fronted them from the western bank of the Tuwanga-nui on 9 October (said by Williams to have been Rongowhakaara warriors from Orakai-a-pau-pau) numbered about fifty with the European estimates ranging from fifty to 100, while on 10 October they were approached by two groups operating independently at first, which jointly numbered about 150. These numbers suggest a scale of social organisation in which groups of perhaps 500 people could each quickly mobilize a force of about fifty to seventy-five warriors on occasion joining forces with other groups. This may appear under-stated, on occasion joining forces with other groups. This may appear under-stated, for Orakai-a-pau-pau (which was abandoned in 1839, due to the presence of European diseases and a lack of food) was later described by Williams as a small, detached settlement covering an area of three acres, with many fenced enclosures inside where the houses were built — a vast and possibly exaggerated construction for a group of 500 people. It is evident from the Endeavour's accounts that the Tuwanga-nui people were well practised in resisting outside intrusion; and from the fears of the young fishermen, their tales of enemies at the northern end of the bay who might eat them, and the desertion of Te Maro's body on the Tuwanga-nui's eastern bank, that there was major internal disputes and tensions within the bay at this time.

During the expedition's first three days on shore in New Zealand, the Endeavour's journal-keepers and artists described a number of individualistic hair-styles; clothing styles (which included the use of penis strings); personal decorations; tattooing (the first man shot had spirals tattooed on his right cheek and arm); facial tattoo (the fisherman had one); arches tattooed on his left leg; and the oldest fisherman had only his lips tattooed. They wore weapons (including spears of different sizes, parangus, or hand clubs, and a weapon like a paddle); canoes (including one thirty feet long and another that was larger); fishing nets and pots; a possible fishing god; and houses, shelters and settlements (including one fortified pā). Coastal views of Tuwanga-nui were produced from the deck of the Endeavour, and there were also charts, forty species of plants collected by Banks and Solander and at least one weapon, which was taken from Te Raivau.

All this, with the first encounters between Cook's men and Maori people had been short, suspicious and violent, and not a great deal was learned about their lifestyle. According to Poulter, the Tuwanga-nui people described the island as a paradise, with green grass, abundant fruit, and a delicious climate. They were friendly and welcoming, and it is possible that Cook's first encounter with the Tuwanga-nui people was a more positive experience than that of the Endeavour on the landfall. On the other hand, these "a'a" (supernatural beings) simply looked at them. Although the people must have been profoundly relieved when on the morning of 18 October, the Endeavour raised its anchor and sailed south out of the bay.

Chapter Six

COASTING TE MATAU-A-MAAUI

(HAWKE'S BAY)

12–18 October 1769

The south-eastern region that the Endeavour was now about to visit, according to local tribal histories, dominated at that time by a loose-knit grouping of sub-tribes known as Ngati Kahu, a prosperous and powerful people who traced their descent from Kahuwhenua and his father Tamatea-ariki-nui (or Tamatea-nui-Tawhiti), of the Taiaue canoe. One heartland of this region was Heretaunga, described by other tribes as Heretaunga-baukai-nui (Hereatuanga of the heavy dew) — in other words a rich place, laden with resources.

Te Maua-a-Maaui (Mauai's fish-hook) was a large bay backed by a rampart of hills, covered with beech forests that were criss-crossed by the trails of kore (Polynesian rats). From these high ranges, rivers ran down the coastal hills to the flats, giving access to fortified villages and hill and valley gardens in the interior. Ireland lakes swarmed with wildfowl and harboured seals, kookoos (galaxias), inanga (whitebait), freshwater fish and mussels. Muttonbirds nested at Puke-te-tiro and at Tiaro-kayer, about twenty-five kilometres inland, where they were trapped in nets hung on the ridges as they flew home at dusk to their burrows. Wood pigeons, tui, huia, bellbirds, parrots and parakeets lived in patches of bush on the flats. Fenced hills ran down to extensive grasslands, swamps and a large lagoon behind Ahuriri Bluff, famous for its abundant pataka (muttonbirds). In 1769 this lagoon formed a sheltered harbour for local canoes, accessible from the sea by an inlet to the north of the bluff. There were dense beds of shellfish on both sandy beaches and rocky shores in the bay, and good fishing grounds out at sea. Whales often visited Te Matau, drawn there by the force of their muri (the material symbol of their life-principle) located at Maahia to the north. Some of these whales acted as sea guardians for local descent-groups, protecting canoes from capture and other disasters. All of these features contributed to the reputation of the bay as a wealthy, prestigious place.

Like Tuwanga-nui, the ancestral history of the region was complex, with genealogical lines from Mauai (whose hook snugged on the southern promontory of the bay when he fished up the North Island), from Mahutapaoanui (of Lake
SURVILLE IN TOKERAU (DOUBTLESS BAY)
December 1769

New Zealand is the place where we should probably put the antipodes of France and where the Dutch were maltreated. They say there are tall men there, whether they are really so or whether fear made them seem so to the Dutch, they are in any case mysterious about giving a full description of them.

Pierre Dumont: Le Monde, ou La Geographie Universelle 1670.

The St Jean Baptiste, the ship that had crossed the Endeavour’s track off North Cape on 16 December 1769, was a French Indian vessel on a trading expedition bound for ‘Davis Land’, an island rumoured to be off the coast of Terra Australis. Jean-François-Marie de Surville, the captain, had decided to call in at New Zealand for food and water, because his crew had been stricken with scurvy and they had a desperate need for fresh supplies.

Surville’s expedition knew nothing of the Endeavour, and like Cook and a later explorer from French India, Marion du Fresne, the St Jean Baptiste’s officers were dependent on Tasman’s account and charts of the New Zealand coastline. At this period French map-makers were known as the best in Europe, and a number of contemporary charts included Tasman’s version of the western coastline of part of the South and all of the North Island. Some French theorists (including de la Lande, map-maker for the French 1769 transit of Venus expeditions) thought this might be part of the Southern Continent, and marvellous fantasies were circulating about what might be found in the Southern Hemisphere’s southern seas. To understand the expectations that Surville and, later, Marion du Fresne brought to New Zealand, and their behaviour towards local people, it is necessary to consider briefly the society from which they came.

THE FRENCH BACKGROUND

In the mid-eighteenth century France was by far the most densely inhabited country in Western Europe, with a population of twenty million people. At the height of the Seven Years’ War (1756-63), France maintained a standing army of at least a million men. It was also the acknowledged centre of European intellectual and cultural life, with one of Europe’s most glittering royal courts. The French
quantities of fish for pieces of blue and white cloth, which they put on around their shoulders. According to Labé, their canoes were well carved and twenty-eight to thirty feet long, with wash-boards. Each canoe was crowded by eight to ten men, five feet three inches to five feet seven inches tall, whose long hair was dark red on their foreheads, and who were wearing dogskin cloaks. They were unarmed except for a few spears. The chief of these people indicated that he wanted to visit the St Jean Baptiste and the Europeans beckoned him to come on board. Foetier described this meeting:

Amongst all the savages in the boat, the one who seemed to be the chief came on board, all alone. When he got to the quarter-deck, he seemed speechless and trembling. He was made much of. Our captain embraced him and led him into his cabin, gave him something to eat, and some liquor to drink. He made him a present of a jacket of coarse red cloth, with green facings and bavaroises and some red trousers. The man let himself be dressed in the jacket, in exchange for which he gave us a dogskin tunic, which covered him from shoulder to mid-calf. We took him into the wardroom, where one of our officers put a shirt on him, over the jacket. [According to Monneron, at this point his people became uneasy about his absence and began to show their displeasure; quite a clamour went up. He showed himself to his people and we understood from his gestures that he was telling them that he was safe.] The man went back to his canoe, seemingly well pleased, but when he got there the fancy took him to remove his new clothes. It was quite a joke to see all his companions doing their best to get the shirt off, without success; they pulled it mostly from the bottom, but once they noticed that by pulling it that way they were tearing it, they saw that this was impossible, and would have spent ages without achieving their aim if the chief had not explained to them that to put it on him we had made him take his arms. After that they took it off easily.

As Monneron commented, "It is easy to imagine the joy felt by our unhappy crew at finding themselves among peoples who had already treated us with humanity." At 10:30 a.m. the canoes went back to land and the ship began to follow them into the bay, tacking several times before sailing close to the eastern coast of Karkari Peninsula, which Labé described as "very high, bare, with arable land". Two pas were noted as they approached the land. Spencer has located these on Jolliffe Point at the centre of Matai Bay, and on Pulueutu Island. Finally, at 9:15 that evening, the St Jean Baptiste anchored in Tokerau, about five miles from the shore. Surville named the bay "Laurence Bay" after Law, the Governor of Fofonderry, and described the landscape in his journal:

This bay seems a lovely place. The nearest heights close to the sea look a little and, except in the hills where there are trees. Near the shorelines, particularly in the curve of the bay there is nothing to be seen but sand dunes [Tokerau Beach], but the second row of mountains on the mainland side look heavily wooded, with fine trees [i.e., the hills beyond Mangomou Harbour to the south-east].

From their anchorage to the south-east of Rangahoa the French could see a small fort on a high, pointed hill beside a "pretty cove" (Rangahoa), with a small sandy beach below it where the people beached their canoes.

At daylight on 18 December eight to ten canoes came out to the St Jean Baptiste, bringing a large quantity of fish, and a crew of four to ten (mainly men, but including several women) to each canoe. Some of the larger canoes were fifty feet long and carried up to twenty-four men armed with spears, clubs of 'black stone' and 'ivory' (whalebone), or a sort of 'shake' dipped with bone. Labé described these people in some detail:

They paint [tattoo] their faces and buttocks like the Kuhlis of the Guinea Coast and put red in their hair, which they arrange like the collars of Indian women; their dress consists in some little cloths which they put about their waists. Some have dog skins sewn together, others wear nothing on their bodies but a Thrum mat with turned corners and incoherent, by way of ornament they hang round their necks a greenish stone like glass which represents a devil figure — I cannot describe it clearly [greenstone tiki]. Others have in their ears pendants of this same stone, 3 or 4 inches long. ½ inches thick, thin and pear-shaped flat. Others have in their ears pieces of dogskin. Some have the skin of a bird to cover their nudity, without passing underneath, others do not hide it at all. They are without modesty and are great thieves, but they do not seem to be dangerous. They do not have fierce faces as do the people at Port Praslin ...

I had forgotten to say that these people put rafts of white feathers on their heads, sometimes black ones; some put them across the foreheads. They all have pierced ears. The designs they put on their faces and their buttocks are the colour of gunpowder. These designs are embossed and well worked. They also put this colour on their lips, red pigment mixed with oil on their hair and some of them on their bodies. The women do the same."

From the evidence of this account the local people were relatively wealthy, with dogskin cloaks, greenstone tiki and pendants, and plentiful facial and body canes. The observation that 'birdkins' (perhaps feathered aprons) were worn (as was later stated, by the women) 'to cover their nudity' is interesting, as a variation on the perfumed grass girdles described by Monckhouse at Anauita. The reference to thieving suggests that as in other districts, goods were sometimes taken without any immediate return being given. In fact vast quantities of fish (enough to feed 400 men) were piled into bales during this meeting in exchange for pieces of blue and white cloth and empty bottles, with some bartering being conducted in sign language (for like Tasman, Surville's men had no useful vocabulary on board). The French were also given several stone paus and one of whalebone. When these exchanges were over several of the local people, including the chief who had previously visited the ship, came on board and were entertained in the captain's cabin.

At two o'clock that afternoon Surville had the longboat lowered with ten soldiers on board and eight oarsmen each armed with a saber. Pottier later described the scene as they rowed towards the land:

All [the] people were scattered here and there on the hills and the shore, and no doubt were doing honour to the new arrival by waving things constantly to one side, as though to create a breeze, while they bent over — some had long-haired skins cloaks, and others had bunches of grass. This ceremony must have been tiring.
Frenchman, a Moorish lascar and two natives of Pondicherry, all of whose bodies were thrown overboard into the bay.

At 5 a.m. on 30 December Surville, Fontier and Labé went back to ‘Refuge Cove’, where Surville hoped to make ‘a cast of the net, and also [to] see whether I could not capture a native, in order to extract from him afterwards whatever knowledge it would be possible to obtain about this country’. The local chief greeted them warmly and gave them cooked and dried fish. In return Surville presented him with blue cloth and some wheat, corn and green peas, which he showed him how to plant. After the French had eaten dinner in the shelter of a grove of trees the local people brought them more dried and cooked fish. The chief invited them to a group of houses on a rise below the pali, where several women danced for them.

There were about 8 or 10 of them grouped around us, amongst whom were three girls or women who danced in front of us for a very long time, trying by all sorts of the most lascivious movements to attract us. Two young men also joined in their dance. Finally, bored with seeing always the same thing (because they went on and on, apparently thinking that we were only difficult to approach, and that they would succeed in the end, after having traded for some dried fish with this little group) we went down. The three females followed us and in a final transport one seized me around the waist, and squeezing me hard in her arms made the most lascivious movements against me. I shook her off and we went about our tasks.

The French crew were so ill and debilitated during their visit to Tockerau that it is unlikely that they had been sexually very active. The women’s dancing on this occasion was probably a performance in honour of their own guests, although given the lack of response there may also have been an element of teasing and teasing in what they were doing. The Endeavour crew after their stay in Tahiti had regarded Maori women as comparatively chaste and modest, and barely commented on the sexual explicitness of some local dancing. The St Jean Baptiste’s men had had no such experience, however, and both Labé and Surville reacted with affronted disgust on this occasion. Later that afternoon the wind blew up again and Surville and Labé took the boats back to the ship.

During the great storm on 28 December the St Jean Baptiste’s yawl had swamped, and on the night of the 30th it must have washed ashore. Early the next morning one of the officers who was surveying the coastline with a telescope saw the yawl stranded on Tockerau Beach, with several local people (whom Surville now for the first time called ‘noirs’, or blacks) looking at it. Surville ordered the longboat lowered and hastily set off towards the beach, but when they arrived the yawl was no longer visible. He and his men ran up and down the sand dunes searching for it, until finally they found a trail where the yawl had been dragged over the dunes as far as a deep, narrow creek, and elder units amongst the reeds or taken along the creek to some nearby lagoons. During their search the sailors had shot some birds and finally in weary frustration they heaved up the cauldron on the beach and made a meal of birds and wild celery. It was the gods.

Over the preceding few days Surville had experienced near-shipwreck, and the prisoner turned out to be the same man who had had dried fish brought to me when I was without food at Refuge Cove in the bad weather. I was touched with the greatest compassion when this poor wrecked man came on board. Recognizing me, and not knowing what his fate would be, he flung himself at my knees, embraced them fervently, then got up and embraced my body just as fervently, with tears in his eyes. He said some incomprehensible things to me, but indicated by signs that he was the one who had had fish brought to me at a time when neither I, nor those who had incurred the misfortune of not being able to regain the vessel, had a single thing to eat. This man appeared to be asking for mercy, or begging me to ask for him. I did my best to console him, and explained to him that we had no wish whatever to harm him. It was useless, he kept on crying, especially when he saw me put on his ankles and keep him prisoner.

Labé, on the other hand, simply described this man’s physical appearance and lamented that Surville had taken only one prisoner:

The islander whom Mr de Surville captured and then took on board is a man of about 30 years and appears very vigorous and alert, 5 feet 2 inches tall, squarely built, and adorned like the Kaffers from the Gambia Coast, long hair tied in a knot, his body the same colour as the peoples of the Coromandel Coast. His clothes consist of a type of dogskin cloak which covers his body. His nudity is not covered with linen. This poor man seems very gentle and quite quiet. I had him put in irons and masts and fear for his fate that he would escape by swimming away. In my
opinion Mr Surville has made a bad mistake in not carrying off a dozen islanders. They would have served us well on board for the menial tasks, since we have already lost 60 men from the crew and have more than 40 still sick."

From Surville's point of view, the 'theft' of the yawl had provided ample justification for burning houses, canoes, nets, and capturing a local chief. From a Maori point of view, however, it was not theft at all, because canoes, whales, sea-mammals and anything else that washed ashore came under the mana of the chief of that place. The capture of this man (whose name was recorded by the French as 'Naguinou' or 'Naquinou', and as 'Ranginui' in local tradition) must have seemed an arbitrary gesture of hostility, as difficult to understand as many other of the French actions had been. A Te Rarau-rangi tradition collected by John White, probably in the 1850s, recorded local memories of this episode:

In the days of ancient times a vessel came to Manganui [here probably used as a term for the entire bay], this we heard from our old people who related this information about these goblins [rupanu] to us. The vessel dropped anchor at Manganui, and a gale came on and the sick people of these salty peoples [maotu] from the other side of the sea were on shore, and the people of Parau tribe attended to and fed these sick people, and they were kind to those white skinned [Pakeha] till the gale subsided, when the chief of the Parau tribe paddled on board [at] the ship to see the goblins, and to see the ship, and the chief who was called Ranginui was tied by orders of the chief of these salty people, and the ship sailed away, and in the sea and sailed away no one knew where. There was not any cause given for which Ranginui was made prisoner by these salty people, nor was there any reason for his being taken out to sea, but for such acts as this the Maori retaliated on the salt sea, and the Maori might have revenge for the evil brought on them by the salty, or those from over the sea."

Surville, however, had no qualms about what he had done. On 31 December after raising anchor and sailing out of the bay, he wrote in his journal:

Seeing that . . . the wind was continuing to blow too strongly for a ship that was down to its last cable and anchor, and having in addition just what I would desire, a savage and a native canoe, and our men being also partly rehabilitated and in a state to undergo a small voyage, I ordered the anchor raised. At 5:00 in the evening we were under sail."

The voyage from Tokerau proved to be anything but short. Surville headed his ship towards Peru, a Pacific crossing that wore both the ship and its crew to tatters and which took more than three months. Ranginui was free from his chains and treated kindly by Surville, who exempted him from work: he slept in the council chamber with the captive from the Solomon Islands. At first he 'sighed and cried often', but Labbé soon reported that he no longer seems sad, laughs with everybody, drinks and eats well and sleeps well; he eats a great deal. From time to time he is afraid that he will be disembowelled then escort that is...
what the islanders do or people they take prisoner in their country. L'Hermone sketched his map in his journal, along with various artefacts including the captured canoe, but he did not survive the voyage. On 24 March 1770, in sight of the Juan Fernandez Islands, Rangnui died of scurvy, and less than two weeks later, Surville drowned in high surf on the bar of Chilca in Peru as he made a desperate effort to seek help from the Spanish for his crew.

THE ST JEAN BAPTISTE ETHNOGRAPHIC ACCOUNTS OF TOKERAI

At the end of their brief visit to Tokerau, Surville, L'Hermone and Monneron wrote generalised descriptions of the place, in Surville's case contrasting and comparing it with 'Port Praslin' in the Solomon Islands. In the description that follows I have combined their generalised comments, under the headings used by Pattier L'Hermone in a relatively detailed account that seems to have been prepared for publication.

The Land

According to Monneron,

No one, before us, had set foot in this country. It was discovered on 13 September 1762 by Abel Tasman, who encountered the same weather on the west coast as we did. He followed the coast from latitude 42° 10' south to 34° 35' south only. Thus everything we have seen in the eastern region has been discovered by the St Jean Baptiste.

This was not true, of course, as we have seen, even given European ideas about 'discovery', for the Endeavour had preceded them on the eastern coastline.

Height, features, and color of these people

Pattier L'Hermone described the people of 'Lauriston Bay' as:

- Fairly tall in general, without being giants [thus contradicting one of the suggestions in Tasman's account]; even quite small people are found, as witnessed by the one

Opposite: 'Plan of Lauriston Bay' has an elaborate explanatory key:

A. Forte en Brisage
B. Seconde en Brisage en Chaveller Cave
C. Sandy Cove where we got water and firewood
D. Holm where the savages' village is
E. Rock in Chaveller Cave
F. Holm where there is another of the savages' villages
G. Forte on the hill for fishing and getting water and wood
H. Big rock or little isle
I. Where the savages sank our little boat
J. How the centaur appears to be good but which we did not visit
K. Where their supposed to be a big river or a cave whose entry was not visible; it was not visited

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what the lightening of the strange god was that had been brought there, but these guns were used on these places, and many of them fell dead. These words said, that many of those who were gazing at the lightening and hearing the thunder were being killed with what they did not know... They could not see what had killed them, but could only hear the voices which the gods uttered. All that could be seen on the corpse was the blood from a wound...  

Leaving a tangle of dead and wounded warriors on the beach, Crozet's party returned to their ships. As they passed Te Hue Bay they saw two battles wear- ing the clothes of their dead comrades. One chief was wearing the spotted velvet jacket Marion had worn on the day he had been killed, and carried his silver- mounted musket, while others were other officers' garments, and one man had de Vaudricourt's cutlass slung across his shoulder. Some of the officers on the longboat urged Crozet to fire the blunderbuss and stone-mortars into the bay. Perhaps sensibly, since the boat was loaded almost to the point of swamping, he would not agree. As soon as they returned to the Mascarin, Crozet, who was now in command of the vessel, ordered a carrousel fired into Te Kauri's village, and sent the longboat with a detachment of soldiers to the camp at Moturua, where great crowds of warriors had gathered. The soldiers landed under the cover of a carrousel fired by the French vessels at the hills above Waipao Bay. By now it was pouring with rain, so Roux issued the seamen he had posted around the island encampment with pieces of sheepskin to keep their musket-boxes dry. All that night they loaded tents, water barrels, the forge and the sick men into boats, and transported them back to the ship. At 11 p.m. the warriors made a fierce attack on the forge, where they were forced back by musketry, and then attacked the entrenched Roux had constructed, retiring after several volleys were fired, having themselves thrown only a few spears and stones. Failing to make any impression on the French dead and wounded, they vanished into the woods near the forge and made no more attacks that night.

The next morning, 14 June, there were even more warriors on the island than before. They threatened the French, displaying Marion's clothes and musket, to try and frighten them into submission. Roux wanted to mount an attack, and at midday he received orders from Crozet to unite his forces, march to the village on the island and drive the warriors off to protect their access to the local water supply. Crozet also ordered some men, women or children to be captured if at all possible, promising the sailors fifty florins for every person brought back to the ships alive. Roux selected twenty-six men, twenty soldiers and six volunteers, arming each with a musket, a pair of belt pistols, a cutlass and forty rounds of ammunition. At one o'clock they set off for Parearoa, marching with bayonets fixed and leaving the encampment guarded by an officer leaving two companies behind, while the rest of the expedition, consisting of the wounded and thirty men. When the people of the paa saw them approaching, they went into their women and children into a fleet of canoes drawn up nearby, and ran into the paa. According to Crozet's chief 'Makou' (Maro) was with them, with five or six other principal fighting men. Roux described this paa as being high on the end of a peninsula with steep cliffs on three sides, surrounded by rows of palisades. The neck of the peninsula was fortified by a veritable wall of rocks and stones, surrouned by three more rows of palisades, surmounted by a fighting-platform which was only two feet square. As the French approached, the people tossed to the palaides as they advanced to stop themselves from falling into the sea. Frenchmen fired in return, hitting one man in the body and also smashing his warriors on the fighting-platform so that their bodies blocked the way for them. They reached the gate without suffering any casualties, only to find it closed and guarded by two chiefs. They attacked the gate by a second attack, but were repulsed. The French then fired and captured the palaides. They took possession of the paa, ordered his men to search the place for treasures, but found no trace of any of their dead comrades, either in the houses or the palaides and the wood. They then attacked the paa itself, but it was found that all of the dead men fought and bit so fiercely, breaking the cordon that no one of them was taken. When a Frenchman was hit by a musket shot in the face, he fell lifeless, but the Frenchmen continued to attack with great bravery. The chief who had been wounded in the face was taken to a place of safety and treated for his wound. When they returned, they found that all of the defenders had been killed, and that the chief who had been wounded had died. As he commented later, 'Certainly these men put up a

DEATH OF THE NOBLE SAVAGE

30-foot fossé and three more rows of palisades, surmounted by a fighting-stage which was only two feet square. As the French approached, the people tossed to the palaides as they advanced to stop themselves from falling into the sea. Frenchmen fired in return, hitting one man in the body and also smashing his warriors on the fighting-platform so that their bodies blocked the way for them. They reached the gate without suffering any casualties, only to find it closed and guarded by two chiefs. They attacked the gate by a second attack, but were repulsed. The French then fired and captured the palaides. They took possession of the paa, ordered his men to search the place for treasures, but found no trace of any of their dead comrades, either in the houses or the palaides and the wood. They then attacked the paa itself, but it was found that all of the dead men fought and bit so fiercely, breaking the cordon that no one of them was taken. When a Frenchman was hit by a musket shot in the face, he fell lifeless, but the Frenchmen continued to attack with great bravery. The chief who had been wounded in the face was taken to a place of safety and treated for his wound. When they returned, they found that all of the defenders had been killed, and that the chief who had been wounded had died. As he commented later, 'Certainly these men put up a