



F. E. Maning, æt. 68.

Old New Zealand:

A TALE OF THE GOOD OLD TIMES.

AND

A HISTORY OF THE WAR IN THE NORTH AGAINST
THE CHIEF HEKE, IN THE YEAR 1845, TOLD
BY AN OLD CHIEF OF THE NGAPUHI
TRIBE.

ALSO

MAORI TRADITIONS.

BY A PAKEHA MAORI.

With an Introduction by Dr. HOCKEN, F.L.S.



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БИБЛИОТЕКА
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ИМ. В. И. ЛЕНИНА

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INTRODUCTION.

FROM various sources and through many years I have gathered such details as enable me to present the following sketch of Frederick Edward Maning, whose name must ever live as the author of those two incomparable sketches of old native life and customs, "Old New Zealand" and the "War in the North." My chief informants were his two most intimate friends, Mr. John Webster of Opononi, who still at the age of ninety years remains the oldest as well as one of the most respected settlers on the Hokianga River; and Mr. Spencer von Sturmer so long connected with native affairs in the same district.

Maning was born in Dublin on the 5th of July, 1811, being grandson, on his mother's side, of the Rev. John Barrett, D.D., Vice-Provost of Trinity College and Professor of Oriental Languages in that University—a man clever, eccentric and humorous, and though an amiable Christian and clergyman, somewhat addicted to cursing and swearing, all of which

qualities were certainly transmitted to his grandson. During the considerable early emigration to Tasmania, or Van Diemen's Land as it was then called, his father sailed in 1824 to Hobart Town in the ship *Ardent*, there to take up land with his family. His name, however, appears in the records as a clerk, and later as chief clerk, in the Customs' Service. Two of his three sons afterwards engaged in mercantile pursuits and traded in the South Seas, and the father being a man of culture certainly ensured for them whatever education could be procured in the young colony. Of Maning's life in Hobart little or nothing is known and he referred to it afterwards with reticence, but from the glimpses he has given of his later life—the life he loved so well—and from his nationality it may be safely concluded that he was even then “a broth of a boy.” In the stirring times of his early youth, adventure and escapade were plentiful enough, and he made no secret that the bushrangers of that period would never interfere with him. Perhaps they discovered in some way that he possessed a courage and recklessness surpassing their own. To such a man what glorious possibilities life in New Zealand must have held forth. Every whaler and trader brought back stories of that