

March 1879 Te Whiti's men march down to the Plains and tell the surveyors to leave. They pack their supplies in hay-lined drays and escort surveyors back to the far side of the Waingongaro River.



4

May 1879 Ploughing begins. Small bands of Maori go to farms of settlers living on confiscated land and plough furrows through their pasture. They work from daylight to dark all over Taranaki.



5

August 1879 Ploughmen don't resist. They go to jail cheerfully and others take their place. Strangers come to work with local Maori. The Taranaki jails overflow. 200 Maori have been arrested but most of them are not brought to trial.



7

European settlers are angry. Government enrolls them in militias and arms are issued. Farmers begin drilling for battle. Government begins to arrest the ploughmen.



6

September 1880 Bryce (Native Minister) wants to invade Parihaka. He is told to stop taking prisoners. He resigns. Overseas newspapers are carrying the Parihaka story.



14

October 1860 Government begins to free some prisoners from the South Island where they had been taken. Some are very ill. Government starts to lay out Maori reserves.



15

July 1881 Maori have planted crops on land Government has set aside for sale. Police are sent to pull down fences. Maori rebuild them and post guards.



17

June 1881 The last prisoners march onto Parihaka Marae.



16

A meeting on the Parihaka Marae, 1896.



The Charge of Parihaka adapted from "The Charge of the Light Brigade" by Tennyson

Yet a league, yet a league,
Yet a league onward,
Straight to the Maori *pah*
Marched the Twelve Hundred.
"Forward the Volunteers!
Is there a man who fears?"
Over the ferny plain
Marched the Twelve Hundred.

"Forward!" the Colonel said:
Was there a man dismayed?
No, for the heroes knew
There was no danger.
Theirs not to reckon why,
Theirs not to bleed or die,
Theirs but to trample by,
Each dauntless ranger.

Pressmen to right of them,
Pressmen to left of them,
Pressmen in front of them,
Chuckled and wondered.
Dreading their country's eyes,
Long was the search and wise;
Vain, for the pressmen five
Had, by a slight device,
Foiled the Twelve Hundred.

Gleamed all their muskets bare,
Fright'ning the children there;
Heroes to do and dare,
Charging a village, while
Maoridom wondered
Plunged in potato fields,
Honour to hunger yields,
Te Whiti and Tohu,
Bearing not swords or shields,
Questioned nor wondered,
Calmly before them sat,
Faced the Twelve Hundred.

Children to right of them,
Children to left of them,
Women in front of them,
Saw them and wondered.
Stormed at with jeer and groan,
Foiled by the five alone,
Never was trumpet blown
O'er such a deed of arms
Back with their captives three,
Taken so gallantly,
Rode the Twelve Hundred.

When can their glory fade?
Oh! the wild charge they made!
New Zealand wondered
Whether each doughty soul
Paid for the pigs he stole,
Noble Twelve Hundred!.

*Jessie MacKay, young daughter of a
Canterbury shepherd*