

Māori Jim: James Stephen Grindell



Explorer,
publican,
interpreter,
editor

Wairarapa
Christchurch
Hawke's Bay
Napier
Wellington

by Ian St George

MĀORI JIM
JAMES STEPHEN GRINDELL
EXPLORER, PUBLICAN, INTERPRETER, EDITOR
1823–1900



James Stephen Grindell 1823–1900, photograph probably by Samuel Carnell, Napier.
From Knight L 2003. *First impressions: history of printing in Hawke's Bay*.
Brebner Print.

Mãori Jim

by
Ian St George

I was but a stripling at the time; of a nature bouyant and joyous; light, active, and fleet of foot, wandering without any particular aim or object wherever my fancy led me, and rejoicing in the dignified appellation of “Maori Jim”.

—James S Grindell

What might this be? A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
And airy tongues, that syllable men’s names
On sands and shores and desert wildernesses.

—John Milton. *The Lady lost in the Wood*. 1864.

Hunger is a vulgar and stern enemy to ideality.

—James S Grindell.

Grindell was a pugilistic Irishman, never happy apparently unless in hot water....

—R Coupland Harding to TM Hocken 15 August 1900.

Like pilgrims to the appointed place we tend,
The world’s an inn, and death the journey’s end.

—John Dryden, *Preface to the fables*. 1700.

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CHAPTER 1: ASSAULT

Two letters set the scene.

On 16 December 1865 William Campbell, Bailiff of the Magistrate's Court in Napier, complained to Donald McLean, Superintendent of Hawke's Bay Province, from his cottage in Milton road,

*Milton Road
Napier 16th. December 1865*

*Donald McLean Esq.
Superintendent of Hawkes Bay
Sir*

I beg respectfully to inform you that in the latter part of November last Mr. Grindell Magistrate's Clerk made a complaint against me to Capt. Curling the Resident Magistrate to the effect that I was constantly making mistakes, that "the Books" were getting behind in posting, and that I did not carry on the duties of my office within the prescribed rules, on which assertions Capt. Curling suspended me from office without witness or evidence being taken.

I beg to remark to your Honor that as to my being constantly making mistakes I cannot understand Mr. Grindell's motives in making the statement—unless indeed he has the good memory to remember of several occasions in which he came into the office, when he was more fit for his bed than to sit in Court & he had to go into the inner office to sleep it out. After waking up he did use to find all faults with me, and with any other that came in his way. As to the Books being behind in Posting, they have not been so much so at any time during my period in office as they were when I entered, when some of them were upwards of three months behind in Posting—that I did not carry on the duties of my office within the prescribed rules would refer to a distress warrant handed to me for execution at the instance of Mr. Bibbie of Waipawa v George Peebles Clive, and rather than sell the poor man's things, and thus ruin him & his family I took his bill with two good sureties at two months for the amount & costs. Had I sold the poor man's effects they would not clear expenses—as it is I have secured the debt & costs too, and upon this Mr. Grindell would expound that my proceedings were not right.

I may remark to your Honor that this matter took place on a morning succeeding the evening on which Mr. Grindell put himself in the respectable position in the Exchange Hotel of pulling off his coat and challenging any of the soldiers present to fight him, but how Capt. Curling could be led away by so fabulous a tale I cannot understand.

As returning to the duties of Bailiff would now be more unpleasant than ever, while Grindell is Clerk there I trust your Honor will kindly keep me in view for any situation at your disposal that you would think would suit me.

I am

Sir

Your most obedient servant

Wm Campbell.¹

On 8 February 1866 Campbell wrote again to McLean,

I beg to apologise for being so troublesome to you lately—but this fact I wish to bring before you.

About 11 a.m. today I entered the Exchange Hotel, where Mr. James Grindell Clerk of the Court was, standing inside the Bar, he abused me regarding a letter he said I had written the Attorney General. Knowing his temper & his feelings towards me I tried to move away when he laid violent hold of me, said he would smash my head in two and had it not been for the timely interference of another party who caught Grindell by the shoulders from behind, I have no doubt he would have done me an injury, after getting away from him he pursued me from one part of the house to another, and again got hold of me, the door by which I expected egress being locked, he no doubt would have struck me this time had not the man who formerly seized him and Mrs. Ashton held him back. I got out of the house and ran down the street to get beyond his reach.

I humbly submit to your Honor that a check should be put on Mr. Grindell to prevent his repeating these outrages.

I have applied to the Resident Magistrate to have Grindell bound over to keep the peace—but he would not issue a summons against him without fees being paid. I objected paying fees in a case where I consider the Law ought to protect me.²

In August 1867 James Grindell, Deputy Registrar of the Supreme Court of New Zealand, Middle District, announced that the estate and

effects of William Campbell of Napier would be sequestrated in the hands of the Inspector of Bankruptcy.³

Campbell wrote once more to Donald McLean, now Member of Parliament for Napier, on 12 July 1869, this time from Wellington,

Wellington 12th July 1869

Sir

I respectfully beg to state that I am compelled to ask for an explanation of the terms on which I am employed—I need scarcely say that a house with a family to support requires money—and what you have kindly advanced me since you came here would not defray my rent. The enclosed memo will show that I urgently require money as some of the parties have repeatedly called for payment.

It is now 6 weeks since you arrived here and of course the £3 you gave me would not go far in expenditures for that period—I leave to yourself what sum you are pleased to pay me—and further—that if you give me a remunerative situation I will consider your present payment to me as an advance on account of the forthcoming salary, and to be repaid to you accordingly.

I will feel more than obliged by your kindly leaving me a cheque in course of today. I am

Sir

Your most obdt. servt.

Wm Campbell.⁴

It is, however, not the unfortunate Campbell with whom we are concerned, but the much more enticing Grindell, described by AG Bagnall as, for a time, southern Wairarapa's "most colourful resident".⁵

1 Alexander Turnbull Library (ATL) object 1025523 MS-Papers-0032-0204.

2 ATL object 1026183 MS-Papers-0032-0204.

3 *Hawke's Bay Herald* 10 August 1867.

4 ATL object 1026913 MS-Papers-0032-0204. Campbell attached bills totalling £9.11.0.

5 AG Bagnall 1976. *Wairarapa: an historical excursion*. Hedley's Bookshop for the Masterton Trust Lands Trust.

CHAPTER 2: EARLY DAYS

James Stephen Grindell was born on 5 July 1823 in Kettering, Northamptonshire. His father was Robert Grindell, a Sergeant Major of the Kettering Troop of Yeomen (Her Majesty's 9th Lancers) and his mother was Mary (Murphy) Grindell. James's birth was registered on 15 March 1824 at the Baptist Meeting House in Silver Street, Kettering. He had an older brother Robert and a sister Elizabeth (Grindell) Hurrey. In 1841 (UK Census) his father, aged 60, was living with one Catherine Hawthorn aged 30, his daughter Elizabeth Hurrey 25 and her children Thomas 6 and Lisey 1.

Of James's education we know little, but extensive examples of his writing from 1864 and 1897 have survived and they reveal a literate, if rather prolix, use of language with occasional quotes from poets and odd latin phrases, suggesting he was a well schooled and cultured man.

AG Bagnall wrote,

“Long Jim” or “Maori Jim” as he was variously known, was the son of an army captain who ran away from school to sea but jumped ship at Sydney having been ill treated by his master. He came to New Zealand about 1840 as a member of Captain Peacock's crew of smugglers but finally plumed for shore life with a Maori girlfriend from whom he acquired his undoubted facility in the Maori language. For a time he worked in the employ of WB White of Muhunua (Levin).¹

There is no record of his arrival in Australia from England but Grindell came to New Zealand in the 76 ton schooner *Look-in*. She was built in the Tasmanian Tamar shipyard of T Wiseman for George Lukin in 1838. She had the first recorded “man bust” figurehead and for several years carried passengers, livestock and goods from Hobart and Launceston to and from Sydney.

In May 1840,

Mr. Murray, the master of the schooner Look-In, appeared on summons, charged with permitting riotous and disorderly conduct on board his vessel, while moored at the Queen's Wharf. This is a species of offence which it seems is provided for by the Port regulations. The disorder complained of was

caused by a pugilistic encounter between two of the seamen of the vessel, which was carried on with all the noisy fury which forms the usual accompaniment of such subtle demonstrations.²

Lukin sold his schooner *Look-in* in July 1840 to John Jenkins Peacock.³ Peacock owned several vessels plying the Australian east coast and crossing the Tasman for trade on the New Zealand coast. He had suffered severe financial setbacks with the loss of two of his vessels in 1837.⁴ The *Look-in* next appeared in the shipping news in July 1841, with advertisements announcing her departure from Sydney for Auckland on 6 August 1841.⁵

Grindell is said to have arrived in Wellington in 1840 and possibly the *Look-in* did cross the Tasman sea in late 1840, but in September 1840 she was in Newcastle and there is no record of such a voyage. It seems likely the August 1841 crossing was her first, that Peacock was trying to recoup his losses by smuggling contraband grog and that Grindell was on board.

She didn't dock at Auckland but at Kapiti, as the *New Zealand Gazette and Wellington Spectator* reported,

SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 11th., 1841.

On Friday se'night several mercantile gentleman brought under the attention of His Excellency the breach of the navigation laws being committed by the *Look-in* schooner, from Sydney, in selling cargo at Kapiti without first resorting to a Port of entry in New Zealand. In consequence His Excellency, with the most praiseworthy promptitude, ordered the Government brig *Victoria* to proceed to Kapiti, and ascertain the truth of the statement. She left this on Friday se'night, with Mr. McCarthy, the tide-waiter, and two police officers on board, and arrived at Kapiti on Sunday morning. Upon enquiry it was found that the *Look-in* had landed spirits and other goods; her register and manifest were in consequence taken, and the two police officers put in charge. The *Victoria* returned to port on Tuesday morning, and the *Look-in* arrived on Wednesday. The vessel and cargo are now in charge of the Customs. Taking these immediate and decisive steps we hope will convince persons at Sydney, who seem determined to endeavor to trade on our

coast, contrary to our laws, that they will not be allowed to do so. They will now be made sensible of the fact that proceeding to our coast, either to sell goods or load oil, without permit from the Custom-house of some port of New Zealand, subjects the vessel and goods to being forfeited.⁶

The *Look-in* was confiscated and sold at auction in Auckland for about half her value.⁷ She was grounded in Cloudy Bay in 1842 and finally wrecked off the Chathams in 1843.⁸ Captain Peacock bought land at Porirua in 1842 and his crew probably dispersed on the Kapiti coast.

Peacock, back in Sydney, was bankrupt in 1843, moved to Lyttleton, built “Peacock’s Wharf” and traded under his son’s name as JT Peacock and Co. He was a well-recognised settler by the time of the Canterbury Association. His name is commemorated at Peacock Point at Balmain and by Peacock Hill in the Hunter Valley.⁹

James Grindell lived with a Maori girl after his arrival and learned to speak te reo. They may have had a son (see Chapter 11). He worked for William Bertram White at Mohunua (Levin) from 1843 until May 1844.¹⁰

WB White, brother of HS Tiffen’s former wife Caroline Ellen arrived in Wellington on the *George Fyfe* on 7 November 1842, shortly after his sister’s death in childbirth at age 17. He worked as a volunteer surveying assistant with Tiffen for a time, and soon would become the first European settler on the Horowhenua block. Years later he would name his daughter Caroline Ellen. White wrote reminiscences of his early years, mentioning “a man named Spurgeon (who) had a flax store” (probably Grindell’s companion Sturgeon—see Chapter 3) and employing Grindell,

I may say that I had engaged a young man as general interpreter and servant, he was commonly called Long Jim.¹¹

Two mornings after an altercation with a rogue chief named Te Wharu,

... just about daybreak, Long Jim came rushing into my room, saying, “Oh! sir! the house is full of Maories!”.... Through Long Jim I demanded to know “How they dared to come into my house in that way?”¹²

It ended peacefully, but in June 1843 White heard of the Wairau massacre; he “was astounded and could not believe it” and when Te Rauparaha refused to allow White to bring cattle up from Wellington, it soured his relationship with the chiefs. In October White witnessed a battle between the Ngatiawa and Ngatiraukawa on the Otaki coast and decided to rid himself of Mohunoa.

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- 1 Bagnall AG 1976. *Wairarapa: an historical excursion*. Hedley’s Bookshop for the Masterton Trust Lands Trust.
 - 2 *Port Phillip Gazette* 13 May 1840.
 - 3 *The Colonist* Tuesday 28 July 1840.
 - 4 <https://lostchristchurch.wordpress.com/2012/08/04/john-peacock-and-his-fountain/> accessed 2 September 2018.
 - 5 *Sydney Free Press* Saturday 31 July 1841.
 - 6 *New Zealand Gazette and Wellington Spectator* 11 September 1841.
 - 7 *The Sydney Gazette and New South Wales Advertiser* 23 Oct 1841.
 - 8 *The Australian* 27 Jan 1843.
 - 9 <http://www.peelingbackhistory.co.nz/historic-peacocks-wharf-was-built-1857/> and <http://www.sydneyaldermen.com.au/alderman/john-peacock/> accessed 7 September 2018.
 - 10 William Bertram White ATL qMS-2210.
 - 11 ATL qMS-2210.
 - 12 *ibid*.
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CHAPTER 3: THE WAIRARAPA



William Colenso c.1887

On 9 September 1897 the Reverend William Colenso wrote his regular gossip-filled letter from Napier to his young friend Coupland Harding in Wellington and said,

*Grindell is writing largely to... D(aily).T(imes).
... re his... adventures on W. Coast &
Wairarapa: voluminous.*¹

Grindell was recording his first experiences of the Wairarapa, clearly a very distressing time in his life, over half a century after the events; his account was published in a series of articles in the *Daily Telegraph* in 1897.²

AG Bagnall questioned their accuracy, writing to Grindell's son in 1950,

*... judging by his reminiscences of his early experiences in the Wairarapa he had forgotten a great deal and did not have any notes to refer to when he wrote them 54 years after the events described....*³

The *Daily Telegraph* articles are voluminous indeed and perhaps inaccurate in places (it was May 1844, not the "early spring of 1843" when he left White's Mohunoa), but they are nonetheless absorbing accounts of the experiences of the 20 year old as recalled by the 74 year old, the prose aptly peppered with Pope, Shakespeare, Dryden, Joseph Addison, Southey, Thomas Campbell and the Bible.

HISTORICAL.
REMINISCENCES OF EARLY
TRAVEL IN NEW ZEALAND.
BY J. GRINDELL.

SIR—At the present time, when the extensive tract of country familiarly known as the 'Seventy Mile Bush' has been brought prominently before the notice of the public, the following sketch of a journey made, some fifty-four years ago, through a portion of its then unexplored recesses may not prove uninteresting to some of your numerous readers. In those days of weary travel I little thought there was any probability of my living to see the day when its gloomy solitudes would resound to the blow of the woodman's axe, or the whistle and snort of the steam engine be heard within its borders, startling the wild boar from its lazy slumbers and the noisy 'kaka' from its lofty perch on the tree tops.

If you deem the rambling notes I have jotted down worthy of a place in your paper, I have much pleasure in placing them at your disposal.—I am, sir, &c.,

J. GRINDELL.

In the early spring of 1843 I started from Manawatu, on the West Coast, for the valley of the Wairarapa, in company with two others, named respectively Sturgeon and Smith. Sturgeon, the elder of the two, was a dapper little fellow of a generous disposition, and most truthful and honorable in all his dealings. He had originally been a watchmaker,

and was a man of some education. A short time prior to the period of which I now write he had settled upon the coast for the purpose of trading with the natives for pigs, flax, maize, potatoes, or anything by which an honest penny could be turned. It was at that time that I first made his acquaintance and experienced his hospitality. His business not proving as lucrative as he had hoped, he made a proposal to me that we should make a trip over the ranges into the Wairarapa valley, and thence by the East Coast to Ahuriri and Turanga, with a view of discovering some more favorable locality for establishing a trading station. He possessed but a very slight knowledge of the native language, in which, however, I was tolerably well versed; so that we thought we should have but little difficulty in making our way amongst the native settlements. Our companion Smith, was a tall raw-boned Yankee, a perfect stranger to us both. He was travelling along the coast from Wellington, and, being footsore and weary, he called at Sturgeon's establishment, and was invited to rest for the night and partake of what accommodation the place afforded—a common practice in those good old times, when every house by the way was a traveller's home and refuge. Hearing us discoursing of our projected trip, he informed us that he had been whaling for a season in Hawke's Bay. He spoke well of the place, said he would like to return thither, and proposed to accompany us if we had no objection. So we agreed to start together. Although this man's manner appeared free and easy enough, there was something somewhat forbidding about him—a want of candor and sincerity in the expression of his countenance which made us suspect that he was not altogether so honest as he might be. As for myself, what shall I say? Well, I was but a stripling at the time; of a nature bouyant and joyous; light, active, and fleet of foot, wandering without any particular aim or object wherever my fancy led me, and rejoicing in the dignified appellation of 'Maori Jim.' Our road lay over the great range of mountains known as the Ruahine and Tararua, lying about north-east and south-west. The Manawatu river takes its rise on the east side of this chain of mountains, and after winding about through the seventy mile bush and being joined by the Mangaohao, Tiraumea, and other rivers, it cuts right through the mountains and then, augmented by the waters of Puhangina and Oroua rivers, it flows out to the sea on the West Coast. Its passage through the mountains is about four miles in length and is called by the natives Te Ariti, but known to Europeans as the Manawatu Gorge. It is full of dangerous rapids and eddies. The angry waters confined between high

and precipitous cliffs, in some places rush foaming and roaring with fearful velocity over the large boulders and rocks which lie in the bed of the stream. The skill with which the natives manage their frail canoes in shooting the intricate channels between the broken and turbulent waters is admirable. That portion of the range lying north of the gorge is called the Ruahine, and the portion south the Tararua. Our road lay over the Tararua ranges into the Wairarapa valley, which is situated on the east side of the range and stretches away to the coast in Palliser Bay—a distance of 60 or 70 miles from its head.

We proceeded by canoe up the Manawatu river till we reached the mouth of a tributary called the Tokomaru, up which lay our course to the mountains, over which we had to pass. On arriving at this point we were informed by the natives resident there, that a party of their friends had just gone on ahead of us, on their way to the Wairarapa. The road from this place to the base of the mountains being somewhat intricate and difficult to find, as we were informed, and part of it having to be travelled by water, we here engaged a canoe and a couple of natives to conduct us to the spot where the ascent of the ranges commenced. The stream up which we were now ascending has its source in the Tararua mountains, and flows through a densely wooded and very wet country a distance of probably fifteen or twenty miles to the Manawatu. The waters are dark, sluggish and turbid. It swarms with eels; some of monstrous size, which the natives say are so voracious and powerful that they would soon drown a man if they caught hold of him. The branches of fallen trees blocking up the passage, some immediately under the surface of the water and others, half rotten, slimy, and moss covered, stretching across the surface barely leaving space for canoes to pass underneath. We carved our names on some of these trees, together with the date of our passage, for the information of any others who might follow us. Everything around had a dull, cheerless aspect, and the atmosphere of the place was chilly, damp, and insalubrious. At length we reached the higher ground skirting the base of the hills. Leaving the canoe here we proceeded for about a mile through some old and abandoned cultivations to the foot of the ascent—a spur stretching down from the mountains. We all slept in this spot that night under a sort of lean to formed of poles or rafters fixed in the ground at an angle of about forty degrees, covered with bark and supported in front by another pole resting horizontally between the forks of two upright posts. This is a very common description of house used by the natives for temporary shelter when travelling; and, when the ends are

blocked up and a cheerful fire burning in front, they are very cozy and comfortable. In olden times they were erected for the accommodation of travellers at suitable stages along all bush tracks. There was an abundance of water, that great desideratum of travellers, in a brawling brook just to the right of our encampment, which ran rushing and tumbling over the boulders in its bed. I had good reason to remember this place, having slept there about a year and a half previously on an attempted journey over this very range in company with three rascally natives, who took from me everything I had and left me in the mountains, without food, to find my way back as best I might. On the occasion in question I was fortunate enough to fall in with a party of three spirited young Ngatiraukawas, who joined me in the pursuit of the thieves. We came up with them, much to their surprise, as they were seated round a fire cooking potatoes, and, pouncing upon them before they had time to rise, we secured their only gun, which was leaning against a tree, and—well, I recovered all my property.

In the morning our two native friends took leave of us and returned to their settlement, leaving us to proceed alone. Being altogether inexperienced in bush travelling, and expecting to fall in with some native encampments on the other side of the mountains, we had neglected to provide ourselves with a sufficient supply of provisions for the journey; trusting to the chapter of accidents. We had comparatively little difficulty in finding our way over the ranges, as the native mountain tracks always run along the narrow ridges of the spurs, where practicable, and are easily traceable on the soft moss which (*5 lines obscured*) ****

The *** we were *** between *** Wairarapa. The land may be *** perfectly level. It is heavily timbered and is interspersed with patches of magnificent totara trees. The timber generally consists of matai, rimu, rata, tawa, maire, &c. In my travels through the same bush in after years I found the base of one rata tree, which I measured, to be twenty-two yards in circumference; and the hollow trunk of another, used as a sleeping place by the natives when travelling, large enough to accomodate eight or ten persons comfortably. With branches of the forest fern spread upon the ground inside, and a cheerful fire blazing at the opening, it formed a by-no-means undesirable resting place for the wayworn traveller. The soil in this part of the bush is most excellent, well watered by numerous limpid streams, not subject to floods, and suitable for occupation and cultivation.

There are a few open plains of small extent here and there in the heart of the bush. Wild pigs abound in great numbers. We could always tell when we were approaching their haunts, from the strong odor of the boars, which was very perceptible. Your genuine wild boar is a somewhat dangerous animal to attack when at bay, as I have found many a time in my after experience. When driven from his lair, which is a difficult matter to do, as he will stand at bay a long time, he will run to the first place of shelter (under a bank or in some dense thicket) and there stand again at bay, and make at the dogs as they attempt to get up to him, and kill or severely wound them with his tusks, if they are not well trained and cautious. The natives attack him with a spear, generally made from the steel ramrod of a musket, with a wooden handle about ten feet in length. The place to inflict a mortal wound is immediately behind the shoulder blade, inclining the point of the weapon forward. When he is wounded, and not killed, he will attack the huntsman furiously. In such a case experienced dogs are invaluable, as they will approach him from behind and seize him by the ears, distracting his attention and affording the huntsman an opportunity for despatching him. An old boar when being killed makes no noise—he dies game, grinding and grating his tusks and foaming at the mouth with rage.

The splendid forest through which we were travelling, with its stately and majestic trees and solemn scenes of imposing grandeur, was well calculated to excite feelings of admiration and veneration for the works of Him who hath ‘weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance,’ and who ‘taketh up the isles as a very little thing,’ and to press the mind with a humbling sense of man’s utter insignificance and nothingness. I love the forest. I love to contemplate its noble and colossal trees—mute and unconscious existences—with their branches interlaced overhead like some antediluvian giant with outstretched arms, extended as it were to protect and shade their mother earth from the piercing rays of the sun, and the pitiless storm: whilst here and there an uncouth and twisted trunk protrudes itself from the surrounding foliage, like some huge Megalosaurus of the ‘Age of Reptiles’ watching for its prey.

I love the deep and sombre recesses (*two lines missing*) ***

The still sequestered glens of the forests have ever possessed romantic charms for both civilised and savage man from the earliest times. In those shady aisles the mind, relieved from the pressure of the cares and anxieties of the outer world, seems to expand beyond the limits of its earthly tabernacle and to revel in an ecstasy of more refined

and spiritual life. The heathen devotee in his native groves rises to an unusual degree of religious ardor and fanaticism. The ancient temples of the heathen world were groves of trees, and the blood streaming altars, whereon were offered human victims to the heathen deities, were canopied by the delicate tracery of the surrounding greenwood. In the dark and lonely recesses of the woods the contemplative mind, by an easy transition, reverts to those stupendous primeval forests of the carboniferous era when the creative hand of Omnipotence was at work preparing the earth as a residence, and laying up stores, for His as yet unformed creature, man.

How grand Hugh Miller's conception of the great fallen spirit 'wandering amid their tangled mazes, watching with bitter mockeries the fierce wars which raged in their sluggish waters among ravenous creatures enveloped in glittering armor of plate and scale, and, notwithstanding his profound intelligence, wondering as he looked what all these things might mean'.⁴ Little would he imagine that the scenes which met his view, were but the foundation stones of a still more glorious superstructure of which man was to be the apex—man, a being who, in the far off cycles of eternity, was destined to attain to a degree of intelligence infinitely superior to his own, and whose soul should

'Flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amid the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds.'

I love to lie by the camp fire and watch the stars in the calm reflective night, brightly shining through the interstices of the leafy canopy overhead—myriads of refulgent planets lighting up the universe with their lustrous rays from inconceivably far off regions. How cheering and animating is the thought that Man, although a mere atom inhabiting but a very little corner of creation, is, nevertheless, a creature of that glorious Being of whom it is said:— 'The Heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy work.'

'In Reason's ear they all rejoice;
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is Divine!'

The forest, too, is grand in the tempest, when the fierce wind rushes howling, like the screaming of a thousand unloosed fiends,

through its tossing and agitated branches, tearing up trees and scattering destruction in its course.

To return, however, to the sober realities of our journey. The privations we had to endure were not by any means favorable to exalted flights of imagination; nor did I indulge much in such meditations at that time. Hunger is a vulgar and stern enemy to ideality. I have before stated that we were very scantily provided with provisions; our entire stock being only a few small cakes of bread baked in the ashes, and a pound or two of sugar and a little tea. On the second day after entering the bush our provisions were all consumed, excepting only a little tea, and we had to camp that night without supper. As yet, however, we did not feel the pangs of hunger; and we managed to make ourselves tolerably cosy and comfortable, drinking tea and smoking before a cheerful fire, using the trunk of a fallen tree as a back log. The next day we had to travel fasting. The track in many places was completely obliterated by the rootings of the wild pigs, and in others traceable only with the greatest care through the dense undergrowth by means of twigs broken at intervals by the natives, and left hanging as marks for the guidance of travellers. We were continually wandering from the road and losing much valuable time in searching to recover it again, which we used to do by travelling in a circle, leaving one of our party stationary in the centre to direct us by his voice. Our progress was therefore necessarily very slow, not more probably than five or six miles actual advance per day. There was an abundance of pigs in the bush, but our dogs, of which we had two, were utterly useless for pig hunting, otherwise we should have fared well enough. Birds, too, were plentiful, but we had no gun with which to shoot them, and we were altogether unskilled in the mysteries of bush craft. I have since learned that many things abound in New Zealand forests, and in that in which we were travelling in particular, by means of which life may be sustained for a long time.

And so we struggled on, sinking and exhausted, for some three or four days, anxiously expecting at every opening which appeared in the thick foliage that we were approaching some cultivation or open plain where we might obtain nourishment of some kind—hoping against hope, but always disappointed:—

‘Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is, but always to be, blest.’

Emerging from the bush one day, into the open course of a considerable stream, we espied a basket suspended from the branch of some drift timber collected on a bank which, from its bulk, evidently contained something. It was tied up at the mouth like a sack and we immediately concluded that it contained potatoes, and had been placed in that prominent position by the natives, who, we had been informed, preceded us, for the use of any others who might be coming after them. Accordingly, we hastened to make ourselves acquainted with its contents. But we were doomed to cruel disappointment; on cutting it open we found it contained nothing but round water-worn stones! The reader, revelling in abundance, may imagine our mortification if he can. There was no use, however, in repining; so, after solacing ourselves with a smoke and quenching our thirst with a drink of the limpid stream at our feet, we entered the forest and again proceeded on our weary way. I never could conceive what possible object the fellow who hung up that basket could have had in view, unless it were done as a 'trick upon travellers.'

Shortly after leaving this river, at the foot of an ascent rising to a plateau above, we came upon a spot where some natives had kindled a fire, apparently some eight or ten days previously. They had been roasting potatoes, and the burnt and blackened skins which they had peeled off lay scattered round about amongst the ashes of the fire. They were saturated with water (it had been raining) and were disgustingly dirty with ashes and grit, yet we collected them carefully, and, after making an equal division, devoured them greedily. It was indeed most providential for us that the weather continued fine. Had there been sufficient rain to flood the rivers, our progress would have been effectually barred, and, in all probability, I should not now have been penning this memoir of our hapless wayfaring. Since that time I have been shut up for a week between flooded rivers in the same forest, but I had a native with me, and moreover I myself had acquired no inconsiderable experience in travelling. On another occasion, in the same bush, I was detained for seventy-two hours on the banks of a tributary of the Manawatu river (Mangaohau). On this latter occasion I was alone and without provisions, but I was fortunate enough to find a deserted cultivation from which I procured a few potatoes about the size of marbles.

But I am digressing. After we had eaten the potato skins left by the Maoris we proceeded on our journey, passing through one or two open plains of inconsiderable extent covered with stunted fern, and very

stony. We searched all round them, hoping to find some cultivation, but to no purpose. Once our hearts were gladdened with the sight of some bark houses standing at the edge of the forest on one of these plains; but, on approaching them, we found they were deserted. They appeared as if they were used occasionally only, probably when the natives were on pig-hunting or bird-catching expeditions. During our progress through the bush we were frequently deceived in this way, particularly on the borders of the plains. Many spots at the edge of the forest, looking at them from a distance, appeared like cultivations, and we lost much precious time in going out of our way to examine them. Sometimes we imagined we could see smoke rising from them, but like Taninihi of Maori story, we were deceived. This man (Taninihi) is said to have been one of the party of Hoturoa and others who first migrated from Hawaiki to this island. It is related of him that as their canoes (Tainui and the Arawa) approached the shore at Tauranga, on the East Coast, observing the red blossoms of the rata, the pohutukawa, and amaru trees, casting into the sea his Pohoi Kura, or ear ornaments of red feathers, he exclaimed in the joy and excitement of the moment at the fancy treasures which met his view:— ‘Hence! Away with you back to Hawaiki! I have no further need of you! Here are plenty of finer Pohoi Kuras than you to be had for nothing in this strange land. Henceforth we are eternally separated.’ Silly fellow, no doubt. But are we wiser in our generation? Do not many of us throw Pohoi Kuras for ‘that which is not bread, and for that which satisfies not?’

When the people landed from the canoes our sapient friend found the appearances which at a distance delighted his eye with their bright colors were but mere shams—the which perish in the using. Meantime his genuine Pohoi Kura, being cast shore by the tide, was found by a girl of the party named Mahinaroa who took possession of it, and refused to return it to its owner, reminding him that he had ‘eternally separated from’ it, and further using words, which would become proverbial in the present generation, to the same effect as our nowadays saying ‘a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.’ In one respect the case was somewhat similar to that of Taninihi; we were deceived by fancy appearances, but we had no Pohoi kura to cast away. A Pohoi Kura is a bunch of red feathers worn in the ear. The real article is (or ought to be) composed of feathers brought from Hawaiki. They are said to have been taken from birds named in fable Tuingarangi and Harongarangi. Others are merely imitations, generally of no value, consisting of the red feathers of the kaka and other birds.

There is a place in the pa of the forest through which we were travelling, where, during the old wars, according to the native accounts, seventeen human beings were once cooked altogether in one huge 'hangi,' or oven. The native village, in which they lived stood on a spur stretching down from some higher land. The pa was surprised by a war party of marauders and the inhabitants slaughtered without mercy. After the fight, or massacre, the bodies of the slain were collected together and taken into the forest on the plateau above, where they were cooked in a monster hangi, as I have stated, and the cannibal orgies were continued during the whole night. The site of the ill-fated village, when I saw it, and the cultivations around it, were thickly overgrown with scrub. The heads and entrails of the victims were cast on one side for the dogs, and the bodies only cooked. I have sat within the hangi in question whilst the tale has been told to me, picturing to myself the while the horrid scene which had been enacted there by the lurid light of the midnight fire.

As we approached the end of the forest at the head of the Wairarapa Valley we came upon a small opening plain the day before emerging from the bush altogether. On this plain we found a place where the pigs had been rooting up the fern, and we essayed by means of pointed sticks to dig up some for a meal. But from previous want of food, and exhaustion, our strength was unequal to the task; and, to satisfy the cravings of hunger, we were glad to collect the ends which the pigs had gnawed and dropped from their mouths—like the prodigal son who 'would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat.' We slept that night (our fifth and last in the forest) in a bark hut which stood by the side of the track where it re-entered the forest on the opposite side of the plain. Here we came to the determination that we would hold out another day, and if we then obtained no relief we would sacrifice one of our two dogs to support life. However I might turn up my nose at such fare now, I can well remember how I looked at them with a greedy eye, fancying, as they lay with their noses poking in the ashes of the fire in blissful ignorance of the danger, that a rump steak from one of them would be a relish the gods themselves might rejoice in.

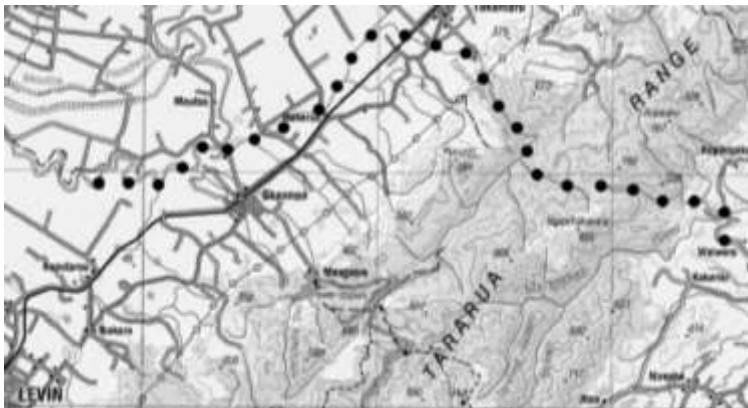
Excepting only in the matter of food we were comfortably enough lodged in this our last night in the forest. The whare was a good and roomy one; we had plenty of firewood and water; plenty of tobacco, which served to moderate somewhat the desire for food; and a good

bed composed of a species of low fern called by the natives 'Nga Maikuku o Tawhaki' (the nails of Tawhaki), from the fact of its roots having the appearance of a kaka's beak, or the sharp hooked claws of an animal. It is very plentiful in some parts of the hills, and a quantity of the leaves spread upon the ground make a very clean and comfortable bed. Tawhaki is described in Maori tradition as a mysterious demigod born of a goddess by a human father. There are some interesting traditions concerning him, and after beings of a like nature, which I may some day take the trouble to translate. There are some points in Maori tradition which, allowing for distortion and corruption, and fanciful additions, bear a strong resemblance to portions of Scripture history, and which inclines one to believe that they share their origin in the same source. It seems uncertain whether the plant in question germinated from the impressions of Tawhaki's horny nails as he scrambled over the mountain ranges; or was propagated from the scraps as he chipped them with a sea shell whilst resting on some towering peak, rising in sombre majesty above the everlasting hills around, contemplating the abodes of his savage devotees on the plains below; and pondering the while on the time, in the then far off future, when some of them would be developed into full fledged Honorables, M.P.'s and J.P.s—politicians and judges of immaculate purity and honesty.

Passing over the hills next day we entered at last upon the stony plains at the head of the Wairarapa. A species of thorny runner abounded here, growing thickly amongst the stones in every direction. My shoes, which were almost soleless when we commenced the journey, I had thrown away in the bush as useless. My companions were much better off in this respect than I was. My feet were bruised and bleeding from the wounds inflicted by splinters in the forest, and I found it impossible to travel over the prickly runners which I have mentioned, the thorns of which pierced my feet at every step. I was therefore reduced to the necessity of tearing off the skirts of the only shirt I possessed in the world, with which, and the portion of the rag of a blanket which I carried, to bind them up, so as to enable me to proceed. And so I hobbled painfully along after my two companions.

That night we slept by the side of the track in the open air without any shelter whatever. The night was bitterly cold, and in the morning my limbs were so benumbed and the soles on my feet were so stiff that I could not stand for a considerable time, much less walk. We were all, however, in better spirits that night than usual, for before dark we had

espied a wreath of smoke ascending, apparently, about seven or eight miles ahead of us; and this time we were assured there was no mistake. The track being now perfectly open and clear, and tending directly toward the point where we had seen the smoke on the previous evening, my companions pushed on with all possible haste at the early dawn, leaving me to follow slowly and painfully after them. As I advanced I could distinctly see the smoke of several fires, and on arriving within half a mile of the place I observed two figures approaching me. It was Sturgeon, who, accompanied by a Maori, was returning to meet me. He brought me half a roasted potato, which I greedily swallowed. It is seldom that the presence of a Maori conveys to my insensible soul any feelings of gratification, as doubtless it ought to do, but I have become somewhat callous and unappreciative of their peculiar excellence and merit. But, with respect to that particular Maori who accompanied my friend Sturgeon, I could then, in the fulness of my heart, have taken the fellow (as ugly as he was) in my arms and hugged him with delight. I have never since looked upon the countenance of a Maori with so much complacency. To me he was the embodiment and realisation of my soul's utmost desire; and visions of three-legged pots, boiled potatoes, wild cabbage and eels, floated before my mental vision in pleasing confusion.



Probably the route taken by Grindell, Sturgeon and Smith: up the Manawatu and its tributary the Tokomaru; thence by the Kaihinu Track from Tokomaru over the low point north of Ngawhakarara (*pers. comm.* John Rhodes November 2018); five nights in the forest, the sixth on the plain, seven or eight miles from Te Kaikokirikiri (Masterton), whence they could see smoke rising.

We all proceeded together to the pa, on arriving at which I and my friends sat down upon the ground to regale ourselves with some potatoes which had been prepared for us. We were speedily surrounded by a crowd of men, women, and children, who, squatting around us, occupied themselves in watching our every motion. Nothing in our appearance escaped their notice. Every rent in our habiliments, our personal appearance, the color of our hair, the manner in which we masticated and swallowed our food, even the color of our eyes, all were duly commented upon, and sundry conjectures hazarded from time to time as to what our bundles contained and whether we had any money or tobacco. Some of the fair sex amused themselves by peeling potatoes with their dirty thumb nails and handing them to us to eat—in the same way as they would feed their babies. After we had finished our meal, and they had in some degree satisfied their curiosity, some of the women set to work to extract the splinters from my feet. After this operation was completed they bathed them in warm water and bound them up in dock leaves, from the application of which I soon experienced no small relief.

The next day Sturgeon, having a small sum of money with him, purchased a young pig, for which he gave them five shillings, and which they themselves helped us speedily to consume. After this they demanded money for everything we required—even for the miserable accommodation of sleeping in their smoky huts, amidst vermin, dogs, and stench. These people were excessively dirty, and far inferior in every respect to the natives to whom I had been accustomed on the West Coast and other places. They were less hospitable, and generally more mercenary and covetous. The Maori of that day, as a rule, if rude and savage, was at least hospitable and generous to travellers—not so much from genuine feeling and sympathy as from ostentation and vanity, and that it was the established and necessary custom of his country, which could not be departed from without damage to his character. At the same time he always looked for a return of his favors if it were possible to obtain it.

Pakehas in those days were less common than they are now, and any poor wanderer therefore was always welcome to remain at a native settlement as long as he pleased. He was something to look at, something to talk about; he conferred a sort of dignity upon its owners, and the fortunate possessor of a 'pakeha' was generally envied by his fellows. Nevertheless he would not scruple to take from his destitute guest his last sixpence, or his last shirt, regardless of how he might fare

in his further journeyings without means. I have never found magnanimity and generosity of soul in the Maori which some persons would have us believe he possesses. The Maori of the present day is especially selfish, deceitful, untruthful, and cunning. He possesses much natural acumen, and is always ready to take advantage of every opportunity afforded him by those with whom he may be dealing. He is exceedingly skilful in argument, and, to use words which I have somewhere read, is 'so ingenious in stringing facts and inferences together, or what appear to be facts and inferences, that in controversy with him I have sometimes caught myself believing that which, in reality, I knew to be false.' He is a good judge of personal character, and will perceive instantly if his threats, or cajolery, affect in any way those with whom he is brought in contact, and will obstinately shape his course accordingly. It is seldom that a person can be in the company of a Maori for half an hour without having some request preferred to him, which, if readily granted, instead of producing a feeling of gratitude in the mind of the native, only gives rise to regret that he did not ask for something of more value—the pakeha was so soft (ngawari), so easily cajoled. The above is the rule, not the exception. When I am in company with a Maori, and he maintains silence for a moment or two, I always feel instinctively that he is planning some specious method of attack—considering some vulnerable point in my character on which to assail me. The only way to deal successfully with him, as well in public as in private matters, is to be kind and yielding, so far as may be expedient, when he is forbearing and reasonable in his demands; and firm and inflexible as a rock when he is presuming and unreasonable. This course I have always found to succeed best with him, and to secure his respect at the same time.

But I am exceeding the limits which I prescribed to myself when I commenced this paper. I must therefore hasten on to a conclusion. We remained several days at this settlement to refresh ourselves and recruit our exhausted energies. The name of the village was 'Kaikokirikiri,' literally 'a throwing about of food'—which, in our experience, at all events, was a misnomer. At length, finding our strength sufficiently recruited, we secured the services of a native, who undertook to guide us to the sea coast for a small sum of money. Be it understood that we had not the remotest idea how far we were from the coast. And here I must say a word or two about our guide. He was a sinister looking, sneaking, hypocritical rascal. I was suspicious of him

from the first; but, as we could get no one else to accompany us, we had no alternative. His countenance

“Had Nature charactered so legibly,
That when his tongue told fair, his face bewrayed
The lurking falsehood; sullen, slow of speech,
Savage, down-looking, dark.”

He was known as ‘Te Ihu Maa’ (grilled nose); and sometimes as ‘Nga Iwi’ (Bones). The first of these appellations was derived from the fact that one of his ancestors, having been caught by his enemies, was held by them with his face over a fire till life was extinct; and the second from his having privately scratched up the bones of one of his brothers and conveyed them to a place more agreeable to his taste than where they had been interred by the tribe; and also, from the singular skill displayed by another of his ancestors in anatomizing the bodies of his slain enemies (and sometimes those of his friends), and picking their bones. He was a notable poet and musician, this ancestor of his; and was celebrated for the amorous and heart-melting melodies which he used to play to the admiring fair sex on a kind of flute which he had artistically constructed from the thigh bones of an unfortunate rival who had fallen beneath his vengeance. There was a grim humor, which I rather admire, in this very original method of making his rival subservient to the furtherance of his amorous intrigues. Whilst speaking of Bones I may mention that he had two brothers, one of whom had six toes upon each foot; and the other (now dead) was a grotesque stumpy creature with knobby varicose veins in his legs like gnarled stumps of trees, and an immense hump on his back. He was the best of the family. I knew him well, in after years, and always found him good tempered and honest. Although anything but vicious he delighted in gossip and scandal, and was generally to be seen seated amongst the women, whispering and tittering over some tender weakness of some one or other of his female acquaintances. He was a great favorite with many of the ladies, notwithstanding his deformity. But it is no uncommon thing to find some of our own fair countrywomen enraptured with positive ugliness and infirmity—sometimes unaccompanied by any redeeming quality of mind.

But to proceed. Taking leave of our hosts at the village, we again set forth on our journey, accompanied by our guide Bones. I had obtained at the settlement a pair of sandals, formed of the ti tree leaves woven together, so that I was enabled to travel with comparative ease.

The country over which we travelled is now so well known that it needs no particular description from me. Our course lay to the eastward of the spot on which Masterton now stands. We crossed the Waingawa river from the Taratahi plain, and then passed over the Karamu and Waikoukou plains, and about midday reached Ngaawa Parera—a ford on the Ruamahanga river, perhaps a mile below Hurunuiorangi, and near to the Te Ahiaruhe. Many who read this sketch will recognise these localities. During the day the rain had been descending in torrents, and we arrived at the bank of the river drenched to the skin. We found the river very much swollen, and the water rushing in a fierce and foaming torrent over the shingle in its bed, from which we concluded that heavy rains had fallen in the mountains.

Our guide informed us that there was plenty of time to reach the coast before night (which I afterwards discovered would have been impossible), and he urged us to attempt the crossing without delay lest the increasing flood should prevent our passage altogether. He pointed out the direction in which we were to go, but refused to take the lead himself. A short distance below where we stood, on the same side of the river, a shingle bank projected out into the stream turning the course of the current to the opposite side; and immediately in front of us, on the other side of the river, was another bank of the same nature, round the lower edge of which the water whirled and eddied, collecting together a mass of foam and rubbish. Between these two banks the water rushed with great velocity, striking a perpendicular bank of soft clay, some fifteen or twenty feet high, on the other side of the river. I observed as the force of the current undermined this bank large portions were continually falling into the river and disappearing immediately—a proof that the water was deep on that side. And it was directly down the channel towards this perpendicular bank that our friend Bones declared we must go. I may here mention that neither of us could swim—an art which I acquired in after years. Bones insisted that this was the proper crossing, but we could not induce him to go first. He said he could not swim. In answer to our enquiry he said there was no settlement lower down the river which we could reach without crossing—there were rivers, swamps, and impassable forests in the way. The villain knew perfectly well that the chief Ngatuere at that very time was living at a place a few miles lower down, between which and the spot where we stood there were no impediments to bar our passage. This fact I ascertained afterwards.

At last it was arranged that we should all attempt the crossing together. Bones wanted us to leave our bundles behind, and said if we found we could cross he would be able to return for them. But to this we objected. Having formed a rope by knotting together the long leaves of the flax plant, I (in my simplicity) fastened the two ends to my left arm, with the idea of having both my hands at liberty to use a pole with which to stay myself up against the current, whilst Bones held the bend or bight up the stream. Between us the other two took their places, both holding on to the rope—Sturgeon being next to Bones. In this manner we entered the river with our ‘traps’ upon our backs, much to the discontent of Bones, who thought to appropriate them to himself in the event of our being carried away by the current.

A much better plan, and one frequently adopted by natives in crossing rapid but fordable rivers, is for all to advance abreast holding a long pole before them, the shorter and weaker one being at the lower end, and each exerting his whole strength in bearing up against the stream. By this means the force of the current is broken by those above, and all receive assistance and support from the concentration of their powers. Where a rope is used, the plan is to advance in file, so that if the first be washed off his legs, as he gets into deeper water his safety is secured by those who hold the rope behind. And in a like manner those who follow last are assisted by those who reach the shore. We, however, were inexperienced in these matters, and we soon discovered that it was not our guide’s intention that we should receive any assistance from him. We had no intention of going down the current in the direction he had pointed out, but we thought we might reach the shingle bank immediately opposite to us—before mentioned as having a mass of foam and rubbish collected around its lower end by the eddying current. As we advanced into the stream we found the force of current so strong that it was with great difficulty we managed to keep ourselves from being carried away with it. At length Bones, seeing that it was only by Sturgeon’s hold upon the rope that he was kept from being carried down upon Smith treacherously let go his end of the rope and returned to the bank from whence we had started. I immediately saw the danger of our position. In another moment Sturgeon would probably be clinging to Smith, and both would be washed off their legs and carried down against me, in which case we should certainly all go together. Calling therefore to them to follow me, and tugging at the same time at the rope which was fastened on my arm, I at once directed my course down the stream, inclining obliquely at the same time

toward the shingle bank which I have before mentioned as being immediately below us on the same side from which we had entered the water. In this way, going with the current, we did not feel its force, and were enabled to reach the bank with comparative ease, the water shallowing as we approached the shingle bank.

Meanwhile Bones stood upon the shore quietly watching us, without offering assistance in any way. On landing Sturgeon and I had considerable difficulty in restraining the wrath of Smith, who was strongly inclined to sacrifice Bones on the spot for his treachery, and cast his body into the stream. This he could easily have done, for he was a strong and powerfully built man. As the night was now rapidly approaching we set about collecting fuel for our camp fire from the drift wood scattered about the bank of the river. At the edge of a koromiko and manuka scrub close at hand we observed two toitoi breakwinds, or lean-tos, probably erected by some pig hunting party of natives. They stood facing each other and close together. Between these we built our fire, and, laying down some fresh toitoi for bedding, took up our quarters for the night—Bones and Smith on one side of the fire, and I and Sturgeon on the other. We supped that night on a few potatoes which Bones had brought with him, and which we roasted in the ashes. During the night a tremendous storm came on, and the rain came down in torrents. The lightning forked and flashed in vivid brightness, and Heaven's artillery thundered forth its deafening peals continuously, whilst the increasing roar of the river near us gave warning that the flood was rapidly rising higher and higher.

At midnight, when the storm was at its highest, a dispute arose between Smith and Bones about the space which each occupied. The latter, endeavoring to avoid the rain, pressed inconveniently upon the former, who threw him violently from him and threatened to proceed to further violence. Bones, greatly offended, muffled himself in his mat, and squatted down outside in the midst of the pelting rain, muttering threats of vengeance. At every flash of lightning I could distinctly observe his figure as he sat glowering upon us with eyes like those of a wild beast, or some demon from the infernal regions. And so he sat for, I suppose, the space of an hour, totally regardless of my repeated invitations for him to return within the shelter of our whare.

At length, the storm having passed away, and Smith and Sturgeon being both fast locked in the arms of Morpheus, Bones condescended to favor me with his company by seating himself on the other side of

the fire, though in a very sullen mood. After amusing himself for some time sharpening with a stone the point of the iron of an old whale lance, which he had with him, he endeavored to persuade me to go to sleep, lest from want of rest I should be unable to accomplish the long journey before us to the coast on the morrow. I said we could not travel as the river was impassable; and I reminded him that, when urging us to cross, he had told us the distance was short.

With the view, however, of finding out what his 'little game' might be, I coiled myself up into as small a compass as possible, drawing my old coat over my head so as to enable me to see through a rent which it had under the armpit. For some time longer Bones continued to rub away at the point of his lance, ever and anon glancing across at me. At length, doubtless with a view of discovering whether I was really asleep, he called me by name several times, gently at first, then increasing his voice at each (*the right third of the column is here obscured and the transcription may be inaccurate—Ed.*) repetition, 'Jim, Jim, are you asleep * * * and regular breathing, he * * * appeared at last to satisfy himself that I actually slept. Then he turned towards Smith, and called him in the same manner. Receiving no answer, he continued rubbing away at his lance for a few minutes longer, I watching him all the while. He appeared to be somewhat uneasy and restless, turning from side to side and looking at Smith who lay by his side in a deep sleep. He had an appearance of alarm and fear on his countenance, as though contemplating some evil deed, the bare truth of which frightened him. Our friend Sturgeon, upon whom he was reclining, awoke and rose to a sitting position. I then, casting about in my head, rose up also, and we both sat smoking for some time until Bones, seeing we were not any longer asleep, shortly after lay down and was soon apparently in the land of sleep. I communicated my suspicions to Sturgeon and informed him how I had been watching Bones, and we remained on our guard till the morning. I have ever been, and am still, of the opinion Bones meditated the murdering, probably of us all, and then stealing our goods after casting our bodies into the river. Be that as it may, after day-break he disappeared, and we saw no more of him. We remained a little longer on the bank of the river, our food consisting of a few wild turnips, bitter and pungent to the palate which we found growing in the sand by the river. At the expiration of that day, the water having subsided considerably, we determined to try the river again. This time I resolved not to run the risk of my companions being driven down on me by the force of the current so took my position up the stream

somewhat above the others. Sturgeon was next to me and Smith just below him. In this order we advanced together and we got so far into the stream that the water washed over our hips but the current was so strong that Sturgeon, who was a very short man, was unable to withstand its force, and he was thrown down upon Smith, whom he hit on the shoulder. Smith called on him to let go or both would be carried away but in his terror he clung on tightly. Smith then struck him two crushing blows in the face, from the effects of which the blood flowed in a copious stream down upon them. It was a hideous spectacle—the two men struggling in the jaws of death. It was but for an instant and then Smith lost his balance, and he was swept down by the stream between the shingle banks, like an arrow from a bow. I saw a hand thrust above the surface for an instant an *** and he was gone.

Sturgeon for a short time maintained an upright position. Buoyed by the bundle of blankets on his back and paddling with his hands in front. I watched him as he was swept by the eddying current amongst a big mass of foam collected in a sort of backwater on the opposite side of the river at the lower end of the shingle bank to which I have before alluded, and immediately under a steep bank with a thick growth of bushes and shrubs, where I lost sight of him. For a time I thought he might have got up the bank and crawled up among the bushes exhausted. I called his name loudly, but the returning echo from the overhanging bank alone answered—so surely I was alone. I stood for a long time bewildered and unable to realise the fact that they were gone, and that I was alone. But it was too true; they were gone—gone to that

‘Undiscover’d country from whose bourn
No traveller returns.’

After I had in some measure recovered from the shock which the untimely fate of my two friends had given me, I determined to retrace my steps and endeavor to reach the settlement where we had rested. Fearful that I might again fall in with Bones, I pulled up a stout stake from the whare, or breakwind, where we had slept, and throwing it across my shoulder as a weapon of defence, I started on the back track followed by the two dogs. I had gone about a mile when I was startled by a voice calling me by name. Looking up I perceived a native approaching me from the direction in which I was going. It turned out to be a man named Panapa from the same village where we had engaged Bones, who he said had returned to the village and told them

he had left us on the bank of the river, as we would not cross. We sat down by the side of the path whilst I related to him all that had happened. He had some boiled stinking Indian corn with him, of which I ate heartily and felt myself greatly strengthened thereby. The natives to the present day are very fond of this kind of food. They put the corn in a running stream of pure water until half decomposed; it is then boiled, and, although of a smell most villainously foul, the taste is by no means objectionable—especially to a hungry man. Having finished my meal I returned again to the river, in company with Panapa, with renewed strength and spirits. My newly found friend was a very different kind of man to Bones. He was as careful of me as it was possible he could be. Having divested himself of his rags of clothing, he tried the passage of the river in several places, and then returned to me saying it was just then impassable, although when the water was low it was fordable there. We then went up the river bank for about a quarter of a mile to a place named Parikawhiti, or the ‘Cliff Crossing’—so named from a high cliff on the opposite side of the river. Here the river spreads out a greater width over the shingle, and was consequently shallow in proportion. Having first taken my bundle and his own across, Panapa returned to assist me. We entered the river together, Panapa leading me by the hand. For the first few yards the water was somewhat deep, reaching to our hips, and the current was so strong that it washed the gravel and stones from under my feet as I advanced; but with Panapa’s help I struggled on till we had passed the deepest part, and after that it was only knee deep the rest of the way. Panapa, nevertheless, would not release my hand until we were safely landed on the opposite bank. Here we camped for the night in a comparatively comfortable whare which stood in the midst of a clump of trees. Whilst my friend Panapa proceeded to procure some potatoes which he had concealed near at hand, I busied myself in building up a fire. That night we had roasted potatoes for supper, of which, however, I partook of sparingly, feeling sick and feverish. I passed a most uneasy and restless night. The previous hardships and starvation which I had undergone, added to the excitement consequent upon the events of the past fresh upon my mind, together with the dreary solitude and loneliness of the spot upon which we had encamped, so enervated both mind and body that I was in a highly nervous and excitable state. I fancied I could hear voices in the woods around:—

‘A thousand fancies
 Began to throng into my memory,
 Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
 And airy tongues, that syllable men’s names.’

Once the impression was so strong on my mind that I heard a ‘cooe’y’ borne past on the night wind and resounding away in the distance that I awakened Panapa, and we both went down to the bank of the river to listen; but all was still save the rush of the eddying waters.



Frederick Aloysius Weld,
 Making New Zealand Collection,
 Alexander Turnbull Library,
 no. F-439-1/4 -MNZ

Panapa inclined to the opinion that it was the voice of the spirit of one of my late companions. It is a very common superstition amongst the Maoris that the murmuring of departed friends may be heard at night in the gentle ripple of the stream, and their despairing howls in the fierce rush and loud roar of the swollen torrent.

On the following day we reached Huangarua, and I remained there that night at the native settlement. At this place I surfeited myself with roasted potatoes mashed up with hog’s lard, for which rash proceeding I had to pay the penalty afterwards. The next morning I took leave of Panapa and travelled on alone over the plains to Whare Kaka.

Poor Panapa has been dead for many years. I trust he has received his reward in the world of spirits whither he has gone for his kindness and humanity to me, for it was not in my power to reward him. At the Whare Kaka station I fell in with F. A. Weld, Esquire (late Governor of Western Australia) who had just then arrived in the district, and was about to establish a sheep station there in conjunction with Messrs Clifford and Vavasour. The unctuous nature of the food of which I had too freely partaken at Huangarua, acting upon a weak stomach and an exhausted frame, brought on a severe attack of sickness, from which I did not recover for some weeks.

During my illness I received the kindest attention and sympathy from Mr Weld, with whom I afterwards remained for many months. He was a gentleman who was respected and loved by every one who knew him, from the highest to the lowest. Of his kindness in my time

of need and helpless weakness, and his condescension and goodness to me continued for many years afterwards, I shall always retain the most grateful remembrance. Amidst the hollowness and cant of the world, my mind often reverts to the period of my connection with him as a bright oasis in the somewhat dreary desert of my life.

I may mention that for many years I lost sight of Bones altogether; but at a later period I heard of him from time to time as still living—and once as I was riding past a native village near Masterton I saw a miserable looking being squatted upon the grass just outside of the fence in whom I recognised our quondam friend Bones. He looked very aged and infirm, and appeared to be suffering from some pulmonary affection. I reined up my horse before him and said:—“Well, Bones, do you remember me? you tried to drown me once; but you see I am still living, and in robust health and strength, whilst you appear as if there would shortly be nothing left of you but your ‘Bones.’ You did not imagine when you let go the rope in the river that I should live to meet you thus. When you go to the world of spirits you’ll probably meet the two pakehas you sent before you. I assure you I don’t envy your meeting ‘Long Smith’.” He was seized with a fit of wheezing and coughing, and when he had recovered breath he very coolly asked me for a piece of tobacco! I threw the miserable wretch a stick and rode off. That was the last I ever saw of Bones.

And now having brought my story to a conclusion, I would further remark that since the occurrences above related I have passed through many a changing scene and met with many a rough experience of New Zealand bush life among the Maories, but the passing away of those two companions of my early wanderings has never been effaced from my memory—the scene is as vividly depicted before my mind’s eye as if it had occurred but yesterday.

‘Like pilgrims to the appointed place we tend,
The world’s an inn, and death the journey’s end.’

In conclusion, I may say that, according to Maori ideas, I had my revenge in after years, for what I had suffered in the 70 mile bush. That is to say that in 1871 and 1872, acting under the direction of J. D. Ormond, Esq. and Mr Fitzherbert, the then Superintendent of the Province of Wellington, I succeeded in purchasing for the Government large areas of the land in that very forest. The site of the Manawatu Gorge bridge was purchased by me for a considerable sum for the purpose of erecting a bridge there.

‘The whirligig of time brings in his revenges.’

Poorly prepared though they were, they had made the first crossing of the Tararua by Europeans.

Of “Long Smith” I can find no record. A little more can be discovered about Robert Sturgeon: he arrived in Wellington on the *Lady Nugent* in February 1841 and almost at once began advertising often in the *New Zealand Gazette and Wellington Spectator*,

CLOCKS, Watches, and Jewellery cleaned and repaired by Robert Sturgeon, many years in a London jewellery business.

Residence at present—at the back of Messrs. Waters and Smith’s Stores.

In the first session of the County Court for the Southern District of New Ulster on 19 April 1842,

Alexander Keith was convicted of stealing a watch from his employer, Mr. Robert Sturgeon, a watchmaker in Wellington. The prisoner had sold the watch to Mr. Zilwood, a publican for 30s. In mitigation of punishment he put in a statement confessing his guilt, which he attributed first to disappointment in not obtaining money he expected on his arrival, and next to the bad habit of drinking. The Judge passed sentence of six months imprisonment and hard labour, remarking that the prisoner was receiving pay from Mr. Sturgeon, and therefore could not have been in want.⁵

Sturgeon had joined jeweller W Neal in new premises in Lambton Quay in October 1841,⁶ but in October 1842 he was gone and his share of the lease was auctioned.⁷ His letters remained unclaimed at Wellington Post Office in October and November 1844.⁸

There is no newspaper report of their deaths. Among the AG Bagnall papers at the Alexander Turnbull Library is a note typed by Bagnall: “In a list of deceased estates under charge of R.R.Strang in *Wgtn. Indpt.* 13 May 1848—Robert Sturgeon Waito (place of colonial residence—Middlesex, U.K.) drowned at Ngawaparera (*sic*) in May 1844—no effects recovered.”⁹



The Nga-awa-parera (landing place of the grey duck) ford would have been near the Te Ana o Parakawhiti cliffs, below the Gladstone bridge over the Ruamahanga, near Hurunuiorangi.



Wharekaka between 1840 and 1859, pencil drawing by William Mein Smith.
Alexander Turnbull Library Ref. no. A-035-001

In his account of his Wairarapa journey Grindell wrote of Frederick Aloysius Weld, later to be the 6th NZ Premier, in glowing terms,

During my illness I received the kindest attention and sympathy from Mr Weld, with whom I afterwards remained for many months. He was a gentleman who was respected and loved by every one who knew him, from the highest to the lowest. Of his kindness in my time of need and helpless weakness, and his condescension and goodness to me continued for many years afterwards, I shall always retain the most grateful remembrance. Amidst the hollowness and cant of the world, my mind often reverts to the period of my connection with him as a bright oasis in the somewhat dreary desert of my life.

Indeed Grindell worked for Weld at Wharekaka Station for just a few months, and at the end of 1844 Weld noted, “J Grindel refusing to cook I packed him off”.¹⁰ Mita Carter wrote that he was dismissed for “lounging around with the Maoris” and set out for Wellington but met a Maori woman at Turanganui and decided to stay. He tried to buy a church built for Colenso but was refused.¹¹

In April 1845 the *Wellington Independent* reported,

WAIRARAPA HOUSE OF ENTERTAINMENT. —The first station in the Wairarapa is known as Mr. Russell’s. That gentleman has, however, recently left it and proceeded further inland. The house thereon is now occupied by Mr. James Grindall, who has made it a resting place to the great convenience of travellers desirous of not taxing the settlers of the district. The charge for a meal of pork, potatoes, and tea, is one shilling.¹²

In August 1845 he was, for £5, granted a bush license for the Travellers Rest hotel (formerly Henry—brother of Purvis—Russell’s house) on the south bank of the Turanganui, past the northern end of Lake Onoke and 3–4km above the present Lake Ferry hotel.

Frederick Tiffen and his team stopped there in September 1845 while driving sheep and cattle around the coast from Wellington to Ahiaaruhe, near today’s Gladstone,

*A trille further up the Valley the “Sow and Spuds” accommodation house kept by J. Grindall was reached and welcomed too as the first European quarters—though primitive.*¹³



Southern Wairarapa, detail of HS Tiffen's map. Alexander Turnbull Library Ref. No. MSDL-2483-img1569. The "Sow & Spuds"● was south of the Turanganui stream at the north end of Lake Onoke.

Grindell soon learned the risks of running a pub; the *Wellington Independent* reported in December,

ROBBERY.—We learn from a party who arrived from Wairarapa, that on Saturday night last, the House of entertainment kept by Mr. Grindall was entered into, and money to the amount of £3 odd abstracted from the trousers of the landlord. The party suspected is a Parkhurst seedling from Auckland, who was in the house the day previous, and saw the landlord put the money into his pocket. We hope the police will have a look out after this youth.¹⁴

William Colenso first met Grindell in the southern Wairarapa on 17 March 1846. He wrote,

*I called at Wangaiwakarere in my way (a small village principally belonging to the Wesleyan Natives of Te Upokokirikiri); here we dined. Called on J. Grendall, a young Settler, who was full of bitterness against Missions and Missionaries. He declared against all Religion, and said, that he often spoke against Missionaries and Religion to the Native Converts, and cursed them in the Native language, and yet, overflowing with invective against their insincerity! I spent more than an hour under his roof to little purpose. Among other things, he said, "One reason I have against the Missionaries is, that formerly—before these wretches" (the Natives) "took to Psalm-singing, a man could get a Pig, and a woman, at every place, free, but now it is just the reverse!" This man has been several years in New Zealand, and knows the language pretty well. I scarce need add, that he is a sad thorn in the sides of the Christian Natives.*¹⁵

In 1847 James Coutts Crawford and two companions set out to walk around the coast from Wellington to the Wairarapa. On the third day,

Continuing our journey, we reached the Wairarapa Hotel, the only one in the valley, rather late in the evening. It was not a building of any size or architectural pretensions, and consisted of one or at most two apartments. The walls were of wattle and daub, and the roof of thatch. It was called the "Sow and Spuds," and was kept by a Pakeha, familiarly known as Maori Jim, and the fare was, I suppose, invariably pork and potatoes. We had a roaring fire, however, and passed a jolly evening.¹⁶

Eldson Best wrote, “*some of those early pubs were surely a caution.... For example, Okiwi Brown’s Grand Hotel and the ‘Sow and Spuds’ at Wairarapa.*”¹⁷

From November 1847 to 1848 Grindell was the Government Overseer of Roads in the Wairarapa and was involved in the construction of the Rimutaka Hill Road under TH (“Tommy”) Fitzgerald.

Colenso was back in Hawke’s Bay at the Mission Station on 19 July 1847 when,

*... a travelling party of Natives arrived from Wairarapa, bringing the news of my having committed adultery with an English woman residing at the Hutt near Wellington! which made no small sensation among the N(ative) Chiefs. I recommended them to wait patiently, until the N. Teachers from that district (who would be here now in a few days to their Annual School) should arrive.*¹⁸

A fortnight later,

*the Wairarapa Teachers informed me, the author of the report lately raised against me was the notorious James Grindell! in revenge for their young men listening to my request to shun evil Society, and not going at his desire to work upon the Public Roads, where he is overseer.*¹⁹

Colenso’s paternalistic advice to local Maori was to avoid the road gangs, whose gambling, rum-drinking and prostitution would be to their moral detriment. In October 1847 he was at Pahaoa (southeast Wairarapa coast), when one Zachariah from Te Kaikokirikiri delivered a letter from “the notorious James Grindell” and told him

*... of this man’s behaviour towards the little daughter of Nicodemus & Mary Tia—their consent to sell their child—and the child’s abhorrence at being “sold like a pig”, and steady refusal to go to Grindell.*²⁰

William Williams considered the Wairarapa chief Ngatuere had tried to discredit Colenso because he had objected to Ngatuere’s allowing a young girl to co-habit with one of the roadworkers—no doubt referring to this incident.²¹

Later, in Wellington, Colenso,

...showed Mr. Hadfield the letter I had received from James Grindell, and he showed it to Mr St. Hill, who is both Sheriff and principal Police Magistrate at Wellington.—Mr St Hill, observed, that J. Grindell had been already brought up before him, and that his character was well-known, and that if I prosecuted the expenses would be heavy; that, as J. Grindell was now in the Government employ as an overseer on the Govt. Road, the better way perhaps would be for him (Mr St. Hill) to let him know that the Government were in possession of certain facts against him, &c.²²

On his return journey, in November Colenso stopped at Te Ahiaruhe (Northwood and Tiffen's sheep station near Gladstone), where

From Mr. Tiffen I learnt, that J. Grindell had written to me in consequence of his (Mr. Tiffen's) having told him, If he did not make a suitable apology to me for his vile language he would acquaint the Governor with his conduct, and so get him dismissed from his present employment.²³

Grindell did apologise; he wrote (to Rev. "Colenzo"),

Wairarapa, September 15, 1847.

Revd. Sir,

In reference to a silly report which has been circulated by the Natives and in which your name has been introduced—I beg to assure you that I was in no way instrumental in raising or propagating it except by interpreting to some Maories the conversation of Europeans.—

The circumstances of the case were shortly these—a few white men engaged on the roads were talking together one evening, and a Maori sitting near asked what was the subject of their discourse. One of the Europeans answered in broken Maori, "this man says Mr. Colenzo has committed a great indiscretion" (mentioning the crime). I told the Maori what he said, and it was laughed at as a joke. When I ascertained the Natives had been discussing the subject, I at once informed them the statement was false, and merely made to raise a laugh.

If your feelings are at all hurt by so foolish a report I am sorry for it, and can only express my regret that I took any part of the conversation.

I am, Revd. Sir.

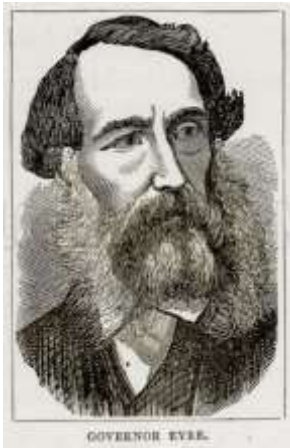
Yours respectfully, James Grindell.²⁴

There remained the matter of the child for sale. Colenso walked on up to Te Kaikokirikiri, where he found the bargain had already been struck and the child sold. He

... conversed, privately, with Thomas Vyvyan te Kokori, Henry Mahukihuki, and William Thompson Kauhanga, who had been at work upon the Public Roads, and who now appeared to be sorry for their evil deeds, and readily promised not to do so again. I carefully shewed them (as I had always done), that it was not the mere work of road-making, of itself a good employment, but the abominations which were there committed, against which I waged war. But these persons needed not to be told this; their consciences plainly told them they had been doing wrong, and their recital was sickening indeed. W.T. Kauhanga & H. Mahukihuki, had taken their wives there with them, both of whom had been often prostituted. And now, W.T. Kauhanga's wife (late a Candidate for Baptism) says she will not promise not to return thither alone without her husband! Returning to my tent, I sent for Nicodemus & Mary Tia, (whose only little daughter, a child about 10 years of age, had been sold by her uncle Barnabas to the celebrated James Grindell, at work upon the Public Road, for a few yards of cotton print,) and remonstrated with them, on the atrocity of such conduct. Nicodemus, who seemed to feel my words, laid the blame upon his wife, who, it appeared, had freely consented and was still willing! notwithstanding the entreaties and tears of the child, who stood weeping by, "not to be sold like a pig for such a vile purpose."—They asked me what they should do with the print. I replied, "Had such a thing been sent to a poor yet virtuous white man for such a purpose, he would indignantly burn it as the price of blood; but you had perhaps better return it to the fellow who sent it. But have nothing to do with him, nor with his rewards; such are payments for the blood of your children, &c." I spent some time in talking to them, though in much pain, and hope my labour will not have been in vain.

A few days later, Colenso was in Wellington and,

... went to Government House, and remained till a late hour. The Governor said, If I could bring forward Natives or others from Wairarapa or the Coast to testify sufficiently against J. Grindell, he should be turned out of the Government employ, &c.—I told him, I had (I thought) given in quite enough, which I left in His



Excellency's hands.—That his conduct towards me, I well knew, fully acquitted me before Europeans, but that if those men were still employed by the Government, the Natives would scarcely believe I had come off victorious, or, if so, then they would be led to conclude, that the Governor and men were alike in principle! &c, &c.—At which His Excellency laughed heartily.

Thomas Henry “Tommy” Fitzgerald, in charge of the road works, brought some commonsense to the whole matter; Eyre sent him Colenso's long letter for investigation and he replied,

Since I first read the Revd. Mr. Colenso's letter I have had a personal opportunity of instituting a strict enquiry into the conduct of the Mr Grindell referred to in that document the result of which I will now state for His Excellency's information.

With respect to the libel on the Revd. Mr. Colenso's character attributed to Mr Grindell... I ascertained beyond doubt by the evidence of Mr Swainson and several Europeans who were present at the time and some of whom are still members of the Party that the origin of the report was shortly this.

On returning one evening to the station after work Mr Grindell with some of the natives of whom he had the charge happened to stop at a fire where some of the Europeans who had got home before them were assembled and by whom in course of conversation Mr Colenso's name was mentioned it being reported that he might be expected to pass that way on his return from Wellington where he then was. One of the natives wanted to know what they were talking about when a man named Charles Street wishing to joke with him for being inquisitive, told him they were talking of Mr Colenso who he said had slept with his (Street's) wife. As he stated this in imperfect Maori they did not understand him and requested Mr Grindell to tell them what he said which he did—and this was the origin of the whole affair—there were many witnesses present who can attest the truth of this amongst whom are Sandy McLoughlin who is still on the road,

Hugh McQuarrie residing at Kaiwarra and Morgan Connell now in the Wellington Police Force.

Mr Grindell certainly did not act prudently in translating a Joke of so serious a nature but arising in this manner and without malice or premeditation it cannot be considered so grave a charge against him as appeared at first, especially as Mr Swainson affirms he took care on subsequent occasions to explain to the natives that what Street said was only in Jest as he had no wife at all which the natives present at the conversation knew very well. It was this man Street who was never employed on the road except as a labourer that afterwards volunteered to implicate James Grindell and others to Mr Colenso when near Cape Kidnappers probably to try and shift the matter from his own shoulders.

With respect to the story of the sale of a little girl to Mr Grindell for a piece of print, I have the united evidence of the whole party to prove that, since she came into the road at two different periods always with either her relations or Parents—that, Mr Grindell has had no connexion whatever with her—and as it is well known that things of this nature can never be long or effectually concealed I feel bound to believe such to be the fact. That he has given her Prints he does not deny but says that it is not more than he has done to many others with whom he has never been supposed to have had illicit intercourse.

In this case however he states that he has been pressed very much by the relations of the Girl to take her but he would not consent,—as he would by doing so have forfeited his situation as soon as it became known that he had done so.

Mr Grindell was first recommended to me by Mr Swainson for his knowledge of the natives and their language and has proved himself very useful and intelligent on many occasions—and writing a good hand and being a very good accountant, he makes an excellent Foreman—and although on the first perusal of Mr Colenso's letter—before I had enquired into the statements in it relating to him—I thought it would be advisable for example's sake to dismiss him from his employment on the road I am now obliged to alter my opinion on the subject and could not recommend the adoption of such a measure as there would be apparently no good cause to justify it.

In conclusion I would respectfully represent to His Excellency that, as even Mr Colenso himself has been misrepresented to others it is just as probable that many of Mr Grindell's actions have been equally misrepresented to him.

There the matter rested.

Henry Samuel Chapman wrote to his father Henry Chapman on 24 November 1847, about a journey across the Remutaka, taking the route of the new road,

Across from Swainson's to Morrisons we were joined by this "Maori Jim" and Dicky Deighton. The latter has been a good deal among the Maoris and speaks the language pretty well colloquially considered. He is a son of the Cambridge bookseller, and latterly has been employed as an interpreter by the Govt. In that capacity he was on board the Calliope where I met him. But as to knowledge of Maori Deighton yields to "Maori Jim" as he is the type of a class, vagabonding about this country. I will relate what of his history I picked up. Maori Jim is short and familiar for Mr James Grindle. He is of decent parentage his father being a Captain in the army. When at school he made an agreement with several school fellows to run away. Most of them shrunk from the consummation but he stuck to it & went to sea. At Sydney, the Captain of the ship having ill-treated him he ran away. One night he was wandering on one of the wharves & he came to where a ship was loading, secretly & out of proper hours. He was accosted by one Peacock well known as a "free trader" to this Colony, and asked if he "could hold his tongue". He said yes! & an agreement was made whereby he became one of Peacock's smuggling crew. This life he exchanged for a lounging idle life among the natives. He lives with a Maori woman, and, for good & for bad, has much influence among them. For the last years he has acted as interpreter and negotiator between the Squatter-Settlers and the natives, in their bargains for land. He has a home in every man's house in the valley. Latterly he has been employed as a "ganger" ie overseer of a gang of workers on the road. When we met him he was on his march to a pah to engage natives for the Rimutaka cutting. I learned from Maori Jim that the Wairarapa valley about 18 miles above Tiffen's is shut in by ranges similar to the Rimutaka. He has passed over these ranges from the Manawatu river twice....

... 3 miles further (south from Allom's run) is a good house where we were hospitably received and well treated. Most of the single men in the valley have "Maori wives" this is the conventional name for a Maori mistress; and by the way "mistress" is equally conventional for she is usually a cheerful and willing drudge to her keeper.²⁵

The “house” was Grindell’s “Sow & Spuds”. Six months later the *Wellington Independent* reported,

The bridle path over the Rimu Taka range, into the Wairarapa valley, was completed on Tuesday last, by Mr Grindell’s party. From the top of the mountain, the old Maori track has been cleared of roots and vines, so that no impediment presents itself to the progress of the traveller, and a horse or mule may be taken in safety. A few cattle have already been driven through Morrison’s bush, and a pathway cleared. The road enters the valley about mid-way, near Morrison’s station, and a belt of forest stretches away from that point to Captain Smith’s station. A track, however, has been made through the bush, so that all the stations in the district are now of easy access. The journey, by foot passengers, may be completed in less than two days, the length of the road being little more than forty miles. Horsemen, however, could go over the ground in a day. Grindell’s party has set to work preparing the ground, for the operations of workmen, along the intended line of road; but we hear that the road gangs are short-handed, and that, in consequence, the completion of the work will be greatly protracted. It is needless to point out the importance of prosecuting this road with vigor. The amount of capital invested in sheep and cattle in Wairarapa, is considerable, and it is an imperative duty on the part of the Executive to bring the district into close connection with Port Nicholson, as speedily as possible, so as to extend protection, to our fellow-colonists, in case of need.²⁶

In November 1849 Grindell was again a “ganger”—now in Christchurch with Donald Gollan performing public works.

1 Colenso to Harding 9 September 1897.

2 *Daily Telegraph* 4, 11, 18, 25 September; 2, 9, 16, 23 October 1897.

3 AG Bagnall to WCV Grindell 11 July 1950. ATL 89-249-9/08.

4 Hugh Miller 1857. *The testimony of the rocks; or, geology in its bearing on the two theologies, natural and revealed*. A mix of creationist and evolutionary ideas.

5 *New Zealand Gazette and Wellington Spectator*, 20 April 1842.

6 *New Zealand Gazette and Wellington Spectator* 9 October 1841.

7 *New Zealand Gazette and Wellington Spectator* 15 October 1842.

8 *New Zealand Spectator and Cook’s Strait Guardian* 19 October 1844.

9 ATL 09-249-9/08. This file contains AG Bagnall’s notes on Grindell for his *Wairarapa: an historical excursion* and includes letters between him and

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- Grindell's youngest son, WCV Grindell, in 1950. I have been unable to confirm this newspaper entry.
- 10 Quoted by Bagnall in *Wairarapa*, p114.
- 11 Carter M 1982. *Early Palliser Bay*. Featherston Publishing Committee.
- 12 *Wellington Independent* 30 April 1845.
- 13 Tiffen FJ. Diary. Alexander Turnbull Library Ms-Copy-Micro-0570.
- 14 *Wellington Independent* 24 December 1845.
- 15 William Colenso, journal 17 March 1846.
- 16 Crawford JC 1880. *Recollections of travel in New Zealand and Australia*. A walk to the Wairarapa, pp82–3.
- 17 Best E 1914. Porirua: and they who settled it. *Canterbury Times* 4 March *et seq.*
- 18 Colenso's Journal 19 July 1847.
- 19 *ibid.* 3 August 1847.
- 20 *ibid.* 16 October 1847.
- 21 Williams ref
- 22 *ibid.* 29 October 1847.
- 23 *ibid.* 10 November 1847.
- 24 Grindell to Colenso 15 September 1847. Colenso's copy is at Archives C436 692 record no. 1848/675.
- 25 Chapman HS to Chapman H 24 November 1847. ATL Ms-Copy-Micro-226, Folder 11b. Grindell's second crossing is not recorded elsewhere.
- 26 *Wellington Independent* 13 May 1848.
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CHAPTER 4: CHRISTCHURCH

In July 1849 John Grubb began the construction of a jetty at Lyttelton. The work was done by Donald Gollan and others and was completed by the end of 1849 for the Canterbury Association.

On 3 November 1849 William Fox wrote from the New Zealand Company office in Wellington, to Captain Joseph Thomas, Agent and Surveyor for the Canterbury Association,

*Mr. Gollan and Mr. Grindell have made every exertion to carry out your views, and will with a party of Natives and some Europeans reach you at the same time as this....*¹

The following January Thomas was employing 71 Maori labourers on the formation of the Lyttelton to Sumner Road. Donald Gollan was the superintendent of works.

Grindell is said to have been working with Gollan on these road gangs: his youngest son WCV Grindell told Bagnall,

*Regarding his acting as a superintendent of Roads in Canterbury, he undoubtedly did act in that capacity. He had often told us what a job he had in controlling the gangs under him.*²

Donald Gollan 1811–1887 was born at Culloden, Scotland, and educated at Inverness and Edinburgh Academy; he was trained as a civil engineer and surveyor. He came to New Zealand in 1841 as a member of the New Zealand Company's survey staff. Evidently most of his work for the Company was in connection with road location and construction.

1 Archives, Christchurch Regional Office. R21006289 CH290 Box 130 6/2, 103—
William Fox to J Thomas 3 November 1849.

2 WCV Grindell to AG Bagnall 6 August 1950. ATL 89-249-9/08.

CHAPTER 5: HAWKE'S BAY

Donald McLean had 350 sheep in the charge of Gollan and Alexander Alexander at Castlepoint in 1851,¹ and towards the end of that year Gollan drove sheep up the coast to Hawke's Bay where he had purchased land that would become his Mangatarata sheep station.²

In 1853 Gollan was a member of the first Wellington Provincial Council, representing the Hawke's Bay and Wairarapa districts, and from 1857 to 1859 the Ahuriri district. He took a leading part in the separation movement that led to the founding of the Hawkes Bay Province and became a member of its Provincial Council. He was a founder of the Agricultural and Pastoral Association. In 1864 during the Maori troubles, he was Captain in the Napier Militia. He died on 14 October, 1887.³

Grindell also came north, arriving in Napier in 1851 to manage a Trading Station owned by Alexander Alexander & Donald Gollan in

Onepoto valley—now Main St—the first building on the present site of Napier.

William Colenso was not pleased: at Ngawhakatatara in August 1851 he wrote that he was “sorry to hear, that my old antagonist, James Grindell, was coming to reside at Ahuriri” with a “large lot of goods”.⁴



Donald Gollan



Donald McLean as a young man

Thirty year old Grindell wrote to Donald McLean in February 1853,

I take the liberty of addressing you upon the subject which I have before mentioned to you—viz—the establishment of a place of Storage for the wool of the Settlers of this district previous to its carriage down the river—& upon which you kindly promised to interest yourself on my behalf. I would beg leave to observe that it would be necessary to fix upon a spot to which the wool could be brought & from which to the harbour water carriage could be had. For this purpose I am of opinion that the “Awa nui” (a creek stretching up from the big river) would be the most eligible position. You will perhaps recollect this place—a small eel fishing settlement upon the Aute road at a distance of two or three miles from the ford of the “Ngaruroro” river. It belongs to the Nahu who says he is willing that I should go there. I have, however, referred him to you. The only place suitable for the erection of a house, I think is called the Pakipaki—it is the site of an old settlement of the Hapuku’s. I believe no better way for a road

could be found than this—it being central—with but few obstacles to surmount & those not of a formidable nature—also it would not be necessary to come farther than the “Awa nui” as good water carriage can be got from thence at a cheaper rate than goods could be taken by any land conveyance.

... I beg leave to observe that I should wish to have a written permission to squat from the proper authorities with the right of purchase should the land in question ever be offered for sale—I should not then have to make way for others & could make improvements without fear of being disturbed.⁵

McLean replied in March,

I have received your letter of the 25 ult. respecting the occupation of a piece of land claimed by Te Nahu as a desirable place the position of which you describe for the storage of the settlers wool at Ahuriri.

I shall be glad to give any assistance I can towards carrying out your wishes as the object you have in view would be beneficial to the settlers generally but of course as no permission to squat on Native lands can be granted it would be necessary that the Govt. should in the first place purchase the land you require and then it might be transferred to you on such reasonable terms as could be hereafter agreed upon.

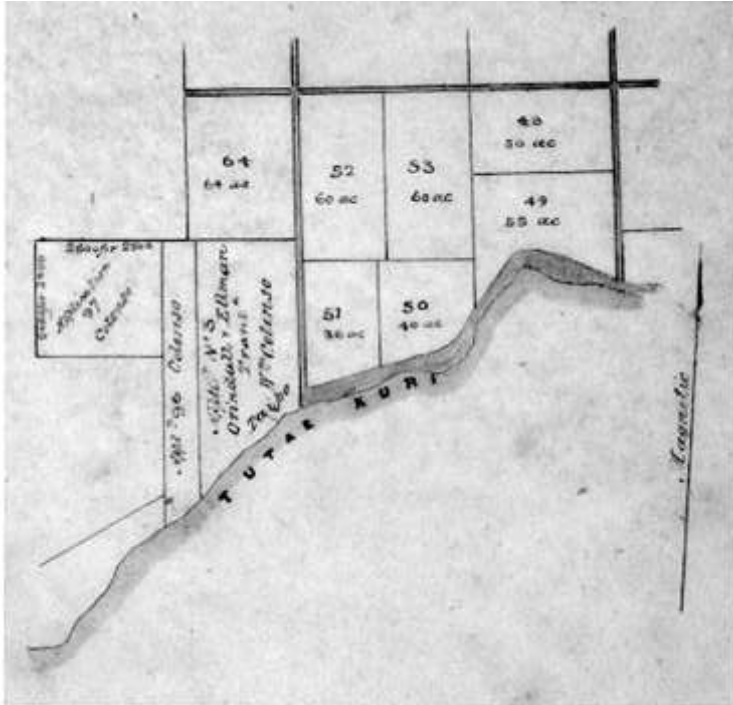
With reference to the latter part of your letter requesting a written permission to squat; I have to inform you that the authorities here cannot grant such a permission on Native lands, until they are ceded to the Crown, as such a proceeding would be a direct violation of the “Native Land Purchase Ordinance Sess. 7. No. 19”—and bearing in mind the necessity of your undertaking I shall endeavour to assist you in effecting some arrangement when I next visit Ahuriri.⁶

Of the years 1853–1857 there is precious little documentation of Grindell’s doings but around 1853 he and a man named Ellman⁷ bought eighty acres at a place then called Taipo, known now as Redclyffe. He built a house, a store, and another building, and later rented to John Chambers, who later bought land at Te Mata. In 1854 or 1855 Colenso bought Grindell’s property at Redclyffe, and subsequently sold it.⁸ Colenso wrote,

About two years ago I purchased from James Grindall his section at Taipo (on the said N. bank of the Meanee river), application, No.3,

80 acres, for which I gave £240. (or, with the improvements, &c., £400.)—this helped to raise very much the value of Land in that neighbourhood.⁹

Grindell had bought the block from the Government at 10 shillings an acre¹⁰ so made a 600% profit on the land.



The 80 acres at Taipo (Taradale now) on the Tutaekuri that Grindell sold to Colenso.
 "Applic". N° 3 Grindell & Ellman Trans.' W^m Colenso. Taipo"; Archives 57/142.

In October 1857 Grindell wrote to McLean from "Port Napier",

I have forwarded to you a copy of my journal whilst engaged at Eparaima with Mr Bousfield,¹¹ and I now take the liberty of reminding you—as it is doubtful when you may return here—of your expressed desire to give me some employment if possible. I would most humbly beg to call your attention to my present position. My affair with te Manihira is not yet settled, and the horse which I

purchased from your brother for the Porangahau trip is not yet paid for—nor have I the means to do so. I do not like to absent myself from here as you might have it in your power to assist me in these matters. I am therefore waiting to hear from you, and shall take it as a very great favor if you will let me know your intention with regard to me.

*I am very reluctant to trouble you so much with my affairs, but you will pardon me in consideration the urgency of the case.*¹²

A week later Grindell wrote to the *Hawke's Bay Herald*, revealing his empathy for Maori, albeit with a certain inaccuracy in his predictions about “a collision between the two races”,

Sir,—I had much pleasure in perusing a letter in your paper from Mr. Cooper,¹³ relative to an article which appeared in your first issue upon “Our Position with regard to the Native Population” and I believe the greater portion of the settlers most fully concur with the sentiments expressed in that letter.

I am confident that all who have the least pretence to a knowledge of native matters, must be well aware that there is not the most distant prospect of a collision between the two races. They have too much property at stake, and are too well aware that their interests are identical with ours, to risk an outbreak with us by giving us any very serious annoyance. Here and there, an individual (excited perhaps by intoxicating drinks), may be guilty of some rash and lawless act, as in the case of Te Moana Nui.¹⁴ It is most true that he is an insolent and daring fellow, but insolence and audacity were always his characteristics, and he is no worse now than usual. The other chiefs of his party have expostulated with him in severe terms upon his behaviour to the whites, and the result has been that he has fully remunerated the “European trader at Waipureka,” for all the damage he has occasioned him, and received from the trader in return a bag of flour by way of binding the bargain.

I do not object to the generally expressed desire of the settlers that soldiers should be located here. I believe every one will allow that a court of justice cannot be effective without a sufficient power to enforce its decrees, particularly where it has to adjudicate, as in our own case, between two distinct races. An *adequate* number of soldiers, therefore, would be beneficial here, no doubt, but an *inadequate* number would probably

defeat the very purpose for which they were intended. Thoughtless Europeans, under a false idea of security from the presence of the military, would be likely, on the slightest provocation, to treat the natives with an overbearing and insulting arrogance which would, most certainly, be resented by them, and the consequences might be serious.

If we take a fair view of the manner in which the natives have conducted themselves since the commencement of this settlement, we must, I think, allow that they are not inclined to disrespect the law. They have had the example of white men violating the laws with impunity; they have seen the dignity of our courts of justice treated with utter disregard and even contempt by Europeans;—and by some who ought to have known better—they have witnessed one of their principal chiefs most grossly insulted in one of those courts, in the presence of the magistrate then sitting; their fences have been broken down by the cattle of the settlers, and their crops destroyed in consequence; their pigs stolen; their dogs shot and poisoned, in many instances without just cause; the sacred precincts of the graves of their dead violated; and themselves, in many instances, treated with contempt, indignity and inhospitality; yet, as a body they have ever been peacefully disposed and friendly towards the Europeans. When we consider this, and remember that they are but just emerging from a state of ignorance and barbarism, we cannot be surprised at a few acts of retaliation on their part—indeed the only wonder is that they are not much worse than they really are. Few really serious offences have been committed by them, and in such cases public opinion has always been strong against the offenders. In Mr. FitzGerald's case, when his store was broken into at Waipureka, and money taken by the natives, the portion of the money discovered was returned, and the delinquents secured by the natives themselves and delivered over to justice, and they are now undergoing the punishment of their crime at Wellington. The horse which was taken from Mr. Canning by the Hapuka's son, Wakatomo, was retained by the natives because they fully believed it was their own property; and it was remarked by a clerical gentleman in this District that there was so great a similarity between the horse in question and the missing native horse that it was almost impossible to distinguish between them. Since the Wakatomo has been detected stealing horses from some of their own body, their opinions in this matter have been undergoing a change,

and it is now highly probable that Te Hapuka will present Mr. Canning with a better horse than the one stolen from him—at all events they are discussing the question amongst themselves.

Te Moana Nui, against whom there has been such an outcry of late, has taken up the case of Mr. Gray, who was robbed of his gun a short time ago by Rangihiroa, and he declares that if the gun was unjustly obtained it shall be returned. Now, I think all these facts show that the natives do not wish to break up the friendly relation which has hitherto existed between us, and the present outbreak among them, so far from endangering us, is rather an additional security to us, as both parties are anxious to conciliate the whites.

It appears from all this that our position is not one of “absolute danger,” as stated in the article which called forth Mr. Cooper’s letter.

In conclusion, I will just relate an incident which occurred the other day at Tanenuiorangi—a fortified Pa on the banks of Ngaruroro—showing that although the natives sometimes give us cause for offence, at others they set us an example well worthy of imitation. A poor man (a European) came to the bank of the river, opposite the pa, and wanted a passage over. One of the natives paddled a canoe over, and refused to ferry him over unless he would give him a shilling, keeping the canoe at the same time a little distance off the shore. The natives at the pa, seeing how matters stood, called out to him to bring the man across, and when he arrived it was perceived that he was shoeless and in rags; they asked him in and boiled some pork and potatoes for him. They then began commenting upon the heartlessness and want of charity amongst white men towards each other, sympathising the while with his forlorn and desolate condition. Another European, who was in the house at the time, took off a blue shirt which he had on and gave it to him; his example was followed immediately by the natives. One brought a new pair of boots which he had been saving for particular occasions; another brought him another pair, and before he left, he was supplied with new trowsers, shirt, jacket, stockings, and tobacco. This requires no comment.

I am, etc.,

JAMES GRINDELL.

Napier, Oct. 6, 1857.¹⁵

Land Purchase agent George Sisson Cooper wrote to McLean on 21 October, "Grindell's (letter) is I fancy Alexander's, it is a good one nevertheless".¹⁶ McLean responded to Grindell's plea on 4 November,

I am much obliged for the interest and trouble you have taken in explaining matters during the late disturbances with the natives at Napier.

I am anxious that you should not leave Ahuriri until I reach there, as I fully intend that you should be employed immediately after I arrive at the Ahuriri; in the mean time if you can prepare a census of the native population and probable amount of property they possess or otherwise employ yourself in conjunction with Mr Cooper in adjusting any boundary questions, I shall recommend that your pay should be continued for so doing at the rate you received while at Porangahau.

*I am much pleased with the exertions you used while engaged on the Porangahau reserve question.*¹⁷

On 20 November 1857 Grindell and Alexander

... returned from a trip to Taupo, undertaken, as representing the General Government, with the view of arranging with native chiefs on the line of country between Napier and Taupo for permission to cut a bridle path through their respective territories for facilitating the conveyance of the mail.¹⁸

And so the Napier-Taupo road began—Grindell's full journal of the journey was published in the *Hawke's Bay Herald* of 2 December 1857. Cooper wrote to McLean,

*I met Grindell last evening who gave me an account of their expedition. I am very glad to see you intend keeping him on, as he has behaved exceedingly well of late and I think amply deserved your letter which he showed me. I will set him about the census at once, as soon as he has completed his notes of the road for publication. He seems greatly pleased with the idea.*¹⁹

In 1858 he was an Interpreter in the Native Land Purchase Department and in March accompanied Donald McLean, GS Cooper and James McCabe into southern Hawke's Bay.²⁰ On the 1858 electoral roll his place of abode was "Taipo" (though in fact Colenso

had bought that land from him in 1854 or 1855), with freehold at Tutaekuri and Ruataniwha.²¹

In May 1858 Grindell was sent to Manawatu to assess the possibilities of buying Maori land there, and to assist in purchasing negotiations. His journals of that period are in the Alexander Turnbull Library.²² Here is a sample, 1 June to 31 July 1858,

Jas. Grindell's journal from June 1st. to July 31/58, whilst engaged among the natives at Manawatu.

Left Masterton on Tuesday evening June 1st for Ihuraua & Manawatu—and reached “te Kehu” (a small cultivation adjacent to Ihuraua) on the Saturday following. Heavy rain & hail on Friday & Saturday this week.

Found here two natives who had been sent by Mr. Kemp thence for provisions. They had been here several days & excused themselves from proceeding further by a plea of illness & the inclemency of the weather. Rain from this time until the Wednesday following. The natives said the Ihuraua was impassable, & they would not proceed until the fresh had subsided. I was, therefore, obliged to wait.

On Thursday 10th we started & met Mr Kempthorne at Waipio on his return. He had been obliged, from want of provisions & bad weather, to make an end of the survey by cutting a connecting line across the Waitengaere before reaching Mangaone as had been intended. I returned with him to the “Kehu” and assisted him to arrange his accounts with the natives and on Friday morning 11 I started, with a native guide for Manawatu, Mr Kempthorne²³ proceeding to Masterton to join Mr Searancke.²⁴

Monday 14th. Reached Tutaekura—a small village containing some 20 or 30 inhabitants and situated about the centre of the Ngaawapurua block. We were here again detained 31 days by an unusually high flood in the Mangataenoka.

The natives of this place are the chief opponents to the sale of the Ngaawapurua block—Nikaera, the principal man of the village, was absent with several others on a pig hunting expedition; I had not, therefore, an opportunity of conversing with them on the subject. The natives, however, assured me that he would follow me to Manawatu.

Friday 18. Arrived at Mongahao. This is a broad and rapid river, navigable for canoes, rising in the Tararua range and flowing northwards to the Manawatu.

Saturday 19. My guide, apprehensive of a flood in the Mongahao, returned to Tutaekura & I proceeded alone towards Manawatu.

Arriving at length near to Raukawa²⁵—the Hiriwanui's settlement—further progress was impeded by the waters of the Manawatu which had inundated all the adjacent country. The river had forced a new channel for itself cutting off all communication with the settlement. I remained in this unpleasant position for 72 hours without food, when I was Providentially rescued by the arrival of a canoe from Raukawa (Wed. 23rd) with a party of boys who had been collecting a species of fruit called "Tiore".

I found the Hiriwanui & his people opposed to the sale of the Ngaawapurua block upon which Mr Searancke had paid to Hoani Meihana and others of the Rangitane £100. He said that Hoani Meihana had, most unjustifiably, acted in direct opposition to the expressed desire of the people resident on the land. He did not appear to object to its being sold at a future period, but he thought Hoani had been too precipitant. They were determined not to sell any land on the east of Tararua, (viz., in the Seventy Mile Bush) until they had disposed of all their lands on the west side, supposing, no doubt, that these lands, being nearest to the Ngatiraukawas, were the most likely to be disputed & claimed by them. He said they were now prepared to sell all that tract of country lying to the west of Ruahine and extending to the boundary of Rangitane or Hoani Meihana's people—and north of Manawatu to the sources of the Oroua, Mangaone & Puhangina rivers—all tributaries of the Manawatu. This last flows along the western base of Ruahine & enters the Manawatu close to the gorge, which separates Ruahine from Tararua. The natives ascend it many miles in canoes.

Friday 25th. Started to ascend a prominent part of Tararua range for the purpose of getting a view of the country offered for sale—but rain & hazy weather coming on I was obliged to return.

Monday 28. Again ascended and succeeded in getting a partial view of the country north of Manawatu. A large extent of bush country lay before me, apparently perfectly level & dotted here & there, near to Manawatu, with one or two small plains. The only hills which I could see in the direction of Rangitikei appeared to be at least

20 miles distant. The timber in this part of the block consists chiefly of Totara & the land, according to the native account, is dry.

Tuesday 29. Nikaera of Tutaikara, for whom I had been waiting, not arriving I induced the Hiriwanui & his people to descend at the river with me to Puketotara for the purpose of discussing with the Rangitane the Ngaawapurua question, & also to give that tribe & others an opportunity of bringing forward any claims or objections they might have to the Puhangina block—north of Manawatu. As we descended the river I observed the marks of the flood high up on the trees on the north bank, whilst the south side, being much higher, was excepting one or two places, but very little affected. I pointed this out to the Hiriwanui & told him if he was anxious to have white settlers in the country he should offer them dry places for their houses & homesteads and for landing their goods, & proposed that the south side also should be included in the block. He demurred at this but promised to consider about it.

Stopped at the Ngaiteapokeiri's settlement in order to have some conversation with them respecting the sale of the Puhangina block. These people, in consequence of a feud with the Whatiapiti (allies of the Hapuku) during the wars of former times, migrated from Ahuriri to this place and were well received and a portion of land allotted to them by the Hiriwanui's people in consequence of their having spared two of the Rangitane who fell into their hands during the wars. Of late years the land was again turned over to the Hiriwanui & a part of the tribe returned to Ahuriri, where they took part against the Hapuku in the late outbreak at that place.

Collecting all the families on the banks of the river as we proceeded we arrived at Puketotara next day Wed. 30th. From this place I sent a letter to the Ngatiapas, informing them that matters were about to be discussed affecting their interests, and advising them to attend.

Thursday, July 1st.—This day was spent in collecting food for the visitors and making complimentary speeches (usual on such occasions), with but little reference to the business in hand. Two bullocks & half a score of pigs were killed & various other preparations made for the celebration of a grand feast.

Friday, 2nd.—I commenced the business of the day with a short address to the tribes assembled, in which I told them that I had been sent by Mr. Searancke to ascertain what lands they were willing to sell, with the boundaries, position, &c. &c. and also to enquire into the

respective claims of the people occupying such lands. I represented to them that as they were all related together (having descended from one common source) they should endeavour to agree relative to boundaries & claims—that they should “speak with one voice”—that if they were disunited by internal dissensions they would be laying themselves open to the attacks of the Ngatiraukawas, from whom much opposition was to be expected, and that there would thus be much less chance of coming to an amicable understanding with that tribe. I reminded them that there were several families located amongst them who had become part & parcel of themselves, and exhorted them to be mindful of the interests of these people in the disposal of their lands.

After 4 or 5 days consultation, it was determined, unanimously, that, not only the Puhangina Block on the north, but a corresponding block also on the south of Manawatu should be offered for sale—the whole comprising I should say, some 150,000 acres. Boundaries & reserves were fixed, and a portion of land allotted to the Ngatiupokoiri.

I was anxious to have the Oroua river as a western boundary, but it could not then be arranged, as the Ngatiraukawa have claims east of that river.

No definite understanding was arrived at with regard to the Ngaawapurua block—the Hiriwanui & his people persisting, chiefly, I think, on account of the absence of Nikaera, in their opposition & the Rangitane equally firm in their determination to sell. Had Nikaera and his friends been present the result might have been different. It was decided that, on the arrival of Mr Searancke, Hoani Meihana and the Chief men of the Rangitane should proceed with that gentleman up the river to discuss the matter with Nikaera, & I have no doubt that it will then be satisfactorily concluded—very probably that block may be added to the Puhangina block and the whole sold together.

I do not expect that the purchase of this block will be effected without some opposition from the Ngatiraukawas, but I am not inclined to think that any very serious obstacles will be raised by them—nothing but what may be got over by judicious management....

Monday 12—Mr. Searancke not arriving, and being anxious to collect as much information as possible as to the state of the native mind relative to Hiriwanu’s proceedings and land selling in general, I started for the Awahou & Otaki. I was absent on this trip until Thursday 22nd, when I returned to Puketotara.

I found the Ngatiraukawas divided into two distinct parties, the sellers & non-sellers. The latter party is headed by Nepia Taratoa, but I believe his opposition to be merely a matter of form—merely an assertion of his authority—an upholding of his dignity, which will die away with the jealousy which occasioned it. Kuruhau—an active supporter of Taratoa—assured me that many of the chiefs of the Ngatiraukawas had gone over to the land selling party & that the land must eventually be sold—that it was impossible to resist the “Kawanatanga”.

The sellers, looking upon Te Hiriwanu as one of their party, appear inclined to support him, whilst the non-sellers say that his intention of acting independently of them, is a piece of assurance & assumption. If they were all united Te Hiriwanu might meet with more opposition; as it is, I have little doubt that the purchase of the land offered by him would lead to the acquirement of all the lands in the hands of the Ngatiraukawas. The advocates of land selling in that tribe (and they are numerous), would look upon such an event as a signal for a general action, and their opponents, considering further opposition useless, would confine their attention to those tracts to which their claims were undisputed.

Ihakara offers for sale a block of some 8 or 10 thousand acres at the Awahou—a very desirable situation for a township on a navigable part of the Manawatu and exempt from floods. I am satisfied that his title to this block is just, although disputed, (for the present,) by Nepia Taratoa, who, however, is pretty certain to come over to the land selling side as he is aware that public opinion is becoming too strong to be long resisted. The amount to be paid for it I imagine would not be a very difficult matter to settle as the natives consider the settlement of Europeans amongst them a matter of much more importance than the money they would receive for the land. This also appears to be the feeling of the Rangitane & Hiriwanu's people.

When the Ngatiraukawas first established themselves in the country each division of the tribe, claimed & took formal possession of certain tracts, as their share of the conquest, of which they forthwith became the sole proprietors and of which they ever afterwards retained possession; but now, when the idea of selling the land is gaining ground amongst them, the opponents of such a step, for the first time assert that the country is common property and that no portion of it can be sold without the consent of all. The feeling, however, in favor of selling is spreading rapidly & the ranks of the

sellers are being daily augmented by deserters from the non-sellers—(yet, there is so much jealousy existing amongst the chiefs as to preclude the idea of these conflicting claims ever being so thoroughly harmonized as to admit of the sale of the country without tedious disputes & quarrels amongst the natives. That the time is fast approaching when the country will be bought up there can be no doubt; but much care and circumspection will be necessary in conducting the negotiations.

Most of the chiefs & influential men wish to sell the particular districts which fell to their share after the conquest, but the purchase of the country in such small pieces would not only materially increase the cost but give rise to numerous irreconcilable disputes.

On my return from Otaki, I saw Nepia Taratoa at the Awahou. He did not seem to object altogether to the sale of the land, but, he said, he wished the thing to be duly weighed & considered, and the claim of all parties properly adjusted before any portion of it was sold—otherwise evil might result. He complained of the rashness & precipitance of the other chiefs, and said he had been strengthened in his opposition by their sneers & taunts & threats, to sell the land in spite of him....

During my absence at Otaki, he had been to Puketotara to see the Rangitanes, about the land which they offer to sell. Finding them determined to sell he told them to “wait a little while, a very little while” & he would not oppose their desire.

He has since declared his intention of selling the whole country between Manawatu & Rangitikei, including a portion of the Hiriwanui’s block. I believe, however, he does not object to the Hiriwanui’s receiving the money—he is merely ambitious of the name & anxious to prove his right to sell the whole country.

Tuesday 27—Hearing that Mr Searancke was at Waikanae I started to join him & reached that place next day 28th.

I remained here until the end of the month assisting Mr. Searancke in his negotiations with the natives.

Diary of James Grindell from 1st. March to 30th. April, 1859.

Proceeded to Rangitikei, and was detained there all the next day by wet weather. On the 3rd. I joined Mr. Stewart at te Awahuri.

From the swollen state of the Oroua river we found it impossible to proceed with the survey—and were detained, in consequence, three days at this place.

Monday 7. The water having subsided, we proceeded up the river, and arrived, on the 10th., at the spot from which we were obliged to return last month from want of provisions. From this spot we proceeded with the survey of the river up the mountains—Having, with some risk & difficulty, brought my horse with me we were enabled to carry on the work with much greater facility; as I, with the assistance of a native, undertook the task of packing the provisions, tents, &c. up the bed of the river, making two trips daily, from station to station—whilst the men were engaged chaining & cutting lines where requisite.

By the 19th., we had finished the survey up to the Ruahine range, from whence we returned to the Awahuri, where we arrived on the evening of the

24th.—having surveyed, by the windings of the river, a distance of 60 miles above the Awahuri, which is itself same 20 miles from the mouth of the Oroua.

I then proceeded to Manawatu, by way of Rangitikei. Here I saw Mr. Searancke, (who had just returned from Whanganui and was on his way to Wellington to meet Mr. McLean,) from whom I received instructions to return to Rangitikei & inquire into the state of feeling amongst the natives of that District in reference to the practice of leasing runs to Europeans, which is becoming prevalent amongst them & which threatens to interfere seriously with land purchasing operations, for the present at least, if some decided step be not taken by the Government to check it.

April 1st. I attended the Magistrates' Court held at Rangitikei. On this day an individual, named Thos. McKenzie residing at Rangitikei was brought before this Court by Nepia's son to answer for the non-payment of £10, being two months' quota of the yearly rent for native lands south of Rangitikei River, and at present occupied by European cattle; but the case was not entertained by Major Durie, being illegal. McKenzie had become mixed up in the matter in some way which did not appear (as no evidence was adduced) either as part owner of the cattle or as agent for the rightful owner.

The desire to lease runs to Europeans is daily gaining ground amongst the natives of this District. The moving cause with the Ngatiapas is I think the unwillingness of the Government to purchase

land from them without the consent of the Ngatiraukawas—and as money must be had in some way, they are satisfied, for the present, to acquire it by leasing—in which they are joined by Nepia. Nothing less can be expected than that, leasing once commenced, it will be pursued with eagerness by both tribes, for neutrality in either would be considered as equivalent to a surrendering of all title & claim to the land. The Ngatiapas declare that Nepia took the initiative step in the matter by receiving money from Mr. Robinson of Manawatu for the depasturage of cattle which are not confined to Manawatu but ramble all over the country, even to Rangitikei. They, in consequence, several times made arrangements with Europeans for depasturing their stock on the plains south of Rangitikei. Some of these have since been removed by their owners. Subsequently some of the Ngatiapas and Nepia have conjointly leased runs to European residents of Rangitikei & Whanganui—and the evil appears likely to increase.

The natives are fully aware that it is unlawful for Europeans to lease lands from them, & they have always been taught that the law is inviolable; yet they see it broken continually with the utmost recklessness & impunity. The effect of this upon the native mind must necessarily be to give them a not very exalted opinion of the power & authority of the Government, and to encourage them to transgress the law in cases where transgression could not be tolerated. It is therefore absolutely necessary that something should be done to put a stop to this growing evil. It should either be made legal or put a stop to at once. If the former, the transfer of lands to the Crown will, in all probability, be at a discount for a time—possibly for some years; if the latter, a decided course of action must be adopted, & the land may then be acquired much more speedily. But it is a question if the benefit resulting from the latter course would compensate for the evil occasioned.

Independently of the practice of leasing to Europeans, the contention amongst the natives themselves, arising from the question of tribal rights & individual title, is alone a sufficient obstacle to the acquirement of lands from the natives; & it is greatly to be feared that no method can be adopted to obviate the difficulty which would prove effective without being offensive &, consequently, dangerous. The question of extinction of the Native title over the lands in this Province is becoming a most momentous one, & rife with difficulty & danger. Here, on the West Coast, in particular there are so many

tribes, each disputing with the other the ownership of the land, that the matter becomes doubly perplexing. It is almost impossible to gain the assent of all claimants to any particular block; & if the land be purchased from the parties willing to sell without regard to the claims of those opposed to selling, discord, disunion, &, possibly, open hostilities might ensue—and the Government might have to retain possession of lands so purchased by force. Nevertheless I am really inclined to believe that, from the present aspect of affairs, some such means must be adopted before the native title can be extinguished. At present I see no way likely to be free from serious embarrassments. I allude more particularly to the Rangitikei District.

Much of the attention of the natives of late has been directed towards the land on the South side of the Rangitikei river—at present being leased by Nepia to Europeans. This is an extensive tract of country and suitable both for grazing & agricultural purposes. The claim of right to this land has been a continual source of contention between Nepia & the Ngatiapas, who would willingly sell to the Government were they in undisputed possession. The Ngatiapas have without doubt a just claim to the country, & their power of making themselves troublesome is not to be underrated when their connexions are considered. They were never thoroughly conquered by the Ngatitoas—the first invaders of the country. The Ngatiawas were amongst the first allies of the Ngatitoas, & took an active part in assisting them to subdue that part of the coast inhabited by the Muaopokas, the Rangitanes & the Ngatikahungunus—which tribes were the greatest sufferers by the invasion. At a later period the Ngatiraukawas arrived, but took very little active part, comparatively speaking, in the war about this part of the coast, being principally engaged making inroads upon the Ngatikahungunu territories. When the land came to be divided amongst the invaders disputes arose between the Ngatiawas & Ngatiraukawas which resulted in many of the latter evacuating Otaki and commencing a return to Maungatautari. They were however detained by the Ngatiapa & Rangitane tribes from whom they received shelter until they had raised sufficient provisions by cultivation to enable them to recommence operations against the Ngatiawas—which they did in about a year subsequent, assisted by the Ngatiapa, Rangitane, & other tribes who had sheltered them, also by a reinforcement of the Waikato. The result of this expedition was to fix the Ngatiraukawas at Otaki, the Ngatiawas retiring to Waikanae. Subsequently the

Ngatiraukawas attempted to surprise the Ngatiawas in a night attack at Waikanae, but were repulsed with great slaughter. This unsettled them again at Otaki, but Christianity being introduced about this time put a stop to further hostilities & they remained in quiet possession of their homes. This last affair is known as the battle of the "Kuititanga". The Ngatitoas in this action divided—one part joining the Ngatiraukawas & the other the Ngatiawas. After this Nepia & his people returned to Rangitikei where they were welcomed by the Ngatiapas. But it is said he never claimed a right to the country, & was therefore tolerated by the Ngatiapas—who no doubt at that time would have been willing to make over to him a sufficient portion of land for his use. The above is admitted to be correct by many of the Ngatiraukawas themselves in its most important points. Hakeke (Kawana Hunia's father) & Nepia were frequently allied together for mutual defence and friendly relations were generally maintained between both tribes, which were first disturbed by an accidental circumstance. A large boat, belonging to Europeans, was wrecked upon the Rangitikei coast & the body of a relation of Watanui & Nepia, (named Koraria) who was a passenger on board, was cast ashore at Turakina. Clothes and other articles washed upon the beach were taken possession of by the Ngatiapas & hostilities had very nearly commenced between the tribes on this account. Subsequently a woman of the Ngatiapas was shot by Nepia in an attack which he made on the Pariwanui pa as "utu" for the violation of a married woman of his tribe by one of the Ngatiapas. This feud however was stopped by te Hakeke, who acknowledged the fault to have been the Ngatiapas'. Another cause of complaint of the Ngatiapas is the fact of Nepia having engrossed to himself all the merchandise given by Colonel Wakefield for the purchase of the Manawatu; in consequence of which they refused to share with him any portion of the money which they received from the Government for the country north of Rangitikei.

It is just possible that Nepia might be brought to sell if he thought there was a probability of the Government entertaining the claims of the Ngatiapas to the Rangitikei District—particularly if he were prevented from leasing. Tho' not openly admitted....

Grindell wrote to McLean in October 1858,

Pardon me for addressing you on a subject which has occasioned me much inconvenience & trouble. I have refrained from doing so until

forced to it by downright inability to meet my expenses—I allude to my salary—which the Sub-Treasurer in Wellington has refused to pay until authorised to do so. Since February last I have been dependent upon Mr. Searancke for pecuniary supplies; but—altho’ he has been very kind in this way—it is too much to expect that he will continue to advance me money—nor indeed could I reasonably ask him to do so.

*I shall therefore feel truly thankful if you will kindly transmit to the Sub-Treasurer an authority to pay the amount of salary which is due to me from February last.*²⁶

Alexander Alexander wrote to Donald McLean on 7 January 1859,

*I had almost forgot to mention that I have lately had two letters from Grindell in both of wh. he expresses a strong wish to return to Ahuriri and asks me to write to you to try and get him an appointment here. You know whether he is an efficient Servant or not and if he is so I can only say that if it is consistent with the public service and agreeable to your own wishes to procure an appointment for him here you will very much oblige me by doing so. There can be no doubt that he is a faithful Servant to his employers whoever they may be.*²⁷

In June 1859 the Resident Magistrate appointed him as a temporary clerk²⁸ and he signed newspaper notices as “Acting Clerk to the Bench” and later that year as “Clerk of the (District) Court” and later still as “Clerk to the (Resident Magistrate’s) Bench”.

He had good reason to want to return to Ahuriri and for wanting his pay sorted out for he and Maria Villers of Villersdale, Petane were married in November 1859 (see Chapter 8).

Early in 1860 appears the first record of ill feeling between Grindell and the influential HR Russell (“Lord Henry”) of Waipukurau (from whom, 16 years earlier, he had bought the house that became the “Sow & Spuds”). He wrote to the editor of the *Herald*,

SIR,—Will you permit me, through the medium of your columns, to give publicity to the subjoined letter which I have received from Mr. H. R. Russell, charging me with being the author of a letter which appeared in your issue of the 28th January last, signed “Q,” and to inform Mr. Russell that I am

not the author of that letter, nor have I the slightest idea by whom it was written.

I am not in the habit of writing letters attacking any person, and in this case in particular, (connected as I am with the District Court,) it would not have been expedient for me so to do; nor should I now consider this letter of Mr. Russell's worthy of notice were I sure he had not given publicity to his "conjectures."

I should have thought that Mr. Russell's exquisite sensibility to the attacks of "offensive" letters would have prevented him from writing offensive letters himself; and his letter I consider the more so, from the official style in which it is written.

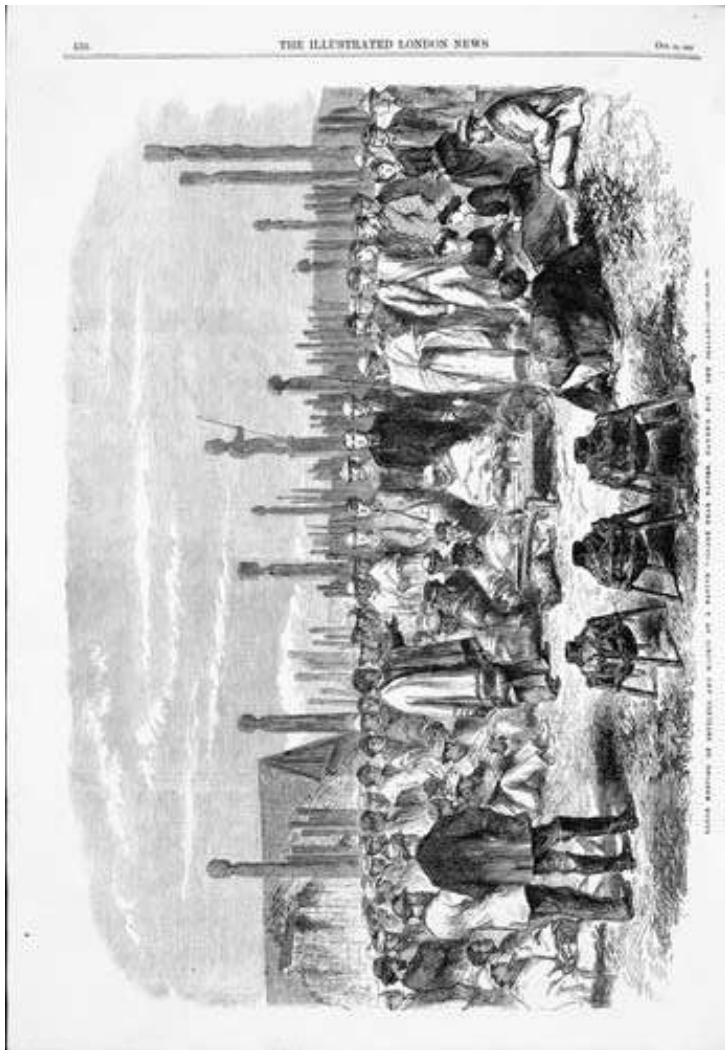
I am, Sir, Yours &c,

JAMES GRINDELL.

Napier, Feb. 7, 1860.²⁹

In April 1860 the celebrated meeting between local chiefs and Europeans was held at Pa Whakaairo. Superintendent Donald McLean was accompanied by Major Young, Messrs Tiffen, Tanner, Begg, Colenso and Grindell.

Arriving there they were hospitably entertained by the Chief Tareha in his new house, with a good plain dinner served up in English style; to which after their ride they did ample justice. Dinner over, chairs were set for the white visitors, and the speechifying commenced. Old Porokuru led the way with an old song and recitation, full of good and peaceful meaning, ending with saying that the natives' wish was to dwell in love and friendship. Renata followed with rather a long speech, containing several shrewd remarks and enquiries, but generally expressive of good feeling towards the whites, and a plain declaration of no present sympathy with Wiremu Kingi at Taranaki. Tareha next spoke, principally following in the steps of Renata, and with him remarking on the bad and irritating language which they (natives) were commonly receiving from many low whites; Karaitiana then said a few words, assenting to some of the sayings of those who had preceded him, and adding there was not a larger attendance that day owing to white men never keeping their promises with natives, and that there would



This scene at Pa Whakairo was photographed by Charles Robson and the engraving appeared in the *Illustrated London News* on 31 October 1863.

not be time that evening to consider or reply to the words which might be spoken by the Superintendent.

The Superintendent then replied, taking up seriatim their different observations and enquiries—assuring them that the whites wished to live in peace with the Natives and to dwell as one people under one ruler—that their lands would never be taken from them,—that overt acts must necessarily be punished,—that the militia was for the good of all, would be found effective in conjunction with themselves against the aggression of a foreign foe, and would most certainly be enrolled (as in the Australian Colonies) if never a Maori existed—that the roads and other improvements were for the good of all—that he was sorry some chiefs did not see this, and so held back a right of road through their lands—that he was sorry to find any of them determined to uphold the authority of the (so-called) Native King, as only one king or sovereign power could possibly be acknowledged in the colony,—and, finally, that they had much better have less suspicion of the whites, and seek by their actions as well as words to dwell quietly and lovingly with them.

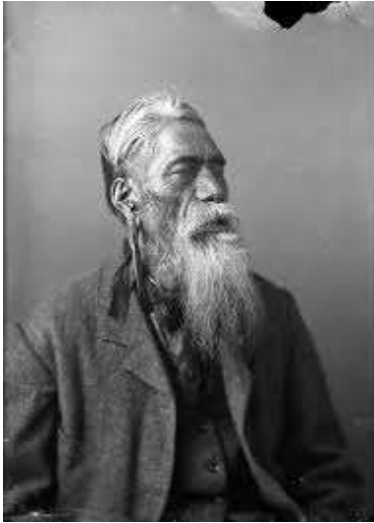
Night now came on fast; and, though there was more to be said and answered, the meeting closed.

The Chiefs Moananui, Paraone, Paratene, Hupata, and their relatives were also present. Mr. Colenso interpreted His Honor's words to the Natives, and Mr. Grindell those of the Natives to His Honor.³⁰

The second meeting a few days later was less civil,

ON MONDAY the 16th, his Honor the Superintendent, accompanied by several whites, again visited the native chiefs at Pa Whakaairo. At their express wish his visit was this day repeated, as they had not opportunity on Friday last (through the approach of night) of answering his remarks and advice.

After the usual preliminaries, the chief RENATA opened proceedings, stating that with reference to his Honor being grieved at their determination to stick to the Native King, this ought not to be, seeing that he (RENATA) and his friends had done what they had said they should do at the Separation dinner in Napier last year, viz.,—they had watched the conduct of the



Renata Kawepo



Karaitiana Takamoana

Native King, and had approved of it from its being good, and, that his designs and plans were also all good, and that was the main ground of their adherence; if (said RENATA) his designs were evil and we upheld them, then there would be ground for his Honor being sorry; but as it is the Native King's thoughts are as good for the natives, as the Queen's or the Governor's are for the whites, &c.

To this his Honor made answer that it did not depend upon the goodness or the badness of the (so-called) Native King's thoughts or plans, but on the very root or principle—viz., that they having a sovereign in the Queen, whom they too had chosen, they could not choose another—further that he was a non-resident and did not know what was for their own immediate good; and that, while his thoughts may have been good they knew not what they would be, or what of those of his successor, &c.

RENATA replied, by saying, such might be left till the time came, and then they did not know what they might do; and went on to remark on another portion of the Superintendent's speech of Friday last, when the Superintendent had also stated,

(in reply to some of their observations,) that he knew not of any wrongful or changed mode of dealing on the part of the Governor or of the Native Land Purchase Commissioner, as to the way in which lands had been acquired.

To this RENATA now replied, that if his Honor could not see, they could; that the first two purchases of land made here were made before all—every man, woman, and child (as indeed had been stipulated, and without which those lands would never have been alienated,)—but that subsequently land had been bought in secret and in an underhanded way; and that they still intended to return the amounts received for those lands, which the *runanga* had collected and kept stored by them for that purpose.

To this his Honor replied, that he still knew of no alteration in either the Governor or Native Land Purchase Commissioner towards them in the purchasing of their lands, but the facts were, 1st, that when the first two purchases were made they dwelt together and went together to buy and to sell: 2nd, that afterwards they were at mortal feud with each other and waged war on each other to the slaying of many, and were still at variance,—how then could purchases be effected as they formerly were? 3rd, that they had gone so far as to hand over in writing all the unsold lands of the Province (whether theirs or not) to the so-called Native King, and it was owing to his (as they deemed) possessing the “*mana*” over those lands, that the rightful owners were prohibited from selling them, and when they did venture to offer any for sale, it was owing to the same cause, and the fear of the *runanga*, which kept back the many from openly going with the sellers as hitherto. And they were also reminded, that it was sowing of a similar seed at Taranaki which had brought forth the present evil crop there.

RENATA then said, that at Taranaki both parties were in the wrong, but that the Governor was very much the more wrong; that before any investigation had been made, before that WIREMU KINGI had been had before a magistrate and judicially condemned, blood was shed.

To this he was answered, that his remarks were altogether wrong; that he ought to know that the Governor had patiently tried every possible means, but in vain; besides, WIREMU KINGI had no right whatever to interfere ; and he (RENATA) must well

know that, while every white man, however great, dared not disobey a magistrate's summons, it was not such an easy thing to get a Maori to obey,—for he (if he thought his case desperate) stuck a friend on each side and another at his back, and then cried, to Governor and law, lo! I am as stout and as big as you!

KARAITIANA now arose and said, that (with reference to the demand made by Mr. COLENSO in his own speech on Friday last, as to who were the persons who had told them certain evil reports concerning him,) he should now reply to Mr. COLENSO'S question,—that they had been informed that Messrs. RHODES, COLENSO, and TUKE had strongly urged (in Council) the propriety of an immediate onslaught upon them to extirpate every man, woman, and child of theirs, and then to seize their lands.

Here, KARAITIANA was informed that Mr. TUKE was not a member of Council; and was also advised by Mr. ALEXANDER (who was also present) to shut up. Mr. COLENSO also told him, that he ought to have known better than to listen to such tales: that he insisted upon obtaining the name of his informant; and that, if they persisted in mentioning such talk, he should (following out their own old established custom) demand a heavy payment from them (on their failing to shew its truth) for false accusation.

KARAITIANA then said, he (and they) should cast it away; but that he would not give up the name of his informant, (who, however, was a resident at Napier,) lest the whites should ill-use (*patu*) him. Further, that, in reply to his Honor's remark of his being sorry that some chiefs held back a right of road through their lands, he knew he was one of those chiefs alluded to, but that he long ago ceded what was required of him, but that (as he believed) it had not been clearly understood, owing to the misunderstanding of Mr. COOPER, &c. That he had striven hard to get the Government to order all the cattle belonging to Europeans to be kept away from grazing over his lands, but without effect, and that this was a great ground of his sorrow; also that his own cattle had disappeared from his own lands through the Europeans, &c.

Old WAKA TE KAWATINI now got up, and joined his relative—demanding payment for grass eaten by cattle, and rent for the proposed site of the ferry on the Ngaruroro river. He

was quickly told, that the Government would never pay any rent for any such thing—the same being a public good, and as much used by them as by Europeans.

NOA HUKU now put in his oar in prompting RENATA; and RENATA got again on his feet to say, (in answer to what Mr. COLENSO had said in his own speech on Friday last), that as to the Treaty of Waitangi, it is true they had consented to it at the time, but that that time was the time of their ignorance; that now they should not heed it as they knew better, &c.

Mr. COLENSO, in reply, reminded them, 1st, that they had no doubt often heard that it was neither the custom of the English, nor of any other nation, to *buy* foreign lands on which to settle, but simply to do as they themselves had both done and suffered—take possession, and kill if resisted. 2nd, that it was entirely owing to that same Treaty of Waitangi, that they were now living in peace, each Chief in free possession of his own lands, and that their numerous taonga—horses, cows, bullocks, ploughs and vessels—were clearly owing to that treaty; and they should consider that, if such a thing could be done as to set aside that Treaty which had hitherto been their salvation as a people, and which not a few whites had wished to be annulled,—on what would inevitably follow. 3rd, that if they repudiated the Treaty because (as they said) it was made in their ignorance, they should also repudiate the different boundaries of lands and estates made by their ancestors; to which, however, while productive of much misery to them, they clung most pertinaciously.

RENATA rejoined, that he did not see why they should not reject the Treaty of Waitangi, now that they knew better, as well as cannibalism and polygamy.

A messenger, who had been sent to the Port to learn the news by the White Swan, (that morning arrived there) now returned with Wellington Gazettes and Newspapers, when Mr. COLENSO read to them (at His Honor's request) the letter from the Superintendent of Wellington, and that of the Magistrates of Wellington to the natives of that Province; also (at Major Young's request) the speech of TAMIHANA TE RAUPARAHA at the meeting of Maori Chiefs held at Wellington—which closed this day's proceedings. As on Friday, so to-day, Mr. Grindell interpreted to, and Mr. Colenso from, His Honor. And it is to

be hoped that good will result to both Maories and Pakehas from the plain and simple statement of facts, truthfully and reasonably made.³¹

A third meeting was held in November, Grindell and Colenso in attendance again. By now Grindell was interpreting for the Magistrate's Court and the Provincial Council under his old road manager, now Superintendent, "Tommy" FitzGerald and at times acted as messenger between the Provincial Council and the chiefs.³² He was leasing a weatherboard house at 2 Carlyle St (section 79),³³ from Te Hapuku in 1861. He wrote to McLean,

The natives appear to be pretty quiet here. A messenger was sent from some of the Settlers at the Waipukurau to the Superintendent here, informing him that the natives were to rise on a certain day when a Star (Matariki) attained a certain relative position to the Moon. But I see no grounds for alarm—there are no indications amongst the natives of any intention of rising. I mentioned it to the natives & they said that some such scheme had been proposed, or rather dreamed of by the Waikatos, but it did not meet with their approbation.

The only matter which appears to agitate them at present is "grass money", that is, payment for European Cattle & Sheep grazing on their lands for some years past. This may lead to some unpleasant proceeding of the natives towards the individuals concerned. Rupene, son of Puhara, came into Town yesterday with a letter to the Superintendent complaining of the Hapuku who has been leasing some lands near Mr. Lang's station to some Europeans as a sheep run. I believe the land in question is claimed by the Tawa and also by the Ngatikahungunu—Tareha &c. who I hear have turned off the Lessees. Here the Native Land Purchase Ordinance may be useful. I have not seen the Letter in question.

*I am getting on first rate in my situation and am on capital terms with the Resident Magistrate.*³⁴

Te reo for Grindell was "Karini". There is a letter dated 5 October 1861 from Te Poihipi of Tukairangi, translated by Grindell (in his handwriting, with "understood" words in brackets),

To the Karini (Grindell) and the Governor (Superintendent).

Greeting (to you who are engaged) in the good works of the Lord. Friend—I am desirous that you should come here (and remain) with me—to enlighten & instruct me and all men (here).

Friend the Governor. Let the Karini come to me to instruct us, as I do not know how to write to you (that is, I have not sufficient knowledge to correspond with Europeans). For this reason I say let me have the Karini or some one else—but it rests with you (who you will send) this one (Karini) is my choice....

The draft of a reply by Superintendent JCL Carter is in the same file, *Friend Poihipi, your letter written to Mr Grindell has been received by me the Superintendent.*

You desire to see Mr Grindell to enlighten & instruct you and the men at Taupo. Were not he employed in the service of the Governor at Napier, probably he would meet your wishes. There is no one else whom I know of to send you....³⁵

In Harry Osborne's play *Colenso*, James Grindell is the publican in whose bar the satirical ditty "Billy K'lenso" was sung (it was composed in 1861)—but I can find no evidence Grindell was ever a publican in Napier. Quite probably he was there, drinking in the bar, but not the publican. Dramatic licence I think.

In October 1862 he interpreted for the Supreme Court (Before His Honor Mr. Justice Johnston),

NETANE TE HUIKI, an aboriginal native, was placed at the bar, indicted for that, not having the fear of God before his eyes, and being moved and instigated by the devil, on the 26th day of May last he did feloniously and with malice aforethought, kill one Hiraina (his wife) against &c.

His Honor intimated that he would like to see as many natives as took an interest in the proceedings accommodated in the court; and said that he would be much obliged to any gentlemen not otherwise engaged who would explain the proceedings to them as the case went on. Mr. COLENZO undertook to do so.

Mr. James GRINDELL was then sworn as interpreter.³⁶

Colenso wrote to P Bourke Napier postmaster on 1 September 1863, regretting he could no longer act as a translator for the Post Office, but

recommending Grindell, “who is, by far, the most fit person that I know in Napier”.

There is no record that Grindell had any relatives in New Zealand, except for a letter dated 27 November 1863 addressed to Lieut Col. H.C. Balneavis in Auckland,

*A nephew of mine named Charles Hurrey arrived in Auckland from Melbourne in the “Star of India”, as a volunteer. Would you kindly furnish me with his address, and, also, the name of the Captain and number of the Company to which he belongs.*³⁷

The *Star of India* had berthed at Auckland on 14 September with 407 passengers (volunteers).³⁸ Charles Grindell Hurrey was James Grindell’s sister Elizabeth’s son; his eldest brother John did settle in Gisborne: his personal papers are held at Tairāwhiti Museum.

In 1864, Grindell was Clerk in the Resident Magistrate’s court and Maori interpreter accompanying Provincial Superintendent Donald McLean on visits to Wairoa, Mohaka, Mahia and Nukuha to purchase land from Maori. There was some secrecy, as the *Hawke’s Bay Times* noted,

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE

HIS HONOR the Superintendent, accompanied by Mr. Fitzgerald and Mr. Grindell, left to-day for Te Wairoa—for what purpose is known only to a few, we suppose.³⁹

The *Herald* knew a little more,

HIS HONOR the Superintendent, accompanied by Mr. M. Fitzgerald and Mr. J. Grindell, left yesterday by the *Lady Bird* for the Wairoa. It is understood that a purchase of land suitable for European settlement has been effected by Mr. McLean, or at least that negotiations for the same are in an advanced state; but particulars have not yet been made public.⁴⁰

In three long letters to the *Hawke’s Bay Herald* Grindell described the acquisition of northern Hawke’s Bay land by Donald McLean.⁴¹

VISIT OF MR. McLEAN AND PARTY TO THE NORTH.

To the Editor of the Hawke’s Bay Herald,

SIR,—In fulfilment of my promise I sit down to give you a slight sketch of my late trip to the north end of Hawke's Bay, in company with His Honor the Superintendent and Mr. Fitzgerald—undertaken with a view to the acquirement of land in that portion of the province.

On Monday, then, the 17th October last, we took our passage by the steamer 'Lady Bird' for the Wairoa. Arriving off the mouth of that river about six p.m., we found that a heavy sea was rolling in and breaking right across, so that any attempt to land would have been a very doubtful and hazardous enterprise, even had we been provided with a proper boat. Under these circumstances the captain determined to take us on to the



Ihaka Whaanga,
S. Carnell Collection, Alexander
Turnbull Library, no.F-135801-1/2

Mahia, at which place we arrived about nine the same evening, and were safely landed in the ship's boat, the water being perfectly smooth. We were hospitably received and entertained by Mr. Morris of that place, at whose house we remained for about a week, whilst negotiations were being carried on with the natives. I may here mention in passing that I feel I cannot adequately give expression to our appreciation of this gentleman's liberality and extreme kindness, and the trouble which he took to make us comfortable in every possible way.

Shortly after landing I accompanied Mr. McLean to see old Ihaka, who resides about two

hundred yards from Mr. Morris' house. He is the native assessor and the principal chief at the north end of the Bay, and a man of great influence throughout the district, and indeed throughout the whole province. He is a staunch supporter of the Government, and has always been noted for his adherence to the side of justice, truth, and benevolence.

There is not a man among the old settlers and whalers who does not highly respect him; by some he is regarded with a feeling nearly approaching to veneration. Whatever may be said by those who do not understand such things, I myself believe him to be a simple-minded and honest Christian man. On approaching the house we found the natives who were there in a state of great trepidation and alarm. They had seen the blue light burned by the steamer, and had heard the noise of the oars, and their fearful imaginations had conjured up terrible visions of soldiers and bayonets—ruthless Waikatos and bloody tomahawks. Ihaka alone, amidst the general confusion, was calm and collected—declaring that he did not fear soldiers, as he was conscious he had never given the Government cause of offence; and, as for Waikatos, they were too much occupied to trouble themselves about him. The old gentleman had been suffering from a severe attack of illness (indigestion I imagine), but the excitement consequent upon our visit seemed to revive him wonderfully. The alarm evinced by these natives upon our sudden appearance is but an index to the native feeling generally over the whole island in the present period of political doubt and uncertainty. From my own observation I can assert this to have been the case (if not now) until very lately in our province of Hawke's Bay.

On Tuesday, the 18th, a number of Ihaka's natives returned from their cultivations and other places whither they had been. Mr. McLean met them, and some considerable amount of korero ensued, at the end of which it was understood that the Mahia was to be sold so soon as the other natives, who were still absent, should have been consulted.

Thursday, 20th.—A large number of natives met Mr. McLean at Mr. Morris' house to arrange the terms of sale of the Mahia block. A number of speeches were made, the general tenor of which was in favor of having white settlers amongst them and the protection of the Government extended to them. The result of the meeting was the cession to the Government of a block of land, containing by computation 16,000 acres, for £2000. £1500 was paid on the spot, the remaining £500 to be paid on the completion of the survey,—with a proviso that if the block should then be found to exceed 16,000 acres, some

further payment should be made in proportion to the excess. It was expected that the sale of this block would open the way for much larger purchases, as was afterwards the case. The Mahia may be considered as the key-stone of the district. It has ever been regarded by the natives with peculiar interest as a place associated with many bygone memories. Here aged men will sit and, in imagination, fight their battles over again whilst they relate to the young men tales of enterprise and desperate valour—scenes of bloodshed and fearful slaughter. Here their fathers fought, and bled, and died, and here in peace now rest their bones. The father of old Ihaka, called the Ratau, was treacherously slain at this place by the Whakatohea tribe, a people residing at Whakatane in the Bay of Plenty. They were instigated to this act of violence by the Matenga Tukareaha—a blood relation of the Ratau, and a chief of the Nuhaka people, at which place he resides at the present time. This man, jealous of the power and increasing influence of the Ratau, determined to put him out of the way. Proceeding to the Bay of Plenty, the residence of his wife's relations, he returned with a chosen band of warriors, (or rather murderers) to the Mahia. The people of the Ratau, in the meantime, having heard of the threatened attack, had assembled themselves in a fortified pah at Table Cape. The attacking party, finding no one at the Mahia, halted to deliberate upon the best means of getting the Ratau into their power. A messenger was sent to Table Cape to assure him of their good intentions, and to request him to come and see them so that they might be assured of his good feeling towards them. The old man, depending upon their good faith, and the presence of his relative, te Matenga, came to see them, unattended by any of his people. He was received with all seeming respect and led into an enclosure erected for the purpose; the usual forms of welcome were gone through; food was placed before him, as if in mockery, whilst the oven was being heated in which his body was to be cooked; when, suddenly, whilst in the act of rubbing noses with one of his enemies he was seized by the hair of the head and a blow or two of a "paraoa," (a whalebone weapon) settled the business. The details of the cannibal feast which ensued may well be spared. It is strange that such things should have happened amongst people nearly related, but such is the fact—to such an extent may

unrestrained passion and jealousy drive men. The chief Matenga in consequence of the part he had taken in this affair returned with his friends, the Whakatohea, to their country; and subsequently he took up his residence amongst the Ngapuhi in the Bay of Islands. His father's life being sought by the Ratau's people as "utu," he attempted to follow his son with about 100 followers; he was waylaid, however, by the Turanga natives and himself and some 50 of his followers were slain in retaliation for the death of the Ratau. His name was Tamawheti. The Matenga himself kept out of the way until Christianity was introduced, when he returned in the guise of a sanctified apostle of Christ teaching humility, charity, and love; and he was received if not with true cordiality, at least with forbearance and forgiveness. Subsequently, finding himself secure, his religious fervour somewhat abated, and he is now content to be simply Matenga, the maori rangatira as of old. Little did the son of the ancient Ratau think, on the day when his father's blood was so ingloriously shed, that a day would dawn when a strange and powerful people would occupy the soil of his ancestors, and that he himself, supported by their countenance and influence, would be revered as a chief and a magistrate in the land. And well would it have been for the cause of order and justice in native districts had all assessors appointed by the Government been as truly honorable and conscientious as this really worthy old man. I imagine that New Zealand wars would then have been rather a dream than a reality. He has ever been a loyal subject of the Queen and consistent adherent of the Government, notwithstanding all the attempts made by surrounding tribes, more or less devoted to the King, to prejudice his mind and bias his judgment against the pakeha. He has been repeatedly taunted by the Kingites for his adherence to the "Kuini," (Queen), and told that some day his friends the pakehas would deceive and enslave him.

The natives appeared highly satisfied and delighted at the conclusion of the purchase of the Mahia, not so much on account of the money received by them, as they said, as in the prospect of getting Europeans to reside amongst them to whom they could sell their pigs and other produce, and who would introduce amongst them European customs and pursuits. They emphatically declared that they were weary and impatient of the

isolated and lonesome position in which they had been placed of late years; that the land of their ancestors was a mere dreary and unoccupied waste, and that they were anxious to see it occupied by a race who had ever befriended them, and to whom they owed their preservation from utter annihilation (as a people) by the Waikatos, and to whom they looked and trusted as a guard and protection for their children when they themselves were dead.

The business of the day being concluded, I took a ride to the north-east side of the peninsula in company with Mr. Sturm and Mr. Campbell—both old settlers in this part of the bay. Our road lay over the neck of the peninsula, which is about a mile wide, consisting of a succession of low sandy hills and swamps, suitable for grazing purposes, stretching away westwards to the hills of the mainland. On the north side is a hard sandy beach, extending eastwards for a mile or so, after which the traveller has to pass over indurated slabs of blue clay, of which the beach is composed. The road here is exceedingly slippery and dangerous for horses. We passed the site of an old pah on the coast—a place of peculiar interest to the natives of the district from its having been the scene of a prolonged siege by the Waikatos. About the year 1830 the principal portion of the natives of the peninsula were concentrated at this pah, Kai Uku. The Waikatos at that time came down by way of Taupo in several parties against the Ngatikahungunus, seeking revenge for the death of the Arawai, one of their chiefs killed in a previous encounter with the people of Heretaunga, or Ahuriri. They besieged the Pakake at the entrance of the Ahuriri harbour, and took it, slaughtering many of its defenders and taking others prisoners; among whom were te Hapuku, te Moananui, Karaitiana, and Tiaki Tai, all of whom were marched off for the Waikato country under charge of a strong party. Te Hapuku however escaped on the road, somewhere near Tarawera, and returned to Ahuriri. Tiaki Tai was since drowned, together with some 20 or 30 others, on a passage from Ahuriri to Turanga. (The boat in which they sailed was picked up at Nuhaka). After the overthrow of the Pakake, the war party proceeded along the coast to the Wairoa, where they were joined by another party of Waikatos who had approached the coast by another route. The whole party then, in conjunction

with the Ureweras (who made common cause with the enemy for safety) attacked the people of Ngarangimataeo of the Wairoa, killing many and taking others prisoners—Ngarangimataeo himself with a considerable number of his people escaped. The chiefs Kopu and Henare te Apatari, also all the natives of the lower part of the river, together with these located along the coast, extending to the Mahia, amounting to probably 2,000 men, had previously mustered at the Kai Uku pah, from information received of the approach of the Waikatos. Puhara, a late chief of the Whatuiapiti tribe, well known to the early settlers of te Ahuriri, was amongst the tribes collected at Kai Uku at this time. Ngarangimataeo and his people had been induced to remain at the Wairoa from the assertions of an old magician named Mohaka that the Waikatos then approaching would be “food for the dogs.” After consummating the work of slaughter and devastation at the Wairoa, the enemy approached Kai Uku and sat down before it in the summer season. For two months and a half they closely invested the place, but without any decided success. The besieged held out bravely, and many feats of individual prowess were performed on both sides. The defenders of the pah were only able to muster about 30 guns all told, whilst the Waikatos were well supplied with arms procured from European traders in their own country. At the expiration of a month the provisions of the garrison began to fall short, and at the end of two months they were all but totally consumed. At this time the only persons who were supplied with any food at all were those who possessed guns; and the scanty stock of provision remaining was carefully husbanded for their use, lest, weakened and exhausted by hunger, they should be unable to keep the necessary watch against the approaches of the enemy. And well did these men perform the duties expected of them. Not a Waikato could show himself without attracting a shower, of bullets. Night and day the defenders were on the alert, and a most vigilant look-out was kept. The fortunate possessors of the guns were of the Ngapuhi tribe, a party of whom had previously settled in that part of the country and were allies of the Ngatikahungunus. The besieged, at length, being in great distress from the want of food and reduced to mere skeletons, resorted as a last resource to a most novel expedient to support

life. The side of the pah facing the beach was clear of the enemy, there being no shelter to protect them from the guns of the garrison. On this side, therefore, they dug away the bank until the blue clay (of which the cliffs of the coast are composed) was laid bare. This they dug up and used as food, mixing it with water until of the consistency of thick mud, and then boiling it in the same manner as "riripi" (common paste) is now prepared by them. It is most astonishing that life could be sustained by such a means; unless indeed this clay contains some very nutritious vegetable deposit. This may be a question worthy of the consideration of scientific men.

This hard fare was now and then varied and improved by the capture of a good fat Waikato or two who had been feeding on the cultivations of the besieged; and, no doubt, life was principally sustained by this means and the little fern root they were enabled to procure by sorties from the pa. The patience of the enemy being at length exhausted, and having lost several of their men, they decamped by night, and the worn out garrison were enabled to procure some "kumeras," which were just coming into season. In allusion to the strait to which they were reduced in this pah, the loyal natives of the present day (in this locality) in opposition to the King party, have a saying that,—*"The Waikatos gave them clay, but the Queen gives them flour."*

In this war party of the Waikatos there was a white man named John, who was in the habit of going into the pah and talking with the besieged; several also of the Waikato chiefs, at various times, entered the pah on a pretence of making peace, and tried to induce te Wera (a Ngapuhi chief) to come out with them; he was, however, restrained by his friends, who advocated putting the messengers to death. To this he objected, and they were allowed to depart uninjured. Considering the starving and desperate condition of a body of men whose common food, in times of war, was "man," this was an instance of forbearance seldom equalled in savage life—more especially as they were well aware that treachery was intended by the Waikatos.

During the siege the Kani o Takirau came from Turanga with his people (the Hauiti and Rongowhakaata tribes) to the relief of the garrison, but the Waikatos defeated them on the North-east side of the neck of the peninsula, and pursued them

northwards along the beach, slaughtering about 200 of them—the Kani o Takirau himself barely escaping with his life. Some twenty chiefs were killed in this action. A few months after this European traders made their appearance upon the coast, from whom the natives obtained a good supply of arms and ammunition in return for flax, in the preparation of which the whole population (men, women and children) engaged night and day, so great was their anxiety to obtain arms for their defence against the Waikatos. Subsequently, being well armed, they were enabled to hold their own and make reprisals upon their enemies.

Leaving Kai Uku, and picking our way carefully over the treacherous slabs, we came to Waipapa, a small stream about a mile or two further on. There is a tradition connected with this place of one Rongokako, an ancestor of Ngatikahungunu, who came from the direction of Tauranga and the East Cape on a journey to Kaikoura in the South island. Striding along from Cape to Cape, in steps of some 15 or 20 miles each, he alighted at this stream (Waipapa), where he stopped to drink and then stepped on to the Matauo Maui, and thence on to Cook's Straits, over which he stepped at one stride. Two impressions are to be seen in the slabs about 6 feet apart very similar in appearance to a man's foot print. These are said to be impressions of his feet.

A short distance further on we left the beach and travelled over the table land which lies along the coast. Judging from the profuse vegetation, the soil must be very good indeed. After riding some 3 or 4 miles, we arrived at Whangawehi river and then descended a spur of the hill to the beach. About 40 or 50 natives (a section of Ihaka's people) reside at this place, and their cultivations extend some considerable distance along the coast. Several of them were engaged ploughing at the time of our visit. There is safe anchorage just inside the mouth of the Whangawehi river for vessels of about 30 tons, which the natives say can run in even a stiff North-easter, a wind which blows direct upon the coast and kicks up a pretty considerable sea on this side of the peninsula. A native craft was lying in the river at the time of our visit. During southerly winds the sea is as smooth as a pond, and vessels anchor safely about a mile (or less) from the shore. There is, however, a particular spot (just

opposite the entrance of the river) where vessels must bring up to secure good holding ground—the bottom closer in shore being composed of hard clay slabs affording no holding for the anchor. This place is the usual refuge for vessels in the Bay when caught in squally weather. A jolly old whaler, rejoicing in a most appropriate appellation of “Happy Jack,” resides at this place.

This man is a most remarkable specimen of humanity. From a consideration of his aldermanic and massive proportions one is insensibly led to reflect upon the mighty monster of the deep in the pursuit of which his life has been passed. It would appear as if he were but a somewhat refined



The whaler Happy Jack

specimen of the same class of mammalia. I was particularly amused at his happy rubicund countenance and diminutive roguish eyes, twinkling like stars in a bright midsummer night. He informed me that a short time previously not less than seven or eight vessels were wind bound at this place; and, if possible, his eye became brighter and his huge form expanded as he expatiated on the number of gallons of whiskey and rum which were consumed on that memorable occasion. For several years past this respectable individual has

been in the habit of keeping a bright light burning in his window at night for the especial benefit of coasters, by means of which they are enabled to determine their exact position and find the proper anchorage. I am glad that the Provincial Council of Hawke's Bay have in some measure acknowledged his services in this respect by presenting him with the sum of £10.

There is an excellent boat harbour at this place, formed by an opening in the rocks, which runs into the beach in a circuitous direction.

The country all along the N.E. side of the peninsula consists of table land, sloping from the hills towards the sea, and

intersected at intervals by gullies. The soil is undoubtedly very rich, and there is plenty of timber easily accessible in the hills at the back. The coast abounds with innumerable craw-fish, and fish of every other description may be caught in any number.

We returned on the same evening to the Mahia, and on Friday the 21st a number of natives (from different parts of the peninsula) collected at that place for the purpose of asserting their claims to a particular portion of the block just ceded to the Government, with a view to obtaining a larger share of the purchase money than Ihaka and his friends might otherwise be inclined to award them. After a great deal of trouble and much patience and delicate management on the part of the Chief Land Purchase Commissioner, the claims of all were amicably adjusted and all conflicting interests harmonised.

On the Monday following (24th), in consequence of the satisfactory settlement of their difficulties, a further offer was made by these natives of a block of land on the N.E. side of the peninsula. Mr. McLean agreed to purchase the block, and told them that a surveyor would shortly be sent up who would report to him upon the extent &c. of the land, and that then he would be prepared to enter into arrangements with them for the purchase. Matenga te Mano (alias the "Magpie,") a humourous old chief, residing at Whangawehi, said he had been a widower for several years, and that if the land were sold he trusted he should be able to obtain an European wife! Here is a famous opportunity for any aspiring dame who may be ambitious of entering into a respectable matrimonial alliance. The old warrior in question is a fine specimen of nature's nobility, and, if not quite so redolent of perfume as some of the Napier pinks, he is at least quite as enthusiastic in his admiration of the pale-faced fair sex.

We started in the early part of this day for Nuhaka and the Wairoa, on our return towards Napier. Ihaka and Tamihana Taruke, his father-in-law, with several other men of influence, accompanied us. Ihaka himself was greatly elated at the idea of escorting officers of the Queen to the Wairoa to purchase land in opposition to the policy of the King party. He seemed to look upon himself somewhat in the light of a victorious general marching at the head of his army to take possession of surrendered territory. About 1 o'clock p.m. we arrived at

Nuhaka (about 12 miles from Te Mahia) and encamped there that night, so as to afford the natives inclined to sell land at that place an opportunity of discussing the question. Matenga Tukareaha's house was the first residence we came to. This is the man who I have already noticed as having been the prime mover in the murder of te Ratau, Ihaka's father. He received us very graciously, and declared that he was anxious to have Europeans settled in his neighbourhood: and in furtherance of that object, he and his people, he said, were prepared to sell some land to the Government. It was arranged that we should cross to the south side of the river, where the principal body of natives reside, and encamp there for the night, whilst he went to summon those of his friends who were absent a short distance inland. Crossing the river we were received with shouts of—"Welcome! welcome the Queen's pakehas to Nuhaka!" We found about 50 or 60 people assembled here awaiting our arrival. The old women bustled about with unusual activity, busy in their culinary preparations for the benefit of our native attendants—some lighting fires and others scraping potatoes and kumeras. Calabashes of preserved pork were produced and other preparations made for satisfying the appetite of the visitors. Nothing could be more amusing than to see some of these old dames dipping their dirty fingers into a calabash of fat, and, twirling round the hand once or twice, bring up a mass of the unctuous contents, which they would lick off with infinite gusto.

LETTER NO. II

Having crossed the river, as before stated, we found 50 or 60 natives awaiting our arrival. After the usual greetings, and a "puff" or two of the grateful "weed," we got our tent erected on a pleasant green by the side of an ancient and venerable-looking ngaio tree, under whose umbrageous branches we sat down to fortify the inner man with some of the good things we had brought with us. Unfortunately, however, we were not permitted to partake of our repast in peace. We were speedily surrounded by a host of grunting swine and snarling curs—those greedy denizens of every Maori pah. On this occasion they appeared to take especial delight in exhibiting their thievish propensities. In defence of my dinner I was obliged to sit with

a potato in one hand and a stick in the other; now taking a bite, and anon striking a blow—reinforcing the garrison whilst I attacked the assailants. I would advise any gentleman of fastidious appetite to spend a month or two in a Maori pah. I warrant me he would be cured of his squeamishness, for a time at least. In an hour or two Te Matenga Tukareaha and his friends arrived, and the business of the day commenced forthwith. Te Matenga expressed himself strongly in favour of selling land. He is the resident chief of this place. He said his young men were desirous of declaring themselves on the side of the Government, and were anxious that Europeans should come and settle amongst them; that, therefore, he had decided upon selling some land for that purpose. The Mahia, he said, was gone, and the Wairoa was to follow; there would then be Government land on both sides of them, and, whether they turned to the right side or to the left, they would see the influence and power of the Queen. They were not disposed by holding out to place themselves in an isolated and singular position with respect to the tribes around them. The head, he said, being cut off, the body could not live—that is, the Mahia being sold, the rest would soon follow. Several others spoke, but the tenor of all their speeches was in favour of selling land. The only opponents of an immediate sale were the chiefs of our own party who accompanied us from the Mahia—Ihaka and his party. The people of Nuhaka are a section of Ihaka's people, and he himself is, consequently, the chief of paramount influence. So that, whilst not adverse in the main to the sale of land in this locality, he was very naturally somewhat jealous of Te Matenga taking the matter entirely into his own hands, and anxious to show that his acquiescence was necessary before any purchase could be effected. This feeling was, no doubt, strengthened by the ancient feud existing between the two parties, which originated in the murder of Te Ratau—Ihaka's father. In addressing the people he (Ihaka) said that there was no necessity for precipitating matters; that, in the meantime, Mr. McLean's destination was the Wairoa; and that, if they were anxious to sell, the land would be sold in due time, but that at present he would withhold his assent. Although not directly acceding to their wishes, he appeared anxious that the matter should be ventilated amongst them. It is not in accordance with

the custom of native chiefs to sell land without giving the occupants of the soil an opportunity of discussing the question. He and his friends were desirous of holding this portion of the country for the present, but at some future period they would be willing to part with it, as the increasing necessities of an European population might require. Mr. McLean, in a speech of some length, told them that he was glad to see the strong feeling of loyalty that existed amongst the young men of the tribe: that it had always been his endeavour during the late troubles to cultivate a good understanding between both races in this province, and he thought there was good reason for congratulation that, whilst other tribes were torn with tumults and wars, the Ngatikahungunus and their pakeha brethren had ever preserved peaceful and friendly relations, and he assured them that no exertion on his part would be wanting to preserve this good feeling. With respect to the land, he would be prepared to enter into arrangements for the purchase of those portions to which they had an undisputed claim; and that, when all parties were agreed, he would purchase more extensively. The result of the meeting was that a block of land was offered for sale of no very great extent, as they were unable to reconcile all opposing claims; but they said the "rust would eat into the iron." Mr. McLean agreed to purchase the block offered, leaving the price to be decided after a surveyor (who he promised to send) had gone over the ground, telling them at the same time that if they wanted European settlers amongst them they should be prepared to part with a sufficient quantity of available land for that purpose. He promised to expend the sum of £100 in forming a road from their country to the Mahia beach—to be made by natives. The present road, which follows the coast line, although very passable as a bridle track, is totally unfit for drays; so that they have no means of conveying their produce to a convenient shipping place, and the consequence is that they cultivate no more than is actually required for their own consumption. On several occasions quantities of corn which they produced for sale lay on the "whatas" (stages erected for the purpose of storing grain) until totally destroyed by rats, from the want of proper means of transit. The intended line of road is inland of the present one, and is described as being exceedingly favorable for the formation of a cart road, although

somewhat longer than the present track. They were excessively delighted in the prospect of getting this road made, and loudly expressed their satisfaction and appreciation of the advantages likely to result to them from the settlement of Europeans amongst them—declaring that the “Kingi” would never have done so much for them. In passing I may remark that the King is spoken of with the greatest contempt and disdain by most of the natives along this coast—every one delighting to take a kick at the prostrate monarch. It is quite evident to me that the success of our arms against the Waikatos has created a great diversion in the native mind in this part of the Bay. I consider the expenditure of this small sum of £100 in the formation of the road above mentioned to be dictated by a sound policy. Irrespective of the advantage to future European settlers, the present native population of the valley will, by this road, be enabled to cart all their produce to the shipping place at the Mahia; they will see that by the settlement of Europeans in their country they themselves must be largely benefited; much good country will be opened up; exports will be increased; and the effect on the native mind in favor of selling land, now locked up from European enterprise and industry, will be great.

The native youth of this district have an earnest desire to enrol themselves as “Queen’s troopers.” And I believe this to be a matter worthy of the serious consideration of the Government. I am strongly inclined to believe that the enrolment of a small (not large) number of picked young men from the various tribes along the coast (under the direction of chiefs of known fidelity) would do more to preserve order and maintain a feeling of loyalty in the tribes than all the cumbrous and expensive machinery of Commissioners, (many of them totally unacquainted with the character of the people with whom they are brought into contact), Native Assessors, and Runangas (Councils) that ever were, or ever can be, introduced by the Government. I say a small number, because I believe that a large body would not only stir up a spirit of opposition amongst disaffected natives, but render the service too commonplace; whereas a limited number would make the thing more select and create such a spirit of emulation amongst the young men for the employment as would have the effect of making them strive to be accounted worthy of admittance.

Leaving this place on the morning of the 25th, we continued our journey to the Wairoa. We were accompanied from the pah by a most motley group of individuals. One little urchin in particular attracted my attention. Perched upon the top of an immense horse, between two huge bundles of dirty blankets and old clothing, his habiliments rent and torn so as barely to hold together, he presented the strange appearance of a shapeless mass of rags as he flew past us ever and anon with his tatters fluttering and streaming in the breeze. Matenga Tukareaha himself also accompanied us. The land on the coast southwards, from Nuhaka to Tahaenui river (a distance of about 4 miles) is perfectly level and very fertile—extending inland about a mile to the hills which are covered with timber. At Tahaenui the soil is fertile in the extreme, and the scenery is singularly picturesque. The river itself, as it winds through the flats, is deep and sluggish; but at the mouth, like many New Zealand rivers on sandy coasts, it diminishes to a mere rivulet, always fordable, but never navigable either for vessels or boats.

As we travelled along the coast our friend Ihaka pointed out spots where many a stubborn battle had been fought, and where many a warrior bold had breathed his last, bravely fighting in defence of his birth-right against the hordes of ruthless Waikatos and others by which the country was overrun before its inhabitants were able to procure fire-arms for their defence. In some of these contests there were not less than one or two thousand men of a side engaged. In those days when war was a trade and every man an experienced warrior; when one tribe lived by preying upon another, fierce battles were matters of constant occurrence. There is hardly a hill or a gully in the whole country, particularly on the coast line, which has not its tradition of some bloody rencounter of former days.

This part of the coast country belongs principally to the natives of the Mahia and Nuhaka. Their claims extend southwards to Opoho creek, about 14 miles from the mouth of the Wairoa river. There is a small conical hill on the Mahia side of this creek, near the beach. From this point to the Wairoa the land is owned by the natives of the Whakaki and the Wairoa, and partly also by Ihaka and his people.

We reached the Wairoa about 2 o'clock p.m., where we found Kopu Pitiera (who had preceded us from te Mahia) and

the Ngatikurupakiaka tribe assembled at the Uhi, (near the old mission station)—a native settlement pleasantly situated on the north bank of the river. A number of speeches were delivered on the occasion (as usual) and a large amount of loyalty professed, no doubt heightened by the anticipation of the advantage to be gained by the circulation of a few thousands of Her Majesty's coin amongst them. Be that as it may, there is no doubt that the people of this settlement are generally in favor of selling land to the Government and the formation of a township on the Wairoa. After Mr. McLean had addressed them in return, some further "talk" ensued for an hour or so; not in the expectation of any definite arrangement being then arrived at (as many other tribes were to be consulted), but merely to give them an opportunity of setting forth their claims and generally ventilating the question of land selling—a practice not only usual but necessary in all transactions of this kind with natives. These people form an important section of the native population of the river. They have extensive claims to all the lower portions of the river, and until very lately have been professedly adverse to selling. They have ever been considered a bold and haughty race of men; somewhat fiery and impetuous, but not the less honest perhaps for that. They are nearly related to the people of the late Henare te Apatari, who, although professing a desire to cultivate friendly relations with the "pakeha," was nevertheless a stout opponent to land selling.

Leaving this settlement we travelled on to te Waihirere—about a mile up the river—the residence of Paora te Apatu, a young chief of great influence in this part of the Wairoa. He is the son of the old Apatu who was drowned about 10 or 11 years ago, with one or two others, by the upsetting of a canoe in attempting to enter the river against the ebb tide. He was the most influential chief in the Wairoa, and was always looked up to by the whalers as their best friend and protector. His memory is much revered both by natives and whites.

The natives not yet being prepared to meet Mr. McLean (certain matters of boundaries &c. having to be discussed amongst them) we crossed the river to Mr. Lockwood's residence, who received us with the genuine hospitality of those good old days when the weary traveller found a welcome and a home under every roof-tree by the way. We remained here

during the whole of our stay in the Wairoa; our worthy host exhibiting every possible regard to our comfort, and evincing a warm interest in the success of our expedition. The little cutter "Iris" entered the river this day from Turanga, with the Civil Commissioner on board, and sailed the next day for Napier. On the Friday following she returned again to the Wairoa—having been placed at Mr. McLean's disposal, for the time being, by Lieut-Colonel Whitmore.

On Wednesday, the 25th, a messenger arrived from Nuhaka who had been sent after Mr. McLean to inform him that, subsequently to his departure, they had determined upon selling a large portion of land, extending from Nuhaka river northwards many miles; and that the assent of Ihaka and his party only was wanting to remove all difficulties. Ihaka and his friends, who accompanied us from Te Wairoa, finding that Matenga and the people resident on the land were bent upon selling, gave in their consent, and it was decided that a large block should be sold in that locality. They wished Mr. McLean to consider that the land was now handed over to the Government; the amount to be given for it, they said, could be determined when he was in possession of further information as to extent, &c. They declared that they were fixed in their resolve to become loyal subjects of the Queen, and they wanted white men to settle amongst them, so that they might enjoy the advantage of English law and government, and be British subjects not only in name but in reality. Mr. McLean informed them that he would take the land and send a surveyor to survey it, and that the terms could be decided after the completion of the survey. The boundaries were then given by the natives and taken down in writing.

This block of land, computing from the native account, may probably be averaged at 20 miles square, and, according to this estimate, contains 256,000 acres of land. The country generally, next the coast, consists of undulating hills covered with a vegetation of grass and fern, well adapted for sheep runs. A portion of it is held by Mr. Riddell under lease from the natives. The soil is apparently very fertile. In some places there are patches of bush, and the flats are all agricultural. The river Nuhaka inside the bar is deep and broad for several miles inland with very little current. Large boats can very easily enter

in fine weather, and there is good anchorage within 100 yards of the beach in any wind from northeast to north-west. The valley of Nuhaka itself is perfectly level from the coast several miles inland, and the soil is of the most fertile description. The inland portions of the block consist of wooded hills, intersected by valleys all fit for cultivation. There is an excellent inland line of road to be had from this valley to Turanga by an old native track, which emerges from the bush at a native settlement called Maraetaha, about four miles from the southern side of Poverty Bay. This line is described by those who have travelled it as being exceedingly good, and capable of being made an excellent road at a very trifling expense, comparatively speaking. Such a road would be the means of opening up considerable tracts of country well adapted for an agricultural population. As the natives at Turanga are now becoming more favourably disposed towards selling land, it may shortly be found advisable to open up this line, in which case the Province of Hawke's Bay could not fail of being largely benefited.

From the valley of Nuhaka the top of a stupendous hill can be seen in the back ground, towering high above the surrounding hills, alone in its solemn ruggedness and grandeur. It is precipitous on all sides save one, where it is approachable only by a narrow and steep foot path. The natives of the country hereabout once took refuge on its top from the Waikatos during the old wars.

But to return to the business of the Wairoa. On Thursday, the 27th, the natives having intimated to Mr. McLean that they were ready to meet him, we returned across the river to Waihirere (the residence of Paora Te Apatu), and found a large number of natives assembled there. A number of speakers addressed the meeting, but, for the sake of brevity, I shall content myself with noticing the speech of Paora Te Apatu and Mr. McLean's answer. Paora (addressing Mr. McLean) said this was the second time he had visited the Wairoa. On the occasion of his first visit, many years ago, the old chiefs were still living, and the question of land selling was then first mooted. But changes and troubles had arisen in the land since that time. The Moananui (from Napier) had visited them for the purpose of inducing them to join the King party. They had attended the runanga held at Ahuriri to discuss that subject, and they had

been pressed by the Ahuriri natives to join them in supporting the King; but they had consistently refrained from identifying themselves with this movement, although they had determined not to sell land. They had told the Ahuriri people at that time that they were anxious to be on friendly terms with the Europeans, although they were not land sellers. Many tribes had joined the king party at that time, but they had kept themselves aloof. Ihaka Whanga, he said, had lately been to Napier, and Mr. McLean had asked him to sell some land at the Mahia as a site for a township, and Ihaka had answered that his people must first be consulted. Subsequently, he (Mr. McLean) had intimated to Toha, when at Napier, his desire of acquiring some land at the Wairoa for a township. And, later still, Kopu Pitiera had been to Napier, and a similar proposal had been made to him. He returned to the Wairoa and consulted him (Paora) on the subject. He had given his assent, and they were now prepared to offer a block of land, the boundaries of which he enumerated. In consequence of Mr. McLean's desire to acquire land on this river, so often expressed, and in consideration of the fertility and generally superior character of the country, he should expect a high price for the block now offered—not less than £10,000!

Mr. McLean then spoke to the following effect: "On my first visit to the Wairoa, some years ago, I was offered a piece of land, and I should have accepted it had it been accessible by sea. The sea and rivers are necessary to Europeans for commercial purposes; and I could not see them excluded from those advantages. Trade and industry would be crippled, and my desire of making this a prosperous and flourishing settlement could not be realised. This was in the days when the great trees of the Wairoa were living—that is, the Apatu, te Koari, Ngarangimataeo, and te Apatari. These venerable trees of the forest are gone, but their children are this day addressing me with reference to the same land. When the offer of which I speak was made to me, the reason why the boundaries were not then extended to the sea was that te Koari did not consider he should be justified in selling the lower part of the Wairoa. His ancestors had once been on an expedition bird-snaring at Maungaharuru. Returning, weary and hungry, they were not invited to partake of food by any one until they came to the

place owned by the people now in possession of the lower part of this river. Here they were cordially welcomed and plentifully supplied with food, which was being cooked at the time of their arrival. In return for this the Koari's people made over to them the tract of land upon which they now reside—and he could not afterwards sell it.

“Land no doubt is a possession of value when properly made use of; and while I am free to admit that it is a thing much desired, both by Maories and Europeans, I at the same time maintain that there is a still higher object to be aimed at than the mere possession of land, and that is the promoting and encouraging a friendly understanding and cordial good-will between the races now inhabiting these islands. I consider this of paramount importance; the mere matter of land itself is perfectly insignificant in comparison. Some one has remarked that there have been disagreements and wars in connexion with the sale of land to Europeans. There have been; and now I ask you, why? The answer is simple—from the interference of others. The block of land you now offer me you consider your own as much as you do your horse, your wheat, or your kit of potatoes; and you would be amazed if others who have no claim whatever to it were to come and tell you that you have no right to it and should not sell it. The Taranaki war arose from interference of this nature on the part of the King natives. And these very people, after scorching and burning your friends in the fire, now assume a control over you and your lands, and seek to reduce you into submission to their authority. The Europeans have never treated you in this manner, and you cannot accuse them of such inhumanity towards you as you have experienced from those natives who have now set up a King, and who seek to make him monarch of the whole island. I look round the country in all directions, and I find that the purchase of land by the Europeans, so far from creating jealousies and disputes, has been the means of removing strife and bloodshed in all parts of the island between the natives themselves. I could mention a great many instances where this has been the case. I have already enumerated some of them to you; and you yourselves are aware this is the case. Examine for yourselves and see whether the native mind has not been the cause of past wars, troubles, and difficulties amongst you, and

not intercourse with Europeans—whether it has not been native feuds, jealousies, and superstitions. I do not say that differences may not arise between you and the Europeans; nor can I make any promises, or take any measures, that can prevent such contingencies. But if such should arise you will no doubt be able to trace them to the same source. If they be the fault of Europeans, there is Law to which they are amenable, and to which you ought to be equally amenable.

“You have now offered me a block of land. You know its boundaries and extent, but I do not. I will treat with you for it when a surveyor has been round it, so that I may be enabled to judge somewhat of its extent. It may be bounded by the sea on one side, by the river on the other, and by some inland river, and by the Waihua. Some of these places I know, others I do not. I have only to say now that, if you desire to have English settlers located here, you must give sufficient land—but it is a matter for your own consideration. The benefits of such a settlement will be as much for you as for the English. There are several Europeans now present; and I wish to say in their hearing that some Europeans may have expressed themselves to you against the sale of land. If such be the case let me tell you plainly that the object of such men can only be to retard the progress of the district and prevent its advancement for some personal consideration; and to take advantage of your ignorance with intent to keep matters in their present unsatisfactory state. Whereas the formation of a township here would open up a new field for your enterprise; and I do not see why you should not avail yourselves of the various advantages which would result to you from the settlement of Europeans amongst you under proper Government regulations.”

Paora said, in answer, that with respect to offering a larger block of land, he could not interfere with other people’s claims—those who pleased might retain their own land. With respect to the land being surveyed before the price could be fixed, he had to say that surveying was an accomplishment which he had not acquired, and consequently did not understand. But he did understand that the land was large, and the price thereof ought also to be large.

It was then arranged that Mr. Fitzgerald should go forthwith, in company with some of the natives, to take a look over the block.

At the conclusion of the business of the meeting a sort of dance was got up by about 50 of the ladies present for our especial benefit and amusement. They formed in a body "four deep" with branches of trees in their hands and twigs of green bushes stuck in their hair, somewhat after the fashion of Malcolm's soldiers at Birnam Wood, in Macbeth,—

"Let every soldier hew him down a bough,
And bear't before him."

The evolutions and contortions (and somewhat voluptuous attitudes) into which they threw their bodies, and the horrible grimaces which they made, if not very graceful and modest, were certainly novel and amusing. The performance was intended to represent the feeling of the Waikatos with respect to the overthrow and slaughter of the King's forces at Orakau—a sort of bravado, an explosion of pent-up revenge and disappointed malice. At the conclusion of the affair the whole party present sat down to partake of the good things provided by Paora for the occasion; and, judging from the hearty appetite of the performers, the exercise, if not conducive to a state of moral healthiness, was certainly no small stimulant to their powers of digestion. The natives present all appeared to enjoy themselves amazingly, and, for the time being, they surrendered themselves to a state of happy joyousness, which was no doubt heightened (as in more civilised assemblages) by the presence of a large number of the fair sex. Such is man in his natural state. I doubt whether civilization, with all its boasted advantages, ever confers a tithe of the happiness and delight upon man of which Nature's unsophisticated children are the subjects.

LETTER NO. III

In my last letter I brought up the account of our expedition, to the native meeting at Waihirere on the 27th October last. The block of land offered on that day included but a small portion of river frontage, from the mouth of the river upwards. All the deep water frontage and the choicest part of the land, laying along the south bank of the river, was excluded from the block—

the “king” natives, or the Kahu tribe, who have important claims to all the lower part of the river, being absent. The men who killed old Porohiwi belong to this tribe. Ignorant of what steps the government might take in the matter, the whole tribe, who considered themselves all implicated, absented themselves from the river and took up a position on the hills, from whence they breathed out defiance and threats of vengeance against any who might attempt to molest them. Considering the present precarious state of the country and the unsettled state of the native mind everywhere, I am certain that any attempt to apprehend the murderers would have been most unwise, and would have resulted in bloodshed and strife. The connexions of these people are numerous; the Ureweras, of Orakau celebrity, would doubtless have joined them from the upper part of the river; the standard of rebellion would have been raised; and every discontented and disaffected native in the district (and there are some such spirits) would have rushed to the general rendezvous, rejoicing in the opportunity of plunder and freedom from restraint. Moreover, amongst the peaceable and loyally disposed natives throughout the whole province the feeling appears to be general that the unfortunate old man was justly sacrificed—it was looked upon as an act of retributive justice. He was known to be (they said) a dangerous and vicious magician; and several persons, it is believed, died victims of his spells. He himself, too, had lately indulged in vague hints and threats against the persons of the men who subsequently shot him—in self defence, as the natives say. And really it is not to be wondered at that such things should occur amongst a people scarcely half civilised. In Christian England, where the light of the gospel has shone for so many ages, no very long period of time has elapsed since the burning of any poor old woman, who was so unfortunate as to fall under the stigma of being a witch, was held to be a very creditable business. And “shooting a magician” I take to be a somewhat less barbarous procedure than “burning a witch.” I have no doubt, had these men been considered by the natives generally to have committed an unjust act, they would have been secured and either summarily dealt with or handed over to be tried in an English Court of law, as was done by the Wairoa natives in the case of Netane te Huiki who was tried in the Supreme Court at Napier on a charge of

murdering his wife. I would not have it understood that in the abstract I seek to defend the conduct of these men. I merely wish to point out that the feeling in the native mind was that no murder had been committed—merely an act of retribution; and that, this being the case, any decided interference on the part of the authorities would have been unwise, and, most probably, would have kindled the flame of war in a district hitherto quiet and amongst people, for the most part, loyally disposed.

I fancy it will be seen that, under such circumstances, the negotiation with these people for the purchase of a block of land for an European township—with all its concomitants in the native mind of police, soldiers, and what not—was a very delicate matter. They were perfectly aware that, with the introduction of Europeans, European law would also be introduced; and that they had outraged this law and rendered themselves liable to punishment. But, fortunately for the province, the negotiations were in the hands of one who was no mere novice in native matters—of one thoroughly conversant with the native mind, with native fears, native aspirations, and native customs and habits. And to this, and this alone, must be ascribed the acquisition of a district which must eventually prove of incalculable value to the province of Hawke's Bay.

Acceding to the wishes of the natives Mr. McLean agreed to meet this tribe ("Kahu"), as the purchase of the lower part of the river could not be effected without their acquiescence. A messenger was accordingly despatched to their retreat, to invite them over. On the morning of the 28th we observed, on the summit of a neighbouring hill, the flag of "His Majesty the King" waving in the breeze from the top of a lofty flagstaff, whilst through the valley beneath reverberated the reports of the volleys fired by his supporters assembled around its base. Upon looking at them through a telescope they appeared to be going through certain evolutions; and we could distinctly see them formed in ranks, and the bright barrels of their firelocks glittering ominously in the sunbeams.

After a while, the King's flag was hauled down and the party descended to the valley. As they approached the settlement of the Ngatikurupakiakas—a people strongly in favour of selling land to the Government, and nearly related to themselves—they fired repeated volleys, as a sort of sham demonstration in

support of the honor, or “mana,” of the monarch whose policy they were about to ignore by selling land to the pakehas. Thus much they considered necessary to assert their independence and freedom from coercion, in the step they were about to take, and also as a lament over the land of their ancestors about to depart from them for ever. During the remaining part of the day they were engaged amongst themselves in establishing their individual claims, and in arranging preliminaries to the sale of the block intended to be offered.

The next morning (29th) a messenger arrived at Mr. Lockwood’s house, where we were still staying, and informed us that the natives were ready to meet Mr. McLean. In the meantime, however, another party had started up in opposition, insignificant in themselves but possessing sufficient claims upon the land in question to render its acquirement a matter of much greater difficulty. This was a small family, or “hapu,” of some six or eight persons, residing just above Mr. Lockwood’s house, and owners of the land occupied by him. So it is in all land negotiations with natives. When everything appears to be satisfactorily arranged, some apparently insignificant claimants step in and not unfrequently damage the whole business—some decrepit old man, or clamorous old woman. In this instance the head of the family (hapu of Ngatimoewhare) named Putoko, a bare-legged old fellow stooping under the weight of years, made his appearance in front of the house, just as we were about to start, and stalked to and fro with a ludicrous air of importance, declaiming against the sale of the land. He seemed to delight in so unusual an opportunity of making his power felt; albeit, from the humorous expression of his countenance, it was difficult to believe that the old fellow was in earnest. He flourished a long spear in his hand, with which, he gravely assured Mr. McLean, he intended to transfix Taiepa—a young chief of the Ngatitiakiwai tribe who had been active in bringing about the sale of land in the river, and the block of land then about to be offered in particular. Mr. McLean, entering at once into the spirit of the old gentleman, remarked that so formidable a warrior and distinguished a chieftain should be properly clothed on an occasion so important as the present, and forthwith ordered Mr. Lockwood to supply him with a pair of moleskin trousers from his store. The effect was instantaneous. The hard-

strung muscles of his countenance gradually relaxed and expanded into a broad grin as he sat down, in the midst of his declamation, to insert his spindle shanks into the capacious proportions of his newly acquired garment.

Our friend Putoko, having finished his speech and demonstrated beyond a doubt that he was a man of importance, (belting himself up like a chivalric knight of yore) informed us that he was prepared to accompany us to the ground of action and to do battle against the redoubtable Taiepa. Descending the river in the cutter's boat to Kai Rakau we found there assembled the King natives (friends of the murderers) together with the natives of the lower part of the river—perhaps some 200 in all. If the kind welcome and hospitality afforded us by these natives may be looked upon as an indication of good feeling towards the government, they cannot certainly be said to be hostile to the “pakeha.” A large canvas awning was erected, under which stood a table covered with a clean white cloth and loaded with all the good things of the season. Stuffed fowls nicely baked, roast pork, potatoes and kumeras, and most excellent home made bread, were amongst the least of the delicacies provided for the occasion. Nor were the minor accompaniments of salt, pepper, mustard, vinegar, &c, &c, omitted. Decanters of brandy and whiskey (no less!) were there for the use of those who might be inclined to stimulate the inner man. Chairs for our use were borrowed from the European settlers, at the back of which stood two or three respectable looking dames, who sedulously attended to our wants; whilst above all, from a lofty flagstaff waved

The flag that braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze.

—even the British ensign. What would King Matutaera have thought could he have witnessed this exhibition?

Time will not allow me to give a report of all the speeches delivered at the meeting. The natives were anxious to know whether it were the intention of the Government to take any action in the affair of Porohiwi. They strongly deprecated any Government interference, saying that the matter concerned themselves only, and that, after giving it every consideration, they were convinced the old man deserved his fate. They

further intimated that if any danger were likely to result to them from this cause, they should not be disposed to sell the land. In any case, they said, the price of the land must be large. It was the very heart of their country; a choice spot, endeared to them from its association with past events—the price must therefore be large. Here they made the modest demand of £30,000. Mr. McLean said that, with regard to the interference of the Government in the matter of Porohiwi, he was not prepared to say what might be the Governor's intention; the Governor was supreme in these matters, and it depended upon him whether anything were to be done or not. So far as he himself (Mr. McLean) was concerned, he should say nothing to them on the subject, further than to assure them that the law could not be trampled upon with impunity, and that a man's life must not be taken away on so ridiculous a charge as that of sorcery; if so, no man would be safe from the malice of his enemies. The law in all cases, he told them, must be administered by proper officers, and no man could be allowed to redress his own injuries. If this were allowed murder and bloodshed would be of common occurrence, and peace and plenty would be unknown. With respect to the price asked by them, he could not believe them to be in earnest. Although he was ready to admit that the block in question possessed many advantages, such as river frontage, yet it was small, containing probably not more than 800 or 1000 acres. Nevertheless, in consideration of its adaptability for the formation of a township, he would offer them a good price for it, namely £800. They laughed at the idea of so small a price being offered for the "gem" of the Wairoa, as they said, and adhered to their original demand. A tedious discussion then ensued amongst themselves, which lasted nearly the whole day; some advocating that the money offered he received, others demanding £20,000, and others opposing the sale altogether. Amongst these latter were the people of our warlike friend Putoko. He himself, however, wonderful to relate, came out strongly on the other side of the question, declaring that the land should "Go to sea," should be "lost in the ocean"—that is to say, should be made over to the Europeans. His warlike ardour against Taiepa appeared to have entirely evaporated for the nonce, or to be otherwise restrained—possibly by some

extraordinary power in the new Government “breeks” in which his nether man was encased.

Finding that there was not the most remote chance of obtaining the river frontage for the amount offered, Mr. McLean finally agreed to give the sum of £1200. A deed was subsequently drawn up and signed, and the sum of £700 paid down, the remaining £500 to be paid at Napier. Had this block not been acquired, the land purchased at the back would have been, comparatively speaking, useless for all purposes of immediate settlement. The land, however, upon which Mr. Lockwood’s house stands, was, much to his annoyance, withheld by te Ngatimoewhare, old Putoko’s people. It was found impossible to obtain this portion, as the claims of these people were admitted by all to be correct. It was, however, understood that the piece in dispute (containing perhaps 200 acres) should be considered to be in the keeping of Paora te Apatu with a view to the disposal of it to the Government at some future period. The business was not thus far concluded without angry words and, at one time, serious danger of a collision between the natives. Anania, a young man of the Ngatimoewhare people, seized a stake of the fence and rushing with the greatest fury at Maihe Kaimoana, challenged him to mortal combat. Old Maihe in his turn armed himself with a formidable looking gridiron, and prepared to do battle in earnest against this precocious condemner of all established ideas of Maori “rangatiratanga,” (chieftainship). Maihe, however, and his gridiron was forcibly dragged off by those around, whilst his infuriated assailant was, with some difficulty, pacified by the surrounding bye-standers. This Maihe is a man of much importance amongst the Ngatikurupakiakas (who have extensive claims to all the lower part of the river) and the chief man also amongst the Ngatimoewhares. He was strongly in favor of selling, and urged that no reserve should be made—hence the fracas.

I have omitted to mention that, previous to our meeting these people to arrange about the sale of this block, Mr. McLean had consummated the purchase of the block offered by Kopu and Paora te Apatu—those chiefs being tired of waiting for the settlement of the tedious disputes amongst the Ngatimoewhares and others (relative to the river frontage just

purchased), and believing that the conclusion of their business would accelerate the purchase of the rest. Mr. Fitzgerald had been despatched to examine the block in question and he reported that it contained some 7000 acres, principally hilly but containing some excellent level land—especially near the river. The sum of £1000 was paid for this block, and all appeared satisfied with the arrangements excepting only Toha, a very intelligent young man possessing considerable influence amongst the natives generally in the district. He has some 300 or 400 sheep grazing upon the land, and he very justly stated that he was the only sufferer by the transaction. He said he would not have complained had they offered to sell also the



Paora Rerepu, 1884.
S. Carnell Collection,
Alexander Turnbull Library,
no. G-22028-1/4

land on the opposite side of the river where their own horses and cattle were running. As matters stood they had sold what was of use to him, and withheld what was of use to themselves. This young man keeps an European shepherd and pays him a regular yearly salary—a point of civilization and importance to which few natives have attained. There appears to be a slight jealousy existing between him and the principal chiefs of the river, probably in consequence of his superior intelligence and prosperity. It is said that Lieut.-Colonel Whitmore, the Civil Commissioner, once applied to him for a sheep for the use of the

“Iris,” and received answer that he must go to the “big tiefs (chiefs) for his mutton.”

Previous to our departure another block was offered by Hipora, a sister of Paora te Apatu. It is situated between the purchases just effected at the Wairoa and the land owned by Paora Rerepu north of the Waihua valley, and adjoins both. It was described as being larger than the first block sold (of 7000 acres), and the sum of £1000 was asked for it. Mr. McLean agreed to accept it, leaving the price to be determined after Mr.

Fitzgerald should have reported upon its extent, &c. This concluded all the business transacted at the Wairoa in the shape of land purchasing; and, considering the position, the capabilities, and the general value of the territory acquired, there is every reason for congratulation that so much has been effected. The northern part of Hawke's Bay is most peculiarly adapted for an agricultural population from the general fertility of the soil, the salubrity of the climate, and the facilities afforded for the transit and shipping of produce. The natives are spoken of by the old settlers as being, upon the whole, extremely honest and fair in their dealings, and desirous of cultivating a friendly understanding with the Europeans. Mr. Lockwood informed me that, during a residence at the Wairoa of 12 or 14 years, although the natives had free access to his house, nothing had ever been stolen from him except on one occasion, and that was a towel or some such small matter. It is said, however, that during the agitation consequent upon the King movement, and whilst the King party were in the ascendant, a spirit of haughty independence and arrogant assumption was displayed which rendered a residence amongst them anything but agreeable. When, however, the number of soldiers in the Province was augmented, the Defence Force raised, and the Militia and Volunteers called out, their manner towards the whites was at once marked by a respect which it had not before exhibited. This I myself have frequently noticed amongst the Ahuriri natives. The change could be immediately observed, even in their very manner of walking the streets. And here I may remark that the policy of removing the forces from Napier, at a time like the present, is a very doubtful one. Although never required for actual service, their presence, beyond a doubt, has had a strong moral effect upon the natives by inspiring them with a due appreciation of the latent power of the Queen's Government. It is questionable whether any action taken during the late war has produced so wholesome an effect upon the native mind generally as the reinforcement of the Napier garrison at a time when the disaffected tribes were uniting to seek revenge, for the losses sustained at Waikato, by an attack on Hawke's Bay. The truth of the old adage, "prevention is better than cure," has been fully proved in this case by the timely arrival of these troops; and the good effect generally produced

is universally admitted by all Europeans residing in native districts.

Before taking leave of the Wairoa, I wish to mention that there is an increasing feeling amongst the chiefs in that district to have their children educated at an English school. If this idea could be carried out it is obvious that the effect would be powerful in securing the co-operation of their parents in supporting the law and preserving peace and order in the Province.

As the bar was impassable for the cutter (*Iris*) from the heavy surf raised by a strong southerly gale, which had been blowing for a day or two, we started overland on our homeward journey on the 3rd of November. Arriving at Waihua, a beautiful valley about 8 or 9 miles south of the Wairoa, we found Paora Rerepu, chief of Mohaka, and a number of his people, together with the inhabitants of the place, awaiting to see Mr. McLean. Time will not allow of my entering into a lengthy account of the proceedings at this place, suffice it to say that a block of land extending northwards from the Waihua river to the last block purchased at the Wairoa was offered for sale by Paora Rerepu with the unanimous consent of all interested. Toha of the Wairoa (who was present) has considerable claims in this block; and, at his request, a small piece of about 2 acres was reserved for him at a place called Tarere—an old native cultivation in the valley. This block we computed to contain about 12,000 acres. The inland portions of it being somewhat rough, Mr. McLean offered them £800 for the block. With this sum they were dissatisfied, and it was finally arranged that, if the extent of the land when properly examined should warrant it, something more should be given. This block completes the purchase of the whole of the land between Waihua and the Wairoa on the coast line—comprising altogether about 30,000 acres, or more.

Leaving Waihua we came on to Mohaka and slept at Mr. Sim's house that night. Our host spoke in the highest terms of the general good conduct of the natives in that district and reciprocity of feeling existing between them and the white settlers. During the threatened inroad of the Ureweras, some time past, they prepared to protect their European friends by every means in their power, and took every precaution for their

safety. Scouts were sent out, night-watches were kept, and every one who possessed firearms kept them in constant readiness.

On the morning of the 4th of November, the surf on the coast having in some degree abated, we took our passage for Napier in the "Sailor's Bride"—a small decked boat belonging to the natives. On approaching the bar the surf appeared to be somewhat heavier than we had anticipated; but we were carried irresistibly forward by the current which at ebb tide rushes out at the rate of probably eight or ten knots an hour. The first sea we mounted gaily over; but not so with the succeeding one. Breaking right over the little vessel, it rushed with irresistible force from stem to stern, drenching every one on board to the skin; and it was only by seizing hold of the rigging and masts that we were enabled to save ourselves from being washed overboard. Gaining at last the open sea we bowled along with a free breeze for Napier, where we arrived the same evening.

Having concluded my sketch of our trip, I have only to express a hope that many of your readers may be as much benefited by the future formation of settlements in the localities described as I have been gratified in having had it in my power to give them some information which I trust will not be uninteresting.

I am, Sir, Yours &c,

JAMES GRINDELL.

Napier, Nov. 24, 1864.

He was at this time editor of *Te Waka Maori* (see Chapter 7), clerk/interpreter for the courts as well as McLean's man on land purchasing journeys.

At the Supreme Court criminal sessions in February 1865 Mr. Justice Johnston was presiding and,

His Honor then sentenced the prisoners to four years' penal servitude. Mr. Grindell, the Interpreter, having paused for a moment to consider how he should best translate "penal servitude," the Judge said, "tell them slavery," which Mr. Grindell accordingly did. The prisoners were evidently much astonished at the sentence.⁴²



Donald McLean in 1865,
Alexander Turnbull Library,
no. F-19170-1/2-C

Grindell is on the 1865 Electoral Roll as a Freeholder and Householder. In July he was appointed Deputy Registrar of the Supreme Court at Napier;⁴³ his name was in the newspapers almost every day as signatory to various court notices. In August he called for tenders for an addition to his house.⁴⁴

In December 1865 he argued, as recounted here in Chapter 1, with one William Campbell.

In December too William Colenso received official notice to proceed with his

Maori Lexicon, and immediately wrote to te reo speakers around the country enlisting their help, but,

*... from not one European did I ever receive any answer, save from my lamented friend the late Superintendent of Auckland, J. Williamson, Esq. Subsequently, however, two European gentlemen filling official situations (S. Locke, Esq. R.M. and Mr. James Grindell) have assisted me: also the present Colonial Secretary, G.S. Cooper, Esq., when at the head of the Native Office in Wellington. Moreover, what those gentlemen did they did both courteously and heartily, and I have great pleasure in recording it.*⁴⁵

In September 1866 Grindell was appointed Clerk to the District Court of Hawke's Bay.⁴⁶ As a private in the Napier Rifle Volunteers he saw action and come under fire at Omarunui on 12 October 1866; he was subsequently awarded the New Zealand Medal.⁴⁷

Landowners were the only voters in the general elections and Grindell could vote in the Wairoa electorate in 1867 because he owned seven sections in Wairoa and three in Mahia.⁴⁸

He was, as Interpreter for the Land Purchase Department, one of a party of Napier men who accompanied McLean to an important meeting in Wairoa in March 1867 and duly reported the events.

THE LATE WAIROA MEETING.

To the Editor of the 'Hawke's Bay Herald.'

SIR,—I regret that I have not sooner been able to redeem my promise of giving you some account of the proceedings at the late monster meeting at te Wairoa of the native tribes of the East Coast. Owing to an accumulation of business I fear I cannot, even now, enter so fully into the matter as I could have wished; and as its importance deserves.

I may here remark that the principal chief and leading spirit of the meeting (poor Kopu), as your readers are aware, is dead. He was taken ill on Friday night the 5th of April inst., and was dead on the 11th. I cannot pretend to determine of what disease he died; but I have no doubt that excitement and anxiety, produced by the influx of so many visitors and the discussion of weighty questions seriously affecting his influence with surrounding tribes, had no small effect in hastening (if not causing) his dissolution. He was ever a true and staunch friend of the Pakeha. He was brave, honest, and truthful. In him we have lost one of the noblest and best of the Spartan few of our native chiefs who have ceaselessly striven, heart and soul, to uphold law and order and to repel the aggressions of the lawless fanatics by whom our hearths and homes have of late years been threatened.

He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

I may possibly revert to this subject at a future period. In the mean time, without further preface, I shall proceed to the business of the meeting.

The chief matter for the settlement of which the conference was called, was the much vexed question of confiscation of Native Lands on the East Coast. As I understand it, Mr. McLean, our respected Superintendent, was the chief mover of the gathering. That certain lands were to be taken by the Government had long been an accepted fact; but the precise localities had to be determined, and conflicting interests adjusted—hence the meeting. For many months past the natives

on the Coast, more particularly those of the Wairoa, have been making preparations in the shape of procuring food for the expected visitors. Old men who for years had scarcely moved beyond the smoke of their whares, aroused themselves from their lethargy and dared the dangers of the briny deep for the purpose of procuring piscatorial delicacies; antiquated ladies (whose bodies had been innocent of soap from their childhood upwards) rushed into the flood to seize its crustaceous inhabitants and to gather its dainty testacea; children wandered through the woods imitating the joyous songs of its feathered inhabitants and alluring them into the treacherous snare, whilst sylvan glades resounded with yells of canine delight in the pursuit of the bristly denizen of the forest—that much despised but very intelligent animal, the “Porker.” The chiefs of Ahuriri forwarded their quota towards the general stock in the shape of a very considerable supply of flour, tea, and sugar. In a word, provisions of every description were collected in great abundance, and Maori hospitality was never more profusely exhibited than at the late Wairoa meeting. I should say that £1000 would scarcely cover the expenses incurred for provisions alone, of which our late respected friend Kopu contributed not less than £300. In addition to this, two houses, in the old native style of architecture, were erected purposely for the reception of visitors—one by Hamana Taiepa of the Ngatikurupakiaka people, and the other by Kopu. Each house is about 60 feet in length by 20 feet wide and each beautifully ornamented with scroll work in the good old native style, which to be appreciated must be seen. That erected by Hamana at his settlement (the Uhi) is called Poho o te Rangituanui after an ancestor of the Ngatikahungunu tribes. It has an image surmounting the door with outspread wings—somewhat in the form of those mystical beings we are in the habit of denominating angels, (albeit the expression of its countenance is scarcely angelic). In that erected at te Hatepe, the village of Kopu, there is also a figure of a most respectable lady, as large as life, at the base of a pillar facing the entrance, of most benign aspect and exceedingly well executed. These two houses did not cost less than £150 each.

The preliminary business of the Assembly may be said to have commenced at Te Uhi, the pa of Ngatikurupakiaka. I shall

therefore pass over the arrival of the party at the residence of Toha (the pilot) at the mouth of the river, and the ceremonies consequent thereupon, and proceed at once to note what occurred at the first mentioned pa.

On Saturday the 30th March, Mr. Richmond, Mr. McLean and party, having arrived, together with the Ahuriri chiefs Karaitiana, Tareha, Te Hapuku and others, with about 250 of their people, and a number of the men of Mohaka,—the whole body proceeded to the pa above-mentioned, where a plentiful repast was provided. Our natives marched in a long procession four deep, with union jack, and other flags of fanciful designs flying—the bugler sounding a lone tin trumpet about five feet in length, and one young man (strange to relate) playing upon the concertina “The Campbells are coming.” Almost every man of the party was armed either with a double barrellled gun, or a rifle. On approaching the pa they were met by the Ngatikurupakiakas, when a volley was fired by our people, and returned by the men of the settlement. The demonstrations usual among natives—as if about to attack each other—then took place, and, subsequently, the all-prevalent *tangi* or crying. This is a most extraordinary Maori custom, always observed upon the meeting of tribes of ancestral relationship, or the re-union of friends after a long separation—an ebullition of long restrained affection. The parties stand opposite each other, and, with most ludicrously lugubrious countenances, commence a low and mournful wail, which gradually increases in volume as they slowly approach each other, waving their arms and bowing their bodies to the ground (like Samson overturning the house of the Philistines.) In this state the tears run from their eyes in streams, and the mucus in long strings from their nostrils; and then the conclusion of the whole matter is a general rubbing of noses—a very interesting operation truly.

The ceremony of the “tangi,” in this instance, being over, the residents of the village addressed themselves to the task of satisfying the hungry appetites of their visitors—no easy matter, I can assure your readers. Food had previously been prepared in large quantities in another part of the village, and every man woman and child of its inhabitants rushed with frantic glee to secure something to place before the strangers. Some possessed themselves of strings of cooked eels; some obtained possession

of cakes of baked bread; others seized upon boilers of hot tea and pots of “riripi” (a mixture of boiled tea, sugar, and water), while the main body loaded themselves with baskets of cooked potatoes and kumaras. Marching then in a body, with hideous contortions of their painted features, they deposited the heterogeneous mass upon the ground, before their guests. One man strutted up triumphantly with a roast pig upon his shoulders; and another old fellow, ambitious of carrying something, in the absence of anything better, grasped the stretcher upon which it had been hanging, and with a most ludicrous expression of countenance placed it upon the heap. Then commenced a general rush and scramble of the strangers, each in gleeful mirth endeavouring to secure such of the delicacies as suited his fancy. Baskets of potatoes and kumaras were trampled under foot, delicately cooked “porkers” were rent, piecemeal, and a most prodigal and reckless waste of really good and wholesome food took place—the use of which would have gladdened the hearts of many a destitute and wretched family in old England, aye and in New Zealand too. Meanwhile, a most plentiful repast was spread out for the pakeha. A table covered with a snow white damask cloth was set out in front of the newly erected house of Hamana. Amongst other delicacies provided was a fine fat stuffed goose; fowls; roast beef; a most luscious sucking pig, stuffed and cooked in a manner which would not have disgraced a Soyer;⁴⁹ bread which one would suppose could not have been produced by any less celebrated a character than our worthy townsman, Mr. Blake;⁵⁰ and vegetables in abundance. In addition to all this, there was a most respectable supply of generous sherry, obtained I know not where—I imagine not from the Wairoa publicans. I was much amused with my old friend Hapuku endeavouring, with a blunt pointed knife, to dissect the remains of the goose; but finding his efforts utterly futile, he cast the knife down with a muttered anathema, and seized the creature with his fingers.

The feeding being over, a most prodigal supply of *uncooked* provisions was then brought and placed before the visitors, consisting of flour, sugar, potatoes, kumaras, pigs, eels, lampreys, &c, intended as a supply during the time our people might remain at the settlement. This pile of edibles measured 50 feet long by 4 feet high, and the whole mass was formally

handed over to Mr. McLean by Hamana, to be by him distributed amongst the various Ahuriri tribes. This His Honor did in a very neat speech, judiciously calling upon the chiefs of the people (according to their standing and position) to take possession of their portions.

HAMANA then addressed Mr. McLean to the following effect:—

“My friend Mr. McLean. You and your people are welcome here to your land (referring to the land to be handed over to the Government), te Wairoa. In olden days te Kahu o te Rangi (Rainbow of the Heavens) was a promoter of peace in this place, and, subsequently, Tiakiwai. These men have departed, and peace has departed with them. You now have arisen amongst us to speak words of peace and kindness. We look upon you, the representative of the Government, as a parent and guardian, to befriend and assist us at the present time—we therefore welcome you as a benefactor, whether we be Hau Haus, Kingites, or Government men, all are alike; we are all your children.”

MAIHE KAIMOANA, a chief of Ngatikurupakiaka, said:—

“Friend Mr. McLean. You and your people are welcome to the Wairoa people, who have received and welcomed hundreds. Come and direct the deliberations of your Wairoa friends. Our trouble commenced with kingism; then came the Hau Hau fanaticism, and, lo! the result was the death of Volkner.⁵¹ This has brought misery and affliction upon the people of this side of the island.”

It was here said by some one that, as the business for which the meeting had been called was not to be discussed until Kopu’s settlement was reached, nothing more was to be said.

TE HAPUKU then jumped up and said:— “Who says nothing more is to be said? I have to say that the Pakeha is right when he claims land, the owners of which he has conquered by his bravery. There is Pakowhai, inland, which must be given to the Pakeha; he has earned it by his prowess. And not only Pakowhai but Mangaruhe, Matakuhia, Waiau, and on to Waikare Moana. The country below (lower part of the Wairoa) must be left for the Maori; the country above must be given in compensation for the killed of both Pakeha and Maori.”



Te Hapuku,
photograph by JD Wigglesworth,
Alexander Turnbull Library,
no. PA2-1953.

KARAITIANA then rose and said:— “Nothing can be said. In olden times disputes could be settled by discussion; now, in these days of civilization, everything is settled in courts of law. Nothing more can be said than what Mr. McLean has stated. In the meantime, I am not satisfied with uncooked grub; if my food were cooked, I might remain here possibly for weeks. As the matter stands, I shall depart for Kopu’s home.”

HAMANA here exclaimed:— “You have plenty of your own women to cook your food; we have supplied you with abundance of

firewood, and you must now shift for yourselves.” This was said of course in a jocular manner.⁵²

Here the business of this day ended. Monday the 1st of April was observed as a grand gala-day in honor of the people from Nuhaka, to Mahia, Turanga, and the East Cape, who had just arrived. A grand exhibition of military tactics took place. At the sound of the bugle out rushed from every house the well-drilled men of our Ahuriri chiefs Karaitiana, Tareha, and the Hapuku, upsetting (to their great surprise and alarm) two or three garrulous old women, and scaring a host of snarling curs. Then ensued a general buckling on of belts and adjustment of accoutrements.

The soldiers of Karaitiana, Tareha and the Hapuku “formed line” in most admirable order, and went through a variety of evolutions with a steadiness and regularity which would no doubt have excited the envy of our invincible Napier

Volunteer and Militia veterans. The words of command were given in remarkably good English, and the numbering, “one,” “two,” &c, ran along the lines with the slightest possible tinge of Maori accent. The natives have a natural aptitude to perform evolutions requiring an attention to time. The “marking time” of the various corps was performed with a regularity perfectly astonishing. I was strongly reminded of the futile attempts of our own worthy and valorous townsmen to accomplish a similar feat. The beautiful exactitude with which the old native *hakas* and dances are performed is well known. Such men, under proper training and leadership, could not fail of making good soldiers. Of this we have had abundant proof from what has been done by the brave Arawas, and the gallant men under the intrepid McDonnell.⁵³ Our friends, having exhibited to their ruder Wairoa brethren the characteristic traits of European civilization, proceeded to show that their superior education had not altogether subdued their natural barbarity of character.

The ruling passion, be it what it will,

The ruling passion conquers reason still.

Divesting themselves of all clothing, their faces marked with lines of red ochre and charcoal, and hair ornamented with peacock and other feathers, they commenced a haka (native dance) which baffles description, and of which the less said the better. These displays of Maori barbarity are well known, and I will not attempt a description of them. At the conclusion a return haka was given by the Ngatikurupakiakas—a most disgusting spectacle of impurity and savagism. One fairy-like creature, scarcely ten years of age (a half-caste) took up a position in the front and electrified the spectators by the graceful movements of her lithesome body, retiring at each interval of the performance amongst the motley crowd in the back-ground to hide her blushes in the midst of her admiring companions. The whole of this day was passed in feasting, singing, and dancing, &c.

On Tuesday, 2nd April, the whole body started for the Hatepe, the village of Kopu. Our people, largely augmented in number by the addition of the coast tribes and those of the lower Wairoa, formed a column four or five abreast and some 600 yards in length. On nearing the settlement they stripped

themselves of their clothing and advanced in a state of nudity towards the pa, where they were met in like manner by the Hau Hau leader te Waru, and his people. Then ensued a series of war dances and hakas of a similar nature to those of the preceding day. Our Ahuriri friends particularly distinguished themselves on this occasion. On this and the following day all places of business were closed amongst the European population, a very large number of whom were present at the meeting. Numerous European ladies also graced the proceedings with their presence. Never before had Kopu's pa been honored with such a galaxy of beauty and grace as was that day assembled. An immense quantity of provisions had been provided for the native visitors consisting of dried fish, preserved birds, eels, pork, potatoes, kumaras, flour, tea and sugar, &c. &c. Several store-houses were crammed full of bags of biscuits, flour, sugar, pumpkins, &c. Numerous piles of water melons were to be seen in every direction covered with flaxen nets, the edges of which were staked down to the ground. A cask of tobacco weighing 300 lbs. was opened and apportioned amongst the guests. Unconsumed bags of flour and numerous baskets of potatoes were sold for a mere song by our natives to those whites who were inclined to speculate in such matters. It is a practice with natives never to leave behind anything which is given them on occasions like this. If they cannot consume or carry away all the food placed before them they sell it if possible. This day (2nd April) was passed in feasting and general enjoyment.

On Wednesday, 3rd April, the business of the meeting commenced by Kopu and one or two others making a few remarks respecting the late troubles of the district and the intentions of the Pakeha. Mr. McLean then stepped forward and stated to the assembled tribes that it had been the intention of His Excellency the Governor to be himself present at the meeting, but that business had required his presence in the other island. The Hon. J. C. Richmond had however come in his place and he would speak to them the words of the Governor—afterwards the Heretaunga chiefs would doubtless address them.



Tareha Te Moananui, carte de visite London Portrait Rooms.
Te Papa 0.041387

The HON. J. C. RICHMOND then rose, and, advancing into the midst of the people seated around, spoke as follows (through the able interpretation of Mr. Hanlin):—

“Friends, Kopu and all the chiefs and men of Heretaunga here assembled;—I have come a long distance to be present at this great meeting. It is a very great pleasure to see so large a number of men and women met here together in amity and peace, under the shadow and protection of the law. There is only one thing which I regret, and that is that I alone am the person to speak to you. I had thought and hoped, until a few days ago, that the Governor himself would have been here. But although he has been in these islands a very long time, he has never before visited the south—having been prevented by business and a multiplicity of matters requiring his attention. He therefore went to visit the people of the Middle Island and attend to their interests; this, therefore, accounts for his absence from your gathering. It is not of myself alone that I have come here; but, from the wish of the Governor and the other members of the government, I have come to see those brave men who have supported the government under very trying circumstances. I should be afraid to attempt to enumerate the many whom the Governor would wish me to name, lest I should omit some who have spilt their blood nobly and bravely fighting in defence of law and order, and in repressing the attempts of those who would violate the peace and tranquillity of the country. When the history of this country comes to be recorded, their deeds will be written and their memory revered. There are, however, now present some who have not always been friends to the government—whose deeds have not always been honest and noble. I refer to the Hau Haus. The government knows and values bravery; and will appreciate these men, now they have given up their evil ways and joined the loyal men of the country in upholding law. Do not let any one suppose that submission to the law is slavery. All who are obedient to the law, come under its protection and will be treated as children of the Queen. I might give many illustrations of the operation of the law, but the thing is self evident. I, for instance, have travelled many long miles through the country with a feeling of independence, freedom, and security; whereas had there been no law I must have sneaked along with my head

down apprehensive of danger at any moment. This is the freedom that the law offers to all of us, whether Pakeha or Maori. And I wish to say with respect to the business of this great meeting, the land, that the law here again is a protector; that it will not make slaves of men. It justly takes their land, but is careful to return a sufficient quantity to enable them to live as free men. I will not speak more about this land question. It is a matter which will be dealt with by the different sections of the people here met together. Should you wish to offer any suggestions, I shall be happy to be the medium of carrying, them to the Government for due consideration. There is one subject which I consider important, and to which I wish to draw your attention, although I have been talking too long—and it is difficult to talk at all when one does not understand the language in which his ideas must be expressed. It has been said that the Maori people are decreasing in numbers in consequence of the influx of the pakeha. You must not believe this. You may have heard from your fathers that the Maori race was decreasing before the pakeha came here. The pakeha introduced some evils, but he also introduced much good. One of the principal causes which has depopulated your country has been war. It is for you to say that that evil shall cease. Another great evil (which the pakeha introduced) is drunkenness; that however, is not the fault of pakeha ‘gentlemen’. We look upon men who roll about the streets as men who are not to be trusted with Government affairs or any other matters of importance. The strife amongst the tribes and chiefs should not be who should have the greatest number of men, but who should have the greatest number of sober adherents. Sober chiefs make sober men. It is impossible not to notice that in districts where the chiefs are sober the settlements are prosperous. There is another great evil existing amongst the tribes, of which it is more difficult to speak, and that is the irregularity of intercourse between the sexes, I would not preach this way had I not some practical propositions to put forth. The evils resulting from this state of things are most apparent to the adults of the tribes, and it is for them to rear up their children in such a way as to avoid such evils—which can only result in the decrease of the people. At the present time I do not believe, from the numbers of children I have seen, that your race is decreasing. The Government is willing and anxious

to assist you in this matter. They are willing to expend money for the establishment of schools and the payment of schoolmasters. Now the law offers you freedom and protection in the possession of your large properties. But it is for you to avail yourselves of these great advantages; it is for you to set apart portions of land for the endowment of schools; and I promise you that I shall use every influence with the Government to obtain grants of money for the promotion and advancement of these laudable objects. Before I conclude, I wish to say that I believe there are none amongst the pakehas who will not say they have a great deal to learn from the Maories in matters of hospitality to travellers. For myself, I thank you. But I am afraid this great meeting must have cost a great deal of money, and some of you may want hereafter in consequence. I have asked Mr. McLean to enquire into this matter when the meeting is over, so that the Government may take steps to prevent any from suffering in consequence of their hospitality. It will be for you to say whether such meetings are to be repeated. But if I come to such a meeting again, I hope to be able to speak to you in your own language. I am glad to see a meeting of this nature in a district which a few months ago was a scene of bloodshed and distress."

KOPU then arose and spoke in answer to the hon. gentleman's address. But I find my notes of the native speeches are so voluminous that it would require five or six letters to complete them. I shall therefore confine myself to the heads of the speeches of the principal chiefs. Kopu spoke to the following effect:—

"My interest is centred in our present difficulties in connexion with the land. When that matter is arranged, we shall have no difficulty about the law. Hunger and other deprivations which affect men arise principally from land questions. When I am satisfied on this head I shall have leisure to attend to those (minor) matters of schools, law, drunkenness, and what not. Those vices, drunkenness and fornication, are tangible personages, with hands feet, and eyes—in fact, they are real individuals. But they were not made by us; they were brought hither by you. It will be an easy matter to arrange the difficulties which affect us. I trust the gentleman who has just addressed us will when next we meet be able to speak to us in our own

language—he must devote his attention to it. My principal difficulty however at the present moment is the land. We shall settle that question doubtless to morrow. If I am defeated it is well. I do not altogether appreciate the pakeha method of conducting his warfare. Amongst us, when we had beaten our enemies, we made friends and lived together in concord and unity. But you (addressing Mr. Richmond and Mr. McLean) are not satisfied with the men, you must have the land also. Even if you left the land with us, you would eventually acquire it. You need not fear any Hau Hau outbreaks here in the present day. These are all your people, protect and shelter them. For myself, my patience is greatly tried—I find the pakehas persevering and the land departing on every side, by lease or otherwise &c.”

MR. MCLEAN here said that the questions under consideration not only affected the interests of Kopu and his people but the whole of the tribes along the coast, whose ancestors had landed in the same canoe (Takitimu). He would say nothing, about the Wairarapa people, who had departed from their loyalty and had become Hau Haus. He would have been glad however if the questions affecting that district could have been settled also—&c. &c.

KARAITIANA, after a few introductory remarks, said;—“There was a time when you were without trouble in your district, you used then to reproach us because our lands were being alienated to the pakeha. I subsequently went to Turanga and Waiaapu, and at a later period I went to Taranaki and Waikato, but I found nothing to admire in the position of the people of those places. I returned to my own home, to my own pakehas, determined to rest satisfied with whatever befel, whether weal or woe. I have experienced pain, but I did not object to my friends and relations being sent to Chatham Islands. The pakeha must decide the business of this meeting.”

A number of other natives spoke somewhat to the same effect—all approving of the confiscation of portions of the land.

On Thursday the 4th of April the discussion was continued. Mr. McLean informed them that he and Mr. Richmond had been considering the trouble spoken of by Kopu as so greatly affecting him and his people; that they had determined that two blocks of land should be retained by the government; but that the other portions of Hau Hau land (which must be considered

as all confiscated) should be returned to the loyal natives, who could invite the Hau Haus to live with them under their guardianship on the same land—otherwise the government would fix localities for their residence. Mr. McLean here described the boundaries of the blocks intended to be retained; and which you have noticed in your issue of the 13th inst., under the head of ‘Further Particulars’. He told them that at the deliberations of the government in Wellington it was decided, that no more should be taken than these two blocks, as the evil of Hau Hauism had not been so great at the Wairoa as at some other places. Mr. Richmond, he said, was there to mark the proceedings; and when the cession of these blocks was arranged nothing more would be asked by the government from the Wairoa.”

MR. MCLEAN spoke at greater length, but from the buzz and comments of those around me I could not catch his concluding remarks.

The Rev. TAMIHANA TE HUATA next stood forth, with most virtuous indignation depicted on his priestly countenance. The missionaries in this country have ever been most unfortunate in their choice of men to perform the sacred duties of the Christian ministry. During the many years I have spent in the country, throughout the whole of my travels it has seldom indeed been my lot to fall in with a really worthy native teacher. They are generally men of no note, ambitious, scheming, and utterly unscrupulous. Tamihana, the individual in question, is a man related to the Hau Hau tribes. He has ever sympathised with them, and endeavoured by all the means in his power to screen them from the punishment due to their atrocities. Even in the matter of the brutal and cannibal murder of poor Volkner (a most mild, charitable, and unoffending Christian) this wolf in sheep’s clothing dared to excuse the horrid act. So much for maori-clerical sanctity. But hypocritical pretensions to virtue are common elsewhere, among more favored races. This very respectable gentleman, then, rising upon his legs, exclaimed:—“I protest against this land being taken by the government. In those two pieces you take the whole of our land. (The two pieces in question contain probably 70,000 acres—the whole of the Wairoa district more than ten times that quantity.) You have left but a very small portion of the Waiau country. I object to

your locating military settlers near us. Doubtless we shall some day quarrel with them—send them up to the Putai. I do not wish the smallest particle of the land in this vicinity to be taken by you. If all the inhabitants were Hau Haus, you would have some reason for claiming the land. Not even a pin has been taken; not a horse has been stolen (false) by the Hau Haus of this place. We have attacked them and they have always retired from every position they held, and fallen back upon Waikato. We fought and beat the Hau Haus at Waikare Moana, when but one or two of you, the whites, were present. Te Tuetina was there slaughtered. You, the pakeha, had decided that he was to die, and he died.”

Then he gave a rapid sketch of the commencement and progress of hostilities in the Waikato, and its gradual extension into the Heretaunga district. He said it was not a thing which had been sought out by the people of the Wairoa. The god of the Hau Haus had been represented as a deity able to teach men the language of the pakeha, and to make them invincible in war. Simple-minded men were led astray in this matter, and the Wairoa worshipped the god of the Hau Hau. But when it was found that men were slain in the cause, the eyes of the people were opened, and it was discovered that the god was a false god. When it was considered that the people of the Wairoa did not go astray of their own will but fell from temptation, he thought, he said, that no land should be taken by the pakeha. The compass, he declared, should be placed at the end of the vessel where the evils commenced—not amidships. If land were taken from the Wairoa, the centre of the country, some places would remain untouched which should first be taken. “If,” he said, “you are determined upon locating your soldiers in the middle of our canoe, place them upon the other side of the river which you have rightfully acquired.”

The Hon. J. C. RICHMOND here said that there appeared to be a mistake in the native mind from beginning to end. It was not, he said, the object of the meeting to consider the merits or demerits of the Hau Haus; it was to decide what portions of the land were to be taken. It had been decided by the government at Wellington that land should be taken; it might therefore be said that it was gone. We did not, he said, come here to consider

the thoughts of men upon this question. The Rev. Tamihana's speech, he considered, did not represent the ideas of a minister of the gospel, but rather those of a Hau Hau minister. If the question of what lands were to be taken were not now decided, the result, when the Native Lands Court sat, would be confusion—the district would be spotted over by small claims. Himself, Mr. McLean, and Mr. Biggs, had come to ask the chiefs to assist in arranging affairs so as to prevent that confusion. If the Rev. Tamihana were a lover of peace, he would lend his influence in assisting to settle the matter at once—if not, he might let it alone. If Tamihana, or any other man, did not wish to join in the proposal made, he must apply to the Court, and get what he could. The Government did not wish, nor could they force, any one to accept the proposal now made, with reference to these particular blocks. They were only anxious that all should join, in getting the matter settled as satisfactorily as possible to all parties.

In answer, the rev. gentleman said:—“You of course have a perfect right to contradict and disapprove of what I have said. But point out to me where I am wrong. Go into my remarks sentence by sentence. Land is not a matter of so small value that questions affecting it should be settled so peremptorily. You have but yesterday, as it were, arrived and you expect the whole matter to be concluded today. If you disapprove of what I have said, carry my proposals before the Government at Wellington; or, still further, to the Government of England for their consideration. Anything affecting so small a matter as a horse you would minutely investigate in your tribunals; but the questions of land you would settle off-hand. With respect to your observation regarding a Hau Hau minister, you are welcome to make any remarks you may think proper in that respect.”

Mr. BIGGS here stepped forward and said:—“There is one thing which Tamihana has said, which I wish to answer; namely, that the land to be taken for the military settlement was fixed upon by myself, Major Fraser, and Colonel Whitmore, so that we might get good pieces for our portions. This is not the case. The reason why that locality was fixed upon was to cut off the communications between the Hau Haus of this place and those of Waikato and the Ureweras. I have been to Waiapu,

Tokomaru, Uawa, and Turanga, as well as te Wairoa, and have spoken to all the chiefs of those places as well as Tamihana concerning the plan I wished to adopt relative to the taking of the Hau Hau land. They all agreed that my plan was good—Tamihana amongst the rest. Now he speaks differently. The fact is (and there is no use disputing the matter) all the Hau Hau land in the river is gone. What we want now to do is to have an amicable settlement. Fathers, sons, brothers, uncles and nephews, fought on different sides; so that their respective claims to the land of their forefathers, under present circumstances, are in a state of inextricable confliction—so much so that there is not a spot upon which one of them could place his foot and say, ‘This is mine.’ If you do not agree to some arrangement like the one proposed, it will be my business to take the whole of the Hau Hau land for the Government. This I shall certainly do—leaving none behind. It would then be cut up into small pieces of no material value to any one. I ask you, therefore, to come to some arrangement, lest it be worse for you.”⁵⁴

HAPIMANA, the younger brother of the worthy parson Tamihana, then stepped forward and said:—

“Grief for the loss of *our* land impels me to speak a word upon this occasion—our land which is going to you, or rather to the Hau Haus. *They* have no land of any consequence here. The principal portion of the land which you (the government) are about to appropriate belongs to myself and Meri Karaka, (the wife of Kopu). It should have been asked by you, our allies, what land belonged to the Hau Hau people in this district. The Hau Hau faith sprang up and jeopardized our land; we fought its adherents and conquered them, and believed we had saved our land. But we find now that you, our *allies*, step in and oppress us by asserting *your* right to a share of the land. I was apprehensive whilst the survey of the country was being carried on that this would be the upshot of the business, that the land would be taken. What care I for the Hau Haus, and the whole generation of them. It matters not to me if they be annihilated for their misdeeds. But I do care for my lands. I do not wish that the punishment of their evil doings should fall upon my head. You should be satisfied with that portion of the land at te Waiau, Mangaaruhe, and Waikari Taheke. I am well aware that

the land you would leave me would be but an indefinitely small quantity; whereas what I inherited from my ancestors was boundless."

Mr. MCLEAN here stood forth and said:—"I can sympathise with you in your anxiety about your land. But we only intend to take the Hau Hau lands. You must show us what belongs to you; but you must be careful not to ignore the Hau Haus altogether and lay claims to the whole of their lands—such a proceeding will not be allowed. The Hau Haus have gone and their land must follow them. It rests with the Government to return such portions as may belong to other men. In my opinion the whole of the land from this spot to Waikari Moana is Hau Hau land. The two pieces which we claim I consider to be very small indeed. Let us have no more opposition in this matter, but let the business be settled as expeditiously as possible."

KOHEA, a connection of the Hau Hans, sprang to his feet and exclaimed:—"I would have you McLean, and your friend, to know that I have land on this side of the Wairoa at Kauhoroa. It appears that, whilst I am sleeping, my bed is being pulled from under me by you. At one time you told me that you wanted the Putai block for the location of the Military settlers. To this Hapimana and others first agreed, and subsequently I myself. Kauhoroa and Mangapoiki are my property, and must be left to me. You should ask us to join you in an attack upon the north, the root of these evils, in retaliation for the killed of your people and ours. You would kill in revenge for your killed, and we would kill in revenge for our killed; you should take that land and we would take this."

The Rev. TAMIHANA here resumed his opposition, insisting that the land claimed by the Government did not belong to the Hau Haus; that they had little or no land in the district, but that the principal portions belonged to himself and his friends.

Mr. MCLEAN told him he had never before heard that he (Tamihana) was the Owner of the land. He appeared to be acting a double part—professing to be a friend to the Government and at the same time supporting the Hau Haus.

After some further talk on the part of Tamihana, IHAKA WHANGA stood up and said:—"You would not listen to me. I told you to have nothing to do with Kingism in days gone by.

The pakeha has never injured us, and I believe he is taking our land with justice—he takes it by way of punishment for our faults. When war commenced at the Waikato and elsewhere, it was not the fault of the pakeha—it was that of the maori. Do not let us grumble at the pakeha, let us grumble at ourselves—we alone are to blame. Men saw that the evil of Hau Hauism was of great depth, yet they plunged into it, and then Volkner died. This side of the Wairoa must be given up. We are flattering ourselves that we were powerful enough to put down the Hau Haus. But I say had we not been supported by our friends, the pakehas, we should have been beaten, and then ALL of the land would have been taken by the Hau Haus. I know not whether you will agree with me but I say the pakeha wants these two blocks—let him have them; he says he will consider the claims of individuals—he says well. It appears to me that you who are opposing are anxious to bring more trouble upon us, (a second edition of confiscation). I am sure the Government are anything but exacting in this matter.”

The Very Rev. TAMIHANA here shouted out:— “Who has been murdered by the Hau Haus here that our land should be taken?” KARAITIANA TAKAMOANA called out to him to hold his tongue, and reminded him of the murder of Mr. Volkner, to which he replied that that was a matter which did not affect them. It had been committed at Opotiki and could not affect their interests in any way.

KARAITIANA then said:— “Of course you must judge for yourself in matters affecting your own interest. But I say that the inhabitants having been conquered the land is conquered too. Therefore, I say, the pakeha is right. The same thing happened with respect to our lands in Ahuriri. I allude to the lands of Ngatihineuru. I had numerous relations there but I was silent—the pakeha has the land. Let him take this land also, and leave him to consider the claims of those whose land may be taken. You, Tamihana, assent that the land is all yours, that the Hau Haus have none. This the pakeha will not tolerate. It has only been since this new faith of Hau Hauism sprung up that you have asserted its adherents have no land. The land must go, I have heard that the Government have returned to the Waikatos a portion of their lands. It would be unfair that land should be taken elsewhere and not at the Wairoa.”

HENARE POTAE of East Cape said:— “I agree with Karaitiana—the land must go. I am ashamed to see a man who, by profession, is a teacher of the people misleading the people. I allude to the Rev. Tamihana. Let him attend to those matters which affect the souls of his people, and leave them to manage things relating to the welfare of their bodies. Tamihana should let his brother speak for him. With respect to the land, it is a settled fact that the land must go. No one or two men can say that they are the only owners. It belongs to all. At Turanga I divided my land with the pakeha. (Tamihana here called out, “that was your business, not ours.”) I believe the Hau Haus are afraid to stand forth and assert their rights to the land, lest by doing so they should lose it and have to reside upon lands given them by the Government. Why do not our Hau Hau chiefs arise and assert their rights like men? My own home was never attacked by the pakehas. But had it not been for the arms and ammunition of the pakeha, and his men to back me, I had been lost, I should have been beaten by the Hau Haus, and my land would have been taken by them. I advise you to cease troubling the meeting. Retire into your proper position, the back ground, and grumble there. Do you suppose I have no claims upon the Wairoa. We are all descended from the same ancestor Kahungunu.”

TAMIHANA here got up and spoke about an old Hau Hau chief named Tuetini who had been shot in cold blood after he was taken prisoner at Waikari Moana—(a most barbarous proceeding, if true). He said that if Volkner had been murdered, so had the Tuetini, and he considered one was a set off against the other. A most worthy Christian minister this truly—I scarcely knew which to admire most, his impudence or his rascality.

HAPIMANA, Tamihana’s brother, then said that he cared nothing for the Hau Haus—it was them who had brought the trouble upon the country. As the pakeha had promised to respect the claims of those who had been loyal, he would depend upon their promise. He would tell them that he and Meri Karaka (Kopu’s wife) were the chief owners of those two blocks about to be taken. If the Hau Hau claims were to be investigated by the Land Courts, it would be found that they (the Hau Haus) had but a very small portion in the whole. But he

would agree, he said, to it all being taken, as it was promised that their claims should be respected, and that the loyal natives should not suffer for the sins of the Hau Haus.

MERI KARAKA, the wife of Kopu, then came forward, and in a most feeling manner described to Mr. McLean the boundaries of the lands she had inherited from her ancestors. There were many, she said, who had an interest in the blocks in question. Their fathers had lived and died upon them, but she was the real owner; she alone possessed the power of surrendering it to the pakeha—and this she was about to do for the sins of her people. She would sacrifice her paternal inheritance in satisfaction for the wrongs committed by a set of wretched fanatics. She here described to Mr. McLean the boundaries of the land she offered (mentioned in your issue of the 13th inst.) The business of this day here ended.

Next morning (the 5th) Kopu formally sanctioned the cession of the blocks described by his wife the evening before. He said he had a number of claims in those blocks, but that he would give them up as a reparation for the evils committed by the Hau Haus. Many other chiefs and men of distinction addressed the people; but all approved of the arrangement made by Kopu's wife, and strongly urged that the land should be made over to the Government without delay.

Mr. RICHMOND then said that the Government would be satisfied with the blocks proffered by the natives. They did not however wish that a general scramble should take place for the remainder. The pieces taken were on account of the wrong doings of all the Hau Haus of each hapu, and the pieces left were for all the hapus—large or small. If the proposal made were agreed to by all, Mr. Biggs would come back and carefully arrange the claims in just proportion. When this was done and maps made of the claims of each hapu there would then be no further trouble. The Government would pay the expense of surveying.

KARAURIA PUPU, TAREHA, and several of our Ahuriri chiefs spoke at considerable length, in favor of the land being given in one or two entire blocks so as to prevent confusion in the arrangement of the various claims.

Te WARU, the principal leader of the Wairoa Hau Haus, next spoke. He said it was quite true that they had brought trouble into the district, and they should, he supposed, be

punished for it. But he was surprised that there should be so much difficulty in fixing upon what land should be taken as “utu” (payment) for what he had done. There was no part of the Wairoa to which he had not some claim. He was of opinion that one side of the Wairoa, from the coast to the source, should be given up. Small payment should not be given for his faults, as if he were a person of no consequence—he and his friends who had been killed by the Pakeha. He considered he was yet a free man. He had never been taken prisoner; no rope had ever been round his neck. Hearing that the pakeha was willing to make peace and was generously disposed, he came in of his own accord and surrendered himself. Then he was told by his friends that he had no land. He concluded by calling upon Tareha and Karauria to take him and his people to Ahuriri to live with them; he was anxious to leave a district where he was but an intruder. Others of his people spoke to the same effect, and after a few words from Mr. McLean the business was considered as concluded.

The tracts of land in question were formally ceded to the Government with the unanimous consent of the assembled tribes. This concluded the principal business of the meeting. Some other matters of minor importance were touched upon by some of the speakers, to which I cannot now allude.

Before concluding I must not omit to notice the extreme generosity and hospitality displayed by our lamented, and brave ally, Kopu, in preparing for the reception of his pakeha visitors. At his house (a neat weather-boarded cottage, tastefully painted and papered) there was a continual rush of hungry applicants for the good things provided. Roast goose, fowl, pork, fish, apple pie, bread and vegetables, were there in the greatest profusion; whilst the popping of corks from bottles of sherry, brandy, and ale, and the activity and courtesy of the waiters, would not have disgraced the world renowned “Mac’s Hotel” at Napier.

Thus ended this long-talked of meeting, which has resulted in securing to the Government some 70,000 acres of really good land—a great portion of which is suitable for agricultural purposes.

I am, Sir, Yours truly,

JAMES GRINDELL.

Napier, April 26, 1867.⁵⁵

In November 1867, in a Supreme Court civil hearing over consequent land claims involving Ihaka Whanga, before Mr Justice Johnson and a Special Jury,

William Colenso, sworn, deposed: I reside in Napier. I am conversant with the Maori language, and am now preparing a Maori lexicon for the Government (Mr. Colenso here read Ihaka's lease in the original Maori. With reference to a verb which occurred in the lease, which had been previously translated "parting with," Mr. Colenso stated that when the Commissioners came from Sydney in 1842, he had translated the same word "transfer," which he considered the proper word.) I believe the word *reti* to be a corruption of "let." It is not a pure Maori word. *Kainga* I understand to mean decidedly something more than the house or the ground on which it stands.

His Honor: May it not mean dwelling place?

Witness: If dwelling-place only had been intended, *nohoanga* would have been repeated. *Whare* is a house; *whare-noho-anga* a dwelling-place. *Kainga* has several significations. It may mean a place where canoes come to, a place to gather shell-fish, or a place under cultivation.

His Honor: Is it not derived from *kai*?

Witness: *kai* has many other meanings besides food. Much would depend upon who drew up the document, whether a Maori or a white man; I understand it was drawn by Mr. Locke. I am decidedly of opinion from the construction of the document that something beyond dwelling-place is intended.

James Grindell, sworn, deposed: I am the Deputy-Registrar of the Supreme Court in this province. I am conversant with the Maori language. The word *reti*, I believe, means "lease, let, and rent" in Maori. I perfectly agree with Mr. Colenso that the word *kainga* refers to land as well as the house. I take the word *kainga* to mean homestead. I never knew the word *kainga* applied to a house before; but always to land. *Whare* may sometimes mean "haunts."

His Honor said he himself was not well acquainted with the Maori language, but it was quite clear to him that the word *kainga*, from the context, meant dwelling-place. He must insist on the witness giving a literal translation.

Mr Grindell said the nearest approach, to a literal translation of the word, in his opinion was “homestead.” In the whole course of his experience he had never known *kainga* used merely in the sense of a dwelling-place. He should decidedly say it did not bear that meaning in the present document.

His Honor said the witnesses appeared to make no allowance for the difference between the translation of a judge and that of an interpreter. It was unfortunate that a little common sense was not brought to bear on the matter. It was evident to him that by *kainga* was meant dwelling-place. Might not a Maori use the word to describe his house, if at a distance, saying “I will return to my *kainga*.”

Mr. Grindell: He might in that case do so, even if the place did not belong to him; but the word bore a wider signification than house or dwelling-place. He did not believe that any Maori would use it in that sense.

Some amusement was created by the Attorney-General asking the court whether the last witness had not said that one meaning of *whare* was a horse. His Honor, amidst much laughter, said that the word used was “haunts.”⁵⁶

Justice Johnson was blessed with the certainty that, despite the evidence of experts, his view was the correct one—as the *Hawke’s Bay Weekly Times* reported his rather blind summing up,

William Colenso and James Grindell were afterwards sworn to compare the translation of the so-called lease before the Court with the original, and both said that the translation in reserving the house did not give the full meaning of the original, as it included, in the term *kainga*, something more in connection with the house. His Honor, however, considered the term *kainga* to be derived from *kai*, and to mean feeding or eating-place, and observed that common sense, as well as a knowledge of the native language, was necessary in translating Maori documents.⁵⁷

Johnston was not the only one: Resident Magistrate Alfred Domett wrote to McLean,

*I cannot go on with this otherwise distasteful work without an interpreter. Grindell and Colenso are both objectionable as you know in that particular—and there is no one else.*⁵⁸

Grindell's journals were being quoted in evidence at Native Lands Court claims during the late 19th century, just as they are often cited in Waitangi Tribunal deliberations today. His skill in maoritanga, as well as in te reo, was still in demand,

Mr Bold, telegraphic surveyor, accompanied by Mr J. Grindell, started for Taupo on the morning of Sunday last. Mr Bold goes on the business of his department, having the benefit of Mr Grindell's experience in native affairs, and the latter may probably have the opportunity of assisting the Government in a political sense.⁵⁹

They were back within a few days: "On their journey down they crossed the track of a large native war party".⁶⁰ Indeed, they had heard Te Kooti was at Tauaroa on the Rangitaiki river, about half way between Taupo and Whakatane, planning an attack on Hawke's Bay.⁶¹ Instead Te Kooti went north.

Grindell's last Napier newspaper notice as Clerk to the Bench was in March 1869. In September 1869 at the Magistrate's Court in Napier, JB Fielder

... charged Jas. Grindell with unlawfully using provoking and insulting language towards him, on the 21st inst., in the words following:—"You b——r," "You thing," and "I have fed and clothed you,"—at the same time shaking his fist in complainant's face.

Grindell was no doubt referring to a letter he had signed (it is written in Fielder's hand) in August 1868 seeking a higher salary for Fielder.⁶² He admitted the charge, "all except that one word, which has been wrongfully inserted in this summons; it is a word I never made use of". The Resident Magistrate: "Well, we will hope that you did not. The case is withdrawn".⁶³

The Resident Magistrate in Napier was Captain John Curling and he had, however, made an official complaint to the Colonial Secretary.

I have the honor to report to you, for the information of the Honble. the Colonial Secretary, the 31st ultimo, Mr. Grindell the Clerk and Interpreter of this Court, was, during office hours, in the Resident Magistrates Court, guilty of the most disgraceful conduct. It was about 12 o'clock noon; I was writing in the office of the Receiver of Land Revenue when I heard a great uproar in the Resident Magistrate's Court; I immediately went in, and there saw Mr. Grindell in the act of assaulting Mr. Fielder the Assistant Clerk and Bailiff. Mr. Grindell appeared to be drunk, and wild with passion; in fact his conduct and language were outrageous. I could not understand from Mr. Grindell the origin of the quarrel; he was unintelligible; but from Mr. Fielder I learned that he (Mr. Fielder) having to conduct an auction about 6 miles from Town, told Mr. Grindell of it, and was preparing to go, when Mr. Grindell in a most violent manner, commanded him not to go; on which Mr. Fielder remonstrated, and said it was a duty he must perform. On this Mr. Grindell jumped from his seat, and in a most furious manner, seized hold of Mr. Fielder and shook him about. Those are the particulars as far as I can gather, and they can be corroborated by persons who were present at the commencement of the row. Mr. Fielder was perfectly innocent of any fault in the matter.

At the time, I had a great mind to suspend Mr. Grindell; but as a Steamer was going to Wellington on Monday, I thought it better to write to the Government on the subject.

Mr. Grindell is exceedingly penitent for what he has done; he has a wife and two children, and he will be utterly destitute if he is dismissed from his situation.

Notwithstanding what he has been guilty of, I, having full experience of what an able and honest subordinate he has been, I should not be sorry if the Government would visit his present offence with something short of dismissal....⁶⁴

Napier Crown Prosecutor JN Wilson wrote a forthright memorandum,

In my letter to His Honor Mr. Justice Johnston speaking from memory I called his attention to an assault that had taken place in the RM Court on Saturday the 31st July in which the Deputy Registrar was concerned.

I also called his attention to the Habits of Drunkenness to which the Deputy Registrar has been for years addicted—& the abusive & improper language that he had been in the Habit of using when

under the Influence of Drink—thereby rendering it irksome to transact any Business.

I also stated that the Records of the Police Court would shew that this was not the first case in which the Deputy Registrar had been complained of.⁶⁵

The Colonial Secretary asked JCL Carter, now the Commissioner of Crown Lands at Napier, to investigate; his findings are not recorded.

Grindell, rather bravely one might think, stood for election to the Hawke's Bay Provincial Council in October 1869, his nomination proposed by H Groom and seconded by TT Price. His opponent was storekeeper TK Newton. Grindell addressed the electors,

Mr GRINDELL then came forward. He said he had come forward in consequence of the request of a number of the town electors. He had not had much experience in political matters, but he was in no way deficient in common sense and intelligence, and if they did him the honor to return him, they would find in him a thoroughly independent member. He would not be a supporter either of Government or Opposition—he would support his own conscience and his conscience would support him.

Mr Carlyon: Will you pledge yourself to vote against taxing the Napier Artesian Well, which was bored by public subscription?

Mr GRINDELL gave an affirmative answer.

Mr Carlyon: Will you use your exertions to repeal the Executive Act? An act has already been passed to that effect but I believe it is invalid, and that the subject will come up again next session.

Mr GRINDELL: I am not clear on that point; I am not well acquainted with the subject.

Mr Carlyon: Then you should have made yourself acquainted with the subject before you came here.

Mr GRINDELL: I have one word to say about my opponent, gentlemen. What did he do before, when you elected him? Why he got a little contract to supply the Government with tea or sugar, or something else, and threw up his seat in the

Council—sacrificed your interests for his own—and he will do it again. [Hear, hear.]

The show of hands was then called for, and declared by the Returning officer to be in favor of Mr Grindell.

Newton, however, demanded a poll, which took place the following day,

... and at 4 p.m. the Returning Officer declared the result as follows Newton 80 Grindell 51.... Newton duly elected.... Mr Grindell also thanked the public. He had been fully prepared for the result, but taking into consideration the wealth, the influence, and the unwearied exertions that had been used to secure the return of his opponent, he thought the victory was his own after all. [Cheers.]⁶⁶

He had polled pretty well, considering the recent negative publicity.

He was suspended for three months, but resigned as Deputy-Registrar of the Supreme Court and Clerk to the Bench in November 1869, his place taken by one John Hare.⁶⁷

GS Cooper was worried about Grindell and wrote to McLean on 16 November 1869,

*16th. I can't close my letter without a word about Grindell. I am afraid he has gone past recall. If anything could have been done at first so that he might have been reinstated after three months' suspension, he might have been saved. But now all his offices are filled up by men who cannot be got out of them again; and I am sadly afraid Grindell has abandoned himself to despair. He writes to me every mail, but I cannot do anything of course. I have preached long sermons to him, and scolded him, but I am afraid he has not mended his ways much. It will be a great pity to lose him altogether, as the value of the Waka was undeniable, and I do not know whom we could get to manage it as he has done. I do wish you could manage to find something for him.*⁶⁸

McLean did find him work. In August 1871 Grindell wrote to McLean,

*I am going with Mr. Locke to Waipawa on Monday next (27th) to finish off 70 mile bush. Mr Ormond is also going. I should like to try my hand at the Wairarapa end....*⁶⁹

Later in the month he was in Dannevirke negotiating land sales with reluctant local Maori.⁷⁰

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- 1 Wilson JG 1951. *The founding of Hawke's Bay*. Daily Telegraph, Napier.
 - 2 And see Macgregor M 1970. *Early stations of Hawke's Bay*. Reed, Wellington. Chapter 48 "Mangatarata".
 - 3 The pioneer land surveyors of New Zealand part iv: biographical notes https://www.surveyors.org.nz/Attachment?Action=Download&Attachment_id=2674 accessed 5 September 2018—and see *Hawkes Bay Herald* 15 Oct 1887.
 - 4 Colenso's journal 2–6 September 1851.
 - 5 Grindell to McLean 25 February 1853. Object #1020447 from MS-Papers-0032-0304.
 - 6 McLean to Grindell 14 March 1853. ATL Object #1021322 from MS-Papers-0032-0004.
 - 7 Possibly JB Ellman who wrote to Henry Sewell in 1864 suggesting a route for a Napier–Taupo road and stating, "You are aware that I have a considerable knowledge of the native language". ATL The papers of Sir Donald McLean. Series 7 Official papers.
 - 8 *Daily Telegraph* 15 July 1893.
 - 9 Colenso 29 May 1857. Archives 57/211.
 - 10 Archives 57/92.
 - 11 OLW Bousefield, assistant surveyor of Crown Lands.
 - 12 Grindell to McLean 12 October 1857. ATL MS-Papers-0032-0304.
 - 13 GS Cooper was District Land Purchasing Commissioner at the time.
 - 14 Tareha Te Moananui, a Ngati Kahungunu leader of high rank in Hawke's Bay.
 - 15 *Hawke's Bay Herald* 17 October 1857.
 - 16 Cooper to McLean 21 October 1857. ATL Ms-Copy-Micro-0535-047.
 - 17 McLean to Grindell 4 November 1857. ATL MS-Papers-0032-0304.
 - 18 *Hawke's Bay Herald* 28 November 1857.
 - 19 Cooper to McLean 2 December 1857. ATL MS-Papers-0032-0227.
 - 20 *Hawke's Bay Herald* 6 March 1858.
 - 21 *Hawke's Bay Herald* 28 August 1858.
 - 22 ATL qMS-0891 includes journals for 8 July 1857 to 31 July 1858.
 - 23 Sampson Kempthorne, architect and surveyor, one of my g-g-grandfathers.
 - 24 William Nicholas Searancke, surveyor.
 - 25 Near Woodville.
 - 26 Grindell to McLean 20 October 1858. ATL MS-Papers-0032-0304.
 - 27 Alexander to McLean 7 January 1859. ATL MS-Papers-0032-0142.
 - 28 Archives R24234715 Record No. 1859/354.
 - 29 *Hawke's Bay Herald* 11 February 1860.
 - 30 *Hawke's Bay Herald* 14 April 1860.
 - 31 *Hawke's Bay Herald* 21 April 1860.
 - 32 *Hawke's Bay Herald* 16 February 1861.
 - 33 *Hawke's Bay Herald* 13 April 1861. Applicants for Electoral Roll.

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- 34 Grindell to McLean 29 May 1861. ATL MS-Papers-0032-0304.
- 35 Archives C458 224 record no. 1861/63
- 36 *Hawke's Bay Herald* 7 October 1862.
- 37 Archives record no. DAG1863/2883.
- 38 *New Zealander* 15 September 1863.
- 39 *Hawke's Bay Times* 14 October 1864.
- 40 *Hawke's Bay Herald* 18 October 1864.
- 41 *Hawke's Bay Herald* 12, 19, 26 November 1864.
- 42 *Hawke's Bay Herald* 4 February 1865.
- 43 *Hawke's Bay Herald* 8 July 1865.
- 44 *Hawke's Bay Herald* 12 August 1865.
- 45 Colenso W 1875. Compilation of Maori Lexicon by Mr. Colenso (letters relative to). *Appendices to the Journals*, House of Representatives, G11.
- 46 *Wellington Independent* 15 September 1866.
- 47 Archives AD32 51, record no. 2930. An alphabetical list of volunteers and militia men who received the New Zealand Medal, having been either under fire, or attached to Her Majesty's Imperial Forces, during the War of 1860-1870, is at <http://shadowsoftime.co.nz/nzwarsc.html>.
- 48 *Hawke's Bay Herald* 29 January 1867.
- 49 Alexis Benoit Soyer 1810–1858 was a French chef who became the most celebrated cook in Victorian England.
- 50 "A. H. Blake, Fancy Bread and Biscuit Baker, Pastry Cook and Confectioner, Hastings Street (opposite Union Bank.) Wedding Cakes and Breakfasts got up in first-class style. Balls and Suppers provided for." (*Hawke's Bay Herald* 9 May 1868).
- 51 Carl Volkner, missionary, was killed by Pai Mairere adherents at Opotiki.
- 52 *Hawke's Bay Herald* 20 April 1867.
- 53 Major Thomas McDonnell of the colonial defence force.
- 54 *Hawke's Bay Herald* 23 April 1867.
- 55 *Hawke's Bay Herald* 30 April 1867.
- 56 *Hawke's Bay Herald* 30 November 1867.
- 57 *Hawke's Bay Weekly Times* 2 December 1867.
- 58 Domett to McLean (undated). ATL MS-Papers-0032-0245.
- 59 *Wellington Independent* 16 March 1869.
- 60 *Hawke's Bay Herald* 20 March 1869.
- 61 *Wellington Independent* 20 March 1869.
- 62 Grindell to McLean 3 August 1868. ATL Object #1025743 from MS-Papers-0032-0128.
- 63 *Hawke's Bay Herald* 28 September 1869.
- 64 Archives C458 228 record no. HB7 1.
- 65 *ibid*.
- 66 *Hawke's Bay Times* 7 October 1869.
- 67 *Hawke's Bay Times* 25 November 1869.
- 68 Cooper to McLean 15&16 November 1869. ATL MS-Papers-0032-0228.
- 69 Grindell to McLean 5 August 1871. ATL Object #1003027 from MS-Papers-0032-0304.
- 70 Grindell to JD Ormond 24 August 1871, Archives C473 328 record no. AGG-HB1 3.
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CHAPTER 6: WELLINGTON

In October 1871 Colenso commented in a letter to McLean “that Mrs. Grindell was going to Wellington to her husband”.¹ Grindell had gone to Wellington as Interpreter in the Native Office (on £300 per year), at McLean’s instigation. Wellington’s *Evening Post* was unimpressed,

The unblushing effrontery with which Mr. McLean bestows billets upon his private friends and supporters is glaringly illustrated by recent appointments. (*A number of instances were quoted, then*).... Mr. McLean states that he employed Mr. Grindell in the purchase of the same block. Mr. Grindell is now employed in some capacity in the Native Office, at a salary which must recoup him for relinquishing his lucrative private practice as “native interpreter”.²

From Gisborne and Edwin, Vogel and Fox, down to McLean, with Colonel Russell and Messrs. Worgan, Locke, and Grindell, we have had one continual stream of Ministerial parasites or connections foisted upon a people already taxed beyond endurance.... The next Ministry that comes into power will have the congenial duty of dismissing two-thirds of these political horse-leeches.³

In August 1872 a petition was sent to the Speaker of the House by Karanama Rapukae and 24 others of Ngatiraukawa,

This is a Petition to you and the Members of the House.

We ask that the Authority of Commissioner (Land Purchase Commissioner) may be moved from Mr. Grindell because Ngatiraukawa were very nearly dead through that Commissioner not hearing what they had to say when they came in to have an interview with the Government.

We should like to know also why that Commissioner did not listen to Ngatiraukawa when they came in to make their statements to the Government.

The Chairman of the Native Affairs Committee intimated that the Committee considered it undesirable for them to “interfere in the Prayer of the Petitioners” and no further action was taken.⁴

In January 1873 the Hawke's Bay Native Lands Alienation Commission reported to parliament. CW Richmond wrote on the purchase of the Heretaunga Block,

Mr. Grindell, a licensed native interpreter, was one of the persons employed by Mr. Stuart to negotiate with the natives. Mr. Grindell seems to have commenced operations with a proposal to buy the share of Apera Pahoro. Pahoro was residing at Pakipaki with another of the grantees, Paramena, a near connexion of his. Grindell took Pahoro off to a neighbouring public house, and there it appears that both parties got so drunk as to be unable to transact any business.⁵

In 1871 Grindell was seconded to the Wellington Provincial Government by Superintendent William Fitzherbert as Land Purchase Officer to persuade Maori land owners on the province's west coast to obtain titles to their lands, and then negotiate the sale of those lands. He worked there for two years, his work difficult but barely appreciated, as the *Wanganui Herald* noted,

The efforts of Judges Rogan and Smith have been at last crowned with success, and the frequent and oft recurring annoyances to which Mr Grindell has been subjected, and to which one less determined and resolute would long ere this have succumbed, have been succeeded by a universal acknowledgment that a great and material undertaking has been successfully accomplished mainly by his uncompromising and fearless determination, without which, nothing permanent, nothing satisfactory, nothing beneficial, would ever have been achieved.⁶

The *Evening Post* remarked,

An officer of the Native Department (Mr. Grindell), acting under the directions of His Honor, was then sent up the coast to endeavor to reconcile the differences existing among the natives, and induce them to submit their disputes to the decision of the Lands Court. We notice that the Independent, while bestowing liberal praise upon Mr. Rogan, has altogether ignored the services of this officer. Without wishing to detract in the slightest degree from the merits of Mr. Rogan in the performance of his onerous duties, we think that a fair mede of

praise should be given to a man who has certainly worked well for the Province. We are informed by those who have every opportunity of knowing, that things would not have been brought to their present position, and that the Lands Court would not have sat at all, but for him. By his exertions, coupled with the valuable assistance of Hoani Meihana, a chief of Rangitane, it was that Kemp and the tribes opposing Ngatiraukawa were induced in the first instance, to send applications to the Lands Court to have their claims investigated; and, subsequently, by his firmness and perseverance, the preliminary surveys were completed, in spite of continual and vexatious interruptions by the natives on both sides.⁷

Tensions were high and the Land Court Judge John Rogan was frustrated by delays, obfuscations and misrepresentations, until finally they finished and started for Wellington. Grindell, celebrating the completion of their work, was suspended, at age 50 in 1873, after a drunken row with Rogan in a Paekakariki pub. Rogan complained to the Native Minister (McLean) on 3 May,

On my way to Wellington, I called at the road side Inn at Paekakariki and there found Mr Grindell the Crown Agent in a state of intoxication. I advised him on account of his wife and family to leave off drinking. He immediately rushed at me and commenced a torrent of abuse of too foul a nature to be reported here. He then took off his coat and aimed several blows at my head, still using offensive expressions. I was only saved from severe injury by the timely interference of the messenger of the Court who happened to be present. When I arrived at Pauatahanui, this man was at the bar, conducting himself in the wildest manner, and endeavouring to provoke a fight with the by-standers. I found it necessary to call upon the landlord to lock the room in which I was standing to prevent his entering. While at Paekakariki, Mr Grindell committed an assault on another person, who said he was no gentleman for the abusive manner in which he had treated me. This person is now in town for the purpose of prosecuting Mr Grindell. As this is the second time that I have been compelled to complain of Mr Grindell's conduct in his official capacity, I beg very earnestly that the Government will at once adopt measures to protect me from further insult by preventing him from remaining in the neighbourhood of Waikanae, Otaki and

*Foxton among the present sitting of the Native Land Court otherwise I shall be unable to proceed with the further business of the Court.*⁸



John Rogan,
photograph: JD Wigglesworth,
Alexander Turnbull Library
no. PA2-1973.

Henry Bunny (Provincial Secretary, MHR for Wairarapa) wrote curtly on 10 May to Grindell in Otaki, "Come down immediately".⁹ Leader of the caretaker government William Fox wrote to Rogan on 31 May,

Halcombe gave me your message and told me how you had been insulted and nearly assaulted by that ruffian Grindell. It is too bad such men being continued in the public service general or provincial. Twice I have been the means of his removal from it for conduct of a similar sort and as often I find him taken on again to repeat his offence on some new Victim.

I hope he will get his deserts this time and for good. I assure you I sympathize very much with you under the annoying infliction.

I see also you have been as grossly attacked in another quarter, namely the Wanganui Herald, one of those blackguard sheets which is a disgrace to the press. I think you ought to move for a criminal information against the fellow and the Government bear your expenses. It is all very well to say "treat it with contempt and live it down" and so forth. But such a paper as this has a considerable local circulation and probably from 500 to 1000 persons about Wanganui have no other instructor and believe all it says. Consequently if the Land Court has to sit there as it will have, and especially if you are on the Bench, its influence and authority will be greatly weakened by such attacks. In this case it is so specific in its charge about partiality to Parata and its being done under Government orders and etc. as to give the fellow no loop hole for escape. He (Ballance) is a great cur and would probably retract and apologize the moment he was summoned into Court. It is most likely his correspondent was Grindell. I have noticed other letters

*from the same pen, and have little doubt these are his. If I may be allowed to advise I would say on no account allow so good an opportunity of putting a stop to this sort of thing to pass over.*¹⁰

The letter to the *Wanganui Herald* (John Ballance, editor) from its Waikanae correspondent included this passage,

... numerous are the complaints which I hear, that partiality and injustice are the order of the day, and that Mr Wi Parata's claims are always recognised and legalised, in preference to these of less important and less bouncible applicants, and often too, to portions of land to which he has no more legal right, according to English law or Maori usages, than I have to a section in the moon. But as a member of the Upper House, and as a most useful ally to Mr D. McLean, it would not be wise or polite to thwart his prejudice or wishes, at least as matters are construed apparently by the present judge. If such are his instructions he carried them out most accurately and definitely. Like the unjust steward he is making friends with those who may be in a position to assist him, should the wheel of fortune take an unfavourable turn. I commend his prudence and forethought. I could give numerous instances showing with what a want of justice some claimants have been treated, but *cui bono*, since shortly previous to the removal of the Court from Foxton, its proceedings may be characterised as a farce and a mockery.¹¹

Fox's suggestion that the correspondent was Grindell seems unlikely to be true: Grindell would not have made such a criticism of his mentor McLean. Rogan sued Ballance for libel and Ballance eventually apologised.

Grindell was suspended pending formal enquiry. On 24 May 1873 he protested to McLean, the Native Minister,

There is one thing in connection with my Suspension which, in justice to myself, I think I ought to explain to you. The letter suspending me was dated May 6th, and I returned up the coast the day following. This letter was received by Mrs Grindell and by her placed on the table amongst other unopened letters. It escaped my notice at the time, and I never saw it until last Sunday evening. So that when I returned up the Coast the last time I was unaware that I had been suspended, otherwise most certainly I should not have gone.

I am deeply grieved about this unfortunate business between me & Mr. Rogan. But I shall be able to show circumstances of special provocation. Mr. Rogan has grossly exaggerated. There is a Providence who overrules everything, & the truth must come out. The public will know whose conduct has been the most respectable up the Coast—mine or Mr. Rogan's. My affair with him was entirely a private matter, and at no time could I be charged with impropriety of conduct in the Court, or in the precincts of the Court—quite the reverse. This I can prove by Mr Smith & others.

You have known me for many years, and you know that my whole life has been a continuous up hill struggle for a bare existence. I am getting old now (he was 50) & have a family of young children to support & educate. The torture of suspense which I have suffered for the last fortnight has been much, and surely a sufficient punishment for whatever fault I may have committed. I will venture to hope that, in consideration of my helpless family & past services, you will deal with me in my present trouble as leniently as you can.

I have been credibly informed that Mr. Rogan asked the landlord at Waikanae whether he had any money of mine in his keeping, stating at the same time that I had been embezzling Govt. monies. I am going to consult with a solicitor today on the practicability of commencing an action against him for damages.

I have addressed an official letter today to the Under Secretary (Mr. Cooper) containing charges against Mr. Rogan of conduct at Foxton utterly unbecoming any gentleman, and more particularly a Judge of the Native Lands Court.¹²

The result of the enquiry, if such indeed occurred, is now lost. Grindell was still listed as "Interpreter, Native Office, Wellington" in the Nominal Roll of the Civil Establishment of New Zealand in July 1874.¹³

Rogan was apparently a temperance man, commenting at the end of a letter to an unknown recipient on "a solution to the very essence of the so called Native question",

I will leave it to time and the drinking customs of society which will assuredly dispose of the New Zealander if some great change does not overcome their present mode of life.¹⁴

In October 1875 Grindell took umbrage at a report of a parliamentary debate in which his name was mentioned. The Repudiationist Rodney MHR John Sheehan (who would become Grey's Native Minister in 1877) had accused the Land Purchase interpreters of corruption. Grindell's lengthy reply explains the argument, but is also useful as an account of his activities in the early days of land sales.

MR. SHEEHAN AND THE HAWKE'S
BAY INTERPRETERS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW ZEALAND TIMES.

SIR,—I observe in Hansard of the 12th of October, inst., (which I only had an opportunity of seeing yesterday) that Mr. Sheehan, speaking in his place in the House on the 6th inst., made some sweeping charges against the Interpreters of Hawke's Bay, of corruption and dishonesty in their dealings with the natives in connection with the purchase of the Heretaunga block. At the time of which Mr. Sheehan speaks I was one of those unhappy Hawke's Bay interpreters, and although he has not charged me with endeavoring to cheat or mislead the natives in any way, nevertheless he has made a statement calculated to damage my character in the estimation of persons who do not know me; therefore, trusting in your love of fair play, I beg to solicit that you will afford me the favor of a space in your columns, for the purpose of setting myself right in this matter.

Mr. Sheehan, speaking of the difficulty a noted individual named Stuart experienced in obtaining the services of an interpreter, says:— "But Mr. Stuart was not to be baulked, and he went to another interpreter. I may say that there were four interpreters in Hawke's Bay at the time. Mr. Stuart went then to Mr. Grindell, who is now, I believe, the editor of the *Waka Maori*, and he undertook to conduct the negotiations, and received £50 from Mr. Stuart as a deposit. Other parties heard of this arrangement, and found that Mr. Grindell had gone out to negotiate for the purchase of some of the shares; so they at once went to him and said, 'We understand that you have been engaged by Mr. Stuart to negotiate for the purchase of these shares. What has he given you?' He replied, '£50.' 'Then,' said they, 'here is £50 if you will negotiate for us.' And he took it, and negotiated for them and threw Mr. Stuart over."

I say, in answer to this, that I did not receive £50, or any other sum from Mr. Stuart; that I did not undertake to negotiate for the other party, and that I did not negotiate for them. I will not charge Mr. Sheehan with wilful misrepresentation. It is probable that some enemy of mine has told him what he has stated, and that he believes it to be true; but the facts are simply as follow:—Mr. Stuart engaged me to endeavour to obtain the signatures of certain natives to a deed conveying their shares in the Heretaunga block to him. I visited the natives interested, but they refused to come into town to see Mr. Stuart on the subject, saying they did not wish to sell to any one. I told this to Mr. Stuart, informing him at the same time that I saw no chance of his obtaining the property, and that any further efforts on my part would be useless. He had an account against me at the time of some £3 or £4, for goods which I had purchased at his store, and he agreed to square the account by giving me credit to that amount for the trouble I had taken in the affair. And so my engagement with him ended. Some time after this Mr. Tanner, knowing that Mr. H. R. Russell sometimes employed me in native work, came and asked me if I were engaged by that gentleman in connection with the Heretaunga block. Finding that I was not, he said, “If you will not act against me in the matter of obtaining Karaitiana’s signature, I will give you £50 when he signs the Heretaunga deed. I do not want you to negotiate, but simply to remain neutral.” This I agreed to do. Some time after this Mr. Russell wrote to me saying he wanted me at Waipukurau to transact some native business. On arriving at Waipukurau I found that I was required to act as interpreter in the negotiation with a woman named Arihi for the sale of her share in the Heretaunga block to Mr. James Watt and Mr. H. R. Russell. This woman had previously sold her share to Mr. Tanner, on the condition, as I afterwards learned, that he completed the purchase by a certain date. Under these circumstances, I refused to act for Mr. Russell and Mr. Watt, unless Mr. Tanner were first sent for and informed of what was being done. I told them of my agreement with him, and said that by assisting in that transaction I should be departing from the spirit of that agreement. Much persuasion was used to induce me to depart from my resolution, but I absolutely refused to have anything to do with the matter unless Mr.

Tanner were sent for. At last a telegram was sent to that gentleman, and he came up and had a long interview with Messrs Russell and Watt, without, however, being able to arrive at any terms. He then said to me, "You have acted very honorably in this affair, and I shall consider myself bound to fulfil my promise to you whatever happens. You can now do what Mr. Russell requires of you." Mr. Tanner afterwards honorably fulfilled his agreement with me. With the negotiation for the purchase of the Heretaunga block I had nothing whatever to do, from the beginning to the ending.

The least I can say of this matter is, that Mr. Sheehan should have been certain of the accuracy of his information before he made a statement prejudicial to the character of another, and more particularly in a place where that other could have no opportunity of defending himself. I was for eighteen years a resident in Napier, and I fearlessly challenge Mr. Sheehan to say that he ever heard me spoken of by the people of that town as a man likely to commit a dishonorable action, whatever other eccentricities I might be capable of committing.

Mr. Sheehan in one part of his speech says: "In not one single instance in these transactions did the natives have the benefit of legal advice, or even the assistance of a disinterested friend." In another place, speaking of the ignorance of the natives, he says he found that they "had not the least idea of the significance of the term 'mortgage.'" And again: "The natives themselves could not know that there were any other persons in the market for the land. Therefore, these interpreters protected them (the holders of the lease) from being opposed by any outsiders seeking to purchase the block, and prevented the natives from knowing that any one desired to do so." To these assertions the following translation of an extract from an article published by me (one of those unprincipled interpreters) at Napier in the *Waka Maori*, of date December 16, 1869, will, I think, be a sufficient answer. Here is the article referred to:—

"We desire further to say a word respecting the action which the people (natives) are now taking, in mortgaging their lands. It is quite true that mortgaging property is customary among the pakehas; but it is a practice by which many men are ruined. To derive any advantage from it, a man must be unusually cautious and experienced: but the natives are altogether inexperienced

in such matters. It is doubtless safe to mortgage to a just European—a man of honorable principles. Another necessary thing is, that the interpreters should truthfully and clearly explain all the provisions in the mortgage deed, so that the Maoris may fully understand it, lest they sign their names to they know not what. Let no man sign his name to a mortgage deed unless he thoroughly understand its contents: he may then sign or not as he pleases. The provisions contained in the mortgage deeds which the natives are now executing, we consider objectionable. The correct thing would be to make the mortgage cover the amount only of the debt owing by the mortgagor at the date of his signing the deed: but it is not so managed. In the mortgages which are now being executed it is usual to insert the words ‘and for all future advances:’ so that the land is taken as security, not only for past advances, but also for whatever goods may be given subsequent to the execution of the mortgage. Then the pakeha exhibits his goods to tempt the man, who is caught like a fish upon a hook. His debt, in consequence of his continually drawing fresh supplies of goods, added to the interest, becomes so heavy that at last the land has to go, because he is unable to pay. Henceforth, if any of you give a mortgage, let it be only for the value of the goods you have already received: let there be no such words inserted as ‘and for all future advances which may hereafter be made.’ If such words be inserted, the astute and unscrupulous trader will take advantage of them to induce the mortgagor to take his goods, so that he may absorb the whole of the land; that would suit him exactly. Some of you are even now heavily in debt for goods which you have obtained, and your lands are already mortgaged. We feel assured that you will not be able to pay off your debts within the number of years named in the mortgage deeds; the result will be that your lands must go, for your debts are constantly increasing in amount. It would be better for you to sell outright a portion of the lands so mortgaged, to enable you to pay off these debts at once, so that the remaining portion of your lands may be clear. This would be preferable to losing the whole; a portion would be secured to you. If you do not dispose of a part to clear off the other part, you will in the end lose the whole (ie., of the mortgaged lands.) If you get a part of your lands thus cleared, take warning, and be on your guard

afterwards. Keep out of debt; pay for your goods as you get them. You know the old (Maori) proverbs:— ‘Attack with one hand, and defend with the other’ (i.e., when you take goods with one hand, have the payment ready in the other); and ‘Depart satisfied, remain satisfied’ (i.e., the purchaser departs satisfied, and the seller remains satisfied.) If you determine upon selling some land, let it not be done privately. Make no bargains in a corner of the house. Advertise in the European newspapers, so that your intentions may be publicly known amongst the pakehas; and you may thus find some one who will give you a higher price than you would otherwise have obtained. This is the pakeha custom, and sometimes they sell by auction.”

How can Mr. Sheehan say, in the face of this, that the natives “had not even the assistance of a disinterested friend.” I could say very much more upon this matter, but as my object is simply to clear my own character from the reflections cast upon it, I shall not pursue the subject further.

Apologising for encroaching so much upon your space.
—I am, &c,

JAMES GRINDELL.

Wellington, October 15.¹⁵

Te Wananga reported only that Grindell had accepted the £50 but the *New Zealand Times* leapt to his defence,

... Mr. Sheehan’s organ, by means of that most malicious of all untruths, a suppression of what is the truth, alters altogether the tenor of Mr. Grindell’s letter. This proves one thing, at all events, namely, that however much the simple-minded natives who put their cases and their cash into Mr. Sheehan’s hands may on that account be credited with an ignorance of the value of money, they cannot, so far as their newspaper is concerned, be considered ignorant of the meanest practices of journalism.¹⁶

“Sheehan’s organ” *Te Wananga* responded with acid cool, denied (not altogether truthfully) Sheehan’s influence and ended a long editorial with, “We are more amused than pained at the notice given to us by our contemporary”.¹⁷

Grindell was still in Wellington in 1875: he wrote to McLean (Native Minister, now Sir Donald) on 16 November,

The other day when I was in your office you expressed a desire to see some of the articles in the "Wananga". I therefore take the liberty of enclosing a few of the numbers for your perusal. I have marked the most noticeable articles and paragraphs.

*Please have the goodness to direct that they may be returned to me, as they belong to my file, and I may require them for reference.*¹⁸



Donald McLean in the 1870s

On Christmas Day 1876 he wrote again to McLean,

*I trust you are getting stronger and better in health, and that you may be spared to enjoy very many happy and peaceful returns of this festive season.*¹⁹

But it was to be McLean's last festive season for he died in January 1877. He had known and backed Grindell since 1851.

In April 1877 his son, Douglas McLean, wrote to JD Ormond,

Grindell has just been here.... (he) is anxious to procure some situation up here in which he

*might prove useful in Native matters—he speaks of his prospects for the future as not being, under present circumstances, very propitious, not so much so as his long service in the Govt. deserves. He says that my father promised him something to do up here if possible—assisting Locke for instance. I promised Grindell I would mention this to you. If you could see your way to giving him something up here always he might prove useful as agst Sheehan and Co. but it is not for me to offer an opinion. It appears he has a little land of his own up here and could get a little more & naturally is anxious to have a home for himself, in his old age, & his family & says that if "Ormond retires he has no friend to look to."*²⁰

Colenso wrote to Andrew Luff in May 1878, "*Grindell, the fool has been on a spree*".²¹

The Grindells left Napier for Poverty Bay on the s.s. *Rangatira* on 4 July 1878,²² he to restart *Te Waka Maori* (see Chapter 7).

Grindell was dismissed as interpreter under the Native Lands Act, presumably by John Sheehan, by now Grey's Native Minister. Questions were asked by Sutton and Ormond in the House, but Sheehan responded that "he did not like to give the reason of the dismissal of Grindell as it would reflect upon his private character, and injure him more than was intended by mere dismissal".²³ He considered "there was ample reason, indeed more than ample reason... and regretted it was not done earlier."²⁴ Sir George Grey said in the case of Mr. Grindell, he "held papers in his possession which showed that Mr. Grindell was not a fit person to be an interpreter".²⁵

Grindell wrote in *Te Waka*,

This arbitrary act of the Native Minister can only be regarded as an attempt at intimidation, with a view of suppressing free ventilation of opinion in the columns of the *Waka Maori* on his administration of Native affairs. The attempt will fail in its object.²⁶

The matter was debated hotly in parliament, an enquiry held and a year later the Governor rescinded Grindell's suspension; no reason was given in the newspapers,²⁷ but it appears to have resulted from the intercession of William Russell Russell, the Member for Napier in the new government under Premier John Hall. Captain Russell wrote to the Native Minister William Rolleston,

Mr. James Grindell formerly a Licensed Interpreter residing at present in Napier asked me to use my interest to have his licence returned—he assures me he never has received any intimation as to why his Licence was cancelled and that the only reason he can conceive of was an instance of drunkenness.

*He is now a total abstainer and is I believe likely to remain so. I would therefore ask you unless there may be reasons of which I am unaware to have his Licence returned. I may mention Mr Ormond agrees with me it would be well to do so.*²⁸

In September 1879 Grindell had been interpreter at the polling booth at Taradale,²⁹ after which,

Mr R. P. Giffard, a very old Hawke's Bay settler, yesterday met with his death in a very sudden manner. He had been to record his vote at Clive, and in the afternoon he left for home. Shortly afterwards several gentlemen found him dead in the road, about half-a-mile from Mr White's hotel at Farndon. Mr Grindell with two or three friends at that moment drove up in a buggy, and the body of Mr Giffard was lifted into the Vehicle and carried to the hotel. The train to Napier came up very soon afterwards, and Mr Grindell, knowing that Dr. Hitchings was on board, went to the station and asked him to see Mr Giffard. He did so, the railway authorities kindly consenting to stop the train until he returned. He found Mr Giffard past all medical skill—quite dead. The inquest will be held at three o'clock this afternoon.³⁰

The deceased had been drinking heavily for some time.³¹

Grindell was involved as interpreter in a dispute between local Māori and the Member of the House of Representatives Frederick Sutton over land the Supreme Court had found legally belonged to Sutton at Oamarunui.

Sutton was notorious for the way he obtained Māori land. He gave Māori extensive credit on goods at his store, underwritten by a mortgage on their land. If they couldn't pay he took the land. This didn't always work though. In 1874 he tried to acquire the last remaining Māori share in a block of land by moving his house onto it. Owner Karaitiana Takamoana and his followers retaliated by dismantling the house and throwing the pieces across the road onto Sutton's property.³²

A racist and misogynist reporter did his best for the *Hawke's Bay Herald*,

SERVING THE WRIT AT OMARANUI

Yesterday morning a bailiff, who had volunteered to serve the writ in the Oamarunui case, accompanied by several assistants and by Mr Sutton, M.H.R., the owner of the land, and Mr Grindell, interpreter, proceeded in vehicles to Oamarunui.

It was known that Captain Preece, acting under instructions from the Native Minister, had warned the natives that the writ of the Supreme Court would shortly be served, and the party

expected to find the pa full of natives. They were therefore surprised, on arrival, to see that the place was to all appearances deserted. The usual complement of ill-bred curs, cats, and hens, found in every Maori village, were wandering about in sleepy fashion, but the whares seemed tenantless, not a human being appearing. However, just as the pa was about to be searched, two ancient creatures dressed like women, but looking more like dried male mummies, came hobbling up, followed by a piccanniny or two. A third old woman next made her appearance, and then a fine-looking young woman of Amazonian build, who had around her a small troop of children. An examination of the pa revealed no one else, save an old man ploughing in a field near by, who made off as soon as he saw the party.

Mr Grindell, interpreting for the bailiff, explained the object of the visit, and asked where the men were. The reply was that they were all out, sheep-shearing or doing other work at the neighboring stations. Mr Grindell said he was informed that Captain Preece had told them of the intended service of the visit. To this the Amazon answered that Captain Preece's message was that the Government did not wish them to turn out, and that they were not to go for Mr Sutton.

This unexpected absence of any men placed the party in somewhat of a quandary. It was felt that to turn out a few helpless old women and children was not a very noble undertaking, and accordingly a renewed search was made for the men of the hapu. Not one, however, could be found. After some discussion as to the best method of proceeding a conversation in substance the following ensued:—

Mr Grindell: We do not want to use force. Just walk with us outside the pa, or we will drive you in the cabs.

Old Woman No. One (excitedly): No; we will never, never, never leave.

Number Two (more excitedly): Chop me up into pieces and throw the bits outside the pa. I will never go alive.

Mr Grindell: But the Supreme Court says this land is Mr Sutton's, and you were ordered to go five years ago.

Young Amazon: We did not sell the land to Mr Sutton, and we will not go until we are thrust out. We were sitting peaceably in our homes when the noise of your war-party aroused us.



Omarunui, *Illustrated London News* 13 January 1867.

A war-party of pakehas to make war on old women and decrepit men!

The women then became most excited, gesticulating violently as they all spoke at once, and shaking their fists at the invaders.

Relieved by this outburst, the women talked more collectedly, asserting that another piece of land had been given to Mr Sutton instead of Omaranui.

Mr Sutton explained that he had rejected the land offered, because it was not of equal value, but he would have taken a piece of equal value.

The Europeans retired for a consultation, the conclusion come to being that the men had purposely left the pa, believing that the Sheriff would not execute the writ upon women only. This conclusion was arrived at from the taunts of the women, and their evident confidence that they would not be disturbed.

The women suddenly passed from the extreme of excited anger to good humor, the youngest one asking, in a bantering tone, if the pakehas had decided which of them to chop up first, and suggesting that a commencement should be made upon her. Mr Grindell tried the effect of flattery, telling the young woman that she was too young and handsome to be chopped up. Though a Maori, she proved herself a true daughter of Eve, exclaiming, with a pleased naïveté, "Ah, that makes me mild."

This led to conversation of a more peaceful character, the young woman before referred to proving herself an adept at repartee in Maori fashion.

The Europeans, after, an hour's talk, retired to the carriages, to wait in the hope that some men of the hapu would come up. After an hour's delay only one old man, lame and stupid—apparently the one seen earlier in the day—came to the pa, and the bailiff and his assistants were forced to the unwilling conclusion that they would have to eject women only.

At Mr Sutton's request Mr Grindell again attempted to induce the women to leave peaceably, explaining that it was not Mr Sutton who demanded that they should leave, but the Queen, through her officers, who had declared that the land must be given to Mr Sutton. They were finally told that if they would not go quietly the bailiffs would, much against their will, be obliged to use force, in ejecting them. The writ was read over

to them in English and Maori, and Mr Grindell again explained how matters stood.

A new development then presented itself. After again declaring that they would never leave the pa alive the youngest woman suddenly exclaimed that if they took her they would have to take her naked. In pursuance of this threat she "let go the halyards," to borrow a nautical expression, and prepared to let everything go with a run.

This fairly nonplussed the bailiffs for a time, but Mr Grindell had to tell the women that, however shocked the bailiffs might be, they must do their duty. Upon this the Amazon stripped off her upper garment, and as her wardrobe was of a limited character, it seemed probable that she would fulfil the threat. The other women also followed suit, and the bailiffs, who had again advanced, retired once more to the carriages.

Nothing was done for some time, and the sun began to go down. At last it was felt that, however disagreeable the task might be, it had to be performed, and the bailiffs returned to the enclosure. They first laid hands upon the old man, who was crouching upon the ground. The Amazon, who appeared to be the leader, casuistically urged that the seizure of the old man was sufficient assertion of the authority of the Court, and urged the bailiffs to retire. Mr Grindell again explained that every man, woman, and child in the pa must be put beyond the bounds of the disputed territory.

Upon this the women further divested themselves of their all too scant garments and at last stood each in an article of dress corresponding to the shirt of the male creature. This proceeding was very puzzling, but the women's idea seemed to be that if they were removed in a state of nudity the ejectment would assume the shape of an outrage, and secure for them sympathy, if not aid, from other Maoris. Perhaps, also, the episode could be conveniently distorted into an attempt on the part of the Europeans to use such force that their clothing was all torn from them.

Several times the bailiffs advanced, but, not unnaturally, they had no "stomach" for their work, seeing the shape it had taken. As time began to press, however, they again took hold of the old man, and carried him to the rails of the enclosure. The

women, in their undress gathered round, yelling, gesticulating, and pulling the old man back until he appeared likely to be torn limb from limb. His bearers dropped him suddenly, when he made off with surprising agility, and was not again seen. The bailiffs, after another pause, then seized the oldest and ugliest creature. She kicked, struggled, and yelled violently, and as she was assisted by the Amazon in a manner similar to that by which the old man was rescued, it was not an easy task to get her into the cab. It was expected that, once inside, she would remain quiet, but this anticipation proved fallacious. She sprung out again, and there was a renewal of the struggling, but the second time she was deposited in the cab she remained quietly, owing to Mr Grindell's persuasions. The Amazon was next seized, and she, too, at first struggled, but, for a reason creditable to her sex, soon went quietly. There was no difficulty with the others, who, with the children, were quickly bundled into a cab. Their discarded clothing was then handed to them; but they flung it back in the faces of the bailiffs. A real feminine fit of crying was the finish, and all seemed better for it. The Maoris were then driven beyond the boundaries of the disputed land, an offer being made to carry them to Tareha's pa, but they sulkily rejected it. On the way they somehow imbibed an idea that they were being taken to prison, in consequence of which they jumped out of the carriage and sat down on the road side.

A vain search was made all through the pa and the fields for any other inhabitant, and then the sheriff's deputy took a twig from a tree, a sod from the ground, and handed them to Mr Sutton, thus giving him possession in the formula prescribed by law.

A number of Tareha's people who were in a field near the pa then came across. The men seemed intelligent and sensible, and when the whole proceeding was narrated to them they expressed approval of the manner in which the writ had been carried out, and added that they did not blame the officers of the Court for what had occurred, though one said "The matter is not finished yet."

A formal notice in Maori, stating that the land had been delivered to Mr Sutton, was then fastened to a post, and the party returned with the exception of three men who were left in possession.

When the cabs came to where the women were seated by the roadside they seemed to be quite reconciled to the ejectment, and as Tareha's men had explained that Mr Sutton did not wish to carry them to prison they asked for the use of the carriage to take them to Tareha's pah. This was readily granted, and after donning their clothes, which were brought to them, they were driven off.

The crops and the chattels in the pa were formally seized by the sheriff's officer for the costs of the suit, amounting to about £160, but Mr Sutton caused the natives to be told that they were at liberty to remove all their belongings, as he did not wish to make the ejectment a greater hardship than he could help.

At Tareha's pa a stoppage was made on the return journey, and Tareha was "interviewed." He seemed to consider the ejectment as final and conclusive, as did the women, who, seated in a circle, were quiet, though sad.

Thus ended a very disagreeable task, but one which was necessary as an assertion of the power of the law over Maoris as well as Europeans. None liked the work, but under the circumstances the ejectment could not have been carried out with more forbearance and consideration. Mr Sutton purchased the land some ten years ago, and four years ago obtained a writ of ejectment by a suit in the Supreme Court. Mr Tylee, the then sheriff, with Major Scully, drove to Omaranui. The men of the pa on that occasion also stayed away, but Henare Tomoana, who is chief of another hapu, was present and used threats which caused Mr Tylee to prevent the service of the writ, although Major Scully was prepared to carry it out. Yesterday the assistance of the police was refused to the sheriff.

LATEST DEVELOPMENT.

We learn that about two hours after the sheriff's party had left, a native policeman, accompanied by eight other Maoris, returned to Omaranui and told the men in possession to leave, or they would be put out by force. The natives asserted that they had been to Captain Preece, Native Agent, and Mr Hamlin, and that those gentlemen informed them that the ejectment had been carried out by the orders of Mr Sutton, and not by the Supreme Court. They refused to give their names. The men in possession accordingly left. We presume that the next step will be an action by Mr Sutton for trespass.³³

The *Wairarapa Standard* commented, albeit tangentially,

It is not important to our story to remember that Mr Grindell had his license taken away by the Grey Government, and restored by the present land-loving Executive; nor is it necessary to remember, although interesting, that Messrs Sutton and Grindell are both by profession, disciples of Soyer—the member for the House having catered for the whites in days gone by, while the interpreter on the West Coast many years, since qualified himself for his present avocations, by preparing potatoes and pigs for his dusky employers. There was thus a recognised bond of fellowship between them.³⁴

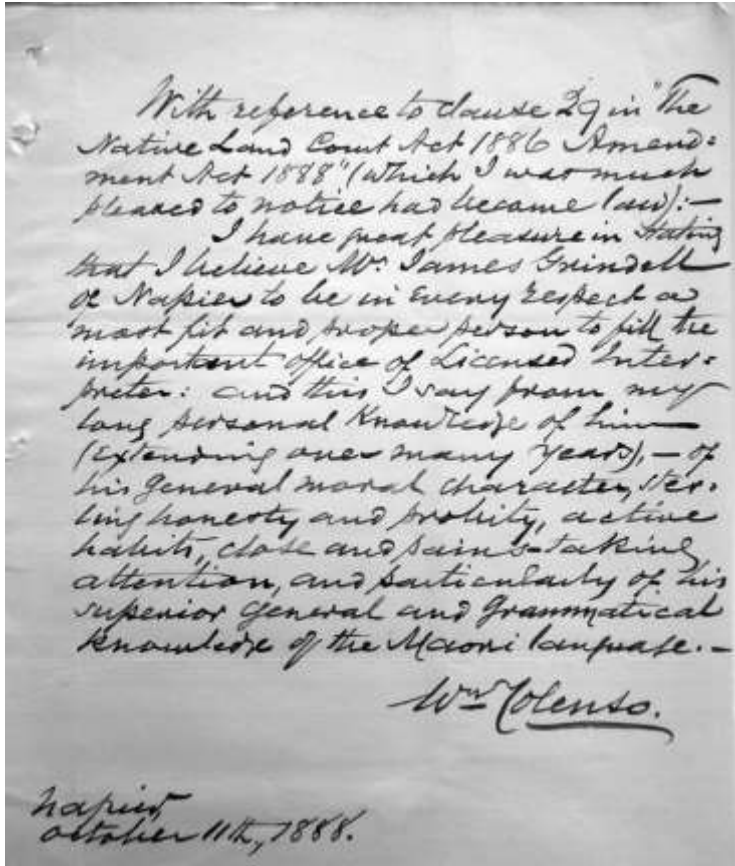
In February 1881 Grindell was 57, but perhaps feeling his age,

With reference to Dr Hitchings' statement at the Foresters' dinner on Wednesday evening—that, with the exception of Mr T. K. Newton he is the oldest living inhabitant, and built the first house—Mr. Grindell desires us to make an explanation. Though the point is not of much consequence, he thinks it as well that the facts should be accurately stated. Mr Grindell claims to be the Patriarch of Napier. He came here to take charge of a trading station established at Onepoto by Messrs Alexander and Gollan—the first building erected on the site where the township was subsequently laid out. Mr Newton came here a year or eighteen months afterwards, and eventually took over Messrs Alexander and Gollan's business. Mr Alexander is dead, and Mr Gollan is in England, so that Mr Grindell is the "oldest inhabitant." He adds that when Dr Hitchings came J. McKane had an hotel on the Western Spit, and Munn's Hotel (the Royal) was also in existence.³⁵

He was interpreting in court and in land disputes, often acting as agent for Maori claimants. In 1882 he made a presentation on behalf of the ladies of the Trinity Wesleyan Church, to the retiring pastor.³⁶ His name was often listed among donors to various charities. In 1884 he was one of the subscribers to *In Memoriam*, Colenso's book on his Ruahine crossings. He taught te reo at the Napier Athenaeum in 1886 and in September 1886 he interpreted for temperance lecturer Matthew Burnett for local Maori; he advertised a new seven room

house for rent.³⁷ His daughter was playing the piano at local events, his son winning prizes for singing at school. He was respectable.

Then in February 1887 he was fined for “disorderly conduct in a public place” in Porangahau, fined £1 (19s costs) and given 7 days’ hard labour.³⁸



With reference to clause 29 in 'The Native Land Court Act 1886 Amendment Act 1888' (which I was much pleased to notice had become law):—
I have great pleasure in stating that I believe Mr. James Grindell of Napier to be in every respect a most fit and proper person to fill the important office of Licensed Interpreter: and this I say from my long personal knowledge of him (extending over many years),—of his general moral character, being honest and probity, active habits, close and pains-taking attention, and particularly of his superior general and grammatical knowledge of the Maori language.—
Wm Colenso.
Napier
October 11th, 1888.

William Colenso's reference for Grindell.
Archives C 429 493 MA-MLP 1 50, 1898/149.

On file in the NZ National Archives at Wellington is a collection of references as to Grindell's character and skills signed in late 1888 by

some of the best known and most honest men in the Province: Wilson Cotterill of Sainsbury Logan, Captain WR Russell, Mr Tanner, Henry Stokes Tiffen, Rev. James Paterson, George Preece RM, Rev Dr David Sidey and Rev. William Colenso.³⁹

In January 1889 he was, however, charged in the Napier Resident Magistrate's Court with drunkenness, did not appear and his bail of £1 was estreated.⁴⁰ In March he sued a client for non-payment for translating documents.⁴¹ In May he was sued for not fencing his land in Poverty Bay.⁴²

Grindell had negotiated many land deals in earlier years and during the 1890s he was often a witness in actions disputing land rights.⁴³ In 1893 the Grindells got a telephone: "The latest addition to the Telephone Exchange is Mr James Grindell, native agent, private residence, Carlyle street, No. 179".⁴⁴

On 10 May 1895 the *Herald* reported from a meeting of the Napier Fire Brigade that, among other apparent acts of vandalism, "A few days ago it was found that the brigade shed in Carlyle-street had been nailed up in such a way that considerable effort was necessary to free the doors so that they could be opened". The rival *Daily Telegraph* pounced,

A FAIRY TALE SPOILED.

A COCK-AND-BULL STORY of "miscreants" who are hatching "diabolical plots," and who as part of their programme seek to destroy the plant of the Fire Brigade, has been made public. So far as we can gather, the assertions made are quite unfounded, and those who published them were probably hoaxed by some stupid perpetrator of more stupid practical jokes.... The most sensational charge of the lot—that of nailing up the Fire Brigade shed in Carlyle street, so that the firemen might be hindered—is the most comical affair of them all. The "miscreant" who nailed up the shed was our respectable townsman Mr Grindell. He did it during the last severe storm. About midnight he was awakened by what he thought were cannon shots. He found that the gale was banging the unbolted doors of the Fire Brigade shed near his residence so violently that he was afraid they would be wrenched from their hinges. Desiring to save the property of the ratepayers from needless destruction, he, at considerable trouble, and in a howling storm of wind and rain,

managed to drive one two-inch nail into the doors in such a manner that they were prevented from blowing open again. Had there been a lock, and had he had the key of it, he would have fastened the doors by means of that lock and key. But there were no such things available, so with his own hammer and a small nail—we are under the impression that if he was not in a solitary flowing garment he was not fully clothed—he braved “Jupiter Pluvius” and the elements while he did the Brigade and the ratepayers a good turn. This is the foundation of the story of “diabolical plots” to destroy the town.⁴⁵

In 1897 Grindell wrote his “series of interesting reminiscences of early travel in New Zealand” (see Chapter 3). In 1898 Captain Russell wrote to RJ Seddon, Premier,

In accordance with your suggestion I write a few lines about Mr James Grindell an Interpreter residing at Napier.

He was for many years in government employ and was retired by Mr Sheehan when he was Native Minister and received I believe £600 in loss of office—he has worked at Native Interpreting & such kind of jobs ever since—and is I know a first rate man at native work. He writes me that he is now penniless. He must be a man of 70 years of age (I do not know his age) but remains active and fit for work.

*If anything could be found for him to do I feel sure he would do it well and conscientiously.*⁴⁶

Seddon had Grindell appointed to the Hastings Appellate Court.

1 Colenso to McLean 7 October 1871, ATL Object #1010857 from MS-Papers-0032-0222.

2 *Evening Post* 8 January 1872.

3 *Evening Post* 3 February 1872.

4 Archives C320 459 record no. 1872/3000.

5 Parliamentary Papers, Appendix to the Journals of the House of Representatives, 1873 Session

6 *Wanganui Herald* 12 March 1873.

7 *Evening Post* 5 June 1873. See also Luiten J 2014. Muaupoko land and politics scoping report. Wai 2200 Porirua ki Manawatu District Inquiry Report commissioned by the Waitangi Tribunal. For a detailed account of the Horowhenua land purchases and Grindell’s considerable involvement, see <http://horowhenua.kete.net.nz/documents/607/Chapt08.pdf>. Chapter 8 Kukutauaki 1872 to 1885.

8 Rogan to Native Minister. Archives C427 511 record no. 1873/1–221.

9 Bunny to Grindell 10 May 1873. Archives WP series 9/6 p34.

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- 10 Fox to Rogan 31 May 1873. ATL Object #1002411 from MS-Papers-0032-0280. John Ballance, editor of the *Wanganui Herald*, would later be Prime Minister himself. The rather innocuous, if racist, paragraph Fox took such exception to is in the 21 May 1873 issue.
 - 11 *Wanganui Herald* 22 May 1873.
 - 12 Grindell to McLean 24 May 1873. ATL Object #1010496 from MS-Papers-0032-0304. His letter to Cooper has not, if it was ever written, survived.
 - 13 Parliamentary Papers, Appendix to the Journals of the House of Representatives, 1874 Session I.
 - 14 ATL MS-copy-micro-0748-1 no.15.
 - 15 *New Zealand Times* 18 October 1875.
 - 16 *New Zealand Times* 26 October 1875.
 - 17 *Wananga* 6 November 1875.
 - 18 Grindell to McLean 16 November 1875. ATL Object #1007907 from MS-Papers-0032-0304.
 - 19 Grindell to McLean 25 December 1876. ATL Object #1008270 from MS-Papers-0032-0304.
 - 20 Douglas McLean to JD Ormond 12 April 1877. ATL Micro-copy-Ms-0726-28.
 - 21 Colenso to Andrew Luff 21 May 1878. ATL MS-Copy-Micro-0485-4.
 - 22 *Hawke's Bay Herald* 5 July 1878.
 - 23 *New Zealand Herald* 29 August 1878.
 - 24 *Thames Star* 29 August 1878.
 - 25 *New Zealand Times* 29 August 1878.
 - 26 *Waka Maori* 4 September 1878.
 - 27 *New Zealand Times* 14 November 1879.
 - 28 WR Russell to the Native Minister 27 October 1879. Archives C457 461 record no. 1892/544.
 - 29 *Hawke's Bay Herald* 10 September 1879.
 - 30 *Hawke's Bay Herald* 11 September 1879.
 - 31 *Evening Post* 11 September 1879.
 - 32 Kerryn Pollock. Hawke's Bay region—Government, education and health. *Te Ara - the Encyclopedia of New Zealand*, <http://www.TeAra.govt.nz/en/hawkes-bay-region/page-9> (accessed 8 September 2018)
 - 33 *Hawke's Bay Herald* 8 December 1880.
 - 34 *Wairarapa Standard* 14 December 1880. Alexis Soyer was a flamboyant French chef; Sutton had been a shopkeeper, Grindell a publican.
 - 35 *Hawke's Bay Herald* 19 February 1881. McKain and Villers "Travellers' Rest".
 - 36 *Hawke's Bay Herald* 31 March 1882.
 - 37 *Daily Telegraph* 24 November 1886.
 - 38 *Hawke's Bay Herald* 8 February 1887.
 - 39 Archives C457 461 record no. 88/2216.
 - 40 *Hawke's Bay Herald* 22 January 1889.
 - 41 *Daily Telegraph* 12 March 1889.
 - 42 *Daily Telegraph* 22 May, 15 June, *Hawke's Bay Herald* 2 October 1889.
 - 43 For instance in 1892 he was the subject of an enquiry into a breach of the Land Regulations: Archives C457 461 record no. 1892/54.
 - 44 *Daily Telegraph* 22 April 1893.
 - 45 *Daily Telegraph* 10 May 1895.
 - 46 Archives C429 493 record no. 1898/149. Grindell was 75.
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CHAPTER 7: NIUPEPA MAORI

In April 1862 James Wood, editor of the *Hawke's Bay Herald*, published a notice in English and te reo, suggesting a Maori language newspaper printed in Napier,

TO THE MAORI CHIEFS AND PEOPLE OF THIS PART OF NEW ZEALAND.

FRIENDS.—The importance to yourselves of having a newspaper printed at Napier in your own language, is greater, perhaps, than you can at present realise; but that you have some idea of the value of such a publication is evinced by the number of native communications which now reach me for insertion in the English newspaper, and by the opinions I have heard expressed by many of your number. The question, however, which I now ask is this,—Are you sufficiently impressed with the value of having a native newspaper, to be prepared to pay for it? And that this may be answered, I make to you the following proposition:—



James Wood

On condition that 100 persons of the native race are each willing to subscribe £1 per annum, and to pay 10s. of that amount into my hands or those of a responsible agent in Napier,—

I will immediately print a small newspaper in the native language, or part English and part Maori, as may be required; and publish the same every Monday morning, in time to be forwarded to Maori settlements by the posts which leave on that day.

This newspaper will contain the arrivals of vessels at, and departures from, Napier; an Almanac for the week; an account of any news that may reach Napier; and of any local occurrences. It will also contain letters from natives to

Europeans, or from Europeans to natives; and advertisements of goods for sale by Europeans, of horses lost, and other matters.

This newspaper will be, in one sense, the natives' own. That is to say, it will be a reflection of their own views and opinions, and will not be under the influence of any government or party.

Should the proposed arrangement be carried into effect, I hope to be able to arrange with Mr. Grindell to do the work of translation. I now wait your replies.

From your Friend,

JAMES WOOD.

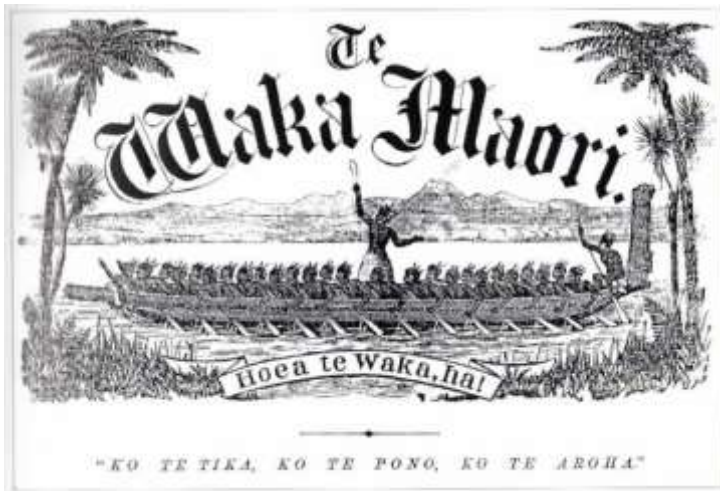
Herald Office, April 10, 1862.¹

In 1863 Grindell was 40 when McLean approached him to edit (ie, not simply translate: he received £5 a month) the te reo newspaper *Te Waka Maori o Ahuriri* (1863–1871), printed weekly by Wood at the *Herald* office. The paper was supported financially by the government and its editorial policy was pro-government. Grindell was by now clearly a McLean protégé and he was mindful of that in the views he chose to publish. He wrote to McLean in 1864,

I have been very anxious about the "Leader" of next issue of the "Waka" since you left, not knowing when you would return. I am not sure that I quite understood your instructions with regard to Paora & the Runangas. At all events I believe a hit at the Runangas cannot possibly do any harm under present circumstances; more particularly as many natives in the Province & elsewhere have been great sufferers by their proceedings, & I am quite sure a feeling response will be elicited from many, (which may be printed); anything in opposition may be merely noticed in "Notices to Correspondents". Upon the whole I think the effect will be to weaken the power of the Runangas, as at present constituted....

Would you be good enough to let me know if the Leader will do— & strike out what you do not like. I must have it if possible on Thursday night so as to let Wood have it in time for setting up.²

Grindell wrote to McLean on 27 January 1870, seeking reports of speeches made at Maori settlements, which might "have a beneficial effect if published amongst the natives throughout the island".³



In June 1870 he wrote again to McLean,

It was my intention to have informed you why I have discontinued the “Waka Maori”, and I must apologise for not having done so, but my almost continual absence up country & ignorance of your whereabouts is the only excuse I have to offer. It was impossible that I could support my family upon the pittance (£5 per month) which I received for the paper. I was therefore under the necessity of seeking employment wherever it could be found and the consequence is that I am almost continually travelling. This alone has prevented me from carrying on the paper, which I should have done had I been able to remain in Town. I very much regret that I have been obliged to give it up as I think it was useful & I took an interest in it. I have received many Letters from the natives enquiring about it. Perhaps at some future period I may be in a position to enable me to carry it on again if such should be your desire. I have just entered into an arrangement with Mr Ormond to assist in the purchase of the 70 mile bush, conditional upon the Govt. granting the money. I was in the country when you arrived at Napier so that I lost that opportunity of seeing you which I much desired to do.⁴

Nonetheless he wrote again on 11 May 1871,

*I am now preparing another issue of Te “Waka”. If there be anything you wish to say to the natives of this Province, it will be a good opportunity of giving publicity to it.*⁵

On 26 June 1871,

I sent you a Waka on Saturday. You will see I had to curtail their speeches & put down only the most harmless parts. My notes were voluminous but it would not do to publish all they said about being tricked or cheated out of their lands &c. by the Pakeha. This would only have been putting a weapon into the hands of Hau Haus & Kingites.

*I send you some reports I have recd. about a meeting at Kawhia. Perhaps you would not mind looking over them tonight if you have time so that I may have them as early as may be convenient for publication if you do not object to their being published. The natives who sent them may not write again if I do not publish them. I suppose there is no secrecy in their contents, as they are reports of proceedings at a public meeting and no doubt some Europeans were there. Probably some objectionable parts might be omitted.*⁶

After Grindell moved to Wellington the paper became *Te Waka Maori o Niu Tirani*, financed by the state and published fortnightly by the Government Printer in Wellington from October 1871 till 1878.

The rival niupepa Māori was *Te Wananga* and the editors did not like each other,

We (‘Hawke’s Bay Herald’) observe that a controversy has been going on between the editors of the ‘Waka Maori’ and ‘Wananga,’ as to the correctness of each other’s Maori grammar and composition. One of them charges the other with committing an unintentional obscenity by the misuse of the particle *aī*. The other treats the charge as ridiculous, and endeavours to expose the ignorance of his contemporary. We can form no opinion directly on questions of Maori grammar, but if knowledge of English grammar is a safe criterion, and it probably is so, there can be no doubt which editor has the best of it. Mr Grindell’s English is always correct, and generally spirited. As to Mr White’s, the less said about it the better.⁷

John White had been secretary to Governor Grey and a Native Land Court interpreter. He was author of *The Ancient History of the Maori*. Coupland Harding wrote,

*Grindell was a pugilistic Irishman, never happy apparently unless in hot water, and the Waka was always in the wars. He was at daggers drawn with John White whose Maori (tell it not in Gath) was deplorably bad.*⁸

In 1876 the government ceased its financial support for *Te Waka* but as a result of vociferous Māori protest it continued, supported by subscriptions and edited by Grindell as part of his public service duties until July 1877.⁹

On Christmas Day 1876 he wrote again to McLean,

The Waka was ready at the proper time, and, as the Hon. Doctor Pollen was going away, Mr Cooper submitted it to Mr Ormond for his approval; that gentleman, as he also was going away, handed it over to the Premier, in whose possession it has been ever since. He has been, I believe, unable to devote much attention to it, owing to the multiplicity of matters requiring his consideration, and he is keeping it till Mr Bowen's return (who was expected on the 23^d) to confer with him on the subject. I am informed he objects to the style of it, or some passages of it, as being too pungent.

I suppose strictly speaking I have no right to send a copy away until it is approved by the Government, but I venture to enclose an unauthorised proof-copy for your private perusal. No doubt they will expunge some passages of it, or perhaps they will object to the tone of it altogether. I have a considerable quantity of matter prepared for another issue.

*Without the slightest disposition to blame anyone, I cannot help feeling that a paper for the contents of which the Government is responsible, can never be carried on in that spirit of outspoken independence which is necessary to make it effective—one's efforts will always be cramped by a fear of giving offence to someone.*¹⁰

But within a few days McLean died.

On 23 August 1876 Colenso had written to his friend Andrew Luff in London, "*I also send you a copy of the 'Waka-Maori' as it contains the letter from the natives of Te Aute, denouncing H.R.R., and for the*

*publishing of which (the Wananga says) H.R.R. is going to prosecute Grindell!!”*¹¹

This referred to a celebrated libel case, brought after the demise of the *Waka Maori*, in which Henry Robert Russell (“Lord Henry” of Mt Herbert Station and founder of Waipukurau), sued James Grindell, editor, and George Didsbury, printer and publisher, for £10,000 before the Chief Justice in the Wellington Supreme Court.¹² The action followed *Te Waka’s* publication of letters critical of Russell, for instance,

I, Mangai Uhuuhu Kingi, and others (names attached), have discovered that the whole procedure of the pakeha, Henry Russell, is reprehensible; that his wrong doings are evil in the extreme. With respect to his acts of cajolery and deception practised towards us in times long past, together with those spoken of above, and his promise that he would act the part of a father towards the Maoris, and that he would take care of our lands as a possession for our children after us, lest they should be absorbed by the many pakehas of Napier. I have to say that in no case whatever did the pakehas of Napier act towards us as he has done; they never came endeavoring to wheedle away our lands under the assumed cloak of friendship, and then afterwards trying to get their lands from them. A sum of £5 for four years’ rent! Verily the Maoris have come to grief through the acts of Henry Russell. Attempting to retrace their steps, they find the water has reached to their necks; they are powerless to return to the shore, and are lost in the depths of the ocean. He is a perfect taniwha, this Henry Russell (a fabulous reptile supposed to frequent deep waters), in his capacity for devouring men. He has a throat like the parata, which we erroneously supposed existed in distant seas, but we find it here in our midst (meaning a fabulous monster said to exist in the depths of the ocean, supposed to cause the ebb and flow of the tides by drawing in and ejecting the water from its stomach alternately). He is a more obnoxious weed than the Scotchman (i.e. the Scotch thistle), &c.¹³

It was hot news nationally: the *Waikato Times* reported,

Publication was admitted by defendants. Ponatitari proved that having heard that his name was attached to one of the alleged libellous letters, he caused it to be struck out before the letter was printed. Henry Grace Clark examined at great length gave evidence very unwillingly, but was obliged to admit that the letters were referred to him. He considered them libellous, detained them one month, and told Grindell it was not right to attack Russell. The letters were ultimately printed on the written order of McLean.¹⁴

McLean had been dead seven months. Russell won his case and the *Evening Post* huffed,

The great Waka Maori libel case has ended by the jury returning a verdict for the plaintiff with £500 damages and costs. The latter it is thought, will not much fall short in the aggregate of £4000, so that the taxpayers of the Colony will be mulcted of that amount through the blundering of the servants of the Government in printing and publishing what, on the very face of them, were gross libels concerning the plaintiff. It is certainly a scandalous thing that public money to so large an amount should be squandered in this way. In the first place, the Government should have discontinued the publication of the Waka Maori long ago. The House had expressed a distinct wish on the subject, and had refused to vote the money to defray the cost of maintaining the publication. In the face of this the Government continued to issue the paper, and now it has cost the Colony a pretty penny. In the second place, had ordinary caution and prudence been observed in connection with the editorial control of the Waka Maori, the libellous letters would never have been allowed to appear at all. The gross nature of the abuse with which they were filled at once stamped them as libels. The plaintiff, Mr. RUSSELL, was compared to the serpent which beguiled Adam and Eve, to the taniwha, and other fabulous reptiles of Maori mythology, while the general character of the assertions made respecting his action had libel in almost every line of them. Of course the plaintiff had no other course left open to him for the vindication of his character except to bring this action. In doing so he was placed at the serious disadvantage that he had to pit his individual purse against the public Treasury chest, which the Government had

at their command. Had not Mr. Russell been a gentleman possessed of means, he would have been unable to carry on the unequal struggle to the end. Nominally the defendants were the publisher and editor of the *Waka Maori*, but as was specifically admitted by the Attorney-General in reply to a question put by Mr. Rees, the Government defrayed all the cost and took charge of the defence. Thus the case was one in which a private citizen had to fight the Government in the Law Courts. If he lost the action the heavy cost incurred might be almost ruinous to him, while if the Government lost it such a result was of no consequence whatever to Ministers individually, as everything would be paid by the country. A contest conducted under such conditions was a most unfair one for the plaintiff. Moreover as the line of defence adopted was a plea of justification, for months together the whole machinery of the Government, lawyers, interpreters, and native agents—was set in motion at enormous expense to bring home the charges made against Mr. RUSSELL. Fortunately for the Plaintiff he has obtained a verdict and is freed from any liability for the enormous costs attached to the suit. Even under those circumstances we doubt if the £500 damages obtained will cover his extrajudicial costs and other outlay, and save him much in pocket. To our view it is in the highest degree objectionable that the Government should continue to publish the *Waka Maori*. The recent action has shown that the paper in question may be made the medium of libelling private individuals who would be debarred from obtaining redress, save at the risk of incurring a heavy liability. We trust that the Government have not yet heard the last of this *Waka Maori* libel case, but that in some way or other their action with respect to it will be emphatically condemned by Parliament.¹⁵

The *Wairarapa Standard* chipped in,

The Government have been wrong in this matter from beginning to end. They ought not to have turned the *Waka Maori* into a political organ; they ought not to have continued it after the House had signified that it should not be continued; they ought to have taken care not to have given occasion for an action for libel; they ought not to have employed the public funds in defending such an action.¹⁶

The case attracted attention in the House,

NO CONFIDENCE MOTION.

About a quarter past three this afternoon, in the House, Mr. Larnach gave notice of a motion on the *Waka Maori* affair, to be called on going into Committee of Supply. It was couched in such strong terms that the Government, amidst cheers from the Opposition, at once announced that they should accept it as a “No Confidence” motion, and Mr. Whitaker moved the adjournment of the House, which was agreed to.¹⁷

The Ministry saw the *Waka* as a necessary foil to the anti-government pro-Repudiationist *Wananga* published from Pakowhai, but others saw it as party-influenced and partisan; the *Wairarapa Standard* was merciless,

The publication of this paper enabled the Government to defend their own proceedings, and to denounce those of their opponents. It gave them full opportunity of disseminating the views of their own party, of advancing their friends, and reprobating those politically opposed to them. But after the paper had been in existence some time the House took the alarm, and, with the prescient foreboding of mischief, directed its discontinuance. The sacrifice, however, was too trying for those in office. The delight they experienced in wielding the editorial whip, the encouragement of friends, and the disparagement of opponents, afforded too keen an enjoyment to be readily abandoned. The vote of the House was therefore ignored for the time being, and this publication continued as before.¹⁸

So much for James Wood’s promise: “This newspaper will be, in one sense, the natives’ own. That is to say, it will be a reflection of their own views and opinions, and will not be under the influence of any government or party”.

In early October 1877 a vote of no confidence in the government succeeded, at least partly as a result of the *Waka Maori* scandal. The Atkinson Ministry was out on 13 October and former Governor Sir George Grey became Prime Minister.

A letter in te reo to the *NZ Times*, translated in a later issue, was presumably written by Grindell,

**THE COMPLAINT OF THE WAKA
MAORI AGAINST ITS CHILDREN.**

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW ZEALAND TIMES.

Friend,—Salutations to you. This is my greeting to you my elder newspaper relative (my superior). Great is my grief about these children of New Zealand; that is, Hoani Nahe, Taiaroa, and Karaitiana Takamoana, on account of their deceitful conduct towards me, the Maori canoe (*Te Waka Maori*) of New Zealand. I was destroyed by the Parliament, my side boards and the stern piece fell down; and the main part of the canoe separated from the rest of it. Then Hoani Nahe and Taiaroa wrote a letter to the Government thus— “To the Government. Friends, turn towards our canoe, repair it, that it may be good.” The Government consented, and they repaired the canoe thoroughly, and it was much better than when first made. Then arose a chief named Larnach, and he said, “Let us destroy the canoe and those who have rebuilt it.” Then Hoani Nahe, Taiaroa, and Karaitiana Takamoana stood up, and uplifted their axes to break up the canoe; not bearing in mind the request made to the Government to repair that canoe. Then arose the Whitaker, to ward off the blows of these braves. They fell into the sea, as might be expected from their association with Takamoana (fall into the sea). The only thing now to be considered is the old Maori proverb— “When the son of Kiripuai lived the words of men were respected; but, alas, in these times we have fallen into deceit and double dealing, and men have no noble feelings, formerly the most noble trait in man was the keeping of his word, and that alone.”

Arma virumque cano.—From your ancestor.

THE MAORI CANOE, (*Te Waka Maori*).¹⁹

Grindell wrote a circular to Māori seeking subscriptions and his letter was published by the *New Zealand Times*,

THE NEW WAKA MAORI.

The “Waka Maori” having been wrecked by political storms and opposing currents, the late editor of that paper has great

pleasure in informing the Maori chiefs and tribes of New Zealand that he is making arrangements for getting another "Waka" afloat to take the place of the foundered craft; with this difference, however, that the late "Waka" was under the influence and subject to the supervision of the Government, while the new craft will be essentially a Maori vessel, navigated, read, and owned to some extent, by Maoris themselves, and altogether independent of Government influence. The natives in this country are the owners of a large and valuable landed estate, they are equal in intelligence to the generality of their pakeha compatriots, and they evince a keen interest in the political economy of the Government. These facts ought to place them in a position which would enable them to bring to bear no small influence on the deliberations of Parliament, and the framing of laws which vitally affect their interests. At the present time, however, owing to the want of a medium for giving public expression to their voices, their wants, and their grievances, they are unable to make their influence and their power felt. It is not so with the pakeha. Questions affecting the interests of the pakeha are, by means of the newspapers, ventilated and discussed from one end of the colony to the other, and thus a pressure is brought to bear both upon the representatives of the people and the Government, which cannot be ignored. But the Maori has no means of making his voice heard, except through the medium of men professing to be his friends, whereas the latter too frequently prove themselves political schemers and intriguers, seeking only to gain their own ends regardless of the welfare of the Maori. The editor of the "Waka," which is now about to be launched, is desirous of remedying this evil as far as may be, and not only affording to the natives a means of expressing their views on any question affecting their interests, but of promoting and encouraging an interchange of sentiments between the two races inhabiting these islands. Notwithstanding past disagreements and misunderstandings, there is much kindly feeling existing between the two races towards each other, for the expression of which the paper will afford facilities to each at present unattainable by either. With the assistance of a number of pakeha gentlemen, who are desirous of affording the Maoris the advantage of possessing a paper of their own, advocating their

true interests and supported by themselves, the editor of the late “Waka” is preparing to get another craft afloat—and he depends upon the assistance and co-operation of the Maoris throughout New Zealand to keep it afloat. So long as he receives their encouragement and support, he will stick steadily to the helm of his vessel, and navigate her in a straight course, regardless of wind or tide, storm or calm.

The “Waka” will be launched from Turanga, and the subscription will be 13s per year, payable in advance. Any Native or European desirous of becoming a subscriber is requested to be good enough to forward post office order for that amount, together with his address, to the editor at Gisborne, upon receipt of which the paper will be sent to him. The Maoris may rest assured that the new paper will ever be found fearlessly supporting the cause of justice and truth. From your old friend,

JAMES GRINDELL.

Gisborne, March 9th, 1878.²⁰

The *NZ Mail* repeated a *Daily Telegraph* report on Grindell’s success,

We (Napier Daily Telegraph) are glad to hear that Mr. Grindell has been abundantly successful in securing support amongst Europeans and natives for the Maori newspaper about to be established by a company at Gisborne. Mr. Grindell has sold nearly 200 shares at £5 each, and promises in this district have been made to take up the required balance, or even more if necessary. We look upon the Gisborne venture as a most beneficial one for any true hearted settler to enter into. It is absolutely necessary that the Maori population should be supplied with truthful information, and be correctly educated in political matters, considering how extensively they are enrolling themselves on the electoral rolls of the colony. Mr. Grindell is now on his way to Wellington to purchase the plant, and as soon as the press machine arrives from Melbourne the publication of the new Waka Maori will commence.²¹

The *Herald* added its support,

The *Waka Maori* has again put in an appearance. It has had several changes of habitation, and more than once it has seemingly died; but it bears a charmed life apparently, and,

though it hails from a new place, its voice is still the same. The *Waka Maori* was first published in Napier, in 1863, at the office of the HAWKE'S BAY HERALD, from which office it was issued until the place of publication was removed to Wellington. How it fared there, and by what means its career was brought to a close—temporarily only, we are glad to see—it is unnecessary to state, as it would be only repeating a wellknown tale. It is now published in Gisborne, by Mr James Grindell, under whose able editorship it obtained in former times so high a reputation. The line the *Waka* proposes to take will commend itself to all alike, to natives and to Europeans, and if that line be strictly followed, it must be beneficial to those for whom the paper is more particularly intended, and profitable to those whose money is invested in the undertaking. "In the pages of the old *Waka*," says our Maori contemporary, "the Maoris ever found truthful and honest advice, and we trust that in the new *Waka* the same regard to truth and honesty will always be apparent. We shall counsel them honestly and conscientiously for their good, individually and collectively, although our advice may not always be palatable (*sic*) to some of them."²²

A perceptive writer to the rival *Wananga* was less enthusiastic,

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WANANGA.

Friend, editor of Te Wananga, I send the words of a certain public notice, which is from Mr Grindle, writer of the "Waka Maori," which has been cast on shore on the sea coast, where that canoe has been broken to pieces, and all the old writers have been scattered by the sea and the rocks. I and my tribe, Ngaitahu, received this notice on the 16th of March, and the words of the notice are to all the chiefs, and to all the tribes, and all the people, asking them to support a new newspaper. This new newspaper is to be printed and published at Gisborne, in Poverty Bay, so that all the people of the two races may paddle in it (be supporters of it). But there are many more words of that fellow about his new newspaper which I have not written in this letter. But the object of that notice is seen. It is a desire on the part of those who issue this new paper, to try and rob the WANANGA and the new Government of power. But we of this place have not the least wish to support the new newspaper, asked by Mr. Grindle, nor shall we collect money for that

newspaper, as asked by Mr. Grindell. He asks twelve shillings per man each year. May be some of the chiefs and tribes may agree to the words of Mr. Grindell, who was a writer for the “Waka Maori.” which some time since went down into the lowest hollow on the bed of the ocean.

HORI TE AROATUA.²³

Takapau, March 10. 1878.

The Grindells left Napier for Poverty Bay on the s.s. *Rangitira* on 4 July 1878.²⁴ The *New Zealand Mail* reported,

The *Waka Maori* is again afloat, with Mr. James Grindell at the helm. We have to acknowledge the receipt of an advance copy of the first number, which is to be published at Gisborne by the Maori Newspaper Company (Limited) on the 21st instant. It comprises 16 pages foolscap, is neatly got up, the reading matter well selected, and there is a good show of advertisements. In his “leader” the editor says:— “When the resuscitation of the *Waka Maori* was first mooted a great outcry was made by certain parties whose aim and interest it is to keep the Maoris in leading strings at the expense of truth and honesty for their own ulterior purposes. We were stigmatised as venal, dishonest, and altogether corrupt. It was said in the pages of the organ of these immaculate gentlemen that we ‘might, by cunning tricks and barefaced falsehoods, try to sow dissension in the Maori ranks;’ that we might ‘do something in getting stray town Maoris to write letters (to us) and then pass their letters among Europeans as expressive of genuine Maori opinion.’ We could if we thought proper produce letters from many very respectable natives (not ‘town Maories’) making exactly similar charges against the organ of the Repudiation Party in Napier. The *Waka* was first published in Napier in the year 1863; and we defy these malicious detractors to show that even one ‘falsehood’ ever appeared in its columns during the thirteen years of its publication. However, we can afford to laugh at such calumny, knowing as we do the high estimation in which the *Waka* has ever been held by the general body of the Natives throughout the colony, and the eager expectation with which they now look for its reappearance. With respect to our obtaining letters from ‘stray town Maories’ only, we need merely say that we are supported by large bodies of the Native

people in various parts of the country, that a considerable number of chiefs of acknowledged standing and influence are shareholders in our company, and that several respectable Natives of known position and intelligence are members of our board of directors.”²⁵

Grindell published a letter from the Hon. Wi Parata of Waikanae in *Te Waka* on 4 September 1878 (McLean had died in 1877),

“To Mr. Grindell; I greet you—the man who has repaired the damages of the *Waka Maori*, which we were told was broken up into small pieces on the beach. But I find it is afloat again, for it has arrived at my home in sound condition. I am deeply affected by this memorial of our true friend, the late Sir Donald McLean, which is refitted and again ploughing the ocean in its old tracts. I desire you to send the *Waka* to me; I was one of its supporters in days past, and I shall return to it again. With respect to this *Wananga* which is begging for supporters and for money, and which slanders men who are living inoffensively, I’ll have none of it. Perhaps it will say that I am a ‘stray town Maori’ writing to the *Waka Maori*.”

—We shall send the *Waka* to our friend, the Hon. Wi Parata, as required by him. We thank him for his expression of kindly feeling, and we beg to assure him that we shall earnestly endeavor to deserve the support and good-will of our Maori friends as of old.²⁶

Te Waka Maori o Niu Tirani was published by the Gisborne Maori Newspaper Company and edited by James Grindell; it continued fortnightly till 24 May 1879, moved to Napier (the Grindell family arrived in Napier on the s.s. *Fairy* on 24 June) and ceased publication on 25 October.

Novelist and poet George Henry Wilson (known as “Shakespeare Wilson”) had explained his misgivings about its survival to Sir George Grey in a letter from Gisborne dated 28 January 1879,

In the endeavour to earn bread for my large and young family I was induced to accompany Grindell to this place from Wellington in last September and take employment as secretary to the Waka-Maori Newspaper Company here. As those who know better foretold at the

time the whole thing is a mistake though bolstered up by a half-hearted few friends of the Opposition—Messrs. Ormond, Sutton, Fox, Morris, Johnson, Kinross, Douglas McLean—the late Sir D’s. son, now in London—and a few others. But the native people are not supporting it—they are not favourable towards it, they turn their backs upon it—its aim is too transparent even to the people which it professes to defend, to counsel, and to guide. It is indeed a miserable failure—at present losing more than 400£ per an. in its working, and with its plant—£400, still unpaid, and likely to be so to the end of time. Its Ed is a most ignorant and foolish ass. But Mr Sheehan has graphically described him in the sentence— “the Editor of the Waka is only fit to write Sunday-school tracts.”—My reasons for writing in this strain are, the Waka is an instrument of mischief, and retards somewhat the action of Government. Even the Opposition does not altogether approve of its tone, and its teaching....”²⁷

Grey was premier, but the country was in severe recession in 1878 and he resigned in October 1879.

The *Waka* was revived in Gisborne in 1884 (now edited by GH Wilson) as *Te Waka Maori o Aotearoa* but survived only 16 issues till 17 October 1884.²⁸

1 *Hawke’s Bay Herald* 26 April 1862.

2 Grindell to McLean 6 January 1864. ATL MS-Papers-0032-0304.

3 Grindell to McLean 27 January 1870. ATL object 1018276, MS-Group-1551.

4 Grindell to McLean 27 June 1870. ATL MS-Papers-0032-0304.

5 Grindell to McLean 11 May 1871, ATL Object #1014516 from MS-Papers-0032-0304.

6 Grindell to McLean 26 June 1871. ATL Object #1009257 from MS-Papers-0032-0304.

7 *Wanganui Chronicle* 13 December 1876.

8 RC Harding to TM Hocken 15 August 1900. Hocken Library MS-0451-014/008.

9 *New Zealand Times* 28 September 1877. This issue reports a long parliamentary debate and in so doing traverses the history of *Te Waka Maori*.

10 Grindell to McLean 25 December 1876. ATL Object #1008270 from MS-Papers-0032-0304.

11 Colenso to Luff 23 August 1876. ATL MS-Copy-Micro-0485-4.

12 Webster S 2011. *Sainsbury Logan & Williams lawyers since 1875*. SLW Publications.

13 *Evening Post* 27 August 1877.

14 *Waikato Times* 28 August 1877.

15 *Evening Post* 7 September 1877.

16 *Wairarapa Standard* 11 September 1877.

17 *Evening Post* 26 September 1877.

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- 18 *Wairapa Standard* 29 September 1877.
 19 *New Zealand Times* 3 October 1877.
 20 *New Zealand Times* 28 March 1878
 21 *NZ Mail* 4 May 1878.
 22 *Hawke's Bay Herald* 21 August 1878.
 23 *Wananga* 30 March 1878.
 24 *Hawke's Bay Herald* 5 July 1878.
 25 *New Zealand Mail* 24 August 1878.
 26 *Waka Maori* 4 September 1878.
 27 George Henry Wilson to Sir George Grey 28 January 1879. Auckland Council Libraries GLNZ W45.4.
 28 Knight L 2003. *First impressions: history of printing in Hawke's Bay*. Brebner Print.
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CHAPTER 8: MARIA ELIZABETH (VILLERS) GRINDELL

Maria Elizabeth (Villers) Grindell was born on 13 May 1842 in Wellington, a daughter of William Villers and Mary Jean (Lutton) Villers who had married in 1831. William Villers 1808-1862 was an Irishman who, with his wife and children, had arrived in Wellington from Sydney in 1840 on the *Cuba*.

Their neighbours were the McKains whose daughter Robina looked after the six Villers children. Mary Jean Villers died in 1847 and Villers married Robina McKain. The McKain and Villers families moved to Hawke's Bay in 1850, to the Spit (West shore) where he grazed sheep.

THE "TRAVELLERS REST,"
VILLERSDALE, PETANE.

—O—

W. VILLERS begs to inform the Public that he has opened the above House, and trusts, by keeping the best Wines, Spirits, &c., and by strict attention to the comforts of those who may favor him with a visit, to merit a share of the public patronage.

—

**GOOD PADDocks FOR HORSES, AND PLENTY OF
 GOOD FODDER.**

—

*Picnics and Wedding Parties can be accommodated
 with Private Apartments.*

—

GOOD BEDS.

After 1855 they ran the Petane (later Bayview) "Travellers' Rest" hotel.¹ Wise's Directory has him as a "licensed victualler" in its 1853-1864 edition.

Maria Elizabeth Villers and James Stephen Grindell were married on 13 October 1859 at her parents' property in Villersdale, Petane. She was 17, he 36.



The Ahuriri Harbour and roadstead in the 1850s from a drawing by Joseph Rhodes. Pakake pa is on the island and the nearest building on the spit is said to be Villers's accommodation house. Alexander Turnbull Library A-159-033.

Maria would deliver a stillborn son in 1861. They had been married 17 months and were leasing a weatherboard house at 2 Carlyle St, from Te Hapuku when Grindell complained about his landlord to McLean,

He seems to believe that his being the owner of the Land gives him a right to come here when he thinks proper. Every time he comes to Town I am in continual dread until he leaves it again. During the time Mrs Grindell was expecting to be confined he came here to my house drunk. We were at Tea at the time, and he stood over the Table lighting his pipe at the candle—over the tea cups &c. I told him not to do so but he persevered the more insolently.

I was obliged at last to stand between him and the Table, putting him very gently on one side. He got into a tremendous passion, commenced swearing and threatening, foaming at the mouth and stamping in a dreadful manner. He threatened to turn me out of the house—to drag me into the street—&c—&c—and was so violent in his manner towards my wife and frightened her so much that I was fearful of the consequences in the state she was then in. A few weeks afterwards she was brought to bed of a dead boy. The Doctor said he had been dead a fortnight or three weeks. I know not whether it was from the effects of the Hapuka's behaviour or not, but I think it is very probable. In many other respects his language and behaviour was excessively disgusting and obscene. He returned again the same evening with Hori Niania and told Mrs Grindell that he came to have a row with me—but I happened to be out of the way. Again, about a month ago he came to my house very drunk at 2 o'clock in the morning and jumped and kicked at the door chanting out "Jim" at the top of his voice. I got up and went to the door and there I had to bear with a second edition of his insolence because I did not open the door soon enough. I split a piece of firewood and gave it to him with an axe to drive it into the ground to secure his horse and afterwards he lifted the axe up and threatened to cut me down with it for no reason whatever. I let him lie on the sofa and even took his dirty boots off my self. In the morning I, myself cooked breakfast for him, as Mrs Grindell would not come into the room where he was—and after all he went away in a pat because I would not give him a pair of trousers or money to buy a pair. I did not like to offend him or I might have sent for the Police but I thought it better to manage him quietly if possible—as it is better for me to be on friendly terms with all the natives. But he only presumes upon kindness and forbearance.

I cannot possibly bear such a state of things—spitting about the carpet, upsetting the candle, and greasing everything about is bad enough—but if that had been all I might put up with it. There is no security in the house. No apartment would be respected by him in his drunken fits. I could say much more but I have already trespassed too much upon your time. I wished however to convey to you an adequate idea of his behavior and my consequent position.

I have instructed Mr J.A. Smith to advertise the sale of the Lease of this place and if I can get a customer I must try to lease a place from someone else. If I had a purchasing clause in the Lease it would be some sort of encouragement for me to persevere—as it is however the prospect is a miserable one—namely—Labour, Expense, and Time expended for his benefit and unmitigated insult and injury in return!!

I wish to know whether you would mind Leasing your Section to me with a purchasing clause. If you consent to do so perhaps you will instruct Mr Smith in the matter. It would take a very great deal of labour to clear at, for the larger half is absolutely nothing but rocks and stones. This Mr Smith can tell you. So, if you think proper to lease it, perhaps you will bear this in mind in fixing the price. I have written to the Hapuka offering to buy his Sec., but have not received an answer yet. If he will sell, it will save me much expense.²

They lived at 2 Carlyle St for many years, so presumably Te Hapuku did agree to sell. Their surviving children were

Maria Jane Villers (Grindell) Gardiner 1862-1936.

Elizabeth Amelia Harriet (Grindell) Duncan 1863-1942.

James Alfred Ernest Grindell 1872-1947.

William Charles Villers Grindell 1881-1968.

There were also three stillborn children, Albert in 1861 and twins, Arthur Edward and Robert Henry in 1882 when Maria was 40.

Maria's mother came to live close to her daughter in 1868,

M R S . V I L L E R S
(Late of Petane)

BEGS most respectfully to inform the Ladies of Napier and its vicinity, that she is prepared to undertake the duties of a MONTHLY NURSE; and she trusts that her experience through many years, as the mother of a large family, combined with attention and kindness, will enable her to

give satisfaction to those who may kindly favor her with their patronage.

Address:—Carlyle-street, a few doors below the residence of J. Grindell, Esq.³

Maria joined Jim in the move to Wellington in October 1871.⁴

Their elder daughter Maria (known as Daisy, presumably to distinguish her from her mother) was in demand as a pianist. At a musical entertainment in September 1880 under the auspices of the Pride of Hawke's Bay Lodge of Good Templars, "Miss Grindell played a descriptive pianoforte solo, 'The Woodlands,' with great precision and expression. An encore was called for..."⁵ Miss Grindell also sang soprano at a "Grand Operatic Concert" on 8 May 1883 ("Tickets may be obtained at Mr Jacobs' Fancy Repository, Hastings-street, where seats may be reserved, and, to prevent disappointment, early application is necessary.")⁶ Her father's 60th birthday was two months later. She was a frequent performer at concerts, local and as far as Palmerston North. Daisy was married on 9 September 1887 to joiner Ralph Gardiner, at the Grindell residence.⁷ They lived in Gisborne.

Their second daughter Elizabeth married George Duncan "of the Land Office" in 1885; she died in Howick in 1942.

Their elder son Alfred was in demand. At a tea meeting and concert in connection with St Paul's Band of Hope in December 1891 "Mr. A. Grindell sang 'A Boy's Best Friend is his Mother,' with good effect."⁸ On 29 August 1904 Mr A Grindell played a pianoforte solo at an entertainment called "pink tea" in the Oddfellows' Hall at Taradale in aid of the Meanece and Taradale Young Men's Club. He was a notable sportsman; he played rugby for the combined Bands of Hope fifteen in their match on 20 December 1890 against the Napier Juniors.⁹ A Grindell came second in the mile run at the High School sports in Napier in October 1887.¹⁰ He took several awards in the 1888 High School athletics¹¹ and played senior cricket. He became an engineer and lived in Gisborne.

Their younger son Charles married Maud Marion Crossman in 1907 and they had two children; he was a Regimental Quartermaster-Sergeant in the NZ Defence Department, awarded three service medals.

Maria died on 9 December 1921 at Kaiti, Gisborne—where her elder son Alfred and her elder daughter Maria Gardiner lived—from influenza, complicated by bronchitis. She was buried on 11 December at Taruheru cemetery, Gisborne, after a Presbyterian service.



In Loving Memory
 — of —
MARIA GRINDELL
WHO DIED 9TH DEC 1921
AGED 80 YEARS
 — —
ALSO
JAMES GRINDELL
HUSBAND OF THE ABOVE
AGED 77 YEARS
 — —
INTERRED AT NAPIER

Her death is also recorded at the Old Napier Cemetery on her husband's gravestone.

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- 1 For more details see Macgregor M 1973. *Petticoat pioneers*. Reed, Wellington.
Chapter 47 "Robina Villers".
 - 2 Grindell to McLean 29 May 1861. ATL MS-Papers-0032-0304.
 - 3 *Hawke's Bay Herald* 25 July 1868.
 - 4 Colenso to McLean 7 October 1871. ATL MS-Papers-0032-0222.
 - 5 *Hawke's Bay Herald* 9 September 1880.
 - 6 *Daily Telegraph* 4 May 1883.
 - 7 *Hawke's Bay Herald* 9 September 1887.
 - 8 *Hawke's Bay Herald* 12 December 1891.
 - 9 *Daily Telegraph* 19 December 1890.
 - 10 *Hawke's Bay Herald* 29 October 1887.
 - 11 *Hawke's Bay Herald* 26 November 1888.
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CHAPTER 9: ENDGAME

James Stephen Grindell died at home, aged 77 years, on 8 March 1900,¹ of "Senile decay and heart failure". The *Hawke's Bay Herald* carried an obituary,

We have to record the passing away of one who has been a familiar figure in Napier and Hawke's Bay for nearly half-a-century. Mr James Grindell was born in Kettering, England, in 1823, consequently he was in his seventy-seventh year. He came to New Zealand early in 1840, and went to the South Island, where he acted as superintendent of roads in Canterbury, under the late Mr Donald Gollan, of Mangatarata, who was then Superintendent of Public Works. In 1850 he came to Napier, and was connected with the firm of Alexander and Co., for whom he carried on a store in Onepoto Gully. Coming much in contact with the natives, who were his chief customers, he acquired a knowledge of their language which placed him in the first rank as a Maori scholar. With the exception of a period spent in the Native Office at Wellington, he resided here ever since. He occupied various official positions in the Supreme and Magistrate's Courts, and for some years did valuable service as a purchaser of native lands for the Government, acquiring amongst other blocks large interests in the lands to the North of

Napier and the Mahia. His thorough uprightness and love of justice won the confidence of the natives, and he was able to render invaluable service during the Maori war in influencing many natives to cast in their lot with the Europeans. This influence was also exerted through his position as editor of the *Waka Maori*, both when issued by the Government and afterwards as a private organ. He was for many years a licensed interpreter, and enjoyed the confidence of both European and Maori in that capacity, but of late years he has lived in retirement, finding his chief pleasure in his garden. Mrs Grindell, whom he married in 1859, survives him, as well as two sons and two daughters, one of the latter being now Mrs Ralph Gardiner and the other the wife of Mr Duncan, of the Land Office, who will have the sympathy of a wide circle of friends in their bereavement. The funeral takes place at 3 o'clock this afternoon.²

The PA notice was widely published,

DEATH OF AN OLD COLONIST.

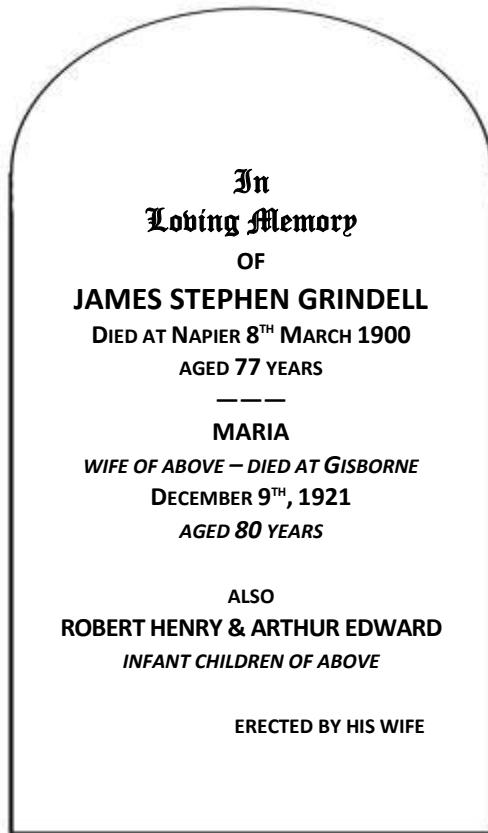
[Press Association] Napier, March 9

Mr James Grindell died to-day, aged 77, after a residence of 50 years in the colony. He was an expert Maori scholar and did good service during the last Maori war. He from time to time occupied various official positions, including that of Land Purchase Agent for the Government, and was editor of the now defunct *Whaka Maori*, through which he exercised a wholesome influence on the Maoris.³

Reputedly, after a lifetime of being anti-Catholic, towards the very end of his life he became a Catholic. When his family asked why he never did this earlier, his reply was, "no one ever asked me". Be that as it may, it was the Presbyterian minister, Rev. Dr David Sidey, who presided at his funeral.

He is buried in Old Napier Cemetery.





1 *Daily Telegraph* 8 March 1900.

2 *Hawke's Bay Herald* 9 March 1900.

3 *West Coast Times* 10 March 1900.

CHAPTER 10: A REMINISCENCE

The Daily Telegraph.

SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1893.

A REMINISCENCE.

THE death of Mr John Chambers, of Te Mata, reminds one of the fact that few of the very early settlers are now with us. And when one of the few sees the number decreasing, he likes to recall to his memory the history of the settlement in which he played a part. There is not now a European living who was here in Napier when Mr J. Grindell first stepped ashore. Other Europeans there are amongst us who were then living in the country, such as the Rev. W. Colenso, Mr H. S. Tiffen, and one or two more, but of the then residents in Napier, or Port Ahuriri as it was called, all have gone to their long home. Messrs Alexander and Gollan were the first to arrive here, and opened their head trading station in Onepoto Gully, where a small wharf was run out into Corunna Bay. These names are almost forgotten. Corunna Bay disappeared when the railway was built to the Spit, and the gully is now known as Main street. Messrs Alexander and Gollan had several trading out-stations along the coast between Wellington and Poverty Bay, and did a large business with the natives in the exchange of English manufactures for corn, potatoes, grain, and pigs. It was a business in which much trust had to be placed in the honesty of the Maoris, and the late Mr Gollan used to tell an amusing story of the first visit he paid to this port, with all his worldly possessions in the hold of his small schooner. The natives swarmed on board and cleared the ship of every case of goods it contained, and it was an anxious time waiting for the arrival of the *quid pro quo*. But it came at last; the hold was filled with Maori produce, brought down in canoes from upcountry, and the deck was loaded up with live pigs, which, by the way, were all washed overboard on the run down to Wellington. An extensive business of this kind absolutely required for its conduct some one who was versed in the Maori language, and Mr J. Grindell's services were engaged for the management at headquarters. That is what brought Mr Grindell here. In addition to their trade, Messrs Alexander and Gollan were in partnership in some sheep running on the Mangatarata country, Mr Spencer Gollan's present estate, and when they dissolved partnership

Mr Gollan took the sheep, and Mr Alexander retained the trading business. About this time, 1852, Mr Newton came up from Wellington with the intention of cutting into the business, and he occupied a deserted pumice stone cottage on the Western Spit, that had been erected by Mr Parke, Chief Surveyor of the province of Wellington. Mr Parke was the father of the late Mrs Kinross. Mr. Newton, finding the trade fully occupied by Mr Alexander, bought the business out, and shortly afterwards Mr Grindell went into the country to do some trading on his own account. He bought eighty acres of land at a place then called Taipo, but which we now know as Redclyffe. It was here that Mr Grindell erected a dwelling-house, a store, and another building, and this brings us to the arrival of Mr and Mrs John Chambers, Mrs Chambers's father, and a mutual friend of the family, the late Captain Morrison. This party of new arrivals took up their abode at Villers and McKain's public-house on the Western Spit. There was then no house of accommodation in Napier, the only buildings being in Onepoto Gully, belonging to Mr Newton's trading station. So Mr and Mrs Chambers took up their residence on the Western Spit in Mr Villers's hotel. Mr Villers ran sheep on the fern-covered hills that we now call Napier, and pumice stone and pipi shells composed the flats. We might mention that this Mr Villers was the father of the late William Villers, of Petane, of the present Mr Charles Villers, of Mrs Grindell, and of Mrs Isaac McKain. Mr Grindell being on a visit to his future father-in-law, met Mr Chambers, who expressed a wish to get away into the country, and Mr Grindell placed his spare building at his disposal. Mr Chambers and family lived there about a year, and then he purchased the Te Mata country. Mr Alexander about this time had joined Mr Newton in partnership, and on their subsequent dissolution Mr W. Irvine joined the firm. Mr Alexander then went into pastoral pursuits at Poraito and Puketapu. All this time dribblets of colonists had been creeping up the coast, following their few sheep, and squatting wherever there was feeding ground, and a prospect of acquiring the country. These were the forerunners of our sheepfarmers, and of their flocks. But how sparsely the country was settled may be imagined when Mr Chambers and his party made up the total of European settlers to twenty-five. Then came the late Mr. Munn, Mr H. S. Tiffen, and Dr. Hitchings. The Rev. Mr Colenso had long been settled at Awapuni, now called Fardon, where he had a beautiful garden, and a large raupo-built church, afterwards burnt down. Mr Colenso bought Mr Grindell's property at Redclyffe, and

subsequently sold it to Mr Alley, who, in course of time, cut it up, and on one of the sections now stands Mr Henry Williams's residence. Of the names we have mentioned, Alexander, Munn, Morrison, Irvine, Villers (father and son), Gollan, and Chambers, have died. The Rev. Mr Colenso, Mr Tiffen, Mr Newton, Dr Hitchings, and Mr Grindell remain to us, and when they read these old reminiscences, we have no doubt that they will remember many a pleasant story of the early settlement of Hawke's Bay, which will be well worth telling, and which we hope they will give to the present generation as incidents in the history of this colony.

CHAPTER 11: R. GRINDELL

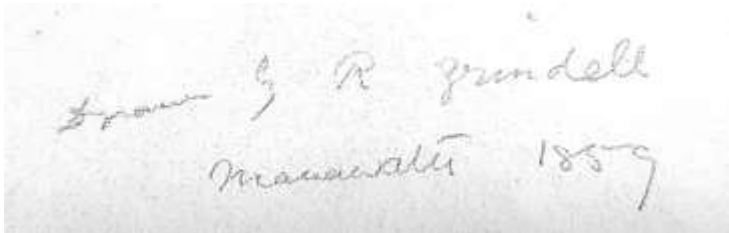
There is an intriguing entry in the Australian *Trove* website,

"R. Grindell, a watercolour painter, was an itinerant artist who travelled around New South Wales in the 1860s painting homesteads and views—a 'gentleman swaggie', recollected a descendant of one of his clients. In about 1863 he was at Henry and Harriette Wallace's property, Eumonyhareenyha, Wagga Wagga, where he produced a set of three watercolour and gouache views. One shows the homestead with Harriette Wallace and her daughter Mary Louise in the foreground; the second is a distant view of the house, set above the Murrumbidgee River where members of the family are fishing and rowing; and the third depicts the outbuildings and the Oura Road on the northern side of the property along which a swagman (doubtless Grindell himself) is trudging. Signed 'R. Grindell pinx', all remain with the family for whom they were painted. The artist may have been a son of James Grindell, who was in New Zealand from the 1840s successively working as explorer, settler, hotel proprietor and government interpreter (from 1848) and editing the *Maori*, the newspaper at Hawke's Bay. A watercolour of the Maori meeting house at Arawata (Palmerston North Public Library) is said to be by James Grindell." ¹

Una Platts had this, in 1980,

GRINDELL, James. Arrived New Zealand in 1840s. Was in turn, explorer, settler, hotel proprietor, Government Interpreter from 1848: was editor of the Maori newspaper and registrar of dogs in Hawke's Bay. A water-colour of the Maori meeting house at Arawata is in the Palmerston North Public Library.²

Arawhata is an old name for a locality near Flat Point, Wairarapa and is also the name of a stream flowing into Lake Horowhenua—both places Grindell knew. Palmerston North City Archives has a watercolour of a meeting house but in pencil on the back is written “Drawn by R. Grindell, Manawatu, 1859”,³ which suggests it is indeed a Horowhenua whare hui that was painted.



If R Grindell was travelling around as a swagman in the 1860s he would probably have been born no later than the 1840s, so if he were JS Grindell's son he was from a premarital relationship—which, in Grindell's case, is distinctly likely. As AG Bagnall wrote, he “finally plumbed for shore life with a Maori girlfriend”. A son may have been born near Levin where Grindell was living 1840–1844: there is no record of his birth, but birth certification was introduced only in 1848 in New Zealand.

There is a marae on the shore of Lake Horowhenua at the end of Arawhata road.

Other works by R Grindell have survived in Australia: an 1860s colonial family portrait in the State Library of New South Wales,⁴ a watercolour of five cattle in the possession of the Beef Shorthorn Society of Australia⁵ and an 1863 portrait of two children Aubrey and Hubert Murray in the National Library of Australia.⁶ Of the last the donor noted, “Artist unknown but reputed to have been a travelling

Italian”—perhaps the olive-skinned young Grindell was trying to convey a sophisticated impression. I have been unable to trace the Wallace family paintings at Eunonyhareenyha through Wagga Wagga contacts.

Does the “R” stand for Robert, his father’s and his brother’s name? There are two allusions to a person named Robert Grindell in the *Wellington Independent* of 23 October 1858—cases heard by Henry St Hill RM in the Wellington Magistrate’s court on 15 October...

Tetipi v. Robert Grindell—Charged with drunkenness. Fined 5s.
... and 18 October,

Robert Grindell charged with drunkenness by Thomas Ellison,
A.P. Reprimanded and discharged.

Tetipi AP (Auxiliary Police) was described elsewhere as a “Native policeman”, Thomas Ellison AP as a “private of police”. A reprimand and discharge suggests a youthful offender. Twentyfive years later there is an 1883 record from Queensland,

At the Police Court, before R. H. Buttanshaw, Esq., Police Magistrate, John Foster and Robert Grindell appeared in answer to charges of drunkenness in Lennox-street. They admitted the impeachment, and as they had been in the cells since Saturday night, were allowed to depart in peace.⁷

It is a common enough name, but if these records are indeed of James Grindell’s son, he inherited his father’s weakness for alcohol.

1 <https://trove.nla.gov.au/people/1485377?c=people> accessed 10 September 2018.

2 Platts, Una 1980. *Nineteenth century New Zealand artists: a guide & handbook*. Avon Fine Prints, Christchurch.

3 “Maori meeting house [unframed], R Grindell, Manawatu, 1859”. Ian Matheson Palmerston North City Archives - Community Archives. Stewart, J.T. collection – Series 2, Folder 1. The painting is reproduced in black and white in GC Petersen’s 1973 *Palmerston North, a centennial history* (opp. p40) where it is again wrongly attributed to James Grindell.

4 State Library of New South Wales reference code 440394.

5 <http://beefshorthorn.org.au/beef-shorthorn-society-loans-historic-paintings/> accessed 30 October 2018.

6 National Library of Australia PIC Drawer 12869 #PIC/6555.

7 *Maryborough Chronicle, Wide Bay and Burnett Advertiser* 10 April 1883.

CHAPTER 12: AFTER THOUGHTS

James Stephen Grindell, publican, ganger, interpreter, editor, was an educated, intelligent, articulate man, a skilful negotiator, well versed in te reo and respected widely for it, an adroit and literate writer of English. His contributions to our history are the construction of the Remutaka Hill road, *Te Waka Maori* and his involvement in negotiating land sales in the eastern and lower North Island.

He was also a binge drinker whose benders, despite self-imposed dry periods, repeatedly interrupted his work, prevented his realising his potential and diminished the esteem by which his importance as an historical figure would be judged.

The ruling passion conquers reason still

His historical rehabilitation is therefore hampered...

... thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Considering, however, that distinguished local citizens, notably Donald McLean, but also JD Ormond, William Colenso, Wilson Cotterill of Sainsbury Logan, Captain WR Russell, Henry Stokes Tiffen, Rev. James Paterson, George Preece RM, Rev David Sidey and others were able to put aside their concerns about his drinking, is a tribute not only to their forbearance but also to their recognition of Grindell's character and undoubted talents.

Grindell's life matured from carefree, profligate youth—

of a nature bouyant and joyous; light, active, and fleet of foot,

to sad, moral older man—

my whole life has been a continuous up hill struggle for a bare existence.

Colenso saw the amoral youth and lived to see also the responsible citizen. Not that Grindell necessarily thought he had improved: he wrote of the “somewhat dreary desert of my life”.

AR Lang's research has concluded that, while there is no single set of traits that is definitive of an “addictive personality”, several “significant personality factors” exist, including impulsivity, sensation seeking, nonconformity combined with weak commitment to socially valued goals for achievement, social alienation and tolerance for deviance,

heightened stress coupled with lack of coping skills. An addict is more prone to depression, anxiety, and anger.¹ One can recognise a few of those characteristics in Grindell.

His one contribution to science is a mention in the *Transactions* in a paper by Taylor White in 1894, “Remarks on the rats of New Zealand”,

Our honorary secretary, Mr. W. Dinwiddie, gives me the following information:—

“I have got a derivation of ‘Pohawaiki’ from Toha Rahu-
rahu, a native clergyman of the Wairoa, through Mr. James
Grindell, licensed interpreter. He says, po = night, hawaiki = the
far country, and the combination means that the beast was a
mysterious visitor from an unknown land shrouded in darkness.
He says that is the recognized derivation. He remembers the
old rat—some dark, some light, and others grey or speckled....
Mr. Grindell says he recollects them (?) in New Zealand up to
about 1860. But he says there is no distinction between
‘pohawaiki’ and ‘kiore pakeha.’ It was the brown rat”.²

The Alexander Turnbull Library has some notes by AG Bagnall on Grindell, apparently in preparation for his *Wairarapa: an historical excursion*. But though a letter from Bagnall to RH Cook dated 5 June 1949 suggests he intended to write a distinct essay on Grindell, I can find no trace of such an essay, so presume he did not do so. He wrote,

*I am considering filling in with a short study of about 10,000 words on James Grindell. He doesn't even appear in the D.N.Z.B. perhaps rightly so but as an explorer and native interpreter led quite a colourful existence. Have you anything on him in your museum MS. Descendants are probably living in Napier but I haven't searched closely enough on that yet. He has quite an impressive headstone in Napier Terrace cemetery. He was for a time one of McLean's boys and editor of Waka Maori.*³

In 1950 Bagnall wrote to WCV Grindell, “Your father after first coming to the Wairarapa in 1845 spent a little time with Bidwill of Pihautea...”.⁴ A deed leasing land by its Māori owners to Bidwill on 1 September 1845 was witnessed by Grindell,⁵ but I can find no other link.

Once again I record my indebtedness to the staff at the Alexander Turnbull Library and to its manuscripts as well as *Papers Past*. The staff at the National Museum te Papa Tongarewa, the National Archives in Wellington, Wairarapa Archive and MTG Hawke's Bay in Napier were similarly helpful. The ability to access these taonga from home is an extraordinary privilege of our internet age. For the colour reproductions of paintings by R Grindell I am indebted to the Palmerston North Library, National Library of Australia, State Library of New South Wales and the Beef Shorthorn Society of Australia.

The portraits of Grindell and James Wood are copied from Laraine Knight's *First impressions*. That of Grindell is unattributed but shows a chair and table used by Samuel Carnell, active in Napier as a photographer 1869–1905, so is presumably his work.

The sources of the other portraits are acknowledged as follows: Alexander Turnbull Library: Frederick Aloysius Weld MNZ-0439-1/4-F; Ihaka Whaanga 1/2-135801-F; Paora Rerepu 1/4-022028-G; Donald McLean in 1865 1/2-C-019170-F; Te Hapuku PA2-1953; John Rogan PA2-1973. MTG Hawke's Bay William Colenso 51/122, 1587, m51/14, 79313; Happy Jack 50/121, 618, 84725; Museum of New Zealand Te Papa Tongarewa Sir D McLean MA_I175265; Karaitiana Takamoana MA_I347644; Renata Kawepo MA_I325317; Tareha Te Moananui 0.041387.

For thorough examinations of Grindell's role in land purchases, see,

Elizabeth Cox 1999. *The Key-stone of the District: The Crown Purchase of the Mahia Block, 1864*. Waitangi Tribunal.
https://forms.justice.govt.nz/search/Documents/WT/wt_DOC_93_953253/Wai%20201%2C%20X046.pdf.

Jane Luiten 2014. *Muaupoko Land and Politics Scoping Report*. Wai 2200 Porirua ki Manawatu District Inquiry. Waitangi Tribunal.
https://forms.justice.govt.nz/search/Documents/WT/wt_DOC_75_961644/Wai%202200%2C%20A055.pdf.

An Epitome of Official Documents Relative to Native Affairs and Land Purchases in the North Island of New Zealand *and* Maori Deeds of Land Purchases in the North Island of New Zealand: Volume Two. <http://nzetc.victoria.ac.nz/tm/scholarly/name-124900.html>.



A suitable pub sign?

1 Lang, Alan R 1983. Addictive personality: a viable construct?. In Levison, Peter K.; Gerstein, Dean R.; Maloff, Deborah R. *Commonalities in substance abuse and habitual behavior*. Lexington Books. pp. 157–236. ISBN 978-0-669-06293-9.

2 Taylor White 1894. Remarks on the rats of New Zealand. *Trans. NZ Inst.* 27: 240–261.

3 Bagnall to RH Cook 5 June 1949. Hawke's Bay Museums Trust collection no. 66222.

4 Bagnall AG to WCV Grindell 22 July 1950. ATL 89-249-9/08.

5 ATL MS-Papers-1323-1.
