, watched the Spartans carrying fire and sword over Attica.

After more than a year of this dreary and inglorious work, Thompson, the king-maker, negotiated a truce. There seemed yet a fair hope of peace. Governor Browne had indeed issued a bellicose manifesto proclaiming his intention of stamping out the King Movement. But before this could provoke a general war, Governor Browne was recalled and Sir George Grey sent back to save the position. Moreover, the Stafford Ministry, which headed the war party amongst colonists, fell in 1862, and Sir William Fox, a friend of peace, became Premier. For eighteen months Grey and his Premier laboured for peace. They tried to conciliate the Kingite chiefs, who would not, for a long time, meet the Governor. They withdrew Governor Browne's manifesto. They offered the natives local self-government. At length the Governor even made up his mind to give back the Waitara land. But a curse seemed to cling to those unlucky acres. The proclamation of restitution was somehow delayed, and meanwhile Grey resumed possession of another Taranaki

block, which fairly belonged to the settlers, but on which Maoris were squatting. Under orders from the King natives, the Taranakis retaliated by surprising and killing a party of soldiers, and the position in the province became at once hopeless. In brief, the war beginning again there in 1863 smouldered on for three long and weary years. Then, General Chute, bringing real energy to bear, took *pa* after *pa*, marched round Mount Egmont and brought the New Plymouth war to an end.

CHAPTER XII.

TEN TO ONE.

BUT the main interest soon shifted from Taranaki. In the Waikato, relations with the King's tribes were drifting from bad to worse. Grey had been called in too late. His *mana* was no longer the influence it had been ten years before. His diplomatic advances were met with sheer sulkiness. The semi-comic incident of Sir John Gorst's newspaper skirmish at Te Awamutu did no good. Gorst was stationed there as Commissioner by the Government. In his charge was an industrial school. It was in the heart of the King Country. The King's advisers must needs have an organ—a broad-sheet called the *Hokioi*, a word which may be paraphrased by Phœnix. With unquestionable courage, Gorst, acting on Grey's orders, issued a sheet in opposition, entitled *Te Pihoihoi Mokemoke*, or The Lonely Lark. Fierce was the encounter of the rival birds. The Lark out-argued the Phœnix. But the truculent

Kingites had their own way of dealing with *lèse majesté*. They descended on the printing-house, and carried off the press and type of *Te Pihoihoi Mokemoke*. The press they afterwards sent back to Auckland. Of the type, it is said, they ultimately made bullets. Gorst, ordered to quit the King Country, refused to budge without instructions. The Maoris gave him three weeks to get them and depart. Very luckily for him Grey sent them.

The Governor pushed on a military road from Auckland to the Waikato frontier—a doubtful piece of policy, as it irritated the natives, and the Waikato country could be best invaded with the help of river steamers. The steamers were, however, not procured at that stage. About the same time as the Gorst incident in the Upper Waikato, the Government tried to build a police station and barracks on a plot of land belonging to a friendly native lower down the river. The King natives, however, forbade the erection, and, when the work went on, a party of them paddled down, seized the materials and threw them into the stream.

It was now clear that war was coming. The utmost anxiety prevailed in Auckland, which was only forty miles from the frontier and exposed to attack both from sea and land. Moreover, some hundreds of natives, living quite close to the town, had arms, and were ascertained to be in communication with the Waikatos.

The Governor attempted to disarm them, but the plan was not well carried out and they mostly escaped with their weapons to the King Country. The choice of the Government now lay between attacking and being attacked. They learned, beyond a doubt, that the Waikatos were planning a march on Auckland, and in a letter written by Thompson about this time he not only stated this, but said that in the event of an assault the unarmed people would not be spared. By the middle of the year 1863, however, a strong force was concentrated on the border, just where the Waikato River, turning from its long northward course, abruptly bends westward towards the sea. No less than twelve Imperial regiments were now in New Zealand. Their commander, General Sir Duncan Cameron, a Crimean veteran, had just gained a success of some note in Taranaki. He was a brave methodical soldier, destitute of originality, dash, or knowledge of the country or of savage warfare. In July, the invasion of the Waikato was ordered. On the very day before our force advanced, the Maoris had begun what they meant to be their march to Auckland, and the two forces at once came into collision. In a sharp fight at Koheroa the natives were driven from their intrenchments with some loss, and any forward movement on their part was effectually stopped. But, thanks to what seemed to the colonists infuriating slowness, the advance up

the Waikato was not begun until the latter part of October, and the conquest of the country not completed until February.

To understand the cause of this impatience on the part of the onlookers, it should be mentioned that our forces were now, as usual in the Maori wars, altogether overwhelming. The highest estimate of the fighting men of the King tribes is two thousand. As against this, General Cameron had ultimately rather more than ten thousand Imperial troops in the Colony to draw upon. In addition to that, the colonial militia and volunteers were gradually recruited until they numbered nearly as many. About half of these were, at any rate after a short time, quite as effectual as the regulars for the peculiar guerilla war which was being waged. In armament there was no comparison between the two sides. The *Pakeha* had Enfield rifles and a good supply of artillery. The Maoris were armed with old Tower muskets and shot-guns, and were badly off both for powder and bullets. Happily for us they were not very good marksmen. Their artillery consisted of two or three old ship's guns, from which salutes might have been fired without extreme danger to their gunners. If the war in the Waikato, and its off-shoot the fighting in the Bay of Plenty, had been in thick forest and a mountainous country, the disparity of numbers

and equipment might have been counterbalanced. But the Waikato country was flat or undulating, clothed in fern and with only patches of forest. A first-class high road—the river—ran right through it. The sturdy resistance of the natives was due first to their splendid courage and skilful use of rifle-pits and earthworks, and in the second place to our want of dash and tactical resource. Clever as the Maori engineers were, bravely as the brown warriors defended their intrenchments, their positions ought to have been nothing more than traps for them, seeing how overwhelming was the white force. The explanation of this lies in the Maori habit of taking up their positions without either provisions or water. A greatly superior enemy, therefore, had only to surround them. They then, in the course of two or three days at the outside, had either to surrender at discretion or try the desperate course of breaking through the hostile lines.

General Cameron preferred the more slapdash course of taking intrenchments by assault. A stubborn fight took place at Rangiriri, where the Maoris made a stand on a neck of land between the lake and the Waikato river. Assaulted on two sides, they were quickly driven from all their pits and earthworks except one large central redoubt. Three times our men were sent at this, and

three times, despite a fine display of courage, they were flung back with loss. The bravest soldier cannot—without wings—surmount a bank which rises eighteen feet sheer from the bottom of a broad ditch. This was seen next day. The attack ceased at nightfall. During the dark hours the redoubt's defenders yelled defiance, but next morning they surrendered, and, marching out, a hundred and eighty-three laid down their arms. Our loss was one hundred and thirty-two killed and wounded; the Maori loss was fifty killed, wounded unknown. By January, General Cameron had passed beyond Ngaruwahia, the village which had been the Maori King's head-quarters, and had defeated the enemy twice in the plain between the Waikato and the Waipa rivers. Next occurred the most striking incident of the war. Some three hundred Maoris were shut up in intrenchments at a place called Orakau. Without food, except a few raw potatoes; without water; pounded at by our artillery, and under a hail of rifle bullets and hand grenades; unsuccessfully assaulted no less than five times—they held out for three days though completely surrounded. General Cameron humanely sent a flag of truce inviting them to surrender honourably. To this they made the ever-famous reply, "We fight right on, for ever, for ever, for ever" (Ka whawhai

tonu, aké, aké, aké). Then the General offered to let the women come out, and the answer was, "The women will fight as well as we." At length, on the afternoon of the third day, the garrison assembling in a body charged at quick march right through the English lines, fairly jumping (according to one account) over the heads of the men of the Fortieth Regiment as they lay behind a bank. So unexpected and amazing was their charge that they would have got away with but slight loss had they not when outside the lines been confronted by a force of colonial rangers and cavalry. Half of them fell; the remainder, including the celebrated war-chief Rewi, got clear away. The earthworks and the victory remained with us, but the glory of the engagement lay with those whose message of "Aké, aké, aké," will never be forgotten in New Zealand.

The country round the middle and lower Waikato was now in our hands, and the King natives were driven to the country about its upper waters. They were not followed. It was decided to attack the Tauranga tribe, which had been aiding them. Tauranga lies on the Bay of Plenty, about forty miles to the east of the Waikato. It was in the campaign which now took place there that there occurred the noted repulse at the Gate Pa. The Maoris, intrenched on a narrow neck of

land between two swamps, were invested by our forces both in the front and rear. We were, as usual, immensely the stronger in numbers. Our officers, non-commissioned officers and drummers by themselves almost equalled the garrison. After a heavy though not always very accurate bombardment, General Cameron decided to storm the works. The attacking parties of soldiers and sailors charged well enough and entered the front of the defences, and the Maoris, who were actually endeavouring to escape, found themselves shut in by the troops in their rear. Turning, however, with the courage of despair they flung themselves on the assailants of their front. These, seized with an extraordinary panic, ran in confusion, sweeping away their supports. The assault was utterly repulsed and was not renewed. In the night the defenders escaped through the swamps, leaving us the empty *pa*. Their loss was slight. Ours was one hundred and eleven, and amongst the killed were ten good officers. As a defeat it was worse than Ohaeawai, for that had been solely due to a commander's error of judgment.

The blow stung the English officers and men deeply, and they speedily avenged it. Hearing that the Tauranga warriors were intrenching themselves at Te Rangi, Colonel Greer promptly marched thither, caught them

before they had completed their works, and charging into the rifle-pits with the bayonet completely routed the Maoris. The temper of the attacking force may be judged from the fact that out of the Maori loss of one hundred and forty-five no less than one hundred and twenty-three were killed or died of wounds. The blow was decisive, and the Tauranga tribe at once submitted.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE HAU-HAUS AND THE SELF-RELIANCE POLICY.

BY the middle of 1864, it might have been thought that the war was nearing its end. The Waikato had been cleared, and the Tauranga tribes crushed. Nevertheless, nearly two years of harassing guerilla warfare were in store for the Colony. Then there was to be another imperfect period of peace, or rather exhaustion, between the winter of 1866 and the middle of 1868, when hostilities were once more to blaze up and only to die out finally in 1870. This persistency was due to several causes, of which the first was the outbreak of a curious superstition, the cult of the Hau-Haus. Their poctrine would be hard to describe. It was a wilder, more debased, and more barbaric parody of Christianity than the Mormonism of Joe Smith. It was a kind of savage expression of a desire to revolt from the Christianity of the *Pakeha* and to found a national religion. It certainly for years

stimulated its votaries to war and to acts of grotesque and ferocious cruelty. By the Hau-Haus two white missionaries were murdered — outrages unknown before in New Zealand. They would work themselves up into frenzy by dances and incantations, and in particular by barking like dogs — hence their name. At first, they seem to have believed that they were invulnerable to the *Pakeha's* bullets. In this belief, a party of them marched steadily up against a redoubt at Sentry Hill in Taranaki, under a fire which killed thirty of them before they lost heart and fled. It was, however, in the country round the Wanganui River to the west, and on the east coast, between the Bay of Plenty and Hawkes Bay, that the Hau-Haus gave the most trouble. The task of coping with them mostly devolved on the New Zealand Militia, and the warriors of certain friendly tribes, headed by the chiefs called by the Europeans Ropata and Kemp. In this loose and desultory but exceedingly arduous warfare, the irregulars and friendlies undoubtedly proved far more efficient than the regular Imperial troops. They did not think it useless to follow the enemy into the bush ; far from it. They went there to seek him out. They could march many miles in a day, and were not fastidious as to commissariat. More than once they gained food and quarters for the

night by taking them from their opponents. In a multitude of skirmishes in 1864, 1865, and 1866, they were almost uniformly victorious. Of the laurels gained in New Zealand warfare a large share belongs to Ropata, to Kemp, and to Militia officers like Tuke and Frazer.

On one occasion the friendly natives saved the Wanganui district from a raid by a conflict fought on an island in the Wanganui River after a fashion worthy of the clansmen in "The Fair Maid of Perth." For months the friendlies had been guarding the passage of the river against a strong Hau-Hau force. At last, tired of waiting, they challenged the enemy to a fair fight on the Island of Moutua. It was agreed that neither side should attempt to take advantage of the other by surprise or ambuscade. They landed at opposite ends of the islet in strong force, and, after much preliminary chanting and shouting of defiance, charged each other. At first, the friendly natives gave way. Three of their leaders fell. But rallying bravely they came on again. Amid a clash of tomahawks and clubbed rifles, the antagonists fought hand to hand, and fought well. At length our allies won. Fifty Hau-Haus died that day, either on the island or while they endeavoured to escape by swimming. The Hau-Hau leader, wounded as he swam, managed to reach the further

shore. But a pursuer, *mere* in hand, plunged in after him, struck him down as he staggered up the bank, and swam back with his head. The victors carried the bodies of their fallen chiefs back to Wanganui, where the settlers of the little town lined the road, standing bareheaded as the brave dead were borne past.

What, it may be asked, were the strong and very expensive Imperial forces doing during these years? The answer is—surprisingly little. General Cameron did indeed appear with a force upon the coast north of Wanganui. But his principal feat was the extraordinary one of consuming fifty-seven days in a march of fifty-four miles along the sea beach, to which he clung with a tenacity which made the natives scornfully name him the Lame Seagull. He declared it was useless for the regulars to follow the natives into the forest, and committed himself to the statement that two hundred natives in a *pa* could stop Colonel Warre with five hundred men from joining him. He declined to assault the strong Wereroa *pa*—the key to the west coast. He hinted depressingly that 2,000 more troops might be required from England. In vain Sir George Grey urged him to greater activity. The only result was a long and acrid correspondence between them. From this—to one who reads it now

—the General seems to emerge in a damaged condition. In truth, he and many of his officers were sick of the war, which they regarded as an iniquitous job, and inglorious to boot. They knew that a very strong party in England, headed by the Aborigines Protection Society, were urging this view, and that the Colonial Office, under Mr. Cardwell, had veered round to the same standpoint. This is probably the true explanation of General Cameron's singular slackness. The impatience and indignation of the colonists waxed high. They had borrowed three millions of money to pay for the war. They were paying £40 a year per man for ten thousand Imperial soldiers. They naturally thought this too much for troops which did not march a mile a day.

To punish the insurgent tribes, and to defray in part the cost of the war, the New Zealand Government confiscated more than three million acres of native land. Coming as it did in the midst of hostilities, this did not simplify matters. At first both the Governor and the Colonial Office endorsed the confiscation policy. Then, when Mr. Cardwell had replaced the Duke of Newcastle, the Colonial Office changed front and condemned it, and their pressure naturally induced the Governor to modify his attitude. But Grey, in endeavouring to quicken military

operations, had the sympathy and support of the colonists. He did not confine himself to exhortations. He made up his mind to attack the Wereroa *pa* himself. General Cameron let him have two hundred soldiers to act as a moral support. With these, and somewhat less than five hundred Militia and friendly Maoris, the Governor sat down before the fort, which rose on a high, steep kind of plateau, above a small river. But though too strong for front attack, it was itself liable to be commanded from an outwork on a yet higher spur of the hills. Grey skilfully captured this and with it a strong reinforcement about to join the garrison. The latter fled, and the capture of Wereroa was justly regarded as about the most brilliant feat of the whole war. The credit fairly belonged to Grey, who showed not only skill but signal personal daring. After this really fine feat of Grey's, the officer commanding the two hundred moral supports was made a C.B. But Grey, it is needless to say, by thus trumping the trick of his opponent the General, did not improve his own relations with the Home authorities. He did, however, furnish another strong reason for a self-reliant policy. Ultimately, though gradually, the Imperial troops were withdrawn, and the colonists carried on the war with their own men as well as their own money.

At the beginning of 1868, fighting had entirely ceased, and with common prudence, need not again have broken out. But amongst the many blunders of the war, some of the oddest took the form of permitting the escape of Maori prisoners. Three times did large bodies of these get away and rejoin their tribes—once from Sir George Grey's island estate at Kawau, where they had been turned loose on parole; once from a hulk in Wellington Harbour; the third time from the Chatham Islands. This last escape, which was in July, 1868, was fraught with grave mischief. In vain the officer in charge of prisoners there had protested against being left with twenty men to control three hundred and thirty captives. The leader of these, Te Kooti, one of the ablest as well as most ferocious partisans the colonists ever had to face, surprised the weak guard, captured a schooner lying off the Chathams, and set sail for the east coast of New Zealand with about one hundred and sixty fighting men and a number of women and children. When a head wind checked the runaways, he ordered an old man, his uncle, to be bound and thrown overboard as a sacrifice to the god of winds and storms. The unhappy human sacrifice struggled for awhile in the sea and then sank. At once the wind changed, the schooner lay her course, and the *mana* of

Te Kooti grew great. Reaching the east coast of the North Island he made for the interior, and beat off in disorder a small force which tried to stop him. Thus he gained time, and many joined him. In November, he suddenly swooped down on a settlement in Poverty Bay and massacred thirty-three white men, women and children, and thirty-seven natives. Fortifying himself on a precipitous forest-clad hill named Ngatapa, he seemed likely to rally round him the disaffected of his race. On the west coast, too, a chief named Titokowaru was up in arms, and beat the Militia in two sharp bush fights. But Ropata, the chief of the tribe which had suffered in the Poverty Bay massacre, was as daring and resolute as Te Kooti. He joined with Colonel Whitmore, the active commander of the colonial forces, and in January, 1869, the two took Ngatapa with a loss to the Hau-Haus of 136 killed outright. It was about the last important engagement fought in New Zealand. It ended all fear of a general rising. Te Kooti, wounded, escaped into the fastnesses of the wild Urewera tribe, and made more than one smaller but blood-stained raid before he could be driven thence. After that, however, he became a hunted fugitive. Ropata and Kemp chased him from district to district, backwards and forwards, across the island, for a high price had been put on

his head. Beaten three times on the Taupo plateau, Te Kooti nevertheless always escaped capture, and finally took refuge in the King Country, where he stayed quiet and unmolested.

Colonel Whitmore, crossing to the Wanganui district after the fall of Ngatapa, set off in chase of Titokowaru. He, however, like Te Kooti, fled to the interior, where he was wisely left alone, and, except for the fruitless pursuit of Te Kooti, the year 1869 may be marked as the end of warfare in New Zealand.

By 1870 it was possible to try and count the cost of the ten years' conflict. It was not so easy to do so correctly. The killed and wounded amounted to about 3,000 on the English side, and 9,000 on the part of the beaten natives. Added to this, there had been many scores of murders and heavy losses from disease, exposure and hardship. The Maoris were, for the most part, left without hope and without self-confidence. The missionaries never fully regained their old moral hold upon the race, nor has it shown much zeal and enthusiasm in industrial progress. On the other side, the colonists had spent between three and four millions in fighting, and for more than fifteen years after the war they had to keep up an expensive force of armed police. There had been destruction of

property in many parts of the North Island, and an even more disastrous loss of security and paralysis of settlement. Since 1865, moreover, the pastoral industry in the south had been depressed by bad prices. It is true that some millions of acres of Maori land had been gained by confiscation, but of this portions were handed over to loyal natives. Much more was ultimately given back to the insurgent tribes, and the settlement of the rest was naturally a tardy and difficult process. Farmers do not rush upon land to be the mark of revengeful raids. Altogether, the opening of the year 1870 was one of New Zealand's dark hours.

Nevertheless, had the colonists but known it, the great native difficulty was destined to melt fast away. Out of the innumerable perplexities, difficulties, and errors of the previous generation, a really capable Native Minister had been evolved. This was Sir Donald McLean, who, from the beginning of 1869 to the end of 1876, took the almost entire direction of the native policy. A burly, patient, kindly-natured Highlander, his Celtic blood helped him to sympathize with the proud, warlike, clannish nature of the Maori. It was largely owing to his influence that the friendly natives aided us so actively against Te Kooti. It was not, however, as a War Minister, but as the man who established

complete and lasting peace through New Zealand, that his name should be remembered. By liberal payment for service, by skilful land purchases, by showing respect to the chiefs, and tact and good humour with the people, McLean acquired a permanent influence over the race. The war party in the Colony might sneer at his "Flour and Sugar Policy;" but even the dullest had come to see by this time that peace paid. Into the interior of the King Country McLean never tried to carry authority. He left that and the Urewera country further east discreetly alone. Elsewhere the Queen's writ ran, and roads, railways, and telegraphs, coming together with a great tide of settlement, made the era of war seem like an evil dream. It is true that the delays in redeeming promises concerning reserves to be made and given back from the confiscated Maori territory led, as late as 1880, to interference with road-making in Taranaki. Swayed by the alarm and irritation thus aroused, the Government took the extraordinary step of pouring into the village of Parihaka an overwhelming armed force. There, after reading the Riot Act to a passive and orderly crowd of men, women and children, they proceeded to make wholesale arrests, and to destroy houses and crops. Public opinion, which had conjured up the phantom of an imminent native rising, supported the

strange proceeding. There was no such danger, for the natives were virtually not supplied with arms. However, as these high-handed doings were at last followed up by an honourable and liberal settlement of the long-delayed Reserves question, it may be classed as the last of the long series of native alarms. There will be no more Maori wars. Unfortunately, it has become a question whether in a hundred years there will be any more Maoris. They were, perhaps, seventy thousand when the Treaty of Waitangi was signed; they and the half-castes can scarcely muster forty-two thousand now.

Sir George Grey had been recalled in the early part of 1868. He left the Colony bearing with him the general esteem of the colonists. True, his second term of office had been far less prosperous than his first. He had failed to prevent war, and had made mistakes. But from amid a chaos of confusion and recrimination, four things stand out clearly: (1) he came upon the scene too late; (2) he worked earnestly for peace for two years; (3) the part that he personally took in the war was strikingly successful; (4) he was scurvily treated by the Colonial Office.

He was the last Viceroy who took an active and distinct share in the government of the country. Since 1868, the Governors have

been strictly constitutional representatives of a constitutional Sovereign. They have been without exception honourable and courteous noblemen or gentlemen. They have almost always left the Colony with the good wishes of all with whom they have come into contact. They have occasionally by tact exercised a good deal of indirect influence over some of their Ministers. They have sometimes differed with these about such points as nominations to the Upper House, or have now and then reserved bills for the consideration of the Home Government. But they have not governed the country, which, since 1868, has enjoyed as complete self-government as the constitution broadly interpreted can permit.

CHAPTER XIV.

GOLD.

WHEN the Waitara war broke out the white population did not number more than seventy-five thousand. When Te Kooti was chased into the King Country it had grown to nearly four times that sum, in the face of debt, doubt, and the paralyzing effects of war. A great ally of settlement had appeared on the scene. In 1861 profitable goldfields were discovered in Otago. The little Presbyterian colony, which in thirteen years had scarcely increased to that number of thousands, was thunderstruck at the news. For years there had been rumours of gold in the river beds and amongst the mountains of the South Island. From 1857 to 1860 about £150,000 had been won in Nelson, and in March, 1861, there was a rush to a short-lived goldfield at the Lindis in Otago. But it was not until the winter of that year that the prospector Gabriel Read found in a gully

at Tuapeka the indubitable signs of a good alluvial field. Digging with a butcher's knife he collected in ten hours nearly five-and-twenty pounds' worth of the metal. Then he sunk hole after hole for some distance, finding gold in all. Unlike most discoverers, Read made no attempt to keep his fortune to himself, but wrote frankly of it to Sir John Richardson, the superintendent of the province. For this he was ultimately paid the not extravagant reward of £1,000. The good Presbyterians of Dunedin hardly knew in what spirit to receive the tidings. But some of them did not hesitate to test the field, and the result solved all doubts. Half Dunedin rushed to Tuapeka. At one of the country kirks the congregation was reduced to the minister and precentor. Indeed, for the next few years the history of Otago became a series of rushes. Economically, no doubt, "rush" is the proper word to apply to the old stampedes to colonial goldfields. But in New Zealand, at any rate, the physical methods of progression thither were laborious in the extreme. The would-be miner tramped slowly and painfully along, carrying as much in the way of provisions and tools as his back would bear. Lucky was the man who had a horse to ride or the rudest cart to drive in. When, as time went on, gold was found high up the streams amongst the ice-cold rivers and bleak tussock-covered

mountains of the interior, the hardships endured by the gold-seekers were often very great. The country was treeless and wind-swept. Sheep roamed over the tussocks, but of other provisions there were none. Not only did fuel fetch extraordinary prices, but several pounds would be paid for an old gin-case or any few pieces of wood, out of which a miner's "cradle" could be patched up. The miners did not exactly make light of these obstacles, for, of the thousands who poured into the province after the first discoveries, large numbers fled from the snow and starvation of the winters. But enough remained to carry on the work of prospecting, and the finds were rich enough to lure newcomers. In the year 1863 the export of gold from Otago rose to more that two millions sterling. Extraordinary patches were found in the sands and drift of the mountain torrents. It is recorded of one party that, when crossing a river, their dog was swept away by the current on to a small rocky point. A digger went to rescue it, and never was humanity more promptly rewarded, for from the sands by the rock he unearthed more than £1,000 worth of gold before nightfall. Some of the more lucky prospectors had their footsteps dogged by watchful bands bent on sharing their good luck. One of them, however, named Fox, managed to elude this espionage

for some time, and it was the Government geologist—now Sir James Hector—who, while on a scientific journey, discovered him and some forty companions quietly working in a lonely valley.

The goldfields of Otago had scarcely reached the zenith of their prosperity before equally rich finds were reported from the west coast of the Canterbury province. From the year 1860 it was known that gold existed there, but the difficulties of exploring a strip of broken country, made up of the steepest forest-clad hills and valleys covered with densest jungle and seamed with swift and impassable rivers, were exceptionally great. More than one of the Government officers sent there to explore were either swept away by some torrent or came back half-crippled by hunger and rheumatism. In 1864, however, a certain Albert Hunt found paying gold on the Greenstone creek. Hunt was afterwards denounced as an impostor and had to fly for his life from a mob of enraged and disappointed gold-seekers, but the gold was there nevertheless. In 1865 the stream which had been pouring into Otago was diverted to the new fields in Westland, and in parties or singly, in the face of almost incredible natural difficulties, adventurous men worked their way to every point of the west coast. Many lost their lives, drowned in the rivers or starved to

death in the dripping bush. The price of provisions at times went to fabulous heights, as much as £150 being paid for a ton of flour, and a shilling apiece for candles. But so rich was the wash-dirt in many of the valleys and the black sand on many of the sea-beaches that for years £8 to £10 a week was regarded as only a fair living wage. In 1866 the west coast exported gold to the value of £2,140,000.

No sooner had the cream been skimmed off the southern goldfields than yields of almost equal value were reported from the north. The Thames and Coromandel fields in the east of the Auckland province differed from those in the South Island. They were from the outset not alluvial but quartz mines. So rich, however, were some of the Coromandel mines that the excitement they caused was as great as that roused by the alluvial patches of Otago and Westland. The opening-up of the northern fields was retarded throughout the sixties by Maori wars, and the demands of peaceful but hard-fisted Maori landlords. As much as £1 a miner had to be paid to these latter for the right to prospect their country. They delayed the opening of the now famous Ohinemuri field until 1875. When on March 3rd of that year the Goldfields' Warden declared Ohinemuri open, the declaration was made to an excited crowd of

hundreds of prospectors, who pushed jostling and fighting round the Warden's table for their licenses, and then galloped off on horseback across country in a wild race to be first to "peg out" claims. Years before this, however, the shores of the Hauraki Gulf had been systematically worked, and in 1871 the gold export from Auckland had risen to more than £1,100,000.

New Zealand still remains a gold-producing colony, albeit the days of the solitary adventurer working in the wash-dirt of his claim with pick, shovel, and cradle are pretty well over. The nomadic digger who called no man master is a steady-going wage-earner now. Company management, trade unions, conciliation cases, and laws against Sunday labour have succeeded the rough, free-and-easy days of glittering possibilities for everybody. Even the alluvial fields are now systematically worked by sluicing and dredging companies. They are no longer "poor men's diggings." In quartz-mining the capitalist has always been the organizing and controlling power. The application of cyanide and other scientific improvements has revived gold-mining within the last three years, and there is good reason to suppose that the £54,000,000 which is so far the approximate yield of gold from the Colony will during the next decade be swelled by many millions.

CHAPTER XV.

EXEUNT THE PROVINCES—ENTER DEMOS.

WHEN peace at last gave the Colonists time to look round, Sir George Grey's constitution was still working. Not without friction, however. Under the Provincial system New Zealand was rather a federation of small settlements than a unified colony. This was in accord with natural conditions, and with certain amendments the system might have worked exceedingly well. But no real attempt was ever made to amend it. Its vices were chiefly financial. The provinces were left in large measure to exist on the fag-end of the revenues of the Central Government, divided amongst them when there was a surplus, or otherwise doled out in irregular grants. To strengthen them they had from the first been given the virtual control and profit of the crown land within their boundaries. This led to inequalities and jealousies. The landed estate of the

southern provinces, sold at high—or in the case of Nelson, low—prices, provided a large though fluctuating revenue. In Nelson the land was flung away at low prices to form large estates. In the north such crown land as there was often could not be sold because it was heavily timbered or in danger of Maori raids. The provinces without land revenue looked with hungry eyes at those which had it. There was quarrelling, too, within each little provincial circle. The elective superintendents were wont to make large promises and shadow forth policies at the hustings. Then when elected they often found these views by no means in accord with those of their council and their executive. Yet, but for one great blunder, the provinces should and probably would have existed now.

1870 is usually named as the birth-year of the colonial policy of borrowing and public works. This is not strictly true. In that year the central and provincial exchequers already owed about seven millions and a quarter between them. The provincial debts, at any rate, had been largely contracted in carrying out colonizing work. What the Central Government did do in 1870 was to come forward boldly with a large and continuous policy of public works and immigration based on borrowed money. The scheme was Sir Julius Vogel's. As a

politician this gentleman may not unfairly be defined as an imaginative materialist of the school of which Cecil Rhodes is the best-known colonial exponent. His grasp of finance, kindly nature, and peculiarly persuasive manner rapidly brought him to the front in New Zealand, in the face of personal and racial prejudice. As Treasurer in 1870 he proposed to borrow ten millions to be expended on railways, roads, land purchase, immigration, and land settlement. With great wisdom he suggested that the cost of the railways should be recouped from a public estate created out of the crown lands through which they might pass. With striking unwisdom the Provincialists defeated the proposal. This selfish mistake enabled them to keep their land for five years longer, but it spoilt the public works policy and converted Vogel into the enemy of the provinces, which he overthrew in 1875-6. His successors handed over local affairs to a multiplicity of local bodies which vary greatly in effectiveness.

Meantime, Vogel's policy, *minus* the essential part relating to land settlement, was accepted and actively carried out. Millions were borrowed, hundreds of miles of railways and roads were made, immigrants were imported by the State or poured in of their own accord. Moreover, the price of wool had

risen and the Colony bade fair to become rich by leaps and bounds. To the new settlers the Provincial Councils seemed cumbrous and needless. Fresh from Great Britain and with the ordinary British contempt for the institutions of a small community, they thought it ridiculous that a colony with less than half-a-million of people should want nine Governments in addition to its central authority. The procedure of the Provincial Councils, where Mr. Speaker took the chair daily and a mace was gravely laid on the table by the clerk, seemed a Lilliputian burlesque of the great Mother of Parliaments at Westminster.

Nevertheless, the provinces did not fall without a struggle. In both the south and the far north the older colonists mostly clung to their local autonomy. Moreover, Sir George Grey had taken up his abode in the Colony, and was living quietly in an islet which he owned near Auckland. Coming out of his retirement, he threw himself into the fight, and on the platform spoke with an eloquence that took his audiences by storm. Though he failed to save the provinces, he was elected and remained the leader of the New Zealand Opposition, and this had a quite unexpected outcome. Until then there had been no clear and permanent division in New Zealand between the parties of

conservatism and progress. Feuds between centralists and provincialists, between the war party and the peace party, between the north and south, and between individual districts, had supplied substitutes for party divisions. But in 1877 Sir George Grey appealed for the first time to the mass of the colonists with a policy distinctly and deliberately democratic. Then and subsequently he advocated triennial parliaments, one man one vote, a land tax, and a land policy based upon the leasing of land rather than its sale, and particularly upon a restriction of the area which any one man might acquire. This policy, though he gained office, he could not carry, and after a premiership neither long nor brilliant, he fell in 1879, and was deposed from the leadership of his own party by his own followers. Strange as this may seem to those not on the scene, it was by no means so to close observers. His cloudy eloquence would not do for human nature's daily food. His opponents, Atkinson and Hall, had not a tithe of his emotional power, but their facts and figures riddled his fine speeches. Stout and Ballance, lieutenants of talent and character, became estranged from him. The leader of a colonial party must have certain qualities which Sir George Grey did not possess. He may dispense with eloquence, but must be a debater ;

whether able or not able to rouse public meetings he must know how to conduct wearisome and complicated business by discussion; he must not only have a grasp of great principles, but readiness to devote himself to the mastery of uninteresting details; above all, he must be generous and considerate to lieutenants who have their own views and their own followers, and who expect to have their full share of credit and influence. In one word, he should be what Ballance was and Grey was not. Nevertheless, one of Grey's courage, talent, and prestige was not likely to fail to leave his mark upon the politics of the country; nor did he. Though he failed to pass the reforms just mentioned, he had the satisfaction of seeing them adopted and carried into law, some by his opponents, some by his friends. Only one of his pet proposals seems to have been altogether lost sight of, his oft-repeated demand that the Governor of the Colony should be elected by the people.

The Grey Ministry committed what in a Colonial Cabinet is the one unpardonable crime—it encountered a commercial depression. This overtook the Colony in 1879. The good prices of wool and wheat did not prove permanent. The output of gold, too, had greatly gone down. There had been a feverish rush for land, and much private

borrowing to buy it or to set up or extend commercial enterprises. Then there happened on a small scale what happened in Victoria on a larger scale twelve years later. The boom burst amid much suffering and repentance. In some districts three-fourths of the prominent colonists were ruined, for the price of agricultural produce continued on the whole to fall relentlessly year after year until 1894. The men who had burdened themselves with land, bought wholly or largely with borrowed money, nearly all went down. Some were ruined quickly, others struggled on in financial agony for a decade or more. Then when the individual debtors had been squeezed dry the turn of their mortgagees came. Some of these were left with masses of unsaleable property on their hands. At last, in 1894, the directors of the bank which was the greatest of the mortgagees—the Bank of New Zealand—had to come to the Government of the day to be saved from instant bankruptcy. In 1895 an Act was passed which, while guaranteeing the bank, virtually placed it under State control. This was the last episode in the long drama of inflation and depression which was played out in New Zealand between 1870 and 1895. No story of the Colony can pretend to be complete which does not, however briefly, refer to this. The blame of

it is usually laid upon the public works policy. The money borrowed and spent by the Treasury is often spoken of as having been wasted in political jobs, and as having led to nothing except parliamentary corruption and an eternal burden of indebtedness and taxation. This is but true to a very limited extent. It was not the public borrowing of the Colony, but the private debts of the colonists, which, following the extraordinary fall in the prices of their raw products between 1873 and 1895, plunged so many thousands into disaster. Nine-tenths of the money publicly borrowed by the Colony has been very well spent. It is true that between 1870 and 1898 the public debt has been multiplied six times; but the white population has nearly tripled, the exports have more than doubled, and the imports increased by 75 per cent. Moreover, of the exports at the time when the public works policy was initiated, about half were represented by gold, which now represents but a tenth of the Colony's exports. Again, the product of the workshops and factories of the Colony are now estimated at about ten millions annually, most of which is consumed in New Zealand, and therefore does not figure in the exports. The income of the bread-winners in the Colony, the wealth of the people per head, are now nearly the highest in the world. In

1870 the colonists were without the conveniences and in many cases comforts of modern civilisation. They had scarcely any railways, few telegraphs, insufficient roads, bridges, and harbours. Education was not universal, and the want of recreation and human society was so great as to lead notoriously to drunkenness and coarse debauchery. New Zealand is now a pleasant and highly civilised country. That she has become so in the last thirty years is due chiefly to the much-criticised public works policy.

Before parting with the subject of finance, it should be noted that in 1870 the Treasury was glad to borrow at slightly over five per cent. Now it can borrow at three. The fall in the rate of private loans has been even more remarkable. Mortgagors can now borrow at five per cent. who in 1870 might have had to pay nine. This steady fall in interest, coupled with the generally reproductive nature of the public works expenditure, should not be overlooked by those who are appalled by the magnitude of the colonial debts. For the rest, there is no repudiation party in New Zealand, nor is there likely to be any. The growth of the Colony's debt is not a matter which need give its creditors the slightest uneasiness, though no doubt it is something which the New Zealand taxpayers themselves should and will

watch with the greatest care. It is quite possible that some special check will ultimately be adopted by these to ensure peculiar caution and delay in dealing with Parliamentary Loan Bills. It may be that some application of the "referendum" may, in this particular instance, be found advisable, inasmuch as the Upper House of the New Zealand Parliament, active as it is in checking general legislation, may not amend, and in practice does not reject, loan bills.

CHAPTER XVI.

LAND SETTLEMENT AND LOCAL INDUSTRIES.

BETWEEN 1880 and 1890 the colonists were for the most part resolutely at work adapting themselves to the new order of things—to lower prices and slower progress. They increased their output of wool and coal—the latter a compensation for the falling-off of the gold. They found in frozen meat an export larger and more profitable than wheat. Later on they began to organize co-operative dairy factories and send cheese and butter to England. They cut down the salaries of the Governor and the ministers, and the size of the elected chamber. They made rough and spasmodic efforts to reduce the cost of the public departments.

Public affairs during the decade resolved themselves chiefly into a series of expedients for filling the treasury and carrying on the work of land settlement. Borrowing went on, but more and more slowly, and with it

the construction of railways and the buying of Maori lands. More and more the land laws of the Colony were altered so as to favour occupation by small farmers, who were not compelled to purchase their land for cash, but permitted to remain State tenants at low rentals, or allowed to buy the freehold by gradual instalments. Even the great pastoral leaseholds were to some extent sub-divided as the leases fell in. In 1886, John Ballance, then Minister of Lands, made a courageous endeavour to place a number of workmen out of employment on the soil in what were known as village settlements. In various parts of the Colony blocks of crown land were taken and divided into allotments of from twenty to fifty acres. These were let to the village settlers on perpetual lease at a rental equal to five per cent. on the prairie value of the land. Once in a generation there was to be a revision of the rental. The settlers, many of whom were quite destitute, were helped at first not only by two years' postponement of their rent, but by small advances to each to enable them to buy seed, tools, food, and building material. Ballance was fiercely attacked in 1887 for his experiment, and his opponents triumphantly pointed to the collapse of certain of his settlements. Others, however, turned out to be successes, and by last accounts the village

settlers and their families now number nearly five thousand human beings, occupying 35,000 acres in allotments of an average size of twenty-four acres. Most of them divide their time between tilling their land and working for wages as shearers, harvesters, or occasionally mechanics. Some £27,000 has been lent them, of which they still owe about £24,000. As against this the Government has been paid £27,000 in rent and interest, and the improvements made by the settlers on their allotments are valued at about £110,000, and form very good security for their debts to the treasury.

The political battles over the land laws of New Zealand during the last fifteen years have not, however, centred round village settlements, but round the respective advantages of freehold and perpetual leasehold, and round the compulsory repurchase of private land for settlement. Roughly speaking, the political party which has taken the name of Liberal has urged on the adoption of the perpetual lease as the main or sole tenure under which State lands should in the future be acquired. As a rule the party which the Liberals call Conservative has advocated that would-be settlers should be allowed to choose their tenure for themselves, and to be leaseholders or freeholders as they please. Then there have arisen, too, important

questions affecting the perpetual lease itself. Should the perpetual leaseholders retain the right of converting at any time their leasehold into a freehold by paying down the cash value of their farm, or should the State always retain the fee simple? Next, if the State should retain this, ought there to be periodical revisions of the rent so as to reserve the unearned increment for the public? Fierce have been the debates and curious the compromises arrived at concerning these debatable points. The broad result has been that the sale of the freehold of crown lands, though not entirely prohibited, has been much discouraged, and that the usual tenure given now is a lease for 999 years at a rent of four per cent. on the prairie value of the land at the time of leasing. As this tenure virtually hands over the unearned increment to the lessee, it is regarded by the advanced land reformers with mixed feelings. From their point of view, however, it has the advantage of enabling men with small capital to take up land without expending their money in a cash purchase. Inasmuch, too, as transfers of a lease can only be made with the assent of the State Land Board for the district—which assent will only be given in case the transfer is to a *bona fide* occupier not already a landowner—land monopoly is checked and occupancy for use assured.

Meanwhile there is plenty of genuine settlement; every year sees fresh tracts reclaimed from the wilderness.

Quite as keen has been the fighting over the principle of State repurchase of private lands with or without the owner's consent. It was a favourite project of Sir George Grey's; but it did not become law until he had left public life, when it was carried by Mr. John McKenzie, that sterling Minister of Lands. Under this law nearly half-a-million of money has been spent in buying thirty-six estates or portions of estates for close settlement. A few of these have, at the time of writing, not yet been thrown open for settlement; on the rest 1,051 human beings are already living. They pay a rent equal to 5·2 per cent. on the cost of the land to the Government. As a rule there is no difficulty in buying by friendly arrangement between Government and proprietor. The latter is commonly as ready to sell as the former to buy. The price is usually settled by bargaining of longer or shorter duration. Twice negotiations have failed, and the matter laid before the Supreme Court, which has statutory power to fix the price when the parties fail to agree. It must be remembered that as a rule large holdings of land mean something quite different in New Zealand from anything they signify to

the English mind. In England a great estate is peopled by a more or less numerous tenantry. In New Zealand it is, as a rule, not peopled at all. Sheep roam over its grassy leagues, cared for by a manager and a few shepherds. Natural and proper as this may be on the wilder hills and poorer soils, it is easy to see how unnatural and intolerable it appears in fertile and accessible districts.

In their endeavours to raise the revenue required for interest payments and an inevitably growing departmental expenditure, various New Zealand treasurers have turned to the Customs. In raising money by duties they have received support both from those who wished to protect local industries and from those who wished to postpone the putting of heavy taxation upon land. The net result of various conflicts has been a tariff which is protectionist but not highly protectionist. The duties levied on New Zealand imports represent 24 per cent. of the declared value of the goods. But the highest duties, those on spirits, wine, beer, sugar, tea, and tobacco, are not intentionally protectionist; they are simply revenue duties, though that on beer has undoubtedly helped large and profitable colonial breweries to be established. English freetraders accept as an axiom that Customs duties cannot produce increased

revenue and at the same time stimulate local manufactures. Nevertheless, under the kind of compromise by which duties of fifteen, twenty, and twenty-five per cent. are levied on so many articles, it does come about that the colonial treasurer gets his revenue while, sheltered by the fiscal hedge, certain colonial manufactures steadily grow up. The factories of the colony now employ some 38,000 hands, and their annual output is estimated at ten millions sterling. Much of this would, of course, have come had the Colony's ports been free; but the factories engaged in the woollen, printing, clothing, iron and steel, tanning, boot, furniture, brewing, jam-making, and brick and tile making industries owe their existence in the main to the duties. Nor would it be fair to regard colonial protection as simply a gigantic job managed by the more or less debasing influence of powerful companies and firms. It was adopted before such influences and interests were. It could not have come about, still less could it last, were there not an honest and widespread belief that without duties the variety of industries needful to make a civilised and prosperous nation could not be attained in young countries where nascent enterprises are almost certain to be undercut and undersold by the giant capitalists and cheaper labour of the old world. Such a belief may

conceivably be an economic mistake, but those who hold it need not be thought mere directors or tools of selfish and corrupt rings.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE STATE AND ITS FUNCTIONS.

IN 1890 a new force came into the political field—organised labour. The growth of the cities and of factories in them, the decline of the alluvial and more easily worked gold-fields, and the occupation of the more fertile and accessible lands, all gradually tended to reproduce in the new country the industrial conditions of the old. Even the sweating system could be found at work in holes and corners. There need be no surprise, therefore, that the labour problem when engaging so much of the attention of the civilised world demanded notice even in New Zealand. There was nothing novel there in the notion of extending the functions of the State in the hope of benefiting the community or the less fortunate classes of it. Already, in 1890, the State was the largest owner and receiver of rents, and the largest employer of labour. It owned nearly all the railways and all the

telegraphs, just as it now owns and manages the cheap, popular, and useful system of telephones. It entirely controlled and supported the hospitals and lunatic asylums, which it managed humanely and well. It also, by means of local boards and institutions, controlled the whole charitable aid of the country —a system of outdoor relief in some respects open to criticism. Under the Land Transfer Law, Government officers did nearly all the conveyancing business of the Colony. Land titles were investigated, registered, and guaranteed, and sales and mortgages then became as simple and almost as cheap as the transfer of a parcel of shares in a company. The largest life assurance business in New Zealand was also a Government institution. The sum assured in it now amounts roundly to ten millions sterling, and by the common consent of disinterested experts the office is ably and prudently managed.

More interesting even than these extensions of State energy was the institution of a public trustee. On this officer devolves not only the care of intestate estates but of estates left to executors who are unwilling or unable to act, or of private trust estates the administration of which has become the cause of differences and quarrels amongst those interested therein. He takes charge of and protects the property of lunatics. Anyone owning property in

New Zealand may appoint him an executor. Anyone about to leave the colony may make the Public Trustee his attorney during his absence. In addition to these manifold duties he holds and administers very large areas of land reserved for the use of certain Maori tribes. These he leases to working settlers, paying over the rents to the Maori beneficiaries. Naturally the class which has the most cause to be grateful to the Public Trust Office is that composed of widows and orphans and other unbusinesslike inheritors of small properties, persons whose little inheritances are so often mismanaged by private trustees or wasted in law costs.

Again, the State in 1890 already educated thirteen-fourteenths of the children of the Colony. Now, in 1898, out of an estimated population of about 775,000 all told, some 150,000 are at school or college. The free, secular and compulsory primary school system is excellent on its literary, not so excellent on its technical side. Nearly three-fourths of the Roman Catholic children do not attend the State schools. Their parents prefer to support the schools of their church, though without State aid of any kind. These, and a proportion of the children of the wealthier, are the only exceptions to the general use made of the public schools. It is not likely that any change,

either in the direction of teaching religion in these, or granting money to church schools, will be made.

It will thus be seen that the large number of interesting experiments sanctioned by the New Zealand Parliament since 1890 involved few new departures or startling changes of principle. The constitution was democratic; it has simply been made more democratic. The functions of the State were wide; they have been made yet wider. The uncommon feature of the last seven years has been not so much the nature as the number and degree of the changes effected and the trials made by the Liberal-Labour fusion which gained power under Mr. Ballance at the close of 1890 and still retains office. The precise cause of their victory was the wave of socialistic, agrarian and labour feeling which swept over the English-speaking world at the time, and which reached New Zealand just as plural voting had been finally abolished by Parliament on the motion of Sir George Grey. Of the many laws thus enacted it must suffice here to indicate a few the effects of which have been plain and immediate.

In 1893 the suffrage was granted to women. Every adult resident is now entitled to one vote, none to more. At present this most venturesome of reforms has been more noteworthy for what it has not brought about

than for what it has. It has not unsexed women, broken up existing political parties, or brought about family discord or domestic negligence. It has not stamped out the liquor traffic, though it has strengthened the party of prohibition. Nor has it interfered with the institution of marriage, though it may presently bring about some amendment of the divorce laws. Secular education stands as strongly as ever, and ladies are not yet clamouring to be admitted to Parliament. Even the fashion of their dress is still English. On the other hand, they use their votes eagerly, are taking a real and increasing interest in public affairs, and are likely to influence certain branches of legislation increasingly. One or two of them have already entered the learned professions.

The direct taxation in New Zealand has been made progressive, taken off all improvements, and laid solely on the bare land values. The small peasant farmers are exempted altogether. Any owner whose land value amounts to £5,000 pays each year a penny in the pound on the capital value thereof. Thence the tax rises gradually, culminating at the value of £210,000, the tax upon which is threepence in the pound. The farmer's livestock is, like his buildings and improvements, exempted from taxation altogether. Local rating, however, is not levied

on the same principle, though by an Act passed in 1895 the local councils have the right to place their rates on land values if they choose. The income tax is also progressive. Incomes below £300 are exempt. Those between £300 and £1,300 pay sixpence in the pound; above that, one shilling. Companies pay one shilling in the pound on their profits.

The Upper House in New Zealand is composed of councillors nominated by the Crown. Until 1891 their nomination was for life. Now it is for seven years only. The councillors, however, are still actively exercising their right of rejecting Government measures. The councillors number forty-seven, five of whom are labour members—that is to say, they were mechanics when appointed. The number of labour members in the elective chamber happens just now to be the same. By common consent these gentlemen eschew fireworks and do their parliamentary work well.

In 1894 and 1895 the criminal law was codified in two Acts, the one dealing with indictable, the other with minor offences. The New Zealand Legislature, by the way, was the first in the Empire to abolish the scandal of public executions. It also honourably distinguished itself twelve years ago by passing the humane and useful First Offenders' Probation Act, under which many an unlucky young scapegrace has been saved from the

infamy of gaol. By the testimony of the judges the Act is a social benefit.

The liquor law of the Colony, passed in 1895, embraces a complete and elaborate system of local option. The licensing districts are coterminous with the parliamentary electorates. The triennial licensing poll takes place on the same day as the general election, thus ensuring a full vote. Every adult male and female may vote : (1) to retain all existing licenses ; or (2) to reduce the number of licenses ; and (3) to abolish all licenses within the district. To carry No. 3 a majority of three to two is requisite. No compensation is granted to any licensed house thus closed. Two local option polls have been held under this law. The first resulted in the closing of some seventy houses and the carrying of total prohibition in the district of Clutha. The second left the number of houses unchanged. Prohibition has been the law in Clutha for some four years. The accounts of the results thereof conflict very sharply.

The labour laws of New Zealand are printed in a medium-size volume. Most of them have been passed during the last seven years. Among them are laws dealing with truck, employers' liability, conspiracy among trade unionists, shipping and seamen, mines, and the wages of workmen, especially of those in the employ of contractors and sub-contractors.

Three of the most widely and constantly used relate to factories, retail shops, and servants' registry offices. The Factory Act applies to all workshops wherein two or more persons work at any handicraft. It prohibits the sub-letting of work taken home from a factory, and obliges clothing made by home-workers to be ticketed. The factory age is fourteen ; there is no half-time ; workers under fifteen must produce a school certificate and those under sixteen a physical fitness certificate. The work hours of males under eighteen and of all females must not exceed forty-eight a week, and they have a right to a weekly half-holiday without deduction from wages. Overtime may be worked on an inspector's permit, but the minimum extra wage paid for it must be sixpence an hour.

Under the Act relating to retail shops, all shops, except one or two classes for the sale of perishable food or refreshments, are shut up in the towns and suburban districts at 1 p.m. once a week. The hours of women and young persons serving in or about shops are limited to fifty-four weekly, and a carefully-drawn clause insists on the provision of seats for shop-girls.

The Servants' Registry Offices Act puts under the complete control of a Government department a class of offices through which most domestic servants usually seek for

employment in the Colony. The department aforesaid sees that none but persons of good character carry on this business, that they keep proper accounts, and only charge the Government scale of fees.

To certain students the most interesting and novel of the New Zealand labour laws is that which endeavours to settle labour disputes by means of public arbitration instead of the old-world methods of the strike and the lock-out. Under this statute, which was passed in 1894, the trade unions of the Colony have been given the right to become corporate bodies able to sue and be sued. In each industrial locality a Board of Conciliation is set up, composed of representatives of employers and workmen. Disputes between trade unions and employers —the Act deals with no others—are referred first of all to these Boards. Should the local tribunals fail to settle them an appeal lies to the Central Court of Arbitration, composed of a judge of the Supreme Court sitting with two assessors representing capital and labour respectively. The decisions of this Court are binding in law and may be enforced by pains and penalties. The arbitration law has been in active operation for about two years, during which time some twenty-one labour disputes have been successfully settled. As a rule the decisions of the local Conciliation Boards are not accepted. No attempt, however, has

yet been made to disobey the final award of the Arbitration Court. Some of the disputes have affected local industries and interests of considerable size and value. The cases have nearly all been begun by the trade unions, and on the whole these bodies have been distinctly benefited by the awards. No strikes or locks-out have occurred since the Act was fairly set in motion.

Despite the Socialistic tendency of these Acts and others,—of the system of Government advances on mortgage to farmers, and of organised efforts to dispense in the case of public works with sub-contractors and middlemen, and to deal with unemployment through a special department of labour,—it must not be thought that there is any strong Party of deliberate State-Socialists in the Colony at all corresponding to the following of Bebel and Liebknecht in Germany, or even the Independent Labour Party in England. There is not. The reforms and experiments which show themselves so many in the later chapters of the story of New Zealand have in all cases been examined and taken on their merits, and not otherwise. They are the outcome of a belief which is not now the monopoly of one political party. The leaders of the rival Parties, the robust Mr. Seddon and the tactful Captain Russell, both admit one main principle. It is that a

young democratic country, still almost free from extremes of wealth and poverty, from class hatreds and fears, and the barriers these create, supplies an unequalled field for safe and rational experiment in the hope of preventing and shutting out some of the worst social evils and miseries which afflict great nations alike in the old world and the new.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE NEW ZEALANDERS.

SOME 775,000 whites, browns, and yellows are now living in New Zealand. Of these the browns are made up of about 37,000 Maoris and 5,000 half-castes. The yellows, some 3,500 Chinese, are a true alien element. They do not marry; they are not met in social intercourse or industrial partnership by any class of colonists. They work apart as gold-diggers, market gardeners and small shop-keepers, and are the same inscrutable, industrious, insanitary race of gamblers and opium-smokers in New Zealand as elsewhere. Despised, disliked, dwindling, they are, by force of exclusion laws, bound soon to disappear.

Of the 730,000 whites, more than half have been born in the country, and some are the children of New Zealand-born parents. An insular race is therefore in process of forming. What are its characteristics? As the Scotch would say—what like is it? Does it give any

signs of qualities, physical or mental, tending to distinguish it from Britons, Australians, or North Americans? The answer is not easy. Nothing is more tempting, and at the same time more risky, than to thus generalise and speculate too soon. As was said at the outset, New Zealand has taken an almost perverse delight in upsetting expectations. Nevertheless, certain points are worth noting which may, at any rate, help readers to draw conclusions of their own.

The New Zealanders are a "British" race in a sense in which the inhabitants of the British Islands scarcely are. That is to say, they consist of English, Scotch and Irish, living together, meeting daily, intermarrying, and having children whose blood with each generation becomes more completely blended and mingled. The Celtic element is larger than in England or in the Scottish lowlands. As against this there is a certain, though small, infusion of Scandinavian and German blood; very little indeed of any other foreign race. The Scotch muster strongest in the South and the Irish in the mining districts. In proportion to their numbers the Scotch are more prominent than other races in politics, commerce, finance, sheep farming, and the work of education. The Irish do not crowd into the towns or attempt to capture the municipal machinery as in America, nor are they a source of political

unrest or corruption. Their church's antagonism to the National Education system excluded many able Catholics from public life. The Scandinavians and Germans very seldom figure there. Some 2,000 Jews live in the towns, and seem more numerous and prominent in the north than in the south. They belong to the middle class; many are wealthy, and are active in municipal rather than in parliamentary life.

Two-thirds of the New Zealanders live in the country, in villages, or in towns of less than 5,000 inhabitants. Even the larger towns cover, taken together, about seventy square miles of ground—not very cramping limits for a quarter of a million of people. There are very few spots in the towns where trees, flower gardens, and grass are not close at hand, and even orchards and fields not far away. The dwelling-houses, almost all of wood, seldom more than two storeys high, commonly show by their shady verandahs and trailing creepers that the New Zealand sun is warmer than the English. Bright, windy, and full of the salt of the ocean, the air is perhaps the wholesomest on earth, and the Island race naturally shows its influence. Bronzed faces display on every side the power of sun and wind. Pallor is rare; so also is the more delicate pink-and-white of certain English skins. More heavily built as a rule than the Australians, the New Zealanders have darker hair and thicker eyebrows than is common with the

Anglo-Saxon of Northern England and Scotland. Tall and robust, the men do not carry themselves as straight as the nations which have been through the hands of the drill-sergeant. The women are as tall, but not usually as slight as those of the English upper classes. In a word, the New Zealand race shows no sign of beating the best British, or of producing an average equal to that best; but its average is undoubtedly better than the general British average. The puny myriads of the manufacturing towns have no counterpart in the Colony, and, if humanitarian laws can prevent it, never will. The birth-rate and death-rate are both strikingly low.

The intellectual average is good. New Zealand was fortunate in the mental calibre of her pioneer settlers, and in their determined efforts to save their children from degenerating into loutish, half-educated provincials. Looking around in the Colony at the sons of these pioneers, one finds them on all sides doing useful and honourable work. They make upright civil servants, self-sacrificing clergymen, conscientious schoolmasters, honest lawyers, wide-awake journalists, pushing agents, resourceful engineers, steady-going and often prosperous farmers, and strong, quick, intelligent labourers. Of artistic, poetic, or scientific talent, of wit, originality, or inventiveness, there is yet but little sign. Nor has the time yet arrived for

Young New Zealand to secure the chief prizes of its own community—such posts and distinctions as go commonly to men fairly advanced in years. No native of the country has yet been its Prime Minister or sat amongst its supreme court judges or bishops. A few colonial-born have held subordinate cabinet positions, but the dozen leading members of parliament are all British-born. So are the leading doctors, engineers, university professors, and preachers; the leading barrister is a Shetlander. Two or three, and two or three only, of the first-class positions in the civil service are filled by natives. On the whole, Young New Zealand is, as yet, better known by collective usefulness than by individual distinction.

Socially, the colonists are what might be expected from their environment. Without an aristocracy, without anything that can be called a plutocracy, without a solitary millionaire, New Zealand is also without that hopeless thing, the hereditary pauper and begetter of paupers. It may be doubted whether she has a dozen citizens with more than £10,000 a year apiece. On the other hand, the average of wealth and income is among the highest in the world.

Education is universal; the list of crimes correspondingly light. With wealth so diffused, and caste-barriers unknown, a New Zealander,

when meeting a stranger, does not feel called upon to act as though in dread of finding in the latter a sponge, toady, or swindler. Nor has the colonist to consider how the making of chance acquaintances may affect his own social standing. In his own small world his social standing is a settled thing, and cannot be injured otherwise than by his own folly or misconduct. Moreover, most of the Islanders are, or have been, brought face to face with the solitude of nature, and many, of all classes, have travelled. These things make them more sociable, self-confident, and unsuspicious than the middle-classes of older countries. Such hospitality as they can show is to them a duty, a custom, and a pleasure.

The Islanders are almost as fond of horses and athletics as their Australian cousins. They are not nearly such good cricketers, but play football better, and hold their own in rowing, running, jumping, and throwing weights. They are just as fond of angling and shooting as the race elsewhere. As might be expected in an educated people passionately fond of out-door exercises, well fed and clothed, and with sun and sea-air for tonics, drink is not their national vice. Gambling, especially over horse-races, has more claim to that bad eminence.

Of colonial art there is not much to be said. Sculpture is represented by an occasional statue brought from England. Architecture in its

higher form is an unknown quantity. Painting is beginning to struggle towards the light, chiefly in the form of water-colour drawings. Music, reading and flower-gardening are the three chief refining pastimes. The number and size of the musical societies is worthy of note. So are the booksellers' shops and free libraries. As for flowers, New Zealanders promise to be as fond of them as the Japanese.

The working classes are better, the others more carelessly dressed than in England. The workpeople are thriftier, too. Amongst the middle classes, industrious as they are, unusual thrift is rare. Their hospitality and kindliness do not prevent them from being hard bargainers in business.

Compared with the races from which they have sprung, the Islanders seem less conventional, less on their guard, and more neighbourly and sympathetic in minor matters, fonder of change and experiment, less extravagant for the sake of display, more venturesome, more empirical, more sober, more moral, equally averse to taking advice but quicker to learn from foreign example, more law-abiding but readier to make and alter laws, more indifferent to public opinion, yet contemptuous of eccentricity, more prone to wander (especially in the case of the work-people). Hypercritical and eaten up by local and personal jealousies in public life, they are less loyal to parties and leaders, less

ready to deify theories and catch-words, and just as suspicious of wit and humour. They are greater readers but know less of art. They are less tolerant of grime, gloom, injustice and public discomfort and bungling.

Though there is no division into two races as in London, it would be absurd to pretend that social distinctions are unknown. Each town with its rural district has its own "society." The best that can be said for this institution is that it is not, as a rule, dictated to by mere money. Ladies and gentlemen too poor to entertain others will nevertheless be "asked everywhere" if they have either brightness or intellect, or have won creditable positions. You see little social arrogance, no attempt at display. The gatherings are smaller, more kindly, less formal, less brilliant, copies of similar affairs in the mother country.

Brilliant talkers there are none. But any London visitor who might imagine that he was about to find himself in a company of clownish provincials would be much mistaken. A very large proportion of colonists have travelled and even lived in more lands than one. They have encountered vicissitudes and seen much that is odd and varied in nature and human nature. In consequence they are often pleasant and interesting talkers, refreshingly free from mannerism or self-consciousness.

They both gain and lose by being without a

leisured class; it narrows their horizon, but saves them from a vast deal of hysterical nonsense, social mischief and blatant self-advertising. Though great readers of English newspapers and magazines, their interest in English and European politics is not very keen. Both their geographical isolation and their constitution debar them from having any foreign policy. In this they contentedly acquiesce. Loyal to the mother country, resolved not to be absorbed in Australia, they are torpid concerning Imperial Federation. Their own local and general politics absorb any interest and leisure not claimed by business and pastimes.

Industrious, moral, strong, it is far too soon to complain of this race because it has not in half-a-century produced a genius from amongst its scanty numbers. Its mission has not been to do that, but to lay the foundations of a true civilization in two wild and lonely though beautiful islands. This has been a work calling for solid rather than brilliant qualities—for a people morally and physically sound and wholesome, and gifted with "grit" and concentration. There is such a thing as collective ability. The men who will carve statues, paint pictures, and write books, will come, no doubt, in good time. The business of the pioneer generations has been to turn a bloodstained or silent wilderness into a busy and interesting, a happy if not yet a splendid, state.

POSTSCRIPT.

As this sketch is not a statistical account of New Zealand, it has not been loaded with figures. Since, however, the reader may find a few convenient, it may here be mentioned that the area of the colony is 104,000 square miles. Its population—taking the mean of the current year—is about 775,000. The number of its sheep is a little under 20,000,000; of cattle, 1,150,000; of horses, 250,000. The output of the factories and workshops is between £10,000,000 and £11,000,000 sterling a year; the output of gold, about £1,000,000; that of coal, about 800,000 tons. The export of wool is valued at £4,250,000. Among the exports for 1897 were:—2,700,000 frozen sheep and lambs; 66,000 cwts. cheese and 71,000 cwts. butter; £433,000 worth of kauri gum; £427,000 worth of grain. The exports and imports of the Colony for the year 1897 were a little over £10,000,000 and £8,000,000 sterling respectively. It would appear that, taking a series of years, about three-quarters of the Colony's trade has been with the mother-country. The public debt is about £43,500,000; the revenue, £4,800,000. The State owns 2,018 miles of railway.

The books in existence about New Zealand are very many. Among the more valuable, historically, are :—"The Story of New Zealand,"

by Surgeon-Major Thompson; "The Rulers and Statesmen of New Zealand," and "The Colony of New Zealand," both by William Gisborne. For the War and its origin, see the books by Sir William Fox, General Alexander, Sir John Gorst, and Lieutenant Gudgeon. Rusden's "History of New Zealand" is a vehement pamphlet, in three large volumes, denunciatory of the Native and Socialistic policies of the colonists. Anyone interested in the Maori race should read Maning's "Old New Zealand," and Travers's "Life of Te Rauparaha," "Cook's Voyages," and Sir George Grey's "Legends and Myths," and consult White's ponderous but valuable "Ancient History of the Maori," General Robley's handsome book on "Maori Tattooing," and Hamilton's on "Maori Art." The "Transactions of the New Zealand Institute," published in Wellington by the Government printer, are full of papers and addresses upon the race. So also is the excellent "Journal of the Polynesian Society," edited by Edward Tregear. The latter gentleman's "Comparative Polynesian Dictionary" is the standard lexicon of the language. Scientific students may be referred to the Works of Hooker and Dieffenbach, to Von Haast's "Geology of Canterbury and Westland," Kirk's "New Zealand Forest Flora," Buller's "Birds of New Zealand," and Hudson's "New Zealand Entomology." Of books written by

travellers who devote more or less space to New Zealand, the most noteworthy are Dilke's "Greater Britain" and the volumes of Anthony Trollope, Michael Davitt, and J. A. Froude. Mennell's "Dictionary of Australasian Biography" gives useful details concerning the pioneer colonists. Mountaineers and lovers of scenery should read Green's "High Alps of New Zealand," and T. Mackenzie's "West Coast Exploration." Mannering, Fitzgerald, and Harper are writers on the same topic. Dr. Hocken has written about the early days of Otago, and Jerningham Wakefield's book "Adventures in New Zealand" sketches the foundation of the settlements round Cook's Straits. Samuel Butler's "Letters from Canterbury," Lady Barker's "Station Life in Canterbury," and James Edward Fitzgerald's "Letters and Speeches of Godley," have the advantage of literary merit. Delisle Hay's "Brighter Britain" deals with life in Auckland. Domett's "Ranolf and Amohia" is not only the solitary New Zealand poem which has achieved any sort of distinction but is also an interesting picture of Maori life and character. The Official Year Book contains a mass of well-arranged statistical information, and the economic enquirer may be further referred to Curnin's "Index of the Laws of New Zealand," and to the numerous separate reports of the Government offices and departments. For the rest, Collier's "New Zealand

Bibliography" (Wellington), and the library catalogue of the Royal Colonial Institute, London, are the best lists of the books and pamphlets on New Zealand.

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