

In Memoriam.

AN ACCOUNT OF VISITS TO, AND CROSSINGS OVER,
THE
RUAHINE MOUNTAIN RANGE
HAWKE'S BAY, NEW ZEALAND
AND OF THE
NATURAL HISTORY OF THAT REGION

PERFORMED IN 1845-1847: *cum multis aliis.*

IN TWO PAPERS READ BEFORE THE HAWKE'S BAY PHILOSOPHICAL
INSTITUTE, 1878:

WITH ADDITIONAL AND COPIOUS NOTES.

BY W. COLENZO, F.L.S., ETC.,

Member and Hon. Secretary of the Society.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot;
And never brought to min'?"
Should auld acquaintance be forgot;
And days o' lang syne?"

BURNS.

"One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can."

WORDSWORTH

"We live in deeds, not years: in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

P.J. BAILEY (*Festus*)

"Words are the daughters of the earth; things are the sons of heaven."

DR. JOHNSON.

New Zealand:

PRINTED AT THE "DAILY TELEGRAPH" OFFICE, TENNYSON STREET, NAPIER
1884.

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“For out of the old feldis, as men saith,
Comith all this newe corne fro yere to yere;
And out of oldè bokis, in good faieth,
Cometh all this newe science that men lere.” CHAUCER

“Similis—patrifamilias, qui profert de thesauro suo nova et vetera.” *Bibl. Sacr.*

—“Quæ fuit durum pati meminisse est.” SEN.

New Zealand:

PRINTED AT THE “DAILY TELEGRAPH” OFFICE, TENNYSON STREET, NAPIER
1884.

TO THE
EARLY SETTLERS IN HAWKE'S BAY,

(WHO HAVE ALSO EXPERIENCED BOTH PRIVATION AND TOIL INSEPARABLE ON
THE FIRST SETTLEMENT IN A WILD AND UNCIVILIZED COUNTRY,)

—AND PARTICULARLY TO THOSE OF THEM WHOM I HAVE WITH
PLEASURE PERSONALLY KNOWN,

AND TO THEIR DESCENDANTS,—

IS THIS LITTLE BOOK HEARTILY DEDICATED BY THEIR PIONEER IN THIS LAND,

W. COLENZO.

NAPIER, MAY 15TH,* 1884.

DEDICATION.

As one who, walking in the twilight gloom,
Hears round about him voices as it darkens,
And seeing not the forms from which they come
Pauses from time to time, and turns and hearkens;

So walking here in twilight, O my friends!
I hear your voices, softened by the distance,
And pause, and turn to listen, as each sends
His words of friendship, comfort and assistance.

* * *

Not chance of birth or place has made us friends,
Being oftentimes of different tongues and nations,
But the endeavour for the self-same ends,
With the same hopes, and fears, and aspirations.

Therefore I hope, as no unwelcome guest,
At your warm fireside, when the lamps are lighted,
To have my place reserved among the rest,
Nor stand as one unsought and uninvited."

(Longfellow.)

* The day—50 years ago!—that I left my native Home for New Zealand.—W.C.

PREFACE.

It is probable that some who may read this little book may very properly wish to know, why these two Papers were not published in the annual Volume of the *Transactions of the New Zealand Institute* for 1879? seeing they were written purposely for and read to the Members of the Hawke's Bay branch of the Institute at their ordinary meetings in 1878. This question can be briefly and truly answered.

The two Papers were duly forwarded to Wellington to the Manager of the New Zealand Institute; who, some time after, informed the Hawke's Bay Society, that the Board would only publish an *abstract* of them. This, however, could not be agreed to by myself as well as by the Society; and the Manager was officially informed, that the Hawke's Bay members of the N.Z. Institute greatly wished to have them published in their entirety; and, that if it were a matter of money (the cost of printing the whole), the surplus expense would be readily met by them: this overture was also refused by the Board. And, after some further delay, the two Papers were obtained from Wellington.

In their original state they were not so long as they are now; most of the copious Notes, and a few of the poetical extracts have been added; at the same time nothing has been omitted. The Poetry has been mainly taken from my favourite modern poet, Longfellow, (whose bust has lately been placed in Poet's Corner,) in the hope of their beautiful and expressive thoughts and language striking a latent and sympathetic chord in the hearts of some of our young Colonists; and possibly inciting them to seek to know more of the beauty of Poetry, and in particular of that of our National British poets. And it is still further hoped, that the Notes (particularly those in the Appendix,) will be especially appreciated by the Settlers of Hawke's Bay.— In my longer journeys I always carried a few choice books with me, and among them a pocket edition of *one* of our Poets:—Ossian, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Thomson, Gray, Goldsmith, Burns, Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, Byron, Walter Scott, Longfellow, Tennyson, &c.

Preface.

In my originally writing these two Papers, and in preparing them for the Press, it has again been my aim, to stir up the younger folks among us to the study of Nature's works, with which we are profusely surrounded, and wherein is a rich mine of intellectual wealth! Of these studies it may be truly said in the impressive words of Cicero, (as I myself have proved and AM NOW DAILY PROVING,)—"Hæc studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant." = These studies invigorate youth and so-lace old age.

"Ye who love the haunts of Nature,—
Love the shadow of the forest,
Love the wind among the branches.—

* * *

Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,
Who have faith in God and Nature;
Who believe, that in all ages
Every human heart is human,—
That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings
For the good they comprehend not;
That the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch GOD'S right hand in that darkness
And are lifted up and strengthened;—
Listen to this simple story."—

LONGFELLOW.

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PAPER I.

MEMORANDUM OF MY FIRST JOURNEY TO THE
RUAHINE MOUNTAIN RANGE,
AND OF
THE FLORA OF THAT REGION.

BY W. COLENZO, F.L.S.

[Read before the Hawke's Bay Philosophical Institute, May 13th, 1878.]

WITH ADDITIONAL AND COPIOUS NOTES.

—"One is useful to science, however, not only by work finished but also by work begun. I will therefore make a commencement, though I may advance but a few steps."

Hist. Nat. Gen. des Règnes Organiques. ISID. ST. HILAIRE.

"*Pleon hemisu pantos.*" = The half is more than the whole. HESIOD.

BEING the only European who has crossed the Ruahine mountain range, and that several times, (and at an early date in the history of the Colony of New Zealand,) I have been often asked to give some account of what I had seen there.

It was in the summer of 1843 that I first saw this part of New Zealand (Hawke's Bay). In that year the late Bishop of Waiapu (Dr. Williams) and myself—as Missionaries of the Church Missionary Society—left Poverty Bay in a small schooner for Port Nicholson (Wellington), intending to make the unknown and somewhat adventurous journey from that place overland and on foot back to Poverty Bay. (I having, also, only then recently arrived at Poverty Bay overland and on foot from Wharekahika (Hicks' Bay); where, in landing in stormy weather, the ship's boat was upset in the breakers, and I had to swim for life to the shore; and, shortly afterwards had the further consolation of seeing the vessel I had come in down the coast, that was at anchor outside, cut her cable, and sail away S. before the gale, leaving me behind!) But after a whole fortnight at sea, battling with the adverse winds and waves, and

suffering no small hardship from want of water, to say nothing of peril, which on two occasions was imminent, (ship in great distress, every sail torn to rags, passengers battened down, helm lashed, and ship given over!) we were glad to be landed on the shores—any where—and this was effected at Castle Point, then wholly unknown, entering the little cove with a narrow entrance of only a few yards directly under “the Castle”; and this we only just barely managed to do with extreme difficulty, after several hours severe pulling against the strong West wind blowing off the land in our very teeth! with only 3 oars, (one having early snapped in pulling,) and ten men, a large dog, and two big watercasks in the boat! At first, we had made the high perpendicular and weedy* cliffs of the islet (at high tide) Kapuaarangi, which forms the N. head of the little cove, and there, under its lee, we breathed a while, and our captain was for trying to scale the smooth and slippery precipice—all hands! not knowing what it might turn out to be to the N. and S. of that cliff, himself and his men (that I say not all in the boat) being quite worn out; and afterwards, when we had landed on the sandy beach and the boat drawn up, the captain climbed to the top of “the Castle” to see after his ship, and lo! she was hull down! which caused him greatly to despair. It was, indeed, a time to be remembered. Landing, we named with gladness this snug little place, “Deliverance Cove”; being, as we supposed, the first Europeans who had trod its sandy shores. Then we anxiously sought about for water, which we had for some days greatly needed, and only found it by digging in the sand at the base of the cliffs, to which spot our attention was drawn by some small water-loving plants growing there;—little dreaming there was a small river a short distance further N. Our Captain having filled his two huge watercasks with water and sand, sailed away bravely before the wind into the main ocean in quest of his vanished ship! which he fortunately found. From that place, or rather from Mataikona,—a village where several Natives (nearly 100) were then residing, who received us very hospitably—though they had little to give us save pigs,—after a fortnight’s sojourn among them,—we travelled on slowly to Ahuriri in Hawke’s Bay, the present Napier. During our stay there we sadly needed several common necessities,—as potatoes, flour, tea, sugar, soap, and *salt*!†

* From sea-weeds with which they were densely covered.

† I have particularly emphasised “salt”;—this was for some time our greatest want; we could not relish our unsavoury pork for want of it, and were beginning to feel the need of it. At length we hit on the plan of boiling down sea-water; the natives of the place having a tolerably good-sized iron pot, which they lent us. At first, however, we were puzzled with the mixing of the two salts, —crystals of Sulphate of Magnesia (Epsom salts) and of Chloride of Soda (common salt), —which made our *Salt* terribly bitter; but this we ultimately got over by watching for the exact moment of crystallization, as the salt of Soda crystallized earlier than that of Magnesia, and so, by quickly removing the pot from the fire, and pouring away

Our large company of travelling Natives from Poverty Bay, (who, from food and water falling short,* had nearly all been landed long before at Pamoteao,— a bluff near Cape Palliser,—in the night when the W. wind went down, and who had thence gone on to Wellington, expecting to find the ship there), arrived at the end of a fortnight with a few supplies. It was during that journey, and while in Hawke's Bay, that I first saw the Ruahine range, looking sublimely grand under its crest of virgin snow! This, alone, was to me a strange unusual sight; for although I had lived 10 years at the N. (Bay of Islands), and had also visited the E. Cape district, and had twice travelled from Hicks' Bay to Poverty Bay by the coast, and from Poverty Bay through the interior back to the Bay of Islands, I had never seen snow in N. Zealand before. It was then, too, that I first heard of the natives living secluded in the interior, beyond the snowy Ruahine mountain range, in the country lying between it and the famed central volcanic mountain Tongariro.†

In the following year, 1844, I finally left the Bay of Islands, and came to Hawke's Bay to reside. During the summer I saw pretty nearly all the Maoris of the immediate neighbourhood, dwelling between Tangoio and Patangata, who were then numerous; and I also wished to see, or to know something more of, those dwelling in the inland Patea country, beyond the Ruahine mountain range, of whom I had formerly heard. Of them, however, I could learn but little, save that they were believed to

the *bittern*, we succeeded in getting a little tolerably edible salt, at which we rejoiced! but it required several boilings and evaporatings to obtain even a small quantity; partly, perhaps, owing to the freshness of the sea-water along shore. When we got our salt and added to it the green fruit of the N. Z. Pepper (*Piper excelsum*), we wonderfully improved our cooking of pork! For plates and cups we used the large shells of the Paaua (*Haliotis iris*), plugging the holes with bits of wood; while, for not a few of other little common things, we realized, that "Necessity was the mother of invention."

* I may here also briefly mention how we came to be in want of water. During the first gale our large body of Maoris had to be battened down below in the hold (as we were also in the cabin), while confined there they were sadly in want of water, and finding the spare and full watercasks, pulled out the bungs to get at the water, and in the darkness and disorder lost and could not replace them, —and so the water all ran out! A scene followed when it was found out by the Captain.

† On that occasion Bishop Williams and myself travelled together to Te Wairoa (Clyde of the present day) when we separated; the Bishop going overland to his home at Poverty Bay, and I going to mine in the far North, by a long inland circuitous and unknown route; first to Waikare Moana, Ruatahuna, and Te Whaiti; thence, returning again to the E. Coast, to Whakataane, Maketu and Tauranga; and thence again inland by a zig-zag route from coast to coast, —to Waikato (down the river to its mouth) and by beach to Manukau, thence to Kaipara, Waipu and Whangarei, —on to the Bay of Islands and Te Waimate. A copy of my dotted track on this occasion, which I had taken by compass and mapped, with the names and positions of places and rivers (till then unknown), was sent by Bishop Selwyn to London, and was subsequently engraved and published by Arrowsmith in the maps of New Zealand.

be there, isolated completely from the outer world, and that no way, or track was open, or known, by which they could be reached, except the long roundabout one by way of Taupo lake; which, it was further said, would be of itself 2–3 weeks journey. For a long time I could not hear of a guide, or of any one who really knew anything of the mountain passes, which, evidently had never been visited from this (the Eastern) side. At last I found a middle-aged maori named Mawhatu, who, when very young, had been taken away prisoner into the interior from Hawke's Bay by a fighting party, and who had subsequently escaped from slavery. Mawhatu had therefore gone twice (in going and returning) through the mountain forests; but, as several years had elapsed since, and the journey was difficult, for some time he was very unwilling to go. The resident natives, too, especially the principal chiefs, Te Hapuku, Tareha, Puhara, Te Moananui, and others, were greatly against my going thither, believing I should never return; representing the mountain passes as being frightful, where several maoris had from time to time been lost through attempting the journey; particularly a *taua* (an armed party), which had left Taupo to invade Hawke's Bay, south, a few years ago, and were all lost to a man in the dreadful passes on the snowy summits, where their bones now lay bleaching! And, also, though many years before,—a famed ancestor of theirs, named Te Rangitauira, who, in peacefully travelling from Patea, to Hawke's Bay, (and yet not by the summits,) had also miserably perished with his people in a snow-storm.* However, by dint of perseverance, I succeeded in getting Mawhatu, my quasi guide, and some other stout young natives to accompany me; and we were to start soon after the snow should be completely gone,—by which time I should also have finished building my chimney, a matter of very great importance to me. The snow was late that summer before it wholly disappeared; it was still there glistening white in the mornings' sunbeams up to the middle of January, 1845.

And here I would make a short digression, which may not prove uninteresting to Hawke's Bay settlers in general, however improbable such may seem to not a few of the later ones among them. I have mentioned the trackless mountain forests of the Ruahine range; but, if anything different, some of the open swampy plains near the sea in Hawke's Bay were worse,—all but impassable. I may particularly notice, in passing, the present well-known extensive grassy level plain lying between Farndon, or the sea, and Pakowhai, a long peninsula bounded by water on three sides. Words would fail me to shew the original state of that land! At this time I resided at Waitangi, a place near to what is now called Farndon,—the two large Fir trees (*Pinus pinaster*) and also the row of "Cabbage trees" (*Cordyline australis*), raised from seed and planted there by me, mark the spot. The principal native villages near me, were at Waipureku (East

* For a further notice of this event, and of this ancient chief, see "Transactions N. Z. Institute", vol. XI. p. 86.

Clive), and Taanenuiarangi, Whakatu, and Pakowhai, on the banks of the river Ngauroro; this last village though greatly reduced and altered still remains. In those days there was no communication overland between those villages and Waitangi, and Te Awapuni, (the large maori pa, or village, near by, on the W. bank of the Waitangi creek where Karaitiana and his sub-tribe long resided,) simply because it was almost impossible to travel through the dense interlaced old jungle of "Cutting-Grass," (*Arundo conspicua*,) and other swamp-loving plants, as the N.Z. Flax (*Phormium*) and several large *Carices*, which grew there. The maoris came generally in small parties, almost every day, (indeed, too often!) from those villages to the Station; everything being new and strange to them, and having nothing to do; but they invariably came and returned in their small canoes, taking advantage of the tide to paddle up and down the river. I have travelled a good deal in New Zealand, but I never knew of a worse piece of low country to get through; neither have I seen anywhere else "Cutting-Grass" of so large a size, and growing so closely together, and forming such a dense mass, so that a man, a cow, or a horse, could not be observed even in looking down from a height (as the top of a house or a long ladder, or a chimney), when among the immense tussocks. Hence, too, it was, that I lost some of my first few cattle, before the place got cleared. The whole of the low delta, or tongue of land, lying between the two rivers, Ngauroro and Waitangi, was rigidly tabooed (*tapu*) by the Maori owners, as a wild pig, and swamp hen (*Porphyrio melanotus*), and eel preserve; hence it had never been cleared or burnt off, and the sun did not shine upon the soil, which was just as wet at midsummer as in winter, with water and slippery mud in the narrow deep pig channels or ruts, and pools among the tussocks. I well recollect on two occasions, when out visiting sick natives at Pakowhai, having also domestic natives from the neighborhood with me, and having lost the tide were returning overland rather late in the day, we were actually obliged, after much fruitless effort and sorely against our wills, (being utterly unprovided with any thing,) to remain out in the swamp all night!—with wet feet, hungry, no fire, and sadly cut hands,—through not being able to find our way through the imperious jungle. I have often of late years asked myself, when contemplating from the hill (Scinde Island) the rising township of Napier, and the inland level grassy plains with their many houses, gardens and improvements, and the fast growing town of Hastings,—which of the two wonderful alterations, or changes,—the building of the town of Napier, or the great transformation in those swamps,—I considered the most surprising, and I have always given it in favour of the plains.—And this great change was brought about much earlier than I could reasonably have anticipated, through several causes operating together, viz.—my own few cattle,—the introduction of

* See Note A, appendix.

grass and clover seeds, and, also, of wheat for the natives,—and through the natives around generally embracing Christianity; the chiefs taking off the *tapu* from the land, and so burning off the jungle,—their catching their numerous wild pigs which infested it, and their cutting and scraping the flax, for sale to the shipping and traders,—who soon after my residence came to Ahuriri to trade.*

But to return:—Having made ready all my little preparations, and got my travelling party of six baggage-bearers together on Monday, the 3rd February, the next morning at 8 we started from Waitangi,—and after a long and wearisome journey by Okokoro (near the present Pakipaki) and the Taheke (on the E. side of Poukawa lake†) we gained the islet in the lake Rotoatara by 8 p.m., all hands being pretty well knocked up; the whole country being so rough and wet, and the slippery maori foot-track through the dense scrub so very *narrow*! (from their tuning-in their feet, and, being without shoes, never deviating from it,) that it often caused me to slip, and to stumble right and left.

I noticed but few interesting plants this day; among them, however, was a *Veronica* with blue flowers, which grew in the water and was not unlike our English *Veronica Beccabunga*, or *V. Anagallis*; (I mention this particularly, as I fear, it has of late years quite disappeared from this district, not having seen a plant any where for more than 20 years;)—a couple of *Carices* which were new to me (*C. C. ternaria*, and *breviculmis*);—the scarce fern *Nephrodium thelypteris*, var. *squamulosum*, which I had hitherto only observed in two places in N. Zealand, viz. near Paihia in the Bay of Islands, and in a bog near Mount Edgecombe in the Bay of Plenty; (this also has long disappeared;) the fragrant little New Zealand Mint (*Mentha Cunninghamii*), named by Benthham after its discoverer my dear Botanical friend Allan Cunningham,—this sweet little plant grew profusely on a grassy hillock at Te Taheke, I had not before

* The question may reasonably arise,—Why did I make such a bad selection for a residence, seeing that at that early period I had the whole land open before me?—But *there was no choice in it!* And it was only after some days spent in talking over it, with the five principal chiefs of the S. side of Hawke's Bay and their relatives, that we (Bishop Williams and myself) got that small piece of land (10 acres) assigned at all. And it was gravely and perhaps (as things then were amongst them) judiciously decided, that I could only have a piece allotted me *there*; such being a tabooed spot (as I have already stated), and so belonging to them all, and therefore in residing there I should be equally open to them all; for if I had been located on a better site near to one of their *pas*, then I should be considered as belonging to that sub-tribe resident therein, and so not free to all,—especially in their often jealous squabbling among themselves; and as to my residing any where inland—away from one of their *pas*—such was not to be thought of, and could not be allowed. At the same time, my business was to be as much as possible among the bulk of the people.

† In those days the only narrow maori track inland lay on that side of the lake. No maori then lived at Te Aute, which was all a dense extensive forest; neither was there any road or track that way, from Te Aute (where Te Hapuku's *pa* and marble bust is) to Kaikoura and Waipawa.

seen it so far S.; but this year (1884) it was again detected by me in the 70-mile Bush, between Norsewood and Danneverke; and, in the same neighbourhood, in damp spots, *Mazus pumilio*, (or a smaller closely allied species,) and *Mimulus repens*, both rare plants; indeed this sub-order of *Antirrhinidæ* is but poorly represented in N. Zealand;—and, also, a small peculiar plant, a new species of *Nertera* (*N. setulosa*), which I obtained at Okororo, and which is very rare; I never found it save in that one spot until last year (1883) when I again met with it at Whakaruatapu between Matamau and Danneverke.

After a restless night, the next morning I found myself too unwell to rise early, but as I wished to get over the range before Sunday (so as to spend that day quietly somewhere at Patea), we started afresh at 11 o'clock, and travelling slowly on in a Westerly direction halted at sunset on the banks of the river Mangaonuku, in Te Ruataniwha plain.

Thursday morning was ushered in by heavy rain! which, to my great regret, continued to pour throughout the whole day.—My situation here was very uncomfortable, for my old tattered summer tent (as we were not near any forest and not carrying poles) had been but slightly pitched, supposing when we halted that we were only here for a few hours, and intending to leave early in the morning,—but there was nothing better. To add to one's misery was the oft-repeated statements of my natives,—that the rivers would be flooded and so prove impassable after this down-pour!—they were already getting disheartened.

A night of heavy rain was followed by a dirty-looking lowering morning, but as we hoped the rain was over we started at 9 a.m., making directly across the great plain, through the long dripping grass, every now and then stumbling across some wild pigs, which here were both numerous and large, and in some instances were quite prepared to stand and shew fight! which they invariably did whenever we came suddenly upon them without their seeing us, or we, indeed, them. On reaching the river Waipaoa,—which we did not far from the present village of Tikokino,—(there were no natives residing in those parts then,) we travelled up its stony bed, wading across it with difficulty several times, as it was nearly three feet deep and rapid withal. At 3 p.m. we reached the junction of this river with the river Maakaroro, and proceeded up the stony bed of the latter until 6 p.m., when, it being nearly dark where we were, we halted for the night in the bed of the river.—

I was gratified in finding several new and interesting plants on the banks of this river. Here the drooping *Carmichaelia odorata* (which I had first detected in 1843, inland from Te Wairoa,) grew plentifully on the immediate banks of the stream, fil-

ling the air with its fragrance;—here, also, especially on low banks subject to winter floods, was the pretty *Euphrasia cuneata*, nestling in graceful little clumps among the larger shrubs and trees; this plant presents a really elegant appearance in its native homes, but I fear it will prove impatient of culture in the open garden; I often tried it and failed;—on the shaded cliffy sides of the river two or three species of the peculiar Orchideous genus *Corysanthes* (*C. C. triloba, rivularis, and macrantha,*) were more plentiful than I had ever seen them, and of large size, shewing that this was their true habitat; provokingly, however, they were mostly found in the cliffs over deep water, in the angles and bendings of the stream, where they were snugly ensconced in their mossy beds, and could not readily be got at;—while here and there among the cliffs, wherever a rill of water was found trickling down its stony and mossy bed, the elegant white *Oxalis* (fitly named by Allan Cunningham its discoverer, *catarractæ*,*) was to be found;—

“Where flows the fountain silently
It blooms a lovely flower;
White as the purest virgin snow,
It speaks like kind fidelity,
Through fortune’s sun and shower.”—

this plant, said to be the same as a species found at Cape Horn, is now the *O. Magellanica* of Dr. Hooker’s Hand Book. Although Sir W. Hooker, who knew the Cape Horn Plant, had published this species as a new one and under A. Cunningham’s name of *O. catarractæ* in his *Icones Plantarum*, vol. V. pl. 418, (in 1842,) giving also a highly characteristic drawing of it. I also detected this graceful plant growing very near the summit of the range, among the snow in full bloom. The whole of the N.Z. species of the genus *Oxalis* need revision: I believe that several valid species will be found. A. Cunningham, in 1839, (who knew only the Northern plants,) made 9 species; those I also subsequently found, and I am pretty certain of having discovered two additional ones since here at the S. Dr. Hooker, however, gives only two species as belonging to N.Z., although he allows of several varieties. Further on, in the thickets on the river’s banks, I noticed that pretty and neat species of Myrtle, *Myrtus pedunculata*, bearing a profusion of small edible fruit, its hard stony seeds however, are a great drawback to its use; growing with it was the very handsome Southern species (or variety, according to Dr. Hooker,) of *Hoheria*, (*H. populnea*, var. *lanceolata*,) which when fully in blossom is a most lovely flowering tree; here, also, it was that I discovered another species of *Carmichaelia* (*C. flagelliformis*), a tall shrub of peculiar growth, with long pendent thong-like branches, bearing only few flowers. Very fine specimens of the large leaved *Fagus* (*F. fusca*, var., = “Black

* We had gathered it together at the Kerikeri in the Bay of Islands in 1838.

Birch” of the colonists,) were also here, common on both sides of the stream; and the neat little species of *Arthropodiuin* (*A. candidum*), which I had first detected at Tologa Bay in 1838, was not unfrequent in rocky spots on the river’s sides; but wholly unlike its allied species, *A. cirrhatum*, in never being found growing in tussocks or clumps.

Early the next morning we resumed our journey, as before keeping in the bed of the river, and every now and then wading its cold stream from side to side, so as to escape the prostrate trees, and drift wood, and boulders, and to have a little easier walking. Several times, both yesterday and to-day, we were so dissatisfied with our course, from being continually wet and very cold from the icy water, and without the rays of the sun in the deep narrow bed of the river,—and also from the little progress we were making in spite of all our continued efforts,—that we tried to force our way through the thickets and “Bush” growing on the river’s banks, but found that we could not get on that way, so had to take to the cold river again. At 3 p.m. we arrived at what appeared to be the immediate base of the upper mountain which rose steep before us; here two rivers met, each nearly of the same size, and coming from opposite directions; we tried both for a short distance but found their beds so narrow and steep, and partly choked with dead trees and shrubs, and masses of stone, that we gave up all thoughts of going any further in that way, and so prepared with a good heart to climb the face of the narrow tongue of land which lay between the two streams. It was easy to see, here, that our guide Mawhatu was at a loss; evidently he had been in the main river below before, but where to turn off from, or to leave, it, he knew not. About an hour before we had arrived at the fork, we had on a sudden a fine clear view of the summit towering high above us, yet, apparently, not very distant; it seemed a round-topped hill, and is called, by the old Maoris, Te Atua-o-mahuru.* This had been often pointed out to me when at Waitangi (it being one of the conspicuous peaks of the range,) as the head over which our course lay; it had now, however, a slight coating of snow on it, no doubt from the late rains. There it stood alone, uprearing its proud crest in solemn grandeur!—

—“Soaring snow-clad through its native sky,
In the wild pomp of mountain majesty.”

But the sight of that snow there on the ridge before us did not increase our comfortable feelings and thoughts.

As we were now leaving the river and entering into the dense mountain forest, I travelled with my pocket compass in my hand, having taken bearings occasionally during the day in the river, where also, we had, at times, seen for a few moments the sun peering down through the trees. It was of no use now (as it then seemed to us in our happy ignorance) to think of drawing-back, although had we known clearly what

* See Note B, appendix.

was before us we should certainly have done so,—therefore we persevered and kept on steadily in as straight a course as we could until 6 p.m., when, it being nearly dark, we halted in the forest, not knowing where we were; but believing we had not much further to go to gain the wished-for summit. I immediately sent two of my companions to seek for water, which we had greatly needed for the last three hours, and fortunately they found some in a declivity in the side of the spur not very far off. This spring, I afterwards learned, is called Te Wai-o-kongenge—fit name!*

Our journey this day was a very fatiguing and disagreeable one all the way we had come, for it lay in the river's bed, either in the water or along its stony and rocky banks, which gradually contracted. In some places the sides of the river were perpendicular, and in others impending, and from 100 to 250 feet high, with fine forests of *Fagus* on the top; the trees of which were continually falling down along with the earth into the river beneath. Here and there an immense mass of earth had slipped quietly down the upright cliffs bringing the large trees with it, standing as they originally grew; these had been arrested in their descent when about half-way down, and there they stood in the side of the cliff fair and flourishing; in two or three spots during the day I noticed a double slip or subsidence of this nature, in which there were two tiers of living trees so standing in the side of the cliff; adding not a little of a novel and picturesque nature to the scene. I had fully intended in passing-on to take on my return a sketch of this unique landscape, but (as it will be seen) pressing circumstances prevented me.

I had carefully examined the earth and stones throughout the whole journey up this river on both sides, and also for some short distance up the two smaller ones at the fork, but I found no indications of anything save the common rocks; the limestone formation of Hawke's Bay had long disappeared; the cliffs being composed of a yellowish argillaceous clay with red veins, reminding me of those of the Bay of Islands and of Pencarrow Head in Cook's Straits. In one place only in the Eastern bank did I discover a few traces of fossils, not however in limestone (as is so common in Hawke's Bay) but in a kind of dark indurated clay, resembling the clay formation of the East Cape; but though the matrix was not very hard, I could not get a single specimen perfect or nearly so; and as I knew I should return by the same course, I left them for my return journey down the river.

I noticed several pretty spots during the day: some under the fine large spreading Beeches (*Fagus fusca* = "Black Birch"), having the ground beneath dry and carpetted with their own deciduous leaves, and with a sheltering mossy bank and nook at hand, strongly reminded me of Milton's wish:—

* That is, The spring, or water of weariness,—or, of being quite worn out!

—“When the sun begins to fling
 His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
 To arched walks of twilight groves,
 And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,

* * *

There in close covert by some brook,
 Where no profaner eye may look.—
 And may at last my weary age
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,
 The hairy gown and mossy cell,
 Where I may sit and rightly spell
 Of every star that heaven doth show,
 And every herb that sips the dew.”—

Other spots, where we briefly rested,—at the foot of a handsome tall Beech tree by the side of the brawling stream,—brought Gray’s stanza fresh to mind:—

“There at the foot of yonder nodding Beech,
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.”

We passed several fine symmetrical Beeches of this species on the banks of this river both yesterday and to-day, some were of a very large size having straight clean trunks, while their foliage, etc., looked charming. The poet’s truthful description of the Beech of the N. hemisphere has often appeared to me, on many occasions when travelling through the Beech woods inland, to be just as applicable here; for instance, when he says:—

—“bursts are seen
 Of beauty on the beech tree; a rich shade
 Of crimson teeming life; buds sanguine hued,
 As though the sunset clouds had o’er them play’d
 Until they left their dye upon the cone
 Tipping each slender branch with beauty all their own.”

In Botany this day in the bed of the river I did but little: near the cliff at the fork I noticed a fine plant of *Dianella intermedia* with its lovely turquoise blue berries; the first I had seen since I left the Bay of Islands, where, in fern lands, it is not unfrequent; I welcomed it as an old acquaintance! A *Loranthus*, too, I detected parasitical in a tree in the side of the stream, which was new to me, of this I took a specimen, intending to take more on my return; this species is, I think, *L. tenuiflorus* of Dr. Hooker. On first climbing the steep ascent and entering into the forest I was surprised to find the sweet-smelling epiphytical Orchideous plant *Earina mucronata* growing very profusely on the damp fallen crags, where it had also assumed a short grassy appearance. Subsequently, at Cape Turakirae, (the S. Cape of Palliser Bay,) I again detected this Orchideous plant in similar situations in stony hollows among crags; and growing with it a closely allied genus, *Dendrobium*, (perhaps *D. Cun-*

ninghainii, but with undeveloped flowers and apparently distinct,) both wearing the same low stunted cæspitose grassy appearance, but very healthy.* At first I thought it must be a new species, as I had never before found it off a tree, where it usually grows long. With it, also, grew plentifully, a species of *Astelia* bearing short leaves, which I considered new, and from its prominent markings I named it *A. trinerva*. This species is possibly included in *A. nervosa*, of Dr. Hooker, from which species, however, I think it will be found distinct. This peculiar and eminently N.Z. genus, greatly needs careful revision. Here, too, pendent from its tree, in which it grew parasitically, hung a most lovely species of *Loranthus* (*L. flavidus*,)—the elegant leaves of this plant are of a glaucous light-green colour with a dark margin, and greatly add to its unique beauty in its living state. I never found this species in any other locality; but, subsequently, (whenever I passed this way, which I did several times in the following years,) I took specimens repeatedly from this one plant; I was much pleased with this discovery. Ascending in those forests I found a new herbaceous *Senecio* (*S. lagopus*), with fine large yellow flowers and peculiar simple cordate leaves, growing plentifully. We soon left the large serrated leaved *Fagus* with its rough elm-like bark behind, and got among another species, *F. Solandri*, having small entire leaves and smooth bark; this is the common tree of those forests, its trunk is literally covered with elegant *Hepaticæ* and beautiful foliaceous and coralloid and other *Lichens*, of several genera and of many colours, and all charmingly healthy,—prominent among them are the genera *Sticta*, *Parmelia*, and *Sphærophoron*, with many smaller kinds. Linnæus has truly said,—“*Natura maxime miranda in minimis.*”—

“Some are reddish, some brown, some grey, and some black,
And they are puckered, edged, button’d, or fringed, front and back:
Some are lying like leather close under your feet,
Some waving from trees in the forest you’ll meet.” —MISS TWAMLEY.

Lichens are perennial; they also grow very slowly and attain to an extreme age. It has been stated by eminent Lichenologists, that some species growing on the primitive rocks of the highest mountain ranges in the World, are estimated to have attained an age of at least 1000 years; and one author mentions, “after the lapse of nearly half a century, having observed the same specimen of *Sticta pulmonaria* on the same spot of the same tree.” I myself have noticed in the mountain woods some that I had early marked, as having increased but very little in size during many years. This Order of plants, humble and minute though it appears to be,—

* Of these two Orchids I have recently (1882) made two new species, *Earina quadrilobata* and *Dendrobium Lessonii*, having last year re-discovered them growing pretty profusely and in flower in a few spots in the “70-mile Bush.” (*Vide* Trans. N. Z. Inst., vol. XV., pp. 325-328, for full description.

“Holds a rank
Important in the plan of Him who framed
This scale of beings; holds a rank which, lost,
Would break the chain and leave behind a gap
Which Nature’s self would rue.”—

On many of these trees grew parasitically another fine *Loranthus* (*L. tetrapetalus*) in dense bushes bearing crimson flowers in profusion, so that, in some more open spots among the closely-growing trees the whole forest wore a reddish glare, especially when such was so situated on a western slope as to become heightened by the beams of the setting sun. I have noticed this on several occasions in passing through those woods; and, also, that at, or near, sunset, all flowers or leaves of a red colour, throw out, as it were, a profuse kind of red glow at that particular hour: this I have also often observed here in our Napier gardens. Another peculiarity pertaining to this species of *Loranthus* was its generally being found at a pretty uniform height from the ground, some 15–20 feet, seldom lower or higher. At the spot where we halted I discovered a fine bushy Compositaceous shrub of stout diffuse growth, having peculiar dark-green leaves, thick broad and serrated, reminding me at first sight, of those of the *Hydrangea*; this plant has been named by Dr. Hooker *Olearia Colensoi*.

It was now Saturday night, and, our slender supper and prayers over, we sat for a while in the deepening gloom of the forest to talk, or, rather, to ruminate moodily over our position.

“Within the solemn wood,
Solemn and silent everywhere!
Nature with folded hands seemed there,
Kneeling at her evening prayer!”

Our supply of food was running short, and there was nothing eatable in those forests. We, however, supposed and hoped we had not much farther to go ere we should reach the summit; and then to descend to the native villages on the western side, of which we had heard and where we looked for food and welcome, would not take us long. One of my party* was distantly related through his mother with the Patea tribe, although he had not seen any of them for many years, if at all! And so, after some talk, we arranged, that he (Paora) and my quasi guide, Mawhatu, should rise at break of day and start away without any load over the mountain tops for Patea; and, if possible, get some of those natives residing there to come to see us, bringing a supply of

* The present well-known old chief, the head of his sub-tribe, Paora (= Paul) Kaiwhata; who was then a fine strong young native, and one of my baggage-bearers on that memorable occasion, and not unfrequently carried me on his back through the deeper waters of the river. He, also, accompanied me in a similar capacity on several journeys to Patea, Palliser Bay, and elsewhere, in after years, and did good and voluntary service to the Church Mission.

provisions with them. We had also feared that the mountain passes if still under snow would prove impassable to my baggage-bearers.

Without doubt we all slept soundly that night, being helped thereto by the constant serenading of the Weka (*Ocydromus australis*) and the Owl (*Athene Novæ Zealandiæ*)! No other sound was heard, for there was no wind, not even the plaintive sough of the night-airs; and I could not help thinking, with Cowper, that

“Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,
Yet heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns
And only there, please highly for their sake.”

And also, at intervals, that,—“Silence in its depth speaks.”

We, who were to remain there, did not wake and get up till 10, a.m., and when we did we found ourselves completely invaded! A large blue-bottle fly inhabits that zone of forest in countless numbers, and is most audacious and teasing. Our blankets and woollen clothing had been attacked and were literally filled with its eggs; the hair of the natives’ heads had also similarly suffered. We were not long in doing all we could to save ourselves, our provisions, and our clothing from this new foe, which I, in all my travelling, had not before met with. Had it not been for these blue-bottles we should have passed a most tranquil day of rest! everything there was so delightfully cool and still, fit emblem of the Sabbath; barring the plague of the flies, it literally was a

—“calm and secure retreat
Of sacred silence, rest’s eternal seat!”

We left the tent, &c., and retreated some distance into the dry woods, and there sat on the soft thick moss, where we held Divine Service,—in all likelihood the first Christian service on that mountain. Here “a dim religious light” was shed around; and though the scene might be deficient in some of those associations which are wont to add solemnity to the hallowed fane;—yet “He who dwelleth not in temples made with hands,” is in very deed present within the solitude:— *so I have often felt.*

“The groves were GOD’S first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them; ere he framed
The lofty vaults to gather, and roll back
The sound of anthems,—in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences,
That, from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the grey old trunks that high in heaven
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once

All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
 His spirit with the thought of boundless power
 And inaccessible Majesty. Ah, why
 Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
 GOD'S ancient sanctuaries, and adore
 Only among the crowd and under roofs,
 That our frail hands have raised!
 —————Be it ours to meditate
 In these calm shades Thy milder majesty,
 And to the beautiful order of Thy works,
 Learn to conform our lives."—

We spent the day quietly, sometimes reading together (in the N.T. our only vernacular book), sometimes thinking on and talking of our two absent companions; no one caring to move about. The water too, of our little spring, taken a little higher up, was delightfully cool and good tasted,—indeed delicious. My poor companions, however, had suffered much from their long walk with naked feet over those horrid stones and so much wading! and having but little to eat, and tobacco not yet being in fashion among them, they preferred sleeping to talking; so I was left in great measure to my own resources.

"To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
 To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
 Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
 And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
 To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,
 With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
 Alone o'er steep and foaming falls to lean;
 This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
 Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unroll'd."

Towards evening my friends were all on the *qui vive*, expecting every moment to hear the absent ones returning; but, after many false alarms, and no small display of superstitious fears on their part, dark night again enshrouded us, and they went to sleep,—leaving me once more to my meditations.—

"There is a quiet spirit in these woods,
 That dwells where'er the gentle land wind blows.
 —————And here, amid
 The silent majesty of these deep woods
 Its presence shall uplift thy thoughts from earth,
 As to the sunshine and the pure, bright air
 Their tops the green trees lift."

The next morning we were awake and up very early,—to escape our foes, which commenced their persecution with the sun, and to receive our absent friends, and, it might be, visitors; for no Maori likes to be taken unawares. Our scanty meal and prayers ended, we agreed to go on towards the summit, thinking it was near, and hoping soon to meet those whom we were so anxiously expecting. Leaving our tent

and all baggage there, and taking our axe with us, (my natives each only wearing a shirt,) we started. Hour after hour, how ever, passed in arduous toll before we gained the top; the primeval forest being so filled with decaying trees and prostrate limbs and tangled shrubs and herbage, that we could scarcely get through it. We had some difficulty also in finding and keeping in the track of our two companions who had preceded us; this, in an untrodden forest is curious, and deserves mention;—the guide, or foremost one, (if he is right in his course,) every now and then half breaks through the top or conspicuous side branch of a shrub or small tree, and allows it to hang down; this operation, called *pawhatiwhati*,* is of great use to those behind, and to strangers and stragglers, who, of course, look out for it, taking care not to do the same. And these marked trees so remain and are of service for several years, as I have often proved. Care, however, must be taken not to confound those broken or bent purposely by man, with those broken accidentally by big falling branches of the higher trees, or bent down by the weight of the snow in the winter. Certain thick stemmed and tough shrubs, in particular those having large leaves, are well fitted for the purpose, and are always selected, if at hand;—as various species of *Panax*, and of *Coprosma*;—for the half broken and reverted branch dries gradually and so retains its leaves on it, which, after a little experience, is easily caught by the sharp eye of the Maori. At times (in after years) when puzzled as to our course in the forests, I have both known of, and joined in, a consultation over the broken branch of a shrub;—whether it was done purposely by man, or accidentally through natural causes; and times have been with me and my party when even life depended on it! In the event of branches wrongly broken, and so having to retrace one's steps and alter one's course,—first, the hanging branches are plucked away, and, secondly, a handful of tops of leafy branches, or big ferns is placed on the moss athwart that erring path or opening, which serves to warn those who come after; this also remains intact for years.

There is yet another means of forming and finding a track through those mountain forests, particularly of those high up where *Fagus Solandri* is the common or only tree. For in those sub-alpine woods the trees sometimes grow widely apart, and there the ground is densely carpetted with an erect closely-growing perennial moss, resembling in texture a Turkey carpet. Some of those untrodden undisturbed spots have appeared to me so enchantingly beautiful, especially when extra adorned with the lovely compact *Hymenophyllum* ferns, that I have thought it a desecration to tread on or to disturb them. This moss if trodden on by a travelling party never afterwards rises to its former pristine state; not that it dies, or that the eye of man can detect the difference,—the difference is detected only by the *touch*, by the practised

*That is, Touch and break gently.

foot of the woodsman. I was some years in learning before I succeeded in mastering it, but I eventually did so; but then I wore boots. Here, in this case, the only enemy is the wild pig; but, fortunately, he does not generally keep so high up on the mountains. [*Vide* vol. I. "Transactions N.Z. Institute", *1st Edition*, Essay "On the Maori Races," by the writer, p. 6:—and, *2nd Edition*, p. 342.]

In our ascent we passed over two of the worst of the "passes," and they were bad indeed! frightfully so. One in particular, as if an avalanche of half the mountain's side had suddenly slipped down into the distant gulph below, leaving a ragged razor-back edge of loose loamy sandy soil at a very acute angle. On this, which extended for 300 yards, connecting two peaks, nothing grew, as the sand and earth was continually rolling down. The old Hawke's Bay natives had informed me, that the bones of a *taua* (a fighting party) composed of some 12–20 men lay bleaching at the bottom; the *taua* having attempted the pass when snow lay on it, through which they were carried off their legs down to the bottom and miserably perished! Some of my companions, whose hearts beat high on arriving at the famed spot where the deadly enemies of their tribe had been lost, declared, on gazing down, that they could see some of their white bones below jutting up! which tale they told with great relish and with many embellishments on their return. The stream which ran bounding through the narrow valley beneath was so far distant, that, though we could see its waters sparkling in the sun, we could not hear it. This pass was never attempted in the winter season, nor yet immediately after heavy rains or the melting of the snow, nor in windy weather.* Here, on the open western summits, we lingered until 3 p.m., (the natives with me not knowing what course to take, and all fearing to go astray,—for, after gaining the high table-land to the W. of the pass, we found it open, flat, and intersected with shallow snow-runs, and low bushes, and boulders so that one might

* In after years I crossed and recrossed this pass several times, the last time being in May, 1852,—and always, by taking care and only travelling in the summer season, without loss or great danger. On two occasions, however, we met with little adventures, which may be here mentioned as illustrations of the place. One happened in returning late that season from Patea; we had seen from where we were at Maketu (a village of Patea), that snow had fallen on the range, (which fell as rain where we then were,) and so we had to wait a few days until it was melted; this taking place we started. On the pass, however, I, in boots, slipped down a yard or two, but holding my ground through my long and tough maori spear, which I invariably carried, was helped out.—The second also happened in returning to Hawke's Bay on another occasion,—when one of my maoris, who had often gone with me, seeing the pass looking so clear and firm and tempting, with the sun, too, shining on it, took a run down the high slope from the W. side leading to it, and keeping too much down was carried off his legs by the treacherous wet and slippery *debris!* for a moment we feared for him, but I called out to him to stop, if possible, and make no exertion, when, by joining hands and ropes and with my tent poles, we got him safely up on surer ground. He had a good fright, however, which was also salutary to him, and to all—for the future. I had ample proof of the deceptiveness and danger of the place; which fully bore out all the old maori relations of it.

easily have proceeded in almost any direction,) and though we kept up a good constant look-out,—the maoris with their keen eyes, and I with my telescope,—we failed to discover any signs of natives approaching, or of any human habitation or cultivation, or fire or smoke, in all that enormous tract of open country of several score miles in extent, that lay like a desolate wilderness panorama before us!

“Far in the distance dark and blue,
Each hill’s huge outline you might view;
Clothed with brown fern, but lonely bare,
Nor man, nor beast, nor house was there.
Yet even this nakedness has power
And aids the feeling of the hour:
There’s nothing left to fancy’s guess
You see that all is loneliness:
And silence aids,—voice sounds too rude
So stilly is the solitude.” *

We had, however, no doubt as to our two absent companions having passed on; here were their footsteps, plain enough on the pass; one, evidently, having had a rather ugly slide downwards, before that he recovered himself. We, being thus doubly warned, kept nearer to the ridge; but the earth was much firmer to-day at noon, than it was to them on yesterday morning. Being warned, however, by the declining sun, we, unwillingly and with heavy hearts, and hungry and thirsty to boot, returned to our cheerless encampment, regaining it in silence by 6 p.m. Soon after, however, we heard voices! and our two absent companions bounded into our midst. We welcomed them heartily, but they sat down and burst into tears, crying bitterly yet quietly, in which we all more or less joined, as we knew the action was symbolic of bad tidings; and it was some time before the two newly-arrived ones could speak, they were so dreadfully exhausted. Having drank a little water and recovered themselves, they soon told their sad tale. They had had nothing to eat since they had left us, save a few small cabbage-tree tops, they had found yesterday growing among the fern lands lower down the mountain, which they had broken off and eaten raw.† They had travelled all day yesterday from early dawn till dark, when they lay down wearied among the fern, without even the common solace of the pipe; arising again this morning by daylight to renew their tramp. In the whole of the country through which they had travelled (and they must have travelled many miles), they could not find a living being,—neither man nor beast. They had, indeed, gained an outlying eastern village of Patea, called Te Awarua, situate on the upper Rangitikei river, but it was without inhabitant, and without cultivations or stored food; the natives, evidently,

* From Scott’s “*Marmion*”, Introduction to Canto II., altered to suit the scene.

† Or rather the small blanched bases of the leaves, which affords a scanty nutriment.

had gone away some time before, they knew not whither. Paora wrote on a piece of bark with a bit of charcoal to let them know of us, and of his visit,—if, perchance, any one among them could read writing. They would not have returned, however, had it not been for me, left with their companions in the forest. Poor fellows! it was painful to look at them; they were sadly worn and torn, both in body and in mind, and in clothing, too, with their long journey over such a desolate and rugged country, and with their great exertions, and want of food. We soon got them a small supply out of our little rapidly lessening store; and, after they were refreshed, we considered our situation, and determined *una voce*, that as we had but little food left (a mere handful of rice), and the nearest village was at Te Rotoatara Lake, we would retrace our steps without delay, and hasten thither early to-morrow.—

I have told the story of our troubles, I will also give that of our joys,—or, rather, (speaking correctly,) of *mine*,—for I was quite sure that my companions shared it not with me,—quite the contrary;—so I had it all to myself.

On quitting our encampment this morning and ascending through the forest, the first novelty I discovered was a handsome fern a species of *Alsophila*, (*A. Colensoi*,)—a genus new to N.Z., though plentiful in Australia; some specimens of this fern took the form of short tree-ferns, with a stem or trunk 2–3 feet high; while here and there, peeping amid the mosses, in little nooks at the bases of the larger trees, were those two pretty little plants, *Callixene parviflora*, and *Libertia micrantha*,—just as I had formerly found them on the mountains of Huiarau, on the western side of Wai-karemoana, in 1841. Several new species of *Coprosma* were also here in great plenty and variety, especially in the more open spots; indeed, they grew so compactly together in some places, more like a clipped old Hawthorn hedge, that it was impossible to get through them, and so we had to walk on them! (This reminded me of what Dr. Hooker and the officers of the Antarctic Expedition had told me, in 1841, they had found in Auckland and Campbell Islands.) In many places those shrubs bore our weight and tread pretty well, but in some we slipped, and then it was really awkward and disagreeable, for we could not touch the earth below with our feet, and with all our exertions could scarcely extricate ourselves; fortunately they were not prickly. Here, too, grew abundantly, Forster's original species, *Coprosma fœtidissima*, on which he had founded the genus, and which well deserves its doubly odorous name! I had never seen it before; and the natives with me greatly disliked its smell, calling it *Hupiro*, = double-strong-stench, its name in the interior. The *Panax* genus was also well represented here, a few new species I detected,—*P. P. Sinclairii*, *Colensoi*, and *simplex*. Here, but only in one spot, I discovered that beautiful fern *Hypolepis millefolium*; the only place in which it has yet been found in the N. Island. As we neared the summit,—which we were constantly expecting to see, and which, as we had ne-

ver caught a glimpse of it through the long forest, we could not help thinking we had somehow missed by taking the wrong spur; still, although we occasionally descended over undulating ground, we were gradually ascending, there was no mistake about that!—as we neared the summit, and also the end of the great forest, we fell in with many beautiful and novel shrubs of the genus *Veronica* (as *V. V. lævis*, *buxifolia*, *tetragona*, and *nivalis*). I was much gratified in finding *V. tetragona*, as I had long been in quest of it,—for I had sent a few years before a very small specimen of it (which had been given to me by Mr. Bidwell,) to Sir W. Hooker, who published a drawing of it with description in his *Icones Plantarum*, (tab. 580,)—before that, however, Sir William had received a barren branch of the same species from Dr. Dieffenbach, who had obtained it in Queen Charlotte's Sound (S. Island), a drawing of that specimen with description had also been given by Sir William in that same Botanical work (tab. 547), who then supposed it to belong to a Pine, and possibly a *Podocarpus*, naming it *P. Diefenbachii*. In its barren state it very much more resembles the branch of a Pine, than it does any other known N.Z. plant. Here were, also, several species of *Pimelea*, (as *P.P. Gnidia*,* *buxifolia*, and *Lyallii*,)—while a large stout species of the ever-to-be-remembered genus *Aciphylla* was, for us, alas! far too plentiful; but of this very peculiar plant more anon. Here too in great plenty was *Fagus Cliffortioides*, another Beech,—a species of much lower and more diffuse growth than the other N.Z. species of that genus, which we had left behind us, in our ascent. But when at last we emerged from the forest, and the tangled shrubbery on its outskirts, on to the open dell-like land just before we gained the summit, the lovely appearance of so many and varied beautiful and novel wild plants and flowers richly repaid me the toil of the journey and the ascent,—for never before did I behold at one time in N.Z. such a profusion of Flora's stores! in one word, I was overwhelmed with astonishment, and stood looking with all my eyes, greedily devouring and drinking-in the enchanting scene before me. I had often seen what I had considered pleasing Botanical displays in many N.Z. forests and open valleys, particularly at the Kerikeri waterfall (Bay of Islands),—before it was rudely disturbed by civilization!—and in a sweet well-remembered glen near the E. Cape,—again at Lake Waikare,— and on the mountains of Huiarau and of Ruatahuna, far away in the interior,— but all were as nothing when compared with this,—either for variety or quantity or novelty of flowers,—all, too, in sight at a single glance! Splendid *Celmisias* and *Ranunculuses* in countless number, intermixed with elegant *Wahlenbergias* and beautiful *Veronicas*, *Ourisias* and *Euphrasias*, *Gentians* and *Dracophyllums*, *Astelias* and

* This is another plant I had long been looking out for, as it was originally discovered by Forster in the S. Island, when here with Cook, and on it he had established his genus *Banksia*, in honour of Sir Joseph Banks, (*B. Gnidia*,) and it had not been met with since.

Calthas, *Gnaphaliums* and *Gaultherias*, and many others. Here were plants of the well-known genera of the Blue-bells, and Buttercups, Gowans and Daisies, Eyebrights and Speedwells of one's native land, closely intermixed with the Gentians of the European Alps, and the rarer Southern and little known novelties,—*Drapetes*, *Ourisia*, *Cyathodes*, *Abrotanella*, and *Raoulia*.—

“Flowers tell of a season when men were not,
When earth was by angels trod;
And leaves and flowers in every spot
Burst forth at the call of GOD;
When Spirits singing their hymns at even,
Wandered by wood and glade;
And the LORD looked down from the highest heaven,
And blessed what He had made.”

It was observable, also, that while all those plants already named with many others were small-sized dwarf plants, pretty nearly of a uniform height, only rising a few inches above the soil, and growing together as thickly as they could stow,—more indeed, in this respect, like short turfy Grasses, or Mosses,—there were also among them several new species of the common N.Z. genera,—the known species of which in other parts were mostly to be found as tall shrubs and small trees,—but here the new species were only of a very low rambling prostrate habit, resembling large trailing Mosses, almost hidden among the low herbaceous plants already mentioned; those new plants comprised *Myrsine nummularia*, *Pittosporum rigidum*,* *Podocarpus nivalis*, *Coriaria angustissima*, *Dracophyllum recurvum*, and several elegant Alpine species of *Veronica*, such as,—*nivalis*, *Lyallii*, and *catarractæ*.

Often, indeed, did the words of the great Teacher come to memory, (uttered, perhaps, by him when reviewing a similar Floral display as to beauty in the lovely liliated meads of Palestine,)—“Consider the lilies!” And more than once I exclaimed,—

“Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”—

Nor could I forget what is related of Linnæus,—who, on his arrival in England, and first seeing the wild broken country covered with the common yellow Furze in full blossom, fell on his knees in ecstasy at such a sight.† Sure enough I am, that I then *understood* Linnæus' action, and fully sympathized with him.—

* Discovered by me 2 years before on the mountains of Huiarau, during my second long journey through the interior; but there only as a shrub 4-5 feet high, being at a much lower altitude.

† Having mentioned this, I may be permitted also to add, on the authority of our great English Botanist Sir J. E. Smith,—that Linnaeus having taken a plant of our British Furze with him to Sweden, always lamented that he could scarcely preserve it alive through a Swedish winter, even in a greenhouse.

But how was I to carry off specimens of those precious prizes? and had I time to gather them? These mental questions completely staggered me for I realised my position well. We had left our encampment early that morning, as I have already said, thinking the crest of the mountain range was not far off, and, consequently, taking *nothing* with us; so we were all empty-handed and no “N.Z. Flax” (*Phormium*) grew there. However, as I had no time to lose, I first pulled off my jacket, or small travelling coat, and made a bag of that, and then (driven by necessity!) I added thereto my shirt, and by tying the neck, &c., got an excellent bag; while some specimens I also stowed into the crown of my hat. I worked diligently all the time I was there,—and, though I did all that I possibly could, I felt sure I left not a little untouched.* Fortunately the day was an exceedingly fine one, calm and warm, so that I did not suffer from want of clothing. That night I was wholly occupied with my darling specimens, putting them up, as well as I could, in a very rough kind of way, among my spare clothing, bedding, and books;† only getting about 2 hours sleep towards morning.

Of all the peculiar and novel plants which grew on that mountain the large new species of *Aciphylla* (*A. Colensoi*,) was the one which we were all the most likely to remember,—not only for a few weeks but for all time! It gave us an immense deal of unpleasantness trouble and pain,—often wounding us to the drawing of blood. I suppose, that each one of the party,—speaking quite within probability,—received at least 50 stabs from that one plant,—which my native companions (without boots or trousers) justly termed, *infernal*! I will attempt to describe it from memory (although it is more than 25 years‡ since I last saw it in its mountain home). Imagine a living circle of 5 feet diameter (the size of the full grown plant), with all its many harsh spiny ray-like leaves radiating alike outwardly from its carrot-shaped root, forming almost a plane of living elastic spears, composed of sharp and stiff points, or flat spikes, each several inches long, these make up the leaf, and many of them are set on each long leaf-stalk of nearly 2 feet in length; from the centre rises the strong flowering stem, an erect orange-coloured spike or stalk 5–6 feet high, containing many hundreds of small flowers, gummy (or having a varnished appearance,) and strong-scented. The general appearance of these plants, at times, reminded me of a lot of large shallow umbrellas opened and fixed upside down on the ground. Of course there were hundreds of smaller plants, also forming circles, of all sizes, from 3

* But probably secured in following years.

† It may be worth recording for the N.Z. Colonist, and with the hope of encouraging the acquisition of specimens under difficulties, that of those specimens of Alpine plants obtained with difficulty on this occasion,—drawings of nearly 50 have been published, by Dr. Hooker, in his *Flora Novae Zelandiae*, and by his father Sir Wm. J. Hooker, in his *Icones Plantarum*, and *Species Filicum*; and, further, for many years those specimens were the only ones known of those plants to the Botanists of Europe.

‡ Now, at date of publication, upwards of 32 years! *Tempus fugit*!

inches diameter upwards; while some still younger were just pushing their needle-like points (not in a circle but drawn together) through the mossy soil. These plants rarely ever intermixed their spear-shaped leaves to any great extent; they seemed as if they just touched each other with their living circle of points, and when we should put our feet as warily as possible on some tolerably clear spot between them, we were often caught on all sides as if in a man-trap, and not unfrequently roared pretty loudly from the pain, while our vain attempts to extricate ourselves often increased it. More than once each one of us was so seriously caught as not to be able to move without assistance. On one occasion in particular we all (save *one*—the sufferer!) had a hearty laugh over an adventure with one of these plants:—one of our party had been pricked, or stabbed, rather severely by an *Aciphylla* inasmuch that the blood spurted out; at the sight of this he got enraged, and obtaining the long-handled axe, which another was carrying, he hastened toward the plant, vowing he would cut it up by the roots! the spear-like leaves, however, spreading-out all round like a circle of fixed bayonets,—being longer (including their big leaf stalk) than the helve of the axe and very elastic, quite kept him from doing any harm to the plant, which seemed to mock his impotent rage; so after gaining a few more pricks for his labour, he was obliged, doubly vexed though he was at our looking on and laughing, to give up the unequal combat!* I may here mention, that when I next came this way from Hawke's Bay, I took two extra natives with me specially armed with long-handled axes to clear the way a little; otherwise baggage-bearers† could never have got over those spots which abounded with the *Aciphylla*. One of these little open hills bore the ancient name of Maunga Taramea (Mount Taramea‡) from the plant growing so profusely there. The genus was founded by Forster, (one of the Botanists who accompanied Cook on his 2nd. Voyage,) on a plant they found at Dusky Bay (S. Island), which, however, is very much smaller in all its parts and with fine lax leaves, though sharp enough,—hence its fit generic name, *Aciphylla* = needle-leaved.§

* This story was too good to be lost, especially to a *fighting* race like the Maori, and the joke was long kept up at the expense of the poor fellow!

† My bearers, too, having been warned, some by experience and some by hearsay, took with them on this occasion sundry old cast clothing to use as defensive armour. Dr. Hooker, in his *Hand Book N. Z. Flora*, (1864), says:—“There are apparently two varieties,—both are called” [down S.], “Spear-Grass,” and “Wild Spaniard”. Sir D. Munro states, that it forms a thicket impenetrable to men and horses.” *p.* 92.

‡ *Taramea* being the Maori name of this plant; meaning, *The rough spiny thing*; not unlike, in meaning, that given to it by Forster.

§ In a subsequent journey I brought away living plants of *Aciphylla* (with several other mountain novelties), which did pretty well in my garden at the Station at Waitangi for some 2-3 years, until a heavy flood came, when they (with many other Alpine plants) were submerged and killed by the thick deposit of

Had our countrymen and fellow-colonists from Great Britain,— from

————— “the hills of the North,—

Where bloom the red Heather and Thistle so green;”—

had they ever required an indigenous plant in N.Z. to supply the place of their National emblem—“Old Scotland’s symbol dear”—the *Thistle*, this one would have nicely suited them. For such another could scarcely be found so highly adapted in every respect to bear their well-known motto,—“*Nemo me impune lacessit.*”

One other curious plant I should also like to mention; a plant in every respect the very opposite of the *Aciphylla*,—for it was small and soft (woolly), and only one was seen! not only on that occasion but on every other, for I have never met with it since, although I have often sought it diligently; nor has it since been found in the South Island (or any where else) save once by the late Dr. Sinclair; who, according to Dr. Hooker, met with it at Tarndale, at about the same elevation (5000 feet) and in a similar situation “growing in shingle.” This little shrubby plant of only a few inches high, is a very peculiar one,—it scarcely seems like a living plant at all, being so dry and sapless and densely woolly, more like an artificial flower, or those which we may have sometimes seen projecting in *alto relievo* from thick floccose or rough dining-room wall papers. Every part of it, stem branches leaves and flowers, is alike covered with dense white wool, giving it a strange appearance. This plant, a species of *Helichrysum*, or *Gnaphalium* (*G. Colensoi*), grew on the edge of the top of the second ugly pass,—composed entirely of dry shingle of various sizes from big lumps to dust,—(which was continually falling from the cliffy height above, where the rock and stones were undergoing rapid disintegration through the incessant action of the elements,)—up this it was difficult to climb from the softness of the pile of natural “metal” and the great steepness of its incline, in which we sank to our knees at every step, and sometimes were carried down a few feet by the rolling shingle. A drawing of it is given in the *Flora Novæ Zealandiæ* under the name of *Helichrysum leontopodium*; the difference however between those two genera (*Helichrysum* and *Gnaphalium*) being so very slight and tending to separate closely-allied species, they are now combined by Dr. Hooker in his *Hand Book of the N.Z. Flora*. This little plant is allied to the celebrated Edelweiss of the Swiss Alps. Near to this plant grew another, a species of *Geum* (*G. parviflorum*), which, curiously enough, was also a solitary one of that species, it not having again been detected in the North Island,—though it has been found in similar localities in the South Island, both by Dr. Sinclair and by

silt. Five species are now known, and described by Dr. Hooker. Dr. Lauder Lindsay has also subsequently fully described *Aciphylla Colensoi*, with coloured drawings and dissections in his “Contributions to the Botany of New Zealand”, —a work that I have only very recently seen.

Dr. Hector; and Dr. Hooker also found it in the Auckland Islands group;* it is also found in S. Chili and Fuegia.

Single plants, like these two last mentioned, found alone in their natural habitat, each, too, bearing a profusion of flowers and seeds,—raise a curious question in Geographic Botany; one causing much thought and not easily answered.—

I must not omit to notice the Grasses of the mountain. Of them I found several species (more than I had expected) belonging to various genera, these have all been subsequently published by Dr. Hooker.† A few of them are identical with some of our esteemed English pasture grasses,—as *Festuca duriuscula* (Hard Fescue) and *Agrostis* species, and also *Hierochloe alpina*; while others of them are also found in Tasmania and Australia. Some are new, and have not yet been detected any where else in New Zealand; others of them have been since found in the South Island;—one, a new species of *Poa* (*P. Colensoi*) which I brought from the summit, is common in the South Island, and is said to be among the best of the indigenous food grasses of New Zealand;‡ —and, curiously enough, one species, *Catabrosa antarctica*, has only been hitherto met with in the far off antarctic islet Campbell Island, where it was also found by Dr. Hooker. None, however, grew thickly together forming pastures,—like the well-known native grass here on our Hawke's Bay hills, *Microlæna stipoides*, and the common grasses of our meadows,—except here and there around a few snow holes, and snow water courses of gentle declivity, where a very short pale grass grew thickly,§ but only extending a few feet each way; it always bore a half-withered appearance, no doubt caused by the snow and the sun. Nearly all of the various species of Grasses were found in single plants or small tufts scattered among other herbage,—except the one short turfy species by the snow holes beforementioned; and one other small grass, a species of *Erharta* (*E. Colensoi*), which grew in cushion-like patches, or large tufts, scattered here and there on the tops.

There were also several new species of *Mosses*, *Hepaticæ*, and *Lichens*,

* This plant was first described by Dr. Hooker in his *Flora Antarctica*, vol. I, as *Sieversia albiflora*; where a drawing of it is also given.

† Plates of several of these Grasses are also given by Dr. Hooker in his *Flora Novae Zealandiae*.

‡ Some time ago I received a letter from a friend, a Naturalist, travelling in the South Island; in it he says:—“For the first time I had some idea of the importance of those Grasses *Poa Colensoi* and *Festuca duriuscula* to the stock feeder. Thousands of acres of poor stony land are covered, or, correctly speaking, carry little else than these Grasses, mixed sparingly with *Trisetum Youngii*, *Raoulia*, *Gentian*, and *Aciphylla Colensoi*; but the stock feeding on such pasture is everywhere in good condition.”

§ Said, by Dr. Hooker, to be a depauperated variety of *Festuca duriuscula*; found also on the mountains in the South Island.

obtained on this visit, some of them being highly curious; a few I may briefly mention. On the bleak topmost crags I found two species of *Andræa*, (a peculiar genus of Moss,) nearly the colour of the dark rocks on which they grew; this is a small genus common in arctic and antarctic lands, and these were the first specimens of that genus discovered in New Zealand,—one of them was also a new species; neither of them have since been detected in this country, although both have been found in Fuegia and the South American Andes. I also found there, on those exposed stony summits, *Usnea melaxantha*, a remarkable and rare black Lichen of the Andes and of arctic and antarctic latitudes.—Growing with this was another curious plant, a fine species of *Stereocaulon* (*S. Colensoi**), both plants being highly indicative of rigour and exposure.

“This is the highest point.—
How bleak and bare it is! Nothing but mosses
Grow on these rooks.—
—Yet are they not forgotten;
Beneficent Nature sends the mists to feed them.”

Numerous species of the beautiful Order of *Hepaticæ* I also managed to secure and bring away; the drawings of several of them with magnified dissections have also been given by Dr. Hooker in his *Flora Novæ Zealandiæ*; these, however, must be seen and studied in order to appreciate them; for, minute and insignificant as many of them appear to be at first sight, and to the untrained eye, no Natural Order of Plants more richly repay investigation, or more fully exhibit the wondrous and lovely variety skill and economy of Nature.

“GOD made them all,
And what He deigns to make should ne’er be deem’d
Unworthy of our study and our love.
———The man
Whom Nature’s works can charm, with GOD Himself
Holds converse.”

The view from the top on the Eastern and Northern sides was very extensive,—extending from Cape Kidnappers to Table Cape, and thence to Mount Tongariro and further. The whole of Hawke’s Bay with all the interior plains appeared like an immense panorama spread out beneath us,—but much too distant low and flat, and too dull in its colours,—of rusty fern, and dingy Raupo (*Typha*), and pale cutting-grasses, and dry withered plains, with a lead-coloured misty-looking sea in the distance,—to present anything of a pleasing appearance. In the view from the summits looking towards the East I was greatly disappointed.

Two kinds of birds which we saw peculiar to that region deserve a passing

* Named by me *S. botryoides*, from its clustered fruit; but altered by Professor Babington, to its present name. And now, (1884,) finally removed to the genus *Pilophoron* (*P. Colensoi*), by Dr. Knight.—*Tran. N. Z. Instit.*, vol. XVI. p. 400, with a drawing.

notice. One was the pretty little blue-grey mountain duck, or teal, the *Whiio* of the natives (*Hymenolaimus melacorhyncos*). This bird is common in most of the retired mountain streams of N. Zealand, and is a graceful quiet harmless creature; we met with it on almost every turn of the river, but always swimming. I often stopped to admire their graceful movements, as they allowed me to get pretty close up to them, owing to their innocence of Man! in all probability never before having been disturbed by him in their native haunts. Their flight is but short, and they often dive. It was a pleasing sound in the night silence to hear their plaintive sibilant whistle—*Whiio* (the Maori word drawn out), hence their name. From the sound of their cry, by night, it seemed as if they were being carried down by the current; and I fancied it was done by them to keep up their companionship with each other in the dense darkness. The other bird was a small brown one of the size of a lark, but with a white head,—which, together with its mute familiar habit, gave it a strange appearance. This bird was only noticed in the thickets near the top of the range, where, on our sitting down or resting, several would soon come closely around us, looking inquisitively, and noiselessly hopping from spray to spray. It was wholly new to me; and the natives with me did not know its name. I often, in my subsequent visits met with this little bird, but only in that one particular locality. I never once heard its note. We named it Upokotea, and Pokotea,—from its white head. I could not prevail on myself to kill any of them to carry away as specimens.

Two other small animals captured during this journey may also be briefly mentioned. One was a very singular Spider, which I obtained in the lower forests, living in nooks and crannies in the earth at the foot of trees and shrubs; it was of a thick oblong shape, and black colour, much more arched in its back than spiders generally are, with several curious sharp jutting points in its back and sides, making it appear more like a beetle than a spider, and giving it a very strange appearance, altogether different from any species of Spider I had ever before seen: of this species I got several specimens. The other was a peculiar little molluscous animal, of the Linnæan genus *Limax*,—a kind of slug about 1½ inches long, possessing a small external dorsal shell, and therefore probably belonging to the genus *Testacella* of Cuvier,—which, however, has its shell near its posterior extremity. This pretty little animal I found on moss on a living Beech tree, very near the summit of the range. I only obtained one specimen, which, I regret to say, I lost, and never after met with another.—

The remainder is now very briefly told.—

Tuesday, Feby. 11. At an early hour this morning we struck tent, ate our scanty breakfast, packed up, and commenced our journey back to the Station. We travelled on all day (as we had agreed to do,) in moody silence, until 7 p.m., when we halted for the night at a little wooded place on the banks of the Waipaoa river called Motu-o

-wai, and not far from the present village of Tikokino— formerly well-known, but now that isolated wood of white pine trees is washed away! We were very tired and hungry, and sore with so much walking over boulders and stones in the bed of the river, and with the incessant wading; 108 times* did we wade in this day's march across the main stream, in some places the current was so strong and the water so deep that we could scarcely keep our footing; the water, too, in the upper portion of the river, was icy cold. We lay down that night without much ceremony, and early the next morning we resumed our journey, reaching the western banks of the Lake Rotoatara at 1 p.m. Here we bawled to the *pa* on the island for a canoe, and made small fires of herbage (there being no wood) as signals, but were neither heard nor seen (the wind being against us). At sunset, however, we were fortunately observed; and crossing over to the island we got food and slept there. The next morning, public prayers and breakfast over, we started pretty early for the Mission Station, where we arrived at 8 p.m., very weary,—but, I trust thankful to God for His many mercies.—

And thus ends my *first* attempt to cross the Ruahine mountain range.

“Nil sine magno

Vita labore dedit mortalibus.”

HOR.

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* In after years I travelled several times to and from Patea by this route, but always made, whether going or returning, 108 wadings. To make sure of their number, I always tied a cord to the button-hole of my coat, and every crossing made a knot in it. Wishing to find an easier route to the interior, having also tried several, I tried one leading from near the gorge in the Manawatu river, by the rivers Puhanginga, Oroua, and Rangitikei,— having been induced to do so from the representations of some old Maoris of Manawatu,— but that took me more than twice as long on my journey to Patea, and gave me, in two days, 237 wadings! we sustained much hardship on that occasion, in the dense forests on the W. side of the Ruahine range. After my return from this *first* journey, I suffered more than 2 months from sciatica brought on by those wadings in that icy river, bivouacking, and want of proper nourishment.

PAPER II.

MEMORANDUM OF A JOURNEY INTO THE
INTERIOR,
IN WHICH I SUCCEEDED IN CROSSING
THE RUAHINE MOUNTAIN RANGE,
WITH
NOTES ON THE PECULIAR LOCAL BOTANY OF THAT
REGION, ETC.
BY W. COLENZO, F.L.S.

[*Read before the Hawke's Bay Philosophical Institute, October 14th, 1878.**]

WITH ADDITIONAL AND COPIOUS NOTES.

“Upon the sides of Latmos was outspread
A mighty forest;—
And it had gloomy shades sequestered deep
Where no man went.”—

Endymion. KEATS.

“*Alloi kamon, alloi onanto.*” = Some toil, others reap. *Ancient Proverb.*

On a former occasion I narrated my first visit to the Ruahine mountains, in which, after much toil, I succeeded in gaining the summit, although I failed in crossing the range.

I should not now greatly care to say anything more about it, but for three reasons: (1) To note particularly the localities of the peculiar Botany of the interior,—then, for the first time found, and not since, I believe, detected;—(2) To leave on record some mention of the difficulties of travelling in New Zealand in those earlier days, before

* “At the close, Dr. Spencer proposed, and Mr. J. A. Smith seconded, a unanimous vote of thanks to Mr. Colenso for his very interesting Paper, which was also earnestly supported by the Rt. Rev. Chairman (the Bishop of Waiapu), and warmly accorded by the meeting, with a further particular wish, that the same should be recorded.”

there were either roads or horses, and when even the route itself was necessarily so very difficult and different to what it is now:— and (3) to show that I did accomplish my original intention,—“*perseverando vinces*”!

As may be readily supposed—by those who have heard my first attempt to cross the Ruahine—I had had quite enough of the toil and hardship attending that journey soon to repeat it on the E. sides of the range; yet being still greatly desirous of visiting those Natives living beyond it, I was determined to do so as early as circumstances would permit. This, however, I saw could not be again attempted for some time, as I had not only a great deal to do at home in a newly-formed Station, where everything depended on myself; but I had also a large amount of other distant travelling to perform;* besides it seemed all but impossible to get Natives to accompany me,—although they were quite ready to go with me on other journeys,—the last one having so greatly disheartened them.

During that year, (1845,) I was laid aside for some time through a severe attack of low fever, and when I had scarcely recovered I had to travel on foot in mid-winter to Poverty Bay on important business, and back to my residence at Waitangi;—and then, by the coast line, to Palliser Bay and Wellington, and to Ohariu and Ohau in Cook’s Straits,—and back again to Hawke’s Bay through Wairarapa and Manawatu. Being the first European who travelled through the then dense and all but impassable forest (“70 mile Bush, S.”) lying between the Ruamahanga in Wairarapa and the Manawatu rivers, where I also gained several rare Botanical novelties. And then I had a similar amount of heavy travelling on duty to perform throughout the following year, 1846; during which year I spent seven months in my tent.

Therefore, it was not until early in the year 1847 that I again recommenced my journey to Patea; this time by the “round-about-way” of Taupo.—I should here however mention, that during the preceding year I had been twice on foot over this new ground as far as Tarawera, between Hawke’s Bay and Taupo Lake; and had made every enquiry relative to the Patea natives and the route thither,—though the information received was almost nil.

Having got all ready for our journey, myself and five natives (including my old friend Paora, who was still very desirous of seeing his mother’s tribe), we started from Waitangi on the 9th February. Crossing the Ahuriri harbour in a canoe, for which we had to wait there some time, and travelling on, we brought up for the night at a small maori village on the banks of the Petane river,— about two miles above the present School-house, but not by the present near road thither.

The next morning, breakfast over, we again moved on, stopping at Kaiwaka to

* See Note C, Appendix.

roast a few potatoes for our dinner, and halted for the night at a place on the hills called Wahicanoa. Wind very high this day, and suffering from a half-sprained ankle. At night for a long time in constant succession the noisy Petrels kept flying—in from the sea to their breeding homes in the cliffy sides of the high hills beyond us. I had often heard them on former occasions, when spending a night at Petane and Tangoio, and other villages near the sea, but this night they seemed by their cries to fly much lower, possibly attracted by our fires. The natives on foggy nights make fires in suitable spots on the high hills near their nests or burrows to attract them, and kill numbers of them easily with their sticks. They are very fat and are considered dainties.

————— “Above, in the light
Of the star-lit night,
Swift birds of passage wing their flight:—
I hear the beat
Of their pinions fleet:—
I hear the cry
Of their voices high
Falling dreamily through the sky.
But their forms I cannot see.”

11th. Early this morning we recommenced our journey; the westerly wind still dreadfully high so that on those exposed heights we could scarcely stagger on against it! Halted at Te Pohue to breakfast; thence on, by the mountain pass Titiokura, to a little village on the banks of the Mohaka river called Mimiha, where we halted for the night.—

In ascending towards the crest of the pass—Titiokura, I was much pleased in again observing that fine plant *Ourisia macrophylla*; it grew in large beds, or patches, in boggy and damp spots by the sides of the mountain streamlet, and being in full flower and undisturbed looked well with its large glossy leaves. I had first met with this fine plant in 1841, in the country between Poverty Bay and Waikare Lake, but then it was not in flower.* Dr. Dieffenbach had also found it growing at Mount Egmont. This is one of the few fine “garden flowers” of New Zealand. Here, on the high ground among the fern, grew my new species of *Coriaria* (*C. Kingiana*),†—presenting much the same appearance as when I originally discovered it in 1841; this plant, in a soil it loves, would look well in the foreground of a large shrubbery. On

* Roots, however, which I obtained and planted at the Bay of Islands, subsequently flowered. *Vide*, “London Journal of Botany,” 1844, vol. III. p. 19.

† “Lond. Journal of Botany,” 1844, vol. III. pp. 20, 21. I don’t know under which of his three species of this genus in the “Hand Book,” Sir Joseph Hooker has placed this (to me) very distinct plant,—I mean, distinct from the other N.Z. species,—possibly under *C. thymifolia*; but *quæ*. I have long been convinced of our having four, or, perhaps five species of this genus in N.Z.

the summit I discovered several Botanical novelties: viz.—a fine bushy species of *Gnaphalium* (*G. prostratum*), of low growth but with numerous ascending branches bearing a profusion of flowers. This plant was also found by Sir J. Hooker in the Antarctic Islets, who has given a fine drawing of it in his *Flora Antarctica*, tab. 21. A peculiar tufted *Ranunculus* with small leaves on long petioles and bearing very long scapes (*R. multiscapus*): a low shrubby species of *Coprosma* (*C. depressa*), bearing sweet berries which were good eating: and a very low plant of *Gaultheria* having large edible fruit hidden under its leaves,—reminding one of the allied Whortle-berry of one's native Land; this plant,—which also grows plentifully on the open downs of Taupo, and elsewhere,—is, I suspect, placed by Sir J. Hooker, under *G. antipoda*, as a var. of that species; but it varies greatly from the true *G. antipoda*, which is a very common plant,—particularly at the N. parts of this island, and differs widely from it in habit, &c. Among the crags I found,—a curious species of *Exarrhena* (*E. saxosa*), densely covered with coarse white hairs: a minute species of *Pozoa*, a pretty little plant, resembling the coast species (*P. trifida*), but smaller in all its parts, with coriaceous sessile leaflets and bearing bristly hairs: and, hidden among the stony cliffs, a very small Fern of compact cæspitose growth, a species of *Grammitis*,—which Sir Jos. Hooker has included under *Polypodium Australe*, but which is, in my opinion, very widely different from all the states I have seen of that plant,—as well as from my *Grammitis ciliata*, (a rare and little known Fern, which I also believe to be specifically distinct,)—although, in the “Hand Book”, Sir J. Hooker has also included this, and others also, with it. Two additional species of the genus *Uncinia* (*U. leptotachya*, and *U. rubra*.) I also obtained here; this latter species often gave to some parts of the dry plains in the interior quite a red hue when viewed from a distance, so that, at first, I wondered what it could possibly be that made them look so strangely red. From a small isolated hill near the centre of the pass is a delightful view of Ahuriri and the southern part of Hawke's Bay including Cape Kidnappers;—

—“Where the round ether mixes with the wave;”—

—this landscape is well worthy of a drawing. I have often in passing this way, when the weather was fine and air clear, contemplated it with admiration.

“A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness.”——

* In the “Hand Book”, not in the *Flora N.Z.*

† Described in *Tasmanian Journal of Natural Science*, 1844, vol. II. p. 166.

‡ See, “Trans. N. Z. Institute,” vol. XIV. p. 53,—for some remarks on this plant.

§ A modern Ecclesiastical writer has pleasingly said, (in writing on the Apostle Paul.)—“We can hardly believe that he who spoke to the Lystrians of the ‘rain from heaven,’ and the ‘fruitful seasons’, and of the ‘living God who made heaven and earth and the sea’, could have looked with indifference on beauti-

The old road by the ancient maori track through the fern, in descending from Titikura to the banks of the river Mohaka, was then very different to what it is now; for, on nearing the high banks of that river, a sharp turn was taken to the right running parallel with it, by which you descended into a small stream at a place called Mangowhata, and crossed it at the very edge of a cataract, on indeed the slippery brink of the bed of a single rock forming the fall, which curved suddenly upwards towards the verge, and having a deep dark pool close within; and then, on landing on the opposite side you climbed up a steep ascent until you came again quite as suddenly on to the very brink of the cliff, by the edge alone of which the track lay! This was owing to the high hilly back ground immediately above falling very abruptly towards the cliff in front. Both those perpendicular spots, situated too within a few yards of each other, were very dangerous, and, as a track, fearful to look at; and, in travelling inwards the interior, you could not see them owing to the thick overhanging fern and other herbage growing on the brink, until you were on, or partly passed, them, and then it was too late to think of retreating. I supposed the height of the waterfall to be about 80, and that of the adjoining cliff about 120, feet. The small stream in the summer season was often lost in fine spray before it reached the bottom, where it fell into a semi-circular basin, or large pool, having thickets of white pine and other trees on the low banks around it. After my first surprise on my first visit, in which I was very nearly carried over, I always managed to crawl along on my hands and knees through the fern and small manuka shrubs (*Leptospermum*). Once passed this place, however, the descent to the Mohaka was gradual and easy, which indeed was the sole reason of the old natives adopting that course.*

12th. This morning we crossed the Mohaka, which is pretty rapid here, without very great difficulty;—by means of long poles to which we secured ourselves, and by wading diagonally;—in some places, however, we could scarcely keep our footing, and there is a cataract just below.† The bases of the cliffs, near the water's edge

ful and impressive scenery.”—As that of Tarsus, with the river Cydnus, and the mountain heights of Taurus. (*Conybeare and Howson*.).

* Some 2-3 years after this, a party of Natives from the interior bringing some pigs for sale at Ahuriri, —several of the animals went over this cliff and were killed; this, however, was not the first time of such happening. The wonder with me was, how they managed to get them along at all! But not long after that, on the Maoris getting horses this track (with many other similar ones) was completely abandoned.

† On one occasion I was shut up here on the W. side of the Mohaka in time of flood for nearly 3 days, with very little to eat! While we were there waiting the subsiding of the waters, another travelling party of Maoris arrived, also from the interior, who were going in the same direction to the coast; after consultation we managed to cross and to escape, by collecting with no little trouble dry *raupo* (*Typha*) leaves and

were closely covered with a matted vegetation of a small species of *Viola* (probably *V. Cunninghamii*), which bore fruit plentifully but was without flowers. Travelled steadily on to a place at the edge of a forest named Te Waiparatu, where was a stream of water, and where we halted to roast “our roast” (potatoes); thence, resuming our journey, four hours more walking brought us to Pirapirau, a small village of Tarawera district: much fatigued today with the hot dry and dusty pumice! which overlies much of this country.

I gained, however, a few new and interesting plants; among which were,—a new species of our endemic genus *Melicytus* (*M. lanceolatus*), making, as I think, the sixth species of that genus found in N. Zealand;* also, two species, or varieties of *Aristotelia*, now placed under *A. fruticosa*. I also noticed, on the higher grounds in the forests, some remarkably large specimens of that curious genus *Griselina*, which, from their huge grotesque yet dumpy trunks, seemed very aged; here, also, were some large specimens of *Carpodetus serratus*,—one which I measured being 4 ft. 5in. in girth; a distinct species of *Drimys*, (originally discovered by me in 1841, on Huiairau,) *D. axillaris*, a much larger and handsomer tree than the species found at the N., was also common here: this plant would make a fine shrub for a shrubbery if it would live away from the forest’s shade.—On the barren pumice plains near Tarawera grew commonly in clumps a new species of low shrubby *Dracophyllum* (*D. subulatum*). In the streamlets, deep down in the narrow ravines which intersected this pumice-stone plain, were many elegant fresh-water *Algæ*,—of the genera *Conferva*, *Tyndaridea*, and *Oscillatoria*, of various colours,—one, in particular, possessing a steel-blue metallic appearance; of all these I secured specimens for Home. From the sides of a small river near the village I obtained a peculiar looking Grass, *Gymnostichum gracile*; and from a cliff overhanging the stream, a fine new species of *Gaultheria* (*G. oppositifolia*), which greatly pleased me. Strange to say I have never found another plant of this species, although from its size, large green leaves, and unique appearance, it is not easily overlooked. In subsequent years when passing by this way I often obtained good specimens from it.

flax flower-stalks wherewith to make a big *moki*, or catamaran,—also, green flax leaves to twist into ropes. Having finished our huge unwieldy raft, which occupied more than a day in making, it was thrown into the river, and towed up through the still water a considerable distance, to allow for the strength of the current, now very great, besides we all feared the waterfall below; then, our baggage, myself, and dog being on it, it was dragged and shoved and drifted amid much uproar to the opposite shore, the natives swimming and propelling! Taken altogether, with the dark frowning cliffs on either side, it was a scene worthy of a sketch.

* An undescribed plant, a small tree of upright growth, discovered by me in a wood near the sea a little N. of the East Cape, in 1841, and referred by me to this genus, has leaves 10in. in length. Unfortunately, though I saw several trees there, none were either in flower or fruit; and I have never since met with it. (*Vide*, Lond. Journal Botany, 1844, vol. III. p. 8.)

At this little village I remained two days; the natives (who had lately embraced Christianity) wishing me to spend a Sunday here with them,—and I was very desirous of giving my still painful ancle a rest. This village is on the very edge of a dense dry forest, so that it was truly delightful to wander in its shade, which I did for some hours this day (Saturday), while waiting for the natives to assemble, who were at this season absent at work in their several scattered and distant plantations. There I obtained many choice and elegant specimens of the Orders *Hepaticæ* and *Musci*;*some of the former were odoriferous, and of the kinds formerly used and prized by the New Zealanders for scenting their anointing oils.—

— “Within the gloom of these majestic woods;
Roaming or resting under grateful shade,
Where living things, and things inanimate,
Do speak at Heaven’s command, to eye and ear,
And speak to social reason’s inner sense,
With inarticulate language.”—

Monday, 15th. Rose early before 5 and started at 6; halted at 7.30, at a place called Opitonui to breakfast. This was a truly pretty spot; in a grassy patch near, that neat little plant of *Liliaceæ*,—*Herpolirion Novæ-Zelandiæ* abounded, enlivening the place with its flowers; yet it was the only locality I ever saw it in: the discovery of this gem pleased me very much. After leaving Opitonui the travelling was wretched! up high hills and through lately burned forests,—black prostrate trees and ashes! without any vestige of a track, so that we were often at a loss. We all wanted water greatly during this day’s hot march; at last I found some in a large hole in a *Tawhai* tree (*Fagus ? fusca*),† which, dark-coloured and nauseous as it was from the leaves of the tree, seemed like nectar to our dry throats. The *Fagus* trees of this forest were remarkably fine and straight;

— “forests huge,
moult, robust, and tall, by Nature’s hand
Planted of old;”—

and standing largely apart, so that there was no difficulty in travelling through them; this is mostly the case in the forests of this tree, where there is little or no undergrowth, owing, no doubt, to the shedding of its leaves, which thickly cover the ground. Our easy travelling, however, was not without danger, for there was no track, or we could not find it, having lost it early in the morning, so we travelled in a great measure by compass. I was not a little surprised today, in walking through open fern-land, to find the fern covering the ground to be a species of *Dicksonia*, which there grew much like the common N.Z. fern, or Bracken (*Pteris esculenta*). It ex-

* A large number of them will be found in the “Hand Book Flora N.Z.”

† Vide “Tasmanian Journal of Natural Science”, vol. II., p. 234; “London Journal Botany”, vol. III., p. 19, 20; also, Hooker’s *Icones Plantarum*, tab. 630, 631.

tended for some distance, and presented a novel appearance. From its habit and manner of growth, &c., I named it *D. unistipa*,—but I find Sir J. Hooker has considered it to be the same as *D. lanata*, (to this fusion, however, I cannot agree,) very likely owing to his receiving parts only of fronds from me, the similarity in several species of the *Dicksonia*, and also of the allied genus *Cyathea*, being very great; so that it is almost impossible to distinguish their true characteristics from dried specimens of portions of large fronds. We called at Moturoa, a small village on the Taupo plains, hoping to get a little food, but there was none to be had at this season,—the potatoes not being yet ripe in these high localities. Proceeding on, very wearily, (my native companions sadly needing food, and I still in pain from my ankle,) we met a woman with a large basket on her back, who had just come from a clearing in a thicket hard by, in which there was an old forsaken potatoe plantation. Poor soul! she had travelled a few miles thither in hopes of gleaning some food for herself and children, and now was returning to her home;—with that genuine hospitality so common to the New-Zealander, she soon dropped her load and gladly gave us (strangers) a few handfuls of the smallest potatoes I ever saw! they were all throughout just the size of marbles (not *large* ones), or of the potatoe berry, yet pretty nearly ripe!—forcibly reminding me of what the potatoe was originally in its native woods. We continued our course towards Taupo Lake; passing a waterfall, which came out under a natural bridge; and a little further on the head of the Rangataiki river, which here takes its rise from a small lake; and crossing the great plain brought up at 7 p.m. at a common place of bivouac of the Maoris named Ohineriu; all hands completely *tired*! Here, unfortunately, was neither wood nor water; we tried, however, to get a poor fire by pulling up the withered tufts of long wiry grass, which, according to the mode practised here by the natives of these parts, we twisted together before burning, through which device they did last a little longer, and so we managed to scorch our scanty supper of small potatoes, and soon lay down as we were for the night,—with the stars shining down upon us.

16th. Rose, stiff, and very unwillingly, at 5, and soon started. An hour brought us to a beautiful clear stream of water, which we were told was the head of the Mohaka river, that here takes its rise from a small lake to the S. and E. of the large lake of Taupo,—its water was very cold, and appeared delicious. There being no wood here by this stream we were unwillingly obliged to continue our journey, and that without much stopping, to reach a breakfast place. I obtained, however, an elegant fern, a *Gleichenia*, which grew thickly together and of uniform appearance and height in beds or patches on the low wet banks of the stream; this novelty pleased me much and I named it *G. Hookeriana*; but I find Sir J. Hooker has placed it as a var. (*alpina*) of *G. dicarpa*; from that old and well-known Australian species I still think it will yet be found to be specifically distinct. A species of *Cyathodes*,—apparently differing

widely from the N. form, in size, leaf, flower, and fruit,—grew here on the hills, which plant, however, Sir J. Hooker has placed as a var. of *C. acerosa*; to me it seemed very distinct. Travelling on, in an hour more, we reached a wood called Te Kotipu; here, at last! we breakfasted on boiled rice. Looking about in this wood, while breakfast was getting ready, I detected a new species of *Pittosporum*, a handsome leafy small upright shrub, with dark-green leaves, which I named *P. viridis*,—now, probably, the *P. fasciculatum* of Sir J. Hooker. From this wood we proceeded on towards Taupo Lake, passing Te Waiharuru, where a stream rushes leaping and bounding underground through an awful chasm, shaking the earth for some distance around,—whence its fit name the Rumbling Water. From this place we travelled to Hinemaia, another river of bounding water: thence to Apungaotekura,—the course being mostly up hill. At 6 p.m. we gained Orona, a small village on the Taupo Lake, very hungry and very tired.—For the last 3 miles, however, the travelling was comparatively easy, over open ground and downhill.

17th. The next morning we did not leave very early, being wholly dependent on these villagers for our breakfast; while it was cooking I strolled on the sandy shores of the lake, and there detected a new species of *Chenopodium* (*C. pusillum*,) growing plentifully. In conversing with an aged native, I found, that he was one of that very marauding party who had attempted the descent on southern Hawke's Bay natives in years gone by, and who, owing to the sudden loss of a number of their party on the tops of the Ruahine range, through their being carried down by the snow, had returned without effecting their design (as related by me in my first Paper, page 17). He narrated the whole affair, giving the names also of those who had so miserably perished there; and gravely adding, that it was all brought on through one of them having wantonly desecrated that sacred spot—the heights above (*mingit*). Which superstitious belief had, I suspect, a great deal to do with their not seeking to afford their unfortunate comrades any relief. It having also been construed by their priests as ominous of future defeat at Hawke's Bay, if they persisted in going thither, caused them to return. When this man heard from Paora, that I had been on that very spot, he got angry, and would not for some time believe him,—making also a great fuss about our now going thither or returning to Hawke's Bay by that way—on account of its sanctity—being a *tapu* spot! Forcibly reminding me of what the old Maori priests at the N. had formerly said, when they found that I had really been to the Reinga (beyond Cape M. V. Diemen), and had drunk of the sacred “spirits well” there.*

* *Viz.* On Easter Day, 1839. From this little stream, which runs over the rocks into the sea, close to the celebrated *Reinga*, or Spirits' Leap into the lower world, (according to their legendary belief,) they (the spirits) take their last draught of earthly water ere they mount the ridge and take their final plunge into

Leaving Orona we travelled S. by the shore of the lake to Motutere, a much larger village than the former, reaching it at 1.30; here were several natives. We staid here a while to dine, being hospitably pressed by the natives. Just outside the village a single large sized Karaka tree (*Corynocarpus laevigata*) was growing; a rare sight so far from the sea-coast. At 3p.m. we left, and travelling steadily on halted late on the banks of the river Waikato, near its head, where we found a small party of natives employed in dubbing timber. We had heard of them, and were in hopes of getting something from them to eat, but, unfortunately, we were again obliged to go supperless to bed.—

18th. Rising this morning we were constrained to await the arrival of a native who had gone to fetch some potatoes. We left, however, at 8, being ferried across the river by the natives in their canoes,* and arrived at Rotoaira village, at the base of the Tongariro mountain, in the afternoon, and were well received by the natives,—so here we stopped the night. As this was the last S. village of the Taupo country I endeavoured to get a guide hence to the Patea district, and only after great difficulty succeeded; as the country over which our course lay was rugged and difficult, and there was no regular track hence to the Patea villages; only once a year,—or in 2, or even 3 years,—did a small party of Maoris visit Taupo from Patea; rarely if ever did any go from Taupo to Patea. Nothing is more surprising *to me* among the many and great changes which have been effected in this country during the last 40–45 years, than this,—of common fearless communication between the Maori *pahs* (villages) and tribes, which intercourse formerly did not exist,—not even between what are now considered (even by the natives themselves) as neighbouring villages. I could not, however, help fearing, that, just as on a former occasion so now, our “guide” would prove to be of little real service.†

the realms below! my dog, on that occasion, had the hardihood to do as I did, and to quench his thirst there! to the great indignation of some of the Natives.

* On another occasion, however, I was not so fortunate. We had been staying at Rotoaira, on our returning from Patea and Murimotu, and on leaving the village were assured that we should find canoes and natives here. On our arriving there were neither—not anywhere hereabouts, and we were sorely puzzled how to act, for the river was high, and the distance back to Rotoaira long; we did, however, at last, get over safely, the baggage being the difficulty. I had to swim across with a newly twisted green-flax rope girt round me, lest I should be carried down by the strong current beyond the one narrow landing place among the dense bushy vegetation on that side of the river.

† This had several times happened: notably during my long overland journey in 1841, from Poverty Bay to the Bay of Islands; when, in a terrible gale and at night, in the mountainous trackless and deep forests between Waikare Lake and Ruatahuna, my guide deserted! at a time, too, when we were starving, as well as hemmed in by the flooded rivers: that was on New Year's Day, 1842; a time to be ever remembered by me! See “Tasmanian Journal of Natural Science”, vol. II., p. 259.

Among the interesting plants I obtained this day, was a species of *Gentiana* (*G. saxosa*, var.):—a small prostrate species of *Coprosma* (*C. repens*), bearing large succulent orange-coloured fruit, each berry often containing 4 nuts; this species seems identical with one found by Sir J. Hooker in the Antarctic Islets, of which a plate is given in the *Flora Antarctica* (tab. 16): two species of *Epilobium*, one being *E. Billardierianum*: and a new species of *Acæna* (*A. microphylla*),—this last pretty little plant with its crimson fruit pleased me much. A Cunningham's fragrant little heath-like plant (*Leucopogon Frazeri*) was common to-day, in many spots on those dry hills and plains; its flowers are certainly foremost among the sweet-scented ones of N.Z., of which there are not many. The whole plant being so very small and insignificant, yet often filling the air with its delightful odour, brought Wordsworth's suitable line to mind,—

“The flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly.”

14th. As we had no time to lose if we were ever to gain our goal!—the villages of Patea,—we rose early and crossed the head of the Waikato river (which is the outlet of Rotoaira Lake) at 5.30. Winding round the base of Tongariro, over undulating ground, we halted at 7.30 to breakfast by the side of a mountain stream of very cold and pure water, which ran bounding and sparkling in the sun among the rocks. At 9 o'clock we recommenced our journey, and travelled steadily on. During the former part of this day, I met with several Botanical novelties:—e.g.—a very handsome full-flowered *Cyathodes* (*C. Colensoi*), a low bushy shrub of depressed growth, some plants bearing white and some red berries in profusion; this will become a garden flower:—the abnormal prostrate species of “Pines” *Dacrydium laxifolium* and *Podocarpus nivalis*, were also here, in many places completely matting the surface:—also, two or three species (or varieties) of *Gaultheria*,—one, in particular, having plenty of good edible fruit; another was very curious and interested me much,—it was plentiful and grew prostrate, having a racemose inflorescence, and baccate calyx which gave it a singular appearance as if double-fruited,—this is, I think, var. *e.* of Sir J. Hooker's *G. rupestris*:—a distinct species of *Epacris* (*E. alpina*), was also here, but, unfortunately, it was not fully in flower:—in damp spots (but only in two places) two curious species of *Drosera* were found,—*D. binata* remarkably fine, and the much rarer one *D. Arcturi*, a plant of the Australian and Tasmanian mountains,—the only time I ever met with this latter species; together with a rather scarce Orchideous plant, *Prasophyllum nudum*;—and, in the thickets adjoining, by the sides of the mountain streams, *Phyllocladus alpinus*, and several species* of *Aristotelia* with small leaves were noticed. A peculiar small *Restiaceous* plant, a species of *Calo-*

* All now included under one species—*A. fruticosa*, by Sir Jos. Hooker, in the “Hand Book”.

rophus, was also obtained here in a boggy spot;—I had found a similar plant several years before in bogs at Whangarei, and near Cape Maria van Diemen,—but in each locality only a little of it: of the *Cyperaceous* Order, I collected two new species of *Schænus* (*S. concinnus*, and *S. parviflorus*), *Carpha alpina*, *Isolepis Aucklandica*, and also several species of *Carex*, among them being a British species *C. stellulata*. In dry gravelly spots I also detected *Asperula perpusilla*, (which I had last year discovered in similar situations at the base of the Tararua range in Palliser Bay,) and the moss-like tufted *Raoulia australis* was not unfrequent. Many beautiful plants of the *Lichen* Order I also met with; prominent among them were several species of *Cladonia*, particularly *C. C. capitellata*, *aggregata*, *retipora*, and *cornucopioides*,—this last strongly reminding me of the pretty (never-to-be-forgotten) British species *C. bellidioides*, which, at first, I supposed it to be, from its bright vermilion-red globular tubercles springing from the edges of its tiny cups; *C. retipora*, often found in large tufts in undisturbed spots, is one of the most elegant of Lichens; its regular reticulated open structure is wonderful! A few curious Fungi, new to me, I also obtained; and in a still-water reach in a streamlet I came upon a large mass of that peculiar fresh-water *Alga*, *Batrachospermum moniliforme*,—the only place I ever found it in N.Z.

At 3 p.m. we crossed the sandy desert called Te Onetapu,—a most desolate weird-looking spot, about 2 miles wide where we crossed it,—a fit place for Macbeth's witches! or Faustus' Brocken scene! about it, too, the old Maoris have many peculiar stories and superstitious fears; some of which, I have no doubt, are agglutinated around a nucleus of reality. Here and there burnt logs lay, scattered and imbedded in the volcanic sand, as if where a fiery eruption from the neighbouring volcano had issued forth in times long past upon the then living forest; I noticed, also, that much of these anciently charred logs and pieces wore a highly polished and semi-glazed appearance, as if from the ever drifting sand. I was so struck with the appearance of some of the half-burnt timber, apparently so aged—or of old time, yet retaining all its vessels and ducts, that I collected a few specimens, and subsequently sent them to England for high microscopical investigation. On the edges of this lonely desert, a lovely *Gentiana* flourished in all its beauty, probably *G. pleurogynoides*, (another fine garden flower,) also *Celmisia spectabilis*, most luxuriant in gloriously fine tufts or tussocks, and with it grew a much smaller and different looking species of *Celmisia* (*C. glandulosa*), for the first time here found, and both species tolerably plentiful. Very curiously also was the formation, or more correctly speaking,—the state in which the old land was left in many spots on the W. edges of this desert. Table-topped mounds, from 6 to 10 feet high, having perpendicular cliffy sides, each containing only a few perches of land, and rising like little islets separated from each other by the barren white sandy arms of the desert, were common; their mounds, or

islets, abounded in a peculiar vegetation, which I greatly wished to know more of,—but alas! I was sadly pressed for time; and I was already more than prudently overloaded for the unknown mountain journey before me. It was difficult, too, to climb up on them, although I did manage to get on two. Here I obtained an elegant dwarf *Dacrydium*, (a “Pine” tree, allied to the large *Rimu*, *Dacrydium cupressinum*,) rooting up a few old trees or specimens of a foot or 18 inches high, in full fruit! reminding me of the quaint yet symmetrical little trees so greatly prized by the Chinese for their gardens. This plant is allied to the large species (*D. Colensoi*) of the Northern* forests, but, as I take it, is specifically distinct. Rain overtook us shortly after our crossing the desert, which we were sorry for, but there was no help for it, there being no kind of shelter nor water at hand, so we travelled on, in the pelting rain which was from the S. and in our faces, getting wet weary and dispirited, eagerly looking out for a fit halting place but finding none; to make matters worse, our guide more than once told us, he was “all at sea!” as to the proper course, because the rain hid the hills on all sides (and everything else) from his view, so that he could not see the land marks! We kept on—on—on, however, until 7 p.m. (dark), when finding water we were obliged to halt in a deep gulley by the side of a *Fagus* wood, where everything around for miles of fern or scrub had been very lately burnt off! We had been travelling through this black country for more than an hour, in hopes of seeing its end, but in vain! Here, where we were, we could not find a level spot on which to put up our tent, so, in the darkness and the rain, were obliged to dig away with our axes on the steep side of the hill before we could set it up! That night was a terrible one of wind and rain; insomuch that we expected every moment to be smothered in our half-pitched tent: few of us slept that night.

20th. Our most wretched night was followed by a dirty lowering morning, with furious wind and heavy rain, it was also bitterly cold. We were here caught in a southerly gale, in one of the worst spots possible in the whole N. Island of N.Z., and we could not help ourselves. To retrace our steps and go back to Taupo (over Te Onetapu desert) our guide flatly refused, and my natives joined him;—he saying, that high desert sand was now covered with snow, and that from the falling snow and sleet he could not tell the course,—which, perhaps, was really the case. From him we had the story of 70 men having been once lost at one time in attempting to cross that place in snowy weather. Murmurs, throughout this wretched long and dreary day, reached my ears,—of my having been the means of bringing on this weather! through my uprooting some small trees (*Dacrydiums*), and my crossing the desert without observing certain superstitious ceremonies, and my sacrilegiously eating some *Gaultheria* berries while crossing, which the guide had detected!! &c., &c. The worst to me, was,—

* See Note D., Appendix.

(1) that I could not get anything whatever to lay on the wet mud floor of my tent! nor fern, nor grass, nor leafy shrubs, were there to be found,—all had been destroyed by fire; the very lower branches of the *Fagus* trees in the wood before us having been scorched: (2) that we had scarcely anything to eat: (3) that my specimens were being spoiled, which caused me to fret pretty considerably: and (4) that, at the rate it was then raining, when the gale should abate, the rivers we should have to cross would be unfordable for some days! As the day began so it closed,—no change whatever in the weather, save that, even about us at our considerably lower altitude, the rain was changed to sleet and snow! I shudder now, while writing, in thinking of that wretched time, though more than 80 years have since passed. Often enough did those highly suitable words at my favourite old poet Ossian, cross my memory:—“It is night, I am alone, forlorn on the hill of storms. The wind is heard on the mountain. The torrent pours down the rock. No hut receives me from the rain; forlorn on the hill of winds!” (*Songs of Selma.*) Their suitability being so much the more increased through the superstitious talk and fears of some of my natives, who insisted on it, that the sounds they heard among the fitful ravings of the blast among the trees, were not merely those of the trees creaking and of the denizens of the forests—parrots, owls, and wood-hens (*Ocydromus australis*), but of the justly irate Patupaiarehe (wood Nymphs or Fairies), or of the ghosts of the dead! just indeed as Ossian has it.

—
Alas! the old fable-existences are no more,
The fascinating race has emigrated.*

21st. Sunday. Another wet and uncomfortable day. The wind, however, had lessened a little, and we could now manage to make up a fire,—which we could not do yesterday. Not really knowing how far we were from help, I could only allow two tea-cups of rice for all my natives (6 in number) for breakfast, and two for their dinner,—and for supper one cup of rice was all that could be spared, which, with a few scraps of bacon fat and a little salt, made a mess of pottage! At consultation this evening we agreed to start early in the morning; I privately requested Paora, and two other of my natives from Hawke’s Bay whom I could trust, to keep a good watch over our Taupo guide, lest he should give us the slip; a trick I had been served more than once in former travelling. Indeed, to prevent this, on this occasion, I had determined, if needs be, to bind him till morning.

22nd. Up early this morning and left our wretched encampment at 6 o’clock. The frost was heavy and it was bitterly cold, insomuch that we could scarcely fold up the

* “Die alten Fabelwesen sind nicht mehr
Das reizende Geschlecht ist ausgewandert.”

(*Wallenstein.*)

tent. Unfortunately, however, the ice on the many pools and stream-lets we had to cross, after gaining the brow of our hill, was not thick enough to bear one's weight, and so we were obliged to go through it! crash! souse! into the cold water, of which my poor companions with their naked feet loudly complained. Here, in one of those watery hollows and partly submerged, (owing, no doubt, to the late rains,) grew a little shrubby plant, which I had not before seen, and never again found; I knew it to be allied to our *Geniostoma*, and it has proved to be a species of *Logania* (*L. depressa*). It cost me a good wetting and cold shivering to get specimens. It was nearly 9.30 before we halted to breakfast, which we did on the banks of the river Moawhango, where we roasted our roast!—a few potatoes which we had carefully reserved from Saturday, my natives having then said, “they could travel better on roasted potatoes than on rice.* In this locality I was fortunate enough to find a few new plants, which pleased me much; among which were, a fine *Ranunculus* (*R. geraniifolius*), a single plant only, but a large tufted one affording several specimens; curiously enough, I never again met with this species. Here, in higher open grounds, grew that peculiar dwarf species of *Carmichaelia* (*C. nana*), just rising an inch or two above the soil! well do I remember breaking my tough old *Manuka* maori spear (used by me for many a year as a travelling staff) in attempting to lift a bit of it! A plant of *Liliaceæ*, also, grew here plentifully in one large spot, but unfortunately it had lately been burnt off, so that there were no perfect specimens to be had; however, I got a few good seeds, and a small root or two, as well as some poor specimens; and from those roots I subsequently obtained good flowering plants at the Station,—when I was delighted to find it to be a species of *Chrysobactron*—that glorious plant of Lord Auckland's group and Campbell's Island!—of which I had seen specimens with Sir Jos. Hooker, and also heard so much of from him and the other officers of the Antarctic Expedition in 1841. Gladly did I name it, (in sending specimens and seeds to England, to Sir W. Hooker,) *C. Hookeri*,—to keep company with the other species of that new genus which Sir Jos. Hooker had named after the Commander of that Expedition, *C. Rossii*:—in the “Hand Book”, however, both have been referred to the older genus, *Anthericum*, from which they were scarcely generically distinct. The seeds of this plant sent to Kew grew and flowered there. This plant with many others

* I have several times mentioned “rice”: I was early led—*taught by experience*—to see the necessity of always carrying a few pounds with me on my long journeys. We had found the great benefit of it on our landing at “Deliverance Cove”, (p. 2,) as from it we (all hands) had made our first hearty meal on our finding of water. The natives, however, always preferred potatoes to rice; their remarks thereon forcibly reminding me of what I had heard at Home in my boyhood from our Cornish Miners and Farm labourers, that they preferred the dark-brown and hard barley to the soft white wheaten bread; saying they could not work on this latter. I wonder how it is now with them, in these days of high civilization!

from the interior—among which were, *Ranunculus insignis*, *Stackhousia minima*, *Epilobium Billardierianum*, *Aciphylla Colensoi*, *Forstera Bidwillii*, *Wahlenbergia saxicola*, *Gentiana montana*, *Calceolaria repens*, *Veronica* sp., *Libertia micrantha*, *Callixene parviflora*, *Cordyline Banksii* and *C. indivisa*, and *Gymnostichum gracile*,—did exceedingly well in my garden at the Mission Station, nearly all of them flowering every year,—at the shaded S.E. end of my large house; but when that was burnt down in 1853, all, of course, went with it!

We travelled on pretty steadily all this long day until 8 p.m. without halting, when we threw ourselves down among the fern quite exhausted and spiritless;—not knowing how much further we had to go before we should reach this long-looked for Patea. Our guide, who had been lagging behind, although he had no load to carry, had sunk down some time before, declaring he could go no further, being faint through hunger! so, taking from him the course we were to steer (as far as he knew), we left him, believing that a good nap would refresh him. After a while, we arose from our fern couch, hunger-impelled, and having broken off the tops of the branches of the large and many-headed cabbage trees (*Cordyline australis*), which grew close by, and which the light of the moon revealed, we made a fire and roasted the stalks of the young leaves, which, though both tough and bitter, served to allay our pangs. The *Cordyline* trees of these parts are the largest I have ever seen, they are not only high and many-branched, but bulky also in the trunk. I remember one, in which a native of Patea had made a house, or room, and fitted it with a door to keep his tools, baskets, &c., in; I went into it, and stood upright within it, the tree was living and healthy; I took down its exact girth, 20 ft. 2 in. The whole route this day was very hilly and broken, with occasional heavy entangled forests, without the least vestige of any track; we having been obliged to keep much on the higher grounds so as to avoid the streams in the valleys, which were overflowing rapid and dangerous; fortunately for us the open country was much more grassy than we had hitherto found it. During the day I subsisted on a raw potatoe (which I kept nibbling) and a few *Gaultheria* berries;—in addition thereto following out the Maori plan of “hauling in the slack” (in nautical language), or, in other words, of tightening up my travelling belt; which I have always found in times of severe hunger to be of great service,—although it makes it dangerous for stooping low. That night we all slept just as we were in the fern around the fire.

23rd. Very early this morning our “guide”, following our track, came up to us before we were well awake, and finding from him that we were, at last! really near the Patea villages, I, after he had rested awhile and eaten some roasted cabbage-tree leaf-stalks, sent him on to the nearest village, to inform the natives of our arrival and hungry state. A long night’s sound sleep had done him a deal of good; he appearing a

different man altogether, although he had had nothing to eat, and had passed the night without fire. At 6 a.m. we, also, managed to hobble after him, stiff enough! following his track; and by 7.30 we were loudly welcomed into a little outlying plantation village of only 2 huts, but where we found a feast awaiting us, in baskets of hot and smoking cooked potatoes! to which we all did justice. Breakfast and prayers over, we had to resume our journey, to reach Matuku, the principal village of these parts, where the chief, Te Kaipou, and most of his tribe resided; a messenger having early been sent thither from this village to apprise him of our approach. Travelling along over a beaten track for 3 or 4 miles we reached Matuku, but found the Chief and most of his people absent,—some at their distant and scattered cultivations here and there in the forests, and some a pig-hunting. In our way to Matuku we crossed the river Moawhango without seeing it! for it ran at a great depth below us in the earth; the width of the rift or cleft in the stony soil was only at top about 10–12 feet, and across this were laid the trunks of two small trees, over which the natives of the place ran with naked feet like birds! I did not like it, but there was no help for it; I almost thought I could have jumped over it; but there was no room to take a run for the spring. The natives told me that the fissure continued for a long way, and that it was pretty uniform in width (though very likely this was its narrowest), and that a small canoe could pass through on the river. The sides seemed, as far as I could see down them pretty steep; I could not, however, see the water below; and I had no time to spare in closely examining it.* I noticed *Stellaria parviflora* here growing in large quantities in dry spots. The village of Matuku is picturesquely situated on the ridge and summit of a very high hill, rising abruptly in the midst of these immense primæval forests which surround it for miles on every side. One great disadvantage was its want of good water, there being none within a mile, at least, and that at the foot of a long hill in the forest. True, they had little pits dug near at the base of a spur, but the water was little in quantity, and not drinkable, from having some salt in it, that deposited its efflorescence on the clay around. The view from this place was very extensive solemn and grand, overlooking miles of forests, with the eternal mountains uprearing their heads and peaks around. On the E. and S. was the great Ruahine range with the many isolated spurs and ridges of its Wⁿ. flank, here rising abruptly, and looking like a formidable barrier to our progress that way! On the W. was Taranaki (Mount Egmont), and on the N.W. Paratetaitonga, Ruapehu, and Tongariro,—and still further N. was the Kaimanawa range; of all these, Paratetaitonga

* Some years after in travelling this way, I found the natives had made a tolerable rustic bridge across, some 6 feet wide, and having a shaky parapet fence, the floor being strewn with manuka faggots; this was done for their *one* horse.

and Ruapehu were now well-covered with snow. The natives of the place pointed out to me the W. peaks on the Ruahine, to which we had advanced 2 years before.—

—— “Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
That on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion.”

I should not, however, have recognised them; indeed the whole appearance of that range was strangely different from what it is on the E. side; one huge table-topped spur, projecting towards the N., and uprearing its dark and sharp outline against the sky, interested me greatly; it seemed so much like a built-up rampart; the natives call it Te Papaki-a-kuutaa; of this very peculiar place more anon.

Paora, my companion also on that occasion, was now “in clover” here among his mother’s relatives; they had found the scrap he had written on bark, and left at a village some 3–4 miles nearer than this to the Ruahine range, but it was long (more than a year) before they had got it decyphered and read to them! Still it was (as we now found) of service. It was evening before the Chief and the main body of his people arrived; and we spent a large portion of the night in deep conversation. Found them very ignorant of everything foreign (as was to be expected), but most pleasingly simple and willing to be taught. They were all dressed in true Maori costume, in mats of various kinds of their own manufacture, some of which were made from the *Toi* (*Cordyline indivisa*); without a single article of European clothing among them.

From this place and its neighbourhood I obtained many interesting plants* on several subsequent visits, but on this occasion none, for we had still that altogether new and unknown journey before us—to climb and cross the Ruahine range, and I had already concluded to leave here on our return to-morrow, having (unfortunately) arranged, before I left the Station, to be at Waipukurau on the 1st of March, to marry 9 young Christian couples, who would assemble there with their relatives and friends from several places round about for that purpose; their neat new chapel which had been some time in hand, was also to be finished for that occasion;† and we had already spent more than a fortnight in reaching this place by the “round-about-way” of Taupo. I knew, too, that my natives would be sure to leave this place heavily loaded with potatoes and pork as food for our homeward journey. To their great credit be it told, that though they had recently endured so much and needed rest, they all agreed to recommence our toil to-morrow, rather than disappoint the folks at

* Of which may be here mentioned, *Brachycome odorata*; *Olea lanceolata*, and another undescribed species of *Olea* having hairy petioles; *Calceolaria repens*; *Carex dissita*; *Agrostis parviflora* and *A. pilosa*; *Marchantia nitida*, &c.

† See Note E., Appendix.

Waipukurau; Paora arranging to re-visit his relatives here on his own account before long.—

24th. Very busy all this morning with the natives of this place, who were much troubled at our leaving them so soon, and did all they could to keep us, in which the appearance of the weather helped them not a little, for the Ruahine range was completely enveloped in fogs and clouds, which the natives asserted was a sure sign of heavy rain or snow being about to fall. I too, I confess, was very unwilling to leave—but go we must, duty called. We promised to visit them again next summer (which we did). Our Taupo guide, who was quite at home—through some distant relationship—would probably remain a month or two, or until spring.

Some years after, while staying at this village, I noticed a curious feature in Natural History, which I may mention here. On that occasion I had gone thither by another route,—(Ngaruroro river and Kuripapango ford,)—it was early summer (October), and snow had fallen pretty heavily, yet quietly, during the night, and in the morning the whole village was a few inches deep in snow, while the great mountain range rising close before me was looking sublime. (I copy from my Journal.) “Close to the village, and even within its fence, were several very large Kowhai trees (*Edwardsia grandiflora**), these were covered with their golden flowers, and mostly without leaves. The sun was shining brightly, and the parrots flocked screaming from the forests around to the *Edwardsia* blossoms; it was a strange sight to see them, how deftly they managed to go out to the end of a long lithe branch, (preferring to walk parrot-fashion!) and there swinging, back downwards, lick out the honey with their big tongues, without injuring the young fruit! ... For seeing but very few petals falling (and those only *vexillæ*), I sent some of the boys to climb the trees and bring me several marked flowering branches, which had been visited by the parrots. I found, that all of the fully expanded flowers had had the upper part of their calyces torn open, and the uppermost petal (*vexillum*) torn out; this the parrots had done to get at the honey. As the flowers are produced in large thick bunches, some are necessarily twisted or turned upside down; still it was always that peculiar petal and that part of the calyx (though often in such cases undermost) which had been torn away. Through this no injury was done to the young enclosed fruit, which would in all probability have been the case if any of the other petals had been bitten off. It cannot be said, that it is owing to the *vexillum* being the largest petal (as it is in many papilionaceous flowers) that it is thus laid hold of and torn away by the parrot, such *not* being the case in this genus; for the long fruit runs down through the two carinated lowermost petals, that are often quite 2 in. long, and is further protected by the two side ones (*alæ*), which four, from their being closely imbricated together, form a

* *Sophora tetraptera*, of “Hand Book”.

much larger and firmer hold for the bird's beak. Further, as the N.Z. Parrot (*Nestor meridionalis*) is a large bird with a huge bill, and as the flowers are always produced on the tips of the small branches, which bend and play about under the weight of its body,—not to mention the high winds which generally prevail in those elevated and open regions,—one cannot but suppose it to be no easy matter for the bird to get a bite at them at all, so as to make a proper opening whereby to insert its thick tongue, and lick out the sweet contents without injuring the young immature fruit; especially when we further consider, that the common practice of the parrot is to take up in its claws whatever it wishes to discuss. Of all the flowers I examined, (and I scrutinized a great many during the 2–3 days of snow,) only the upper part of the calyx and corolla had been torn, and in none was the young fruit wanting; nor did I notice any bunches which had had their flowers wholly torn off. What with the glistening snow, the sun shining, and the golden blossoms of those trees,—the numerous parrots diligently and fearlessly at work so close to the village yet often screaming,—the other birds, Tuiis (*Prothemadera Novæ Zealandiæ*), and *Korimakos* (*Anthornis melanura*), singing melodiously snugly ensconced in their leafy bowers, having earlier had their morning meal,—with now and then the large flakes of feathery snow falling thickly and silently around,—it was altogether a peculiar and interesting sight; and natural though it was it seemed un-natural, and by no means pleasing.”

Another peculiarity, which I noticed here on this occasion, and which struck me forcibly, was, the apparent insensibility of these mountaineer natives to cold. (I again quote from my journal:)—“Past another wretchedly cold day, in which I have scarcely known warmth—even in a small degree. The natives, however, of the place, appear to be almost insensible to cold, the majority of them being but poorly clad, each in a single loose shoulder mat,—and yet they go sauntering about the village in the snow, barefooted and barelegged and barebreeched! of course; or sit down talking together in an open shed, with scarcely any fire, having half of their bodies uncovered. In this respect they differ greatly from the New Zealanders in general (the Lowlanders), who are mostly very impatient of cold.—I, also, noticed some little children, who, leaving their garments (each having only a loose harsh mat), in their huts, came out and frolicked naked about the village! regardless of the snow and sleet; nor did they return to their houses and garments, until I had, a second time, ordered them to do so.” Another remark I copy from my Journal of that date:—“Poor creatures! at this season they were all living on fern root, which the children were incessantly roasting and hammering; yet they were all very healthy. Indeed, the great difference in this respect between the low-lying and sea-coast villages (which I had lately visited) and those of this mountainous district, was really surprising; there, in every place, some one had died since my last visit (some 6 months before), while

here, during two years no one had paid the debt of nature. No doubt this is partly to be attributed to the purity of the mountain air, but not wholly so.” — Cook’s early statement, of their being a remarkably healthy race, I have often proved to be true; would that the introduction of European habits, and of “civilization”, had not deprived them of that inestimable blessing!

We left Matuku at noon, several of the natives with their chief Te Kaipou, going with us to Te Awarua,—the furthest outlying E. village of Patea, to which place Paora and his companion Mawhatu had formerly come. Our journey to Te Awarua was nearly a continual descent of a few miles, over a good beaten Maori track. On arriving at the immediate bank of the Rangitikei river, which lay between us and the mountain range, and which we had to cross, I found I had to descend the perpendicular cliff of nearly 300 feet, the worst feature being that one could *not see one’s way!* for at the edge of the precipice one had to turn round, and holding on to the grass and fern drop over somewhere, and so descend sailor-fashion! For some time I did not at all relish it, but finding there was no help for it,—and the natives of the place, men women and children, all did so, and then got across the river in safety, (as I could see from the heights,) I consented to follow,—disliking it the more as I went on; for the sheer height not only made me giddy, but here and there in the descent friendly plants to lay hold on failed, or had been half-pulled up in long use, and in their stead old flax leaves and strips of bark had been tied to shaky shrubs, and other rough makeshift devices of pegs and sticks had been also resorted to, and these, as I proved, were in many places old and rotten, and not to be trusted to:* however, by degrees, the natives very kindly helping me, I got safely to the bottom in the bed of the river.

The Rangitikei river here was tolerably wide, and not very deep; I managed to cross it by help of the natives without great difficulty. In this place, as in many others in its course further down (as I have proved for many a weary mile!) it runs between high cliffs; the village of Te Awarua being on its E. side, on the lowermost slope of the Ruahine range; this is one of the principal potatoe cultivations of this tribe, the

* I managed here better afterwards, by having *new* flax leaves and *new* strips of bark fastened to go up and down by. On one visit after heavy rain, when it was very slippery, and some portion of the earth from the cliff had fallen, I was carried down like a baby, on a native’s back; as I dared not trust to my own legs! This however was by no means the first time of my being so borne by them over dangerous and slippery places; not a few deep dark rivers having high banks, densely bushy, and the vegetation hanging down into the river, with a tree felled or placed to cross over on,—old, denuded of its bark, and slippery with vegetable fungoid slime,—have I had to cross, *there being no other known way*; when, after trying it without boots,—and also by sitting on it saddle fashion,—I have been obliged to give in, and to have recourse to a native bearer; also on the slimy edges of some cataracts;—and he never missed his footing. On such occasions I invariably used to shut my eyes during the whole time of transit, to keep myself and him the more steady.

soil being rich and well-sheltered by the forest around.* This place, however, was of far more importance in the olden time, as the decaying remains of its old fortifications still shewed;—when it was in its glory as a *pa* (fortified village), it was taken by the enemy, who carried it by storm. And here, on a rock in the river, which was shown me, a near relation of our well-known present Hawke's Bay Chief Renata te Kawepo, (whom I had left behind at the Mission Station as a Teacher,) was killed on that occasion, in endeavouring to escape from the foe: Renata, himself being also closely related to this tribe.† Having partaken of another excellent meal, (which some of the hospitable people who had purposely preceded us early from Matuku, had kindly and promptly prepared for us,) and my natives loading themselves with a good supply of the choicest potatoes, we left this place and kind people, and set our faces in earnest towards scaling the Ruahine! The principal chief of Patea, Te Kaipou, and the resident old man of this outlying village whose name was Pirere, also going with us, to put us the better into the way, or course, to Hawke's Bay; although with them it was mere guess,—only they, with some of their people, had been pig-hunting on many occasions for a few miles in that direction. We travelled on till sunset constantly ascending, when we halted by the side of a small wood; our course, at first, lay through fern and brushwood without the faintest track. One abrupt and isolated stony hill, or young mountain, which we had to cross, called Mokai-patea, was completely covered with the species of *Coriaria* I saw near Titiokura, it always preserved its low spreading habit, by the natives it is called *Tutupapa*. For the last 3 hours of our journey we were occupied in scrambling and crawling on all-fours up a nasty narrow stony and steep mountain watercourse full of obstructions,—uprooted trees and shrubs lying across it brought down by the winter torrents, slippery stones, deep pools, &c., &c.,—indeed, in some spots it was impossible to pass, when we had to try the banks which were just as bad. The Chief however had assured us that it was the only practicable way! and he and his retainer were also with us as guides. When we had halted for the night and rested a while, my natives (who had suffered considerably in the watercourse owing to their heavy loads of potatoes

* In visiting these localities in after years I was surprised to find such an extensive and formidable growth of English Docks (*Rumex obtusifolius*) 4–5 feet high, and densely thick; so that in some places I could scarcely make my way through them. On enquiry I found, when some of these people had visited Whanganui, to sell their pigs, they had purchased from a white man there some seed, which they were told was tobacco seed! in their ignorance they took their treasure back with them, and carefully sowed it in some of their best soil, which they also had prepared by digging; and lo! the crop proved to be this horrid Dock,—which, seeding largely, was carried down by the rivers and filled the country. The same iniquitous trick had also been played with the natives of Poverty Bay, so early as 1837; when, at their pressing request, I visited some young plants they had raised from seed, fenced in and tabooed, believing them to be tobacco!!

† See Note F., Appendix.

in addition to other baggage,) looked seriously at each other and earnestly debated the possibility of our ever getting over the range before us. One thing we all agreed to, not to try that watercourse again. We spent the night together, the Chief and the old man being with us. I should not omit to mention that this old man was the father of 12 children by one wife, all living and remarkably healthy; I saw them all, and took down their names, they were a very fine family; I often saw them here afterwards. The old man himself being among the first company who were Baptized of this people, when he took the name of Moses, and having learned to read, &c., became the Teacher of his little village. I have not, however, yet done with our mountain watercourse; for in it, and only at one spot on its N. bank, I found a small patch of a second species of *Calceolaria*,* which (judging from its smaller leaves and the withered remains of its flowering stems) was new to me. So, in after years, I again sought it here and found it in flower, and also took away roots of it for my garden at the Mission Station. This plant is the rare *C. repens*, and this, at present, is its only habitat.†

————— “O’er pathless rocks,
Through beds of matted fern and tangled thickets,
Forcing my way, I came to one dear nook,
Unvisited.”—————

25th. Rose very early and recommenced our journey; our two kind native friends returning to their homes. Our route at first, lay directly up a very steep hill,—a long outlying spur of the mountain,—we had much difficulty in surmounting it, but we succeeded, and then the fog came on so densely that we could hardly see a yard before us! so, after wandering about for some time, and fearing that some of our party might go astray (which one did!) we halted to breakfast, and to await the clearing up of the fog. On two or three rare occasions, while travelling among the mountains, I have met with this species of dense dry fog,—so widely different from the fogs of the low lands. Such is not merely (as the poet has it),—

“Wreath’d dun around, in deeper circles still
Successive closing, *sits* the general fog
Unbounded o’er the world; and mingling thick
A formless grey confusion covers all.”—

But the dense and dark strangely-shaped solemn rolling and gliding clouds of fog, often in separate masses, come fast on towards you, as if they were really enveloping

* The only other N.Z. species of *Calceolaria* (*C. Sinclairii*) was also originally discovered by me at the E. Cape, in 1841; and, subsequently by Dr. Sinclair at “Waihaki, in 1842”. (Vide, Hooker’s *Icones Plantarum*, tab. 561.)

† It has since, however, been found in one spot on the same flank of the range, but lower down and much nearer to the W. Coast.

something more substantial,—impelled by some secret power (not by wind for all is still and calm), and a weird-like feeling or thrill comes over one, as if one must really get out of their way: I know I have so felt it, particularly when alone! Resuming our journey we travelled on all day, up and down very precipitous and broken cliffs and ridges, often stumbling over old fallen trees, and into holes of uprooted ones, hidden in the thick undergrowth,—and sometimes passing along on the very edges of extensive landslips, down which it was fearful to look. We did not stop to rest nor cease toiling until sometime after sunset,—when we gave it up, as it was getting dark! We had hoped to reach the more open land on, or near, the summit before sundown, which we had been strongly advised to do, but had failed. At this time we were very much entangled among the sides of the deep and thick scrub in the low *Fagus* forests, on the precipitous western mountain, sinking deep at almost every step among what seemed to be layers (*stratum super stratum*) of anciently fallen trees, which were all more or less rotten and lying across each other, and hidden under the long *Astelia* and “Cutting-Grass” foliage; so that, sometimes, my natives as well as myself should sink down so far—crashing through the fallen rotten timber, and yet without touching the earth!—that we could not extricate ourselves without assistance. Language fails me properly, to depict the toilsomeness and entanglement of this day, especially that towards night, in that never-to-be-forgotten *Fagus* forest! A very long and narrow leaved *Astelia* was the common plant here, together with several species of the *Coprosma* genus,—slender slim shrubs growing under the *Fagus* among those fallen trees. When we finally halted, we all just remained as we were until daylight! no one thought of a tent (which could not be set up), or of cooking, of supper, or of fire; and there was no water there! Neither was there a spot at hand where one could lay himself down at full length! We mostly sat drawn up throughout that night; no one spoke to another, and tobacco was not then in vogue among us; one native did not even undo his backload from his shoulders! owing to his being so greatly exhausted, where he first sat, or fell, there he went to sleep, and so remained till morning with his load on his back! Fortunately for us the night was a mild one and without wind; so, being greatly fatigued, we all slept pretty well in our sub-alpine bivouac till morning. Keats’ opening stanzas in his *Hyperion*, were more than once thought of by me:—

“Deep in the shade — — —
 Sat greyhair’d Saturn, quiet as a stone,
 Still as the silence round about his lair;
 Forest on forest hung about his head
 Like cloud on cloud. *No stir of air was there.*
 Not so much life as on a summer’s day
 Robs not one light seed from the feather’d grass,
 But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.”

The next summer in revisiting Patea, I learned, that we had got into our sad trouble in this particular and superstitiously dreaded place, through Paora, who was leading, having taken the wrong turn,—leaving abruptly the high stony ridge we were on and turning to the left into that old half-rotten forest, instead of to the right! which spot bore a bad legendary name among the natives of Patea. And I had left it to him to take instructions from the Chief and the old mountaineer as to our course up the mountain. The natives of Matuku,—who had kept looking out with their keen eyes for our night fire on the open tops, and not seeing it,—knew we had gone astray, and guessed pretty well where we were. Our having spent a quiet night therein, unmolested by unnatural night visitants! proved however to be of no small service in our behalf with the Patea natives. Strange to say, that only a little way above to the right, from where we passed that doleful night, was one of the best halting-places in the whole forest on the West side, and where I afterwards (in following years) spent several single nights,—and indeed, on one occasion, a whole Sunday and two nights very agreeably. For, on my very next visit, finding that we could easily manage to make a kind of snow well there, from the form and nature of the ground and the stones that lay about, (exposed from under the surface through the uprooting and toppling over of a large tree,) we did so, planting snow-hole moss (a species of sphagnum) also in it! and, on subsequent visits, I never failed to find a supply of good water,—and, also, close at hand, dry firewood—a thing not always to be obtained in those high *Fagus* forests,—where all dead wood, both large and small, becomes as it were waterlogged and sappy from the snow. Several parties of natives, including the Chief of Patea himself, also stopped a night at “my well,” as they called it,—in going to and fro from Patea to the Mission Station, after I had cleared the track, &c.,—but, on their getting horses they all ceased to travel this way.

On one journey back from Patea to Hawke’s Bay, I happened to see a *Kiwi* (*Apteryx* sp.) in an open place in these woods,—the only time I ever saw one wild and free. It did not see me, and so, I, being hidden from it, watched its movements for some time; it ran much faster than I had supposed it would do, and its striding gait strongly reminded me of a hen running after a moth, or winged insect.

Two or three remarkable incidents of this day’s journey I must now briefly notice. During the afternoon we suddenly came upon the remains of a skeleton of a young man, partly suspended about 2 feet above the ground among some thick growing *Coprosma* bushes: this, we afterwards found to be that of a young man of Patea, who was one of a bird-catching party that had been overtaken by a snowstorm, when this man was lost in the snow! The sight of this skeleton, now pretty well

bleached, roused us not a little, and caused us to redouble our exertions to reach the summit. Near evening, in passing along the edge of a steep stony ridge in the wood, at a considerable altitude, I saw a small plant in flower springing sparsely from among the crevices of the rock beneath me,—on getting a specimen I found it to be a *Forstera*—if not *F. sedifolia* itself! the very plant of all others in N.Z. my heart had long been set on, through hearing my dear friend Allan Cunningham (who had longed to see it) talk so much about it,—and from its not having been detected since Forster’s visit when here with Cook;—as well as from the fact, that it was a very curious plant in the disposition of its flowering organs, and one that had given some trouble to Botanists; the younger Linnæus had selected it to bear its discoverer’s name, and Lindley, in his “Natural System of Botany”, had to place the genus, containing only one species, with just two other genera in a separate ORDER—STYLIDÆ. I welcomed it in Cunningham’s name, and secured half a dozen good specimens. Curiously enough I have never since met with this plant in any other locality; in subsequent years, however, I got several good specimens from this same place. Here, in the outskirts of the forest were small trees of that musky-smelling plant, I had originally discovered in the forests in the interior of the Bay of Plenty in 1843,—together with an allied species equally odoriferous,—*Olearia dentata*, and *O. ilicifolia*; and peering out, along the upper edges of the landslips, were *Coriaria angustissima*, *Ligusticum aromaticum*, and the pretty large Blue-bell *Wahlenbergia saxicola*. I also observed in several spots, mostly on rocks in the shady forests, delightful and fine specimens of *Stereocaulon ramulosum*,—some plants forming quite a little bush, and looking charming! A glaucous *Veronica*, a small shrub, I detected on a stony ridge in an open saddle between two hills, fortunately it was both in flower and in fruit; I never found but this one plant, and being the only glaucous species of the genus it looked very peculiar. I visited this one shrub subsequently on 2–3 occasions, and always brought away specimens: Sir J. Hooker has named it *V. Colensoi*. Towards evening my dog caught a fine fat Weka, in its crop were the fruits of several species of *Panax*,—probably *P. simplex*, *P. Colensoi*, and *P. Sinclairii*, which grow in these forests. The Beech trees (*Fagus Solandri*) of the more exposed parts of those alpine woods were of very peculiar growth,—low, depressed, and gnarled, with spreading thick leafy branches, often interlacing and desperately tough, which greatly increased our difficulty in getting through them. Several species of the *Coprosma* genus here abounded,—particularly *C. C. acutifolia*, *parviflora*, *cuneata*, *microcarpa*, and *linariifolia*, and also *fœtidissima* the species which Forster first found, and which from its very strong smell caused him to give the genus its appro-

priate name, this last species however was more abundant lower down in the more open forests of the large-leaved *Fagus*—*F. ?fusca*. A new species of *Myrsine* (*M. montana*) I also found here, it is a small shrub closely resembling *M. divaricata** of A. Cunningham. Another species or variety of *Dracophyllum* (*D. Urvilleanum*, var. *d*), and a stout shrubby species of *Senecio* (*S. eleagnifolius*), and a much smaller species, *S. Bidwillii*, I also detected here. On an open exposed ridge I fell in with several plants of a species of *Dacrydium*, 12–14 feet high, growing together and almost in a row, these bore a very peculiar appearance from their whitish bark being densely covered with foliaceous Lichens (mostly *Parmelia*), and their bearing two kinds of leaves; the plant, moreover, was not common; I always visited these trees whenever I passed this way, but was never successful in getting good fruiting specimens. I also noticed several small trees of *Libocedrus Bidwillii*, growing thickly together. One solitary tree, about 20 feet high, of this same species, I afterwards found much lower down in open ground, but was also with this disappointed, although I purposely visited it at different times of the year. There is scarcely any similarity in general appearance between this plant and the elegant plumose *L. Doniana* of the N. That beautiful species of *Cordyline* (*C. Banksii*) with its long leaves (5–7 feet) and white berries grew here in the drier stony woods,—and with it, plentifully, its closely allied congener, a graceful red-flowered *Astelia*† while the still more imposing plant, *Cordyline indivisa*, flourished a little lower down and mostly on the edges of thickets.—

Another curious incident occurred, in my travelling through these forests some years after this: we had just emerged from a heavy belt of forest, and were sitting down in the open outside in the sun, resting awhile before we proceeded; one of my baggage bearers, who had a short hard-wood spear, kept poking it into the earth, when suddenly he felt something under his spear different from a root or wood, he proceeded to disinter it, and there, under at least a foot of soil, was a very handsome though small green-stone axe! its bevelled edge was very regular and quite perfect. I might have had it but I did not then care about it.—

A Fern, a species of *Hymenophyllum*, which I found epiphytically on a tree at the entrance of a thicket, greatly pleased me, as I had not met with it before. It grew in great plenty on that one tree, and I brought away from it on several occasions many specimens. Sir J. Hooker has, I find, placed it under the old and well-known fern *H.*

* Sir J. Hooker, in the “Hand Book” speaks of this species as “a small very straggling twiggy branched bush”; but I have generally found it to be a tall shrub, or even small slender tree, 12–15 ft. high, with long drooping branches: it is a much larger species than *M. montana*.

† I don't see where Sir J. Hooker has placed this species in his “Hand Book,” unless it be under *Astelia Cunninghamii*; but I never saw it epiphytically, and I think it will prove to be distinct.

unilaterale,* but, to me, it appears wonderfully distinct. I have never met with this fern anywhere else

26th. We rose this morning from our uncomfortable beds—or lairs without any dressing! and stiff and hungry we started from our bivouac with a tolerably good will before 6 o'clock. The morning, however, was intolerably cold, and the fog very heavy—a true Scotch mist this time!—settling on the thickly leaved shrubs, through which we had to force our way, and so wetting us to the skin. Do what we would we could not get warm, as we could not get along fast enough, and the sun was still on the other side of the range. Onwards and upwards we toiled in silence for four hours, until we reached our well-known E. peak on the summit—*Te Atua-o-mahuru*!† (seen prominently from Hawke's Bay,) whence the extensive prospect to the East was again, as on the former occasion, obscured. This culminating peak of this part of the range has since been better known to the Maoris by the name of *Te Taumata-a-Neho* (i.e. Colenso's summit, or pass), from the fact of my having both crossed it and made a track that way into the interior, as well as from the circumstance of our always halting there, going and returning, and offering up both prayer and praise. Although I have crossed this range several times, travelling both E. and W., only on one occasion had I a clear view of the whole E. side and extensive horizon,—recalling forcibly to memory the old familiar view from the Land's-end in England, with the Scilly Isles in the distance, and Sir H. Davy's expressive lines on that place:—

————— “far beyond,
Where the broad ocean mingles with the sky,
Are seen the cloud-like islands, grey in mists.”—

The distant prospect being generally dull and obscured through misty exhalations arising from the low-lands and swamps and forests beneath; and yet the mountains, seen from below, and being projected in bold relief against the sky, appear commonly clear and well-defined,—“robed in their azure hue.”

A curious little event happened this morning, when near the summit: I was ahead of my party with my dog, and we were crossing a narrow stony ridge, a kind of saddle between two peaks, when striking my foot against a thick withered tussock of grass, two rats started out! no doubt rudely awakened out of their slumbers. My dog

* Mr. Baker, I see, in his last edition of “Synopsis Filicum,” has united *H. unilaterale* (and several other species) with *H. Tunbridgense*; which species already had included within it not a few of our N.Z. *Hymenophyllæ* as varieties: to this, however, I cannot agree. No two species of ferns (in my opinion) are more truly distinct than the British species, *H. Tunbridgense* (including our N.Z. species, *H. Tunbridgense*, and its “varieties” —*cupressiforme*, Lab., and —*revolutum*, Col.) with its single axillary and serrated involucre sunk in its frond, and this fern from Ruahine (*H. intermedium*, mihi, M.S.,) with its many free and pedicelled entire involucre. But I hope for an entire and natural re-arrangement of our N.Z. *Hymenophyllæ* ere long.

† See Note B., Appendix.

caught one and killed it, the other got off; they were the common English rat—here at this altitude on those barren peaks!* Another highly curious circumstance is worth mentioning. In ascending early this morning through an open part of the forest on the S. slope of a spur where the Beech trees (*Fagus Solandri*) were tall and young, growing up thickly and straight like saplings or poplars, we suddenly came on a lot which were abruptly bent down to the earth in a kind of a row from about 5–6 feet above the ground,—looking like a long green half-roof of a house, or the roof of a “lean- to”! they were all living, thickly branched and very leafy, and their tops were all again ascending from the earth like very young trees. Tired hungry and thirsty as we were, we all stood in amazement at this sight, and myself and natives with their backloads walked under this living sloping roof for several yards, only stooping our heads a little. We found, on examination, that all those trees had had their trunks half-broken—twisted splintered and bruised—at the angle of inclination, and the conclusion we came to was, that it was done through the heavy mass of snow which had been deposited on their thick tops and branches becoming frozen together, and so in a gale bringing them down into the position in which we found them. It was truly a curious living sight. I saw them again some two years after, and again walked under them, when they were much the same, but not so regular nor so clear underneath.—

To return:—Here on the open sunny summits, we were greatly in want of water, which we had not tasted since noon yesterday; we had diligently searched about for it in all the hollows and snow-runs on the table-tops as we came along, but in vain! a few drops from a bunch of wet moss in a hole was all I could obtain, but that was precious. After resting a while on the crest of the mountain, and offering up our usual thanksgiving,—for

—— “On mountains and in vales he taught
To adore the Invisible, and HIM *alone*.”—

we determined to push on to our old three-nights encampment at Te Wai-o-kongenge in the forest on the E. side, where we knew we should find water; so continuing our journey we reached that place by 1 p.m., all hands quite weary and faint for want of water. To add to our distress we could not find any at our old pool and spring! which were both dry, but by searching further down the mountain’s side we luckily found some. The welcome shout of “*Water!*” by the lucky finder, after the first dispiriting announcement of none! went through us like an electric thrill, and having drank and drank again we proceeded to get our breakfast—which included, also, both supper and dinner of the preceding day. Feeling much too tired and listless to look about me while our meal was preparing, I sat and mused, with my back against a tree,—for once a kind of Lotos-eater!—enjoying

* Dr. Horsfield’s account of the peculiar little animal *Mydaus meliceps*, only found on the tops of the mountains of Java,—and Sir C. Lyell’s remark thereon,—may be profitably consulted here. (Lyell’s *Principles of Geology*, 12th Ed., vol. II., p. 362.)

—“the wild odour of the forest flowers
 The music of the living grass and air,
 The emerald light of leaf-entangled beams—
 Which drowns the sense.”——

I should not omit to mention, that on my way down the mountain from the summit, I discovered a plant which I believed to be a new species of *Podocarpus*, and therefore named it *P. Cunninghamii*, (after my dear old friend and early Botanist in N.Z. Allan Cunningham, who first described *P. Totara*,)—its leaves and male amentæ with the squamulæ at their bases were very much larger than those of *P. Totara*, and the amentæ were also on long peduncles; its bark, too, was semi-papery, more like that of some large specimens of *Fuchsia excorticata*, and not at all resembling the bark of *P. Totara*. I subsequently found a small tree of it again in this same forest, but, as before, only having male flowers. I have little doubt of its being a distinct species. The natives call it *Totara-kiri-kotukutuku*. We resumed our journey at 2 p.m., not daring to tarry; gained the bed of the river by 5, and travelled sturdily on until 7 p.m., (for the last hour in comparative darkness,) when we halted in the shingly sides of the river’s bed;—rejoicing that our difficulties were now over, and that we had really succeeded at last in crossing the Ruahine!—

27th. Last night we all slept soundly, lulled by the murmuring stream: for

————— “this ravine
 Was now invested with fair flowers and herbs,
 And haunted by sweet airs and sounds, which flow
 Among the woods and waters. FARE YE WELL!”

Rose early this morning, breakfasted by daylight and started. All agreeing to travel steadily on all day without halting. We did so, rather moodily, and just managed to get quit of the river and the woods by daylight, still keeping on for an hour and half after sunset, when we halted on the N. edge of Te Ruataniwha plain, well tired and worn with our very long day’s march, in which we had waded the main river more than a 100 times.

28th, Sunday. This we made a day of rest, as we greatly needed it. Everything very quiet around. Had two meals to-day of boiled rice. Natives slept the greater part of the day leaving me to my meditations. None of us knowing anything of the country between this place and Waipukurau, and there not being any track hence to that village, we determined to-morrow to keep in the stony bed of the river (Waipawa), until we should strike the maori track leading from Patangata to that place,—which we knew.

March 1st. Left at 6 a.m., all in good spirits; by 11 o’clock we had gained the said

* I find this Maori name is given in the “Hand Book” Index to *Libocedrus Doniana*, but I scarcely think any *old* Native would call a *Libocedrus* a *Totara*, the foliage in the two genera being so very different. The maori name for it, (like many other of their proper names,) is fit and expressive; lit.—*Fuchsia-barked Totara*.

† This was not far from where Mr. Avison’s house is now.

pathway, where we halted to cook the small remainder of our rice for breakfast. Our meal over we continued our journey to Waipukurau, reaching it by 2 p.m., all hands there being very glad to see us; some of them having given us up, not hearing anything of us.—

2nd. Morning prayers, schools, and breakfast over, I married the 9 young couples, who were here awaiting my arrival; at noon I left for Patangata.

3rd. Left Patangata for the Mission Station at Waitangi, reaching it in safety by sunset, and found all well. *Laus Deo*.

And now for a few further remarks on the peculiar Botany of the higher western sides, and of the summits of the range, not observed on the former occasion.—

In the open ground, on two or three mound-like hills of peaty-looking soil, and near each other, on the W. side, grew that remarkably fine *Ranunculus*—*R. insignis*. On my discovering it I was astonished at its size,—its largest golden flowers being nearly 2 inches in diameter, its flowering stems 3–4 feet high, and some of its round crenated leaves measuring 8–9 inches across! Both Sir Jos. Hooker. and his father were equally surprised and delighted, and as it was (then) by far the largest species known, Sir J. Hooker gave it that appropriate specific name—*insignis*. I only found it in that locality, but it was in great plenty; its principal neighbour was the notorious *Taramea* plant (*Aciphylla Colensoi*), already fully noticed; and those splendid compositaceous plants *Celmisia spectabilis* and *C. incana*, which generally grew close together, forming large dark-green shining patches and bearing a profusion of fine white flowers—a striking contrast to their leaves. At first sight I saw that this new *Ranunculus* was closely allied to *R. pinguis*, of Lord Auckland's group and Campbell's Island,—then lately described in the *Flora Antarctica*, of which work I had received an early part just before I left the Station. Other plants of those far-off Antarctic Islets were also found here, on the summits; notably *Oreobolus pumilio*, growing in dense tufts in exposed places; while the peculiar straggling *Cyathodes empetrifolia*, and the pretty little flowering plants, *Euphrasia antarctica* and *Myosotis antarctica*, flourished in half-sheltered hollows, with *Plantago Brownii* and the Grass *Catabrosa antarctica*. With these last also grew, very closely intermixed (much as we have seen the Daisies and Buttercups among low turfey grasses in our English meadows,) the curious plant *Drapetes Dieffenbachii*; the little elegant *Ourisia caespitosa* abounding in flowers; a very small and new species of *Plantago* (*P. uniflora*); and a similar-sized Botanical novelty *Astelia linearis*,—a tiny plant bearing a large orange-coloured fruit; a little *Caltha* (*C. Novæ Zealandiæ*), having pale star-like flowers; two graceful *Gentians* (*G. montana* and *G. pleurogynoides*); and a very small shrubby prostrate *Coprosma* (*C. pumila*); together with several little elegant shrubby *Veronica*—which I have formerly mentioned.—Two Orchideous plants, *Pterostylis foliata*, and *Caladenia bifolia* (of which I wished for better specimens,) I

also detected growing sparingly; and with them a couple of *Carices*, *C. acicularis*, and *C. inversa*; and, also, two species of *Uncinia*,—*U. divaricata*, and *U. filiformis*;—and with them several interesting *Hepaticæ* and *Mosses*.—Only in one or two spots, in shady sheltered places near the top and just within the forest, did I meet with that pretty little plant *Ourisia Colensoi*,—but in those spots there were plenty of them, and always beautifully in flower; the plants of this species grew apart, as if they liked room; in this respect differing altogether from the other species of this genus I have seen. With them were always associated the mute little brown bird with a white head, as if they were the guardian wood-nymphs of those shady bowers!—this bird I have mentioned in Paper I., p. 27.

“Oh! there are curious things of which man knows
As yet but little! secrets lying hid
Within all natural objects. Be they shells,
Which ocean flingeth forth from off her billows
On the low sand; or flowers, or trees, or grasses,
Covering the earth; rich metals, or bright ores,
Beneath the surface. He who findeth out
Those secret things hath a fair right to gladness;
For he hath well-performed, and doth awake
Another note of praise on Nature’s harp
To hymn her great Creator.”——

I have yet to mention a few other Alpine plants peculiar to the table-land on the topmost summit,—the barest and bleakest spot! these I have reserved till last, as requiring extra notice, and though dissimilar, as to Order and Genera, I have here brought them together, because they are all found only on the most exposed peaks,—all of very low growth,—and all were only seen in curious isolated patches, tufts, or hemispherical shaped cushions closely compacted together;—each species of plant apart entirely to itself in its own tuft or patch, and never intermixed in growth with other plants,—like those others already mentioned were: by which natural means, I suppose, they manage to keep their hold in the ground. There they were on the hard dry summit clinging to the soil,—in summer exposed to the heat of the sun and to the fierce winds which must often sweep over those peaks,—and in the winter to be deeply buried for some months in the snow. (1) *Raoulia grandiflora*, a very small Compositaceous plant growing in dense tufts or patches, and bearing a pretty white flower. (2) *Helophyllum Colensoi*, a curious plant, closely allied to the unique genus *Forstera*,—and still more closely allied to a species of this new genus, discovered by Sir J. Hooker in Lord Auckland’s group and Campbell’s Island, this plant also takes the form of an elegant large cushion, being closely and evenly impacted together, bearing its white starry flowers upright against the sky peering forth from its tiny moss-like leaves at the tips of its little branches! a truly Alpine-looking plant.* (3) A Juncaceous plant, scarcely an inch high! *Luzula Colensoi*, also assumes

* I managed to bring living portions with me to the Station, and kept them alive for several months under glass, where they flowered abundantly and well.

dumpy hemispherical tufts or cushions. (4) A little gem of a Restiaceae plant, much like a pale-green moss in appearance, and less than an inch in height, *Alepyrum pal-lidum*, is another that forms large densely spreading patches; this, also, was discovered by Sir J. Hooker in the far-off Campbell's Island. (5) A *Carex* which, strangely enough, is said to be identical with a well-known species of Europe and N. America, (*C. Pyrenaica*,)—this plant is found growing together as a thick turf closely around snow-holes and snow-runs. (6) *Pentachondra pumila* (a plant originally discovered by Forster,) densely covers exposed lumps and knobs of earth with its peculiar living mat of handsome purple-green heath-like foliage and branches, that throng and grow over each other, its elegant carmine berries of a large size for the plant, which here and there peep from beneath, are of a peculiar oval form (not unlike the fruit of *Rosa canina*) and hollow like a bladder (resembling the bladders of some species of *Sargassum* = sea-weeds), with 5 little tiny seeds, or nuts (*pyrenes*), stuck round on the inside,—whence its generic name. These fruits are mostly hidden underneath its numerous small moss-like leaves; like the crimson fruits of the several other shrubby plants of similar low and prostrate growth, and only found at high altitudes, and there in the bleakest spots, viz. *Podocarpus nivalis*, *Dacrydium laxifolium*, *Gaultheria antipoda* (var.), *Cyathodes empetrifolia*, &c. I had long looked out for this plant, and was much gratified in finding it; but its flowers, being excessively small and insignificant and having a withered dingy appearance, much disappointed me.—

On one occasion I crossed this range in December, about Christmas,—and to my surprise found the snow lying still deep in the hollows on the top and on the W. side; in some places it was more than 6 feet deep, for I sent my long travelling spear down into it and could not touch the soil; it was frozen, however, on the surface, and was tolerably firm under the foot. It was also melting fast, the water running down all around its edges; and the heat was great in the sun, a kind of warm steam arising from it. But what struck me most of all, was to see the delicate flowers of the plants beneath (*Drapetes*, *Veronica*, *Cyathodes*, &c.,) emerging from the snow with a little gentle spring and with perfect petals! It was a pretty—aye! a wondrous sight,—to see the open flowers springing up through the melting snow! Reminding one of a portion of Southey's "*Thalaba*",—(that wondrous flower-garden in the snow,)—and of Coleridge's "Hymn in the Valley of Chamouni,"—

"Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost," &c.

There is yet another curious plant that I should like to mention—to call attention to; not that it is confined to those high woods, for it (or a closely allied species) was formerly pretty common throughout N.Z. in the damp shady forests, but always scattered; and I have good reasons for believing that it is gradually becoming more scarce—like many other of our native plants. It is an Orchid, a species of *Gastrodia*,

a small genus peculiar to N. Zealand, Australia, and Tasmania, and the E. Indian isles. It is leafless, and has a strange appearance, reminding one at first sight of the larger British species of *Orobanche* (Broom rape).

Leafless, however, and rapid, up darts the slenderer flower-stalk,
And a wonderful picture attracts the observer's eye.*

Its root, a tolerably large cylindrical tuber, is perennial; its single scaly and spotted flower-stem is 2 feet and more high, stout, erect, and bears several pretty large and peculiar bizarre flowers. The root was eaten by the old Maoris, together with the tubers of other congenerous terrestrial Orchids,—*Pterostylis*, *Thelymitra*, *Orthoceras*, &c. (Much like those of several British Orchids,—as *Orchis mascula*, &c., from whose tubers the nutritious salep of commerce is obtained.) A chief reason with me for mentioning this Ruahine forest plant, is, that I have good reasons for believing it may prove to be a different species from the Northern one, *Gastrodia Cunninghamii*, HOOK., fil.,—which A. Cunningham its discoverer supposed to be identical with the only Australian and Tasmanian species—*G. sesamoides* of Brown. This Ruahine plant being taller (2 ft. 9 in.), and much larger in all its parts than the Northern one, and bears many more flowers, 80–86, on its longer raceme of 15 inches. And though I have more than once met with it in the lower mountain woods, it had always past flowering with withered perianths.

I have already mentioned a peculiar looking peak, or spur, on the top of the Ruahine range, running in a Northerly direction (when viewed from Matuku), and called, To Papakiakuutaa.† On every journey of mine to and from Patea, I had always been desirous of visiting that strange-looking outlying spur; and one year (probably 1850) I managed to do so. On that occasion of returning from Patea, I had arranged that we should sleep at our “stone snow-well” in the alpine forest,—that being the nearest place to the said spur that we could “camp at” on our way back to Hawke's Bay without losing much time. We did so. Early the next morning we were on the move, and when we got to the W. summit, I, for the first time told my party what I was going to do,—to visit alone Te Papakiakuutaa. For a long time they strongly objected to my plan,—for them to proceed from where we then were some 2–3 miles on to the “camping-place” on the E. side of the peak, where I would rejoin them at evening,—they preferring to remain and wait for me where we then were, which I would not allow. At last I got them to leave me,—I privately telling my trusty native among them, that if I did not appear by sun-down, he was to come as far as the “two slips” to meet me. Taking my dog with me I went on: it was a gloriously fine day,

* "Blattloss aber und schnell erhebt sich der zartere Stengel,
Und ein Wundergebild zieht den Betrachtenden an."--

Metamorphose der Pflanzen. GOETHE.

† Page 46. See Note B., Appendix.

the sun was melting; ere long the course without trees or high shrubs was more difficult than I had expected owing to the snow rifts in the earth and the boulders; and when, after several hours' toil, I got to the spur and mounted on it, to my great astonishment I found that all the upper part of that huge rampart was wholly composed of loose rocks and stones without any earth or clay between! It was a singular spot; no living thing was there, save a few common small lizards (*Mocoo*) basking on the black rocks in the sun, which (unlike Darwin's at the Galapagos,) scuttled off pretty fast on seeing me,—though they, in all probability, had never before seen a man. Not even a plant grew on it, and my dog finding he could not well get up on it, staid behind and howled! I walked some distance over the top, though every step required caution as the stones were loose; I never saw anything natural like it before; it seemed more like a place of Cyclopean art, and together with the extreme solitude caused many strange thoughts to arise,—to which the finding of that green-stone axe,*—and also the peculiar, almost regular, formation of the earth I had noticed in one of the dry forests in the neighbourhood lower down, as if anciently cut into ramparts and fosses (though now overgrown with fine trees of the large-leaved *Fagus*.) contributed their share. The prospect inland was very extensive; no doubt with a glass the people of Matuku could have seen me standing there in bold relief against the sky. I staid there a while, musing:—

“How divine,
The liberty, for frail, for mortal man
To roam at large among unpeopled glens
And mountainous retirements;
———regions consecrate
To oldest time! and, reckless of the storm,
Be as a presence or a motion there.”

The day was now fast waning, and I left the dike to return; when suddenly I became faint, and I found my strength failing me fast. I sat down and deliberated; soon after my dog came up, wet, and covered with red vegetable mud; I tracked to where he had been bathing in a small snow-water pool, between two small hills, the water in which was quite warm, almost hot, and red, and thick with decaying vegetable matter, which had been just stirred up by the dog; I strained, or squeezed, some through my handkerchief and drank, and bathed my head and face. By-and-by I proceeded, but before I got on to the open and clear table-land of the top the sun went down, and it soon became nearly dark; still the travelling was pretty good there on those flat tops, only now and then stumbling, through haste and hunger, over low tussocks and mounds and boulder stones. It grew still darker, and the place was fast becoming enveloped in night clouds, when suddenly a dark form appeared just before me, and my dog barked and stood! it was my trusty native, who, having become alarmed at

* *Ante*, page 55.

my non-appearance and long absence, had left the encampment and the “two slips”, in quest of me; in two hours more,—after crawling slowly along, literally feeling one’s way, as we could not now walk fast owing to the darkness, and passing the two dreaded slips without difficulty, the ground there being dry,—we got to my party, who had long sat in great fear and superstitious dread, that they had had no supper! I gained very little indeed in Botany that day; nothing whatever of importance.

As I have said so much (incidentally) respecting the isolated natives of Patea, a few words in conclusion may not be deemed out of place. They all received Christian Instruction very readily, and soon learned to read, and several of them to write. I visited them again before that year (1847) was ended, (after having made two journeys to Cook’s Straits—beyond Wellington—and back,) and several times also during the following year. A few of my Maori Teachers also visited them; and in due time they were nearly all received into the Church by Baptism. Those villages, however, have long been deserted for more eligible places, where they can dwell with their horses and stock.—

“Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of its branches
Dwells another race, with other customs and language.”

Several of those natives, or their descendants, are now settled with their relative the chief Renata, at Omahu, Hawke’s Bay.

“The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And GOD fulfils Himself in many ways.”

Mort d’Arthur. TENNYSON.

And now, with a few expressive and feeling lines from Wordsworth, I will close my long narration:—

“Though, changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
I went among those hills;—I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love.— And I *have felt*
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky; and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.”——

Tintern Abbey. WORDSWORTH.

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APPENDIX.

NOTE A., p. 5.

Seeing that Hawke's Bay has become so noted for its numerous and fine large cattle, it may not be altogether out of place to give in a note their first introduction into the District; which may, at least, amuse the Breeders who read or hear of it. I brought here with me, in 1844, five head; viz., 2 cows, 2 heifers, and a young bull. One of the cows was a red poley, a well-formed creature; one that had been a few years before imported by me from Parramatta N.S. Wales (selected from Mr. Marsden's celebrated herd) to the Bay of Islands; the other was a white and yellow long-horned cow, also a good one. And here I may relate a curious incident respecting the red poley; on my vessel arriving at Ahuriri, and anchoring off the Bluff, the Captain, who had never before been in Hawke's Bay, (I acting as pilot,) went in my whaleboat and sounded the bar entrance to the harbour, and for some way within it. Presently lots of natives came off to us in several canoes, so that the ship's deck was soon uncomfortably crowded. The Captain, however, did not enter the Ahuriri, though he would have done so (he said) if a change of weather should come on, his vessel a brig of 160 tons being rather large, but anchored off the Waitangi Mission Station, where he discharged all his loading for me. I may also here mention as a thing of the past, never more to be seen in Hawke's Bay, that on that occasion we had no less than 120 canoes at one time around our ship, which, with the fierceness of the people, at first alarmed our Captain pretty considerably. While at our first anchorage, we determined on landing the cattle there under the Bluff, and while these were getting ready, a high dispute arose among the Natives on Board, at the head of which was the Chief—Te Waaka te Kawatini (subsequently so well known to the settlers here), and the dispute was simply this,—that the said red poley cow was a horse! it was referred at last to me and soon decided. There being no grass then about the Waitangi Station, the cattle wandered a good deal seeking food, and were with difficulty found and brought home. By-and-bye the red poley was killed just after calving; the fierce wild pigs having absolutely eaten away the teats and adjoining parts of the cow! through which she had miserably died, and was so found by us very soon after. We sought diligently all around for the calf, but could find no trace of it, no remains; and we supposed that it had been eaten too. I got several natives to dig a large and deep pit to bury the cow, and this was done; and a week or so afterwards the little red calf (like its dam) was accidentally found dead, lying whole and stretched out across its mother's grave! One of the two heifers fared much the same in calving as the poley cow; we knew her time was near, and had kept up a pretty good watch over her,—but there being yet no food close at hand, and the great flood of 1845 happening,

(the greatest by far that I have ever known,) the winter too having commenced, and the great difficulty of getting any of the Natives to do any thing properly, owing to their being wholly unused to all our work, and to the disagreeableness of the job of searching that wet and tangled flat half-naked and in wet and cold weather,—and then (as I take it) the propensity of cattle to seek some retired and sheltered spot for calving,—she wandered far away, so that she could not be timely found; at last she was found, recently dead, killed!—with the head of the partly expelled calf gnawed off and all the surrounding soft parts of the mother including her udder!! This, however, was mainly if not entirely done by a big ferocious bull-dog or half-breed, which the Natives had some time before obtained from a ship off the Cape at a high price as a pig-dog. I scarcely need add, that I could obtain no redress: I had “to grin and bear it.” My time of power and influence among them had not yet come; indeed, I was scarcely settled down, and had quite enough to do to hold my own against the suspicious and powerful tribal Chiefs (or petty Kings!), who were all, at that time, determined heathen and opposed to Christianity. In a few years, however, patient perseverance was rewarded, and things were wonderfully changed. Ultimately that savage dog was obliged to be killed; not, however, until after he had done me much mischief.

I could also give several other strange anecdotes respecting those few cattle and their offspring,—and of what I had to put up with respecting them, during my early years of residence here,—which would scarcely now be believed!

I may, however, add a brief history of the *first* Horse. This animal was obtained by me from Poverty Bay (overland), in 1846; it was a fine strong docile creature, a bright bay gelding with black points, and named Cæsar. I have already mentioned “the great flood of 1845,”—that completely destroyed all my first farming! or, laying-down of two paddocks (about 4 acres) in rye-grass and clover. I had got the ground cleared, dug up, drained all round—the situation being very low—and partly fenced, at an enormous amount of trouble, not to mention expense; and the grasses sprang delightfully; when the heavy flood came and destroyed all!—The silt deposited on that occasion, (as I subsequently informed Dr. Featherstone, then Superintendent of the Province, at his official request,) measured, in some spots in my two paddocks 2 ft. 4 in. in depth, and in none less than 4–5 inches. To return: there was no grass about the Station, or indeed anywhere on all the low lands around, for the horse; so that, in the following autumn, (during my long absence from the Station,) the poor horse died! mainly from want of proper food and the wet plashy state of the whole low country around. Had I, however, been there, I would have turned him out on to the long beach between Waitangi and Ahuriri, where he could have found a scanty picking on dry ground; but those in charge feared to do so, lest he should seek to go back to Poverty Bay, and in doing so, attempt to swim the Ahuriri and be car-

ried out to sea. I was told, on my return, that the frogs of his four feet had swollen out like balls or cushions, so that for a long time before his death he could not stand. The Maoris were then, at the last, greatly interested in saving him, and gathered coarse grasses and leafy shrubs at a distance in profusion, and brought them to him. Though broken-in to saddle, he was never ridden by us.

I should also give a brief outline of my early troubles attendant on my first attempts at farming:—viz. the bringing-in to cultivation a few acres of the wild waste, by preparing and laying it down with grasses. I have already mentioned the heavy flood in 1845, and the deep deposit of silt it left; that was bad enough, and destroyed all hopes of grass for the first year. But that trouble and disappointment, great though it proved to be, was but slight when compared with the greater trouble that arose from the fencing not being completed! I have said, that the 4 acres of cleared land were “partly fenced”; and thus that ground remained for nearly four years! and it came about in this way. In order to please the five head Chiefs of these parts, (who were then exceedingly poor, and badly off in money and clothing and moveable goods, and very jealous of each other,) all the work required by me must be shared between them, so that themselves and their people might get a little of the payment,—indeed no Maori could undertake any job without first obtaining the assent of his Chief therefore it was arranged that each principal Chief was to have part of the fencing to erect. With four of them I managed pretty well, and during the first year of residence they completed their shares of the work; but Te Hapuku, who had the long W. side to erect, delayed it, and would not allow his tribe to touch it, (and, of course, none of the others dared to do so!) And this was solely owing to my refusal to advance him any thing more, he having already largely overdrawn the sum fixed for the job (at so much per fathom). And during this long period the numerous half-wild pigs of that place (surrounded as it was on three sides by water,) came in herds to eat down and root up the clover, and to destroy the drain!—which, at first, was a very well made and effectual one. It was about four years before Te Hapuku allowed his share of the fence to be made, and it was the worst piece of work of the whole lot, composed of roughly split white pine from the “Big Bush” near by, and badly put up; while the E. fence, composed wholly of totara, laboriously brought from Kohinurakau 25 miles distant, dubbed down, and securely cross-bound to the rails, stood sound and good for 20 years and upwards. Those early years were, indeed, a time and school for patience!

NOTE B., pp. 9, 46, 56, 62.

I have not unfrequently mentioned the peculiar and figurative yet fitting names of places and things given them by the ancient Maoris.* And so, here, I would en-

* Particularly in my Papers on “*Nomenclature*” published here last year.

deavour to explain the compound names of those three prominent peaks of the Ruahine range, viz.—

1. *Te-atua-o-mahuru*.
2. *Te-atua-o-parapara*: or, *Oparapara*.
3. *Te-papaki-a-kuuta*.

These proper names are each composed of a sentence of four (and five) words; each name containing or implying a personification; and, no doubt, in the opinion of the ancient Maoris possessing a right and proper meaning,—though lost, or nearly so, to the present generation. As it is difficult to explain them fully and clearly in a footnote in a few words, I have reserved doing so for this place.

1. TE-ATUA-O-MAHURU, pp. 9 and 56.

Of this name the last word (*mahuru*) is now almost obsolete, rarely used save in old songs, and has several meanings,—all similar to the Maori mind.—

(1) Deep yearning affection towards an absent one,—as husband, child, &c. (2) The same exhibited towards any one bringing tidings of the absent one; or, on casually hearing from a travelling party of his welfare, &c. (3) Ease, relief, comfortable feelings on sitting and resting after climbing a steep ascent. (4) With the causative particle prefixed,—to help kindly; to attend gently on a weak person; alleviation of pain and weakness; comfort. (5) An old name for the Spring season, return of Spring, warm welcome weather: hence (6) a name for the migratory Cuckoo (*Cuculus lucidus*), that arrives here early,—*nga-karere-o-Mahuru* = the heralds of Spring.—

Atua, = (here,)—any being or thing of an evil, demon-like nature, sort, or kind; the enemy, or very opposite of a good thing, sort, or quality.—

Te, art., sing.,—here, emphatic and intensive.

O, prep. of.—

So that, *Te-atua-o-mahuru*,—the opponent of, or something opposed to affection, good-tidings, kindness, relief, warm and comfortable weather, &c. A fit name for a barren and rugged mountain top, where in snow and rough weather no one could sit to rest after toiling up the ascent; which might also serve to indicate its being the barrier to loved ones left below on either side.

2. TE ATUA-O-PARAPARA: or, abbreviated, OPARAPARA.

Here, too, the last word (*parapara*) has several meanings.—(1) Dregs, dross, small fragments, crumbs, slime, scud, &c. (2) A sacred isolated spot or place,—fire,—food, &c. Either or both of the above may be well-applied here (1) for snow,—as dregs, scud, &c., deposits from the Southerly gales:—(2) sacred isolated peak; (N.B. What the old Chief said respecting it, p. 37).

The other three words,—*Te*,—*atua*,—and *o*,—as before.

Then we have,—The disagreeable hateful (place) of the leavings of the cold

* See *Para-te-tai-tonga*, = Dirt, or dregs, from-the-Southern-Sea,—the name of the higher mountain in the interior, always covered with snow: p.45.—Also, “*Nomenclature*,” p. 16.

Southerly gales,—*i.e.*, snow. Or, if abbreviated, (*Oparapara*,)—“place” (understood) “of snow.” Or, the name may have originally been, carrying out the personification, —*Te-atua-ko-parapara*; (the *k* being dropped, as is often done for abbreviation and euphony;) which only serves to intensify disgust at the place.

Those are two of the culminating peaks of the range, and are visible all over Hawke’s Bay and country E. and S.

3. TE-PAPAKI-A-KUUTA, pp. 46 and 62.

This very remarkable place has certainly a correspondingly remarkable name. As in the former proper names above, so here, the last word is the difficult one to fix the meaning of; though this one is much more so.

After no small study, I think that *kuuta* must be taken as representing *tu uta*; (*k* in ancient words being sometimes used for *t*;) then, *tu uta* may mean,—tu, = the warrior god (Mars) defender of the interior (*uta*).

Papaki = the perpendicular cliff, dyke, barrier.

Te, and *a*, (active prep. for *of*) as before.

Thus we have,—The barrier of (the) defender god (of the) interior.

I noticed, that some of the old Maoris of Patea laid stress on and lengthened the last vowel of the word; thus,—“*Te-papaki-a-kuutaa*”: the meaning however would be very nearly the same,—instead of—“the god-defender of the interior” (*uta*); it would be, the “god-man-slayer by dashing down” (*taa*). Both meanings, as they seem to me, are equally suitable.—

NOTE C., p. 30.

I may here briefly mention, for the information of many, the boundaries of the “parish”(!) or ecclesiastical district assigned to me by Bishop Selwyn in 1844;—if only to show the amount of heavy travelling I necessarily had in those days. From the River Waikari on the N. to Cape Palliser and Port Nicholson S., (more than 2° of longitude,) including also the Maori villages in Cook’s Straits,—Ohariu, Ohaua, &c.; and from Taupo Lake on the W. to the E. sea-coast, including the River Manawatu to the Gorge, and thence through the forests to Wairarapa. My long distant journeys occupied me about 7 months every year, exclusive of those made to the villages nearer me—say, within 50 miles; the long half-yearly journey (in which I visited all the distant S. and W. Maori villages, going by the sea-coast and returning through the forests of the interior,—or vice versa,) usually took from 76 to 84 days, dependent on the weather; and all on foot, without roads or paths, and not unfrequently (at first) without even tracks, or guides;—travelling by compass, in the interior, and by the coast line, over rocks and tidal beaches; often having there to wait at headlands and

* In the Hawaiian (Sandwich Islands) dialect *h* is frequently interchanged with *t*; and it is worthy perhaps of notice, that another romantic place among these mountains not very far away N. from this,—*Kuripapango*,—is supposed to derive its old proper name from a Hawaiian word. (*Vide*, “Three Literary Papers”, by W. C., p. 4: 1883.)

cliffs for the tide to ebb, and not unfrequently sadly delayed and put out at the mouths of the rivers! Let any one who may doubt, or who is ambitious of knowing something of that kind of travelling in the past, let him just try a run, with a load on his back, *over the rocks* from the mouth of the river at Manawarakau to Pauanui (near Pourerere); or, *over the rocks* from Akitio to Owahanga; or the tramp by the strict coast-line all the way from Cape Palliser to Wellington; those places being still pretty much as they were in a state of Nature.

NOTE D., p. 41.

Strangely enough, Sir J.D. Hooker, in the "Hand Book", gives "Tongariro and Ruahine range", as the only habitat in the N. Island of *D. Colensoi*; and that too, as from me: such, however, is not the case, as a reference to the *Icones Plantarum* (vol. II., tab. 548) of his father (who received the original plant (*D. Colensoi*) from me, and who there first described it) will shew,—unless this very small "Tongariro" plant, and a larger one from "Ruahine", may prove to be only Alpine varieties of that species, *D. Colensoi*.—The original *D. Colensoi* I found only in the N. forests, inland on the high ranges between Whangarei and Whangaruru Bays, in 1841; it is a large and scarce "Pine" there, the true Manoa of the old New Zealanders. Since writing the above, I find, from vol. X. "Transactions", just to hand, that Mr. Kirk, has (I think) unintentionally contributed a little more to the foregoing error respecting *Dacrydium Colensoi*. Therefore, I here give an extract from my letter to Sir W. J. Hooker, of July 1841, (as published by him in the *London Journal of Botany*, vol. I. p. 298).—

"Since I had last the pleasure of addressing you, I have made a journey of about 4 weeks to Whangarei Bay and neighbourhood, in S. lat. 36°, returning by a circuitous route, *via* the interior.——In the box now sent you will find some things both novel and interesting.——The *king of the whole lot* is my new "*Pine*," from the high hills near the Eastern coast. For many years I had heard of this tree from the aborigines, but could never obtain a specimen, no one knowing where it was to be found. They had heard of such a tree, and some of the oldest Chiefs had occasionally seen it, when hunting in the forests; but all agreed that it was very rare, only growing singly. The reason, too, for its unfrequent occurrence was this,—*Tane*, one of their illustrious demigods, hid it! Still it existed, a distinct tree which never rotted. As a proof of all this, the people, wherever they could find a tree, reserved it for a coffin to hold the remains of a chief. These statements, you may well suppose, only inflamed my desire to possess specimens of this wonderful tree. I sought and sought, but all in vain, wherever I went, making inquiries after, and offering rewards for, it,—until I actually gained a name among the natives for doing so. At last, early in this year (1841), after a toilsome march through an unfrequented spot and jungle, to the place where I had been informed that one grew, I found it! I will not attempt to describe

my satisfaction, which was much increased by observing that the specimens I had acquired were in fruit.—The tree (for a “Pine”) is not large, about 50 feet high, and 2ft. 6in. in diameter. In appearance it somewhat resembles the *Kahikatea* (*Podocarpus dacrydioides*).——I also send a specimen of the wood. The bark on the trunk is deciduous, but not like that of the *Totara* which is fibrous; this is only scaly and brittle, as in the Kauri (*Dammara Australis*). Subsequently on the same range of hills, I saw two other of these “Pines,” of nearly similar size.”

NOTE E., p. 46.

It is perhaps worthy of recording, that this was the first inland Christian Chapel erected in this extensive District. It was neatly and strongly built, very simple, with plain narrow lancet windows, and three together (the central one larger) in the E. end; its whole furniture consisting of a small holy table, a rustic font-stand, and a strong reading-desk; no seats or forms. The floor, however, was nicely covered with matting of undressed N.Z. Flax (*Phormium*), neatly woven in a narrow pattern by the women. The windows were without glass, (we being too poor and too far away from civilization,) but they had white canvas strained and oiled instead,—which served just as well.

This building was in daily use for many years for School, and Religious Worship, and yielded good service; being largely esteemed by the Maoris of all parts, many of them coming from a long distance to see it. It was subsequently enlarged, as the little peaceful Christian Village grew in size and importance; and on the settling in its neighbourhood of the first European settlers (some 7–8 years after), it was also occasionally used by them on Sundays for Divine Service. Unfortunately its end, and that of the Maori Christian village of Waipukurau, were not what they should have been. Its name, however, is perpetuated in that of the present neat and rising township.

NOTE F., p. 50.

Having mentioned the Chief Renata I may here give, in a note, a little more of this man’s career, showing (as often is the case) how truth is stranger than fiction! In due course of time (from the storming of Te Awarua), in those old days of frequent fighting, slavery and death, Te Kawepo was again taken prisoner by other tribes from the N., and eventually found his way, as a slave, to Te Waimate in the Bay of Islands. There, with others (slaves), he was brought under the influence of Missionary Teaching,—was taught in their schools to Read and Write, &c.,—was in the end Baptized, taking the name of Renata (Leonard),—and, on my leaving Te Waimate (the second time) in 1844 for Hawke’s Bay, I brought him here with me, partly as a Domestic. He lived with me some considerable time, and did good service in many ways; often travelling to visit outlying places as a Christian Teacher, (on foot, and bare footed, scantily clad and *without pay!*) and, on one occasion, at my request,

visited this far-off Patea,—and, of course, this very spot at Te Awarua. The whole story, however, of this man's life, though very interesting and remarkable, is too long, too intricate, to be related here; to show how he attained to his present high position of the principal Chief of his tribe:—it would form an interesting little book.

NOTE G, p. 53.

I had one more truly awful night on this range, and on this W. flank of it, but much nearer to the summit; which I may as well relate here.—Curiously enough it was in returning from my very last visit, made in 1852; and it was brought about in this way. I made two visits to Patea in that year; the last one was very late in the season, in May; and I went there purposely to marry the chief's son, Frederic, whom I had Baptized, a fine young man; which I had also promised to do. The days were very short, and among my baggage-bearers were three new hands, who were unused to bush and mountain travelling. In leaving Te Awarua, where we had purposely slept, so as to start early for the mountain and get over the summit and the “two slips” before night,—fearing, too, any sudden change in the weather, at this advanced season, which had been threatening, (having now a nice snug little camping place just below the tops on the E. side,) my new hands being also heavily laden with the good things of Patea,—potted birds and roast pig—the *debris* of the marriage-feast,—loitered behind and straggled about in the forests, in spite of all my remonstrances. The consequence was, that the sun went down when we were more than an hour's journey from the summit, and it very soon became dark; so that we had to bring up on the lower part of Maunga Taramea! with snow lying all around!! The darkness was excessive; we hastily put up the tent (in a miserable kind of way), but there was no fern nor grass nor leafy branches for the wet floor, and, try as much as we could, we could not make the fire burn,—it would only just simmer without any flame! We had no supper, for we could not roast our potatoes; at last I had a cup of tea made with some snow water, and then, as a last expedient, I got my little kettle refilled with snow and boiled, and took it hot into my tent and blankets to warm me; in the morning it was a solid lump of ice inside my bedding! At one time, during that long night, I did not expect to see the morning. My poor natives sat huddled together on the wet cold ground all night, not daring to move through fear of the prickly *Taramas* (*Aciphylla*)! the miserable fire soon going out; we kept calling one to another till daybreak. Oh! what a night that was—never to be forgotten! With the morning came the cold (and wet) fog; and it was two hours after sunrise before we, on the shaded W. side, got his beams! We dared not to move, for everything around was dripping wet, and with the horrid young *Taramas* poking through the snow! Myself and native companions for years after, spoke shudderingly of that night!

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