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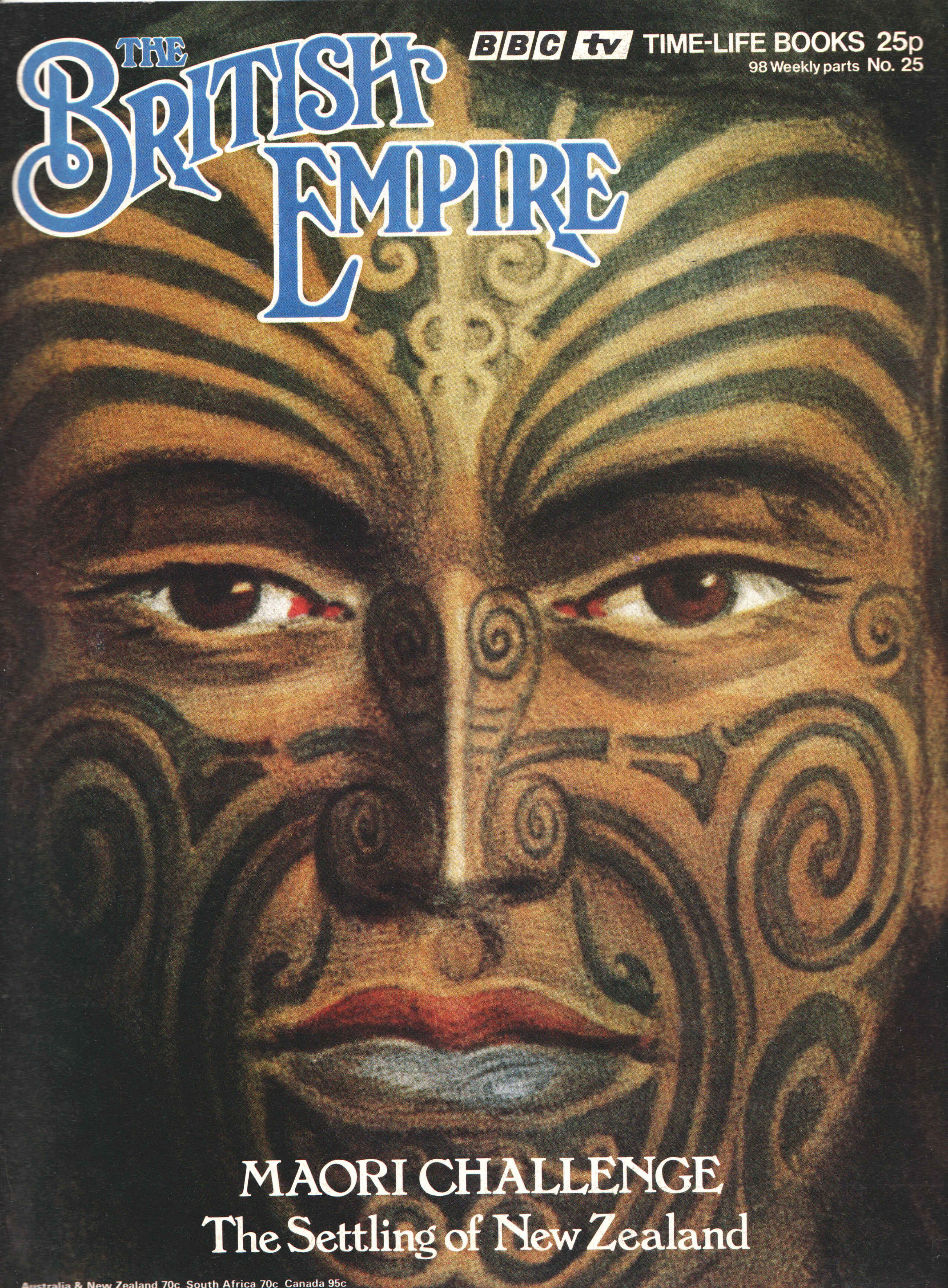

MAORI CHALLENGE
The Settling of New Zealand

Australia & New Zealand 70c South Africa 70c Canada 95c

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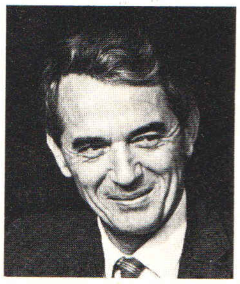

KEITH SINCLAIR, author of the text sections of this issue, was born in Auckland, N.Z., where he took his degree and at whose university he is now Professor of History. In the Second World War he rose from private in the army to sub-lieutenant in the navy. Best known for his history books, including *The Origins of the Maori Wars* and the Pelican *History of New Zealand*, he has also published three slim volumes of verse.

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BY THE WAY

Keith Sinclair, this week's author, has an interesting claim to fame: he is well known in New Zealand both as a historian and a poet. One of his early verses, *Memorial to a Missionary*, combines this double interest. It concerns Thomas Kendall, a 19th-Century missionary who became so deeply immersed in Maori society – including its relaxed sexual mores – that he was dismissed. In the poem, parts of which are reproduced below, Professor Sinclair analyses Kendall's dilemma and through him mourns the destructive clash between white man and Maori:

Instructed to speak of God with emphasis
On sin and its consequence, to cannibals
Of the evil of sin, he came from father's farm,
The virtuous home, the comfortable chapel,
The village school, so inadequately armed,
His mail of morals tested in drawing-rooms,
Not war, to teach his obscure and pitied pupils.

Seeking the Maori name for sin, for hell,
Teacher turned scholar he sat at Hongi's feet
And guns were the coin he paid for revelation.
To the south men died when Hongi spent his fees.
Wrestling with meanings that defied translation,
Christian in seeking truth found sorcery,
Pilgrim encountered sex in philosophy.

He drank the waters of the underworld
Lying all day in the unconverted flesh,
Entangled in old time, before Christ's birth,
Beyond redemption, found what a nest of bliss,
A hot and mushroom love lay fair in the fern
To suck from his soul the lineaments of desire,
And leave despair, O damned undreamed of pleasures.

Did he fall through pride of spirit, through arrogance
Or through humility, not scorning the prayers
Of savages and their intricate pantheon?
He lacked the confident pity of his brethren.
To understand he had to sympathise,
Then felt, and feeling, fell, one man a breath
In the human gale of a culture's thousand years.

Taught of the sinful flesh he never sensed
That to reach for truth was to reach for God, nor found
God immanent in the cannibals' beliefs. . . .
He could not turn to teach his countrymen,
And lost (our sorrow), lost our birthright forever.

All letters please to: **The British Empire,**
76, Oxford Street, London W.1.

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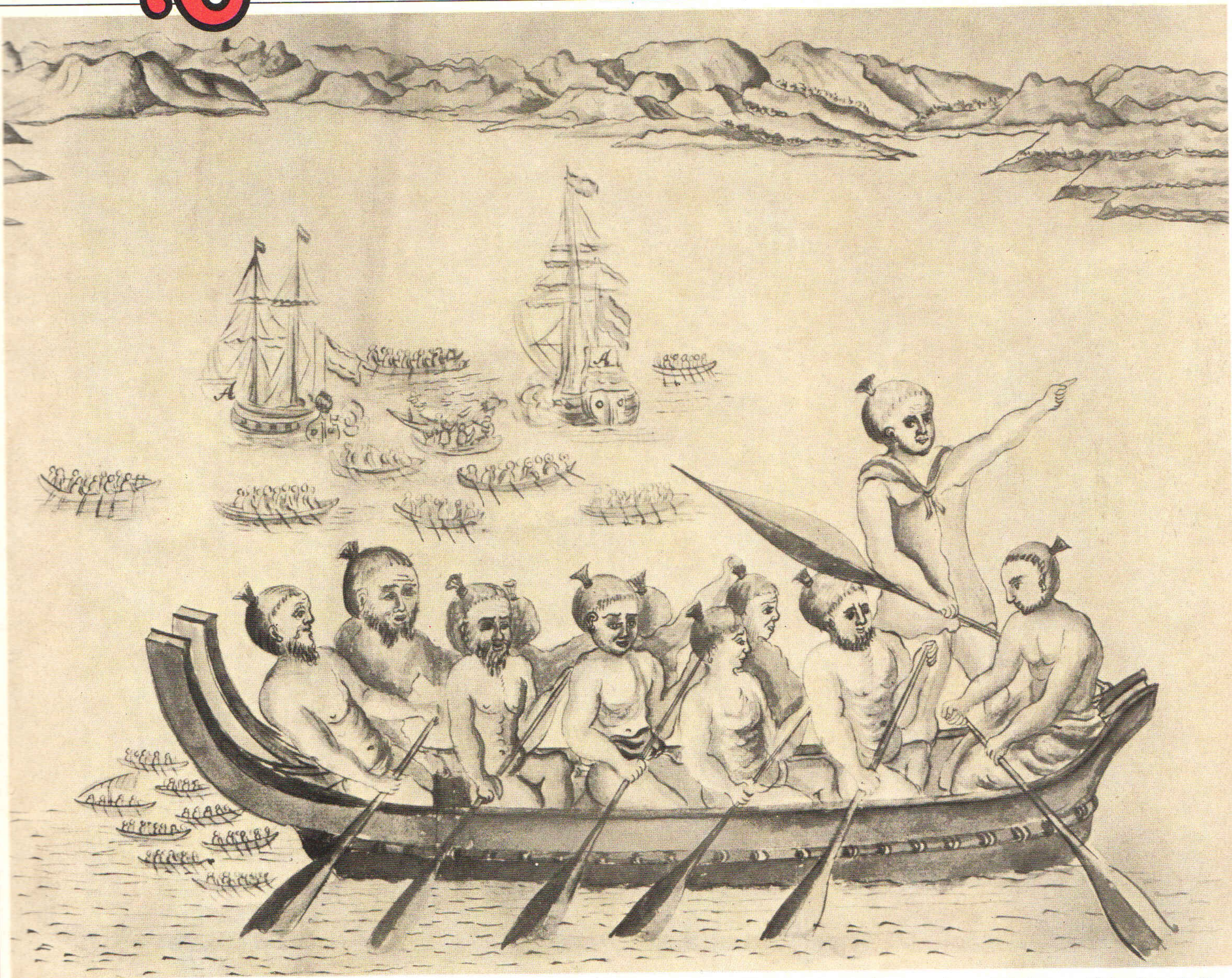
Cover: This ornately decorated Maori chief, portrayed by an Englishman in the 1840s, appears intelligent, confident – and not over-friendly to white intruders.

THE MAORI CHALLENGE



Maori canoes attack Dutch ships off New Zealand in 1642. Captain Abel Tasman lost four men there and named the spot Murderer's Bay.

The first bloody encounter between Europeans and Maoris (above) foreshadowed a conflict that was to rack New Zealand from Cook's arrival in 1769 throughout most of the 19th Century. Only when land-hungry British settlers and die-hard Maoris grew weary of war in the 1870s could the country pursue a peaceful path to nationhood. By 1914, it could boast political and social innovations that were the envy of the world

By Keith Sinclair

When in 1769 Captain James Cook made contact with the fearsome Maoris of New Zealand, he proved more persevering than the Dutch explorer Abel Janszoon Tasman a century earlier. Tasman, the first European in the area, had beaten a hasty retreat after some men "between brown and yellow" in colour had killed four of his crew. Cook, using a Tahitian chief as an interpreter, soon came to admire the Maoris as "a brave warlike people, with sentiments devoid of treachery."

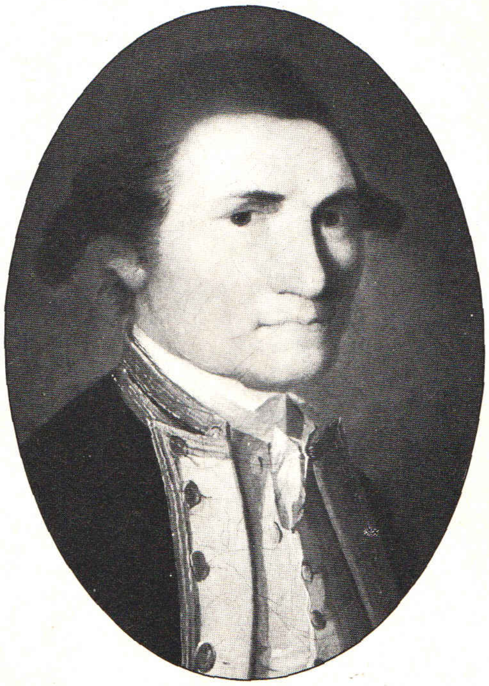
During three voyages to New Zealand he and his crew recorded extensive information about Maori society. In the subsequent 200 years, armies of scientists and historians have recorded everything they could on the subject. Even now, though, there are many aspects of Maori life, for instance the religion, about which our knowledge is far from complete.

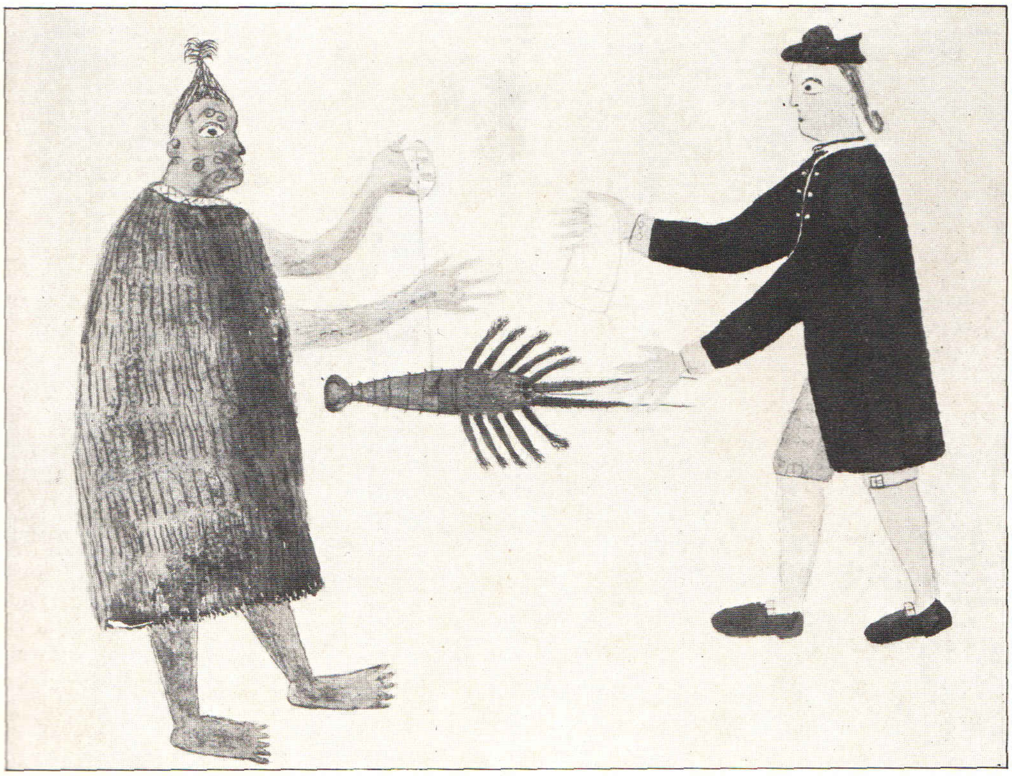
The land which Cook had rediscovered is almost exactly on the opposite side of the world to Great Britain. It is about the same size, but warmer: subtropical in the far north, temperate in the south. Its two principal islands, about 1,300 miles east of Australia, are very hilly, often mountainous, and have an unusual variety of scenery – great lakes, fiords, glaciers, plains, dense forest and endless beaches. Because it has been remote from other lands for immense periods of time its native flora and fauna are unique. There are no native mammals except a bat (the Polynesians introduced even the dog and the rat). The multitudes of birds include many flightless species. One, the moa, grew up to ten feet high, but it had been exterminated long before Cook's arrival.

The Maori people whom Cook encountered were – and are – the most numerous of the Polynesian peoples. They numbered perhaps 200,000 to 300,000 – no one knows. Their ancestors had sailed in canoes to New Zealand from eastern Polynesia, 800 or so years earlier.

In the South Island there lived small, scattered nomadic bands of Maoris. A chief and his family that Cook met in Dusky Bay lived in "two low wretched huts made of the bark of trees." But in the North Island the Maoris were organized in great tribes, and subtribes, each with its own territory that was collectively owned by the group, not by individuals.

The Maoris lived in villages, in houses up to 30 feet long. In the summer many of them lived "dispers'd up and down in little temporary hutts" – their seaside cottages. Most villages were placed near a *pa*, a fortress built on an inaccessible hilltop or promontory and protected with great ditches and palisades of tree-trunks. The interior was also heavily fortified. Cook thought that "a small number of resolute men might defend themselves a long time against a vast superior force, Arm'd in the manner as these people are." And so it later proved, even against European weapons.


Captain Cook, navigator extraordinary, literally put New Zealand on the map when he surveyed its coast between 1769 and 1772.


A Maori offers to exchange a crayfish for a length of cloth with a member of Cook's crew. Bartering like this, sketched by another crew member, increased as Cook discovered that the Maoris' love of coloured cloth could provide him with the fish, game and vegetables he needed.

The Maoris were exceedingly warlike and, on occasion, cannibals. Human flesh did not, however, form a regular feature of the Maori diet, since it was usually available only after battles. These however, were frequent enough, resulting from land disputes, quarrels over women or from insults.

The Maoris had no metals. Yet their "Stone Age" culture had reached a level of considerable sophistication. Many of their stone implements, especially clubs and pendants made from greenstone, a local jade, were very beautiful. So were their remarkable wood-carvings and patterns, woven or painted.

Though the Europeans called them savages, the Maoris, unlike the Australian aborigines, were organized in a way that was fairly easy for the Europeans to grasp. Maoris had their chiefs, their priests, their generals, their aristocrats, commoners and slaves. They had their tribal territories, with defined boundaries, and much other property.

Cook's discoveries elsewhere in the Pacific basin had a profound effect in Europe – perhaps, it was supposed, the "noble savage" of the Romantic imagination lived in Tahiti. But people thought of the inhabitants of New Zealand as rather frightening if unusually intelligent savages. Such news as reached Britain about New Zealand over the next half century or more did little to alter the impression.

Though Cook's annexation of New Zealand was ignored by his government, which had as yet few political ambitions in the area, other European explorers visited it. After the establishment of the British convict settlement in Australia in 1788, contacts with the Maoris became more frequent. Ships crossed the Tasman Sea from Sydney seeking seal furs and the great masts and spars which the New Zealand forests provided. After about 1800, British, French and American whalers, hunting the sperm whale, began to call to refit and trade with the Maoris. Thus they came to see more and more – not of the ways of civilized Europe – but of the very rough and tough Europeans who came their way.

Considering that they had had neither money nor even a barter system – though tribes did exchange "gifts" – the Maoris learned to trade with astonishing rapidity, bartering nails (which they flattened out to make chisels), fish-hooks, axes and anything red (their favourite colour) for food and timber. As a more exotic payment, the Maoris also lent their women to transient sailors.

But with familiarity came trouble. Brutalized seamen had no scruples about kidnapping Maori men and women, and they often broke the *tapu*, the prohibitions which protected sacred objects (the word became "taboo" in English). By about 1810 relations between Maoris and Europeans had degenerated into sporadic warfare. After the crew of one ship, the *Boyd*, were killed and eaten, skippers tended to keep away from such dangerous shores.

In 1814 an Anglican parson in Sydney, Samuel Marsden, set up a mission station at the Bay of Islands in northern New Zealand. It was not a success. One early missionary, Thomas Kendall, was in effect converted himself. "I have been so poisoned by the apparent sublimity of their ideas, that I have been almost completely turned from a Christian to a Heathen," he wrote. He was dismissed after he took to sleeping with a willing Maori girl. Other missionaries had scarcely more effect. The Maoris felt no need of a new religion. In the words of one chief, Hongi, it was not suitable for warriors. The hard-fighting Maoris were not used to turning the other cheek.

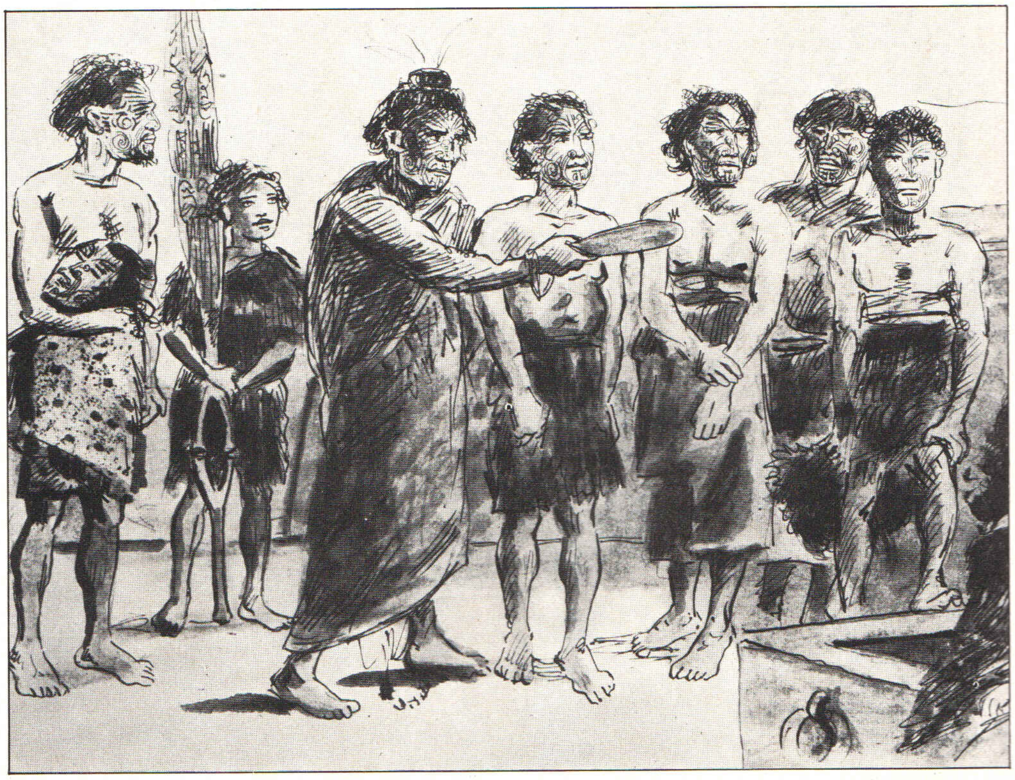
Nevertheless in the 1820s, as Europeans came to New Zealand to find flax, timber and whales, contacts between the two races slowly increased. A considerable trade sprang up, especially on the shores of the Bay of Islands.

For payment for their services and goods the Maoris increasingly demanded – and often would take nothing but – guns. When in 1821 Hongi returned from a journey to England, where he helped produce a written form of Maori, he brought back with him several hundred muskets.

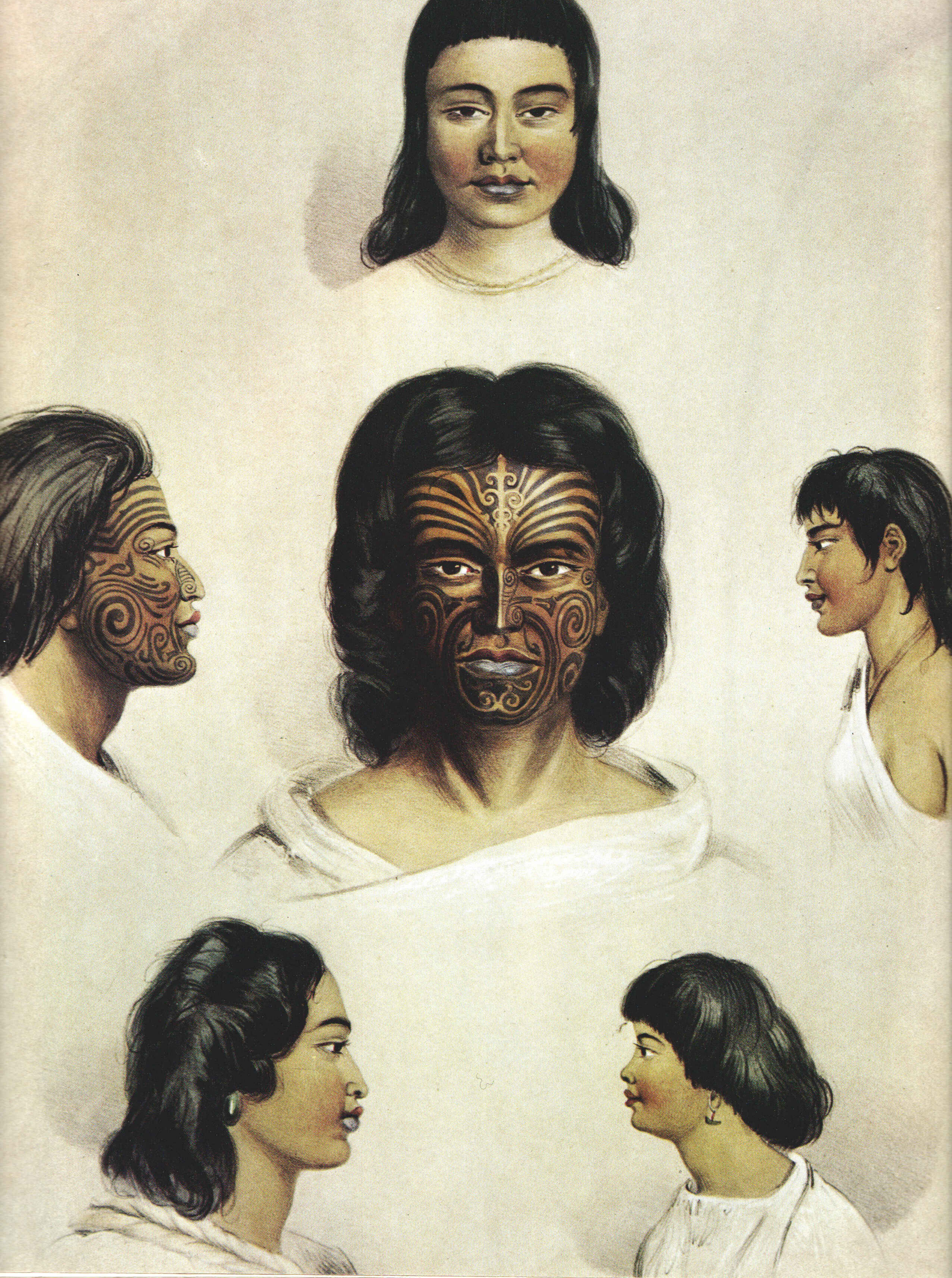
Then for over ten years Maori society was torn apart by relentless tribal warfare. A European, Captain Stewart, even took a party of Ngati-Toa warriors, including their famous chief, Te Rauparaha, to a South Island *pa* and brought them back with their prisoners and baskets of human flesh. The casualties of these wars were unprecedented in pre-European and pre-musket times. One estimate is that the Maoris suffered 65,000 casualties from 1801 to 1840, but chiefly after 1820.

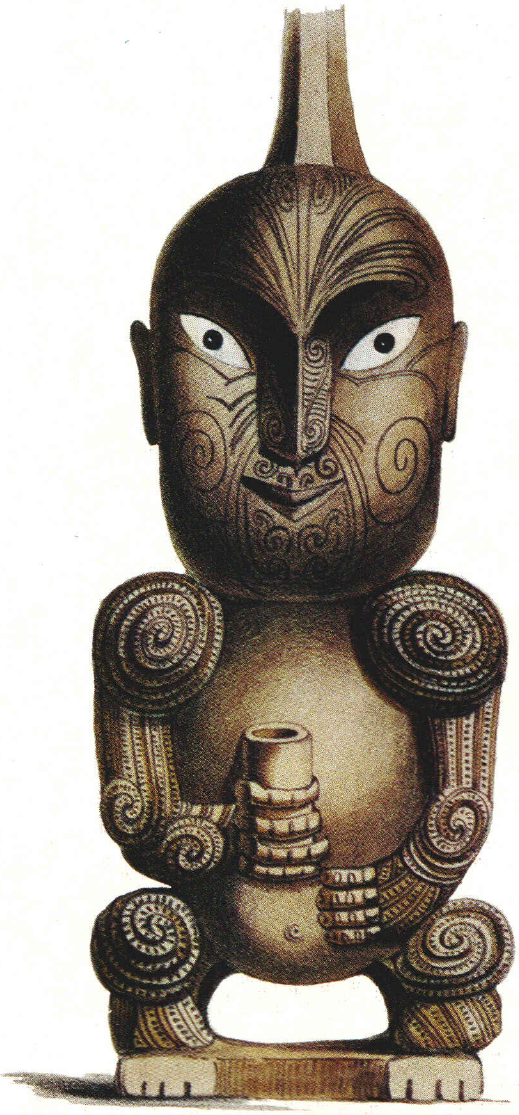
Far more devastating were the diseases brought by the white men. The Maoris – and other Polynesians – had lived for thousands of years in isolation from other peoples and from many of the germs, viruses and bacteria common to Europe, Asia or America. They had developed no immunity or resistance to a wide range of diseases. They were decimated by epidemics of measles, influenza, smallpox, cholera. Venereal diseases also appeared, and took a heavy toll.

The Maori population was reduced, chiefly through disease, by possibly two-fifths. Many Maoris were disheartened and lost faith in their gods, who seemed to have deserted them. They turned to the missionaries for help with the many new problems with which they could not cope. In the late 1820s and in the 1830s tens of thousands of Maoris were converted. By the 1840s the tribesmen were fast becoming a Christian people✤



A Maori chief aboard a visiting European ship in the 1820s tries to sell his warriors' heads as trophies. Pointing to them with his club, he blithely offers to decapitate any man whose tattooed face the captain of the ship feels he could profitably sell to European curio-hunters.

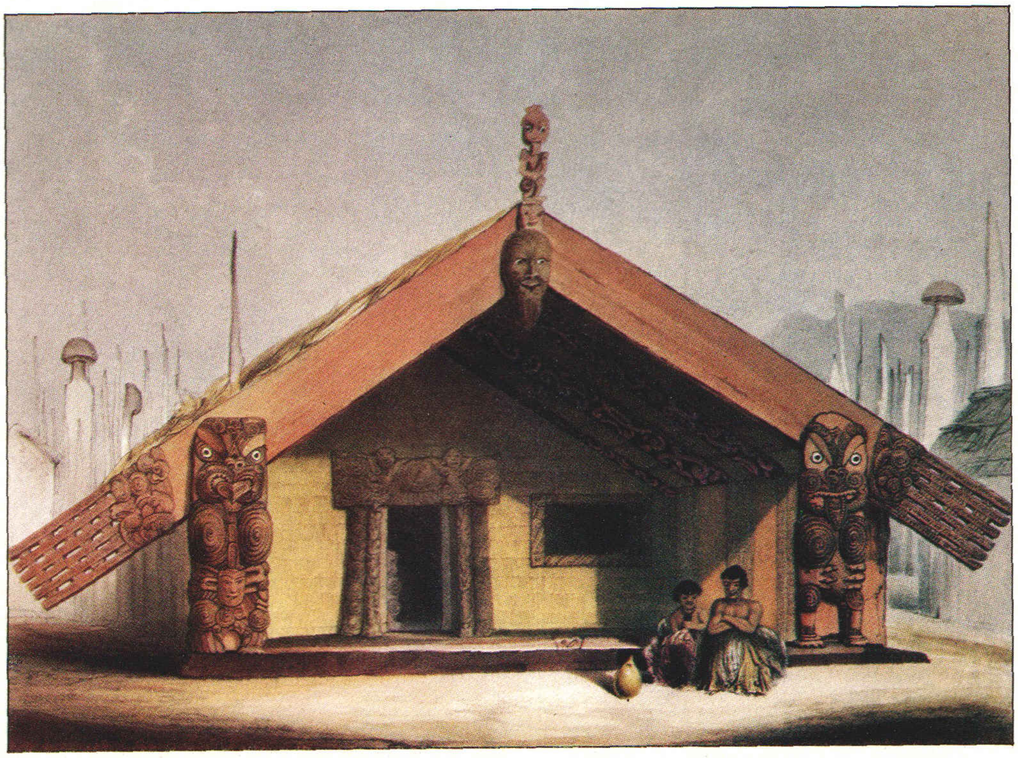




THE LOST WORLD OF THE MAORIS

The proud and confident Maoris believed that Captain Cook's arrival in 1769 was no more than a once-in-a-lifetime intrusion. They were sadly mistaken. Other Europeans who followed in Cook's wake were to shatter the Maoris' intricate tribal society, first by introducing liquor, firearms and devastating new diseases, then by seizing their lands. In the 1840s, the despairing Maoris, led by chiefs like Te Rangihaeata, whose stylized image appears above, went to war. In 1846, when George Angas painted the views on these pages, Maori ways, with their savagery and tenderness, coarseness and artistry, were already in decline.

The Maoris adorned their faces with varied tattoos. Three of the girls have simple designs on their lower lips. The intricate facial patterns of the men mark them as tribal chieftains.

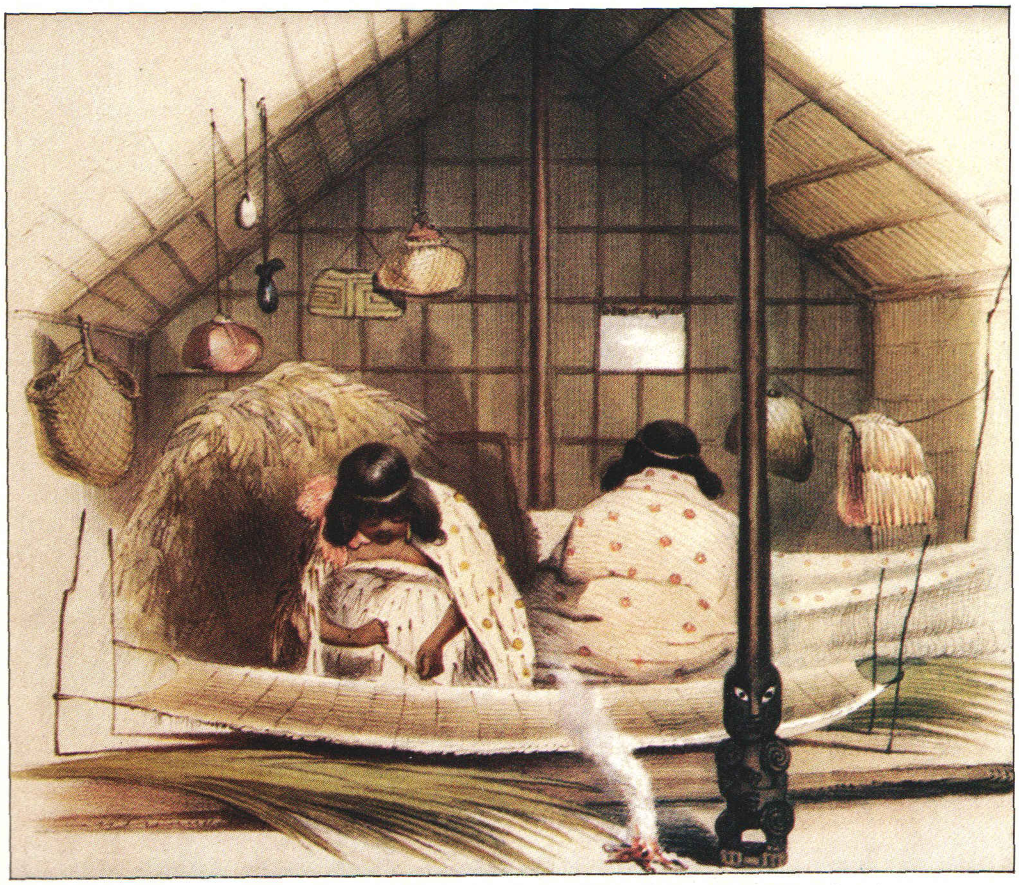


Te Rangihaeata's house was one of the triumphs of Maori architecture. The sacred red ochre colouring and elaborate carving of the facade testify to the renown of this celebrated chief.

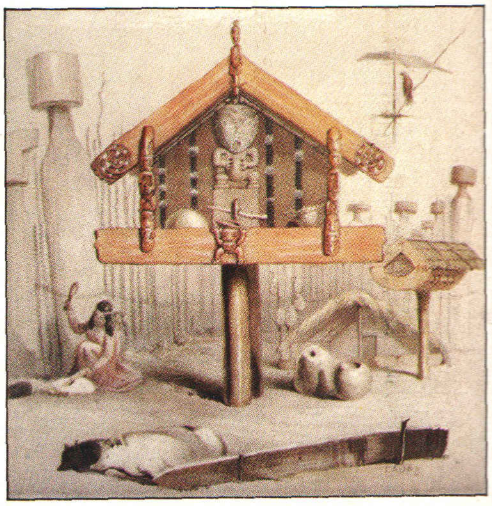
The Carefree Pleasures of Peace

The first Europeans in New Zealand described the Maoris as a fiercely independent people, with the most advanced culture in Polynesia. The cultivation of the sweet potato in the North Island, where the majority of the Maoris lived, supplied most of their food needs. Freed from fear of hunger, and despite recurring war, they developed an organized, beautiful and highly creative life, for which many Europeans who observed it had a profound admiration.

Within each tribe, the chief's authority to maintain peace rested on a time-honoured system of taboos; and a complex set of rules and customs regulated daily life. But it was in their artistry that the Maoris best exhibited their high development. By deft use of stone adzes and chisels they produced imaginative carvings on war canoes, storehouses, boxes and dwellings that still amaze all who see the surviving artefacts.

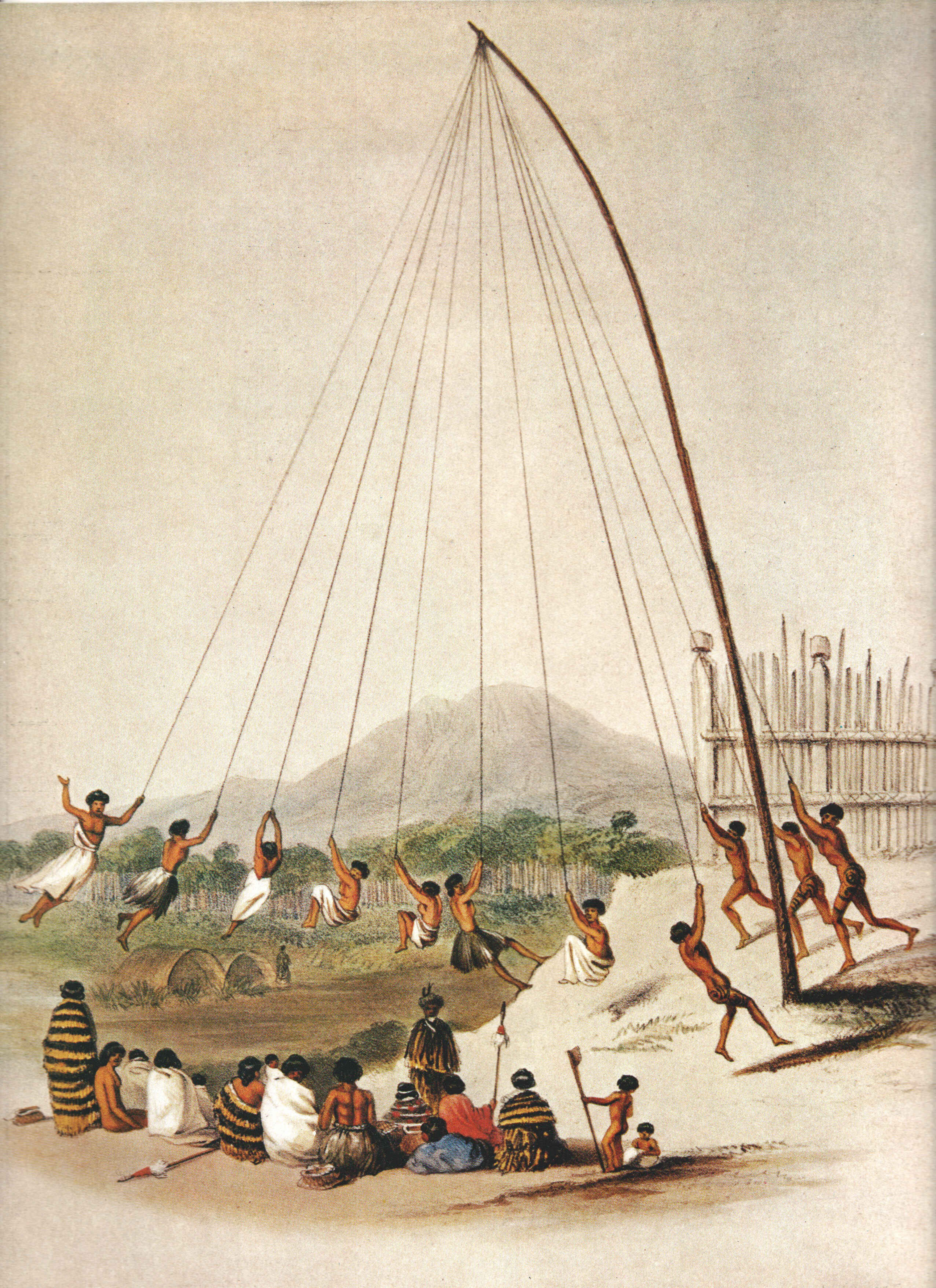


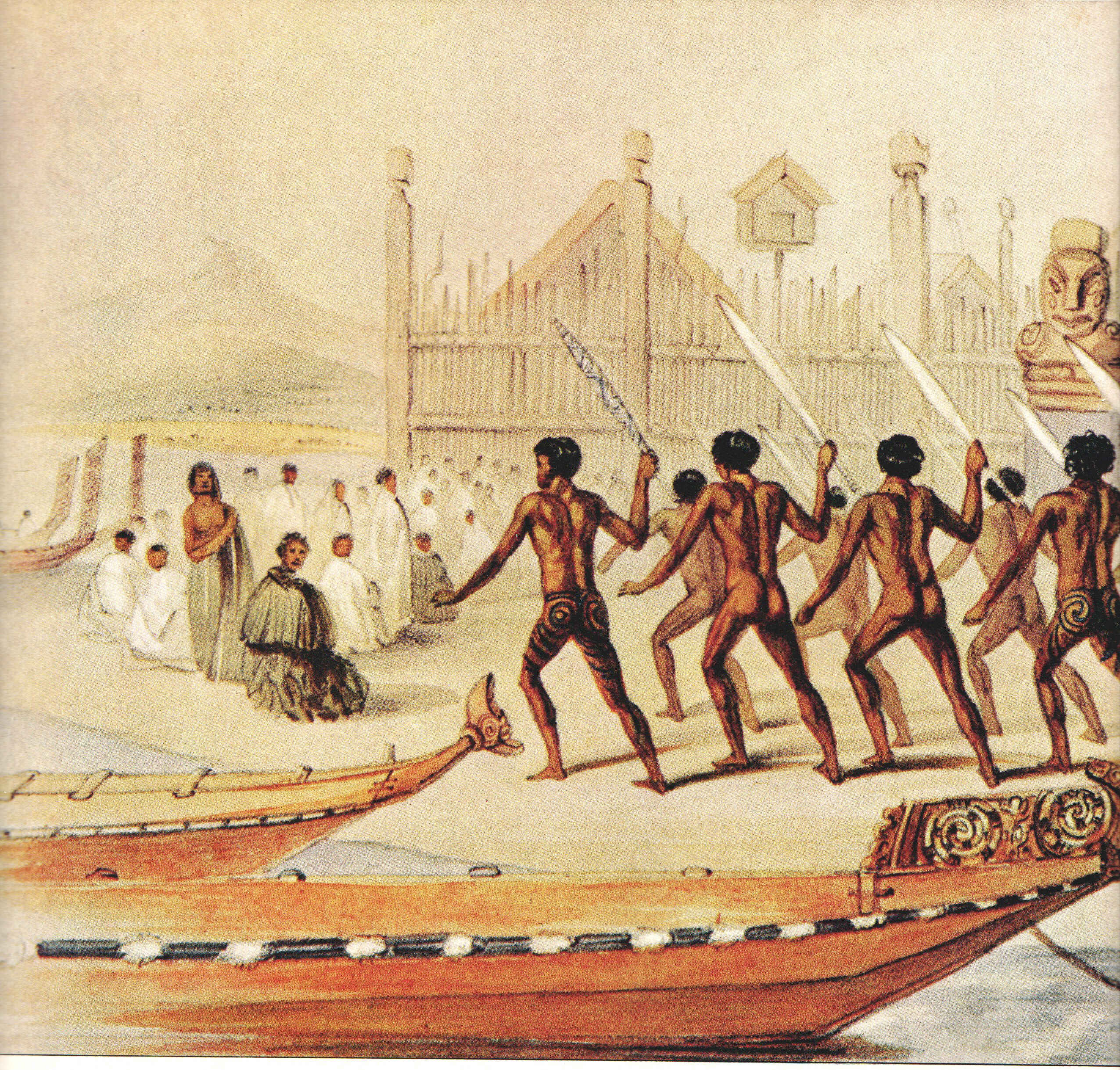
Along with the perennial tasks of weaving cloaks, capes, and kilts from flax, Maori women had to cook the meals, haul bundles of firewood and join their menfolk in tilling the soil.



Elevated storehouses preserved food and clothing from the effects of damp and the ravages of the swarms of voracious vermin.

Young Maoris enjoy themselves on a giant swing. The supple tree-trunk with its flax ropes was often near water so that players might leap in as the climax to their ride.

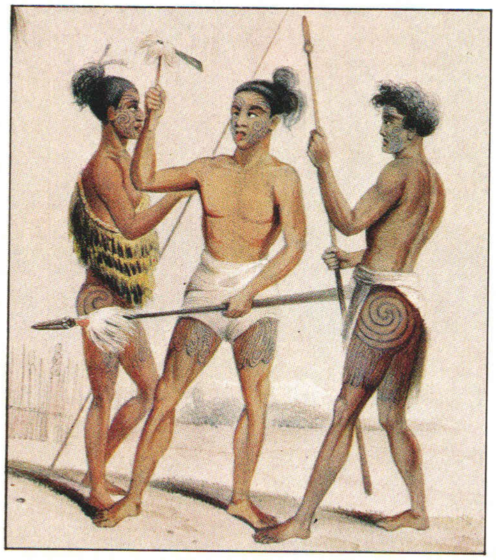




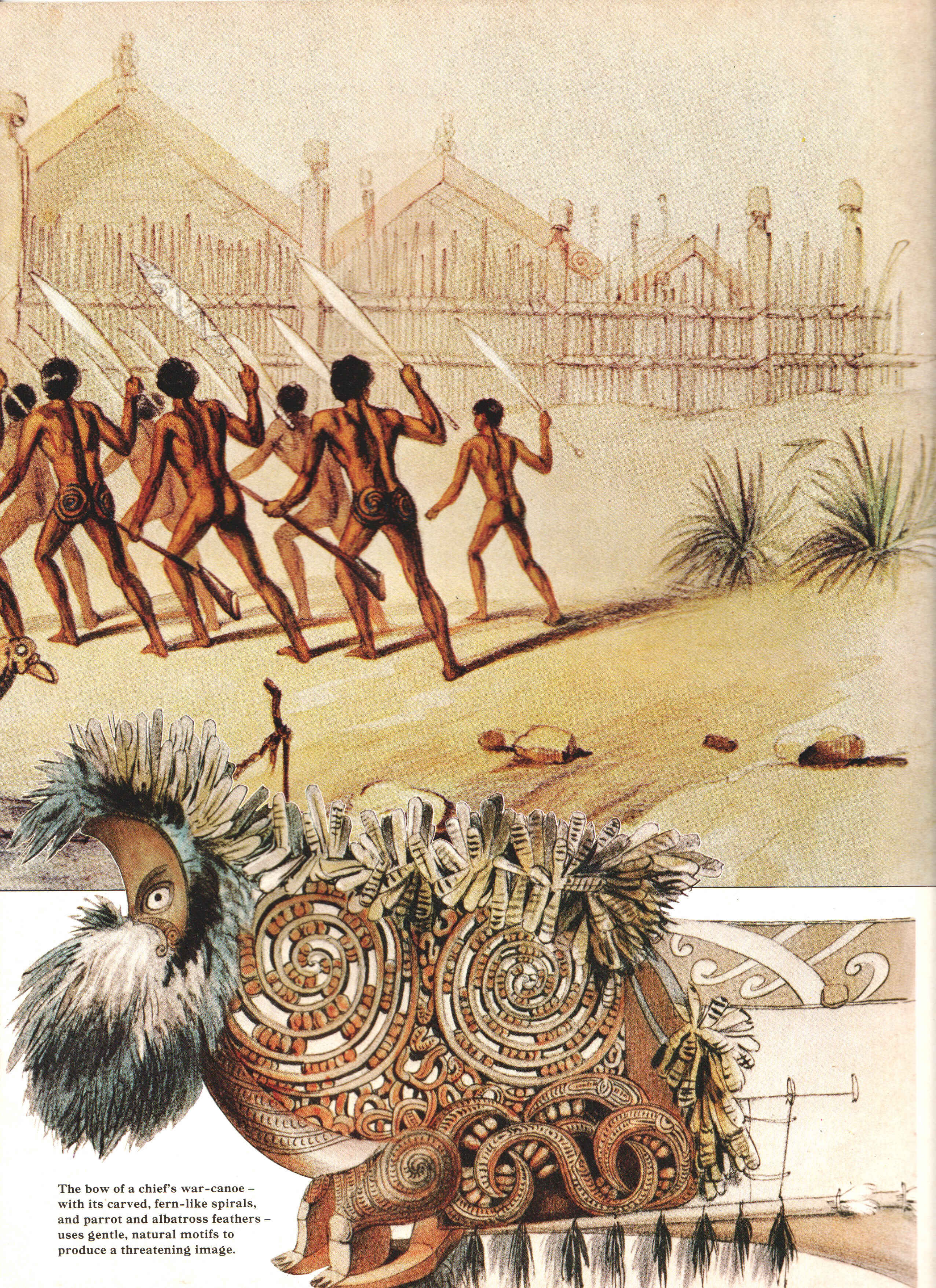
Ritual Savagery of War

The Maoris were a military people to whom inter-tribal warfare was an integral part of life, an art complete with its own rituals, courtesies and traditions. Tattooed warriors, who were trained from youth in the use of clubs, axes and spears, showed a fine sense of practicality by restricting their fighting to the summer months between planting and harvesting when cultivation took first priority. They were also known to cook and eat slain enemies to supplement their meat-deficient diet, but cannibalism was never the sole cause of war. With the advent of muskets, traditional methods of warfare declined and terrible slaughter ensued.

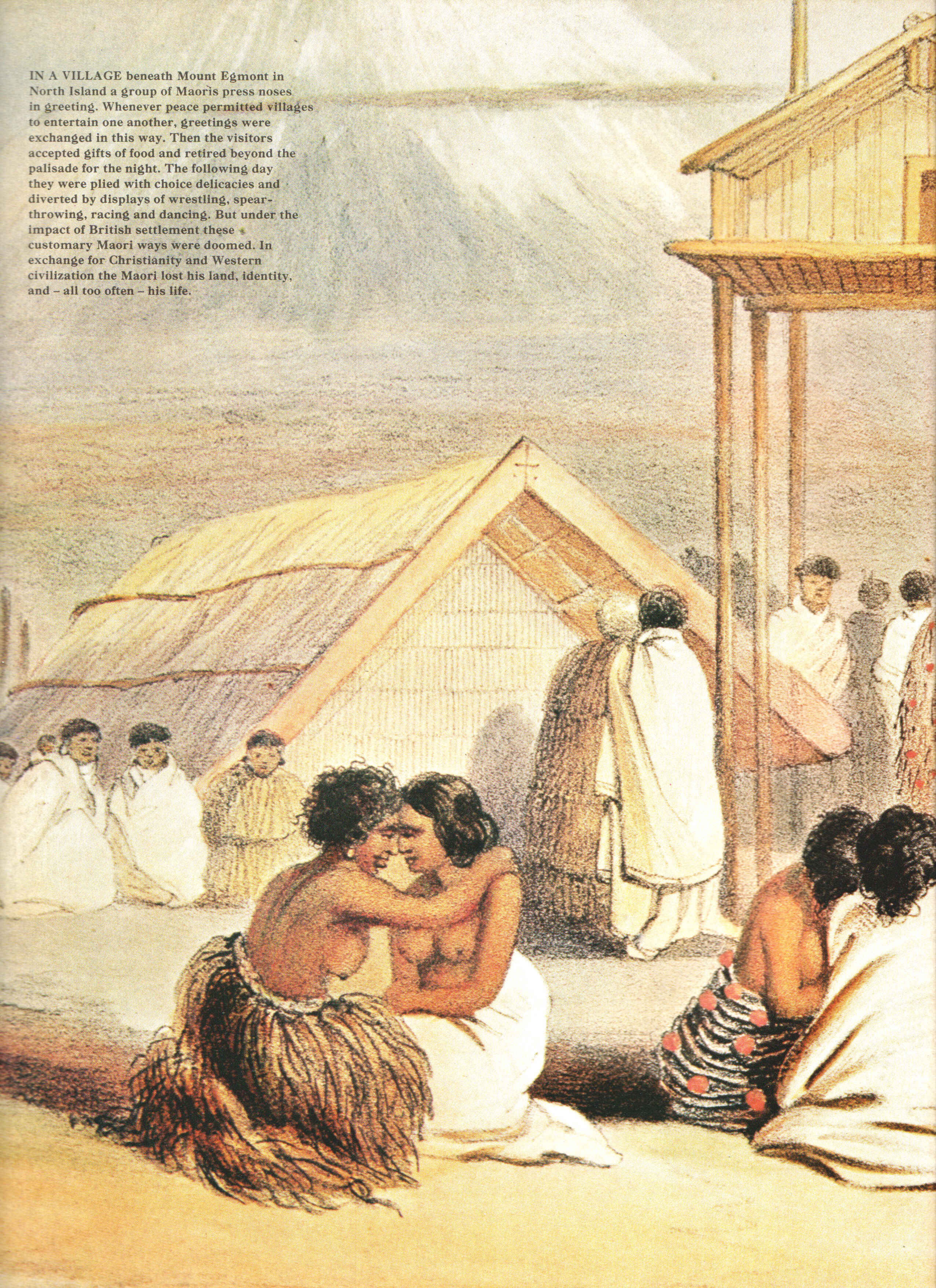
Maori fighters brandish canoe paddles in a war-dance before their fortified village. The muskets carried by two men add a new and ominous note to this ritual prelude to battle.



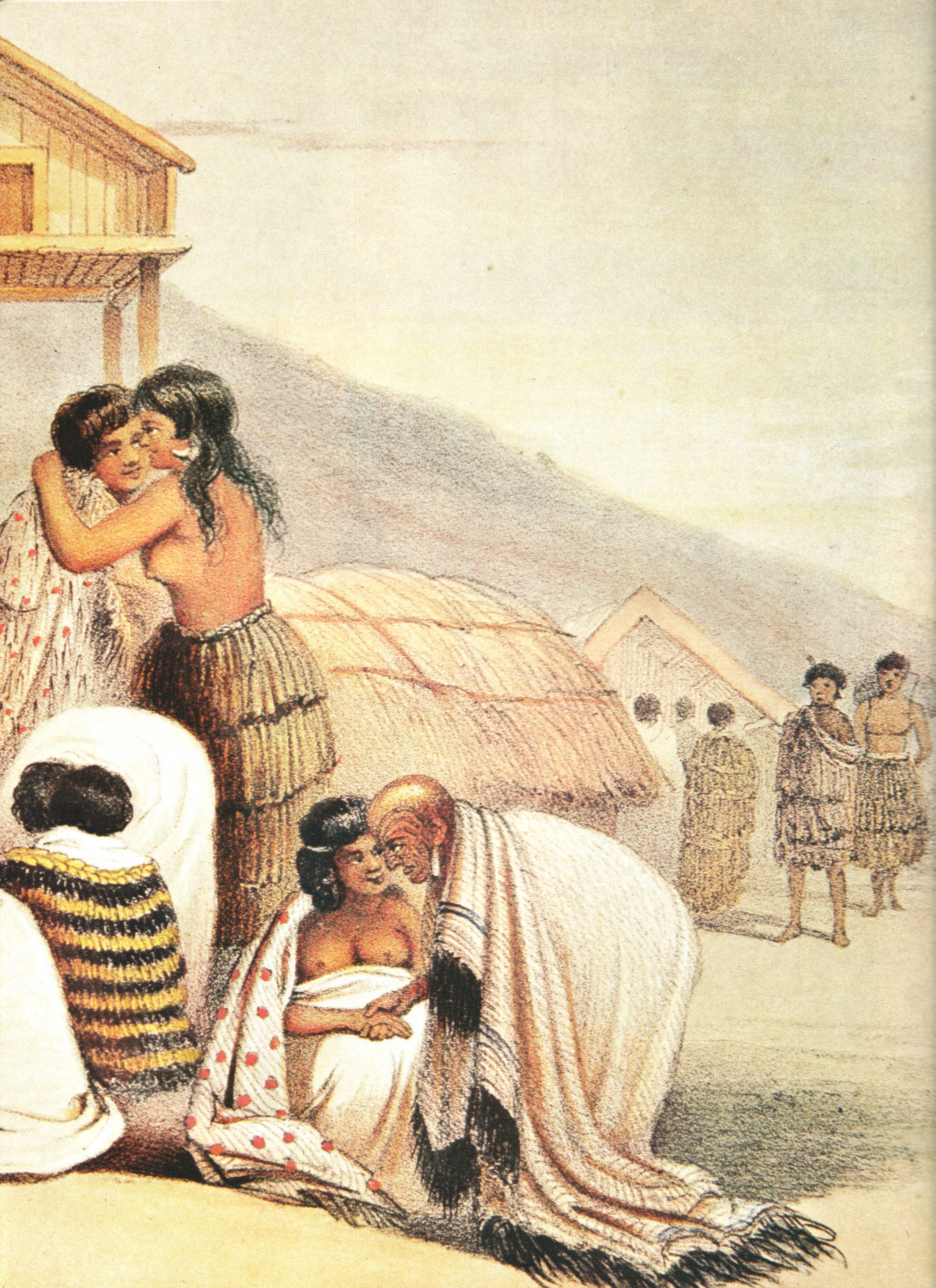
Three warriors prepare themselves psychologically for inter-tribal warfare by means of wild gestures, rolling eyes and protruding tongues. In this way they attained a mood of defiance and contempt for the foe.



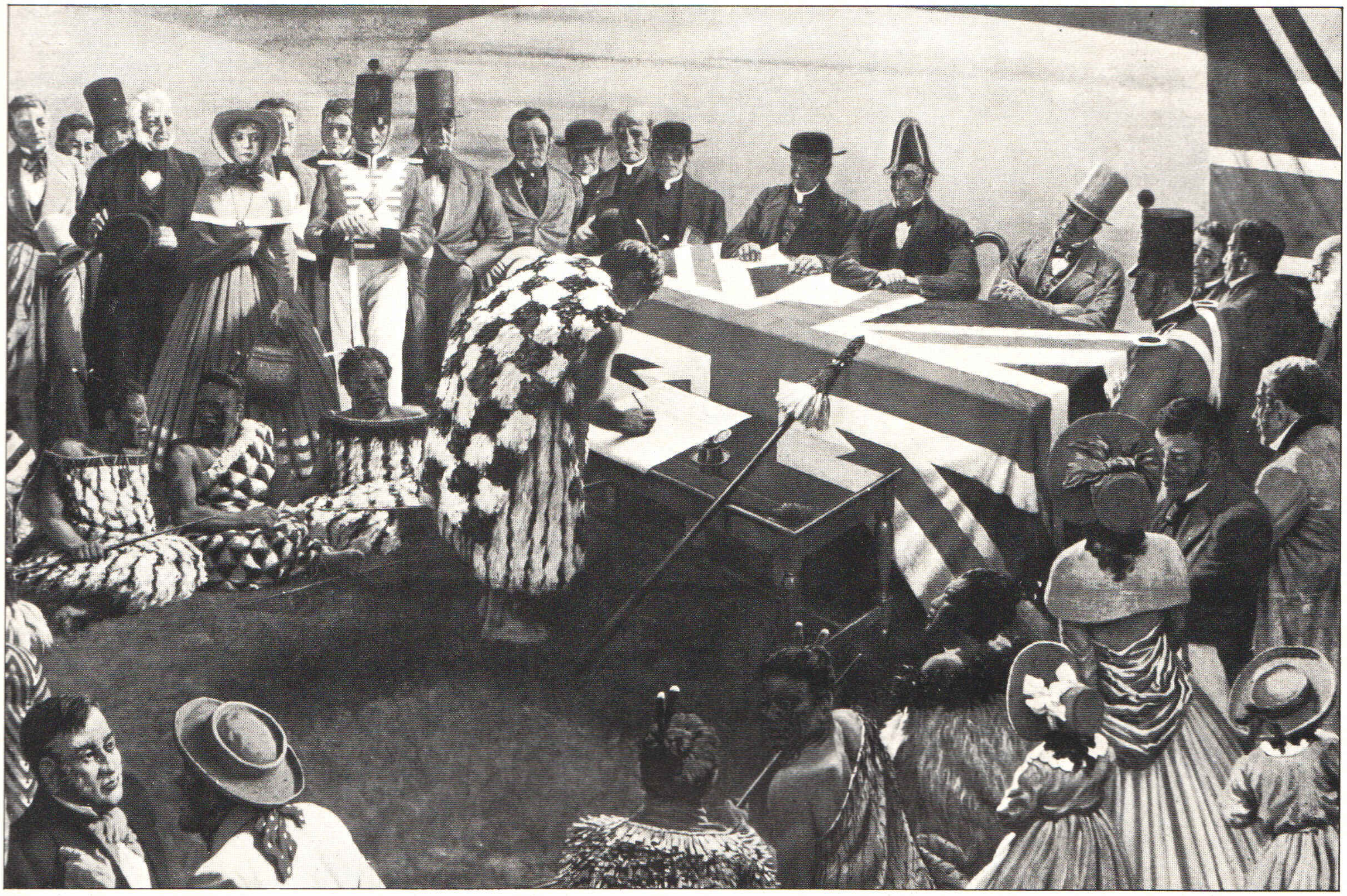
The bow of a chief's war-canoe – with its carved, fern-like spirals, and parrot and albatross feathers – uses gentle, natural motifs to produce a threatening image.



IN A VILLAGE beneath Mount Egmont in North Island a group of Maoris press noses in greeting. Whenever peace permitted villages to entertain one another, greetings were exchanged in this way. Then the visitors accepted gifts of food and retired beyond the palisade for the night. The following day they were plied with choice delicacies and diverted by displays of wrestling, spear-throwing, racing and dancing. But under the impact of British settlement these customary Maori ways were doomed. In exchange for Christianity and Western civilization the Maori lost his land, identity, and – all too often – his life.



II. The Struggle for Possession



The great Maori chief Tamati Waka Nene becomes the first to sign the Treaty of Waitangi which in 1840 turned the Maoris into British subjects.

While the missionaries were tilling their spiritual field, another man who was to have a deeper influence on New Zealand history lay in London's Newgate prison, sentenced for abducting an heiress. He was Edward Gibbon Wakefield, an unstable visionary who conceived a complex plan for "systematic colonisation." He believed that if land in colonies were sold by the Crown to would-be purchasers at a "sufficient price," the revenues would pay the fares of the carefully chosen immigrants. The labouring immigrant, eager to acquire land of his own, would have to work for a few years to accumulate the price of a farm, thereby keeping the ranks of farm-labourers well filled. The existence of this pool of workers would encourage capitalist farmers – employers – to migrate. With the widespread application of this seemingly Utopian plan, Wakefield expected to create colonies which reproduced the best features of British society, but without its poverty and urban overcrowding.

Although Wakefield's plans seemed at first original, they were in fact conservative, even reactionary. They aimed at preserving the supposed virtues of pre-industrial England, a largely legendary world of the squire surrounded by his contented, cap-tipping, forelock-pulling yokels. Wakefield's schemes were also impractical. What sort of wage could be paid that would be high enough for labourers to become landowners yet low enough to attract capital investment? Wakefield never said.

In 1837, Wakefield set up the New Zealand Association, which dedicated itself to the work of sending numerous settlers to the Antipodes. His plans were opposed by the mission societies in London and, for a time, by the Colonial Office. He was personally distrusted for his criminal past. And the missions, heady with success after the abolition of slavery, were convinced that European settlement would ruin the Maoris as it had damaged – or destroyed – other primitive people.

But colonization of a sort had already begun and could not be stopped. By 1838 there were about 2,000 European settlers, mostly in the north. They included many deserters from ships, escaped convicts from Australia and other riff-raff. Lives and property, Maori or European, were alike insecure. "Everyone did as he liked," one settler wrote, "except when his neighbours would not let him." At the same time Sydney "land sharks" were coming over and trying to buy Maori land for next to nothing. It increasingly seemed to the Australian government, to respectable New Zealand settlers and to missionaries, that something had to be done – and very quickly – to introduce order in a lawless land.

By 1839 the British government reluctantly decided to take action. A naval officer, Captain William Hobson, was sent out to negotiate annexation with the Maoris. His instructions expressed the government's pious hope of preventing that "process of War and Spoliation" which had everywhere led to the crushing of uncivilized tribes by European settlers. The government also hoped that New Zealand might prove a Christian colony; and provide an example to the world of good racial relations.

On February 5, 1840, several hundred Maoris gathered at Waitangi – the Waters of Lamentation – on the North Island to discuss the pros and cons of annexation. The result was no foregone conclusion. If the chiefs, arguing among themselves in the marquee set up on the lawn in front of the British Residency, had decided against it, the country would not have been annexed. Many powerful conservative chieftains wanted a return to a golden Polynesian age before the coming of the disruptive Europeans. But a chief of the Ngapuhi, Tamati Waka Nene, won the day with his passionate exhortation to dispense with nostalgia and fear. Christianity, trade and peace were blessings he would exchange for a pagan past and anarchic present. He told Hobson: "You must preserve our customs, and never permit our lands to be wrested from us. Stay then our friend, our father, our Governor."

The next day, some 50 chiefs signed the Treaty of Waitangi. Over the next few months it was carried about the country for others to sign. Many refused, but 500 put their names on the document. They thereby ceded their sovereignty to the Queen and were guaranteed in return the possession of their lands and given the rights of British subjects.

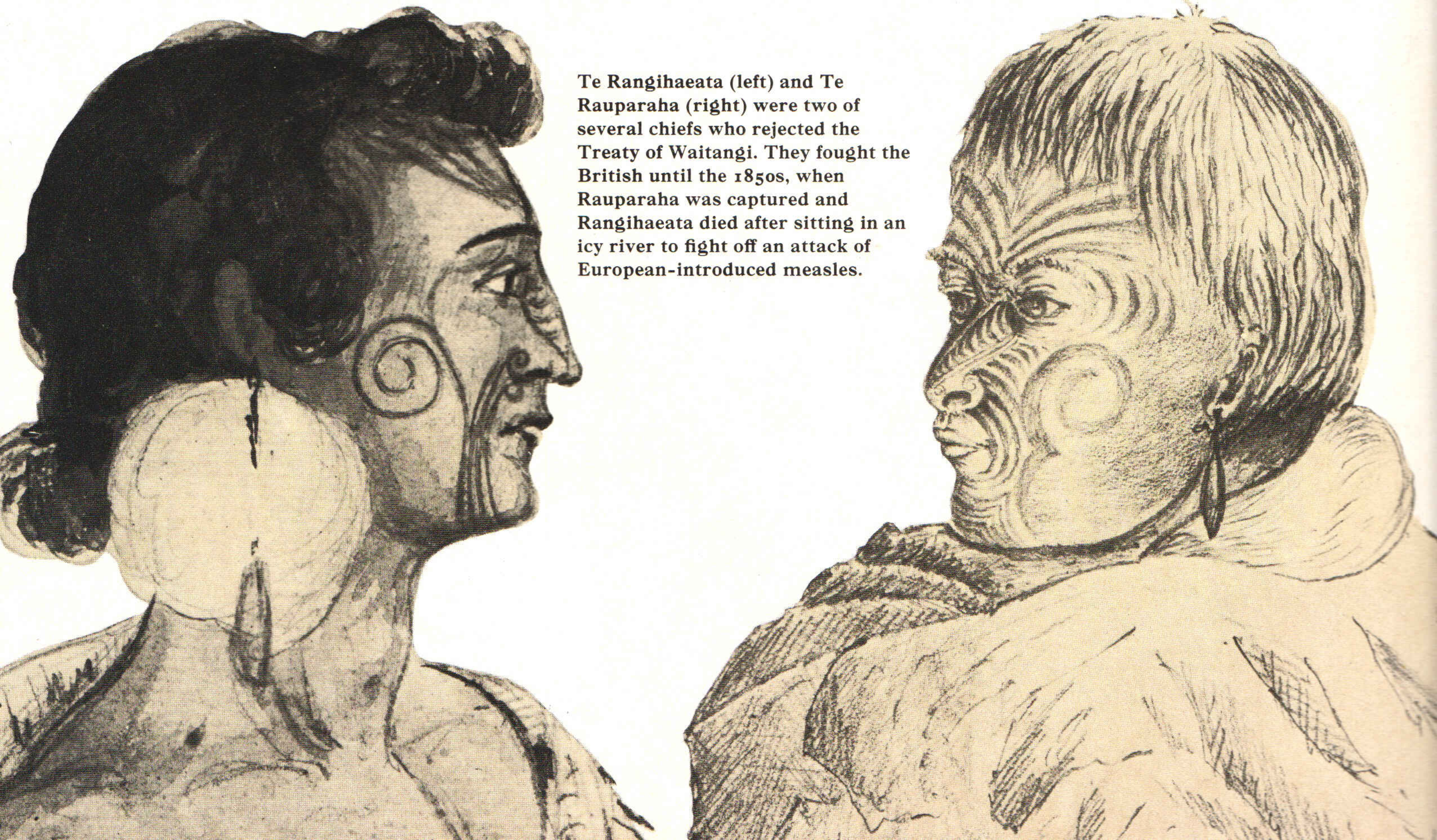
The treaty was of dubious legality, for it was not clear whether the Maoris understood what they had done. Their lands for instance, could now only be sold to the Crown – but the Maori land was held in common and before the Europeans arrived there was no system by which it could be sold at all. And Hobson, anxious to prevent settlers from making their own laws, never waited to hear from the South Island chiefs. He formally annexed the whole country on May 21, 1840.

How to implement the treaty was another matter. No one knew how to "protect" aborigines from the dangers brought by civilization. Moreover, just before Hobson reached New Zealand the first of Wakefield's New Zealand Company settlers had arrived. Their aim was not to benefit the Maoris but to benefit themselves – to establish a prosperous white colony.

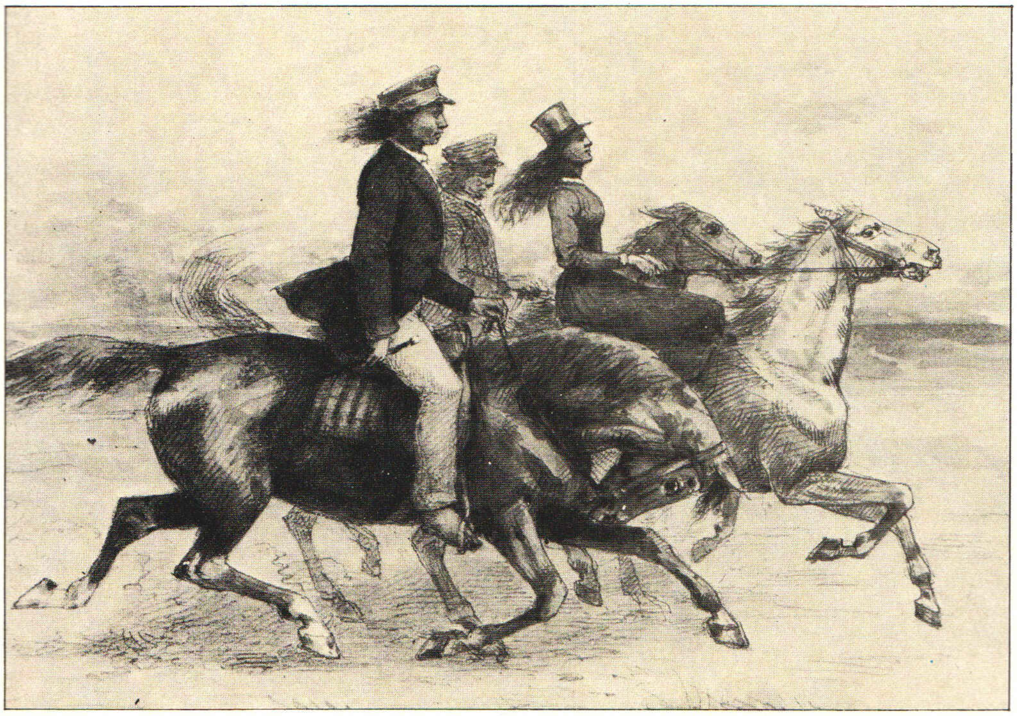
The first "Wakefield" settlement was established near the present capital city, Wellington, in 1840. Next year further colonies were planted in Nelson, across Cook Strait and at New Plymouth. Another settlement, an offshoot of Wellington, was placed at Wanganui. In the north Governor Hobson placed his capital at Auckland, on the Waitemata Harbour, which lay between the great concentrations of Maori population in the north and near the Waikato River. None of these settlements was very successful at first. In some there was a surplus of labour and unemployment. In a great many of them there was repeated trouble with the Maori tribesmen.

Despite the good, indeed noble, instructions given to Governor Hobson, New Zealand for some years experienced outbreaks of chaos and violence similar to those which darkened the early history of most other colonies. The 1840s were a decade of war.

The first bloodshed took place when



Te Rangihaeata (left) and Te Rauparaha (right) were two of several chiefs who rejected the Treaty of Waitangi. They fought the British until the 1850s, when Rauparaha was captured and Rangihaeata died after sitting in an icy river to fight off an attack of European-introduced measles.



Many young Maoris of the mid-19th Century acquired horses, only recently introduced, and sported European clothes – though the nearest rider in the group has drawn the line at boots.

two Maori chiefs, Te Rangihaeata and his uncle, Te Rauparaha, disputed the title of the New Zealand Company to land it claimed to have bought from the Maori owners. Since this formidable pair were known to have slaughtered large numbers of Maori enemies in the 1820s and 1830s, they were not people a sensible man would have quarrelled with. But in 1843, at the Wairau River near Nelson, Captain Arthur Wakefield, brother of Edward, and an armed party of settlers tried to arrest the chiefs for obstructing the survey of disputed land. Twenty-two Europeans, including the foolhardy Captain Wakefield, were killed.

At the Bay of Islands there was more serious trouble. The settlers – and their trade, on which the local tribes had come to depend – had moved to the new town of Auckland, depriving the northern Maoris of that source of income. Though some chiefs remained friendly, others became very hostile to the government, which had imposed customs duties. American traders incited the Maoris against the British flag. A local chief, Hone Heke, one of the first signatories to the Treaty of Waitangi, raised a large war-party, cut down the British flagstaff and sacked the township, Kororareka. In the year of skirmishing which followed, the rebels beat British troops several times.

On one occasion, after a strongly fortified *pa* had been bombarded by artillery, it was assaulted by British soldiers, sailors and marines, who advanced in close formation. One-third of them were killed or wounded before they retreated.

As the sporadic warfare of the 1840s died down, the European settlements began to prosper. New attempts were made to apply Wakefield's principles of systematic colonization at Otago, founded in 1848, and Canterbury, established two years later. These South Island settlements became very wealthy during the 1850s, but not because of Wakefield's "system," which totally failed to work. The small "mixed" farms that he had envisaged could not be successful, if only because there was no large permanent market for dairy and other perishable goods which they produced. During the Australian gold-rushes, beginning in 1851, there was, to be sure, a temporary market for exports of food from New Zealand. But as soon as Australian agriculture began to expand, it was able to supply all its own needs.

What did succeed in New Zealand, as in Australia, were great sheep-raising enterprises. For wool was in world-wide demand and could be transported everywhere. It provided the export income that was needed to pay for the imports that the settlers had to have.

This period of growth coincided with the governorship of George Grey, New Zealand's most remarkable Governor, a brilliant scholar and one of the greatest 19th-Century agents of Empire. He was still in his thirties during his first period of office, from 1845 to 1853, but he at once revealed himself as an efficient, though ruthless ruler. His intentions towards the Maoris were of the best, and although the settlers regarded him as a tyrant who refused them self-government, among the Maoris he had, during his first governorship, the *mana* (prestige) of a high chief. He was well suited by origin to protect them: being of Irish origin he had an aversion of anything which even faintly smacked of landlordism.

He took many steps directed towards improving the standards of Maori life. He subsidized the mission schools. He appointed resident magistrates, hoping they would accustom the Maoris to British concepts of law; built hospitals to care for Maori health; and encouraged Maoris to take up farming by lending them money to buy equipment. As a result, many prospered. Maoris owned much of the coastal shipping. Others grew fruit and vegetables which they sold in the towns and exported to Australia. The Waikato Maoris, for instance, grew thousands of acres of wheat.

But in the long term, many of the measures intended to improve the lot of the Maoris were useless. To the Maoris, the government's aim – and Grey's – was offensive: it aimed to "elevate" them as a step towards the "amalgamation" of the two races. The Maori was to abandon his culture, which was thought "primitive," and become a brown European. Secondly, few of the measures touched the majority of the Maori population. The schools and hospitals were too few to achieve

Te Puni, a wizened old Maori warrior and former cannibal, is baptized by Octavius Hadfield, future Bishop of Wellington. But the early missionaries had few such successes, and Hadfield felt that if God could not awe the Maoris the British Army would have to.

much. The high proportion of the Maoris who were literate by the 1850s owed more to their own efforts to teach each other to read from the Maori translation of the Bible than to formal schooling.

Even the fine British intentions of protecting the Maoris from land speculators misfired. The Treaty of Waitangi supposedly empowered only Crown agents to buy land, thus barring "land sharks" who concluded rapid and illegal deals with an individual rather than the tribe. Yet as the numbers of settlers grew and the demand for land increased, government land-purchase officers acted like "land sharks" themselves in their eagerness to make a purchase. One man described how a Crown agent named Robert Parris went to offer his condolences to a Maori widow. "Parris commenced blubbering at some distance and he rubbed noses [the usual Maori greeting] with the widow and the three or four other withered old things there. It was worth the trip to see the profile of Parris' mug as he was getting up steam. I suppose he had a 'motive' . . . some hopes of land in that direction."

Such tricks became all too common after Grey's departure. Indeed far from being "one harmonious community" as Grey optimistically described New Zealand, land became an increasing point of dispute until, within a very few years it became the cause of a war that, with interruptions, was to last for decades.

To support their vast sheep-ranches the settlers burned the bush and planted grass seed in the ash. Moreover each farmer needed an area of grazing land, for his flocks that was huge by Maori – and certainly English – standards.

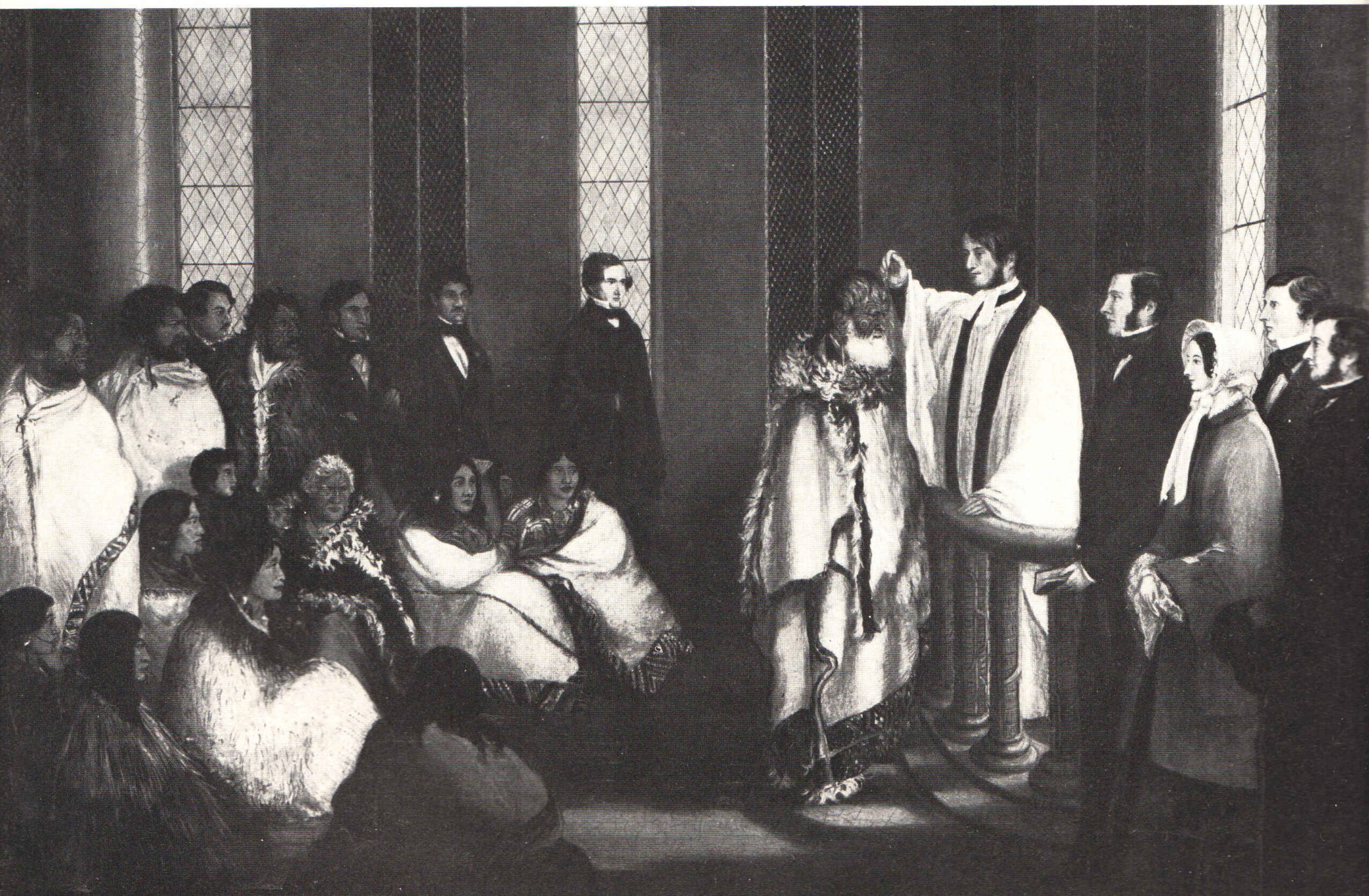
The Maoris, on the other hand, used little land for their own crops of *kumara* (sweet potato) and other roots. They relied on the great forests to provide them with their traditional fare of birds and berries and edible plants.

The settlers thought the Maoris were not "using" their lands. The Maoris thought the settlers excessively greedy. There was, then, a basic conflict of interest between the two races. And this had been evident to some Maoris, like Te Rauparaha, from the first. When a Maori tribe sold its land it was selling its country, its native land, its collective inheritance – not merely some individually owned transferable assets.

The conflict of interests was especially clear near the small settlement of New Plymouth in Taranaki. When the white men went there in 1841 the district was almost unpopulated: during the inter-tribal wars, the Maoris had been killed or had migrated. But now that missionaries and war-weariness had brought peace, Maoris began to drift back only to find that their lands had been illegally "sold" by individuals, to the white man. Most Maoris understandably refused to recognize the New Zealand Company's title and reoccupied most of their lands, to the lasting bitterness and anger of the British settlers.

Some Taranaki Maoris began to seek wider support from their fellows to oppose the white man. One tribe in southern Taranaki built a huge meeting-house, and in 1854 called what may have been the largest inter-tribal meeting held up to that time. The chiefs spoke of an "obstinate plan" – *te tikanga pakeke* – of refusing to sell their land. They placed a *tapu* on it, calling on the *taniwha*, a sea monster, to protect it from alienation.

The meeting did not itself achieve much. The guests ate all their hosts' food without reaching any binding agreements. In fact for four years after the meeting Taranaki was the scene of bitter feuding between Maoris unwilling to sell land and the minority who wanted to sell.



But, at a time of increasing racial tension, it acquired a special significance. It was the first of a series of inter-tribal meetings that led to the rise of a Maori national movement, and, four years later, to the election of a Maori king. As for the settlers, they came to believe that the Maoris had formed a "land league . . . a war league, a league of blood and death."

Other Maoris, too, began to speak of putting aside tribal feuds and becoming one people – a nation. One of their leaders was Tamihana Te Rauparaha, a son of the old fighting chief. Their movement, *kotahitanga* – unity – showed a desire to avoid absorption by the *pakeha* (white men). By now, the Maoris had reason to fear: in 1858, there were only 56,000 of them in all New Zealand, and they were rapidly being outnumbered by the European settlers who were arriving.

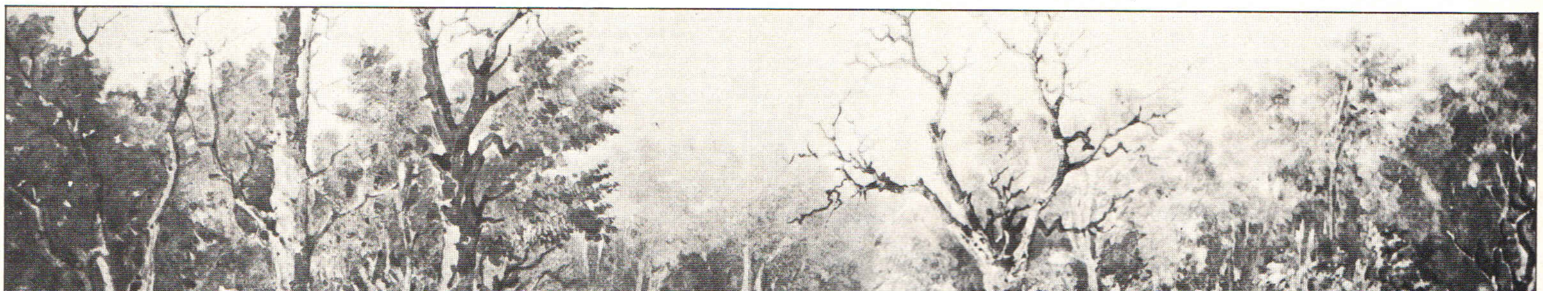
By the mid-1850s the leadership of this early nationalist movement was assumed by a younger man, Wiremu Tamihana, often anglicized as William Thompson, a Christian leader of remarkable ability and breadth of vision. By 1858 he had induced some of the greatest tribes to elect as "king" a famous but aged Waikato warrior who is remembered by the new name, Potatau, he adopted.

While the Maoris were creating a separatist movement, the settlers were gaining self-government. In 1852 New Zealand received a constitution providing for an elected House of Representatives. By 1856, there was a parliament and the settlers had been granted "responsible government." Their ministers had charge of domestic affairs, but the Governor, Sir Thomas Gore-Browne, kept control of Maori policy and the purchase of Maori lands.

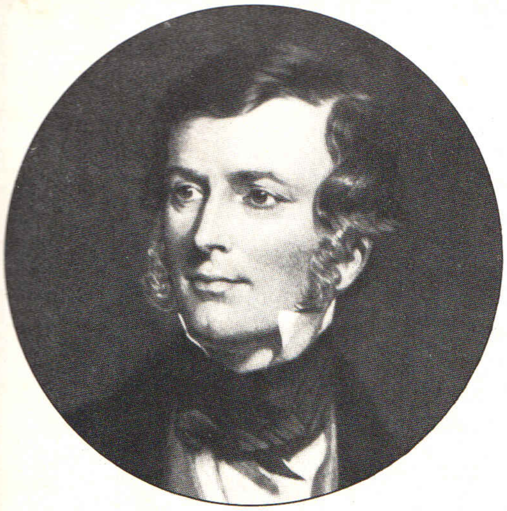
In the 1850s, then, the settlers and many Maoris were moving on divergent political paths.

The direct cause of war was a particularly unjust land purchase in Taranaki. Here, the feud between the Maoris who supported and opposed land sales continued unabated. By 1858 the government decided that there was a real danger of the settlers interfering in the Maori feud to help the land-selling Maoris.

Governor Sir Thomas Gore-Brown had come to the ill-advised conclusion that the Taranaki feuds were due to the illegitimate interference of a "land league" that stopped rightful owners from selling land. In 1859, the land-purchase agent, Robert Parris, arranged for a Maori named Teira, to sell land, though the local chief, Wiremu Kingi – or William King in the European version of his name – opposed the sale. The Governor was ignorant of the laws of Maori landownership and imagined that the land-selling Maoris were an oppressed majority. He thought resolute action at this point



British attempts to storm the palisaded and well-defended Maori *pa*, or forts, by frontal assault often proved very costly – almost suicidal.



Sir George Grey, autocratic Governor and later Prime Minister of New Zealand, was described by one of his many enemies as "the great dictator, the great Maori tamer."

would reveal this and solve the problems of racial relations at a blow. So he announced that he would buy Teira's land unless Kingi was an owner. The land-purchase agents said he was not. Despite the fact that Kingi and his followers were actually living on the land, the Governor went ahead. The Maoris naturally resisted the surveyors.

This notorious land purchase, the Waitara purchase, led to ten years of warfare called by the settlers "the Maori wars." But to the Maoris it was *te riri pakeha*, "the white man's fight."

The First Taranaki War – really a campaign – lasted from 1861 to 1862. The British and "colonial" troops, at first only 1,000 strong, were outnumbered by the hostile local tribes. Moreover, it was hard to get to grips with them – they could disappear so easily into the dense forests. They had no organized army, no lines of communication, no towns which could be attacked.

The Maoris would build a *pa* – a fort. The troops would attack, often with heavy losses. The Maoris would vanish. Eventually, the British worked out the successful tactic of driving covered trenches towards the *pa*. Although the Maoris ridiculed the trenches, once offering to dig them wherever the British wanted for a shilling a day, the European's methodical approach prevailed.

The fighting died down. Wiremu Kingi retreated to the Waikato and declared his support for the late King Potatau's successor. In 1861 the British government sent Sir George Grey back for a second term as Governor, to see if he could restore peace.

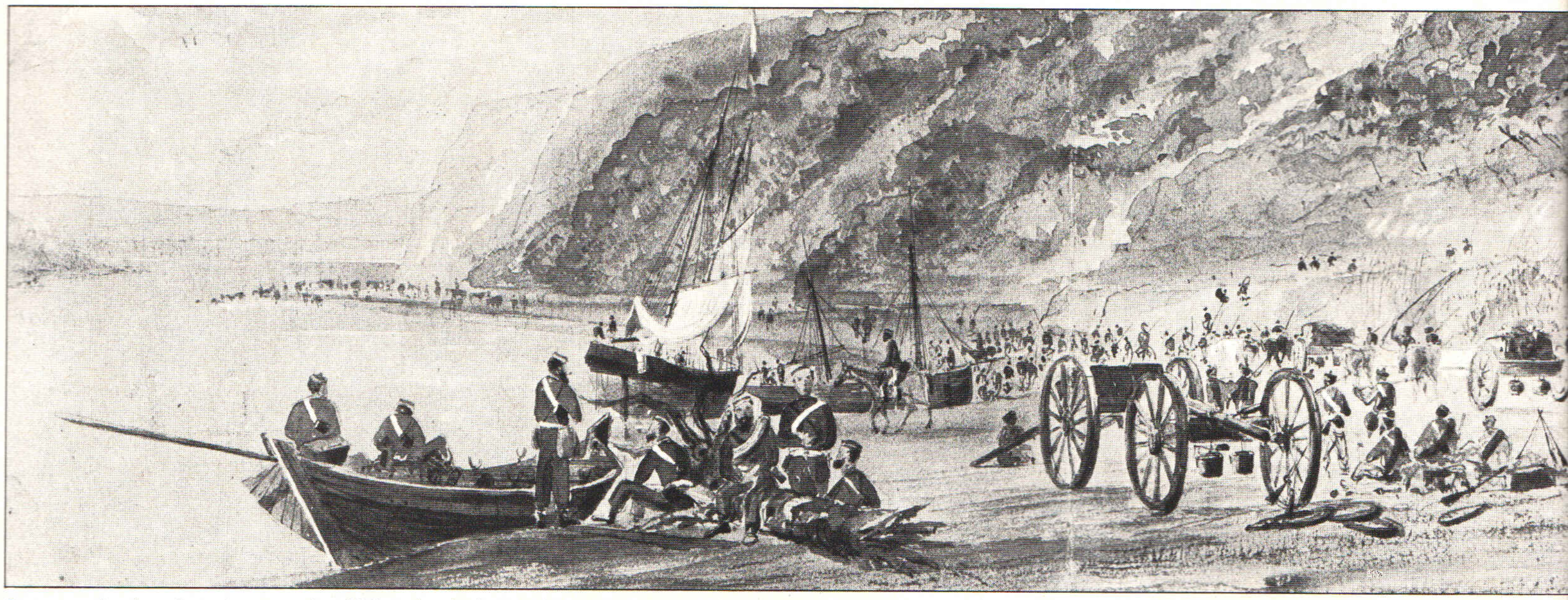
In an effort to establish a satisfactory "Maori policy," Grey introduced a system of "indirect rule" by which European agents – doctors, magistrates and civil commissioners – were to live among the Maoris to introduce Western civilization, while each Maori district would have its own Maori council reporting directly to the Governor. One of the agents, John Gorst, summing up his 18 months' experience among the Maoris, wrote: "It is but common justice to state here, that although the presence of an officer of Government in the midst of them was extremely distasteful, I was not only never treated with rudeness, but was everywhere received with the utmost kindness and hospitality. I was never plundered of a single article of property, nor subjected to the least injustice; and finally, when they broke into the open insurrection, not only were all Europeans living amongst them spared, but not a cow, nor a horse, nor any kind of property, was taken from us."

The agent-and-council experiment failed, for the Maoris were now too distrustful of settlers, and of Governor Grey too, to welcome well-meant attempts to "civilize" them.

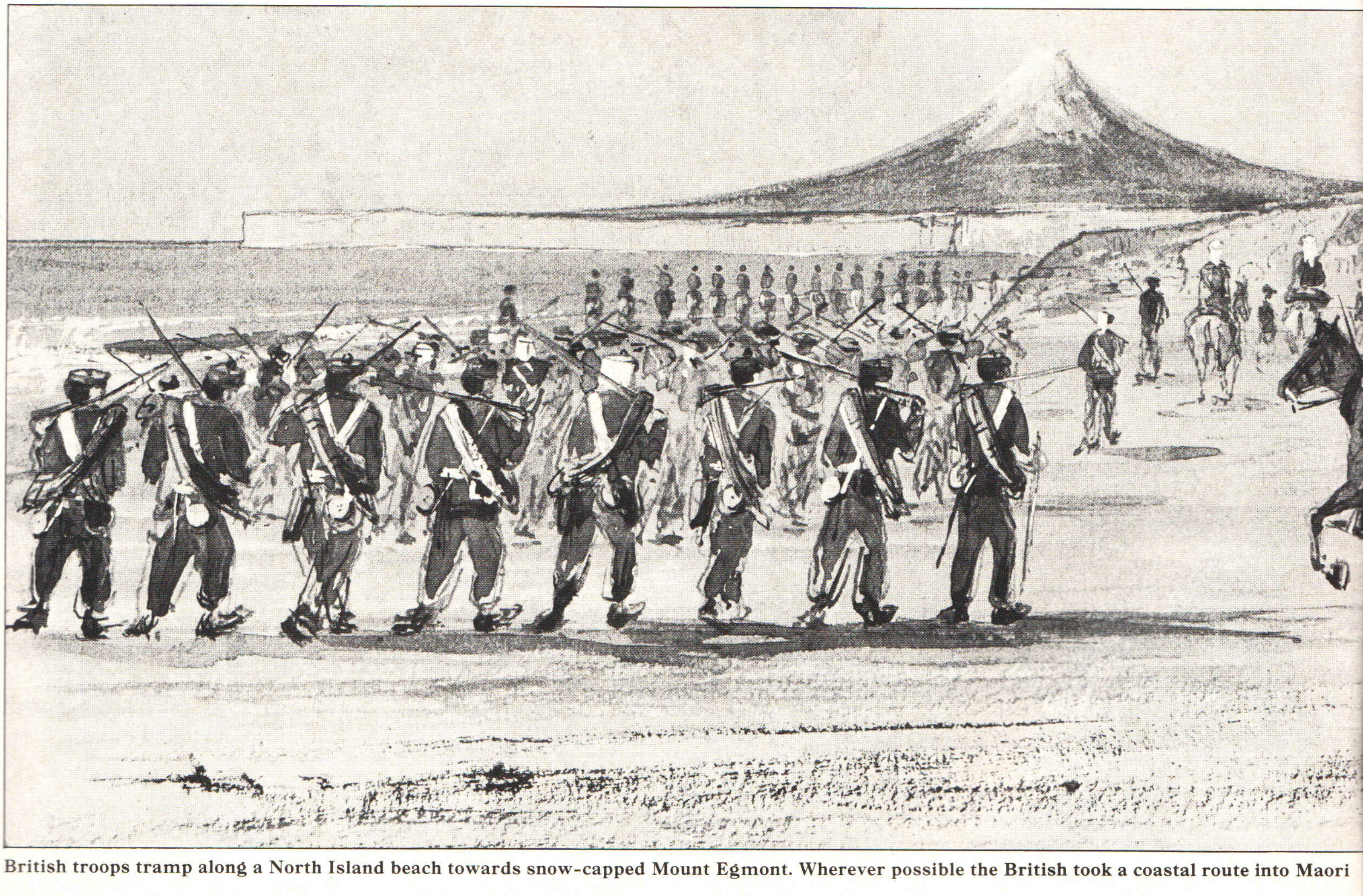
Then, in 1863 Grey's construction of a road pointing straight into the Waikato Valley further alarmed the Maoris, and with reason. "I shall dig around him till he falls," said Grey of the new Maori King. That year fighting broke out again in Taranaki, where the Maoris attacked. British troops invaded the Waikato using gun-boats to ouflank several *pa* by river. At Rangiriri on the banks of the Waikato, 200 Maoris were captured – but at the cost of 100 British dead.

The Maoris made a last stand in a village called Orakau. Surrounded in their *pa*, without water and with only raw *kumara* (sweet potato) to eat, they refused to surrender. But the Maoris' old-fashioned flint-locks, double-barrelled shot-guns, clubs and spears were no match for howitzers, Enfield rifles and grenades. For three days, 300 Maoris withstood a battering from the 2,000 British. The British Commanding General, Sir Duncan Cameron, then offered them a truce. The Maori chief, Rewi Maniapoto, replied heroically: "We will fight on forever, forever, forever!" To the entreaty that at least the women and children should go

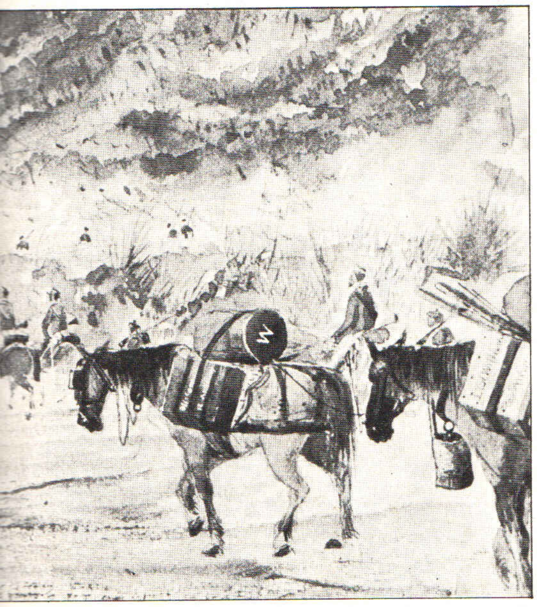
Chief Wiremu Tamihana, photographed loading his rifle, led the movement for Maori nationhood in the 1850s and encouraged the revival of tattooing to preserve something of Maori culture against the thrusting settlers.



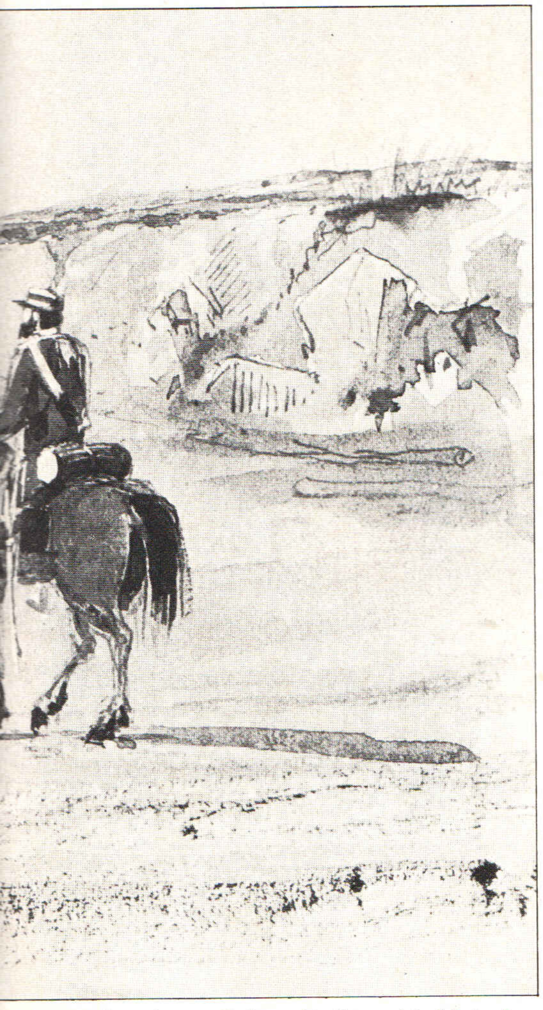
Gunners ford a river in pursuit of Maori rebels in 1865. Battles were so few that their commander, Colonel Williams, found time to paint hundreds of



British troops tramp along a North Island beach towards snow-capped Mount Egmont. Wherever possible the British took a coastal route into Maori



water-colours like this one and the one below.



areas rather than toil through the rugged interior.

free, the reply came that they would fight on with the men. That afternoon, the Maoris charged out. Their audacity was their salvation. Amidst the confusion half the Maoris, including Rewi, vanished into the swamps.

The British troops had come to respect their foe. In a near-by church they put up a remarkable, perhaps unique tablet, as a memorial to the Maoris who had fallen in battle. It said, "I say unto you, love your enemies."

By 1864 it seemed that the war might be over. The Maori King's village was taken. Wiremu Tamihana, the nationalist leader who had created the King movement, had surrendered. But it was not the end. A Maori called Te Ua had a vision which led him to found *Pai mārire*, the "good and peaceful" religion. It combined Christianity and Maori religion. His followers believed that if they cried out "Hau! hau!" they were impervious to bullets. They revived cannibalism and attacked troops with fanatical ferocity, unnerving the British and New Zealand troops. Cameron was so wary of making a major assault that he hovered anxiously round the coast on the edge of Maori territory; Maoris derisively called him "the lame seagull."

The wars dragged on. Most of the British troops went home by 1866, leaving the New Zealanders to fight alone.

Other Maori leaders arose, including an outstanding guerrilla leader, Te Kooti. He was not conquered, nor were several other famous leaders. Warfare petered out in the late 1860s, but Maori resistance had not been crushed. The Maori King and his followers lived on in the centre of the North Island, in splendid isolation. Europeans were not allowed to cross the boundary – and several who did so were killed. Not until the 1880s, when the Ngatimaniapoto tribe agreed to the construction of a railway, was the "King country" safe for settlers. The King himself submitted in 1881.

The settlers had wanted the best Maori land. But war proved a costly and largely self-defeating way of acquiring it. In 1863 the government had thought that the war might pay for itself if the land of "rebel" Maoris was confiscated. Three million acres of land in the Waikato, Taranaki and elsewhere was seized, but Europeans were slow to settle in such dangerous areas and much of the confiscated land remained unoccupied. Half of it was eventually returned to the Maoris. Nevertheless, confiscation embittered many Maoris for generations. They had lost perhaps 2,000 men in the war. Now they even turned against the missionaries. The missionaries, according to the Maoris, pointed towards Heaven; while the natives looked upwards, the *pakeha* stole their lands.

The main result of the war, which accounted for so many Maori deaths, was that the will of most Maoris to resist land sales had been broken. Hereafter white men's land courts, land speculators and unscrupulous lawyers steadily, remorselessly separated them from their lands. By the end of the century they had sold over half their land, and most of their good land, to the settlers. Many of them had drunk the proceeds, a tragic outcome when it is recalled that the Maoris were among the few people in the world who, when "discovered" by Europeans, had no alcohol or other stimulants. At first they hated "stinking water" as they called spirits. But by the late 19th Century many of them had acquired, from contact with civilization, an insatiable and deadly thirst, which became one of their major social problems.

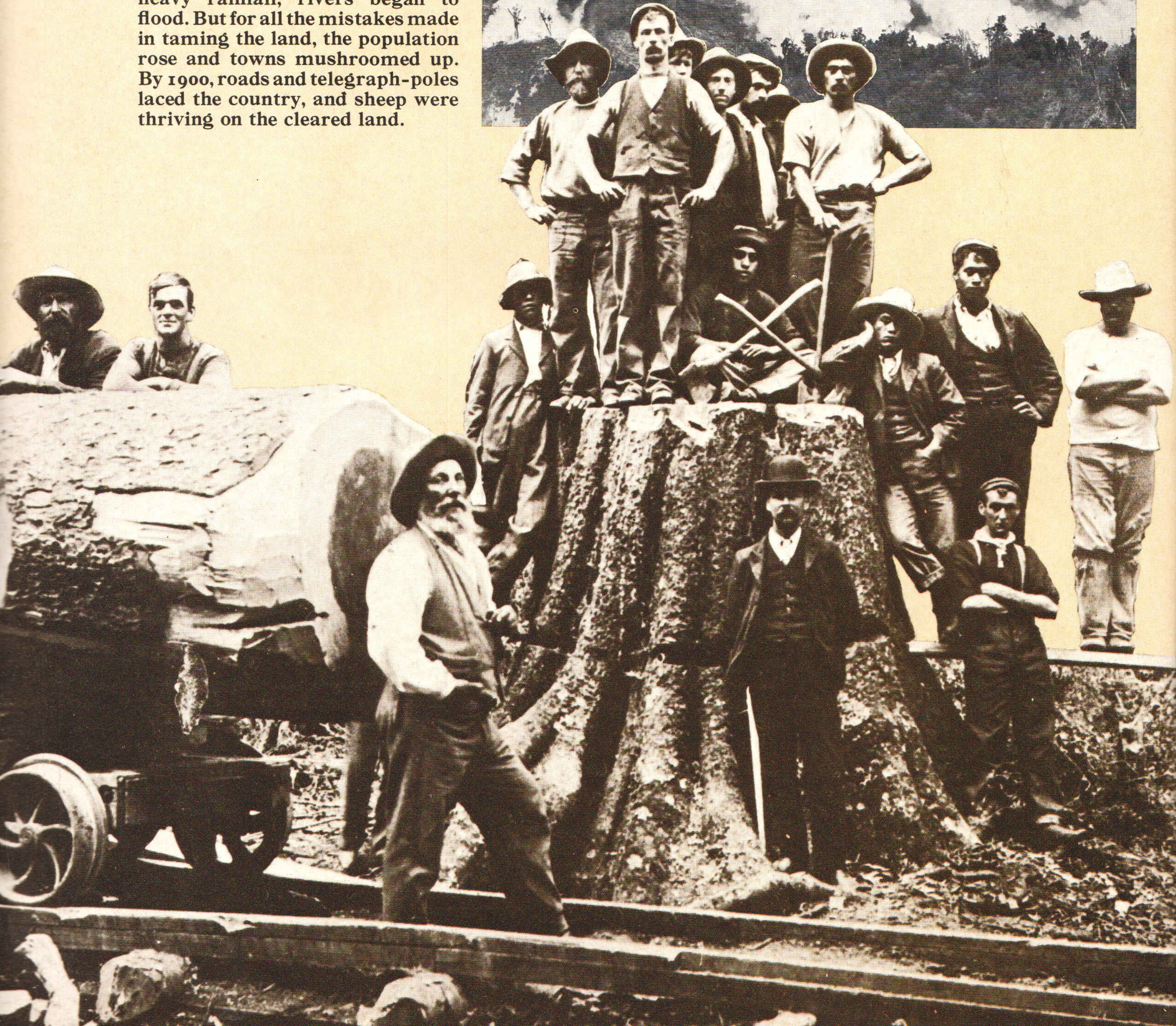
It was a sad awakening from the dreams of ideal racial relations in New Zealand. The ideals survived enough for the settlers to create, in 1867, four Maori electorates, held by Maori Members of Parliament – a gesture surely with few wartime precedents. But this, too, was part of the capitalist, British-type world introduced by the acquisitive, aggressive, hard-working, puritanical white men – a world alien to the Maoris but one which was now the key to the future peaceful government of New Zealand.

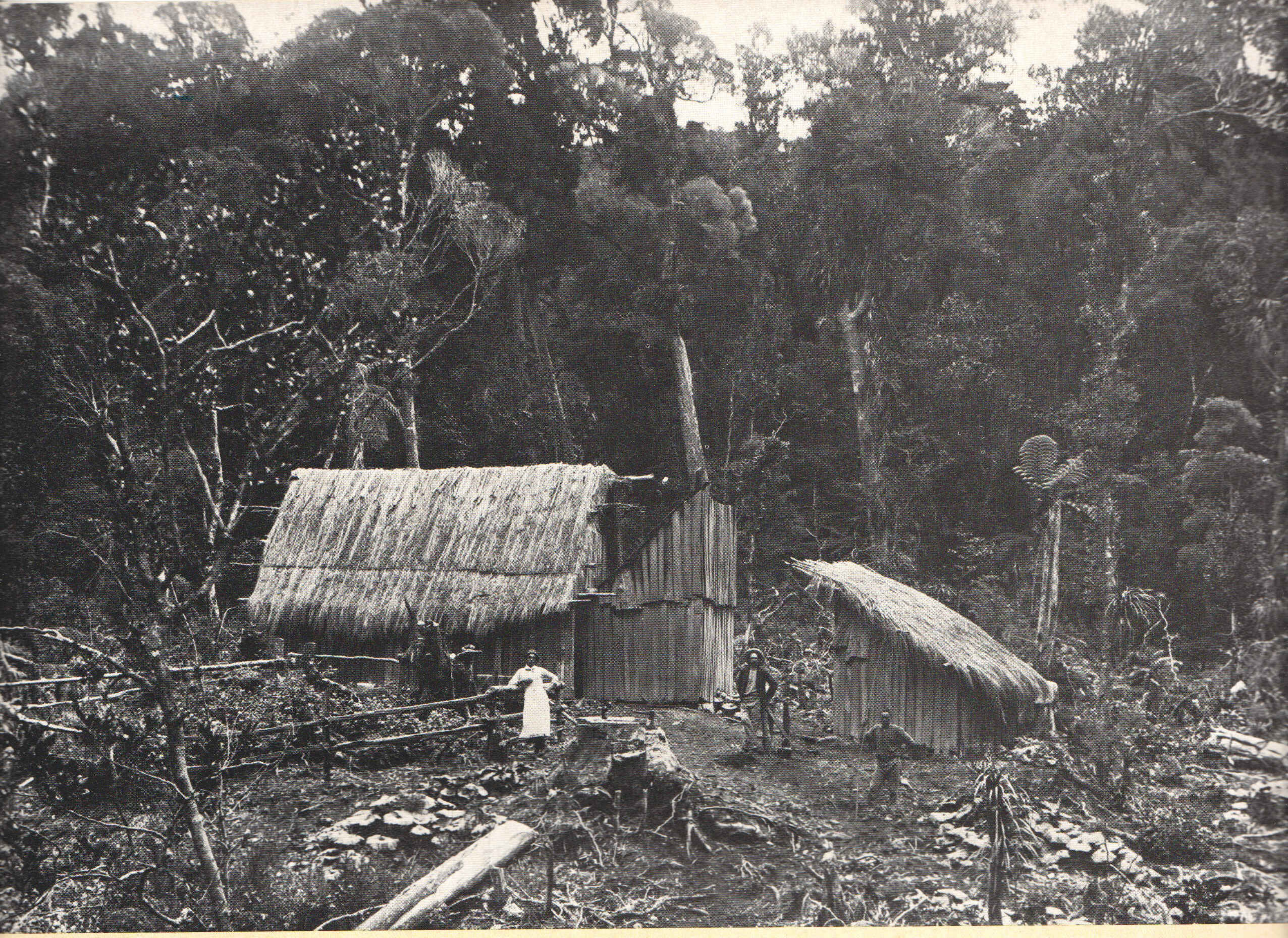
Anthony Trollope, the novelist, was in New Zealand in 1872. He wrote what might have been an epitaph on the Maoris: "There is scope for poetry in their past history. There is room for philanthropy as to their present condition. But in regard to their future – there is hardly a place for hope." Luckily, the New Zealanders proved him wrong

TAMING THE LAND

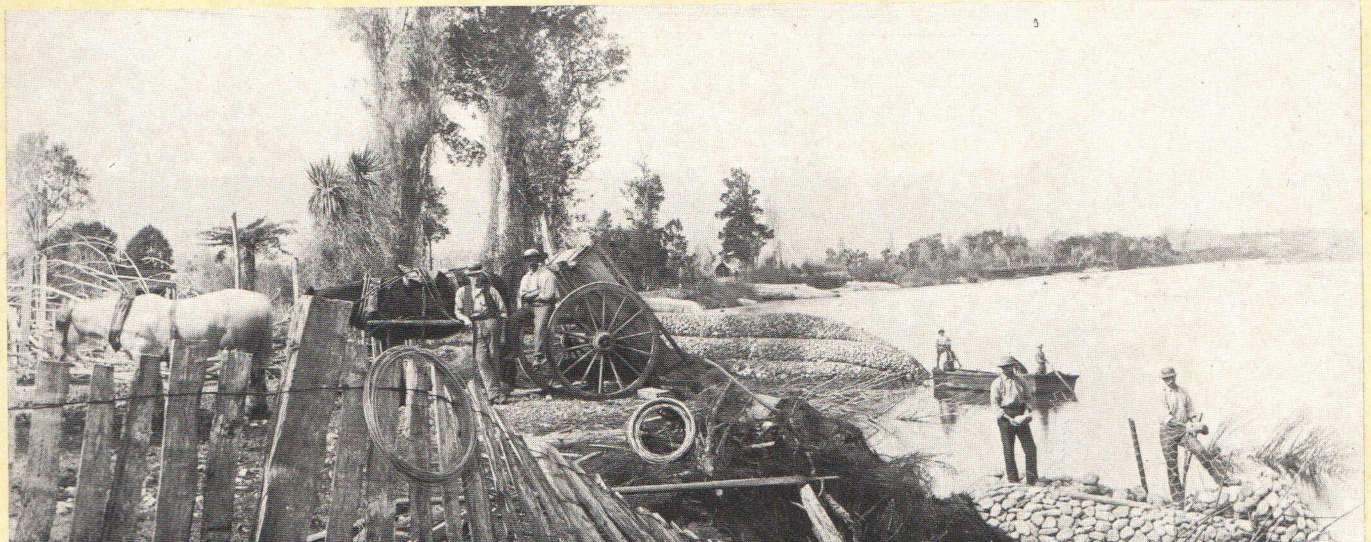
As the 19th Century wore on, New Zealand's dense rain-forests gradually loosed their stranglehold on the emerging nation. The dark wall of tangled vegetation grudgingly made way for farms and settlements, and colonists came to view the forest, not as a threat to their existence, but as an enormous treasure-house of timber. The most sought after tree was the majestic kauri of the far north, which was ruthlessly exploited and often burned down to open up land. With fewer trees to absorb the heavy rainfall, rivers began to flood. But for all the mistakes made in taming the land, the population rose and towns mushroomed up. By 1900, roads and telegraph-poles laced the country, and sheep were thriving on the cleared land.

Smoke billows from a blazing forest as colonists burn out space for homes and pasture.



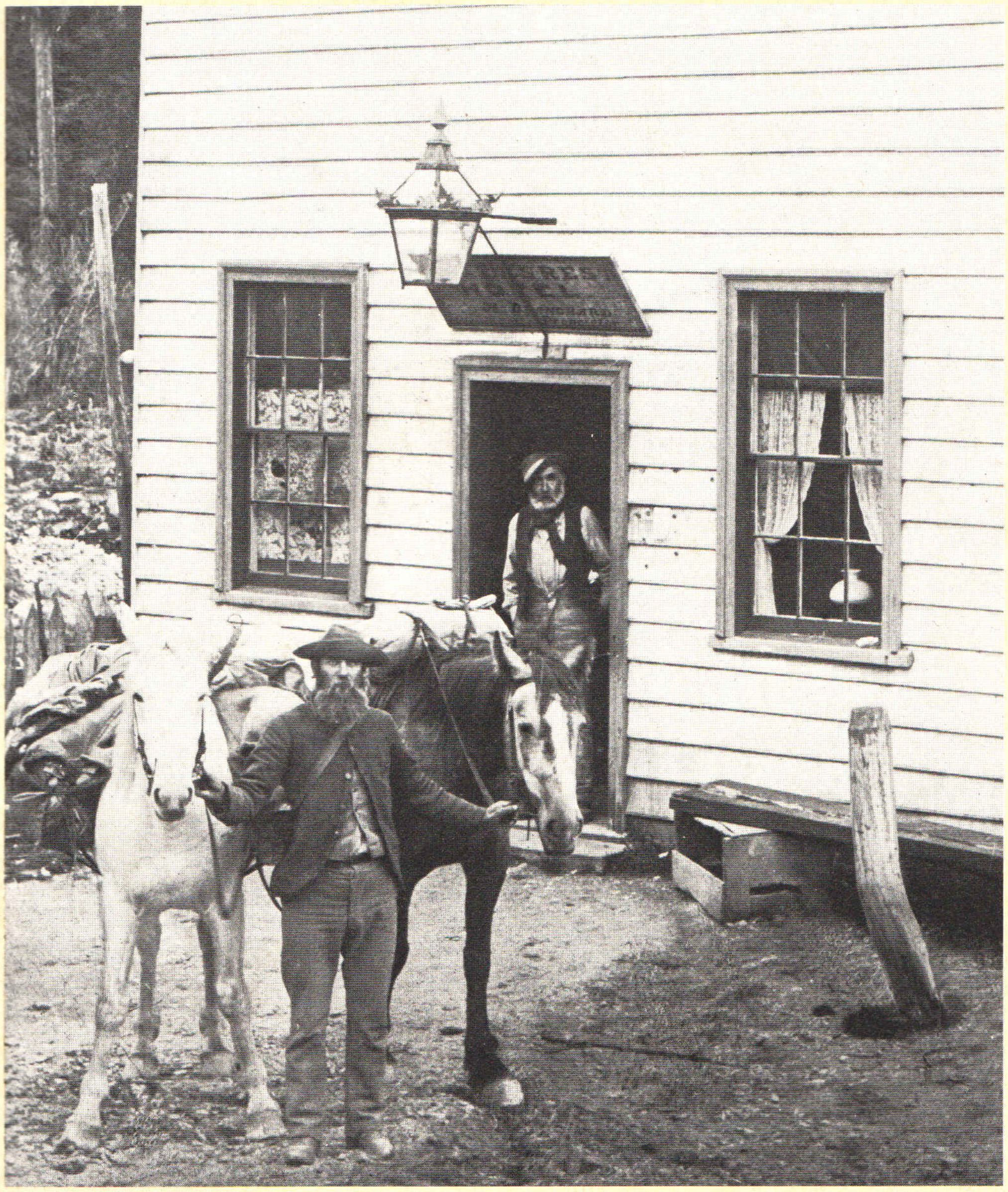


In hundreds of rough clearings, settlers' huts and vegetable plots stood cheek by jowl with the towering jungle.



Stone groynes were built on numerous New Zealand rivers to prevent water scouring away the banks in time of flood.

New Zealand lumberjacks pose on the stump of a giant kauri tree they have just felled. These conifers, some of which grow to 200 feet and live for over a 1,000 years, have a firm, compact and straight-grained wood which was highly prized for shipbuilding.



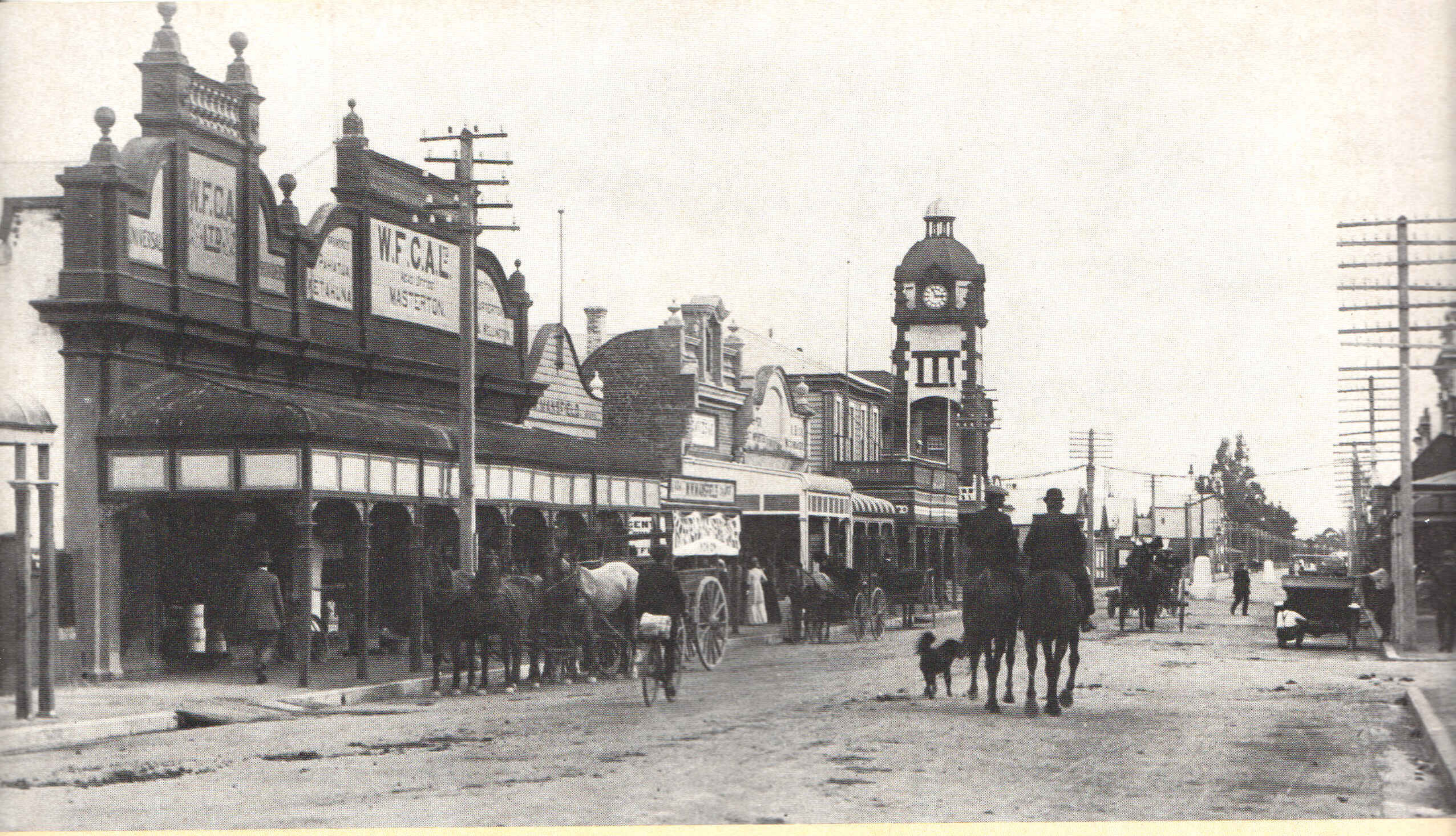
Miners leave a South Island hotel to hunt for gold, first discovered in 1861. Prospectors roamed some of the most forbidding parts of the country until the turn of the century.

South Pacific Frontier

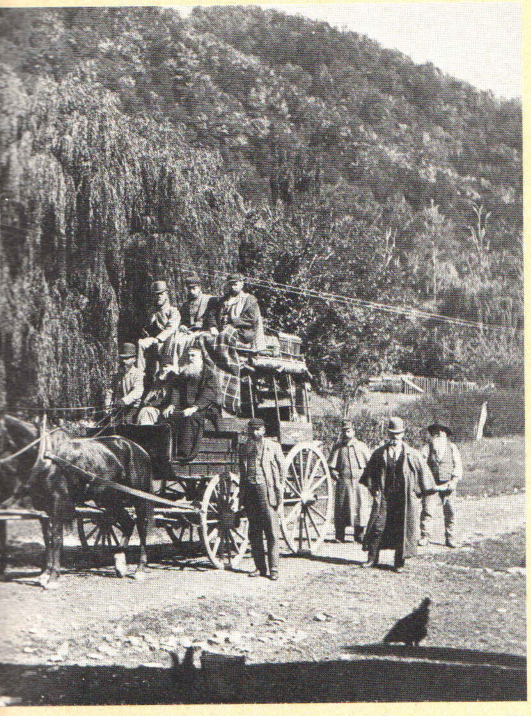
Much of New Zealand had been settled by the turn of the century, but the country still retained the air of a raw frontier community. Townships of drab, wooden buildings straggled along single main streets. Although most towns could boast a bank, livery stable, telegraph-office and general store, people still travelled everywhere on horseback; the smell of dung and horse sweat had hardly been challenged by the fumes of the few cars.

Horses, indeed, were quite indispensable in such rugged terrain. They carried the mails to outlying hamlets and hauled stage-coaches over miles of uneven, dirt road. Yet even in such a rough-and-ready society most stage-coach passengers, like the ones in the picture below, were well dressed. They had perhaps read the booklet for aspiring settlers which warned: "The vulgar delusion that, in order to be like a colonist it is expedient to dress like a drover and set aside all ideas of refinement, is now quite out of fashion."

RANGITAIKI HOTEL
FORD



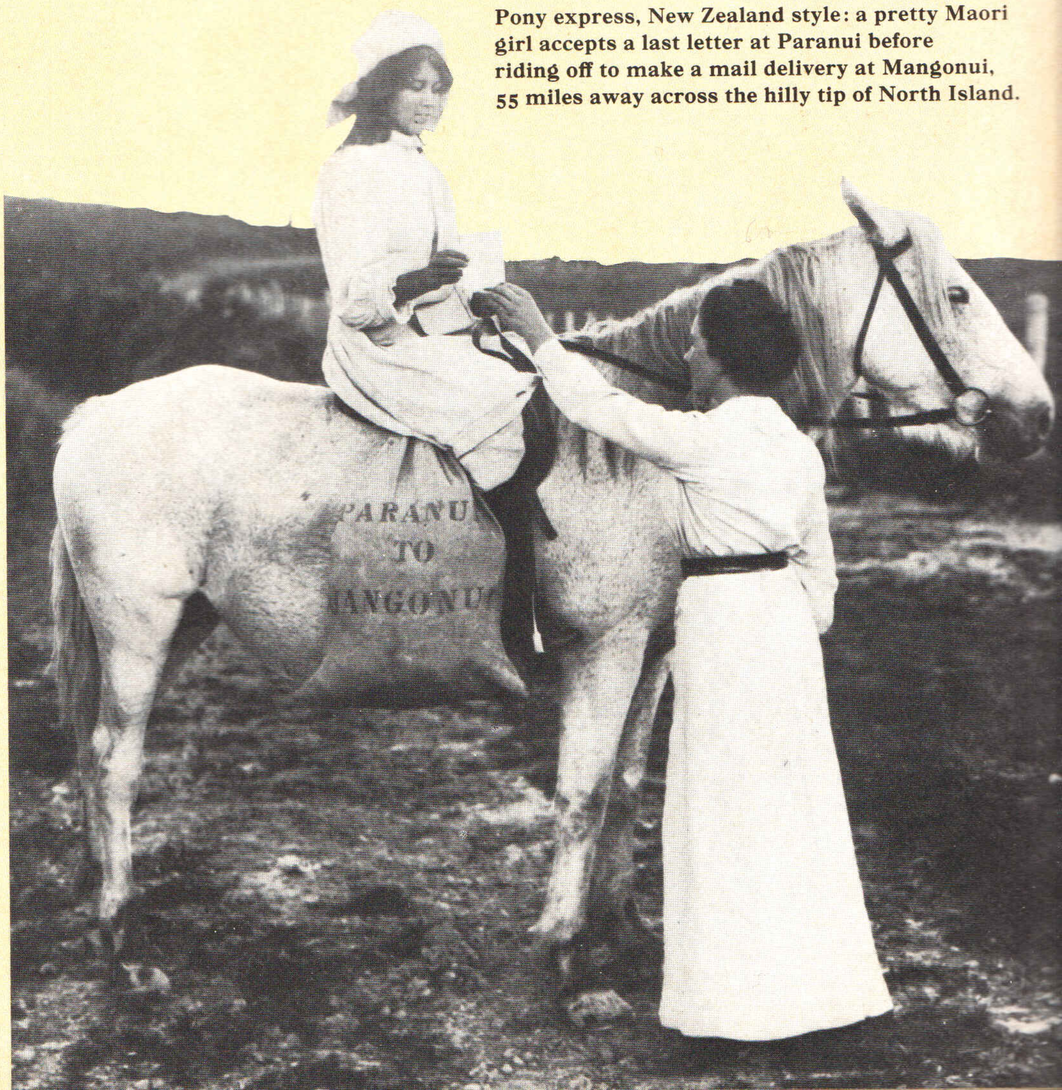
North Island's Carterton was still a frontier town in 1910. But progress was in the air and the telegraph-poles, solid house fronts and sturdy clock-tower indicate a growing prosperity that was being duplicated in a thousand other townships of the time throughout New Zealand.



A stage-coach makes a stop in South Island's mountains to water the horses and allow the leg-cramped passengers to stretch their legs.

A Model T Ford brings visitors to a primitive North Island hotel in 1912, when roads were already beginning to creep across the country.

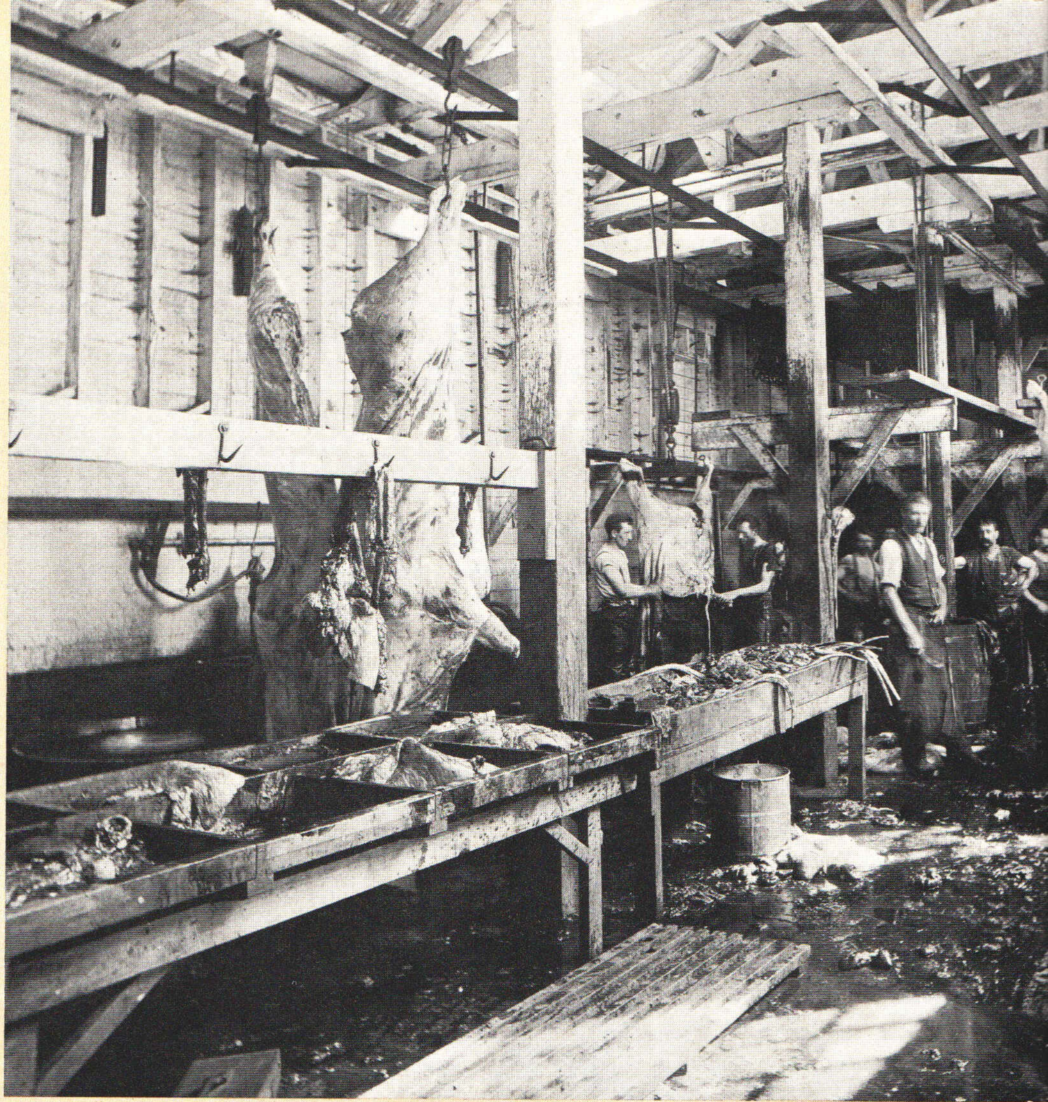
Pony express, New Zealand style: a pretty Maori girl accepts a last letter at Paranui before riding off to make a mail delivery at Mangonui, 55 miles away across the hilly tip of North Island.



Land of the Golden Fleece

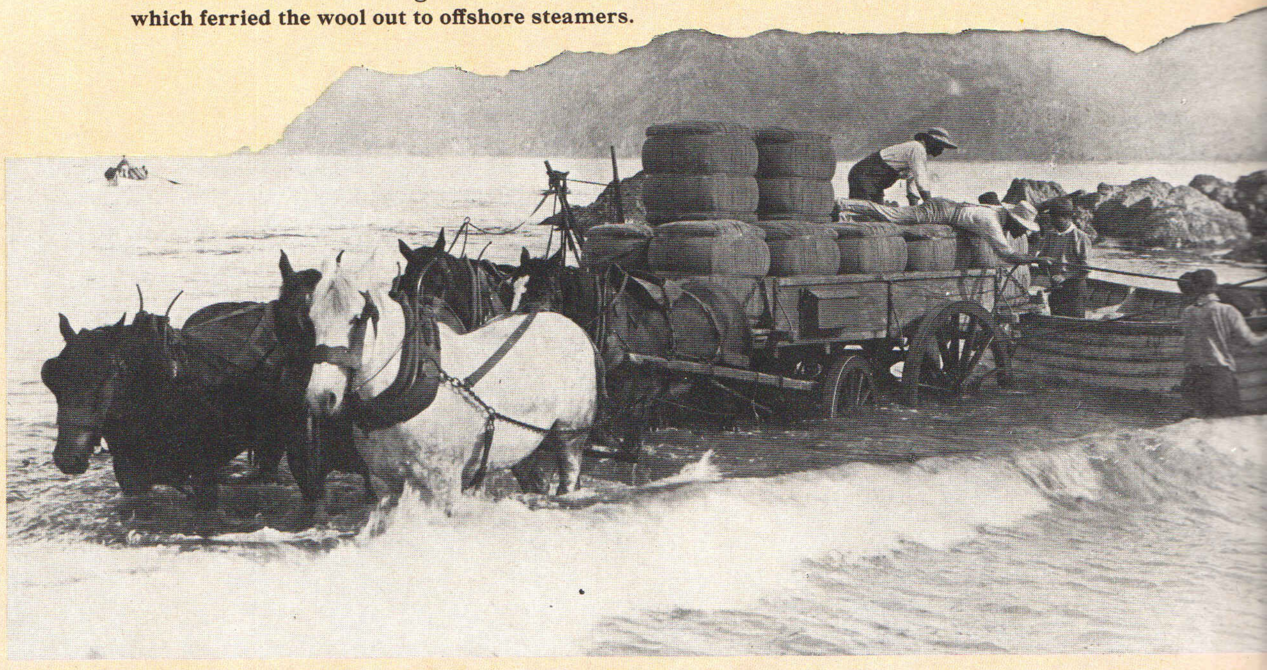
Sheep, Sir Thomas More warned in Tudor times, were so rapacious they would devour every inch of grass and ruin the country. Had he been able to see New Zealand in 1900, where millions of timorous herbivores were swelling into prime lamb on the infinite, lush grasslands, his fears would have been banished.

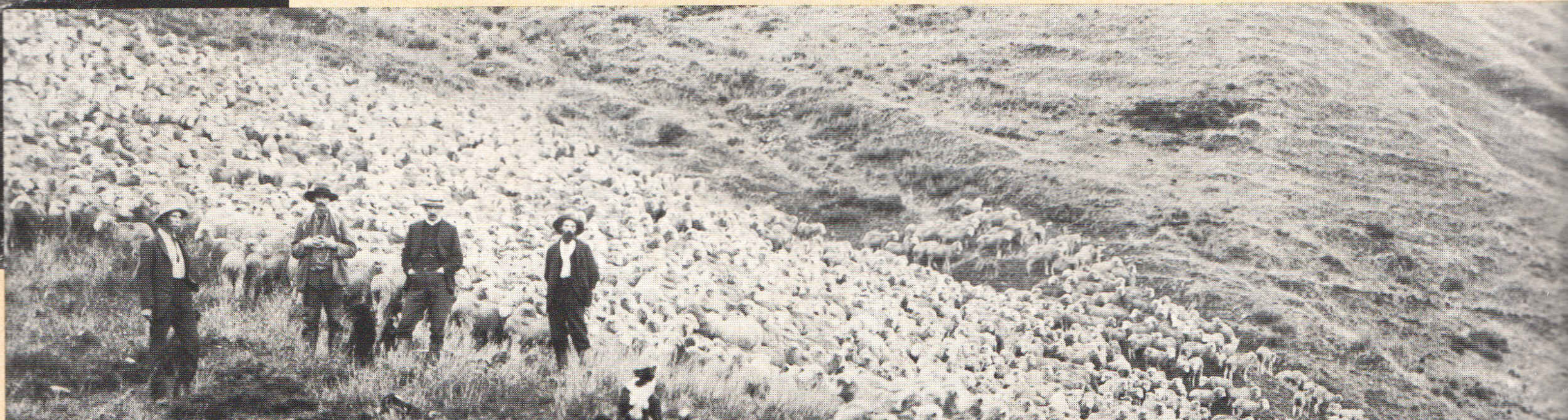
Sheep-raising was first introduced into New Zealand in the 1850s, and soon spread wherever men with enough money for a flock could burn off the forest and sow pasture. As herds grew and breeding experiments produced tenderer meat and softer wool, the teeming cities of Victorian England turned to New Zealand for food and clothing. Bales of wool poured into British mills, and when the first frozen carcasses arrived in Southampton in 1882 the trade in mutton and lamb soared to new heights, keeping New Zealand's slaughter-houses and shepherds working round the clock. By the turn of the century the country's metamorphosis from a forest land to a grazing country was complete. It was, as one settler put it, a domain where the national wealth roamed the plains on four legs and could be heard bleating from every hill.



Offal littered abbatoir floors until 1900, when a bubonic plague scare brought cleaner methods.

Horse-drawn carts from coastal sheep stations carried bales of wool through the breakers to boats which ferried the wool out to offshore steamers.





Upland flocks needed expert handling to keep the sheep from stumbling into narrow gullies where they could suffocate by the thousand.

Many shepherds were brought out with their dogs from Scotland, where they had acquired unrivalled skill in handling sheep on rugged terrain.

III. "God's Own Country"

The society which new arrivals in the 1870s found in New Zealand was already quite distinctive. Little of the spirit behind the original colonization remained: well over half of the New Zealand Company colonists had returned home. Sheep runs, of immense size and employing only a few shepherds, laid the basis for a well-spread-out population pattern that was very different from Wakefield's dreams of concentrated communities of colonists.

The advertisements of the colonizing companies had proclaimed New Zealand to be "the Britain of the South," and there were some similarities. In the absence of native mammals, the settlers brought in sheep, cattle, horses, dogs, rabbits – which quickly became millions of rabbits – grasses and fruit trees. Since native land birds often lived in the bush, most of the birds visible to townsmen were English birds.

Gradually, the colonists built churches and schools, though very few of those. They had by 1854 a central parliament, provincial assemblies and in the main towns, local government. They had their regattas, their dances, their newspapers. They gambled on cards or horses.

But the differences from home were more marked. The great plains covered with tussock, the mountains, the evergreen forest (the "bush," it was called, by the colonists) had no parallels in Britain. Nor did the buildings and houses, mostly one storey and wooden, look like English ones; they looked more like the sets for a Hollywood cowboy film. And the New Zealanders themselves were already noted for a definite national character. Trollope, on his visit in the early 1870s, noticed that the settler far surpassed "his Australian rival" in the ungentle art of getting drunk – which explains why Temperance was soon to become the strongest moral movement of the century.

Many visitors noticed a much greater degree of social equality. Most of the settlers were intolerant and resentful of class distinction, "mightily republican" as one shocked new-comer described them. They said that Jack was not only as good as his master, but a great deal better. The settlers wanted to live like people at home – but like people better off than they had been in the old country. By and large, they succeeded. As one workman proudly wrote home: "The labouring class is as well off here as the nobs are at home."

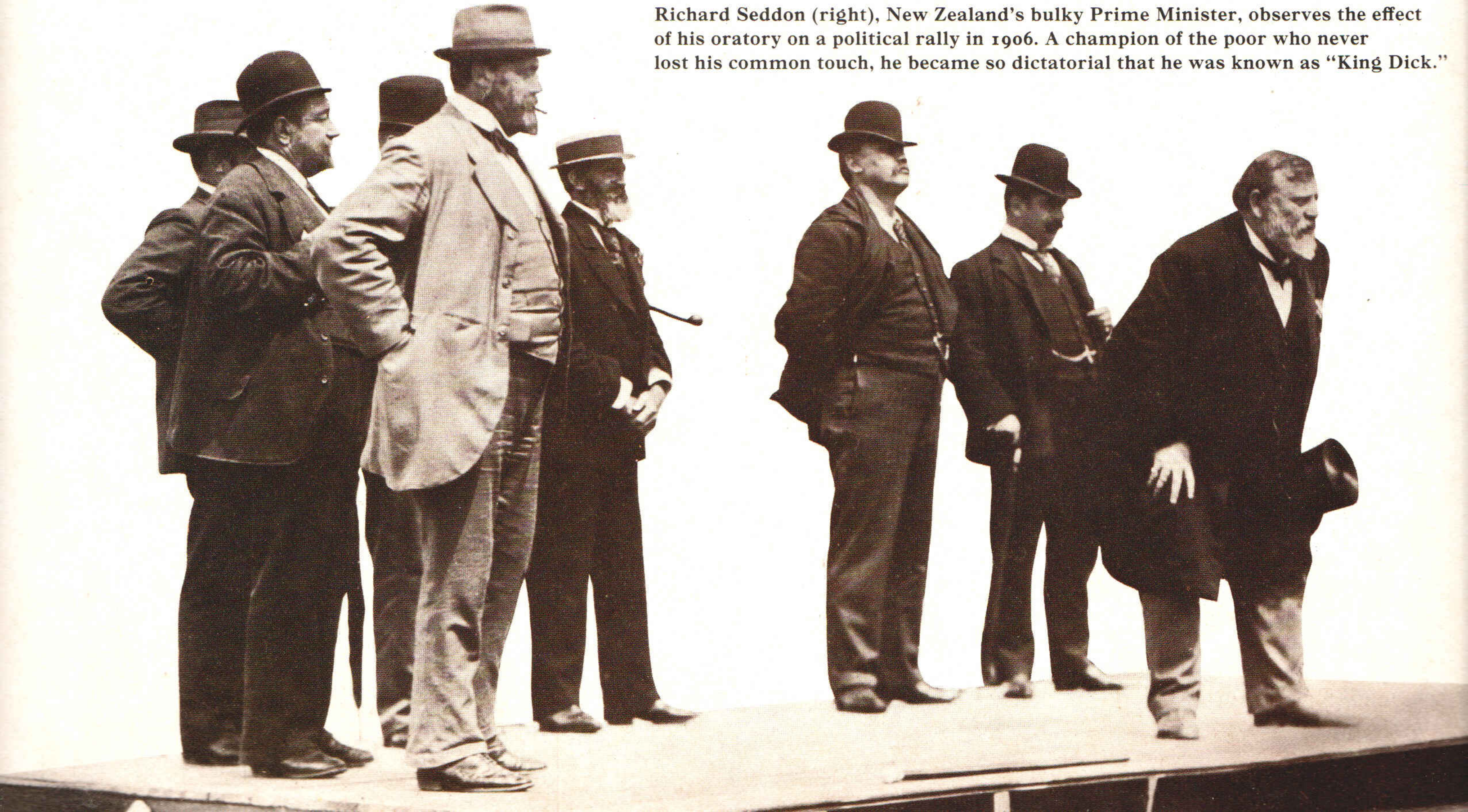
During the early 1860s gold discoveries in the South Island had kept the settlers prosperous. But by about 1865 the easily worked gold had petered out. Now something else was needed: a stable, reliable government and economic prospects attractive to investors – in this case British financiers.

In 1870, as the Maori wars were drawing to a close, the Treasurer, Julius Vogel, put forward proposals for a major scheme of borrowing for development. Vogel was a Londoner of somewhat flamboyant character – and expensive tastes – who had abandoned business in London to try his luck in the Australian gold-rush. From Victoria, he had come on to the Otago gold-fields, started a daily newspaper, then entered politics.

Under Vogel's ambitious scheme, £10,000,000 pounds were to be raised in Britain to pay for roads, railways and immigration. Forests and lands opened up by new communications and settled by the immigrants would yield the increased production needed to repay the loans and the large interest charges.

But borrowing proved catching. Successive governments in the 1870s borrowed twice as much as Vogel proposed but failed to establish the reserves he had deemed prudent.

For a decade, however, the borrowing programme stimulated prosperity and expansion. The population doubled. Over 1,000 miles of railways were laid. Roads and telegraph lines went up. The area under pasture quadrupled. A new type of sheep, the Corriedale, was bred, and produced better wool and fine lambs. The introduction of American reapers and binders led to a boom in wheat-farming. Around Canterbury, farmers could buy land for £2 per acre and make a profit of £5 per acre in the first year alone. A "frenzy of private borrowing" pushed up



Richard Seddon (right), New Zealand's bulky Prime Minister, observes the effect of his oratory on a political rally in 1906. A champion of the poor who never lost his common touch, he became so dictatorial that he was known as "King Dick."

bank loans from £3,500,000 in 1872 to nearly £14,000,000 in 1879.

It was a short boom which stimulated building and land speculation rather than export industries. By the middle years of the decade, with the expansion of American and Australian agriculture, overseas wheat and wool prices were falling – warnings that were ignored.

Then, in 1879, the Bank of New Zealand panicked and cut its loans back. It was the start of a depression which was to last almost until the turn of the century. Traders were ruined. The land boom collapsed. Prices for wool and wheat exports plummeted. Unemployment, especially in the South Island, climbed. Recent immigrants found a sad contrast between their hopes and reality. During the late 1880s departures exceeded arrivals – "the Exodus," it was called.

Poverty bred dissent and protest. Politics had been run by small cliques of landowners and businessmen. Now they found their ideas – and their power – challenged by a popular radicalism. Some people demanded that state banks provide cheap credit. Others wanted democratic reforms such as one man one vote – for at that time property-owners could have several votes. But most of the radical programme was concentrated on two highly pertinent issues.

One was land tenure. In 1882 a merchant ship, the *Dunedin*, reached England with a refrigerated cargo of New Zealand meat. This technological advance offered a real future to New Zealand's small farmers. Food could now be shipped to great overseas markets. But much of the land was "locked up" in huge estates. Very often their owners had bought at high prices during the boom and could not sell profitably at the prevailing low prices. There arose a widespread demand either that their land should be nationalized, or that they should be taxed so heavily that the owners would be forced to subdivide their extensive estates.

The other issue was labour reform. Unemployment meant that labour was cheap. In some places, "sweated" labour conditions existed. Women and children were increasingly employed. The evils of the Old World were springing up in the New. Trade union members, their organizations given legal recognition in 1878, were determined to stop this. And their anger was sharpened when, in 1890, shipping strikes, which spread from Australia to New Zealand, were smashed by the widespread use by stubborn employers of blackleg labour.

Julius Vogel, gambler and glutton, created a short-lived boom as government Treasurer by investing massive sums of borrowed money in roads, railways and factories.

In December 1890 a radical Liberal government, led by the modest and courteous John Ballance, was swept into power. The rule of the early colonial gentry, with their public-school backgrounds, their refined speech, their sheep-runs and their clubs, was over. From now on, politicians cultivated the common touch. For a time, New Zealand became the most radical state in the world.

Most of the Liberals believed in public ownership to some degree as a means of achieving equality. They introduced a graduated land tax and the income tax. They began to repurchase great estates and to subdivide them for closer settlement. Small farmers began to prosper again and to profit from the growing export of frozen meat to England. In 1893, a measure to give women the vote was debated. It was only four years since all the men had received it. To everyone's surprise, the motion was passed and the women of New Zealand, preceded throughout the world only by those in the American state of Wyoming, were enrolled with their menfolk as registered voters.

The first Minister of Labour, William Pember Reeves, who later in life became Director of the London School of Economics, introduced an extensive code of factory legislation, including compulsory arbitration of industrial disputes.

Ballance's successor, Richard John Seddon, a huge man who had been a publican on the West Coast gold-fields, decided to introduce old-age pensions, one of the first steps towards the Welfare State. There was strong opposition, but in 1898 he wore out his opponents after a lengthy battle in Parliament that included an exhausting, uninterrupted 90-hour sitting.

By about 1900, New Zealand had one of the highest standards of living in the world as a result of the successful development of exports in frozen meat and dairy products, mostly to Britain. There was much less of a contrast between rich and poor than in, say, Britain or the United States. To many travellers, the country seemed too good to be true. Americans especially were ready to concur in "King Dick" Seddon's judgement that New Zealand was "God's Own Country."

At the turn of the century, most Europeans in New Zealand had been born there. They felt proud of the way the country was developing. Its practical, undoctrinaire radical legislation had won wide international acclaim. Britain's future Liberal Prime Minister, Asquith, acknowledged the world's debt when he described New Zealand as "a laboratory in which social and political experiments are every day made for the information and instruction of older countries."

After 1900, two major issues dominated the country's public life: political strife that shattered the dream of social equality and the nature of New Zealand's relationship with Britain.

In politics, there was growing dissatisfaction after the turn of the century. Seddon who in effect ruled New Zealand from the mid-1890s until 1906, was increasingly criticized for his personal style of leadership. His generous nature and humanitarianism had been appropriate for the needs of an earlier time. Now colleagues were angered by his pettiness, which led him to interfere even in their choice of a charlady or a coal-scuttle. His opponents turned on him for distributing Civil Service posts to his friends.

The Liberal Party began to split. Left-wing trade unionists wanted a party to represent their union interests and their *class,* not a "national" party which tried to be all things to all men. In 1916 various labour groups joined to form the present Labour Party.

The conservative farmers, too, wanted their own political party. The development of refrigerated exports had turned the owners of the small dairy farms into a new class which was to dominate New Zealand's politics from about 1900 to the 1930s. In their eyes the Liberals pandered too much to the wishes of socialistic, loafing "townies." Increasingly the small farmers turned against the Liberals who had helped create farm prosperity and voted for their own Reform Party (the modern National Party) which in 1912 ousted the Liberals from power.

In 1912 and 1913 the growing split in New Zealand's politics led to the most violent scenes since the Maori Wars. The government, the employers and the farmers combined to smash the unionists, who had recently banded together into the Federation of Labour, an extreme Socialist group nicknamed the "Red Feds." A lock-out on the Wellington wharves led to strikes in other ports and mining towns.

The "Red Feds" had little success. Their call for a general strike was largely ignored. The Farmers' Union recruited farmer "specials" to work the wharves under the protection of government troops. Some "Red Fed" leaders were imprisoned for sedition. In the Waikato, the Prime Minister handed out medals to the farmer strike-breakers. The outbreak of war in the following year inspired a wave of patriotism which completed the rout of "foreign socialism." The Labour Party which emerged in 1916 linked the remaining Socialist groups into a much more moderate organization.

Despite the internal disruption over politics, New Zealand's relations with the outside world seemed securely based on an unswerving loyalty to Britain. When Imperialism was at its height at the end of the 19th Century, no country was as jingoistic. Gordon's death in Khartoum produced a flood of sentimental and obstreperous verse. At Victoria's Diamond Jubilee in 1897, Seddon gave unstinting support to Chamberlain's policy of an imperial federation. In 1899, New Zealanders rushed to aid mother England against the Boers. As a result, no other colony had such a reputation for adoring the security offered by maternal British imperial protection.

It was an unfair judgement: New Zealand's "more-English-than-the-English" attitudes were, strangely, the result of her attempts to establish the greatest possible independence, without losing the security offered by the Empire in an increasingly militaristic world.

The key to New Zealand's pro-British policy lies in a remark by Seddon before the Boer War. He said that by helping to bear the burdens of Empire, New Zealand would build up a case for having a voice in imperial government. The Liberals were not content simply to follow Britain's lead: they wanted to influence it, and thus hold the key to their own future. It was this attitude which lay behind the decision in 1907 to declare New Zealand a Dominion, a development which, in the words of the Prime Minister, Sir Joseph Ward, had the sole doubtful effect of "raising the status" of the country. It also underlined the general feeling that the country was still moving along the right lines, that the foundations of the new nation had been well laid.

But self-satisfaction was scarcely justified as far as the Maoris were concerned. They shared, to some extent, in the prosperity – if they happened to be employed by Europeans, or if they sold them food. They benefited like all New Zealanders from the old-age pensions.

But it was clear that many Maoris were not by any means pleased with their situation. Most of the land which was turned into small European dairy farms had come not from the subdivision of great estates, but from the land that had belonged to Maoris. Between 1865 and 1914, the *pakeha* bought over 10,000,000 acres from them. There was also a widespread belief that the Maoris were dying out. It was not true, though only in 1921 did they once again number 56,000, as they had done in the 1860s.

Whether defeated in the wars or not, the Maoris continued to find the process of adapting to a European-dominated world a painful one. Many of them clearly did not want to be "integrated" into white New Zealand, or "assimilated" by the *pakeha,* and made this clearly – if ineffectually – understood by the nation.

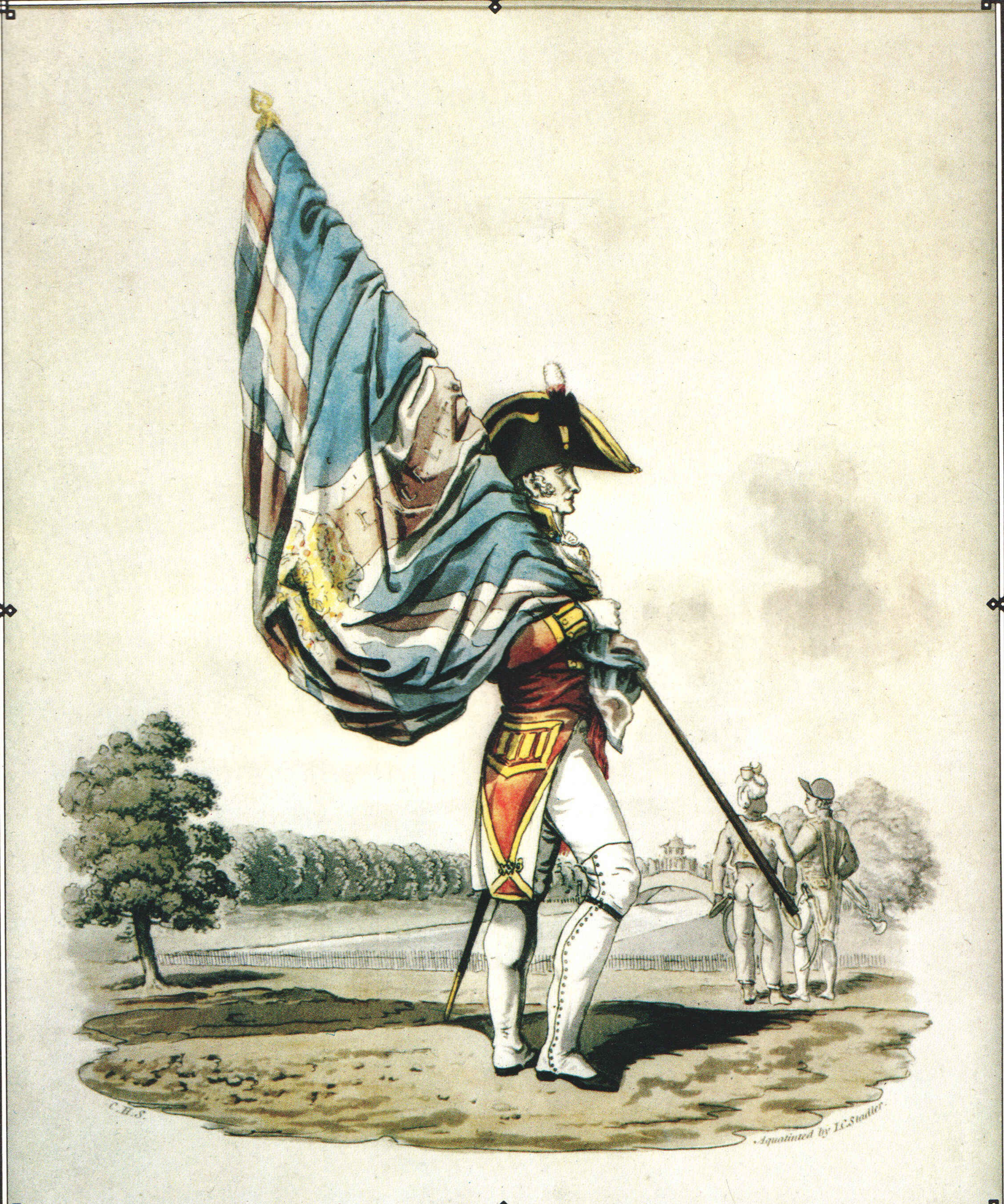
The Maori King party set up a Great Council, *Kauhanganui,* modelled on the Parliament in Wellington. It passed much ineffective "legislation" in the 1890s, and issued a proclamation expelling all the *pakeha* from New Zealand – except blacksmiths, carpenters and storekeepers!

A second large group of Maoris set up another Maori Parliament which also passed legislation that was ignored. This was called the *kotahitanga* (unity) movement, reviving the name used in the 1850s.

There were minor indications of a more hopeful future. A half-caste Maori, James Carroll, was a member of the Liberal cabinet. He set up Maori councils which were a form of Maori local government, with primary responsibility for health, welfare and land.

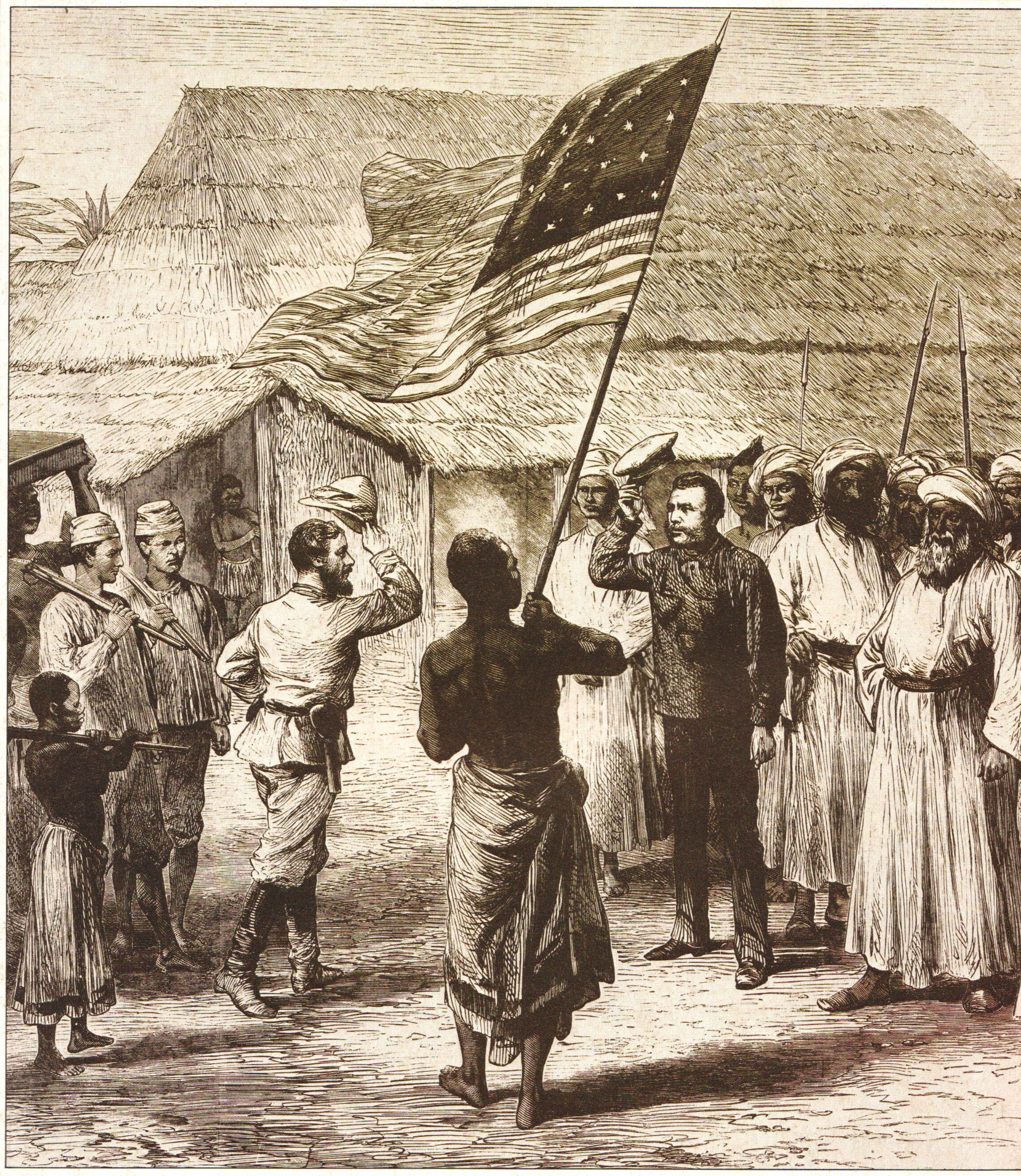
In the 1890s new-style Maori leaders began to appear, highly educated and successful in European society, yet able to move freely among Maoris too. Such men, who were called "the Young Maori Party," fervently desired to improve the condition of their people, whether by health reforms, or by introducing better farming techniques. Three entered the European Parliament and became cabinet ministers, and one of these, Peter Buck (Te Rangi Hiroa), later became a famous scholar in his chosen field of Polynesian anthropology.

Despite these occasional, if dramatic, success stories, by the First World War the expressed aims of the British government – the ideals incorporated in the Treaty of Waitangi – were far from realized. Most of the Maoris lived in their own settlements in rural areas remote from the *pakeha* towns. Few Europeans saw many Maoris. Few Maoris saw many Europeans. Indeed it is not unfair to say that up to the Second World War the two races lived apart. Perhaps that period of separation contributed to better race relations in the future. There was time for the wounds of war to heal. There was time for the two races to reach an understanding of how to adapt to one another


C.H.S.
Aquatinted by I.C. Stadler.

Officer of the Foot Guards, 1815

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE



LIVINGSTONE & STANLEY OPENING THE HEART OF AFRICA