

NEW ZEALAND ILLUSTRATED.

WHANGAROA HARBOUR.

SCENE OF THE BLOWING UP OF THE BOYD.



OWHERE in New Zealand is more interesting or beautiful scenery to be found than in Whangaroa Harbour, which is, however, only just beginning to attract the attention of tourists and lovers of the picturesque. It is easily reached by steamer from Auckland, and whether the tourist be an artist in search of pretty 'bits,' an antiquary interested in early New Zealand history, or merely a lazy admirer of the beautiful, he cannot fail to find a perfectly astonishing number of things to interest and delight him. The entrance to the Whangaroa Harbour is a

sufficient evidence to disturb the common belief. All that is or can be known of the occurrence comes from native testimony, and though a Maori or Maoris may lie for the occasion, they do not persist in untruth. If they have been lying, sooner or later they will confess the truth.

George's father, we know, was among those who lost their lives when the powder on board the vessel exploded after the human fest was over, and it would have been his duty to avenge the indignity offered to his son, if such had occurred.

The supercargo of the ship *City of Edinburgh*, a Mr Alexander Barry, was the first narrator of the massacre, and he being dependant on Maori testimony, which he could only imperfectly understand, was not likely to present an impartial and correct record of what had taken place. He, moreover, left the country early in January, a few days only

sociated with him also gave to two chiefs who lived on Koroareka beach a similar letter to that sent to Sydney and to the owner of the vessel, to be exhibited to ship-masters trading to the Bay of Islands. This letter tells the story of the *Boyd* as Barry believed it to have occurred :

(COPY.)

The masters of ships frequenting New Zealand are directed to be careful in admitting many of the natives on board, as they may be cut off in a moment by surprise.

These are to certify that during our stay in this harbour we had frequent reports of a ship being taken by the natives in the neighbouring harbour of Whangaroa, and that the ship's crew were killed and eaten. In order to ascertain the truth of this report, as well as to rescue a few people who were said to be spared in the general massacre, Mr Barry, accompanied by Mr Russell and Metanganga, a principal chief in the Bay of Islands, who volunteered his services, set out for Whangaroa in three armed boats, on Sunday, the 31st December, 1830, and upon their arrival they found the miserable remains of the ship *Boyd*, Captain John Thompson, which the natives, after stripping of everything of value, had burnt down to the water's edge. From the handsome conduct of Metanganga they were able to rescue a boy, a woman, and two children, the only survivors of this shocking event, which according to the most satisfactory information, was perpetrated entirely under the direction of that old rascal Te Pahi, who had been so much and so undeservingly caressed at Port Jackson.

This unfortunate vessel, intending to load with spars, was taken three days after her arrival. The natives informed the master the second day that they would show the spars the next day. In the morning Te Pahi arrived from Te Puna, and went aboard. He staid only a few minutes, and then went into his canoe, but remained alongside the vessel, which was surrounded by a considerable number of canoes, which appeared collected for the purpose of trading, and a considerable number of the natives gradually intruded into the ship and sat down upon the deck. After breakfast the master left the ship with two boats to look out for spars, Te Pahi, after waiting a convenient time, now gave the signal of massacre. In an instant the savages, who appeared sitting peacefully upon deck, rushed upon the unarmed crew, who were dispersed under the direction of that old rascal Te Pahi, who had been so much and so undeservingly caressed at Port Jackson. A great part were massacred in a moment, and were no sooner knocked down than they were cut up while still alive: five or six of the hands escaped up the rigging. Te Pahi, now having possession of the ship, hailed them with a speaking trumpet, and ordered them to unbend the sails and cut away the rigging, and they should not be hurt. They complied with his commands, and afterwards came down. He then took them ashore in his canoe, and afterwards killed them. The master went ashore without arms, and, of course, was easily despatched.

The names of the survivors are: Mrs Nanny Morley and child, Hedy Broughton, and Thomas Davis, boy. The natives of the spar district in this harbour have behaved well even beyond expectation, and seem much concerned on account of this unfortunate event; and desiring the displeasure of King George, have requested certificates of their good conduct, in order to exempt them from his vengeance; but let no man after this trust a New Zealander.

We further certify that we have left with the bearer, Mete George, a jolly blackboy, who belongs to the boat round to Whangaroa, who has always behaved in the best manner.

SIMEON PATTISON,
ALEX. BARRY, Supercargo,
JAMES RUSSELL, Mate.

Given on board the ship *City of Edinburgh*, Captain S. Pattison, Bay of Islands, 6th January, 1831.

Tea behaved very well, and all his tribe. For that reason I gave him several gallons of oil. I came in January 17th, and sailed on January 23th, 1831.

W. SWAIN,
Ship Cumberland.

The report published in the *Sydney Gazette* soon, however, came to be questioned in Sydney. It was too improbable to be trusted, when men had time to examine the evidence on which it rested, and on the 1st of September, 1830, the *Gazette* gave to the story another version, which Captain Chase, of the Governor Bligh, had obtained from a native of Otaheite, who had most probably absconded from the *City of Edinburgh* in the December previous. According to the Otaheitian the natives who were passengers on board the *Boyd*, being displeased with their treatment during the voyage, knowing Captain Thompson's intention to take in a load of spars at Whangaroa, smothered their anger, and being applied to by him for assistance in procuring the timber, sought to entice him on shore to select the trees he desired to obtain.

The narrative thus continues:—The captain was thereby prevailed on to leave the vessel, accompanied by his chief officer, with three boats manned, to get the spars on board. The natives who had arrived in the ship being of the party, which was accompanied by a number of others in their canoes, the boats were conducted to a river, on entering which they were out of sight of the ship, and after proceeding some distance up, Captain Thompson was invited to land and mark the spars he wanted. The boats landed accordingly, the tide being then beginning to ebb, and the crews followed to assist in the work. The guides led the party through various paths that were least likely to answer the desired end, thus delaying the premeditated attack until the boats should be left by the influence of the tide sufficiently high to prevent an escape, which part of the horrible plan accomplished, they became insolent and rude, ironically pointing at decayed fragments and inquir-



ST. PETER'S WHANGAROA.

very narrow one, and is almost hidden by the outlying islands—so much so, indeed, that anyone not knowing the entrance between the heads might easily miss the harbour altogether. Immediately inside the said heads are two strangely picturesque rocks so washed and worn by the water as to form striking resemblances to the Sphinx. One looks as if it were ornamented with a feather, but the other is almost startling in its resemblance to the Sphinx, with the photographs of which all are familiar. (Once inside the harbour, in fact, there are almost endless things for study and admiration. The two fine rock-crowned eminences—St. Peter's (of which we give a picture) on the one hand and St. Paul's on another—then there is Peach Island where Hongi used to keep his prisoners. There too, the Twelve Apostles, the celebrated profiles of Gladstone, Wellington, and the Duke of Edinburgh seen in the rock as if sculptured. The caves, too, with Maori skeletons attract many, and those who take an interest in modern industries will make visits of inspection to the numerous great sawmills in the vicinity. Whangaroa has always been a great place for kauri, and in olden times all the ships could put in there for spars. It was on a trip for spars that the *Boyd* met her destruction. As this disaster is really one of the most interesting stories in New Zealand history, and certainly the story in connection with Whangaroa, we shall quote it in full, feeling sure that many people will like to send copies to friends in other parts of the world:—

There are so many versions of the narrative of the wreck of the *Boyd*, that the story is a hard one to tell. There were only four survivors among some seventy souls, and of these two were children, little girls, and one a boy of fifteen: the fourth, a woman, died soon after the mishap. The outlines of the crime are, however, clearly defined.

A ship called the *Boyd*, belonging to Mr George Brown, sailed from Sydney with some seventy Europeans and several Maoris on board, and putting into Whangaroa to load with spars, all her European passengers and crew were killed, cooked, and eaten, save the four above mentioned. The ship became a castaway, and her cargo was destroyed.

The common and accepted account is that the crew and the passengers were murdered to avenge the flogging of a chief named Tara, called George by the Europeans. There is not

after he had rescued the survivors, whom he took with him, and consequently had neither time nor opportunity to sift the details he heard from his native friends and transmitted to Sydney.

He also sent an account of the tragedy to the owner of the vessel, Mr George Brown, who gave the letter to his brother-in-law, Mr Constable, an extensive publisher and bookseller in Edinburgh, who published it with some remarks of his own in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, and subsequently in the fourth volume of his 'Miscellany.' Mr Barry and those as-



THE SPHINX, WHANGAROA.