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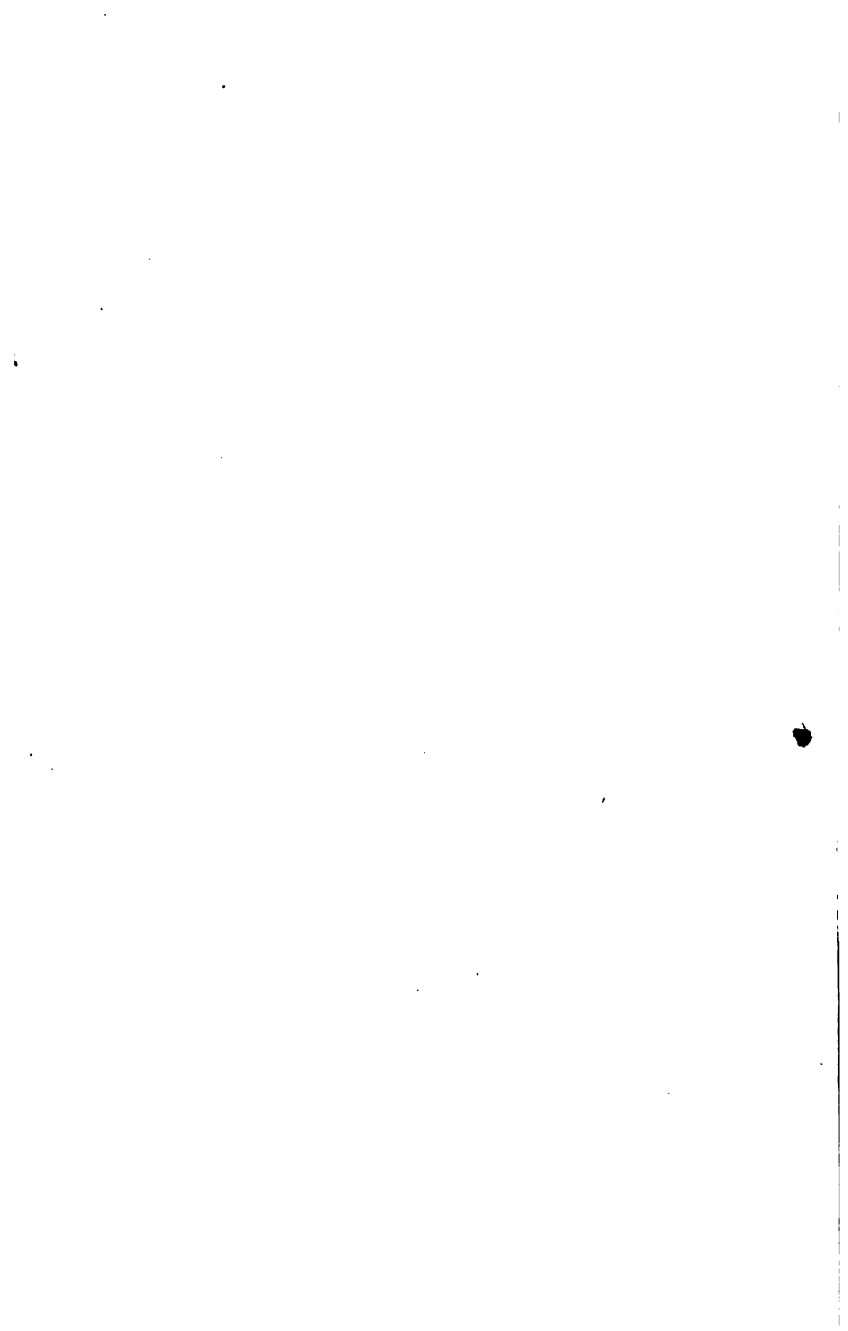
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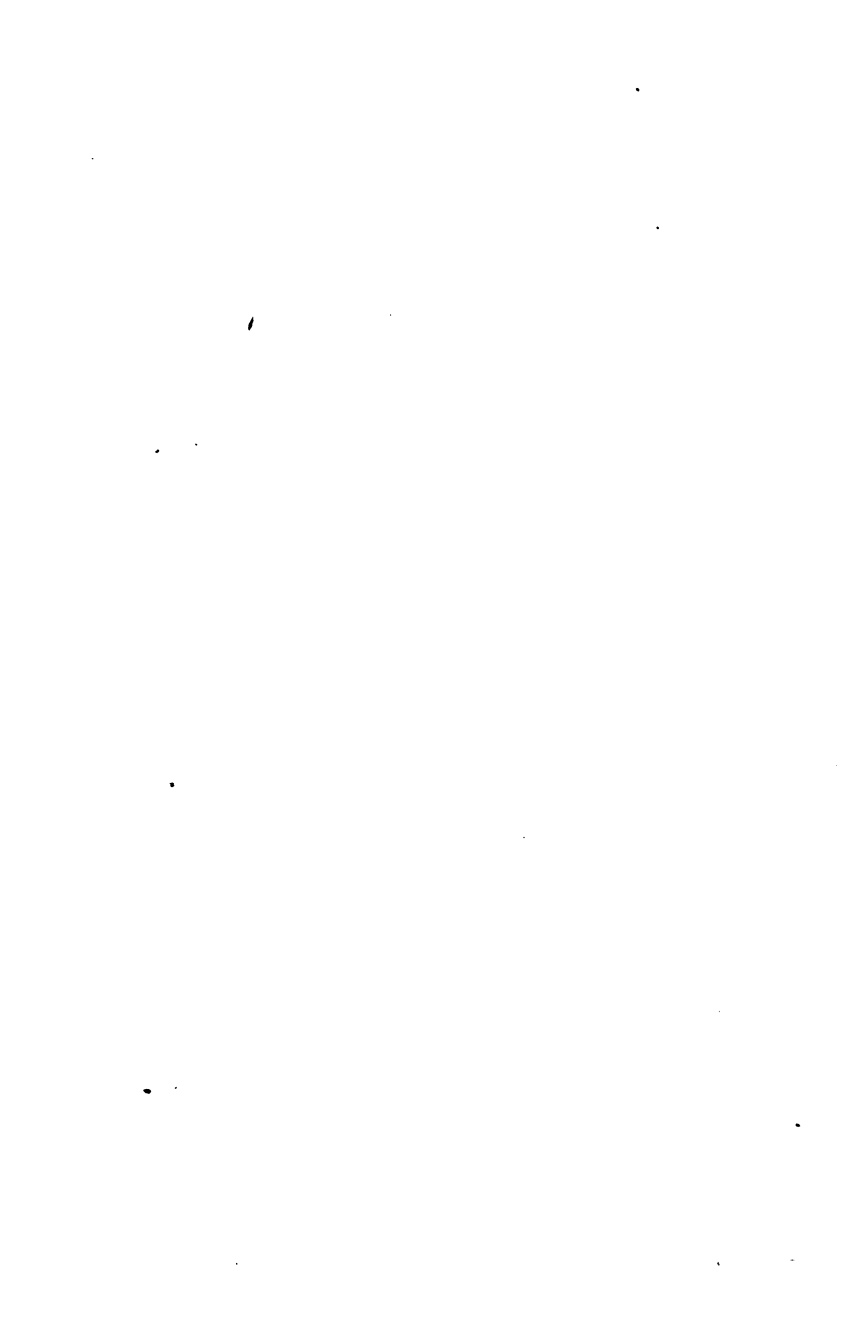
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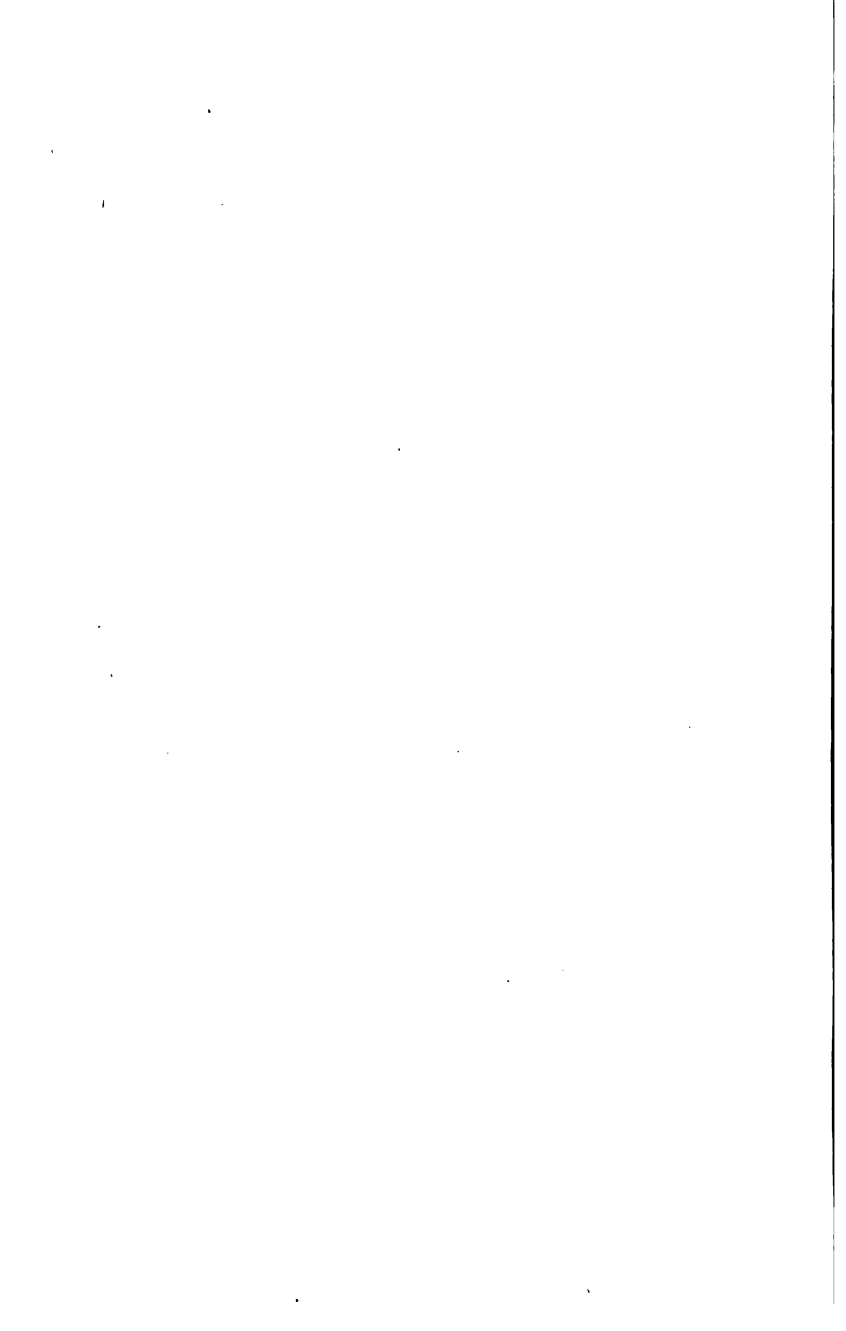


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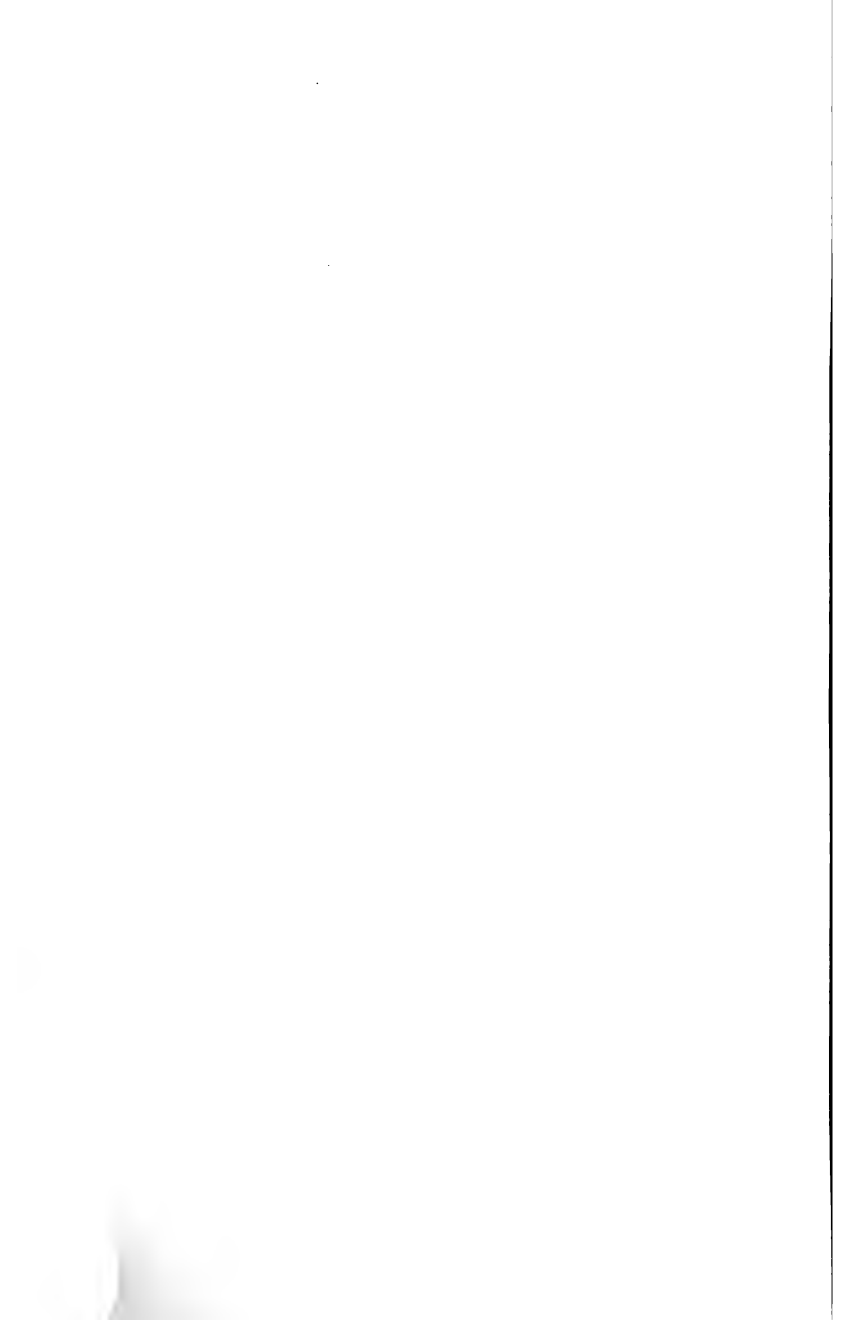
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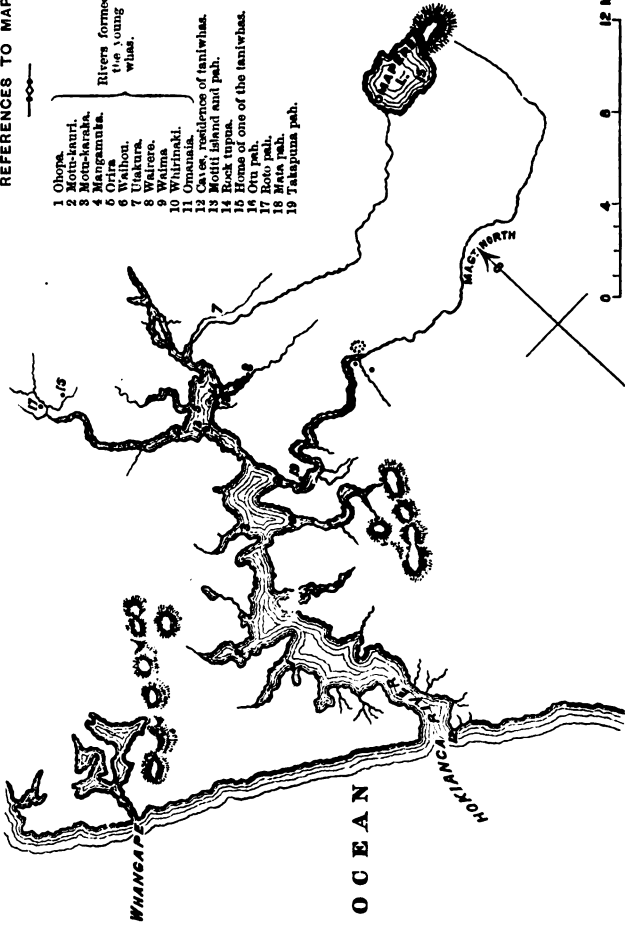




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REFERENCES TO MAP.

- 1 Ohopa.
 2 Mottu-kauri.
 3 Mottu-karaka.
 4 Mangamaha.
 5 Orira.
 6 Waihou.
 7 Uakura.
 8 Waireu.
 9 Waitma.
 10 Whirinaki.
 11 Omauasia.
 12 Caves, residence of Taniwhas.
 13 Mottiti Island and pah.
 14 Rock tupua.
 15 Home of one of the Taniwhas.
 16 Oru pah.
 17 Roko pah.
 18 Iruta pah.
 19 Takapuna pah.
- Rivers formed by the young Taniwhas.



TE ROU;

OR,

THE MAORI AT HOME.

A Tale,

EXHIBITING THE SOCIAL LIFE, MANNERS, HABITS,
AND CUSTOMS OF THE MAORI RACE IN NEW
ZEALAND PRIOR TO THE INTRODUCTION
OF CIVILISATION AMONGST THEM.

BY

JOHN WHITE,

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P R E F A C E.

THIS volume is intended to be the first of a series designed to illustrate, or rather to exhibit, in as truly a lifelike form as possible, the Maori of the pre-civilisation period.

Having lived from his youth amongst the Maories, the writer has had peculiar opportunities of becoming acquainted with their modes of thought and expression, with their everyday life, their legends, their mythology, and even with their sacred language, incantations, and rites, now known only to their few old "tohungas," or priests. To embalm the knowledge so acquired of a highly developed yet savage race, fast disappearing, has been the object of the writer.

The tale contained in the present volume is not fiction. Though woven together in the form of a tale, as that most convenient for lifelike representation, the places mentioned are all real, as may be seen on the accompanying map; the incidents are all true, and have occurred; the personages are all real, though the names have been slightly altered to avoid unnecessary offence to the living; the native mode of expression has been carefully followed; and the songs, proverbs, and incantations are trustworthy (though, perhaps, in some respects imperfect) reproductions of the ancient originals.

The series of volumes will comprise within it the

Maori legends of the Creation of Man and of the Flood; of the qualities and uses of created things, and of the rites and ceremonies connected with each; of the origin of the gods, their powers, attributes, and agency; of the incantations, rites, and ceremonies by which these gods may be invoked and appeased; of the original home of the people, and their migrations up to their arrival in New Zealand; and of the transformations of man, the abode of spirits, and the final extinction of the soul.

Each volume will be complete in itself, exhibiting special characteristics of the Maori character.

The present volume, or tale, exhibits truthfully the everyday life, habits, and character of the pre-civilisation Maori; and as such may be accepted by scientific men as a contribution towards a knowledge of the past from one who, having no pretensions to scientific acquirements, writes from a personal knowledge and observation of the accuracy of the information conveyed.

The writer acknowledges with pleasure the assistance afforded him in explaining native names of plants and birds by the valuable works of Dr. Hooker 'On the Flora,' and of Dr. Buller 'On the Birds of New Zealand.'

JOHN WHITE.

Grafton Road, Auckland, 1874.

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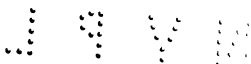
Waihou took the lead, leaving his home, a cave fifty feet above the level of the sea, on the coast which faces the setting sun. After he had made considerable progress in his trench-digging, the others followed his track, starting at different times, and branching off to the right or left according to the progress they made or the difficulties they met with. Waihou dug on until he came to a flat country, and finding the climate warmer and more congenial to his feelings than the raw west-coast air, he made a large hole with his tail, and took up his abode there. This was the origin of the Omapere lake.

After leaving Waihou's track, Waima, not knowing the course his brother had taken, went in a southerly direction for some distance, then turning to the north-east, he suddenly found him in his new home.

Orira, while making his way to certain mountains, the interior of which he wished to see, was crossing a low country, where he was met by a giant (there were giants in the land in those days), who questioned him. Orira answered him tartly, upon which the giant gave him a blow on the head, thus ending his life, and preventing any further attempt at trench-making.

Mangamuka followed nearly the same direction as Orira; but, in attempting to get into the interior of the mountains towards which his brother was going, he encountered a Tupua¹ (in the shape of a large stone)

¹ A spirit having the power of transforming itself into any inanimate thing.



asleep, who refused to be thrown out of the way. The tupua put an end to his further progress by spouting a shower of water out of a hole in his back into the taniwha's eyes, which sent Mangamuka home in disgust.

Every branch of the river¹ had its origin from one of Araiteuru's sons taking a tour. One of them, a young fellow named Ohopa, was so enraged by the number of rocks he encountered, that he took a deep hatred to every living thing, and to this day he is the terror of the Panguru range of mountains. Another, Wairere, met with many boulders, and wishing to verify his tale, attempted to carry one home on his back. When he reached the point where he had diverged from Waihou's track, he was so exhausted that he fell asleep with the boulder on his head, and there he remains to this day, only partially awakening at times. When any canoe is upset on this stone, it is caused by Wairere, who is partially awake, and is taking revenge because of his unsuccessful attempt to see the country.

Early one summer's morning, an aged chief was sitting on his mat in front of his hut. He looked northward, up the Mangamuka river, and mused over the days of his boyhood. "Ah! yonder are the hills where, in the days of my youth, I caught the rat, the kiwi,² the weka,³ and the titi!"⁴ Holding out his

¹ The Hokianga river; *vide* map.

² *Apteryx Mantelli*, Buller's 'N. Z. Birds,' p. 358.

³ *Ocydromus Earli*, *ibid.* p. 165.

⁴ *Puffinus brevicaudus*, *ibid.* p. 315.

arm and addressing it, he said: "How slender and wrinkled you look! How small the muscles appear which once had power to wield the spear that pierced my enemies! Your skin looks like a partly dried mud-hole, after a heavy summer shower. You are all covered with holes, hills, and valleys. Well, never mind; I can tell Rou. On the last day of my life he shall hear from my lips a full and exact account of all the unavenged wrongs I have suffered from my enemies. O my son, Rou! thou art of the line of chiefs; as thou hast learnt from my lips the knowledge that leads thy limbs to action, and thy soul to flash in thine eyes like sparks of fire, to thee I may leave, as an heirloom, my injunction to obtain revenge for me after my death. My heart is great now that I know that my son will uphold my rank as a warrior, and I shall not die like a coward."

Tare was thus talking to himself when his son Rou came up to him and said: "Tare, you once promised to tell me the history of our island home. I am going up to Mangamuka with a few young men; but as the tide is full we shall have to wait till low water, and in the meantime let us sit here, and you can teach me all about our island pah,¹ Motiti."

"Where have you been to-day?" asked Tare.

"I have just had my morning meal, that is all," answered Rou.

"I thought you had been out catching fish—hence my question; for had you been out fishing, I should

¹ An inclosed fortified place.

have had to repeat an incantation over you before I could have taught you. The history of our small island forms part of our sacred knowledge, and could not be taught to any one who had been near raw food until a karakia¹ had been repeated over him."

"I am listening," answered Rou.

"You must know that a taniwha, named Araiteuru, lived on the south head of the river, and that in olden times she sent her sons to cut trenches all over the country. The eldest commenced at the ocean shore, and as he went on the sea-water followed him; the others went in his track, and thus this river in which is our island pah was formed. Not many summers after, our ancestors came across the sea in a canoe, named Mamari, and arrived in this river; they came in search of a man who had left his home beyond the horizon, whose name was Rui. I will tell you about him some other time. Our canoe met that of another migration of people; their leader was Kupe; he told our ancestor, Nukutawhiti, that he had just left a large river, which he had named Hokianga-o-Kupe (Kupe's return).

"That river is where we now live. The canoe Mamari, after entering the river, came up here, where she left her ballast, which formed this island. Such is the origin of our pah.

"You have also seen the rocks at the mata,² just visible at low water, and the large one inshore of the others, which is at high-water mark. O my son Rou! that

¹ Incantation.

² Promontory.

large stone, called Tokawhero, was the buoy, and the others in the water were the anchors of Mamari. You know that our tribe is named Kopura, and that we are a sub-tribe of Puhī, for the name of Puhī was given to those who are the offspring of Nukutawhiti. There are many sub-tribes living on the branches of this great river, all belonging to the Puhī, but disputes about land and women have at different times caused wars, and there still exists much ill-feeling among them. On some future occasion, when I am going west with the setting sun, I will tell you the history of my life, in order that you may take revenge upon those from whom I have not obtained satisfaction for injuries I have sustained. Go up to Mangamuka, my son; but act as a chief. Be on your guard, for the sons of Rutu live near our tribe, and they have much to revenge. In former days there was a set time for our people to catch rats at Rata. We went there—I was quite young then—and when we had reached our line on yon mountain ridge which you see between the Taniwhā peaks, where our ancestors had for ages set traps to catch rats, we found the sons of Rutu already there, taking the rats from the traps we had set over-night. Papa, their chief, was with them, and I singled him out from the rest, and challenged him to single combat, that I might chastise them for their theft. Being old, he would not deign to accept the challenge of a youth; which so enraged me, that I lifted my spear in the attitude of the marangai,¹ and went up to him, calling him a

¹ The principal posture of defence with the spear.

coward. One of his people struck at me with his wahaika;¹ but I parried the blow with my hani,² and the next blow he gave I laid him low, and as silent as the root of the tree on which he fell.

“I then pierced Papa with the tongue end of my hani. He fell, but not dead; I stood over him, he would not ask for his life, but smiled at my uplifted weapon, the next blow of which broke into pieces the lines of the tattooing on his brow. Thus we taught the sons of Rutu not to tread on the ridges where we had the sole right of catching rats. O my son Rou! be like the rat—look all around you in all your travelling, lest at any time an old enemy come upon you. Be on your guard, and on no account forget the incantations I have taught you for your spear in war, for your canoe in a storm, for your legs to have speed to catch your enemies.

“But, above all, in your travels, do not cook or eat food near a place where any of our tribe of Puhī have been left by the priests. Go, my son, and see your brothers, and children, and fathers, at Te Roto. O my son Rou! be careful of Hanpa and Kaito, who live at Otu.

“They are the persons who have to revenge the death of Papa, whom I killed. You know how they obtained the land on which they now live. Being descended from a common ancestor, we once gave a

¹ A long-handled wooden hatchet, from the head of which hangs a tassel of hawks' feathers.

² A carved wooden spear.

feast, to which Papa and his tribe were invited. They came in canoes from one of the lower bends of the river, and while at Pukahu one of their young chiefs was drowned. His body was washed up on that place, and our fathers gave them the land on which Otu stands to appease the grief of the relatives of the young chief. You know Tuawera, who is their priest. He is a restless man, and, like the pigeon-hawk, he will lie in wait to catch any bird off his guard. Be careful, my son. It is true that Tupu and Moka, who are at Waima, can avenge any insult; but a live son is better to me than the shark's-tooth or green-stone of many generations which are now in my ears."

Te Rou and his companions left for Te Roto, where they arrived without meeting with anything unusual.

Te Roto is a small pah, about three miles from Otu. The inhabitants, who are members of the Kopura tribe, numbered about seventy-five.

The principal body of the Rutu tribe lived near the heads of the river, in Omanaia, and were very restless and overbearing in their conduct towards the other sub-tribes of Puhī. A small number of the Rutu, consisting of Haupa (the mother of Papa), Kaito, her son, and about twenty-five others, resided in Otu. Tuawera, a ventriloquist, and the priest of the Rutu tribe, a man of superior intellect compared with the generality of chiefs, had often urged Kaito to avenge the death of Papa, saying, "I will becloud the eyes of the Kopura warriors by my incantations, and you can kill them

like so many pigeons on the forest trees. They shall nod their heads to and fro, like that bird, in their attempt to see, while you can take your time to kill them." This promise had been given years before, and Kaito, watching for an opportunity, had not yet found one to put his wishes into effect.

CHAPTER II.

NEWS OF THE MURDERS AT OTU PAH, AND COUNCIL
OF REVENGE.

“WHAT do young men know? I know that there will be a battle ere long; did you not see the star near the moon last night? And has it not been believed from time immemorial by those who must have known better than us of these times, and as the old proverb says, ‘A star to bite the moon is a prognostic of battle’? That there will be a fight or murder soon I am sure.” Thus said Kui, who was the speaker. “Hush! Was not that the war-cry I heard?”

The old woman—for old she was, and decrepit—held her breath, as her heart beat with fear, and her limbs quivered with agitation, when again was heard the death-tolling war-cry, “Whākariki! Whākariki!” The children and women of the pah gave a yell of fear, while the old and infirm crouched themselves into a sitting posture of despair. The young men and those who had been in battle sprang to their weapons of war, and formed in battle square.

The chief Rou addressed them, and said: "Who the enemy may be I cannot tell; but this I do know: we are few in number, which I count a good omen. Last night I dreamt I was spearing pigeons, when a hawk came to take one off the tree; I threw a spear at him, and killed the thief. This speaks for us. Does not the proverb say, 'A few as a war-party are sure to conquer'? Fear not! The stones of our ovens shall be slaked with the oil of their limbs, which are now so supple and step so firmly towards our pah. Be brave!" Thus saying, he put on a dogskin mat, tied a girdle round his waist, and stood in the centre of the pah, waiting the arrival of the man who had uttered the dreadful cry.

The women were crying to each other in low and plaintive songs composed by those who had, through war, been left widows; while the children sat crouching by their mothers, waiting with savage glee, mixed with an undefined fear, the solution of a dreaded something they had not seen; and the young men were actively employed in fastening the entrances to the pah. The cry came from a forest, and, echoing in the mountains, sounded with awful fulness on the ears of the listening inhabitants of the pah, sending through their hearts a thrill of fear, and a feeling as if death had already possession of them.

The pah was built on a plain of fern, and surrounded by mountains; a pebbly creek flowed by on the south side, on the margin of which it stood. The pah had been secured when one of a party of three, who had

gone off in the middle of the day, arrived, and, standing on the other side of the brook, called to those in the pah to prepare for action. Then fording the creek, which took him up to the waist, with a fierce countenance, and out of breath, he stood in the middle of the pah near to Te Rou. Sticking the end of his spear in the ground, and bending forward, still holding it with both hands, he, in a voice quivering with rage and sorrow, yet low and mournful, chanted, while tears fell fast down his youthful cheeks :—

“ Ask for the moon to rise,
 For we have not risen yet.
 Twice twelve moons have past
 On their rage, and still
 It fiercely burns on us.
 Who should be our enemy,
 Or who so strong to loose
 The band that binds my
 Spear in peace? High as
 The rainbow’s arch in heaven
 Are the wrongs which they
 Have done me. I will lead
 You on; despair shall prompt
 The act. They repeated twice
 The deed, and twice the taunt
 Repeat. Oh! that I could breathe
 Out my rage, and wield
 O’er them the power of this arm
 As yet untaught in arts of war.”

Then straightening himself up, and pacing some twenty yards with his spear firmly clenched in his hand, he continued: “ You all know that three of us left you this morning to amuse ourselves in the forest; and where think you the other two are? I stand alone

—nor shall they ever sport with me again in the forest as we were wont to do. We went, and, after following the course of many a brook, and feasting on the eels we caught, we came at last to that rivulet which passes near the sacred hill on which our ancestors' bones now lie. We crossed its foot, and followed its windings, and found ourselves at last at Otu pah, where we were pressed to stay. The smoke of the hangi¹ began to curl upward while I sat in the hut which shelters him who long has been our foe. We sat in stupid silence. Suddenly I heard a blow, as though a head were struck by a foe. I sprang to my feet. Thine only son, O Kui, lay silent as the earth on which he was stretched. I stood—I know not how—I stood over him, to guard the body from the foe. His kinsman, while struggling with a warrior of old, was soon even as thy son. I fled—say not in fear. I came to tell, and seek redress for thy children's death, which else had never been heard.”

He then went and rubbed noses with all the people in the pah, and by that time the wailing had become general, and sound of it was heard like a horrible din.

After the noise made by those who wept aloud had partially subsided, Kui rose on her feet, and throwing off all her garments but one, with the sudden impulse of rage she appeared young again. With a stone club in her hand she paced a short distance, and said, “Cursed be the dogs who have thus dealt with me! May their heads be used by children for balls; may

¹ Native oven.

their flesh be used to catch eels with; may their bones be used as barbs for fishing hooks; may their intestines be twisted into knots by the gods; may they be cooked and eaten by slaves! Had the father of my boy been alive they would not have dared to do this; but since he slept all bravery has died. Slaves only live now. Well said the proverb, 'Their bravery is in eating food, my child.' We are all children, or before to-morrow's sun has risen they who now mock us would have gone down the Pohutukawa root at the Reinga. I will avenge them. Tuhua's glass¹ can cut deep, and from my own veins give blood enough to look at, which will make you of this once brave tribe turn cowards. I knew the time when a word of insult given to our fathers would have deluged the earth with blood. Live on, you cowards! sons of fathers who if they were alive would disown you. Live!—when you are old enough you can be made to cook for those who trembled at your father's name!"

The old woman, having spent her strength in this sneering speech to her tribe, sat down quite exhausted. She commenced to cry in a low tone, hiding her head in a rough mat.

Then a chief, who had seen his enemy's spear-points in many a battle, rose, and stood looking for some time at the people. He then walked backward and forward, at every turn kicking the dust from under his feet, and in a frenzied passion asked, "Who does our mother call cowards? How dead your memory

¹ Obsidian.

must be. Did you not see the heads of those who fell by our hands but a few moons ago? Did you not put those very heads on the four corner sticks to which you fastened the web of the mat you were making, and in which you now hide your head? Cry, and fill yourself with crying, and perhaps your tears will baptize us into brave men. What did the father of your boy do? You can tell us the men he slew, and call to the slaves now in our pah which he took in war. Can you teach us to be brave? Let the dead sleep, and all they have done, save the deeds of daring, which we can imitate."

Te Rou now rose, and, very slowly pacing a few yards, said, "The sun has set, nor will the moon rise over the top of Tamioha. This is not the time for taunting. Watch well the pah, and at intervals cry the pass-word, to let prowlers know it were not well for them to venture near; for the sons of Puhi never sleep soundly save when blood for blood has slaked revenge. Ere midnight has passed we can each say his word; but let not reckless youth be bold of speech in the war council."

The chiefs now assembled in the carved house which stood on one side of the pah, near the grave of Te Ipu, the father of one of the murdered youths. The house was forty feet long by twenty-eight wide, and about ten feet high; a verandah shaded the front; the eave-boards were carved from end to end; in the centre was the face of a man fully tattooed, and the tongue, which protruded, was as large as the rest of the face.

The posts of the verandah were also carved. The sides were made by tying the swamp-reed¹ side by side, giving it the appearance of being fluted. The door was a broad piece of wood sliding in a groove at the top and bottom; this was marked with red-ochre and the juice of the poporo² in scroll. In the end of the house there was a small piece of board, similarly made and marked as the door, which was opened to let the heat of the fire out, there being no chimney. The sides of the interior were lined with reeds; the ends of the rafters were carved, the middle being covered with scrolls in red-ochre. The floor was covered with dry grass, over which were mats made of the flax leaf, split into shreds and plaited, on which each chief sat cross-legged, and wrapped in his mat. In the centre of the house there was a square hole lined with four flat stones, in which burnt the bark of the rimu,³ giving a fire which made no smoke. The flooring mats were scented with a sweet-smelling grass, named karetu.⁴

After all were assembled, silence reigned for some time. To Rou was the first speaker. He said, "We are but few, and our enemy is strong: what we do must be done promptly. To pass over such an unprovoked insult would be to end in the truth of the accusations of cowardice to-day heaped on us by one who never killed but a flea on a dog's back or the vermin

¹ *Arundo conspicua*, called by the natives *toetoe*.

² *Solanum aviculare*.

³ *Dacrydium cupressinum*, the "red pine" of the settlers.

⁴ *Hierochloa redolens*.

in a child's head. If we do not take revenge for this act of aggression they will become bolder, and it will be unsafe for us to move. Who will be one to go before the midnight toutouwai¹ proclaims the break of day, and tell our distant friends what has befallen us?"

The young man who had escaped from Otu said, "Speak, fathers; if a child were to speak, he would say, that to let them kill without cause, and eat of us without our taking revenge, would but sharpen their appetite, and give them a contempt of our power; and we, before the birds have ceased to feed their young, shall feel the weight of their pride. I consent to pass the darkness of night in a canoe to tell the tale."

Another spoke. He was an old grey-headed man, fully tattooed, who had seen war in all its aspects. "The proverb says, 'Cross but my road, and I'll find you.' I remember the time when I was not old. The fathers of those who have now taken revenge and ours met not far distant from here. There stood a tree, a noble tree, on yon mountain-side. It had been marked for many summers as fit for a canoe by the grandfather of him whom they have now slain. One day we went to spear pigeons, and took the road that led to the tree, and, while resting at its foot, there came ten men from Otu, and in our sight one of them cut off a lock of his hair and hung it on the tree. At the same time, turning round to the other nine, who were sitting down, he commenced to sing a sacred war-song, which

¹ *Miro longipes*, Buller's 'N. Z. Birds,' p. 119.

had been taught to our priests by spirits in a dream. They put themselves in an attitude of defiance, and held their tongues out at us. There being but four of us, they thought, as we all do, that in doing this they would intimidate us. We sat still, each man on his bended knee, while they danced and sang:—

‘ Urge on and strive, ye mighty in war ;

Urge on, urge on.

Urge on, ye first in battle and strife ;

Urge on, urge on.

The foremost in battle, in slaughter, in war,

May gain the steep bank of the gravelly creek.

Urge on, urge on,

That your fame may be heard in the land of your birth,

Then thus

Urge on, urge on.’

“ They stood for a while in the same attitude that they were in when they ended the war-dance. One of our party (Kawe) went and took the hair off the tree, and was going to trample it under his feet, when Haupa (he who led off the war-dance) made a blow at Kawe, who warded it off with his arm, and pierced Haupa through the arm with his spear (a pigeon spear). In the meantime we three closed in with the other nine. I pierced the uncle of Haupa through the body with my spear. He fell, and in agony of rage and pain cursed us as food for dogs. I took his tao,¹ and ere I could see who my next opponent was, I fell senseless to the ground with the weight of a deadly blow of a hani.² I lay I know not

¹ Long spear.

² *Ante*, p. 7.

how long, but was aroused by the trampling of feet on me, when I heard a cry of 'Yield; thy head shall not again be bedecked with the kotuku feathers;'¹ and I heard as it were an old water calabash break, and my face was besprinkled with drops of something warm. I still kept quiet, only opening my eyes now and then, for everything around me looked misty, and the trees were shaking. I arose, and, staggering some distance, felt as though the root of a tree opened and inclosed part of my foot. The pain awoke me to something of life, when, looking down, I saw one of the ten, pierced by many spears, who, in the agonies of death, had seized my foot between his teeth. 'Thou dog!' I said, and, lifting up my fist, I struck him a blow on the temple, knowing that part of the skull to be thin; it gave way; the strength of the blow forced my fist into his skull and cut my hand. Hence I lost the use of this limb. I took the spear I had gained when first I fell, and, looking round, I saw six of those who had been so brave but a short time before laid low as the worm. I smote them on the head with a branch of a tree which I broke for the purpose, and then besmeared the calves of my legs with their brains. Going farther on, I saw by the breakage of the young trees and shrubs which way those who fled had gone. I saw Kawe sitting against a stone. His arm was broken; I bound it up, and while doing so the other two came back with the head of Haupa's uncle, which they had cut off with a piece of flint. We took Kawe to the

¹ Feathers of the gannet.

pah, and afterwards returned for the bodies of the cowardly boasters. You remember we cooked and ate them, and made their bones into fishing hooks; the children played with their heads, sticking them on sticks, and making speeches to them, then holding a hahunga¹ over them, as children will do. All this delighted us, for we thought how brave our children would be. The two men just murdered were among those children, and thy son Kui, while leading off the dance for the dead, fell prostrate before those heads. The omen then given has been fulfilled. He fell before them to rise no more. Revenge! If such cowards had had the spirits of chiefs they would have taken the payment then; but cowards are ever cowards. Ere to-morrow's sun sets I will be one to go and tell the tale of these slaves." Starting on his feet he said, "Enough! We go; keep a good watch, and when the tide flows on the second day the forest birds in this valley will cease their chattering to hear the voice of man." Another chief said, "What are they that we should fear them? Are they many, that we should dread to take revenge? Why ask our fathers to come? Are we still children, that we cannot redress our own wrongs? Better to die in one daring attempt than to live cowards. Are we to be killed by those

¹ The ceremony on the occasion of removal of bones. Amongst the Maories the dead bodies of persons of rank were not buried, but either hung in trees (as afterwards described) or placed in a sort of rude box till the flesh had decayed. Then the bones were taken out and scraped, and carried to the sacred burial-place of the tribe, generally caves, where they were finally deposited.

whom children would not fear? We are not the sons of men who spoke in battle front, if we seek the aid of our distant fathers. I have known young men, and even women, who, if thus treated, would see them face to face by the light of to-morrow's sun. We waste our talk in worse than childish folly; dare them; I boast not of what I will do. Are you men? Do you want more to rouse you? A man's spirit is always in his arm; the oppressed alone can drink deepest of fierce revenge; and the thirst of the soul which has been wronged will urge its possessor on to deeds of daring to heal his wounded heart. The burdened only feel oppressed. The father's heart bleeds when his child is taken. Ask not strangers to fight your battles; yours are the wrongs which will give the blow its power. Their arms have nought to rouse the muscles into force. I speak no more; let older men than I decide."

Te Rou's wife spoke, and said, "I will speak, since men are worse than those who never had sense. Idiots are not allowed to teach, because they are fools. Idiots are not allowed to speak in a council of war, because they have no sense; yet you are worse than idiots. Strike an idiot; will he not strike again? Which of you has not been hurt by the act of the Otu men? Would idiots talk thus, think you? No, they would ask no aid, but strike and dare the worst, and die like men. Were I young once more, I would rather be the wife of a fool than live in the love of a coward chief. I cannot love a slave;—a coward is a slave. Ye are brave, but your tongues kill all.

You take prisoners, but your eyes are your only weapons. Live on, you dastards, and women may believe ye are men. Men will hate you. If you are wronged, you must take full revenge. My brother spoke right. Strike yourselves, and kill or die like men. A woman's heart can be kept but by him who seeks and has full revenge for every wrong. I cease to speak. I could not live one moon more with cowards in the shape of men."

Heta, a young chief, stood up, and said, "If women could do in battle as much as they can with their tongues, men would cook and do their work. If women were what they should be, their love would make men brave. What do you know of war? The baptism in which you were baptized did not make you or give you any authority to use the club of war, or even give you the right to speak in a war council. Who ever heard of women being baptized in the name of the great god Tu? If slaves tread on the sacred ground in which our chiefs are buried they intrude, and are killed; but you women intrude on ground where men only are permitted to travel. Had I a wife I would tell her this old proverb, 'Land and women are the cause of all war.' I say no more, for I am but a child; old men know what I mean if women do not."

Te Rou then rose with a loud cough, and said, "I will ask you quick-talking women one question. Where does the snipe bring forth its young? If you answer me this, then knowledge and you have

met, and you shall dictate how we shall get revenge."

Silence reigned in the assembly as far as the men were concerned; but the women began whispering amongst themselves. One rose, and said, "We will give you an answer after we consult together." All left the house and proceeded into the middle of the pah, calling their own sex together. Te Rou's wife informed the assembled women that there was one question they must answer, or never again speak in a council of war. The question is, "Where does the snipe bring forth its young? To ask such a question of women is very wrong; how are we to know where these things are brought forth? the gods do not tell us. If we say we do not know, we own our ignorance; if we say we do, they will not believe the lie, but ask us where."

At this moment Aramata (a young woman betrothed to Heta, the young chief who answered Te Rou's wife in the assembly), answered "Tell them that they bring forth their young in the sacred mountains, where our fathers are laid. They will not disbelieve this, because they are afraid to go and see." The women, having agreed to this, returned to the council-house.

Te Rou's wife, being the spokeswoman, said, "The gods only may tell the truth. The sacred hills on which our fathers are laid are the home of the snipe. We boast not of our knowledge. You say you were baptized in the name of the gods, and that we were

baptized only in common words; then why have the gods given an answer to your shallow question? You boast that you are nearer to the gods than we are. Shall I refresh your childish memories of the truth that two women, braver than men ever were, once went into the world of spirits alive? You cannot now remember it, and as I know something of teaching children, I will teach you. Women first teach men while they are yet children. Then they grow into self-boasting young men, and at last ignorant tyrants. They are ignorant in their old age, because the learning they got in their youth from their mothers does not go much beyond the time they begin to think themselves superior to women. This is why ye are as stupid as the seagull. I will teach you, my children.

“There lived two women in the north, and, as all women are inquisitive, they wished to know what sort of a place Reinga really was, not altogether believing the tales invented by foolish men about the abode of spirits. They dried a few baskets of kumaras, knowing they had a long journey before them, and then went to the point on which grows the pohutukawa tree, down the roots of which the spirits descend. They descended, each with a kit of kaos¹ on her back, and, after adjusting their hair and garments, they entered the mouth of the cave. Would men have been thus cautious, and known what to do? They journeyed until the light of this world no longer enlightened the cave: they had gone such a dis-

¹ The dried kumara or sweet potato.

tance! They continued on in the dark. Is this cowardice? We demand as a right to speak in a war council; for does not this show that women dare not only to speak of an enemy, but even tread where spirits walk? They went on in the dark, and at last saw, at a great distance, a small, bright speck, which, on approaching, they discovered to be a fire, by which sat three grey-headed, white-bearded skeleton spirits, warming themselves. The fire was made of three sticks only. You all know that the fire of a sick man is sacred; also that of a priest; how much more so the fire of spirits? One of the women said, 'We must have some of the fire.' The other answered, 'You go, then, and get it.' They thus contended some time, and at last one of them went and took a firestick. The three old priests were so much astonished on seeing the woman intruding that they sat still for some time, no doubt afraid, as well they might be. Can you boast that our enemies will tremble on seeing you as did these spirits on seeing women? If spirits are intimidated by women, why should not boasting men yield to the power she wields over gods—for spirits are gods? The women, seeing these old fellows sit still, threw down their baskets of kaos, thus doing an act of kindness, giving the spirits some of the food they liked while in this world. Can men boast of kindness? We tend the sick, we give birth to men, and it is only girls who give birth to boasters such as you: they being so young themselves, their children have not strength to learn. The women then started

for this world as fast as they could, the one with the fire being behind. The first had got back to this world, outside of the mouth of the cave; and just as the other, with the fire, was in the act of taking the last step out, one of the old spirits, who had recovered his presence of mind and followed, caught her by the heels. She knew if he got the firestick no one would be able to know what fire they had in the Reinga, so she with all her strength threw the firebrand away from her into the air as far as she could; her strength was so great that it went up and stuck in the clouds. Do you see the moon? Then thank a woman for the light it gives. That is the firebrand. Could man have outrun a spirit? Could man have thrown it to the sky? You say women are not baptized in the name of the gods. Yes, you have not seen gods, and women have, and have been in the abode of gods. Go seek in the place where our fathers sleep for the young snipe. Go learn of women sense and wisdom. Go speak your threats and boast to young women who may love you. They may obey, but those of us who know what we are will still dare to speak in a war council, and will add weapons to our argument to give it weight." Thus ending, she sat down.

Te Rou said, "I know a stream in which there is a waterfall. It roars all winter and murmurs all summer, but no man yet ever made sense of the sound which comes from it. Such is woman's speech; she roars all her passion away, and then murmurs out a tale about women which all her children know, and men,

as soon as they become men, wish to forget; but women's memories carry anything that speaks greatness for themselves. Why do you talk so foolishly? What! the gods allow birds to build their nests amongst the bones of the dead? Do you curse our fathers? Do the birds live on the sacred ground where our fathers lie, and yet we eat them? You are more than senseless thus to answer us. You know that to trespass on the sacred ground is death, and the spirits of his own relations will kill him for the deed. Has one foolish woman been on the sacred ground to see the snipe feed its young there? Let folly cease and women hold their tongues in the council of war this night. Three men go to tell our fathers the deed that has been done, nor let any one countermand the order."

CHAPTER III.

SUMMONING ALLIES TO TAKE REVENGE.

It was a cold, cloudless night in the ninth moon,¹ when the great star of summer² is first visible, the star Rehua² was just seen like a small sun in the heavens; all the birds had ceased to speak, save the night-bird of Tane,³ and the night-watch, the toutou-wai,⁴ who now and then spoke in the hollows of the forest. The titi⁵ ("bird of one meal," as the proverb calls it) had not returned to its mountain home. The kiwi⁶ (the hidden bird of Tane, as the old proverb says) was heard to send an echo amongst the mountains with its shrill, "Hoera! hoera!" when a small canoe with three men in it could be seen stealing quietly down the creek, yet with an eagerness, displayed by its occupants in the paddling, that showed they had something in hand of no ordinary magnitude. The one occupying the stern was a man of

¹ February.⁴ *Miro longipes*, the N. Z. wren.² Mars.⁵ *Puffinus brevicaudus*.³ The Kiwi; *Apteryx Mantelli*. ⁶ *Apteryx Mantelli*.

some years, being grey-headed. He had a scar from his ear to his cheek-bone, the only token of a once hard-fought battle. He was of a reserved character, enveloped in a rough mat called a kori, tied over his right shoulder, a green-stone hei¹ in one ear, and a mako² in the other. The one in the middle was Heta, the young man who answered Te Rou's wife. He was betrothed to Aramata, she who offered to answer Te Rou's question. In the head sat the young man who escaped from Kaito's pah at Otu. He sat silent, taking in the conversation carried on by the other two, who talked of the coming battle with a glee of revenge that awoke every savage feeling in their breasts.

Heta asked the old man, "Who is the god of war and where does he live?"

"He lives in the wind," answered the old man; "his name is Tu, and he was the first murderer; he was jealous, and in a passion committed a murder; but before he did it, he tied a band of korari (flax) round his waist; that is the reason why old men always tie a girdle round themselves before going to battle."

"What offering do old men make to him to obtain his assistance in battle?"

"Why," answered the old man, "you must have been brought up in ignorance not to know that, or your memory is not good. We offer the matata³

¹ A green-stone ornament, worn only by chiefs.

² Shark's tooth,

³ *Sphencoccus punctatus*, Buller's 'N. Z. Birds,' p. 128, the swamp sparrow.

while repeating a karakia.¹ I will tell you all about it after we reach the settlement, and many other things, for you appear never to have been in a sacred meeting, when the old men assemble in the night to teach the young chiefs the history of the land, of battles, of great fighting men, of the gods, and all the words of the sacred karakias."

"My grandfather," said Heta, "died before I was old enough to attend them."

"Then you have never eaten the root of the toetoe stalk² in any sacred assembly?" asked the old man.

"No."

"On a certain night fixed by the priests, we assemble in a house, into which cooked food has never been taken; for the gods would be offended were food to be taken into a house in which the sacred karakias (and the mythology) are taught, as the words of the karakia are sacred to the gods. We invite all the sons of chiefs to come in; they must all enter and sit naked, leaving their clothes at some distance from the house: every one must bring in his hand a toetoe stalk pulled up by the roots, so that when the old men have done teaching them they may chew the lower end of the stalk, which will make their memories remember what they have heard."

Heta asked, "Will you teach me a karakia that will help me to gain a young woman's love?"

"Yes, I will teach you one to-night; but you must take care when and where you repeat anything I tell

¹ Incantation.

² *Arundo conspicua*.

you, for if you repeat them in a cook-house, or amongst slaves, the gods will gnaw your intestines out."

Heta asked, "But have you not a karakia to cure the stomach-ache?"

"Yes," answered Takuai (for that was the name the old priest went by), "we have several; I will tell you one now, which you can use, for you may have the stomach-ache with fear in the coming battle. War makes cowards tremble, and nips them nearly double. When a priest is required to cure a stomach-ache we know that it is an evil spirit gnawing the person's stomach; and to make him depart we point with our fingers to the seat of pain and say:

'My stomach;
Thy stomach;
Sufficient stomach;
Gnawing stomach, sufficient.'

This makes the evil spirit depart. These are sacred words; do not use them in jest near a fire or any such place."

They were suddenly startled (and ceased to paddle) by a low whistle a short distance from them. The sound came from the bank of the river. They were only a little way off Te Roto, their own pah. The banks of the river, which had been low up to this point, now gradually closed in until they left but a narrow defile through which the river ran; the mountains on each side were covered with forest trees down to the water's edge, with here and there the branches of a young sapling dipping and lifting in the current,

making a splash which broke the silence and gloom of the narrow glen into which the canoe was now fast drifting. Only a few stars were visible directly overhead, and occasionally a glow-worm, shining from the root of a decayed tree, sparkled, in passing which Heta said they were like the eye of some murdered person, who asked, by the flash which came from his invisible skull, for revenge on his unknown murderers. "Pull on," said the young chief who sat in the head of the canoe. "Are you afraid?"

Again was the whistle heard shriller than before; Takuai put in his paddle, and was tying his mat round his waist, when Heta exclaimed, "I heard a man whisper; I see him there—there." At the same moment some invisible agent swung the canoe side on to the current, when there was a yell, a splash, a bubble, a rippling on either bank of the creek, and all was still! About a mile farther down the river, on the west bank, in a sudden turn close to the water's edge stood Mangata, an old pah, the posts of which were carved in the shape of men, with protruding tongues as large as the whole head, giving the visitor, as he suddenly turned up this gorge, the idea of a forest of giants, congregated together to defend the pass with demoniac, fierce, and cannibal determination. To this pah, Pare (who sat in front), after their upset, determined to swim, and, with the help of the current, he soon reached it; he walked into the pah, and all were asleep save the watch, the echo of whose voices had kept his spirits up during his watery voyage

down. The inhabitants were soon roused, and mustered in battle attire. A canoe having been launched, Kiro, the head chief, selected Pare and ten men to go with him, giving directions to the rest to be on the alert and watch for the enemy. Takuai, on his first emerging to the surface of the water, swam quietly to the south bank, and laid himself down to await the enemy. Having lain some time, he perceived a man coming silently down with the current. When opposite to him, this unknown person swam to the spot occupied by Takuai, who, taking him for the enemy, repeated the following karakia to the god of the rainbow, Nuku, to give certainty to his blow:—

“Tread on, Nuku!
Large Nuku!
Long Nuku!
Diving Nuku!
Mete out the star,
Mete out the moon;
Messenger! messenger!
Do thy kindness.”

The approaching man gained the bank, where he was met by a blow from Takuai's hani, which sent him back reeling into the river with a groan. The old man, not wishing to lose the pleasure of eating an enemy, sprang forward, and, before he sank, seized him by the hair, lifted him up to see if he was tattooed and a chief, but, to his amazement, recognised in him Heta.

In the meantime, Kiro and his party, having to paddle up the stream, were some time in reaching

the spot where Pare and his friends had been upset, near which they saw Takuai lighting a fire and Heta lying apparently dead near to him. They landed, and, when the fire burned brightly, Takuai made them all strip naked and sit in a row before the fire, Heta being in front of them, and, standing over Heta with outstretched arms, he repeated the karakia to bring breath back :—

“ Here is the trough, the trough ;
 The big water, the long water ;
 The agitated water
 That Nuku would meet,
 That Rangi would meet,
 To ooze it out.
 O ! O ! hold it fast, be common ;
 Shut the principle
 Coming with the flood ;
 Shut the principle
 Coming with the sinews.
 Here is the girdle ;
 It will hold, it is fast ;
 The sacred girdle of Tane.
 Tane give the girdle,
 Bind it up fast that it hold.
 Bark of the tree be given to thee ;
 Pull it, drag it.
 Skin of the lizard be given to thee,
 Pull it, hold it.
 Hold the mat of Keha, hold ! ”

The old man then bending down breathed three times into the face of Heta, who sat up, the fire having by this time warmed him. They embarked as the day began to dawn, and soon arrived at Maungataipa, where one of the watchers had secured the canoe which had drifted down the stream. Pare informed the in-

habitants of all that had taken place at Te Roto, and then said: "When we reached the entrance of the pass last night, we heard a noise like a man whistling. Heta declared he saw the man; and both he and Takuai stopped paddling, the canoe turned broadside to the stream, touched something, and upset. I heard a kaka¹ scream, Heta groan, and a great splash, and then neither saw nor heard anything more. I swam down the stream, and you know the rest." Takuai declared that the spirits of the young men killed at Otu were taking revenge because the rites for the dead had not been performed over them. "You nearly sent my spirit to keep them company," said Heta. "What made you strike me? Why I had nearly broken my skull against something in the water."

Takuai arose, took the shark's tooth from his ear and threw it to Heta, saying, "There is payment for my mistake. I could have laughed at my mistake when I pulled you out of the water, thinking I had got my foe with so little trouble, and was going to cut your head off when you groaned and I recognised you. You were afraid, for you swam towards me so gently."

"I have touched the mako,"² said Heta, "and have thus received payment; take it back as my gift for having taught me what you have."

Heta and Takuai, having partaken of some cooked fern-root, again started on their way, leaving Pare

¹ Nestor meridionalis, a native parrot.

² Shark's tooth.

behind, and it was past noon before they reached the Tama, where the great body of the Te Roto people then lived. While yet at a distance Heta sang a few canoe songs which are only sung in war time. The inhabitants, who knew that something had taken place, assembled in one group on the point at which the canoe must land, and listened to Heta's song with breathless attention:—

“Now is the battle, the contest now;
 Now are the brave ones daring, now.
 The waves of the bay are rising in foam;
 They rise but in vain.
 Give me thine offspring to the root of the tree,
 There to writhe in agony thy beautiful skin.”

Then with one voice they called out the war-cry, “Te whākariki! te whākariki!” The two landed on the point; no one spoke to them, nor did any one go to meet them; they walked towards the assembly, then, leaning on their paddles, which they had carried with them, wept aloud, while the crowd sat down covering their heads with their mats. Takuai was the first to give any hint of what had taken place in a song, which he half wailed, half chanted in a voice gruff with age, while the tears ran down his withered cheeks:—

“There is the star glimmering from above;
 My thoughts are bewildered: I am alone,
 Do you think, my sons, I am laid on the ground,
 'Tis as the sleep of a bird. O woe is me!
 Tu is still looking to the setting sun;
 O, my beloved, I am lonely! O woe is me!
 Where are thy brothers, thy younger brothers,

To fill up thy vacant seat ?
O woe is me ! O woe is me !
My heart has no memory, I have lost all,
He depended on the battle's force ;
The wind of Otu passed o'er them,
The fire kindled on in their tracks ;
Speak of their goodness while I weep here,
In the memory of them, O, my sons, wreak your revenge on me !
I am a man, drown me in sorrow,
That I may see the foe who sheds their blood ;
O, my younger brother, woe is me !”

The whole tribe now joined in one loud wail, having guessed from Takuai's dirge that a murder had been committed. The old man continued, Heta and himself still leaning on their paddles : “ All the people of Te Roto are no more ; weep ye for them. The stones of Otu have sharp teeth, and the fire there burns fiercely. Revenge has sharper teeth than those of the shark. We alone are come to tell the tale. Two suns past, three of ours went to sport in the forest, and passed Otu ; our foe asked them to stay and eat ; young men like them remembered not our past feud ; they were killed. Pare alone escaped ; he lives, but his life as yet is not his own ; he burns with revenge. Let the men of battle say when we are to return and give the answer which we are to take back. Let the priests dream and seek the omens of such times. To-night I will speak in the assembly.”

The old chiefs sat in gloomy silence, while the young men got their spears and danced before each other until they had infuriated themselves into warriors. Others, of fewer years, collected into groups, tattooed

each other with charcoal, then, imitating their elders, spoke as though addressing an assembly on the eve of an attack, until their young hearts so glowed and danced with cannibal glee, in the hope of shedding blood, that these young momentary warriors made the settlement echo with their war-songs. The women were busy heating the hangis¹ for the evening meal of fish, and while doing so discussed the probable result of the coming battle with as little feeling as though they were talking of catching a few fish. Said an old wrinkled woman to some young ones who were sitting quiet, looking at the children having their war-dance, while she bent down and looked into their faces, "I am glad we are so numerous, for our people are sure to gain the battle, and I shall get some flesh for my poor pup. It really has had nothing but fern-root and sow-thistle for some time." Then, standing up erect, she added in a low voice, "Yes, and I must remember to dry some flesh, so that it will keep for some time. I and my dog can eat it dried well enough."

The day was fast closing, not a breath of air rippled the surface of the river, and only thin wreaths of smoke ascended from the half-burnt embers thrown from the sides of the hangis, and now and then a burst of steam thrown off by the heated stones as the women sprinkled them with water. All was bustle amongst the women; some covered the hangi with retaos,² while others

¹ Native ovens.

² Old baskets made of the phormium, or flax leaf.

heaped earth on them with their hands, and soon the hangis were poki.¹ The cloud Kaiwaka² was hiding the setting sun in its bosom behind the Kohu hills, when Tupu got up and said: "Welcome, my fathers, welcome; all your speeches shall be heard. Last night I dreamt, and the moon shone upon my dream, I saw a child sleeping in a canoe, while the mother sat by, combing the kutu³ out of her head. There came a west wind and blew the canoe away from the shore. I saw a god looking at her: she saw him not, nor saw me. There was no wave on the water; she started and plunged in, and swam to reach her child. She swam, but the canoe still drifted farther and farther away. There came an owl—a white owl—and sat on the figure-head of the canoe; it was a war-canoe; the eyes of the owl were brighter than the paua shell⁴ in the eyes of the figure-head; it moved and moved until it was near the child. The god I saw sang this song:—

' Who is it?

Who is it?

The woman causing a dread with her wailing on the air?

What has bowed her down?

The west wind has borne it away.

Hearken, ye lands!

The spell of peace is broken;

By the broad chest of man it is driven away.

¹ Covered up.

² A long line of dark cloud which frequently appears a little above the horizon at sunset.

³ Louse.

⁴ Haliotis iris.

They are dragging the belly of the net on shore ;

Uncover

The fish ;

Drag it on shore ;

Uncover.

Fly to the seashore, to the water of two voices ;

How pleasing the omens of battle in their confusion.'

Speak on, my father," addressing Takuai, "speak on ; I will not dare to interpret the language of darkness ; tell us the meaning of my song ; you converse with the gods and can tell us what they meant by teaching me this song." The messengers now return with the tribes for which they were sent. As each canoe landed, the young men of Kopura and Matui met them at the water's edge, and, throwing a few fern-stalks at them, immediately turned and fled, those landing following in full chase ; and any one of those who threw the stalks at them being caught by the others, was knocked down, trampled upon, and laughed at. When the newcomers got within the distance of a few yards from the settlement, they formed in a body, as if to attack the pah, and one man, a chief, with a war-club in his hand, paced to and fro in front of them ; arranging them in line, he repeated a war-dance ; the body of men then joined in the dance, all in time, and, while distorting their limbs and protruding their tongues, they repeated :—

" Sons of the mighty !

Sons of the strong !

Behold ye then here the trophy of strength ;

In my hand I do hold

The crest of the dark-bosomed shag.

Oh ! Oh ! Oh !"

This done, they all sat down, the chiefs each in turn made a complimentary speech, reserving their real intentions to be told in the midnight consultation. After the new arrivals had erected temporary shelters, and dragged up their war-canoes on the shore, most of them retired into their sheds and huts; the young people sitting by the fires, telling tales of love and of deeds unknown save among cannibals. Some young gallant, newly tattooed, might be seen in the centre of a little mixed group of black-eyed maids and young men, who, with riveted attention, drunk in all the incidents of a wild, savage courtship which were being told in an emphatic tone, accompanied by contortions of the body and face, so picturing the incidents related to the hearers that it seemed as if the reality was then acted before them. The narration was sometimes interrupted by a bold and pertinent remark from some one of the young listeners, which extorted for a moment a hearty laugh of delight from the group. The old men and the chiefs might be seen lying down, some reclining and others sitting with their chins on their knees in sullen and thoughtful silence, looking only in one direction. Again, at a short distance, might be seen by the glimmer of the fire, half in the light and half in the dark, a group of men and women listening to the tale of a battle in which the narrator was taken prisoner. He was an old slave, grey-headed and bowed down by years, and was relating, in a manner in which no particle of sorrow or regret could be discovered, the bold deeds of his masters, their cruel treatment to the chiefs of his

tribe, and of his having been made to heat a hangi in which one of his own relations was to be cooked, concluding with, "Now is the time for revenge; my sun will soon set. I have not as yet taken satisfaction for my being a slave. I shall die happy if I can kill a few ere I depart."

It was midnight; the young people were still as lively as ever, when a voice was heard calling for attention in the darkness: "Awake ye that sleep! Let your hearts have ears, and let your tongues have long memories; an old man does not speak more than once."

It was Takuai addressing Tupu. He continued: "Hearken, my father, I will answer thy question."

"Knowest thou not, my child, that the gods do not answer questions by day? And as is our custom, when we have to tell of future things, I slept, and then I beheld the meaning of the song taught thee in thy dream. I saw and beheld a fight. There was a woman, and by her sat her youthful lover; she was young, and was soon to be a mother; they were hid from the scene of battle by a mound of earth; a forest tree had fallen, and in its fall the roots threw up the mound behind which they sat. I beheld others there, but this young warrior now stood gazing on his wife, who sat as in grief. I heard the battle-cry of victory; the young man was gone. Again I beheld, and she who was in sorrow sat with others; I saw no mark of sorrow on her face; she joined in the joyous laugh while death was all around. Again I looked; there were young warriors in a group, and in their arms they bore a corpse. He

was young, and died from a spear wound, and behind the same mound they laid him. Again I looked, and beheld she was in an agony of grief; she wept not, nor did she speak. Again I looked: they carried her corpse; it was night, and they could not bury her. This is the meaning of the song thou didst hear the god sing. Mark well; thou mayest be the man. Pay thy duty to the gods on the eve of this war; nor leave one omen untold to me." The old man then went into a hut set apart for himself, as priests are on such occasions tapu,¹ and do not live near others.

Another chief now came out of a hut and spoke to the whole assembly. No voice but his could be heard in the stillness of the night. It being dark, every one sat near some of the fires, listening with breathless attention. Pacing to and fro in front of the hut, he said, "Speak on; there is no talk. Who knows the art of speaking? All men can talk, but all men are not great in thought. I am but a child; I know nothing yet: it is not the largest bird of the forest that sings the loudest note, nor is it the fattest louse that bites the hardest. Hearken, then, you wise people. If a child spoke, would he not say, 'What do we wait for here?' Ere to-morrow's sun shone, it should see us at Te Roto. Why keep in suspense those who are doomed to die? Speak, my fathers; let age tell you what to say. Children are quick in speech; it is for you to say if we speak the thought of men."

Another young chief now said, "What is the tide

¹ Sacred.

doing? Do fish sleep? Do they know? Have they the sense of a man? No, they do not sleep; yet we, who talk with gods, sleep when we have suffered wrong. Are you brave men? Does your courage require to be cooked before it can be brought into the sight of our enemies? Do you need to sleep, then, to warm bravery, so that it will loosen your muscles into action? Speak! and let us break the silence of the night by the splash of our paddles in the Mangamuka."

A young chief, Hiona (a cousin of Tupu), who had lately taken a wife, then got up, and pacing in the front of the hut from which he had come, began in a low tone to chant this song:—

"Depart thou light,
 Be thou my messenger,
 Leave me here below a while
 To sorrow o'er the many.
 'The needy one is here.
 He will dispense to me,
 I shall be on the track
 And walk it; it is a track for all.
 But I shall not then behold it."

"I know not why I sung this song," said he; "but I could not remember any other of all the songs I ought to know. Speak on, you who ought to have all knowledge. Cowards never want excuse. Were I old enough to command, the dew would be the only oil my hair should have this night; but young heads are warm, and thus it is our hair is black. Old heads show the truth, for they turn pale, thus confessing they have lost the heat of bravery."

Takuai spoke in answer to this last speech, and said: "Thou art brave, my child; thy head is black with passion. Well was the proverb said of such as thee: 'The bravery of young men is reckless ignorance.' And do you not remember the other equally true proverb, 'The rage of old men is like hidden fire; no one knows where it will burst forth?' Talk, my child, but do not chatter. Thou art blinded by some ill omen. Thy song is thy own death-dirge. Thou hast wept over thine own death; the god of caution has left thee; thy head will never turn white with the coolness of old age; thy baptismal tree is dead. I weep for thee, my son."

An old hoary-headed chief now drew the attention of the assembly. When perfect silence reigned, as he paced to and fro in front of his shed, he said: "Why should folly be given to old men to eat? Does daring live with children? Does caution sleep where young men play with laughing women? Does the trembling arm of youth know how to poise the spear aright? We sleep to-night; and on the morrow's twilight let the priests repeat their incantations over the army, and we start with the flood of morning. Childish taunts cannot move the aged to folly. Dream, you priests, and ask the gods how the battle's force will tend. Count out the spirits of the slain, and ask the charm of witchcraft to bedim the eyes of our enemies. Sleep now, and let the watch-cry be heard at intervals all the dark night long."

CHAPTER IV.

PREPARATIONS FOR DEFENCE AT OTU, AND FEAST OF
THE SLAIN.

THE deed was done, and the two bodies lay cold and stiff. Pare had left his companions with their enemies; revenge had been taken, and now for defence. To sit idle would be madness. "The eyes of our enemies are full of the dust of Otu," said an old savage. "Ah!" said he, addressing the corpses, "where will you next wash your faces? What are your ears worth now? They cannot hear all the lies told about us by your boasting fathers. Where are your tongues now? They cannot tell of great actions, never known but in the brains of your boasting tribe. How dull your eyes look! Wipe them, my sons, and take the dust out of them. The marks on your faces look like so many trenches full of dirt. Go, wash your heads, or how can a lady-love look on you; send not one of those dirty looks to your affianced one. Speak, you sulky slaves, when a chief addresses you! What say you to a warm oven to-night, when the owls can look at you while you sit on the hot stones?"

The old man would have continued his taunting speech, but a woman rose, and, jumping like a maniac, said: "Why keep them? Why look at the dogs? Is their flesh not eatable? What wait we for? Who can sleep to-night before we have eaten the gift so nobly given by Tu?"

"I know that women are ever ready to talk about eating," answered a young man with a dogskin mat on; "but what will you say to the fathers of the young men you wish now to eat when they come? I think your eyes will look as dull as those of their sons. Do you think they will be as deaf to insult as these whom you have killed? Let men talk of eating them; for they, not you, must give account and pay the debt."

"Silence!" said a young woman, who rose immediately after the last speaker. She was a daughter of Kaito—a round-faced, black-eyed, curly-headed maiden with pouting lips, who had never seen the man or woman who could curb her headstrong passion for rule. "Silence! or speak like a man. If you cannot speak sense, come to me and I will teach you. Are you not angry because your sweetheart told you that you were a dolt, and but an ugly one? I will go and make love for you, if you will let me put on your dogskin mat. When you next go to make love, first come to me, and I will teach you what to say, and one of my slaves shall pull the hairs from your cheeks with cockle-shells, you hairy stupid! How dare you speak about women? Who is a coward? It was because you are a coward that you could not gain the

one you loved. Are you afraid of the faces of those now before you? One of them is better-looking than you are. Perhaps if you were to sleep with his head in your arms, you might grow handsome, and then I might love you. Cook them, and let that fainthearted dogskin mat cry over them while we eat."

"Cook them," said Kaito, speaking as he sat in his hut. "Now for action. We will entrench our pah. Each man to his work." He had scarcely given the word of command before they were all actively employed in strengthening their defence.

Otu pah was built on the eastern side of a deep, pebbly creek. Both banks were level for some short distance, then mountains, covered with forest, arose on either side. The creek took its source among the mountains, and, winding its way past the pah, it emptied itself into the main river. The women assisted in the work of fortification, digging with pointed sticks. A trench was soon dug round the pah, and a breastwork formed inside, to defend them from their enemies' spears. While some were entrenching, others might be seen digging with all their might, as if bent upon completing their task within a set time. Many looked like dogs scratching. Stooping half double, they threw the soil up with their hands out of the trench into the pah, where others beat the soil with sticks, to form the rampart and to make it solid.

The fires which glared all round gave the scene a weird appearance, and it seemed as if fiends had been let loose to work their evil designs upon earth. The

men were naked, and their tattooed faces and hips appeared and disappeared in the glare of the fires, while some uttered a word of command and then disappeared in the darkness.

At a distance from the pah were several fires, on one of which was a hangi being heated. Near these fires were men and women young and old; one was a priestess. They laughed and sported round the fires while the priestess divined the omens of war, as seen in the corpses before her.

“How did they die?” asked the priestess.

“One of them shook his head as he died,” answered an old woman.

“Oh, we shall all be killed!” cried the priestess. “That is an evil omen.”

“And,” added the old woman, “the other beat his breast with his right hand.”

“And see how they stare,” said a young girl.

“No omens could be worse; the gods made them do these things.”

The old priestess now stood up, trembling from head to foot, and, addressing the corpses, she cried: “Cursed be the gods of your fathers! What are you now? Know you not that we have a charm in these words, used of old—‘Your spirit is gone; the body alone is left. What can you do now?’” So saying, she left them.

The bodies were now cut into pieces with shells, limb being cut from limb, the dissectors amusing themselves with them as their vengeful feelings prompted. When the limbs had been severed, each

man or woman who had an arm or leg laid it on the fire, and when it was scorched, scraped the skin off preparatory to cooking. They laughed and joked as the heat caused the muscles and joints to contract, some saying, "Does the fire feel warm? It is cold to-night." The young women enjoyed the sight, and amused themselves by piercing the scorched limbs with sticks. The darkness of the night and glare of the fire gave a ghastliness to the scene scarcely to be conceived.

All had worked long, and it was midnight. Now the slaves (who had cooked the night's repast for those employed in strengthening the pah) scraped the earth from the hangis, when an old woman said, "I think the food is not yet cooked."

A young girl answered: "How stupid you are! They were not so old as you, that their flesh should require to be cooked so long as yours would be to make it eatable."

Fires were lighted near the hangis to give light to those who were to feast. When the leaves of the oven were uncovered, an arm or a leg, with contracted fingers or toes, might be seen protruding here and there. The warriors, who sat at a short distance from the hangis, watched the women taking the food out, and looked wistfully at that for which they longed. The steam from the heated stones annoyed the old women; and, to cool their half-scalded hands, they would now and then lick them, with a smile of delight, saying, "How nice and fat it is!"

A young chief took a rib, and, while picking it, stood over the old women directing the division of the flesh. A young damsel also took some flesh from a leg, and returned to a group of her young companions, who asked for a taste. The flesh having been divided, the baskets were set before those who were to feast, and soon all were eating, laughing as they picked the bones. Those who had a thigh or an arm-bone would bruise one end of it, warm it again at the fire, and suck the marrow out of the bruised end; and to make sure of getting it all out they would heat a fern-stalk, which they passed through the bone, then draw it across their lips, sucking the marrow off with their curled, protruded tongues. Old Haupa, the priestess, sat alone, eating in sulky silence the hearts, which, as a priestess, were her portion, and had been cooked in a hangi by themselves.

The feast was done; the young men and women had become tired of playing with the two heads, and all were asleep in the pah save the watch, who, with shrill and gruff voices, occasionally gave utterance to the night watch-cry:—

“The lightning is fluttering o’er Hikurangi;
It points to Tuawera;
It sports. Thy beloved is landing;
Thy love is coming;
Leave her to enlarge other lands;
Leave her to rest in Hokianga.
The battle strife will follow.”

The night air was still keenly cold; the morning star had risen; Tawera (morning star), the messenger

of morning, was making her appearance, when the sleepers were suddenly aroused. There was one who had not slept; she had asked the god of war for omens; there were but few, and all evil, and Haupa was sick at heart. Her left hand smote her breast; for she saw, as in a trance, her head full of vermin. She awoke the people with her wailing.

“Woe is me! O my sons, who shall spread over you the branch of the sacred karamu?¹ Who shall make you brave with the sacred words of the tohi taua?² What do I know? I am but a woman, and women know not all. It is for men to baptize you on the eve of war, and so insure to you the victory. But,” added she, “if, by being a woman, I am excluded from the knowledge of the ceremonies used on the eve of war, I can speak my thoughts.”

Day was now breaking; the birds sang their morning song. It was not light enough for them to venture on the wing, so they sang as they sat perched on the twigs which had been their support in sleep. The mountains seemed like giants just awakening, their first breath of consciousness being a long, sonorous sigh of wild music, and hill echoed to hill. One voice alone was discordant. Haupa had come out of her hut, a shed constructed of small branches and fern, and was standing in the open space in the middle of the pah, now trembling, then stamping with rage, again pacing the length of the pah with all the contortions her old decrepit limbs would allow, then screaming in a loud

¹ *Coprosma lucida*.

² The baptism of war.

and frantic voice while she pulled the grey locks from her head with both hands.

At last she seized a stick which the young men had used to spear the heads of the two eaten men, and having adjusted her mat (the only covering her old limbs required), which was wrapped round her like a bundle of seaweed, she said, while beating her fleshless limbs and breast with one hand, and holding the uplifted spear in the other, "Cursed be the head on which the ear is which does not hear what I say! May the heat of a hangi be the first to melt the ear-wax in it, and may the first sound it hears be the frying of its own flesh! Hearken, O ye, my children! I speak not to the coward—I would not give my words to such a dog. Let my words be written on your hearts. O that I were a man for your sakes! What are you? I could make you yield in the battle tide. A man would never run away: his soul would rather die than ask its body's life from man!"

CHAPTER V.

THE ALLIES GATHER TO TE ROTO.

It was grey dawn; at Te Roto the slaves were all up, some busy breaking firewood, others taking the dirt, ashes, and stones out of the hangis, preparatory to lighting the fires with which to cook the morning meal, and soon the smoke curled up in long columns, like enormous ropes with the ends torn out into shreds. The remainder of the inhabitants and the tribes who had slept at the Tama were by this time all astir. Many of them were putting their canoes into order; some of the children were running here and there in savage glee, with spears in their hands; while here and there groups of them were sitting listening to a child orator and warrior, who entranced his listeners with a wild account of the doings of his ancestors; while others of them might be seen dancing the war-dance with fiendish glee. Takuai still remained in his hut with Tupu and Tare, where they were looking at the omens given by the niu.¹ He had spread his mat on

¹ The name of the ceremony immediately afterwards described.

the floor, and, sitting opposite to it, he stuck up in it pieces of fern-stalk, representing the hapu¹ of the enemy about to be attacked. He also held in his hand several fern-stalks, corresponding in number to those stuck up on the mat, to each of which he tied a piece of flax about one-third the distance from the end pointing towards those on the mat, the flax being passed twice round the stalk, and then tied into a slip-noose. These sticks were called the kaupapa,² and each one represented one of the tribes now on the eve of starting. Takuai now held his arm extended to its full length, with the palm of his hand wide open and turned upwards, on which the kaupapa were laid, and, naming a tribe, he repeated the following karakia: "Go to life; go to death; let the omens tell;" at the last word of which he drew his arm back, and suddenly throwing it out again, the kaupapa shot off towards the stalks on the mat. If the two ends of the noose pointed towards the stalk on the mat, and were at the same time below the kaupapa, to which it was tied, the stalk thrown at being on its right side, the attacking party would be victorious. If the stalk on the mat was knocked down, the enemy would be severely beaten; but if the ends of the flax and the noose were on the upper side of the kaupapa, this would tell of many deaths in the attacking tribe, without any success. Thus were the omens found.

The Mahuri had some killed, but were brave; the

¹ Family or sub-tribe.

² Supposed to contain the god of the hapu.

Tihao were brave, but lost none; and so on, each tribe having good or evil omens.

Old Takuai was now fed by a slave, and the morning meal of fish and fern-root having been eaten, and the tide being on the first of flood, two canoes were got ready, and started, each holding about fifty men. The women, children, and old men remained behind with a considerable force of men, who by the niu had had evil omens of the coming battle, and therefore remained to guard the settlement at the Tama. When the canoes were on the point of starting, not a word was spoken by either those remaining behind or those who were leaving—all were silent, as if they had suddenly become dumb. Here and there a man and his wife might be seen rubbing noses, or a brother and sister, or a son and his mother; but no good-bye, no sigh, no crying, or tear could be heard or seen. Such custom must be strictly observed; for the sigh, or crying, or tear, especially of those who remain behind, would be for the death of those on their way to battle, and would be a curse on the brave.

As the canoes were passing Motiti, Nga, priest of the Hutai tribe, stood up in his canoe and addressed Tare, who was still on Motiti: "Abide at your place. O father, we are going to see the tattooing on the face of Kaito! Remain in peace; O father, stay!"

Tare answered: "Go, my sons, go; the child cries, and the father is ashamed. The wren often has to feed the young of the summer bird, even after its own chick has been turned out of the nest which

its parents built expressly for it. Go, my sons, go.”

It was not until the canoes had passed Tarahiko Point that any one stood up to sing the canoe song, by which the paddlers kept time, and Ripi arose and sung:—

“One bend of the river!
Second bend of the river!
Go where the robin lives;
Slap them! Sneer at them!
Glide on! Pull away!
Altogether! altogether!
Pull away!”

The men kept time to this song, but without emulation, and in perfect silence, no voice being heard save Ripi's. Even the women in the canoe were silent.

It is customary for a few women to accompany a war expedition as attendants, their duty being twofold: to help the slaves in cooking, and to eat the kai popoa¹ for the goddesses of war. Most of them had lost all the gentler characteristics of their sex, and had almost become fiends. They had never been mothers, hence the feelings which prompted them; and if it ever occurred that the men seemed inclined to show mercy, they aroused them to fury and deeds of cruelty by language which such women alone could use. Their power was like that of setting expiring embers again into a blaze. In all cases they headed the whakatoamo dance, a dance of insult, during which they rehearsed all the unavenged wrongs of the tribe. They

¹ The sacred food.

were the very incarnation of revenge, and wielded the power of stirring up the most fiendish feelings of the human heart, and prompting to deeds which the deadliest enemy of man might blush to witness. On the present occasion there were but few of these personified vengeancees.

The Mangamuka river at first winds through low hills, covered with forest to the water's edge, and some distance up the right bank, on a small island, was built the Rata pah, occupied by the son of Otene and his people, who, on the approach of the war party, joined the expedition with fifteen of his men. The river from this pah began to run between high mountains, which closed in, only leaving a narrow defile, with high precipitous banks, over which water constantly dripped into the river, sounding like a heavy shower of rain. The defile is so narrow and shut in that one can only see three or four canoe lengths ahead.

They soon reached Kiroa's pah, Mangataipa, when, while the warriors sat silent in their canoes, he recounted to them what the enemy had done since the two messengers left them, after which he and some of his men also joined them. On arriving at Te Roto they landed in perfect silence, carefully abstaining from making the least noise, the women proceeded to the settlement. When getting out of the canoes, the warriors left their paddles and everything in them to be attended to by the slaves. The two priests, Nga and Takuai, walked naked up the banks of the river, which

had become at this point a shallow murmuring stream, running over a bed of loose pebbles. The rest followed in two lines, quite naked; and when they reached a small pebbly flat the priests stood close to the water's edge, and Te Nga beckoned them to come to where he stood. Not a word was spoken; the warriors squatted down on their heels, with their toes in the water and their hands on their knees, all in a line, with Takuai and Te Nga standing, one at each end. Te Nga, who had broken a branch from a karamu-tree, now sprinkled the water over each warrior with the branch. Each time that he dipped the branch and sprinkled a man he repeated the following karakia, which is the baptism of war, to make a war party brave:—

“This is the new path, the path of power to heaven;
 Steadfast be the breath of dawning day;
 May this war party be steadfast.
 Let thine eye look at the star Rehua;
 To the eye that never winks.
 O, thou war party! climb the ascent of heaven.
 Do you wish to make captives?
 Do you want plunder?
 The solitary rock in the ocean;
 Fearless rock! What rock?
 Are thy sinews like the maire wood; so hard,
 That thou art sure thou canst not be seen?
 The bird is the white crane,
 It has not caught the smallest fish,
 A bunch of red feathers covers the fountain.
 The black-feathered shag is the bird
 Of omen to a war party.
 The flat fish, eating the sand,
 Take it up.
 This then take as an omen of war.
 The cormorant is the bird, let it dive;

It comes up with a fish in its beak ;
Whence does it come ?
From the fountain on shore ?
A flying fish, is the fish
Cut in twain by the great-mouthed shag.
The red-eyed herring sleeps in the depth of the stream,
It is taken up and given as an omen of war."

The warriors remained in their places until the priests had taken their positions and turned towards the settlement, when they immediately stood up and followed the priests, walking in double file, until they reached a short distance from Te Roto, where they rested, and built themselves sheds in which to sleep. The slaves prepared the food, consisting of pounded fern-root, and placed it before the warriors, who still remained naked, each one having to feed himself with his left hand, their weapons of war being kept at a distance from them while eating. When any one wished to drink, he was assisted by a man slave. The drinker partly closed the palm of his hand, so as to form a trough, which he put to his mouth; the slave poured the water into his hand, until the warrior, by elevating his eyebrows, commanded him to stop pouring.

As soon as the warriors had finished their repast, the slaves brought them their clothing, which they put on, and went in a body and sat down halfway between their encampment and Te Roto, facing the latter; at the same time the females of the pah, especially the young women, came out towards them, waving their mats, and saying, "Welcome! O welcome! Come, O fathers, come!" and with measured step advanced to-

wards the sitting warriors, who bowed their heads to the ground, and began to wail in a low tone, which became louder and louder as the young women approached them. The latter were followed by the old women, next in order came the men, and last of all the slaves, all of whom had their heads bowed towards the ground, and were weeping and crying in a low tone as they passed out of the pah, but raising their wail louder and louder until they got within a few yards of the sitting warriors, when the noise made by the assembled throng sounded a horrible mixture of crying, howling, groaning, and sobbing. All those who came out of the pah stood before the warriors; the young women, who were in front and nearest them, began a song in which those who came with them joined, while the warriors at each interval or stave of the song joined with a loud sob. The women lifted their arms up, and threw them about as if attempting to catch something; while the men behind, who stood weeping with their arms hanging down, with a loud wail repeated the chorus of "O, woe is me!"

“Depart, O son, depart
To the spirit world,
And convey the tidings.
O, woe is me!

As the flowing tide,
My tears stream, my eyes,
Uncontrolled, cannot check thy force.
O, woe is me!

O signal smoke! tell them at a distance,
Where, beloved by me, is gone.
O, woe is me!

What, O Taku, are thy powers?
 Withhold not thy force from them,
 Who are thy? weapon's food.
 O, woe is me!

Thou hast oft deceived me,
 That now my heart with doubt beats loud.
 O, woe is me!

My woe is great;
 My loved is gone.
 O, woe is me!

The arm is strong;
 The weapon red;
 The blood of my best beloved
 Has dripped from each.
 O, woe is me!

My incantation has been said;
 My baptism of war is done.
 O, woe is me!

Take me to the cold south wind,
 And feed my heart with satisfaction.
 O, woe is me!

As fire, so my grief consumes me,
 For my loved for ever gone.
 O, woe is me!

Thus the summer months depart;
 The sedge-grass blooms; the birds now sing;
 Uenuku rises; the lightnings flash.
 O, woe is me!

As soon as the song was ended all sat down—
 some a little distance from the warriors—the men of
 the pah a little apart, still weeping in silence with
 their heads bowed down; the women, with pieces
 of tuhua,¹ cut their faces, arms, and breasts until the

¹ Obsidian.

blood flowed and clotted all over their lacerated bodies, and while doing this they sang or chanted a song, making a noise like the subdued growl of wild animals. In the midst of the noise Te Rou stood up, and in silence walked some little distance away, not deigning to look at the weeping women, then, addressing the sitting warriors, he said: "Come, O daylight! Come, and shine on me, O sun! for long has the darkness been on my heart. Who told you to come here? Who invited you to come in this mood? What is in your hearts? I did not invite you. To-morrow you must go and see the man who sent for you. I am alone. All I had are gone. My sons are dead. I had no one left on earth to send for you, Have you seen the faces of those who put their tongues out at you in contempt?" At this part of his speech Te Rou put out his tongue and jumped towards the weeping women, then, suddenly turning towards the warriors, he began to dance, making the most horrible faces he could at them; when, as if by magic, the women ceased their crying, and, like a flash of lightning, they were all on their feet, dancing and putting out their tongues at the warriors, the youngest of the women going close up to them, and making the most devilish faces and contortions of body they could, the other women dancing like mad beings. All were naked, save a maro¹ round the waist. Having kept up the dancing until they were tired, they suddenly ceased with a loud "Ha! ha!" and returned silently to the pah, preceded by the men.

¹ A small mat.

When the dancing had ceased, and the people were turning towards the pah, Mato, a priest, jumped upon the right of the crouching warriors, and repeated:—

“Sons of the mighty!
Sons of the brave!”

In an instant the warriors were on their feet, and, all in perfect time, danced the war-dance, then, turning round, retired to their camp for the night.

CHAPTER VI.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE ATTACK—PIPO'S LOVE-TALE.

WHEN the people had returned to the pah, it being time for the evening meal, all were soon busy roasting and pounding fern-root, even those who came up with the warriors having to assist, and, save the chief men and women, who sat apart, every one had to prepare his or her own food. Round one of the large fires sat a group of most of the young women who had taken a prominent part in the making grimaces at the warriors, discussing, as they prepared their food, their attitudes in the whakatoamoia dance, and which had called forth the most praise from the others. The noise made by their paicias¹ could be heard at a great distance. The ringing laugh of their voices, intermingled with the noise of the paioia, swelling on the clear night air, might be heard by fits and starts at the warriors' camp, the merry noise making a great contrast to the sullen silence in which the warriors sat. Near one of the

¹ The partially-soft fern is placed on a round stone and beaten with a "paioia," a piece of wood.

fires sat a young man in the prime of life, with a well-knit frame and rather pleasing features; he sat looking at the group of laughing girls and young women. Immediately after one of their loudest bursts of laughter, he said, "You ought to keep your laughing for those who came to make love to you."

"What do you know about love?" asked a girl of some sixteen summers. "The only love you can talk about is the revenge you hope to obtain for being a slave."

"You are but a child," answered Pipo, for that was his name. "When I did fall in love, long ago, it was with one who was a chief's daughter—one who could wear a green-stone hei¹ on her breast, and a mako² in her ear, and the best kaitaka mat³ to flaunt in."

A girl who had not joined in the noise, nor had even cooked any fern-root for herself, said, "If you ever were in love, tell us the tale; we should like to know how you make love in your part of the Ika-a-Maui."⁴

Pipo replied, "It would have been as great as the mountain you see yonder; but your fathers killed and cooked her."

"Never mind that part of your love," said another young woman; "tell us how you acted, and what you said."

"And," said another, "what kind of a person your lady-love was."

¹ Carved ornament.

² Shark's tooth.

³ A large mat with a broad border.

⁴ "The fish of Maui," New Zealand, which is said to have been fished up by Maui.

"And," joined in another, "tell us how she refused you, for she was no doubt good-looking. You must have thought that to be taken a slave was a good ending to your rejected offers; and you had your revenge by seeing her cooked and eaten."

"No," answered Pipo, "I was not rejected; but your fathers came just as she had consented to become mine, and put hot stones between us."

"How long did you cry over her?" asked another girl; "I mean over the broken bones, which had once been hers, after all the flesh had been eaten from them. No doubt you collected them all, after the dogs had snarled and battled for them, to keep and cry over."

"Did you not collect them and put them away in your own land?" asked another female voice.

"I have seen a piece of bone which Pipo has to fasten his mat with on the right shoulder; no doubt, it is one of his lady-love's bones, which he keeps as her love-token."

"No, it is not," answered Pipo. "Your tribe must be very ignorant if you think I would touch or carry the bone of one of our people."

"Who taught you the ancient customs?"

"Do you not know, if any one was to do as you say it would be a kai koiwi,¹ and cause his death?"

The young woman who had not joined in the cooking and laughing, and whose name was Miro, said, "We will ask you another time to tell us all about the tapu; but now tell us about yourself and the cooked girl—I

¹ A cause of wasting away of the body—consumption.

mean, when you could look at her, and she could talk of love to you. You came from Taranaki, did you not, Pipo? And are not your people fairer than we are? What was her name?"

"Miro," answered Pipo, "what makes you so inquisitive? You know nothing about me or my tribe, then why ask about a people who were not brave enough to keep me from the inquisitive sneers of girls like you? I am your slave; but my ancestors were chiefs of rank, and they could command the elements, diseases, and even life and death."

"Oh!" said Miro, "how true you speak. They were cooked, and therefore chose the death that overtook them. If your fathers were priests, how is it they did not know that our people were so near to you? The gods tell priests of coming events."

"It may be," answered Pipo, "that the gods do tell what is in the future; and as such facts are more especially sweet to young women, I wonder if you will tell us what your grandfather has told you about your future husband? Do not look so red. But as you wish to hear of my love for one of my people, tell us first what your priest-grandfather has told you about him who is to be your husband."

At this moment a voice out in the darkness was heard to say in a clear tone, "Pipo, do not ask her whom she loves." All the women started with astonishment, and looked round in the direction from whence the voice came. Pipo asked, "Who are you?" but received no answer. One of the young

women said, "It is Heta who is trying to frighten us." "No," answered the same voice, "I am who I am; Miro knows me; she dare not ask me who I am."

"Ah! Miro," said Pipo, "I must really tell you my love-tale, for you can learn how to act in your own case. I will not sneer at you girls as you have been sneering at me, for you no doubt think yourselves better than Taranaki people; I belong to the Puketapu tribe, who reside near the Hua, at Taranaki. I am the son of a father who has a name in Maori tales of war, and my mother belongs to the Waitara people.

"We lived in a pah near the beach, where the surf is least heavy; the west side of which is washed by the rollers at high water. A little farther inland, and higher up in the clouds, there is another and larger pah, in which a great many people lived—about three times as many as in our pah—a creek came out to the beach to the north of us, which separated us from them. In the summer the young people of the two pahas used to bathe in the mouth of this creek, and no doubt you know that both boys and girls meet among the crowd of bathers. I need not say I was a boy of high rank then, though but a slave now. Among the crowds who joined in bathing there was a girl; she was the best of all, and often, while bathing, I laughed at her, and made sport of her, in love."

The voice in the dark said, "Yes, in the same way that Miro now does to you."

Miro jumped up in a rage, and, with a furious gesture, said, "I will not be made the sport of slaves and common people. Is not the daughter of Te Rou more than a thing to be laughed at?"

"Yes," answered the voice, "if you will tell us the name of the one you love."

Miro said to a girl, "Go and ask Aramita if Heta is to be allowed to make sport of me. Tell her to keep him with herself, and let him listen to her love-tale, and not come here where we are listening to the tale of a man of another tribe."

The voice said, "But I am not Heta."

"Who are you then?" asked the girl who had just been ordered to go to Aramita.

"I am the man loved by Miro," answered the voice.

This abashed Miro so much that she said, "Go on with your tale, Pipo; it is a slave who interrupts our amusement."

"Stay here and be kind to Pipo," continued the voice.

"You know how to talk; talk for yourself," answered Pipo.

"Stay here," again said the voice, in answer to Pipo.

Many of the girls now crowded near the fire, saying, "We are afraid there is something in the voice like the voice of a spirit."

"Of a spirit!" said Pipo, "who ever heard a spirit talk?" And continuing his tale, he said: "I laughed

at this girl for many months. One day when there was a very heavy rush of water out of the creek (for the kowhai rains¹ had been heavy that year), while many of us were bathing, Koha—for that was the girl's name—was carried away by the flood. We all gave a great yell, and, without knowing what I was doing, I swam out to save her; she sank before I reached her; I dived at the spot where I had last seen her, and caught her; she put her hands on my shoulders, and we attempted to swim in again, but the current and the drawback were too strong for us. Many a time we were nearly killed by the curling tops of the waves tumbling on our heads; we swam and swam until a crowd of men from our pah came out and reached us. I remembered no more, until a long time after, when I found myself in our hut, feeling very weak, and was not able to walk for some time. I often heard the voice of the bathers, and used to crawl to that side of our pah from which I could look down and see them, but Koha was not among them, and I did not ask where she was; it was a long, long, weary time before I could bathe again. The summer had ended, and we were invited to a feast given by the people of the other pah. They intended soon after the feast to go south to visit a tribe related to them. We went to the feast, and there I again saw Koha. We did not speak to each other; I kept looking at her, and often our eyes would meet, when she would at once

¹ The rains at the spring equinox, when the kowhai (*Sophora tetraptera* v. *grandiflora*) is in flower.

look away. We were both young at that time. I was to be tattooed soon, for I had reached the age."

One of the young girls interrupted him by saying, "But you have never been brave enough, Pipo, to bear the pain of the uhi-a-mata-ora.¹ Your face is as unsightly as your calabash."

"You may laugh," answered Pipo, "if laughing is your food. I know that I was not baptized with the ceremonies of the goddess of women; and but for one of your sex and the intrusion of your fathers, I should have been tattooed as beautifully as you could wish the face of your beloved to be."

"Let me mark your face with soot and the water of the poporo,"² said another girl; "I might fall in love with you, and save you from the death of those who have no wife to weep over them, or a wife to keep their name alive in the world when they are dead."

Miro, very impatiently, said, "Do not mind that chatterer, Pipo, but tell us your tale."

Pipo again continued: "Koha's father was of higher rank than our family; he was the chief of Whakarewa, the larger pah; ours was called Pukeariki. As I have told you before, our pah was on the seashore, and our people always took to him the best of fish we caught at sea. Thus we admitted Rangi to be our ariki.³ Koha had an elder sister, Rau, a most beautiful girl."

¹ The tattooing adze.

² *Solanum aviculare*.

³ Lord.

A voice interrupted him by asking, "Are you a judge of beauty?"

Pipo, who knew the voice came from a girl who was darker than usual, answered, "Yes; I should say that the green-stone in Miro's ear is beautiful; but if it was black, and not clear, it would be ugly."

This reply caused a loud titter, which so annoyed the young woman, that she jumped up, and, in a pet, kicked the one next to her, and retired into the house in which she usually slept.

"Rau," continued Pipo, "was most beautiful, but she knew it, and in her conceit had often refused those who loved her; thus her fame became known a great distance from our marae.¹ I felt that if I did not tell Koha of my love for her, I should die before she came back from the south. I determined to do so during the feast given by Rangi, her father. My father had taken a slave at Taupo, and as he was younger than myself, he gave him to me, to cook my fern-root, clean my fish, and go with me to catch birds. This boy slept near me, and was with me at the feast. While we were looking at the people I asked him which of the Rangi girls he liked the best. Ta—for that was his name—answered, 'Koha!' 'But is she as good-looking as her sister, Rau?' 'Oh no,' he answered, 'but she is good-looking in her heart; she is not proud; she is kind. While you were ill, after your attempt to save her, as you did not want me, I used to come to this pah very often, and many times she

¹ The open space in a pah.

gave me some good food, such as rat, shark, and korau.¹ 'She is beautiful in her heart! Would you,' I asked, 'take something to her for me? and if Rau detects you and attempts to make you confess what it is, dare you refuse to tell her?' 'I will try,' answered Ta; 'what is it?' I told him to wait and I would bring it. I then made the love-token, such as our ancestors used of old when they were young."

"Tell us what it is; perhaps we have not heard of it."

"It is like this," answered Pipo, taking up a piece of flax which was near him—all the young women gathered close round him to see. "There, you see this piece of flax; I take this end and tie it round the other, making a knot that will draw along the flax; then with the end round which I tied the first knot I make another round the first end, so that should any of you take the piece of flax which now forms a circle, and try to extend that circle, the two knots will draw together, each one sliding along the part round which it is tied, and if pulled hard they will make one tight knot. This is the love-token we send; if it is accepted, then the girl who receives it pulls the two knots tight together, thus consenting to become the wife of the man who sends the love-token. I sent one like this to Koha by Ta, who followed her all over the pah without being able to draw her attention, holding the token under his mat; but he was attracted by the sight of an old woman who was pre-

¹ The edible fern, *Cyathea medullaris*.

paring something to cook. She was opening what Ta thought to be a curious fish—being a native of Taupo, which is in the interior, he had not seen many kinds of fish; he stood watching her for some time without her noticing him. The thing she was cleaning was a guana, a very large lizard eaten by the Taranaki natives. She had laid it on its back and put its head under foot to hold it in that position, while she cut it open with a cockle-shell, so that Ta, not seeing its head, could not imagine what it was; and being very inquisitive, as much so as even you women, he asked the old lady the name of the fish she was cleaning.

“The old woman, who saw that he was ignorant, said, ‘Do you ask the name of this fish?’ At the same time she took a guana out of her basket and threw it at him, saying, ‘There, you bird of the forest! Where were you when the sun shines, not to see that fish?’

“The Taupo natives dread lizards more than most tribes; and as the guana came with a slap against his neck, the head and tail meeting round it, he forgot everything, threw up his arms in an agony of fear, dropped the love-token, his mat, and everything he had on, and rushed out of the pah, yelling and screaming in such a manner that he drew the attention of all who were at the feast. I heard his scream, and saw him rush away naked, jumping and yelling down the hill in a direct line for our pah, as if a war party was after him. I thought that Rau had beaten him.

As he ran for the deepest part of the creek, I followed him as fast as I could, fearing that he might be drowned there. I reached it just in time to see him sink and a bubble rise out of his mouth. I thought I heard the word 'Lizard,' but could not think of what lizard he meant. The water being very clear, I could see his large, glaring eyes, as large as the paua shell,¹ looking up at me from the bottom of the creek. I dived and brought him up. He was so full of water that he would have died, had not my father and some of his men taken him to our pah, where they made a large fire, which they covered with green grass and leaves to make plenty of smoke. Over this they held him with his heels up in the air. After some little time he began to kick; then he sneezed, when a large quantity of water spouted out of his nose and mouth; then he spoke, and the men let him down. He was alive again, but very weak and unable to walk. His eyes still looked like little moons; and he kept starting round every now and then, and putting his hand to his neck, brushing it, and attempting to scratch away something from it.

"He continued in this state many days, growing thinner and thinner. I was very fond of the boy, for I was not many summers older; and I watched and took care of him. The days seemed like so many years. I was so impatient and anxious to know what had become of my love-token, I could not wait any longer, and went to the other pah,

¹ *Haliotis Iris*.

where I met the old woman who had frightened him.

“She asked me ‘What has become of the owl who said to me, “What is the name of that fish?” when I was preparing to cook a kaweu (guana)?’

“‘Oh! it was with you he got the fright?’

“‘Yes,’ she answered. ‘As he wished to know what fish it was I was preparing, I threw one of the lizards at him, and it wound itself round his neck. He screamed, and left his mat and a piece of flax tied into a love-token. As he did not come back, when I had completed my work I took the love-token and with it tied the tails of the things he called fish. Some of our people thought the token was intended for Rau, which so enraged her father that he ordered it to be hung up in the smoke in a cookhouse, and that food should be offered to it every day.’

“This offering of food is intended to show that the sender is of low degree, and, as such, is not the man to obtain a woman of high rank. I then asked her, ‘When are you going to the south?’

“‘To-morrow,’ she answered.

“I returned to our pah, and finding Ta much better, in conversation I told him all I had heard about the lizards. This seemed to make him quite well; he inquired if the woman who had thrown the lizard at him was also going south. On the morrow we both went to see them leave, and stood among those who waved their garments to the departing people. I saw Koha, and she gave one, but such a look. We stood

gazing till they were out of sight, when Ta said, ' Oh, Pipo! my heart wants to go with those people to see new lands. You know the proverb, " Follow in the wake of a whale," which means, if we go with the great chief we shall have some good food. Will you go, Pipo? Let us start.'

" We followed and overtook them on the coast, and remained in their company as they went southward, staying with them wherever they stopped for the night; and with them reached the pah Ketenikau, where we were to remain some days. This pah was built some distance from the beach, and inland of it, towards the great mountain called Taranaki. There was some extent of scrub and fern, and then a forest. Ta soon became very friendly with a young man of the place, called Keko. They often went over all the country, catching eels and birds. There were many creeks winding in all directions through the scrub and fern land; and wherever any creek took a sharp turn where the ground was soft it made a deep hole. At these holes the two friends spent much of their time catching eels. Keko told Ta a great deal of the history and the acts of the chiefs, which led him to inquire about Nehu, the old woman who threw the lizard at him. He found that Keko was related to her. She was his aunt, and was a widow; her husband had been killed and eaten, his people having joined the Waitotara and Whanganui tribes against Taupo. The battle took place at Waitotara, where he fell. He had been a good man, and kept his storehouse full of

food ; but one thing he could never do, and that was to induce his wife Nehu to like eels, for whenever she ate of this kind of food she would be ill for days."

Miro exclaimed, "Oh, she was a wainamu!"

Pipo answered, "Yes, we all know that. There are men, and women, and children amongst us who cannot eat certain kinds of food. We also call such people wainamu. Nehu was a wainamu with eels; but she liked the kanae¹ made into a koki; that is, the kanae is cooked, all the bones are taken out, and the flesh pressed into a ball oblong in shape, then wrapped in the young leaf of the raurekau² tree and cooked again. But the roe of this fish, especially of those caught on the sea-coast, if eaten, a fatal attack of dysentery would follow; and unless a sufficient quantity (say thirty or forty) of the pith-leaves of the twig-branches of the koromiko³ leaf were eaten, death would ensue. The Ketenikau people proposed to go and catch the kanae, and, as our chiefs were passionately fond of this fish, some of our party offered to assist. This caused great pleasure to Ta, who jumped for joy when he told me of it, and then sought all over the kainga⁴ for Nehu, to tell her the news. She was equally delighted. Ta appeared to have forgotten the fright which Nehu gave him with the guana. I must tell you that Nehu was not old; she was still full of life, and could carry a good bundle of

¹ Mullet of the North Island. *Mugil perusii*.

² Supposed to be one of the coprosmas—doubtful.

³ Veronica.

⁴ Native village.

wood on her back, nor would she, at her age, have been so foolish as most of you are. She would not have refused a husband, no matter how he looked, so long as he could work well and give her plenty of food. There is only one thing she would have done. Had any one asked her to be his wife, she would have told him to show her his hands; and you may be sure if he had long finger-nails he might expect to hear 'No' from her lips, for the proverb says, 'Industry keeps the finger-nails short.' Ta, who had become very friendly with the old lady, promised to prepare some koki for her—a delicacy which she liked so much. The evening before the fishing party were to start, Ta went by himself, and, in the deep part of a creek, caught five large, fat eels, which he hid near the pah in the place where he usually slept. When I awoke in the morning the day had dawned—a fine summer's morning. As the proverb says, 'A kiore might have crossed the sea, it was so calm.'"

One of the girls asked, "What is a kiore? Is it the common rat?"

"You silly girl," answered Pipo. "How ignorant you people of the north are! No, it is not a rat, although the name is the same; it is a fish resembling an eel; but it has a head like a dog, and is never seen on the surface of the water except in the calmest weather. The kainga was all in confusion; the people were calling, bawling, ordering, all running hither and thither, every one commanding, no one obeying. At last the nets were ready, and the priests repeated

the incantations of whakainu¹ over them. The men formed in a line; the first one lifted on to his shoulder the end nearest the gate; the next also took up a position, and so on until the whole length was taken up. The order to start having been given, they set out, walking in a line with about the length of three men from each other. Now was the time for silence. Not a word was spoken; one chief only took command, and he walked in front of the net-carriers, going straight for the beach. All who were spectators remained on the sand hillocks, sitting down where they could see the success of the fishing party. Save a few twigs tied round their waists, the net-carriers were quite naked; for their ordinary garments must have come in contact with cooked food, and to wear them on such an occasion would have been an insult to Tangaroa, the god of fish; it would have been an aitua,² and have caused the fish to leave the beach. The chief in command went into the water; then holding up his hands, he shut them tightly together several times as a sign that there were fish. He then signalled to the first man to enter the surf, pointing with his finger to the spot where he was to go. All followed him, and, as they entered the water, they held the net high above their heads. When the net-carriers were as far out as necessary and in a line with the beach, the chief made a signal by lifting

¹ The incantations said over a new net the first time it is put into the sea.

² An evil omen.

up his arms above his head, suddenly dropping them. The net-carriers let the net fall into the surf, and, holding the float side up, they dragged it ashore. Now and then a man was seen to raise his arm, and with the other hand strike his elbow, by which signal the spectators learnt that many fish were caught; but on the net being landed there were but three. Again and again the net was dropped into the surf and dragged in shore, until the tide was too high, when there were but fifty mullet caught. Ta, at my request, got two of them, one of which he begged from me, saying he wished to make some koki for Nehu; the other one we ate. Ta left me to go in search of paraha¹ or raurekau² leaves. He was away until sun-down, when he returned and made a hangi in which to re-cook the kokis. When this had been done it was quite dark. He took them, with some kumaras, to Nehu, who was so delighted that she ate them all with a quantity of kumaras, pronouncing them very good. In her gratitude she gave Ta some birds, which were caught in winter and preserved in their own fat in a papa³ made of totara⁴ bark; on these he feasted. He did not return that night. About midnight Nehu awoke feeling very sick, as sick as any one can be who crosses Raukawa (the straits between the North and South Islands) for the first time. She was very ill indeed, and Ta had to attend to her all night. She

¹ Supposed to be a convolvulus—doubtful.

² Supposed to be a coprosma—doubtful.

³ A sort of tub.

⁴ Podocarpus totara.

seemed also as if she had eaten the roe of the kanae. By daylight she was very weak indeed, and Ta, who had a great knowledge of herbs, offered to take her out a little distance from the encampment, build a wharau¹ for her, and give her something that would cure her. He built the wharau, and gave her some koromiko leaves, which partially cured her. He then came and told me all that had befallen Nehu; and I promised to go and see her in the evening, which I did accordingly.

“While I sat looking at the old lady, I suddenly heard a voice say, ‘Is that you, Nehu?’

“She looked like one just risen from the dead. She answered, ‘Yes. I am here, quite ill. I shall go to where you are.’

“I asked Nehu, ‘Who is it?’

“‘It is my husband Rita.’

“‘Is he here? I never saw him,’ I again asked.

“The voice said, ‘Yes; I am dead, but I am here. You are ill, Nehu, and I have come to cure you.’

“‘O Rita!—is that you, Rita? Come, come!’ cried out Nehu.

“‘No, Nehu; it is you who must come to me,’ said the voice.

“‘Where to, Rita?’ asked Nehu. ‘To the world of spirits? O do not call me there now! If I die here, my friends will not carry my body to our kainga. I shall be buried with the bones of other tribes. O Rita, do not call me now!’

¹ Temporary shed.

“‘I will go with you,’ said Ta.

“‘And I also,’ said I.

“The voice said, sternly, ‘Come at once; come, and follow me.’

“Just now two girls, one from our own party and one from the kainga, came near; but they had not heard the spirit speak. Nehu got up, and staggered along the road in the direction from which the voice came. I followed her. The two girls, who wanted to see what the stupid old woman was going to do, followed at a greater distance behind with Ta. The voice said again and again, ‘Follow me,’ leading the way. After going some distance Nehu sat down. She was weak, ill, and tired. The voice kept saying, ‘Come on.’

“The two young women, having come near, heard the voice, and asked, ‘Who is that?’ I answered it was a priest, who had promised to cure Nehu. His orders were, she was to go to a place which he would show to her, and where she would be cured. Nehu again started. Our road led us towards some high scrub.

“The voice again called, ‘Come this way,’ calling her to go to the right of the road, into a patch of high scrub.

“Nehu tried to make her way among the scrub, stood still, coughed two or three times, and exclaimed, ‘I cannot go; there is no road!’

“‘Here I am at the place,’ cried the voice. ‘You have not far to go.’ Nehu proceeded.

“I heard a cough, a noise of twigs breaking, a

scream, and a splash in the stream, and the voice said, 'Hi, what, how, stop!' I was so surprised that I stood still; but Ta rushed to the rescue of his friend.

"The voice said, 'Let her drink: that is my medicine—let her drink.'

"I then heard a 'Bub, bub, bub; cough, cough, cough; Ri, Ri; cough; I am dead!'

"'No,' said Ta, who had plunged in, and had taken hold of her.

"I went to the bank, followed by the girls, who asked me, 'Where is the priest who is to cure her?'

"'Here I am,' answered the voice from the other side of the creek.

"I said, 'O Ta, save her! She is unable to swim, she is so ill.'

"'Let her drink,' said the voice on the other side of the creek.

"'Do not hold my arms, Nehu,' said Ta, 'or I cannot swim to take you to the other side.' Again there was a splash, and Ta rose to the surface and said, 'She will be drowned; I cannot help her; she will hold my arms.'

"'Come this way,' said the voice. 'Do not hold his arms, Nehu.'

"She obeyed the order, and Ta took her to the bank from which the voice came. When they had landed there we heard a most unearthly yell, which so frightened them that Ta let go his hold of Nehu, who fell down in a fit, and he ran away. The girls and myself

immediately jumped back into the road, and ran as fast as we could, leaving Ta to follow.

“ The girls were so frightened that they kept screaming all the time. We were yet some distance from the pah, when we met a party of armed men in order of battle, headed by the chief. They had heard the terrible yell, and, thinking we were attacked by some murdering party, had come to our assistance. We told them all we knew, and returned to the settlement, while they went on, accompanied by Ta, to bring Nehu. When we reached the pah all was uproar, our people being the only quiet party. The inhabitants, especially the women, seemed as if they were all mad; some rushing here and there, others crying, while many were tying up the entrances to the pah, all trying to do as much as they could. One old woman of rank was pacing up and down the main road shouting hoarsely—her voice was not unlike the sound of water dashing against the hollow banks of the seashore—and urging the people on to deeds of daring; but no one seemed to notice her. All were talking, and no one listening; so that they did not hear voices in the direction from which we expected the men to come who had gone for Nehu. There was so much confusion when we entered that no one asked the news, nor did we ask them to hear anything we had to say. I had already told the two girls it was the spirit of Nehu’s husband who had given the loud yell which had so frightened us; and, besides, we wanted to see the fun of people making so much fuss about nothing, no one

trying to find out the cause of the fright. Soon the men entered the pah, marched into the marae, or open space, and four of them, who carried something on their shoulders, laid it down, stiff and silent. Everybody gathered round to find it was Nehu. A fire was kindled, and she was smoked just in the same way that I had seen our people do to Ta, and it had the same effect.

“The old lady kicked, said some words, opened her eyes, and sighed many times. When they let her down, then, O then, the words that her tongue gave birth to were innumerable. She said she had been to the world of spirits, and had seen all the chiefs who had died since Potiki split the world in two; but she said, with a shudder, ‘It is so cold there! Make a fire!’

“Ta took her to her house, and attended to her until she had recovered, which, like all other good things in this world, took place in three days. One morning after the three days my heart was made dark by Ta informing me the old lady had talked to herself, during her illness, about the day of the great talk which she thought was to take place that day in the great house. He thought the meeting was to learn from the young folk who were their favourites, and the people might take the matter into consideration, and select husbands or wives for each.

“‘If this is true,’ said Ta, ‘why did the gods lead us here? Do they intend to let you see the one you love given to another? The old men are to speak in the evenings; after the evening meal the young people

and parents will speak; then the young girls who are to take husbands, and the young men who may be proposed as husbands at the conclusion.'

"'We must go,' said I to Ta. 'We shall hear the words of all the good-looking girls of this pah. Who knows but you and I may be proposed by some of them, if not by some one else.'

"It was in the early part of the day when Ta told me this, and it caused me to sit and look at the sea and its waves, and then inland at the high mountains in the distance. My heart was as rough as that sea, and my spirit as high as the mountains I saw. I suddenly thought, if Koha were to accept some one of the young men of the kainga, I should hang myself. O how glad I was when I found this thought! I could put myself to sleep, and never see her more. It made my heart jump right up to my chin. I got a cockle-shell, and went to see old Nehu, and, after some talk with her, I asked, 'Do you grow the tihore flax here?'

"She answered, 'Why?'

"'Because it is the chief of flax, and is so white when made into fibre.'

"'Have you been blind since you came here?' she asked, and, holding up a kaitaka mat which she had made, she said, 'There—the flax of which that mat is made is tihore. Do you not know, or have you not heard from your people, that we not only make the best mats in this island, but that we make them of the tihore? Go and stand at the door of my hut, look over the palisade of the pah towards the south-east.

Do you not see a line of flax-bushes extending all along the flat, as far as you can see? That is all tihore. At all the settlements on this coast we grow lines of tihore flax on the sea side of our kumara plantations. We have done so for ages, and since our ancestor Turi came here.

“Yes; I see what you say is true. There is your mat.’

“Oh no,’ said Nehu; ‘you must take that. I shall also give one to Ta.’

“What an evil omen, I thought, to be compelled to accept a gift from an invalid. I took the mat, however, and went to the flax-bushes, cut as many leaves as I wanted, and took them to my hut. After having spent some time in looking at my new mat, and thinking of Koha, and what evil would come from my accepting it, with my cockle-shell I cut the back of each leaf half through, then holding it with my right hand, with the cut side downwards, I pressed the shell on its upper side, and scraped the shell along the leaf with a steady pull. This took all the green part from the fibre, and left it clean and white, and soon I had a large bundle of it ready for my purpose. I did not beat the fibre as the old women do, but at once began to plait an eight-plait rope. I was determined not to have a common rope. I had just completed my work when Ta came to tell me the people were all gathering in the great marae, the principal open space in the pah, and if I did not go soon, I should not hear the old chiefs speak. I tied my new rope round my waist

—it was a fathom and a half long—oiled my head, and stuck a few huia¹ and albatross feathers into my hair, then, putting on the mat which Nehu had given me, I went to the council-house. I joined our party, who sat apart from the people of the kainga. The chiefs were to put certain questions to the young men and women, which had to be answered publicly.

“After some time an old chief arose. He had red eyes, and no eyelashes; only a few hairs remained on his head just above his ears, which were left there by the gods to keep them warm. His legs were like the dried stalks of the thistle, and his voice was like the quacking of ducks. Who he was I did not know. He said, ‘When I was young, ours was a great tribe; we were a very numerous people then. My fathers called a meeting like this to ask me what girl I would have as my wife. I did not know what answer to make.’

“I must tell you girls this old chief paced from the centre of the marae to the palisading of the pah while speaking, and he reached the palisade just as he said the last words, when a voice from outside asked, ‘Had you red-ochre in your eyes at that time?’

“The old chief started with rage, and asked, ‘What slave is that who dares to speak when I am speaking to my people?’

“‘Go on, old man,’ said the voice; ‘tell them the name of the girl who would not have you.’

“‘I shall die of rage,’ said the chief, ‘if some one does not go and keep that slave from talking.’ He

¹ *Heteralocha acutirostris*, Buller's ‘N. Z. Birds,’ p. 63.

commanded one of his men to go and stop the slave from causing his death.

“He then continued: ‘If I find him, he shall be cooked for my guests to eat, after my son has said which girl he will have for his wife.’

“‘What woman would have your idiot son?’ asked the voice.

“‘Your head shall be cooked at once,’ cried out the chief. ‘Hold your tongue!’

“The voice answered, ‘I will; but let your speech be short, or the ducks will laugh, your voice is so like mimicking them. If you speak long, you will become hoarse and be like the kakao, the bird of evil omen, whose voice is made gruff by the hairs of the dead, which stick in his throat. Stay here; have done.’

“The old chief sat down in a perfect fit of desperation, his rage making him quite weak. His eyes had become redder than usual. The brother of the last speaker rose up (I learnt from our people that they were the head chiefs of the tribe), and said, ‘Who can it be who thus dares to interrupt our head chief? Truly, this people must be slaves if they do such evil work. When was it ever heard amongst us in days of old that a child dared to cry, or even a dog howl whilst a chief was speaking? What we have heard to-day will be told of us to all the world, and we shall be called a tribe of slaves!’ Addressing his brother, he said, ‘Why sit down, O my eldest brother? Why listen to the talk of one who is mad? Do you forget that mad old slave who some time since went into the forest, and whom we

thought dead? Do you not know that early this morning he came back, and is now in the pah? Speak, O my elder, and do not let the sons of Turi be spoken of as a tribe of slaves for interrupting a chief while speaking. Why take heed of a madman? Speak, my brother.'

"'No,' answered the son of the red-eyed chief; 'my father shall not speak again. You are older than I am, and I would not have spoken, had I not felt the truth of the proverb which says, "The gods speak by madmen." If this madman has spoken, he has no sense of his own, and therefore the gods have seen there is no one here who is to be my wife. Let my name be mentioned at some future Pa-kuha¹ meeting. Let no one mention my name again in this assembly.'

"Rangi, our chief, now arose, and, after pacing up and down the marae a short time, said, 'I did not come here to talk. It is not for a stranger to speak. Let your words be known, and let the people hear your thoughts. I am old now, but when I was young, like some of the chiefs I now see, I looked on many a woman's face, and knew which of them I should like for my wife. Speak, O fathers! and tell your thoughts, and let the young people say whom they love. Why should man live alone? Do not the birds build their nests before the summer comes? Do not the lampreys stem the rapids before summer comes, that they may go and prepare a place in which to keep their numbers from decreasing? And are you, O young

¹ Betrothal.

men, idle? Are not many of your tribe dying every month? Do you think men will grow out of the ground? The chief is chief, but the people is the strength of the chief. Let the young men and women say to-night whom they are willing to have.'

"The sun had set, and the slaves began to light the hangi fires, the smoke from which made the pah look like a small burning mountain.

"The people sat in groups, the girls and young men separate, while the old people in silence sat, some here, some there, not even looking up when a burst of loud laughter came from one or more of the groups of women, who were enjoying the fun arising out of the topics discussed at such meetings. The kai¹ of dried shark, eels, karaka,² and kumaras being cooked, was set before the people in small baskets made of the green flax leaf, each basket containing about as much as five persons could consume; these were placed before the different groups. Even the food furnished the girls with a fund of amusement. If any two girls put their hands into the basket to take the same piece of food, the other girls would laugh, and say, 'You will dispute to-night for some young man,' repeating the proverb, 'To put your hand into the basket for the same piece of food that another is trying to get is an omen of dispute.' The young men were not so joyous; and I again and again touched my rope, wondering if

¹ Food.

² *Corynocarpus laevigata*, the berry of which, about the size of a plum, is cooked for food.

I should have to use it or not. It was dark, the evening kai was over. The whare matoro¹ was lighted with kapara torches placed in a line up the centre of the house. These bundles were as long as I can span, and made of the heart of the koroi or rimu tree, which in old age had been blown down by the winter's storms and the sap decayed, leaving the heart; and as they nearly always lie in the damp undergrowth of the forest, the wet caused the gum of the tree to concentrate in the heart. This kind of light is much sought after, and is called kapara, by us at Taranaki. It is split into shreds, dried, and tied into bundles the size of my arm, and when lit will burn with a steady blaze, but the ashes must be knocked off occasionally. The house was twelve fathoms long by seven wide, and built in the usual style, being made of totara bark outside and lined inside with the swamp reed. The rafters were all painted in scrolls, with red-ochre or kokowai. It being summer, there was no need for a fire. The house was soon full, for all came, from the infant in its mother's arms, to the decrepit old man and wrinkled old woman. All appeared to have an interest at stake in the matters to be discussed and decided that night. The first speech was made by an old chief, one of those who are known by the name of Ki-whaingā. He never had a wife. That he never was in love I could not say. You girls know that hawks do not refuse to see a rat, though they do soar so high. He never had a wife to cook, collect cockles, and sow thistles, or make

¹ The large meeting-house of the village.

mats for him. I can assert with truth that his was a heart that never felt for sickness, pain, or death. And his alone the power to say when peace or war, or life or death should be. Hence, he by custom could never have a wife.

“He said, ‘I am an old man; I heard what you, the chiefs and the boy, have said to-day; and as there are many who will speak to-night, I ought to teach you how to act when you young people speak and make up your minds to take a husband or a wife. Let me tell you girls, if you take husbands from your own people, you will remain in the tribe, and your children will take the place of those who die, thus keeping up your strength.

“‘Those who take husbands from other tribes, rob us of our power; a young man who takes a wife from another tribe, and she by birth is of a higher rank than he, forsakes his own and follows her, and gives his arm to those who soon may be our foes. This we once have felt. I teach you how to act. But if you will do as you like, you then fulfil the proverb, “Children laugh and old men cry.”’

“Nehu jumped up and said, ‘I did not come here to be told of evil done by Rita; he was one of you; he asked me to love him.’ (Here the old woman straightened herself up as erect as she could. She had a new mat round her waist and another over her shoulders, and a few huia and albatross feathers in her head; and tried to look younger than she was.) ‘You all know that on his account I refused one of our own young

chiefs. You know what became of him; then why speak to me? Why blame me because Rita left yours to live with my tribe? I am alone; Rita never had a child. Would he have made your tribe stronger than he has made mine? What is the cause of your talking in this way? Go and talk to him, perhaps he can hear you. I now tell you, since you laugh at me, I will have revenge; and should any man of another tribe ask me to be his wife, I will say yes, and shame you who would not let me cry for Rita. As he was one of you, I will no longer cry for him. He belonged to a people who can think evil of me without a cause. I will have another husband to be revenged.'

"A young man arose, looked up each side of the house, and then at Nehu; he said, 'Yes, you are right, and I will give you the opportunity of being revenged; I have three wives, but not one of them can or will make mats. Then consent before all the people to be my wife.'

"'Why should you talk?' said a young woman who stood up, and shook the long hair from before her face, first with a jerk to the right and then to the left, which sent the hair like a root of sea-kelp thrown by a wave, and with uplifted hand she continued: 'We do not want to hear the words of old men and women; you know the proverb, "When the old net is rotten the new one is taken into use." You who have spoken are covered with the weeds of Tura (grey hairs). Why should we listen to grey-headed women and grey-headed men? Speak, young people, this is our time. Is not

this a meeting at which we are to speak? Men can talk of war when we are not allowed even to whisper. Let them now be silent while we speak.'

"An old woman answered, 'If you do not tell us more of yourself, we must speak, for we shall have to ask questions.'

"'Yes, you may tell me whom our son loves,' answered the former speaker; 'but do not say that he loves me, for I should have to say no.'

"The son of the red-eyed chief, whose mother had spoken, now arose, and said, 'Why do you talk about me? I have said I did not wish to have my name mentioned at this atahu meeting.'¹

"He sat down by me. I had become amused by the turn which the talk had taken, and, not being in a nice position, I went and sat down in a corner. In my hurry I left my rope behind, and could not return for it, lest my interrupting the speakers by going to and fro should cause me to be spoken of as a slave.

"A young man now said, 'I don't want to say much; but listen, O people! My liking is for the daughter of Rangi; let me have Rau, and we will live here. She will come and live with us. Am I not of rank equal to hers? Then why should I not ask her to come and live with our people?'

"'No!' cried the mother of the son of the red-eyed chief, 'you cannot have her; my son has been long in love with her, and she shall be his; you may have Koha, the sister, but Rau is my daughter.'

¹ Betrothal meeting, same as pa-kuha, *ante*, p. 92.

“Rau’s voice at this moment was heard to utter a loud ‘Ha! ha! ha!’ and I saw the son of the red-eyed chief tremble and hold down his head. After I heard the name of Koha mentioned, my heart dried up, and glowworms fell into my eyes. I still sat and looked at the people, yet I neither saw nor heard them, or the words they said. The first voice I heard was the voice of a girl, which said, ‘Let the talk end, and the old, people sit by the sides of the house and allow us, the young, people, to have a haka¹ now.’ This gave rise to a general commotion. Most of the old people went to their sleeping-houses. I was as busy as any one arranging the kapara lights in two rows, and took an active part with the kai haka.² The girls sat in a line with a row of lights behind them; the young men formed another line, sitting cross-legged opposite the girls, with a row of lights behind them. We were all similarly dressed, having but one mat round the waist. The haka commenced, and I sat opposite to Koha, who watched my arms as I acted the haka and took the cue for her action. I saw that the son of the red-eyed chief sat opposite to Rau, who did not seem to be pleased.

“In the midst of one of our rangi haka³ Rau suddenly stopped, and said, ‘If I am to act and look at you, I shall act so badly that I shall be ashamed.’

“At this rebuke the young chief rose and went and

¹ A sort of game, consisting of a series of contortions of the body and limbs keeping time to a song or chant.

² Those who took part in the haka..

³ Haka songs.

lay down in the corner of the house where I had formerly sat, and where I had left my new mat. I saw him cover himself with it and hide his head. We did not cease to haka until the birds began to sing their morning song, when, being too tired to move, we each lay down where each had sat, and slept. During the haka I had felt I must have Koha, or surely I should die, and I saw that she looked as if she did not dislike me. When daylight came we moved, and each awoke, but, being weary still, each sat silent as an owl in daylight, I looking to see where Koha was, and saw some one move partly round. Our eyes met; she covered her head again and laughed beneath her mat; Rau awoke and sat up. The slaves announced the morning kai¹ was in the paros² ready now. We could not eat in such a house, it would have been an insult to the gods; such an act would cause our death. We met in groups around our morning meal.

“ ‘Where is my son?’ asked the wife of the red-eyed chief.

“ ‘He is asleep in the corner of the house,’ answered a young man.

“ His mother called him, but no answer came; she went to the door of the house and called again, and said, “How long you sleep; do not be sulky because the girl laughed at you.’

“ As she received no answer, she swallowed the food she had in her mouth, and rubbed her hands to cleanse them from crumbs which might be there, and went in.

¹ Food.

² Baskets.

“We were all startled by a scream in the house, and, thinking the young chief was murdering his mother, I sprang up, and was one of the first to enter the house. I saw the old woman tearing the hair from her head and making as much noise as ten men attacking a pah at daylight. She had pulled my mat from the young man, who lay at full length with one end of my rope tied to his big toe, and the other end was tied round his throat with a slip-knot. He was quite dead. I knew the rope, but no one knew that it was mine.

“As I went out I met Rau and Koha, who had been to see him. I said to Rau, ‘He died because you laughed last night.’

“She answered, ‘If he was fool enough to kill himself, he might have been idiot enough to kill me if I had been his wife. A tree is blown down by the storm; it has not sense to keep itself erect. A man need not kill himself because he cannot get the wife he wants. Truly these people are cowards.’

“‘We must go home at once,’ I answered, ‘or there will be enough to do to show we are not cowards.’

“The corpse had been brought out and laid on mats in the marae; and all the people of the kainga with one voice joined in the tangi¹ for the dead; the father (the red-eyed chief) sat close to the head, and the mother at the feet of the corpse, both gesticulating wildly with their hands, whilst tears streamed down their cheeks.

¹ Wailing.

“In the midst of this the uncle of the dead man (after walking backward and forward for some little time) said, ‘My heart is dead; our bird of sweet song is gone. Who will eat the food I shall get at sea and on the land? Who is to fill his place? He was a man! I shall ask for a girl to be mine to fill his place. Let not my request be refused.’

“Rangi answered, ‘Yes, you are right to cry, but your sorrow is your own. Who brought death to your marae? We came here to see you, O my relations! and you wish to show how brave you are by the act of this your foolish son.’

“Rau, the daughter of Rangi, arose and said, ‘Let a girl speak. You have blamed me, and asked me to live with you as your daughter. Who can answer better than myself? No, O fathers! I will never be your child. There is the heitiki¹ from my breast; that is the only child you shall have from me.’ She threw the green-stone image, which she had worn round her neck, towards him, and sat down. As she sat down our people came forward, some with mats, others with green-stone ornaments, and laid them at the feet of the corpse, and walked out of the pah. Rangi, Rau, and Koha followed, knowing what it all meant. I followed them. As I left the pah I saw young men hastening off towards the interior, and others along the coast southwards. I knew they were messengers sent to call their friends to avenge the death of him

¹ A carved green-stone image worn round the neck, hanging on the breast.

who dared to die because a girl had laughed. I soon overtook our party, who were going as rapidly as possible along the coast towards our home; all went in deep silence. Old Nehu walked as fast as any of them.

“When we were out of sight of the pah, Rangi called a halt and said, ‘When we may be attacked I know not, but let us be prepared. Let those who can fight divide into two companies; one go behind and one in front; let the women, children, and very old people be in the centre.’

“These orders were obeyed, and we again pushed on as rapidly as possible. By mid-day we had not got over half the distance to our pah; still on we went. I did not wish to die yet, or see my Koha killed. I said to our chief, ‘O Rangi! my feet are the feet of swiftness; let me go and tell our people who live near the creek, and they will come to meet us.’

“‘Yes,’ said Rangi, ‘go, O son! and say we shall not die; but we are women, and are not old enough to guard ourselves against our foe. He has been taught the arts of war. Yet we shall not die unavenged. Go, O son! go.’

“I was off like the pingaos¹ blown by the wind; my feet were so light I did not see the sand on the beach. I reached our home, and we returned for our people. We got safe back, but found that some of our young men had stayed behind. We told all the

¹ *Desmoschoenus spiralis*, the seed of which is blown along the sand with great rapidity.

news to those who had remained in charge of our pah, and 'soon all was bustle and work. On the morrow those who had stayed behind arrived; they were all young men, and had waited to learn what the friends of Kari, the young chief who had killed himself, intended to do. From them we learnt that war messengers had gone south, and we might expect thousands to attack our pah; and what made the matter worse was the red-eyed chief had gone to Waimate, a pah which stood on a high hill, the base of which is washed by the sea, the seaward side being precipitous, and, from rage and sorrow for the refusal of his son and his death, had thrown himself over the precipice.

“ We had sufficient food to stand a long siege, and collected it all into the pah.

“ When our preparations for defence were completed our old men became silent, while we young men oft-times in the day climbed the puwhara¹ to see if any signs of an approaching enemy were visible, some of the more daring going along the beach as far as Paritutu to obtain information. At last the enemy was seen coming over the hill at Waireka; we were in a state of great excitement to know their numbers. On they came; but we could not guess the number then until we saw a long line of men winding down the path on the north side of Paritutu, going towards the beach, where they all came in sight, and we could then see our enemies were very numerous indeed. They formed

¹ A stage erected in a pah, from which outlook is kept for enemies.

into a body and came along the beach towards our pah until we could easily distinguish them. Their chief, who was on the right side, was a tall, fine-looking man, quite in his youth. His form was partially hid by a topuni.¹ His hair was tied up into a knot (pare koukou) at the top of the back of his head, in the centre of which fluttered the whole tail of a huia bird. A green-stone hei was hung to his right ear, and a bunch of albatross down in his left. He carried a green-stone (mere ponamu) in his right hand; his mat was fastened over his right shoulder by a pin, about the length of my middle finger, made from a whale's tooth, thus leaving the right shoulder and arm bare and ready for action. When they had reached half the distance between our pah and where they had first come on to the beach, five active fellows, with spears in their hands, and only a maro² round their waists, came towards our pah. They came on like the wind. They were tutu,³ sent to see in what manner we intended to receive enemies. Our people had been divided between the higher and lower pah. At the latter we could obtain water from a spring near it; this we meant to fight for and hold as long as possible. On came the taua⁴ until within a stone's throw of us, when a halt was called, and in an instant they fell on their knees; but when Taka (he was the chief who had come to wage war against us) gave the command, they danced the war-dance. When they had done, we in the lower pah saluted them in return with

¹ A dog-skin mat.

² A small mat.

³ Scouts.

⁴ War party.

a similar dance; Rangi, Rau, Koha, Nehu, and myself were all in the lower pah. The defenders of the upper pah followed us in a war-dance in defiance to our foe.

“Day after day we were taunted and called cowards by the taua; words could not kill. We were at home, had plenty of food and water, and I could look at Koha, and put my tongue out at the taua. I could not wish for more. We knew no kumaras had been left in our plantations, and the fern-root growing near our pah was not the kind of which the natives of the south would eat. Good fern-root grows in the south. We thought they must give up the siege for want of food. Moon came and went, and still moon after moon they sat and looked at us. Day after day we heard them laugh and sing, and were now in want of water. For some time we had been able to get water from the spring on the south-east of our pah. One night a party of us young men went out as usual to bring water, each being fully armed and prepared to fight. The foremost man fell into a rua,¹ breaking the calabashes he held in his left hand.

“No sooner had our man fallen than one of our party who was behind, hearing the calabashes break, cried out, ‘Be brave; there are two skulls cracked; charge—on! on! we are many!’

“At the same moment we met hand to hand with a party of the enemy. I could not see what our young men were doing, but struck a blow on my calabash, and said with a loud voice, ‘There! your skull is cracked,’

¹ An old kumara pit.

and jumped down the hole into which our man had fallen. I wished to lift him out to fight and live. He was not dead, but breathed so quick, and, lying on his back, was looking up at the fight, and listening to the voice now heard above him. I saw a big man make a desperate blow at Ta; but Ta gave such a scream he frightened the big man, who fled with his friends one way while Ta ran another. Our men followed them, but darkness saved their lives. That night we got some water; it was the last. Next morning we saw a trench made by the enemy between us and the spring. All hope of water now was lost, and we were also cut off from the other pah. Day after day came and passed. The water we obtained that night was given to each in a swamp-reed; all had been consumed; and now our tongues began to swell, and check our voice and fill our mouths.

“Rau and her father sat together, looking over the palisading at the spring. Rangi saw the young chief Taka walking some little distance from the pah, and he cried in a trembling voice to the enemy, ‘Do you hear? My throat is hoarse from thirst; give me some water.’

“Some of the taua had pity on the chief, and went and got some water, and were taking it to him; but others (near relations of Kari, the young man who killed himself) broke the calabashes, and nearly caused a fight among themselves.

“Rangi again called to Taka, who had seen the dispute about the water, and asked, ‘What name do your men call you?’

“He answered, ‘I am Taka.’

“Rangi asked, ‘Are you able to calm the surge which heaves with anger on the hidden rocks of Orongo-ta-Kupe?’

“‘Yes,’ answered Taka; ‘my arm the dog dare not bite!’

“‘Live in this world,’ said Rangi; ‘for I and my daughters are now dead for want of water, my thirst is so great. I am not able to say more. Live here; stay in life.’

“Taka, who came to avenge the death of Kari, knew that Rangi was the chief of the pah, and that Rau was his daughter. Her fame had reached his pah. He did not care for Kari, now he had seen Rau, and Kari was not now a man; Kari had become a worm. Kari could no longer speak—why should any fear him? A dead cockatoo cannot bite. Taka took a calabash and filled it at the spring, an act he had not done since he was a boy, and then only because of some childish pet to spite his mother. His men who saw him gave a shout of astonishment, thus drawing the attention of the whole war party to what he was doing. His act was of so strange a character, that all arose silently on their feet and watched his steps as he took the calabash to the spring, filled it, and then ascended the hill towards the palisade where Rau and Rangi stood.

“Our people, who saw Taka coming up, to honour him immediately made opening in the palisading. He was a chief of highest rank. All chiefs of high rank enter a pah by an opening through which no one

else has entered; and also, when a pah submits, the inhabitants make a hole in their palisading to let the conquerors in. Rangī rose and stood up waiting, while Rau and Koha sat one on each side of him.

“Taka entered, and, going up to the old man, he held out the calabash of water, saying, ‘There, O chief of old age! did I not say the dog durst not bite this arm? This water is for you and your daughters.’ He walked a pace or two from them and sat down.

“A slave came forward and poured the water into the old chief’s hand, out of which he drank.

“While he was drinking, Taka looked at Rau, and she in turn looked at the chief who had been kind to her father, and who had himself brought water for them.

“When the enemy saw their chief sit down, a whisper of indignation was heard from the lips of many; others exclaiming, ‘Taka loves war, but Rau he loves better. Now has set the sun of war. Why did we come here to be cast aside for the beautiful face of a girl?’

“After the girls had taken some water, Rangī said, ‘You are Taka, my thirst is quenched; and if your anger towards me is assuaged, let me hear the words of a chief ariki. Speak, O leader of the water party! You are young, and perhaps you were sent by the relatives of Kari, who strangled himself because Rau laughed at him. Why should my relatives ask you to come and attack me and my people for the act of a foolish boy? Are there not enough of them to come and talk with

me, without sending for one whose name alone would open the gates of my pah at any time but on such a visit as this? You know that boys will be boys, and girls will be girls; and the waves of the sea will always run away from the wind. Even so, young people will do as they like; and had I attempted to make Rau love Kari, that dead man, she would have run away from my words, as the waves from the wind. Hearken, O Taka! You have seen the inside of my pah; you have come in like a god; the way by which you came in is sacred, and no one shall come in or go out by that way but yourself. You see what I have; I am a man of little property. This is all I shall say to you. Return, O Taka! to your own place.'

“Taka arose and said, ‘O Rangi! I have heard your words about the foolish boy; but I was told you bewitched him, so that he lost his own thoughts, hence he killed himself. And then the rope with which he strangled himself was said to have been made by the gods, for no one knew where it came from, and the plait is unknown. I thought you were an evil man, and had practised sorcery on your relatives. And that great evil, the death of his father; who could make that man fear? who ever heard of his being afraid? Has he not been in battle since he was able to carry a worm to fish for eels? And for him to jump off a cliff was a proof that you were an evil man. I came to punish you. I find you are not the evil man they said you were. I know who bewitched that foolish boy, Kari. Tell me, O daughter of Rangi! what priest you invoked to repeat

his incantations over Kari, to make him so daring and brave?

“Rau jumped up, and, walking a little distance from where she had been sitting with her sister, said, ‘Sit down, O chief! whose name has come over yon mountains and been heard in our marae. You are the birds of fame inland; we of the coast are not birds of fame, hence you speak as you like to us. But, O young chief of fame! we are men and women, who are sons and daughters of men and women, even like yourselves.

“‘You blame us for the death of that stupid boy; you even say that I repeated the sacred incantations of our ancestors to cause his death. You cause me to say great words. Hearken, then: I would not even have looked on such a man, a gull of the coast; then why should I take pains to repeat incantations to kill him who could cause no annoyance to me? Am I not my own master? Neither my parents nor relatives made me a puihi¹ when I was an infant, by promising I should be the wife of one unknown to me. Then why should I kill any man when I can choose for myself? Your words, O chief! are thoughtless words. Return to your place, and tell our relatives, the relatives of Kari, that they are to blame for his death, not me.’

“During this time the enemy had become quite furious, and many of them appeared on the beach with bundles on their backs. Seeing them Taka rose, and

¹ One betrothed.

in a loud, clear voice said, 'The sun now shines on the other side of Tawauwau,'¹ and sat down.

"Immediately after hearing this, Taka's own men came flocking into the pah. They sat down and looked in silent admiration at Rau, who was sitting where she last spoke. I heard some of them say, 'True, Taka has become the slave of that girl; but she is the only wife he could have: she is as beautiful as the snow-white crane.'

"The tribe of the red-eyed chief left in a rage for their home, and set fire to Taka's camp. When the flames were seen, Taka's tribe rushed down to the camp to save their mats, and wished to follow those who had departed, and punish them for the cowardly act; but Taka commanded his men to return and remain in the pah. After dark, Taka, who had been sitting with his people in the marae, rose and said, 'Rangi, remain in your kainga, while I, when the sun rises to-morrow, will return to my place. I am ashamed to pass by the tapu where Kari is buried, for his people have insulted me. You see that even my name could not keep their hands from setting fire to my camp where I slept. O Rau! daughter of Rangi, whose fame reached me in my own place, come with me and let me show to my people the woman of whose fame they so often have heard.'

"Rau rose and said, 'Your name has been known to me for many summers. You shall not go home ashamed. I and some of my people will go with you.'

¹ A figurative expression for "Peace is made."

“Rangi asked, ‘O Rau! do you know the word of Taka? Can you love him?’

“Rau jumped up in a hurry, and answered, ‘O old man! I have spoken. Taka knows what I said. It is for him to ask what I mean, and not for any other man, woman, or child.’

“Taka said, ‘Sufficient is your word, O beautiful bird! who shall sing to my people in the presence of strangers.’

“On the morrow Taka and his people left, accompanied by Rau, now his wife, Koha, Nehu, and myself. Instead of going south to his own place, he went north to visit Waitara. We first called at the Manuhorihi pah; from there we went up the Waitara river into the interior, and reached a pah on the east side of Taranaki Mountains, where some of Taka’s relatives lived. While here I told Nehu of my love to Koha; the fight at the water-spring had caused Nehu to like me. She consented that we should return to our people and tell them, that Rangi and the others might know; and Koha agreed to this. We soon left Taka and his friends, and had returned but a short distance towards our home when we were met by a party of Ngapuhi warriors, your fathers, who had been sent by the main body to look for food. They took us prisoners, killing Nehu, Koha, and most of our party. They cooked and ate them. I was made to carry some of Nehu’s and Koha’s flesh to the main camp, where I had to cook and do such work as I continue to do.”

Miro asked, “Then she was not your wife, Pipo?”

Pipo answered, "No; but I loved her, and she loved me. I hope I shall get revenge to-day for her being killed, and for the insult offered to me, whom your fathers made to carry her mangled corpse."

When Pipo had finished silence reigned, and all slept till the morrow.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ATTACK AND CAPTURE OF OTU PAH.

THE day was now breaking; the forest robin, by his "Tou! tou! tou! tou!" told of the coming day; the slaves were busy; and soon the din of pounding the fern-root re-echoed in the forest, rousing all who still slept. The younger boys and girls who had slept near the great fire awoke out of their sleep, and soon all within the pah were stirring. The warriors' camp again showed signs of life. Old Nga was sitting up in a small shed apart from all the rest, and only large enough for one to sleep in. Takuai had also passed the night in a similar shed, separated from the warriors. The morning meal of fern-root was soon prepared. Only fern-root is eaten by a war party; it only is the food of Tu, the god of war; kumara¹ and all other kinds of food are forbidden until the war is over.

After they had finished their morning meal, all the warriors sat looking at the priests, Nga and Takuai. Tupu, who was the first to speak, said, "What are we

¹ The sweet potato.

to do? Need I ask if we know the work in which we are to act?"

Mato, a chief of the Kopura tribe, and also a priest, though yet young, said, "Yes. I dreamt that I saw the face of a female looking at me out of the ground. I know we shall not be beaten to-day."

"We have not time to talk," said Ngau. "Let each man repeat his kitao¹ over his weapon of war, and let us go to the tide of Tu."

All the warriors now rose, and each one stepped aside into the forest to say his incantation over his weapon. Every man had his own kitao taught to him by his father or grandfather, which was sacred to the use of the family, each repeating his own in an undertone, lest any of his fellow-warriors should learn the words. Mato, the young priest, repeated the following over his weapon:—

"Descend, O descend,
Stretch forth thine arm, stretch forth;
This is the mantle of the night now coming,
This is the garb of day now coming,
With its godlike yet writhing soul.
Thy strength is failing;
O, angry heaven! by the strength of Tu
Mete out the stars, mete out the moon—
Thou shalt be smitten!"

As soon as this ceremony was over, the men marched in a line close to each other towards Otu pah. A number of the younger warriors went in advance of the main body, and while yet at some distance from Otu,

¹ Incantation.

they saw a party from that pah, which defied them to the attack ; but they kept out of reach of the kotaha¹ arrows, and remained sheltered behind a small clump of karaka² trees until the main body came up. This grove grew by the side of a creek, close to which was a kumara plantation. While here, they were saluted by a war-dance from the pah and a volley of kotaha arrows.

¹ The arrow-spear is made of the manuka, which is split into pieces the size of the thumb ; one end is allowed to remain of this thickness for half the width of the hand, the remainder, which is about twice the length of the arm, is scraped with a shell or sharp stone until it is about a fifth the size of the head ; where the head begins to taper the wood is deeply notched, and to the head is tied a piece of the woody part of the ponga (fern-tree). This is the arrow. The warriors also have a piece of wood, about the same thickness as the arrow-head and about a fathom long, to one end of which is tied a short line made from the prepared fibre of the flax ; this line is about a yard long, and the other end of it is made into a knot as large as the end of the thumb. Halfway between the point of the arrow and where the head begins to taper the knot is passed round so as to come to the side of the line nearest the arrow-head, so that when it is pulled tight, and pulled out in a direct line with the arrow-head, the knot is in a line with the arrow-head ; the knot keeps the line bound tightly round the arrow. The arrow thus prepared is laid on the ground, the head being put on a piece of wood or stone to elevate it a little, the warrior holding in his hand the stick to which the line is attached, gives it a jerk forward with a force that sends the arrow a great distance. When the arrow has, by the jerk given it, gone until the line is parallel with the thin part, the line being behind the knot loosens itself without any check to the arrow. When an arrow thus thrown strikes a man, the sudden check makes the thin end quiver to such a degree that it breaks off where it had been notched ; the ponga is so poisonous that before it can be extracted it has done its work, the wound festering so much that life cannot be saved.

² *Corynocarpus laevigata*.

The attacking party having sat down, Ngau said to them, "As our foe is not very powerful, go, O young men! and face them, and let the proverb be fulfilled by you which says, 'The small grub may fell the large tree.' If you cannot take the pah, your fathers will follow and teach you."

This was an order the young men had not expected to hear, and in great glee they at once left the sitting warriors and went out into the open. The grove of karaka-trees was the point of a forest which grew on the spur of a ridge coming from the mountains. To the southwest of the grove was the pah, while the kumara plantation was on the west, and between the karaka-trees and the creek. One of the trees had been blown down and the earth torn up by the roots, and the trunk of the tree itself formed a breastwork, behind which sat the women and children, who had come from Te Roto. They were talking and laughing, not seeming to think of war, death, or defeat. The young warriors rushed up to the pah, and attacked it by throwing some of their arrow-spears into it; but as they could not take deliberate aim, there were no casualties at first.

A cry was heard in the pah. One of the arrows had done its work. Encouraged by the wail, three young men hurried up to a small thicket close to the pah. A young Otu warrior stepped cautiously out, and, before his spear was seen, had sent it through the chest of one of their number. The other two defended their comrade until assistance came up. The young man who had done the deed retired unhurt, and in great glee

returned to the pah. The crying ceased, and a loud yell of triumph was heard.

The corpse was borne to the karaka grove, and laid down behind the fallen tree, in the midst of the laughing women. One of them remarked, "How soon they have killed one of our men!" Another said, "He was here just now!"

But one of them, a young woman who was about two paces from the corpse, sat in mute amazement, looking more like a statue of stone than a being of flesh and blood. She did not move, not a tear was in her eye, the only perceptible sign of life being a slight quivering in the muscles of the neck. Thus she sat for some time.

When the corpse was borne past, Tupu, who was sitting with a group of chiefs near the mound, stood up, looked at the face, and sat down again covering his face with his mat, beneath the folds of which could be seen the heaving of the brave man's chest, caused by the fulness of his sorrow. He rose, took two or three steps towards the corpse, then back to where he had been sitting; he said, "O people! where are you? Where are the sons of my tribe?" Then addressing Nga, "True, O father! were your words when you told us what my words meant. True, what you told my younger brother when he sang a song to us at the Tama, and made his speech. True, you said he sang his own death dirge. True, O father! true was your interpreting of the omens."

These words had the effect of arousing the young

woman to a moment's consciousness; she was the wife of the dead. She took one step towards the lover of her youth, leaned her head on his breast without a word, and once, only once, looked up at Tupu as he said:

“Sons of Mahu, to-day I must die! Why should I live when my Heitiki ornament has been plucked from my breast? We have seen the works of Tu ere this. We have been in the tide of war together.” Then addressing the young woman leaning on the corpse: “Weep, my child, and tell your sorrows until I come back with ample revenge. Weep, and let me hear your shrill scream of woe above the din of battle. Tell your grief to the clouds as they pass; let your voice be heard up to the stars; it shall be our word of command. Rise, O sons of revenge! and follow me.”

Thus speaking to his men, who had been leaning on their spears whilst listening to him, he and his men with a few bounds were gone from the karaka grove. They jumped down the bank of the creek, and went half running, half walking up the winding stream towards Otu pah.

Not a word had the young woman spoken, nor had she moved since she looked up at Tupu.

“They are gone,” said a young woman to her, “they are gone; look up, and let us listen for the voices of the warriors in the fight which must at once begin.”

Receiving no answer, she touched the mourner, who moved, but it was to fall as only the dead fall; her

face turned towards him she had loved so much. And they lay side by side.

Suddenly the command of Tupu was heard to echo in the mountains; it echoed and re-echoed as the valleys repeated the words,

“Tu, of the sharp face, Charge! ho! charge!”

Then followed the chorus yell of his men,

“Urge on! urge on!”

Only Tupu's own men had followed him; but when his command echoed in the grove, those warriors who had remained behind sprung forward to join the others, and only the women were left behind. All was silent; nothing could be heard save the Riro-riro,¹ whose feeble notes of “Tidall-tidall-tidall-tit!” sounded like the voice of mockery at the dead. But soon the din of voices, screaming, yelling, shouting, and weeping from the pah, sounded like the swell of the ocean. Wave after wave of sound came, now in a loud blast, then in a low wail of agony. A feeble scream of triumph, and all was over.

Tupu and his men followed the windings of the creek, walking on the sand and pebbles at the edge of the water, and soon came in sight of the pah, when he repeated the words of the song of attack, and led his men directly up to a breastwork on the bank of the creek, formed by logs laid on each other, and which was one of the outworks of the pah. They were opposed only by a few men, who hurriedly threw their spears without effect among the attacking party. The

¹ The wren *Gerygone flaviventris*, Buller's 'N. Z. Birds,' p. 107.

warriors who had last left the grove, now came bounding on to the affray, and joined Tupu and his men, who had gained the top of the breastwork. The defenders of Otu had not prepared for an attack from the creek side, hence they were taken by surprise, and a panic ensued. The women and children rushed out of the opposite side of the pah into the charge of the attacking party. The warriors' yell of triumph, the screams of women and children, and the moans of the dying could be heard above the war-cry of Tupu and his men as they charged the defenders in the interior of the pah. Then followed the yell of despair uttered by the defenders as they for a moment drove back Tupu and his men.

Haupa, the old priestess, was the last of the women to leave the pah. Tall and erect, she walked with a hani¹ in her hand. She saw the warriors coming, and aged as she was, she sprang to the front, and stood at the open gate, and with one blow of her hani smote the first man to the ground. Her eyes flashed with an insane glare as she looked at the warriors she must meet, and by whose hands she must die. Her hair, white with age, was hanging loosely in wild confusion down her wrinkled shoulders like the white foam of a cascade. She thus stood confronting a warrior who poised his tao,² while she prepared to parry his blow. A warrior passing swiftly through the pah observed her, the mother of him whose murderous

¹ Carved spear.

² A long spear, sharp at both ends.

act had caused the war. He stood a moment gazing at the defiant attitude with which she kept her enemy at bay. Te Rou, for he it was, claimed his right to slay, and with one bound his uplifted meré smote her temple. She had not seen nor heard him who thus brought her grey hairs to the dust, in mingled brains and blood. So low and silent now she lay, as dead.

The pah was taken, the dead were not like human beings; so covered with dust and gore, they looked like mounds of earth in the shape of man. Paré now entered the pah. A group of women and children were near the trunk of a large tree which had been hollowed by the fires made in it to give light to those men whose mangled bodies, now so silent in death, had made those fires to light them in their midnight work. Paré, wishing to capture as many slaves as he could before the others came in, ordered the women and children to enter the hollow tree; those who obeyed he protected from the hands of his own party, but those who fled met instant death, with none to pity or spare.

In his glee Paré danced before his captives in front of the hollow tree, whilst the women and children at intervals cut themselves with stones and broken shells; now sobbing, now moaning, now crying and howling for their fathers, brothers, husbands, and relatives, and hugging their children with the frenzy of fiends.

Now might be seen warriors disputing for a woman, girl, or child, and to end the dispute, one would deal

a heavy blow with his meré on the head of the already half-dead being, who had been nearly torn limb from limb by the contending warriors, and, releasing his hold, would say, "Take our food now."

Kaito heard the yell of triumph given by his foes when his mother fell, and, having now no one to protect, he sprang into the creek and gained the opposite bank. A spear pierced his ankle, he lost his hold of a tuft of ti,¹ fell back, and became a prisoner; when a loud voice said,

"Not death yet, but follow me."

Kaito did not utter one word as he repassed through his own pah, and coming out the front gate he beheld an old woman partly kneeling and partly lying on her knees and elbows, her face in her hands, and her hands in the dust. Her skull was broken, and her blood had mixed with her white hairs and become clotted; he saw that the body still moved and breathed. It was his mother. He did not speak, but followed on with Rete, and sat down near to the prisoners in the hollow tree.

Tupu issued through the gate, driving before him a blind man, his wife, and three children, whom in the heat of battle, and as they rushed into the pah, he had ordered to take refuge on a house-top. Lives thus saved are tapu, and no one durst touch them.

The victors were reckless with excitement, some danced and grinned at each other; others for their own amusement and to taunt the captives, fought the battle

¹ *Cordyline Australis*.

over again, repeating each parry and thrust given in the fight by those they had killed. The dead lay where they had fallen, here and there amongst their victors, like sleepers. The youths, to mock their silence, with blows called them to rise and cook the midnight repast. The body of Haupa alone felt and yielded to such blows.

"The sun has not yet set," said one. "Why let her live?"

Three youths arose, and with laugh and jeer called attention to their act; they struck each his blow again and then again on her head with his *meré*. The wrinkled body of the old priestess quivered for a time, and was still for ever.

Tupu, addressing the people, said, "We sleep here to-night; on the morrow we can return to our wives and children, and tell our victory to the warriors left behind to guard Te Roto. Who can speak, if I may not say what is to be done with the bodies of the slain? Our revenge has been great; you say we have killed many people. Let no one ask to eat the slain. Am I not right to speak thus? Is there not a child of mine slain? Ere we sleep, let the slain be put below the face of the earth. We must not sleep while they with sightless eyes look at us. Collect the dead, O my people! and take them out of our sight. They are our relatives; for their evil we killed them; but being our fathers and brothers we will not eat them."

Nga said, "What my son has said is good. The gods would not like our people to eat those who can

now do no more evil. Put them to sleep, but let them sleep in one bed."

Without uttering a word the men rose, and, taking an arm or leg, dragged the bodies along the ground in silent rage, not heeding stones, or roots, or clods of earth.

The dragging of the bodies over these caused the arms or legs to be thrown hither and thither, and the heads to jump from side to side, opening and shutting the jaws, thus causing the teeth to grind and snap together, like the gnashing of despair at their mortal foes. The bodies were hurled into a trench of the pah. Old and young, men and women, girls and infants were all thrown in together, and logs and stones heaped on them. The last corpse brought was that of a young man who had been pierced in the chest by a spear. He who carried him to the trench said, "This one is warm. He is not dead."

"Warm or not," cried Rete, "I am cold, and shall leave him to warm the ground."

The other bodies were already covered when he was brought. They laid him on the top, and put a few small branches and some grass over him. Stooping down, they pawed the earth into the trench like so many dogs scratching.

Rising erect, Rete said, "I am tired. He can complete his own bed now. If it is not to his liking let his wife or mother get up and help him if he is not satisfied."

Thus they were left half-buried in the trench

which themselves had dug as a defence from their foes.

The young people gathered wood for the fires round which all were to sleep; they could not pass the night in the pah, blood having been shed there. The fires soon burned; and round each one men and women sat in a circle. They had no food that night, nor could they again eat until the whangai-o-tu¹ had been performed. They talked, and laughed, and sang songs of old till it was midnight. Save one or two at each fire, they lay down where each was sitting and slept. A few kept watch to guard the sleepers. The warriors slept with their weapons in their hands.

Rete was in the midst of a song sung by his mother, which she had composed on account of his father having forsaken her for another wife (he had learnt it from her just before she threw herself over a cliff), when he saw, or thought he saw, a man walking in the pah. He stopped, and looked timidly towards the place where he had seen the object. The other watchmen had been listening to the song with their heads bowed on their knees, for all were in a sitting posture, keeping close to the fire for warmth. The sudden stoppage of the song caused them to look up; and seeing Rete gazing earnestly towards the pah, they looked in the same direction and saw something. Rete silently grasped his spear. All sat in suspense and fear. The person came towards them with the cautious step of one either in dread or weak in

¹ The ceremonies due to the god of war.

body. They saw him plainly now. On and on he came directly towards the fire round which they sat. The unknown passed close to a fire which was now extinct; the watchman had neglected to replenish it. Round this a greater number of girls were sleeping in preference to the other fires, because there the watch and other men were young. On he came, close to them; but the young watchers had exhausted themselves in talking and laughing with the girls; they now nodded to the fireless embers. A groan! a scream! a shriek! and they awoke. A girl had been hurt by some one treading on her. In the pain she awoke to see a man glaring at her, his eyelids set and immovable. Blood and dust had dried on his face. The watch jumped to their feet; seeing the apparition, they fled. Rete recognised the unknown, and, not wishing to lose a little sport, save an occasional low titter, sat perfectly still. The girl who had been suddenly aroused from her sleep fled towards the fire where her father slept; but in the dark and confusion (for all were awake and in fear, some standing with their arms ready, while others only sat up) she ran to a person whose head was partly covered, and whose hair appeared slightly grey, like her father's. In her frenzy of fear she clasped him round the neck, nearly choking him; and in his struggles to free himself she heard a voice. A girl called to the startled crowd, and said. "Look at that girl, how she is hugging Pipo, the slave."

The girl, recognising the voice as not that of her

father, sulkily loosed her embrace, and sat down. Pipo had no love for the living or pity for the dead, but felt the spirit of revenge rise in him. He laughed, and a voice from the trench where the dead were laid was heard to ask, "Pipo, who was that who made love to you?"

Pipo answered, "Go to sleep."

"But why did you not tell her that you loved her in return?" again asked the voice. The girl sat looking at Pipo in amazement.

The risen man went and sat down by the fire where Rete was sitting. He looked like a compound of life and death—the result of war in human form—life without voice, death still alive, sitting among men, women, and children, who knew no pity save to self. He had not sat long, when Rete and one of the watch rose, each taking him by an arm, lifted him up, led him a few paces from the fire, and, while still standing, smote him on the head with their *merés*. Rete, having satisfied himself this time that he was dead, said, "You must sleep now, for your mother never sang an *ori ori* (lullaby) that could soothe to sounder sleep than our *merés*. You may remain where you are; as we are not allowed to eat you, we shall not trouble ourselves to bury you. Remain where you are."

The awakened sleepers, having seen the cause of their fear and witnessed his fate, were satisfied, and quietly went to sleep again. The principal prisoner, Kaito, was under the charge of Taonui, who allowed

him to sleep among his men as if he was one of his tribe. Kaito made no attempt to escape, but remained quiet; nor did he appear to ask about, or even to think about, his mother Haupa. Paré's prisoners slept in the hollow tree, while he slept in the opening, to keep guard over them.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE RETURN TO TE ROTO NEXT DAY.

It was grey dawn, and the camp awoke to life. The girl who had nearly strangled Pipo could see whom she had mistaken for her father, and felt vindictively annoyed.

Another girl said to her, "You need not be so angry; a live slave is better than a dead chief. You are a coward; you were afraid of a dead man walking. Why did you come with us if a dead man could make you fear? You tremble to see a whole body walking which ought to have been cooked; but you would not have refused the flesh of any of those limbs of his if it had been cut from other flesh, and come to you from a hangi. Pipo does not think anything of your hugging him, then why should you?" The speaker was Miro.

She was interrupted by the blind chief, who at this moment rose and said: "Listen, O fathers, and women and children! You came here to kill us all; why did you leave any one alive? I, who did not do the evil,

am saved; and he who did the evil is saved. Those who were killed were the men who did not say yes or no to the evil. If I may judge by the noise and chatter of voices, you are many, yet you would not have been many had I been able to see. Think you that I would have sat quietly on a house-top if I had not been blind? No! you would have felt the strength of my sinews. Go then, O warriors! and talk of the deeds of this fight; but say that there was a brave man in the pah, who would have killed many of you, but the sun did not give him light by which to do it."

Tupu rose and said: "Who can answer you, O warrior of the world of spirits? As you are in two worlds perhaps you can speak in a way that we men cannot. Your face is in this world, but your eyes see into the next. We cannot answer your speech, for you have been talking to your friends who live where the sun never sleeps. Shall I get Nga to call a spirit to talk with you? I have not that power myself; but I could have sent five to that world yesterday, and I did think of sending you as guardian of the troop. If you are tired of life tell me, and I can cure you; but if not, keep silence, then we shall think you are a god, and are talking with spirits." Then addressing all the people, he continued: "Hearken, O people! and listen, O ye dead! I shall speak to the dead and the living. We have done what we have done; but now I must act. My son is dead. O, ye warriors! ye did not rise to avenge me. I did not ask you; I was ashamed to do so. I arose, and with my

men took ample vengeance for my dead, and revenged yours. O, Rou! I shall cut the fish. Have I only one dead? There are two, my son and his wife. I shall then take all the land of Otu which belongs to the dead and those prisoners, save that small piece near your place, O Rou! you take that for your dead. I take the larger portion, for I have lost a man and a woman; you only two men, and I avenged your dead. Speak, O Rou!"

Rou rose and said, "I am not able to speak. I have not had anything to eat; and a hungry man does not speak but in anger."

Tupu answered, "I know O Rou! what you mean." Addressing the people, he continued, "Are the litters ready for the dead, O my people? We now start for Te Roto."

The corpses of the young wife and her husband had been left in the karaka grove, whilst Nga, as the senior priest, was the only person who slept near them. The litters being ready, eight of the oldest warriors, without being ordered, took them, and went and sat down near the corpses. The young warriors rose first and led the line of march. Next followed the prisoners, then Takuai (the priest), Kete, and other warriors, next went the females, and last of all the eight who carried the two litters, Nga going with them. The advanced body halted as soon as they were near to their former encampment at Te Roto, when Nga ordered the litter-bearers to put their burdens on the side of the path, at some distance from the camp.

They then joined the main body, who separated from the women and advanced towards their old camp, the women keeping back out of sight.

The warriors went on until they could be seen from their old camp, when Te Rou's wife and all the old women of the pah came out to meet them. They halted, and the women asked in a shrill voice,

“Whence have you come, great travellers of Tu?”

The halting warriors, with one voice, answered,—

“We have come from the land,
We have come from the sea,
An assembly of Tu ;
We have dealt out our vengeance,
We have found satisfaction,
An assembly of Tu.”

The chorus of women—

“Is Tu appeased?
Has Tu been great?
Has Tu received?
Is Tu enriched?”

Chorus of warriors—

“Tu is great as heaven above,
He is appeased ; he rests in joy.”

Chorus of women—

“May ye rest in peace
When quiet is gained,
Ye assembly of Tu.”

All the people from the settlement now joined the old women. They had not been visible before, nor could any one have had the least idea they were so near. So many men, women, boys, girls, and children had been hidden, it seemed almost as if they had

suddenly risen out of the ground. Those of them who were too old to join in the dance which now took place, satisfied themselves with waving their garments, and as far as their cracked and trembling voices would permit, joined in the general clamour. Each one of the whole assembly tried their utmost to make his or her voice heard above all the others while the young people danced, half a dozen young women dancing apart by themselves, fifteen or twenty young men doing the same in another part of the scene, and a number of little children had a small dance by themselves. The elders, who did not dance, kept calling out some one thing, some another, the general import of which was, "Welcome! Return! Return!"

The warriors, who were tapu, and therefore could not yet partake of food, went to the stream in which they were baptized to Tu on a former occasion, taking with them everything they had brought from Otu (loot was also tapu, for it had been touched by warriors who had shed blood), and sat down facing the water.

Nga, the senior priest, now picked up a round pebble, and forded the stream, leaving his garments on the side with the warriors. He had also in his right hand some fern-root and a piece of human flesh, all of which he was to offer to Tiki, the creator of man, who must be appeased because of the slaughter of those he had formed. The kumara (sweet potato) is sacred to Tiki, also the right foot, especially the great toe of it. With that foot only does the Maori

dig when setting kumaras. Nga sat down facing the warriors on the opposite side of the stream, and while he offered the round pebble, the fern-root, and the human flesh to his great toe, as the representative of Tiki, he repeated aloud the following incantation:—

“Thou canst now eat and consume ;
Thou canst now eat in a house ;
Thou canst now eat with the priests ;
Thou canst now eat with the gods.
Now ! the thunder of the heaven
And of the earth is over.”

He stood up, forded the stream, and went to the tuahu,¹ where all hair is deposited whenever any one of the tribe has it cut. There he left the stone, flesh, and fern-root; he then returned, and, passing on the right of the still sitting warriors, entered the stream, where he sat down in the water overhead. Suddenly rising erect, he said, “The gods are appeased.”

Hearing this, the warriors simultaneously rose, and, facing towards the pah, they exclaimed, “Tiki and Tu are satisfied.”

As soon as Nga had put on his garments, he advanced in front of them towards the pah, the warriors following in a line, walking two abreast, each one carrying as he chose anything he had. When returning from the battle-field and up to the time of the whakanoa² to Tiki, they had to carry anything taken in battle (save the dead of their own people) in their

¹ The sacred place of the settlement.

² The ceremony of removing the tapu.

left hands, and as near the ground as possible. Now they were all noa,¹ the tapu had been removed from them by the ceremony at the stream, they could again mix with the people.

Before they entered the pah, Tupu came out from the right side amongst the warriors and repeated the first words of a war-dance song. The warriors immediately took up the words, and danced with a slow and measured tread until they came to the words "It is now glaring at all of us," when a frenzy seemed to come over them, and they danced furiously, making demoniacal attitudes and gestures—all keeping perfect time with each other, and with the words:—

" Yes, yes, it must be,
It is Tiki-rau-kura,²
Whose left eye we know
Is now glaring at all of us;
Yes, yes, at all of us,
How red he has turned
By the heat of the sun,
Yes, yes, by the sun
Of the hot summer's day."

During this dance the inhabitants of the kainga who had taken no part in the battle kept within the pah, but here and there faces could be seen peeping through the palisading, looking anxiously to see who in life were dancing there and who were left behind.

The dance was done. The warriors marched silently towards the pah. As Tupu, who was the first to enter, came in sight of the inhabitants, who were sitting in

¹ Freed from the tapu.

² The god of enjoyment of war.

a body at the inner end of the marae, they all shouted, "Welcome! Return! Return!"

The old men silently rose and leaned on their spears, which were stuck in the ground; while the old women, who sat in front, and therefore were nearest to the advancing warriors, threw their arms about and clawed the air, as a welcome to the gods who reside in the wind. The younger people kept their heads covered with their mats. The warriors continued to advance silently until they were about six paces from the people, then halted, formed into a square, put the ends of their weapons on the ground in front of them, and bowed their heads on the right side of their weapons. They and the people then joined in a general tangi,¹ and a chorus of wailing and howling was indulged in for some time. The din became lower and lower, and then ceased altogether. Each one then went to his brother, wife, mother, sister, or father, and a general rubbing of noses ended the reception.

¹ Wailing lament.

CHAPTER IX.

THE EVENING MEAL—PANI'S WOUND AND ITS PAYMENT.

THE slaves alone were actors now, and cooked the kai,¹ but all was done silently. No question was asked either by the people or the warriors. Soon the kumaras, fish, and sow-thistle were cooked, and, still in silence, eaten. When all had done, Nga rose and said, "I shall not speak until those who know what I mean have returned."

The eight who had carried the two corpses rose and went away. The people who had not heard anything sat still, waiting. The eight came back; as they entered the gate with the two litters they were saluted by a general wail of grief from the people. The litter-bearers placed the two corpses in the centre of the marae, and again by themselves took their places a little distance from the warriors. Nga rose, and gave an account of the action taken by the war party, and told them how the bodies became what

¹ Food.

they now saw them. He called to Pani, and said, "Stand up." Pani did so. Addressing the people while he pointed to Pani, he said, "Look, O people! that man was on the same road on which those two have gone, but Rohe could not catch him. O Pani! tell the people what has changed your face so much. Perhaps some one wished to give you a very large ear ornament, and as the hole in your ear was not, in his opinion, sufficiently strong to bear it, he has made a hole from your eye to the back of your head, from which you can suspend the green-stone he intends to give. Tell them yourself, O Pani! you have felt the pain and you can tell the tale."

Pani, who had continued to stand while he was speaking now said: "I had no wish, O people! to tell of what I received in battle, but if you wish to know then I must show the gift."

"Speak on, speak on, and tell us," cried the warriors.

"You remember after we had left our camp and had reached the entrance to the forest, each one went into the scrub, and by himself repeated his kitao over his weapon of war. It so happened that I was not far from Whare, who, being old and deaf, was repeating his incantation in a loud whisper. He is of high rank, and is entitled to know a kitao more potent than that of our family, which is of the younger brother's branch. My inquisitiveness led me, while I pretended to repeat my own incantation, to get nearer to him to learn, if I could, his more sacred and powerful form

of words. While doing this I did not think of what I was repeating. I made a tapepa.¹ I must also have disturbed the old man, for I heard him make a tapepa. The evil that has befallen me was of my own seeking, for you all know that to make a mistake in any form of incantation is a tapepa—an omen of evil to come. There were two of us who made a mistake, and I was not certain to which of us the omen spoke. I did think old Whare had done his work on earth and I had mine to do. He had killed his enemies, I had mine to kill; and I supposed that the gods told him by these omens that he would soon be in the world in which they are. So I went on my way pitying my old relative. I thought how he had been admired in his youth for the fine tattooing of his face, and I also thought if I only had as fine lines on my face as his now are, wrinkled and scarred though he is, I might gain the love of Rou's daughter." Pani was here interrupted by Miro, who ordered him to sit down; but Pani continued, "I did not say I was in love with you, but you might love me if my face was as beautifully tattooed as Whare's."

"Sit down, chatterer, when I order you."

Pani sat down, and Miro said: "O, old men, what are you now? The days were, in olden times, when you would not listen to such men as Pani. Then why waste your ears on a man who has not a line of tattooing on his face, nor has sufficient courage in his heart to bear the pain necessary to enable him to

¹ A false repetition.

have his face tattooed; yet you listen to him while he thinks aloud and utters his thoughts that he could gain the love of a woman if he were tattooed. Do you men think that we love you because of your beautiful tattooing? Have you forgotten the proverb which says, 'Poor food will not go to a beautiful face, but a beautiful face will go to poor food?' And again, we look at what is expressed by another one, 'Hard work makes short finger-nails, and short finger-nails make much food.' If you, old men, know this, how is it that I have to rise and answer the words of a boasting son of a younger family, who dares to say that he could gain my love?"

Rou rose, and said, "You are hasty, O my child! Children often mistake the words of men. Pani did say the words that you have taken umbrage at, but you misunderstood his meaning. He meant that Whare had been in the world so long he ought to have been cautious, old age and caution being nearly always joined, and he, Pani, was young, and had not seen life; he had not been tattooed; he had not taken a wife. Whare had a grown-up family. Pani has no one to cry for him on his death as a wife and children would, hence his mentioning Whare's tattooing and your love. If you had listened until he had done speaking, you would not have been thought foolish. O Pani! continue your tale."

Pani rose again, and continued: "It is true that I am not tattooed, but if Miro will have me, I will prove my love for her, and have my face fully tattooed

at one sitting; she knows our ancestors tell us of but one man who had his whole face tattooed at one sitting, and he died as the last line was finished. I will be the second man to bear such pain if Miro will be mine. But first her lips must be tattooed. I could not bear to see a red-lipped girl (as she now is called) the daughter of my mother. I said if I had been tattooed as Whare is, I should gain the love of any girl who has knowledge in her heart. We were sitting near the root of the torn-up karaka-tree when Tupu and his men left to attack Otu pah. We heard the song of attack and left our retreat. I kept close to Whare while we crossed the level land between the pah and the karaka grove. I saw him trip and stumble over a small mound, and thought it an omen that he, not I, must die that day. I was not then aware that his eyes, through age, were much less clear than mine. Hence my mistake. I no longer kept near him, for I looked upon him as doomed to death. We saw the body of Haupa, and on we went and entered the pah. After entering the gate I turned to the left, Whare going to the right. I went to the back of the large house, and saw the end of a spear past the end of the house, and went cautiously up, lifting my hani to strike, but before giving the blow I saw who it was, and did not strike. The next moment the spear was through my cheek, projecting out behind my ear. I said, 'Whare, I am Pani.' He instantly pulled his spear back, saying, 'My eyes, not myself, made the mistake,' and turned away. As I looked after him I

thought I saw a great number of gods—in the shape of stars—dancing around him. I also heard a noise like the blowing of a storm in a forest, and the rush of waters, which made me think that I felt thirsty. I knew where the creek was, and went to it, and not until I had taken some water did the tumult of the fight cease to sound in my ears. I saw Rete strike the chief. I followed them; and here I am. I do not blame old Whare; I was to blame for attempting to learn his incantation.”

Taiko, the mother of Pani, now rose, took a few steps, then turning to Whare, said: “If you had killed my son, I would have followed him. You have many children who are able to hold you here; but there would have been none to hold me if I had determined to go. You are old, and know that children are not brought up in one, two, or three summers. There was much I had to do before that child of mine whom you have killed could gather sow-thistle for me when I was sick, and with one stroke of your tao you nearly robbed me of him. His flesh is young, he will soon be well again; but my heart is dead because of his death. You must pay me for my death: my heart is old, and will not heal so soon.”

Whare rose and answered: “I will not deny I speared the boy. His was an evil act, to try to steal the sacred words of my incantation, and he made a tapepa in his own. Hence, I say, for his great theft my gods have caused the spear wound he feels. I will not be a slave; I will give the payment to cure your heart.” At the

same time, he unloosed a kuru-kuru¹ from his ear and threw it to Taiko, saying, "There, take that. You may keep it for some time. It is an heirloom of your family and mine. Wear it until you die; then my family must have it again."

Old Taiko took it, and hung it to her ear.

¹ A green-stone eardrop.

CHAPTER X.

THE WATCHERS OF THE DEAD—KINO AND THE WOMAN
OF SIX HUSBANDS—A WOMAN'S QUARREL AND ITS
CONSEQUENCES.

It was long past noon, and the sun was declining fast, when Tupu rose and said, "The old men of my people know that my son and daughter must be taken home with us. They cannot remain with the dead of this place. Their fathers sleep at Matuakai, and there must they also sleep. We must not take our children home naked. Let the clothing of the dead be ready for them, that when we reach our home they may not look like slaves, and we be thought common people for neglecting our sleeping son and daughter."

The old men caused new mats to be brought, which they placed on the litters, and the old men and women brought feathers taken from the tail of the huia, and white feathers taken from the wing of the albatross. The oldest among the women decked the head of the dead wife with some of the feathers, while the old men decked the head of the dead husband.

Tupu's men built a house without sides or ends in the centre of the marae, and covered it with the leaf of the nikau.¹ Beneath this, one at each end, the two bodies were laid. Three old women kept watch at the end of the house where the dead wife was laid, three old men doing the same where the husband lay. Each party of watchers kept a fire at their respective ends, round which they sat chatting in a low tone; but not a laugh was heard, nor did the old men or women address a single observation to each other. Between sunset and dawn of day not one of the warriors or people of the pah went near the six old folks who kept watch.

One of the old men was noted for his silence. His beard, which hung down to his waist, was as white as scraped flax. His head was not quite bald; but the little hair left on it was as coarse as the swamp-rush. As he kept it rather short, each hair stood alone and erect. He did not join in the undertone conversation carried on by the other two. He sat with his heels drawn in close to his thighs, his chin resting on his knees, and his white beard hung halfway down to his feet. He sat facing the fire, with his hands clasped under his beard. In his youth he had been very brave, and was the leader of a company of youths who kept the old people in a constant state of turmoil by their mischief and daring. As a feat of his boyhood, he ate two bunches of the poisonous tutu² berries. Before he

¹ *Areca sapida*, a palm abundant in the North Island forests.

² *Coriaria ruscifolia*.

could be held down, and a ball of prepared flax put into his mouth to prevent him biting his tongue, he had so bitten it that he never afterwards recovered its full use. When the ball of flax had been put in his mouth, his mother was in such a terrible fright on account of her boy, she did not look into the mud-hole into which she intended to plunge him, so as to partially suffocate him, and so cause him to perspire, and throw the tutu poison off. There was a root of a tree in the mud-hole, against which he struck his head, and injured his eye so much that his eye burst and left an empty socket; hence his name, "Poko," or the "eye-hole." Thus sat Poko looking at the fire with his good eye, while the light shone into the red, eyeless hollow. Another of the old men had very long hair, which he tied up in a tuft on the crown of his head. He lay with his feet towards the fire, and his head pillowed on a log of wood. The third man was in a half-sitting, half-reclining position, nearly opposite to the last. His hair was all cut off close, save a lock which he kept on the left side of his head above his ear. This lock had never been combed with a heru paraoa¹ for years. It looked like a tangled mass of grass intermingled with earth. At intervals he put his hand up to slap or scratch that part of his head where he kept the lock of hair, in a vain attempt to deaden the tingling, itching sensation which seemed constantly to irritate it. Each of the watchers had a mat round his back, leaving the

¹ A comb made of the white bone of a whale.

front open, to gather as much heat as possible from the fire.

Turi, who had his long hair tied up in a tuft, asked Kino, who had the uncombed lock, "What do you think of the acts of our warriors?"

"Think?" answered Kino. "Do you ask me what your own stomach knows? Does it not feel as if it could talk to you of hunger? Did you ever know of such a thing as food being given to us by Tu, and we not to eat it?"

"You never told me why you keep that paki-paki taha (uncut lock of hair) on your head?" asked Turi.

"O, why confuse my thoughts?" answered Kino. "If you are ignorant, remain so still."

"But tell me," said Turi. "I have never heard why you keep it. Perhaps I can help you to get revenge, and then you could cut it off. I see that it will ever keep your remembrance alive. You do not work harder at anything than you do at slapping and scratching it."

"Then listen," answered Kino. "You know that I had a father."

"Yes," said Turi. "I know that you are not a god, and gods sometimes have fathers."

"My father was a fine-looking man—at least, so I am told by those who knew."

Turi asked, "Was your mother's father an ugly man? If he was, you are like him."

"When my father was young there was a fine young

woman in our tribe, and both my father and a chief, called—ah! I will not tell his name—fell in love with her. Each of them tried to gain her love, and my father was successful, and obtained her consent to be his wife, and also that of the tribe. At a meeting of the people the *karakia atahu* was said over them, by which, you know, she became really his wife. She was my mother. The disappointed chief never spoke a word of hate to my father for having gained the love of the beautiful woman who was my mother.”

Turi here asked, “Did you not get your name, Kino, for being the ugly son of handsome parents? for Kino means evil, or bad. And I must say that your talk about the beauty of your mother makes me look twice at you to see if my eyes tell the truth, that you are really so ugly. Am I right in saying that you are the ugliest man of your tribe?”

“I never asked any one in my youth to tell me what ugliness or beauty was. I only tell you what I have heard, that my mother was very pretty.”

“Then,” said Turi, “you have been living like the *hotete*,¹ which was once a large living caterpillar, eating the leaves of the *kumara*; but when it has eaten much food it burrows into the ground, and a sprout grows out of the back of its head, growing like the tail of a rat stuck out of the ground. The grub does not rot, but it turns into wood; and even the legs and claws

¹ The *Sphœria Robertsii* in its caterpillar state.

remain as perfect as when it was alive for years after it has been in the dead-wooden state. Therefore I say you are like the awmato;¹ you are a man to look at, but are like the hotete, a living dead thing. You tell me that you do not know what beauty is—were you ever very hungry?”

“Yes,” answered Kino; “I was hungry the other day, when we came back after we had killed those people we were not allowed to eat.”

“Then did you not, during the time of your hunger,” asked Turi, “think that there was some sight which you would call beautiful for your eyes to look at?”

“Ah!” answered Kino, “now I know. I did think there was one sight I should like to have seen—I would have called it beautiful then—that was a basket of man’s flesh cooked, some fat eels, and a cake of fern-root to eat with it. To me those are beautiful to think of. If that be beauty, I know what beauty is. My father and mother lived together three summers, and I was born. When I could crawl about, my father was busy cultivating his land: it was the time for setting kumaras. Not far from where he was working there was a plot of ground belonging to Rou, who was also putting in kumaras. The chief who had not succeeded in gaining my mother had been absent for some time from our settlement; but he had now returned, and was assisting Rou. Mind, I only tell you what I have been told.”

¹ The sphœria in its dead state.

“Yes,” said Turi; “I was thinking that you must have been a man all the time you were a child; and now you are a child, when by age you ought to be a man.”

“Never mind the tuft of hair I keep, Turi,” said Kino. “Is it not manly to get revenge? It is only the act of a child to forgive and forget an insult. But I was telling you my father was one day busy planting for himself, while Rou and his party remained in the settlement to entertain some people who came to see him. My father did not come home in the evening, and after dark my mother and others took torches and went to look for him. They went to his cultivation, and there they found him lying dead on the ground, his face looking upwards to the sky, with his own ko (a spear-like spade) stuck through his bowels, pinning him to the ground, and his body was very much mangled. My mother, who continued to cry as long as he remained unburied, would not let me come near her, and some of my relatives took me and fed me. My father’s corpse was taken to the cave in the forenoon, and in the evening the people sought for my mother, but she could not be found. A few summers since her bones were found in the forest: they were recognised by a green-stone eardrop which was found with them. I was too young when she hung herself to know anything about it, and I was often called a poor orphan by my playmates; but I did not resent it then. When my mother’s bones were found, it caused the people to lament and talk, and all was heard by me,

and I learnt who I was. I now know why I could not love. The god of my fathers kept me from such an evil, that I might be single and have but one object in life, and that is to take ample revenge for the death of my father and mother. Now you know why I keep this paki-paki taha. I have allowed it to grow since my mother's bones were found, and thus shall it continue to grow until I send the spirits of some of the children or grandchildren of my father's murderer to the reinga.¹ I have an object in life. What you said is true: I do lead a hotete-like existence; but I shall so act some day that my awhato-life will suddenly change, and I will come back to the living caterpillar again. Then I will cut off this lock of hair, and the awhato will lose the sprout that grows out of the back of his head; for my spear I shall pass through the head or body of those who shall, like the hotete, die, never to come back to mock the only child whom they kept in life untaught, and without a name. The name I bear was given me because I was so little cared for, and because, when a child, hunger often drove me to beg and steal food from others. That is the reason why Kino (evil, or bad) is my name. Kino will befall them when they are not awake to self-protection. If I would, I could not die until I have sent a few messengers to my father and mother."

"If your mother had lived," said Turi, "she would have been very old now; and old age is hard to

¹ The place of departed spirits.

bear. Just look at those old things at the other end of the wharau.”¹

“Yes,” said Kino, “but my mother would not have been as wrinkled as any of these three even if she had been as old as they are; her beauty would have kept her good-looking even in old age.”

“You are an old man,” said Turi, “but not so very old, and yet your face looks like the ground in summer, all cracks, although you are not tattoed. If you are so now, how would your mother have looked had she lived? The youngest of these three is old enough to be your grandmother.”

Poko rose, replenished the fire, and sat down in another place opposite Kino, who looked at Poko and Turi, both of whom had lain down, and appeared to be talking each to himself.

One of the three old women was a very bustling person, and kept the fire in a constant blaze. She had been the wife of no less than six husbands. Besides being very active otherwise, her lips and tongue were constantly at work. And being of high rank, her partners had been kept by her in a constant turmoil of work or argument, and besides, they had also to stand between her and those whom she had maligned with her tongue. Her first husband was cooked and eaten, having fallen while attacking his enemies. Her restlessness would not allow her to cry long over the eaten one, and she determined to marry a young

¹ A temporary shed open on one side, used by the natives in travelling.

man not half her age. By dint of following him, and making love to him in her active way, she soon succeeded, and he became her second husband. The koroi¹ is a white pine which bears fruits plentifully only once in seven years. There are many kinds of this pine which are known by their fruits, but the wairarapa is the best. One tree of that latter kind grew not far from the Totara where she and her husband lived. It was a hot summer, and the wairarapa bore fruit, and she determined to get as much as she possibly could. She ordered the second object of her choice to go with her to the tree, which grew on the bank of a rocky creek, and had no branches for some distance up the trunk. She therefore proposed that he should climb one of the trees near to it, and put a sapling from the tree he had climbed to the koroi, and thus pass from the one to the other. He did so, but the sapling which he used as a bridge was so brittle that it broke, and the young husband fell on the rocks below. She gave him but one look, and rushed to the settlement, and told what had befallen him who had been her husband but for three moons, and she sat down and cried the whole day long. The young men brought the mangled corpse to her hut, and the next day a party who had come to lament over him took the body to their pah to bury him. The chief of this party had six wives, and wishing to have seven, he took the weeping widow at her request into his affections. She had again been a wife

¹ Podocarpus dacrydioides.

three moons, when a general quarrel took place among the seven wives, of which she was the cause. In the midst of the noise and chatter, crying and scolding, the husband heard again and again his last espoused wife make comparisons between himself and her two former husbands; and not daring to revenge himself upon her, because of her rank, and for fear that a war party of her relatives would come and kill some of his people, and plunder him if he beat her (much more so if he used opprobrious epithets to her), he had but one alternative, and that was to withdraw directly from the noise his wives made and hang himself. This he achieved on a tree not far from the settlement. Three of his wives followed his example from sorrow, but the other four married again. The next man who called this active woman his wife was choked by a fish-bone while, in a furious passion, she was scolding him. Her fifth husband hung himself because she thought he was delicate and consumptive, and coughed very often, and as soon as he died she would become the wife of a certain chief. Her last husband actually died in a house where she could talk to him during his illness, and show him the widow's garments she had prepared. She had plaited a rough mat, and for a wonder had never spoken a word to any one while making it. This she did as a *mamae*¹ for her husband. She was determined also to have a *potae-taua* (widow's cap). For many days she searched the cultivations for a hue

¹ An expression of love for the dead, and a propitiation to the gods who caused his death.

(calabash), the size of her head, and succeeded in finding one. She cut it in half with a cockle-shell, scraped the inside clean, and with sharp-pointed pieces of shell bored holes all round the rim, which she made larger and smoother by passing through them burning twigs of the manuka-tree.¹ Whare, he who had made a mistake at the fight, and run his spear through the face of one of his own party, had the best breed of the long-haired dogs (kuri waere). She asked permission to get some of the long hairs of their tails, which he gave. It is not usual for those who weep for the dead to make their own tua (mourning dress), but the woman being, as has been already seen, of an active, restless disposition, determined to do everything for herself. Having Whare's permission to get as much dogs' hair as she liked, and not being able to catch and hold the dogs by herself while she plucked the hairs from their tails, she got all the young boys and girls to help her. For days they kept the settlement in a cloud of dust, with a din of noise and howling, until she had succeeded in obtaining tufts of white, grey, and brown hair, all save the black. The dog from which she was determined to get the black hair had always been known as a surly, vicious animal. But catch him they must, she said; "to show her great love to her husband she must have the black hair, and it must be the longest to be obtained, for he was a very great chief." The dog was captured, and held on his back by a crowd of bawling, shouting, screaming children, while the

¹ *Leptospermum scoparium*.

widow sat with one foot on his tail to keep it steady, and she plucked what she called a lock of fine hair; but the dog proved stronger than the boy who held his head, and succeeded in freeing it. The others seeing his head free, and not wishing to feel the sharpness of his teeth, for which they had not bargained, let him go. The widow sat with her face bowed down, looking intently at the coveted hair; the liberated dog jumped up, made a snap in the direction of his tail, caught the top of her head in his mouth, making two holes in her left ear, and partly tearing the skin off the top of her head, and ran off, leaving her bleeding on the ground in a fit of fear and astonishment. She afterwards declared she really believed a war party had suddenly entered the pah, and that she was the first victim. She was attended by the women, who poured hot oil on her torn head; but as it healed her eye was injured, and cast its shadow across her nose, which caused her more grief than the loss of her six husbands. When quite well, she called a meeting of all the inhabitants of the pah, and demanded payment for her death¹ from Whare. The old man said he had not done the evil, but the dog had done it, and he must be payment. After a whole day spent in talking, in which the chiefs all took part, Whare agreed to give her four live dogs, two dog-skin mats, a kaitaka² mat, and a quantity of long

¹ A native receiving an injury which might have caused death will speak of it as if death had actually followed, and representing himself as dead, will demand payment for his death.

² A large mat made from the best scraped flax, with a wide ornamental border.

hair from dogs' tails. The people demanded the four live dogs, because of the stain upon them caused by the insult offered to her through the dog having bitten her head. The relatives of her husband took the dog-skin mats, and the women who attended her took nearly all the long hair. She had, however, sufficient left to complete the widow's cap; and having smeared the inside of the calabash with the gum of the flax leaf, it was finished. Te Rou repeated a *karakia* over her, cut all the hair off her head, and she put the cap on.

Kino, who had been looking at the widow for some time, said: "Her widow's cap does not look like those I saw when I was a boy; the calabash comes too far on her head, and the tufts of hair are not near enough together, they do not cover the whole of her face. Besides, there are not enough of them in the plaits which wind round the rim to the tuft on the top of the calabash."

"I think there is a design in the matter," answered Turi. "Had she made her cap of grief, as I should like to have my wife to make hers, when at my death she raises her wail over me, there would have been sufficient hair on the rim to fall down and cover her whole face, so that she could see no one through it, nor could any part of her face be visible. But the old woman yonder does not like to be unseen, and if even Poko were to make love to her she would accept him. What say you, Poko? She has one good eye and one poor one; you have one good eye, so that there would be two good

eyes between you, and the poor eye could be used by either of you, should you lose a good one."

Poko gave a grunt of amusement as he looked at the widow, who sat near the fire. The bald appearance of the upper part of the calabash, and the hair all round the rim, looked as if all her hair had slipped down from where it ought to grow, and had taken root round her neck.

The other two old women were not of the same active turn of mind as the calabash widow. They sat perfectly still, save that their eyes followed the busy, bustling movements of the widow whenever she replenished the fire. One of them, Koneha, had been a wife and a mother. Soon after the birth of her first-born she had quarrelled with her husband. She had not revenged herself on him, her rank being equal to his own, but she smothered her child. Her husband did not resent her murderous act; but his brother, who came with a taua¹ for the child, gave her a blow with his wahaika,² cutting the skin off her head, laying her cheek-bone bare, and causing an ugly scar. She had been a stout woman in her youth; but now sat smiling at the fire, showing a set of most beautiful teeth, which contrasted strangely with her deep-sunken eyes and gaunt appearance. She looked more like a dead body sitting by the fire than one who had killed her own child to be revenged on its father.

¹ A robbing party, also used as a war party.

² A long-handled wooden hatchet from the head of which hangs a tassel of hawks' feathers.

The third was a woman of great age, whose head had become quite white. Her memory was nearly gone, and she could not understand an order unless given in an authoritative tone. Her form was reduced to a mere shadow. Her food was generally the scraps left by the tribe; and she spent most of her time talking to herself. She seemed as if she considered herself the intimate companion of the dead. She had loved in her youth; but the relatives of her lover would not allow him to have her for his wife. He joined a war party, and did not return alive. He was left behind—that is, all of him except his head, which his comrades preserved and brought back. For years she had been in the habit of sitting and talking to the head, until it had become a second life to her to keep it company. As this woman was making a long harangue addressed to her lover's head, a voice was heard in the pah, calling upon the ears of all the people to receive food from it.¹

Poko, for a wonder, said, "Who is that calling to my ears to listen to his talk, just as I was about to tell a tale of the acts of my boyhood? Then there were great chiefs in the world. Since I went to the wars in my youth, men have become girls, chiefs old women, and women are only fit to wail to deaden the howlings of the dogs. Who is that fellow that calls to us, now that it is time to sleep?"

"Do not be angry so soon, Poko," said Turi. "Your one eye makes you see but one part of the subject;

¹ I.e., to listen to what would be said.

and I really believe that one of your ears is also blind. If it were not so, the sound of words would go into your head from each side, and your brain would see the two meanings any words may have. How you do stare when any person talks! You must in the days of your youth, when in the daytime you went into the forest with other boys, have seen an owl sitting under a tuft of wharawhara,¹ with its great eyes wide open, looking like the stare of ten expiring men. And yet with all the eye and all the stare the bird could not see. It could only hear the noise you made when stepping on the dry, crackling twigs of the forest, and it would turn its head here and there, first on one side and then to the other. You are doing just now what the owls do. Do you not recognise the voice of Heta, who has so long wanted Aramita for his wife, but was never thought to be brave enough until he saw the dead whom we were not allowed to eat? Just listen, you man of one lock, and if you are not taught to love that woman with an eye and a half, then tell me after you have heard Heta speak, and have slept over his words."

"Hearken, all ye winds of heaven!" cried Heta. "Listen, all ye stars, and the moon, and ye clouds that sweep over the Whakatere Mountains! Ye must carry my words to those who are not here to hear my voice. Listen, O chiefs, and ye priests! listen, ye women, and even you children! I have been killed even for you. Each one of you may lament for his own relatives; but I am brave enough to lament over myself for my own

¹ *Astelia Banksii*.

death. Was I not killed by Takuai? And did I not go to get assistance for you? Then tell me that I am a slave if I ask for her. I shall not mention her name, for you all know it. I did not ask her to be mine unknown to any of you, and now I ask your consent. If she is not to be mine, then I will have death for my wife; and I tell you that she will soon come to me, to where you must all soon follow, and there we shall know who are the men and women of great heart. I shall say no more; let those who wish to speak say their words, my word is spoken. It shall stand as firm as the mountains round this pah."

Old Whare was now heard coughing, as he came out of the house in which he had remained since the warriors had eaten. He coughed several times, and then came towards the fires of those who kept watch over the dead; again he walked back, and disappeared in the dark. Poko and the old women watched him attentively, as he kept appearing in the light and disappearing in the dark. At last the old man said, "What did my young kinsman say about death? Did he cry over the dead now before us? How is it I never before heard of his love for Aramita? Has he become brave all at once since he saw my mistake? He has not yet killed a man. No; he has not even attempted to make a third hole in a man's face to assist his eyesight, or to give him a third ear with which to hear more readily the news of war, or the call to a feast or a love-tale. I made love in my day; I did not care for father, mother, priest, or tapu. I loved, and that was all I

wished to know; and love was my only master. Why does my young relative tell his love-tale while his ancestor Rou is sick for want of some kinaki (relish) to eat with his fern-root? Had I a thousand daughters, I would not give one of them to a man who was not brave enough to rush into a forest of spears and carry away his wife. And were I a girl, I could not love a man who went to war, and did not even take a child as his slave."

Takuai called from his hut, "Whare, I must speak now." At the same time he came out and said: "Who calls my young relative a coward? Who went to tell you what has befallen us? Are you all so young that I must remind you that the messengers who went for you might have been killed by the Otu people had they wished to do so? Did not Heta go and tell you? Was that the act of a slave when, in my hurry, I killed him,¹ did he ask a great utu² for my act? You say, O Whare, that you once loved a woman. You are a brave man, we all know that; but a brave man cannot have a wife who is not brave, or his children would not be brave if they had a coward mother. Is not Heta a near relative of your wife? She is brave; so is he. Did you ever in your life give property to satisfy a woman who had been bitten by one of your dogs? If you did, then women are brave; for did she not make you pay her for an act not your own? And you must have been in fear of her. Own that you were a coward to allow a woman to make you pay for the act of a dog. Tell your love, O Heta! If you are a coward, so are we all.

¹ Struck him in the river, see p. 33.

² Payment.

If they do not allow you to have Aramita for your wife, Rou will give you his daughter. You, O my relative! shall not act like a coward by asking them again."

The woman with an eye and a half, she of six husbands, jumped up and screamed as if in pain, and said: "Sit down, O Takuai! sit down. Why am I told of the just acts of years gone by? Was I not a widow at the time you speak of? And was not Whare without a wife? And I was not so old then. I did ask him for some hair from the tails of his dogs to make a cover for my head beneath which I might weep for my dead husband. Old men are not fools; but he did not or would not understand the meaning of my request; and as his dog injured me, I punished him for not accepting my offer to be his wife."

Miro came out of a hut in which her mother and other women of her hapu¹ had assembled. She had witnessed their furious rage, and heard the taunting words used by them to Rou, her father, because he allowed Tupu to keep the killed from being eaten. She came close to the fire at which the three old women sat who kept guard over the dead, threw out her arms, put out her tongue, danced, and made grimaces at them. She screamed, hooted, turning her eyes till the pupils could not be seen, showing her teeth, and twisting her mouth and face in such a manner that she transformed a good-looking girl into something quite inhuman. Exhausted by her antics, she paced before the fire a short time, then addressing

¹ Subdivision of a tribe.

the woman of six husbands she said: "What did my mother say? Did she wish to give me the cap she now wears, that I might keep my head warm? Does she wish me to be always angry? I have not yet killed one man. I have not made my tongue jump up and down so as to cause the death of a warrior. Tell me, then, you woman of many husbands, how you killed them when you wished? Tell me that, you woman of many husbands, so that when I do take a husband and get tired of him, I may kill him as you have killed yours, without any one knowing how the deed is done. I might become a greater woman than you are. I might kill twenty, while you have only killed six. If killing men makes a man great, why should it not raise a woman to the rank of a warrior? I want to be a warrior and have a great name before I die. If you will give me your head-cover I will wear it, and not be timid. I will put it on, and go to old Whare, and sit down before his face, and cry all summer and winter until he says he will be mine. I would not be a coward, and make love to him through his dogs. Truly yours is howling love untold. Here, give me that thing from your head, and I will show you how to act."

The woman of the dogs'-tail cap threw it to Miro, saying, "There, child, there is the cap for you. I shall die of rage. You may become old like me, and have no son to protect you from the insults of a child girl."

When divested of her head-dress she looked more like a bundle of bones covered by a mat than a woman. She bowed her face on her knees and began

to weep ; and in a low tone, while she wept, repeated the words of a song of former days.

Miro answered : " Wait ; let your cap lie there. Did some say that I was to have Heta if Aramita was not allowed to become his wife ? Am I a dog to be thus given to any one you like ? I am not a man, I am not a priest. But I tell you, men, women, children, and priests, you may do as you please with your own. You may kill them and even bury them if they have done that for which they ought to be eaten. O Takuai ! talk on, and let the birds hear your voice ; perhaps some kaka may be persuaded by the power of your words, and when the sun rises in the morning make love to a pigeon. Love those you like, O Takuai ! but I shall not allow you to say whom or where I am to love. You are tattooed, but your face is not beautiful ; the lines are as crooked as a lizard's leg. Then why do you talk to me of a hairy untattooed face like his whom you have coupled with my name ? Look out of your house and see me."

She put on the widow's cap, and dancing with it on, she called upon Takuai to say whether he and Heta together would not make love to her. Though ugly as she now was, was she not better looking with all the bush of dogs' tails round her face than ever they were, or ever could be ? She took the cap from her head and threw it into the fire ; and with a slow and defiant step returned and entered the hut, in which her mother and the other women were still talking in the most rapid and excited manner.

While Miro was dancing and speaking, the old woman who kept the preserved head of her lover sat in astonishment and pleasure, staring at Miro with her mouth half open, and her eyes sparkling with an idiotic glare, while her hands now and then moved as if in deadly struggle with some foe. Now she would partly rise, and then sit down again with a low laugh. But when the widow's cap fell on the fire she sprang up, took a bundle of wood and threw it on the cap, at the same time uttering a scream which caused Miro to look back over her shoulder, but she did not deign to stop or turn round.

The relict of six husbands jumped up, and was in the act of springing to the rescue of her cap, when the blighted one caught hold of her, and the two struggled, screamed, and tore each other. The noise they made roused the inhabitants of the pah, who hastened to see what they thought must be a spirit from the reinga carrying away a living being to that world against her will.

The third of the female guardians, knowing that all the people would come to see the cause of the fearful noise, at the first scream of her struggling companions had taken a firebrand and scattered the burning embers of the fire hither and thither all over the marae.¹ On came the barefooted crowd of men, women, boys, girls, and little children. The noise was

¹ The open space in every village surrounded by the huts. At the side or end of this space is always situated the house or hut of the leading chief of the village.

at its height. The two struggling women in their fury had torn nearly all the covering from each other, and were now rolling and tumbling, now up, now down, occasionally coming in contact with a burning ember, the pain caused by which kept up their fury, as each thought the other had either bitten or pinched her. The rushing crowd came on howling, crying, talking, or laughing, with all the dogs of the pah following, who with bark, and growl, and yelp mixed in the savage chorus, until all had come near enough to see the struggling women. The scene now changed. Those chiefs who had, in the full glory of command, come to give orders, uttered half a sentence, trod on a live ember, and instantly stopped. A sudden inspiration seemed to take possession of their feet, for all, old and young, began to hop up and down, then crouch in silence to nurse their feet, staring at each other, not understanding what had befallen them. Even the dogs which had rushed on, tails erect and open-mouthed, enjoying the noise and excitement, suddenly dropped their tails, and ran back to the huts or into the dark to lick their paws. The boys and girls, in the wild spirit of youth, enjoyed the sight of the two struggling women, who had become exhausted, and could scarcely hold each other. These boys and girls would suddenly stop in the middle of a loud laugh or joke, make a wry face, and run howling into the dark. The women of the crowd evinced no sign of pain. When burnt they sat down and covered their heads with their mats. The combatants were exhausted. They now sat

panting, moaning, and weeping from the pains of the burns they received in rolling over the hot embers.

When silence was partially restored, old Poko rose and said, "Listen, O people! listen to a man who has never made a speech before in his life. Why did you nearly frighten me to death? Why did you come to see these two women fight? Why did any of you ever take a wife? Why did you not do as I have done? Why did you ever fall in love with a woman? Why did you ever have children? Why did you continue to keep men and women in existence? Why did you burn your feet? If you had been like me, there would not have been one of us here to-night. If you had not had children there would have been no death to cry over, and none to keep watch over the dead. If there had been no one alive, there would have been no need of fire to keep them warm. If there had been no fire you would not have burned your feet to-night. I say it is all your own fault. And you, O weeping women! are the cause of it all. You are the mothers of the boys; the boys become men, and the girls look at them; then they talk as the people of past generations talked. Then they become man and wife, and so the evil continues. I say to you, you are to blame for your burnt feet. If you had not been burnt you would not have the pain you now feel. My word is, let every one be as I am. Let no one be husband or wife, and in a few years we shall all sleep, and be away from the evils which have befallen you this night. My words are the words of the gods. The dead are gods. I

learnt them while sitting here and looking at the dead."

While Poko was speaking, mothers who had been weeping under their mats rose, and called their children by name, each answering by a loud yell of "I am burnt," to which the mother would answer with another scream of motherly grief. Then might be seen hurrying to and fro in the dark half-frantic mothers led by the wail of their burnt children, and in their anxiety rushing against each other, or against children, the sudden contact bruising and knocking many over. And again there would occur a deafening noise of howling, crying, and angry words of scolding women.

The men sat in sullen silence until quiet was nearly restored, for all evils come to an end in time. When they one by one returned to their huts, Poko and his two companions again quietly nodded to the fire around which they sat.

She of the three women who had thrown the embers about said to the other two, "Have you done your work yet? You wished to have some sport, and I thought it would be right to put the fire out, so that you might not be seen by the people who would come. If you want any more sport say so, and I will not light the fire." As she received no answer, she again made the fire, and whilst doing so she found part of the dogs'-tail cap, which she threw to the owner, saying, "What will he say when he knows the cap you made to weep under for him was put in the fire? I should not like to be a widow and have such

a thing done to me. It would make me kill some one, and then kill myself."

The old woman of six husbands, who had partially recovered from her fatigue of wrestling, got up and called upon all the world, and every person in it, to the rocks and fishes, to the birds and dogs, and lastly upon Whare, saying, "You, O Whare! are the cause of my now being killed. I have no one to protect me. Why should I continue to live alone to be the sport of girls? Go, O people! go and live as long as you can. O Tupu! see that I am buried with your children, whom I will keep guard over till the sun rises, when I will go with them." She sat down and tried to convey with all the strength of her lungs the idea that her heart was really breaking.

She had cried some time, when a voice was heard from the other end of the pah, saying, "Stay, O mother! stay, and I will keep you from insult. I did not see before what your words meant, but now I do. Sleep, and then we can protect each other."

The fire burned brightly, and the three old women sat near it to warm themselves. The light danced in flickering rays on the bald head of the now rejoicing wife of her seventh husband. The other two laughed at her bald, shining head, but she said, "You may laugh, but I shall not again be angry. Whare will protect me."

A voice was again heard from the dark. The speaker was the brother of one of the former husbands of the woman whom Whare had agreed to make his

wife. "What did I hear?" he asked. "Did I hear you say, O Whare! that you would take my sister for your wife? Did she say you were the cause of her being hurt? What does my sister mean? You did not ask her to make the cap which she wears for my brother. Why does she wear a cap for her sixth and last husband? And did she not do the same for any one of the other five with whom she lived? Does my sister think that I do not see, and do not notice or understand why she acts as she has done? Does she think she will live for ever? Does she think she will live until she has had six more husbands? I ask of what good has she ever been to our tribe? She has killed six men, and not been the mother of one child. The greatness of a man is his wives. A man of one wife is not thought so great a chief as the one who has six wives. And the honour of a man and his wife is their children. For two things are they an honour: first, they cry over the death of their parents; second, they keep up the strength of the tribe. But my sister has not been an honour to us or to herself. If she takes Whare for her husband, she must make my heart glad. She has not given me a child by my brother; she must give me other things to satisfy my heart."

Having heard the speech of the brother of one of her former husbands, the newly-engaged wife rose to speak, when one of the other two women said, "Mind what you say, old Whare is listening; his eyes may not see the wrinkles in your face, but his ears can hear the cracks in your voice."

Standing still, she said, "Does my brother ask me where my children are? Do all the people in the world have children? If I never had a child you cannot blame me for any ill names it gave its father's brother. I know that my husband was not a great chief, because whenever he wanted to take two or three other wives I would not allow him; he, according to your own words, was not so great a chief as you are. You have three wives. But I have, year after year, offered to teach your children to make mats, if they were girls, and you have always answered, 'Taihoa,¹ wait till they come.' Taihoa has been and is now a god of evil. Let me ask you when your three wives are to have a son or daughter? If I am a dishonour to my tribe, what honour have you brought to it? You have taken people's daughters, but in return have not given them a single grandchild. There is another evil you have done to our laws. Shall I remind you that I was the widow of your dead brother, and it was your duty to have taken me for your wife? Did you ever ask me? You have trampled that custom in the dust. Now that Whare has taken me, you ask to be paid for my not having first, according to custom, asked your permission to be his wife. Never, never, never shall you be paid. Pay me for making me remain a widow so long when it was for you to make me your wife, which our custom demands. Cease asking payment for yourself. When you and your three wives have a child

¹ By-and-by.

send it to me, and I may give it something; but to you never, no never."

Silence had reigned for a short time, when a young woman called on Takuai and all the old men of the pah to listen to her; it was Aramita who spoke. She said, "What evil have I done? You, O fathers! have seen me ever since I was born. Was I a child of evil omen? Did those who gave me life curse me before I came by giving me to the son of some chief unknown to me? Am I a puhi,¹ that I am so long kept from being given to him for whom my love is ever burning? Why do my own kindred say no? If I am a puhi, and am to be given to some one—the son of an enemy—to gain peace because of your constant dread of murder and surprise, tell me, and I shall be able to bear the thought of his not being mine whom I have loved since we were boy and girl playing together. You are not timid, you are not afraid to speak great words to those you love; you call loud enough in battle; then speak loud to me, and let me know why I remain as I now am. I am not afraid of you. Do you think that I cannot do as I like? Remember what you all thought and felt when you were as many summers old as I am. When you saw one you loved, would you not have gone over the high mountains, crossed the [deep rivers? Yes. I can do the same; and I would do it if I knew that I alone would suffer. If you like to kill me, do so, and I will not return the blow; but, remember,

¹ A woman betrothed.

if you even touch him I love, you die by my hand. I do not say the words of madness, but truth; I never shall be the wife of any one else, but of him, my only love."

There was one hut in the pah, the occupants of which had not taken part in what had transpired outside. That was the hut which Rou, his wife, and relatives occupied. On his return from the fight, Rou had narrated all that took place in the battle.

In answer, his wife said, "If you are not fed by others I shall not feed you. Go and get food for yourself. Go feed your good brother Tupu with kumara. Such food is the best for you. Am I to live when those who were killed have not been avenged? Are we slaves, that we are to die like slaves by the hand of any man that likes to kill us, and you are not brave enough to defy the woman words of a man like Tupu? O, why did I remain here, and not go with the old women who went to the fight? Truly you are not as good as my old slave Konehu. She would shame you. You have your eyesight and can see your enemy. You are young compared to her, and you are strong. You are related to those who were killed; and when the god Tu gave you the bodies of the murderers, you put them into the earth. Are they so sacred, common eyes must not look at them? Konehu did not act like that. She was sitting over a hangi in which we had cooked some food for you cowards, and while searching about for the remains of sow-thistle that might have been left by those who had taken the food

out of the hangi, she touched a surly dog, which bit her arm. She caught the dog's head with her other hand, and bit off a piece of its ear, and ate it for revenge. O Rou! are you not ashamed to have less of a warrior's spirit than my old slave, who is nearly double with the weight of her great heart bowing her down to the earth? Go, O father of my children! and tell them if they are murdered you will not allow their murderers to be sent to Paerau¹ to show that they died avenged by your love. Go, O Rou! and tell them that your love of life was greater than your love for them or me."

His wife did not say all this continuously, but with intervals of silence she would utter a few words, and again become silent. The other occupants of the hut sat with their heads covered, crying in a low tone, Rou and his daughter Miro being the only two who sat erect. Miro listened to those who were making speeches outside in the dark, while Rou sat in sullen silence on the right side of the door on entering the hut. No one had attended to him with food, nor had his hunger been appeased since the meal he partook of as the warriors left to attack the pah. What his thoughts were no one could guess. He had not spoken a word, save to tell his wife of the battle.

¹ The place of departed spirits, nearly synonymous with the reinga.

CHAPTER XI.

ROU'S INDIGNATION AT THE BURIAL OF HIS SLAIN ENEMIES—HIS DISSERTATION ON HOW PUBLIC OPINION IS LED, AND HIS VOW OF REVENGE.

THE fires in the huts burned low, and nearly all were asleep save the watch, whose shrill cry at intervals was re-echoed by the mountains.

Rou, who was sleepless, when all in his hut were quiet, got up, left the hut, and awoke Heta, who followed him to the tuahu,¹ where the shells of all the shellfish eaten in the pah were thrown. On the top of this heap Rou sat down, while Heta with a piece of tuhua (obsidian) cut the hair off his head. He then cut the hair close to the skin from his forehead to the back of his head, making a bald line about two fingers wide. In like manner he cut another line from ear to ear, and left all the rest of his hair as long as the breadth of three fingers. Thus shaved,

¹ A rubbish heap, which is a sacred place, from the remains of food eaten by sacred persons and other things of that sort being there deposited.

Rou returned to his hut, leaving the hair cut off on the heap of shells, and lay down in the place where he usually slept, his wife sleeping in another part of the hut with Miro, her eldest daughter.

Day was breaking, but Rou still slept with his head covered with a mat. Soon all were astir in the pah, but the guardians of the dead still remained at their post. The slaves and women were all life and bustle, lighting the fires at the hangis with which to cook the morning meal. The warriors had slept in sheds erected along the side of the pah, having the fence of the breastworks for the back of their wharaus,¹ a few leaves of the Nikau palm² being put to keep off the dew. The front looking into the marae³ was left open. In these sheds the warriors might be seen sitting in every imaginable attitude, silently waiting for their food. The cooks alone were all chatter and talk.

It is not customary for cooking to be done in the open air. Every two hangis, or ovens, have a house over them. These houses are built in the following manner:—Four posts are put into the ground, which are the four corners, and upon these four young saplings are fastened for wall-plates. At each end between the two corner-posts a young sapling is put into the ground long enough to project above the wall-plates, and to these the ridge pole is fastened. The rafters are tied about the length of a man's arm apart,

¹ Temporary sheds.

² *Areca sapida*.

³ The open space.

and transversely on these are tied small sticks, the entire length of the house. Upon these the Nikau leaves are laid, the root end being fastened to a stick near the top, and the small end hanging over the eaves. The stalks of the leaves are so tied that they are about two fingers' length apart, the leaflets being plaited into each other. When a house is thus covered it presents a very neat appearance inside. In most cases only two layers of these leaves are put on Maori houses. Small saplings are again fastened transversely on the outside of this covering, and the roof is thatched with toe-toe¹ grass, and over this a net-like covering of mange-mange² is laid to keep the toe-toe grass from being torn off by the wind. Round two sides and one end a ponga³ fence is put; the upper end being tied to the wall-plates. The ponga does not catch fire even when hot embers fall against it. The end left open faces the marae, to afford the cooks an opportunity of seeing everything that may be taking place in the pah. In such houses were all the cooks of the pah—male and female—talking and laughing while busily employed in scraping the kumaras preparatory to cooking them.

The hangis were nearly ready to receive the food, when Rou suddenly appeared, coming out of the hut in which he had slept. He had besmeared the right half of his face with kokowai (red-ochre), and the left with soot. He wore a very old, torn mat round his

¹ *Arundo conspicua*.

² *Lygodium articulatum*.

³ *Cyathea dealbata*.

waist, which hung in shreds. He went into the middle of the marae, then to the hut in which old Ngau had slept apart from all the others, and looked in. He then walked past each known and acknowledged chief, and in front of the wharous in which the warriors had slept, looking at each one of them, and then returned to his own hut. All this he did in silence, nor did any one utter a word to him.

When the cooks saw Rou, they became suddenly silent. Before his appearance they had been like a flock of korimako¹—who in summer congregate on the rata² trees in full bloom to suck the sweets and sing to each other—who become suddenly silent when a pigeon-hawk makes his appearance among them. Thus the cooks, on the appearance of Te Rou, became quiet, and sat with their heads bowed down on their breasts without looking up. Any one who was passing from house to house stood quite still, and looked at him in mute inquisitiveness. Even the warriors did not move, but with their eyes followed him as he made the round of inspection. When he disappeared a whisper might be heard in the cookhouses; and the warriors silently looked at each other.

The silence was broken by a mother who had not seen Rou. She was the cousin of Poko, and had taken a chief of no energy or name for her husband; but being of a wild and uncontrollable spirit, she spoke on all occasions both for herself and her husband. She

¹ *Anthornis melanura* or bellbird, Buller's 'N. Z. Birds,' p. 91.

² *Metrosideros robusta*.

had suffered by last night's fight and firebrands. She came forward, carrying a child in her arms, until she was directly opposite to the warriors, and they could not but see her. She demanded who was to pay her for having her feet burnt? and asked why women could not fight without kicking the fire about in the manner they had done last night? And if they did fight to please themselves, why people should be burnt who found pleasure in looking at them? The two women had kicked the fire about; the fire had burnt the child; and she must have *utu* for the pain the child had suffered. Holding up the child, she showed a large burn on the little boy. He had burnt his foot, and had sat down on a large ember, which had made a scar across his body.

When lifted up, the child screamed. The father came out and said, "Women are the cause of evil. I told you to stay with your children when you heard the tumult last night; but you will always be in the way of mischief, and you took the boy with you. You are the cause of his being burnt. I say, give me *utu*¹ for my child being burnt by you."

"No," said Poko; "you two were the cause of my child being burnt, and I must be paid. Give me the *kaitaka* mat you now wear; and you, my sister, give me that fine mat you lately made. I will teach you to take care of my children, and not allow them to be burnt. Am I not their teacher? Do you forget that if I do not obtain satisfaction for the pain of my

¹ Payment.

heart, those children will be taught by me, and do, after my death, whatever I command them? Then you must pay me for allowing any evil to come to them."

"Yes! yes!" cried the warriors. "You are right, Poko."

The husband threw his mat to Poko, while his cousin went for the new one, which she laid at his feet. He did not touch them, as he was tapu¹ while keeping guard over the dead. After a little time a young man passed, to whom he called, saying, "Keep these mats till the dead are taken away, then give them to me."

The food being cooked and taken out of the hangis, some of the cooks were busy making small paro baskets² (such as people eat out of) to hold it. When everything was prepared, the food was taken to the opposite end of the marae to that where the dead lay, and the warriors were soon all gathered round it.

At the same time, at some distance from the dead, the old women (the guardians of the dead) were kneeling in a half-bowing posture with their hands behind them, whilst in the midst of them sat an old slave with a paro of food before her, out of which she fed them in their turn. The eaters, being old, could not masticate rapidly; but the slave, who was anxious to be in time to obtain some food for herself, passed her hand round as fast as possible; and it often

¹ Sacred.

² Made of plaited green flax leaves.

happened when one of the eaters was in the act of swallowing, her mouth would be filled to choking. Thus the slave kept them employed until the paro was empty. Whare's newly-made wife asked for a drink. The slave brought a calabash of water. The drinker put her two hands to her mouth in the form of a trough, into which the slave poured the water; and while she was doing this a young woman called to the slave to come at once, or there would be no food left for her. The slave turned round to answer, at the same time lifting the calabash, and pouring the water on the new-made wife's bald head and down her back, so that the cold startled her, and she rose into a standing position. The slave still continued to pour the water with her back turned to the now enraged woman, who struck her with her fist; and the slave, to her no small astonishment, found herself laid on the ground. The calabash rolled some distance on the marae, ejecting some of the water from its mouth at every turn.

The slave did not understand what had happened until she heard Whare's wife say, "Shall I be thus insulted by a slave? Am I to be insulted by water being poured on my head by you?" At the same time she went towards the prostrate slave with a large stone in her uplifted hand. At this moment the eyes of all turned towards the two, for they expected to see the head of the slave broken by the stone; but just as the blow was about to be given, one of the other two old women jumped up and struck the

uplifted arm of Whare's wife, causing the stone to fall on her naked toes; and down she sat to nurse her foot. This had been done so suddenly that she hardly knew how it occurred. But a loud laugh from the warriors so offended her, she limped away towards the dead bodies.

The warriors having finished their meal, began to prepare for starting on their way home; and all the inhabitants of the pah were in lively motion, when Rou was again seen to come out of his whare.¹

He had not partaken of the morning meal. He paced in front of the wharau² where the dead lay, and by his gesticulations frightened the old woman with the injured foot, who got up and hobbled off to the other side of the whare.

She did this in such a grotesque manner that Poko actually laughed, and said, "I have seen lame parrots walk on the ground; but you would frighten them if you gave them a lesson in walking."

The old slave who had fed Poko and the other two went and sat by her; and when her rage allowed her to speak she asked him, "How was it the stone fell on my foot instead of on the slave's head?"

"How am I to know?" he answered. "Is the pain great? If it is, why not stoop down and lick it, if your back is not as stiff as mine; you can stoop for once, as your tongue has great power to stop pain. You remember your husband, who was in great pain

¹ Hut.

² Temporary shed.

after he fell from the tree which you got him to climb for fruit? When dying, he asked you to say something to cure his dark heart; and you said you would die when he died, to keep him company to the reinga. Your tongue cured him, and his spirit departed in a cloud, receding into distance as the sound of your voice died into a whisper. If the heart, which is hid by the skin, flesh, and bones of the breast, can be cured by your tongue, surely, if you lift your foot to your mouth and lick it, your tongue, which is so powerful to cure that which it cannot reach, will cure the pain of your foot by its touch."

"No," she answered; "nothing can cure it but the knowledge of how I received the blow on my foot."

"Did you not see how it was done?" asked the slave.

"No."

"Then surely the gods of the dead," he continued, "who were offended by your being angry so near the corpses, knocked the stone out of your hands, and you yourself let it drop on your foot. Perhaps the wound will swell or fester, and you will die. The gods do such things, you know, and after all Whare may not become your husband. Hush! Rou is speaking. He seems determined to kill some one; and if your tongue is not used to cure your foot, it may cause the death of your whole body."

Rou stood facing the people, who sat looking at him in silent expectation. He said, "I am not speaking to children, I talk to you, O my fathers and elder

brothers, my mothers and younger brothers, you alone can understand!

“ ‘Cease, O tears,
To flow into my eyes,
Sit you still within,
And let me guard you
For future use.

Let me turn,
I will look
Another way ;
Lest the love arise,
And sorrow urge me,
Till it spends its
Strength and departs.’

Yes, to you I speak, O Takuai! You and I are descended from the same ancestor—is not this the proverb of our family? We are called ‘The stuttering sons of Rutaia.’ If we are the stuttering children of such a man, whose fault is it? Am I to blame? Did I do the deed which robbed me of the sacred knowledge of the wise men? Shall I tell you what I know of the history of that about which I am now speaking?

“ There was a time when our male and female ancestors lived together, and loved each other. But our grandfather wished to go and see some of his brothers, who lived at a distance, and as he would be away a few days, our female ancestor did not go with him. We are the children of her firstborn, who was then the object of her anxious expectation.

“ Our grandfather gathered two bundles of fern-root, which he laid near her, saying, ‘ If any of my brothers

come during my absence they will bring dogs with them, because we intend to catch some kiwi¹ for you and our child, as a feast to welcome him when he comes. This bundle is for my brothers, and this one for their dogs. Remember and do as I tell you.' Our grandfather had tied the bundles with flax, each one having a different knot.

"Our ancestor went away, and soon after his departure his brothers arrived. They had come by another road, and therefore did not meet him. On account of the anxieties of her condition, our ancestress did not remember which of the bundles of fern-root was intended for the dogs and which for the men. His brothers were, however, kindly treated by our female ancestor.

"After some time our grandfather returned to his wife. He asked his brothers if they had received a bundle of fern-root, and what kind of a knot it was tied with. Having been told the name of the knot, he exclaimed, 'Then my orders have been disobeyed, and you have been cursed by my wife, who has fed you with dogs' food. From this time I will go back with you to your place, and that woman will not have me to teach her child. He will have no teacher; for I shall leave her, and her son shall be a stuttering son of Rutaia, as there will be no one to teach him the sacred words. My brothers have been fed with dogs' food, although I pointed out the difference between the two bundles to that woman. She is not fit to be the wife

¹ Apteryx Mantelli.

of a chief.' He said this, and left her. He and his brothers went away.

"Our female ancestor did not go after him, and I love her for her great heart. I am like her: I do not ask any of you to do anything for me. I would rather see the flesh cut from my legs and arms than ask any man to redress my wrongs. Yes, I say I love her who could sit alone, and by herself become the mother of a son from whom we are descended. She uttered no word of sorrow or anger—she sent no word of kindness to the chief who had left her. Did she send and tell him that his child was a son? No! She taught her son—our father—all she knew, and no one ever gained her love again. No! Why should she believe in any man again? Are not men like the wind? Did you ever know the wind to blow from one direction on one side of your pah, and from the other direction on the other side? No! You know that; it always comes from one direction. The wind does not blow gently on one side of your pah and furiously on the other. No, it does not! If the wind is strong, it is all strong; if gentle, it is all gentle. Even so, O fathers! man is like the wind. Wind is one part of created things. At the time that Rangī and Papa¹ were divided wind was created, being one of the sons of Rangī. It has a life of its own, which it still keeps. Even so is man. Man is like this world: he has many parts to make him complete. He has a voice: the world has its wind. The world has soil: man has a heart. The soil grows

¹ Heaven and earth.

food, trees, and weeds: a man's heart has its food, trees, and weeds. The food is the thoughts, which are for the good of himself and fellow-men; the trees are those thoughts which are the origin of great actions, such as bravery in battle, and taking ample revenge for any wrong that may be done to one by his fellow-men; the weeds are those evil thoughts which lead to lies, thefts, and cowardice. The world has a sun to shine on it, and make warmth in summer, and cause food, trees, and weeds to grow: man has his eyes, by which he can see the things of this world, and thus keep his memory alive to warm his knowledge, giving him fresh power every day to feed his thoughts. The world has a moon, which shines now and then in the night: man has a soul, which sits in the dark within him, and which gives light to his thoughts, when his eyes cannot shine on his sorrow, or brighten his heart when it has become dark through neglect or slight. O Nga, Takuai, and all you priests, I do not wish to weary you with my talk; but listen, O fathers! I say that man is like the wind: when it blows strong it is all strong, or if it blows gently it is all gentle. Even so is man in his actions of kindness or assistance to his fellow-men. You priests say that you have potent incantations, by repeating which you can lull a storm or cause a gale to blow. I do not know one word of such sacred lore. I am, as I have just now told you, the son of a man who was not taught by his father; for his father was not taught by him who should have given him that knowledge. Still, I do know that you possess

the power of moving the elements which are in man. I often see, and have observed the same since I was a boy, that if a chief does anything, no matter how little good may come from the act, yet as it is done by a chief, even as the wind is strong, so do all men join in making a loud noise of praise. Thus man is like the wind. If the wind blows one way, it all blows that way. If one man praises a chief, all men praise him, because he is a chief; but if a common man does a great act, he is an intruder into your sacred circle. Being a common man, although he be brave, yet he cannot be learned. He cannot obtain the degree of sacred lore possessed by you : hence no common man is allowed to come into your presence, or even dare he do a brave act in war or on the mountain, such as trapping the rat, nor in any way show a great soul ; for is he not at once looked upon by you with disgust? And as you command the elements of this world, your looks are noticed by men : thus you control the elements of their souls. As the wind blows in one way, so men blow in the direction you indicate with such power and effect, that a brave common man is blighted by the storm you raise, even like the blight caused by the cold south wind on the tops of the kumara plant. Hearken, O my fathers, hearken ! Do not be tired. I am a common man. I do not say that I have done any act that could give offence to you chiefs. Though my heart is dead, yet my eyes are not so blind but I could see how you have commanded the souls of men during the last few days. Let me speak, O fathers, let me

speak! I do not ask assistance of you, for I am a man of mean birth. O Takuai! you know how true my words are. Hence, I say to my father Tupu, the next time I ask any one to assist me to take up my crops I shall not ask a chief who will, when my crop is gathered, tell me not to eat that for which I have laboured and suffered. O my fathers! do I insult you when I tell you that I did not cause the flesh of man to be eaten for the first time? I am not a priest, yet I do know that the eating of man's flesh was begun by the gods.

“ You know that once there was nothing at all. There was no world. Nothing was the only thing that was. From nothing came thought, from thought came seeking, from seeking came darkness, from darkness came the world, which was a ball. In this ball were its children, six in number, being gods. These gods conspired against their parents, Rangi and Papa,¹ who together had made the round ball. Five of them by their exertions separated their parents, putting Rangi (sky) above and Papa (earth) below. One of the six gods, Tawhiri, who had remained with his parents, determined to punish his five brothers, and came down, accompanied by other children of Rangi. To save themselves from the rage of Rangi and his son Tawhiri, one of the brothers became a fish, another trees, another kumara, and the fourth the fern-root. Tu was the only one of the five rebels who did not change himself. He fought the army of Rangi, and gained

¹ Heaven and earth.

the victory. He was so enraged with his brothers for leaving him that he determined to punish them. He sought for them. One, the kumara, he found by the leaves resembling the hair of his head; another, the fern-root, by the tops resembling his hair. Tu next caught some fish, and broke some trees, and took of their fruit. Wishing to be lord over all his brothers when found in this state, he cooked and ate them.

“Hence, I say, I am not the first to cause man’s flesh to be eaten. If then the gods eat each other, and they were brothers, and were eaten for their cowardice, I ask, why was I not allowed to eat those who killed my child? The pain I feel is on account of the murder. The gods had not such pain. Compared to you, O priests! I am but a child in knowledge; but you know the gods teach me to take ample revenge for any wrong I receive.

“Do you forget Maui? He was a god; he was also a man. He had a wife, Koke, who was a goddess. Maui was very proud, and did not like to be less good-looking than his wife. His envy led him to ask her to exchange faces with him; but she refused, and in his rage he killed her by witchcraft. After three days, by her own power, she caused her life to come back, and killed him by witchcraft. She then died again to keep him company in the reinga. And in her malice against man, for it was the man part of Maui that caused her death; she became the guardian of the entrance to the reinga, and beats all who pass her. She is also the evil spirit

who puts bad thoughts into the hearts of men, such as murder and all other evil.

“If the gods teach me to be a man-eater, and to bear malice for ever, shall I, O my fathers! be blamed if I take revenge when and how I can?”

“O spirit of my dear child! hearken to the weeping of thy father and mother! Do not enter the inner portion of the reinga, but wait near the door and watch me. Not many moons shall pass before I send a crowd of spirits to keep you company. Listen, O my son! You shall see the dead, and hear their cry, and the noise that their flesh makes whilst cooking. My old teeth are not so blunt but they can bite the flesh of those I kill.

“Go, my fathers, to your own places. I will not dig up the dead you killed and buried. No, my fathers! I could eat them even now, though they would have been better fresh; but they shall be sacred because of your word. Go, and let me sit in my own place. I will not kill myself; I shall not die soon. I do not ask you to help me. You know the proverb that says, ‘The anger of relatives is a fire that burns fiercely;’ and another that says, ‘The hand alone can get food and to spare for its own body.’ I can get ample revenge for my sorrow. Go, O my fathers! go!”

Rou did not sit down, but went at once to his own hut, where his wife had cooked some fern-root during his absence. She placed it before him, inviting him to eat, which he did, saying, “Now that my heart

has been fed, my body can also be nourished by food."

While Rou was eating, Nga rose and said: "I do not quite understand what my father means."

"We, your fathers, have taken revenge for you. If you like to burn yourself, do not let the fire touch my house, or I may be scorched, and become angry with you."

Tupu rose and said: "I know what my brother means. Let me tell him that I sleep with one eye open; and my ears are not like his, so old that they are nearly choked with hair. My ears can hear well. Even my mouth is as good as an ear, for I sleep with it wide open; and as I do not snore, any noise that may be made near me I shall understand."

Tukai now spoke, and said: "O my relative! what you said about our ancestor is true. But why do you think you have been slighted? We are not chiefs. Had you been a man of low degree we should not have come at your call. Take care, my relative, that your anger does not blind you; but if you must do anything, let your eyes and ears be open; let your heart have a good memory, that you may know how far the blow you give will be heard. There will not be any to help you then."

Rou's wife now came out, and, after pacing to and fro a short time before the warriors, said: "Yes, my fathers, yes, your words are true; but can you men suckle a child? I never knew a man who kept a child

from death by his breast. Go, my fathers, go! and let your big hearts think you have been brave. If I do not get revenge in Rou's lifetime, I have sons who will live, and they shall get utu for me. Rou has spoken, and that is the word now."

have retaken Otu for the crime of my relative, Kaito. Say, Tupu, is not this Puka?"

"Yes," answered Tupu; "it is."

"Then," continued the old man, "you must allow us, your slaves taken in war, to sing a song of farewell to our land and to the place where our relative was drowned in times of old. O Kaito! join me in singing. Perhaps I may be able to think that I see this place as I saw it when our tribe had chiefs. Join me in singing, you old men, and women, and children. We know not how long we shall remain together. Our masters will take us, some to one place, some to another—to places which our eyes have never seen. Let me sing a song to the land which my eyes have seen."

Kaito answered, "Sing your own song. I am a rat; how can I sing unless it be a song of evil omen? There is a rat called hamua, which when heard is an omen of death. I do not wish to sing. I am a hamua. You have said many times that it was through my misconduct you are slaves. If you wish to sing, sing your own song. I will sing with you when we have escaped the vengeance of Rohe in the reinga. We shall not then look forward to being killed, for we cannot die there save as worms, and worms do not suffer much. Sing your own song, O my people! and let me weep tears in my heart while you sing."

"Wait," cried a voice, "my voice must be heard by you men." The speaker was the widow of the young man who had risen after being buried, causing alarm among the sleeping warriors, and who was killed by

Kete. She was young; her large black eyes flashed with an insane glare; her long hair fell over her shoulders, partly covering her sleeping infant, her first-born, a few moons old. She pressed her infant to her breast, which heaved with a sorrow words could not express. Her infant was so young that he had not yet been covered with a garment, but was kept warm by the heat of her breast, in which beat a heart whose whole love now was his. The nursling did not feel the chilly morning air as it swept gently by his mother. He had not yet felt the cold of this world. His mother now hugged him in an embrace of despair. "Who shall choose the song we are to sing? Who among us is dead? You may be alive, but I see not life now. What are all to me now? Did he not die two deaths? Was he not brave, my beautiful bird? You take their young from the tui,¹ and keep them to teach them your words, and they repeat what you have taught them. But did you ever see them die? You put a poria² on their legs to keep them from taking a flight of freedom. Did you ever think that the ring round the bird's leg can only keep its body? You call the bird your property. But death is the god of life; he takes the life away, and then what is the worth of your bird? The body is only good when it has life. The bird you prized so much while alive, when dead you throw away from you in disgust. Sleep, O my son! there is no father

¹ *Prothemadera Nova Zealandia*, or Parson bird, Buller's 'N. Z. Birds,' p. 87.

² A bone ring put on a bird's leg to prevent its escape.

to protect thee now! They will call thee the son of the dead; for who will give thee a name? We are the property of a man. Sleep, son of my soul—my only life! O that I could open my heart, and let thee live there for ever! Then we should be one, and I could keep thee from the tumults of those who will call thee slave. O Pohe, you said we were to sing a song of farewell; yes, and we will sing a song of love; but you cannot sing with truth on your lips. You and your wife and children were saved from death. You do not know the pain of death. Had you been killed, would not your death have been felt by her, the love of your boyhood? Yes, I say, that she who loves as I loved from the time when I was a little girl, can alone feel the great pain of death—and feel it even more than he did who was killed a second time. Love alone can make a song tell the full power of a dead heart. I will sing the song, and you can listen. Let all of you listen, and say he was worthy of the love I feel for him, and that I ought to sing my own words to the world for him. I am a slave in body, but my spirit is not a slave that it cannot make a song to keep his name sweet to the world.” She stood erect, and, with a quivering voice, yet full and clear, that echoed among the mountains, she sang—

“Spirits are flitting across my sight,
Days of weeping are now past and gone,
Come not near me.
From you I am severed for ever,
My mind shall be drowned!
My memory shall die!

Lest thoughts arise and urge to useless action.

O, who shall say I can forget ?

Madness sits beneath the whole."

Her tears fell on the nursling's face and partially awoke him, and she said, "O my child! do not stop me in my song for thy father; it is all I have to give him." Hushing the sleeper for a moment, and wiping the tears from her face with her hair, she continued again:—

"O, mothers!

Nurslings of love must all die now.

Cherish not affectionate acts of yore,

Now clustering round expiring thoughts;

Perhaps some of these are now passing through the minds
of those listening here.

O, me! sorrow, regret, and grief expire!

Despair is dead!"

With one bound she left the canoe. With a wild scream she plunged into the stream; the sudden chill of the water awoke the infant on her breast, whose voice, though weak, gave one note of horror mingled with the mother's scream. There was a ripple, then a few air bubbles, and all was silent again. The act had been so sudden and unexpected to her companions, that none had attempted to stop her. When the surprise was over, three of the female prisoners plunged into the water to rescue her.

Paré jumped up in a rage, saying, "Why did you let my slave escape? Am I not your master? Live, and let me keep you as mine."

The three women came to the surface and again dived down.

Pohe said, "Who is that who has gone before us? If she wished to go the road is clear. Why do we wait for her? She will not come back."

The three women again came to the surface, and Paré ordered them into the canoe. They obeyed, and the fleet moved on in silence. After a short time Paré stood and sang a song to which the paddlers kept time :

" You saved him, yes saved,
And why was he not
Cut to pieces? all cut
With the sharp cutting tooth of the shark—
The short-handled weapon of war."

The paddlers kept time to this rowing song until the fleet arrived at the Totara, where a few old men lived on the bank of the river.

Tonui called to them, and said, "Come down here, O fathers! to the waters' edge, and see the wild dog I have captured."

In answer the old people gave a loud laugh, and one of them said: "Why should we look upon that which is for you only? Did you say they were fat or lean? We do not ask you for any of your food; keep it and let it rot; children do not know the value of a gift."

Tonui answered, "The ears and eyes often eat for the stomach; we feed them and our hunger is satisfied."

"But," said the same old chief, "I never heard of anything which lived on wind save that big bird, the moa, which lives on the wind and sleeps standing on one leg. I did not know that you who went to fight were all moas. Go to your place, O young men! and

when you are as old as I am, you can tell those who are younger than yourselves that you have known what hunger means."

"Stay here," answered Tonui; and the fleet moved on.

The prisoners paddled with the rest, save Kaito, who sat in sullen silence. When the fleet reached the mouth of the Mangamuka, and were coming out into the main river, Nga called a halt, and said: "We will not land at the island pah of Motiti, but you can have the canoe war-dance before Kawe, who will see that his tribe are still men of power. We must now go in a body; let the heads of the canoes be abreast of each other; let no canoe go ahead of the others, but all keep together and go abreast. You, O Tupu! will lead the dance."

The line was formed, and the fleet came down towards the pah in perfect silence, the paddles not even making a splash; and although no song was sung, yet the paddles kept perfect time.

The inhabitants of the pah, who had been anxiously looking for the returning warriors, saw them. Immediately on coming in sight, the inhabitants of the pah formed themselves into a body, keeping out of view. It being low water there was sufficient room for a war-dance on the beach, outside of the palisading. When the fleet arrived opposite the pah, the inhabitants, with a yell, suddenly sprang from their hiding-place and rushed on to the beach, and, led by an old woman, they danced a war-dance to the warriors; the young

women who were in front making hideous grimaces, putting out their tongues and rolling their eyes.

Tupu, still sitting, as were all the warriors in the canoes, slapped the blade of his paddle once with the palm of his hand, at the same time making a hissing noise through his shut teeth as he dipped it again in the water. All the paddlers did the same, and repeated this for some time, finishing by a prolonged hiss and a groan.

Tare, the old chief of the Island pah, now rose and said: "You know we old men amuse ourselves during our last summers by teaching the tui¹ to talk. I have a tame one, and I have taught it to sing our songs, which are many. These birds have been taught by our fathers for generations. You also know that those songs are on many different subjects; some are of love, some are of war, some of murder, some about strangers coming, some of evil, some of good, some for brave men, some for cowards, some for the great, and some for the silly. My bird, like others, can see into the future. I will tell you what he said this morning; I did not at first notice it, for I had only taught it to him to laugh at, not to make him the utterer of omens. He sang it over many times, hence it must be true:—

“ ‘The crying of the child,
The shame of the aged;
The contention and brawling become hateful;
But wild vengeance will be the result.’

“I do not ask where Rou is. I do not see him, but

¹ Parson bird.

I see Kaito is alive with you. My bird sang the truth. When you passed my pah on your way to the war I told you what I desired, but you did not remember. I told you that the wren often feeds the young of those birds which come here in summer, which have no home in this land, but take the place and food of the birds of the land. I see you have kept that bird alive. You have your own thoughts, and I have mine. Rou can act. Go, O people! and when I want you I will send for you; but do not come to my help until I send for you."

The old chief turned and entered his hut, no one answering him. After some little time Tupu said, "Pull for the Mata."

The fleet had come down the river with the ebb, but now the flood took them in the direction they wished to go, and they soon reached the Mata, where they landed. They were met by the inhabitants; and the women who were in the front danced a war-dance, which the warriors did not acknowledge or return, but walked past them in silence. Soon after the canoe bearing their corpses also arrived, but the bodies were not removed.

Food was prepared, and the warriors had partaken of it; the moon had risen and was shining clearly.

Tupu now rose and said: "Listen, O chiefs and people! I will not sleep here to-night; I and my dead will return to my own place. We did not come of our own accord, but were sent for; keep the prisoners here with you, and I will go home alone with my dead. I do not know what to say to you. If Tare and his son

do any evil act to you, I shall hear of all they do. You know he intends to take revenge, because we have not filled his heart with satisfaction by what we all have done. Let him do what he likes, and perhaps the song of his bird will be made true on himself and his son, and we shall be the old men to weep when he cries. We start, O people!"

Immediately the Mahu¹ to a man started to their feet, and in a very short time the canoes were out in the stream, and were soon joined by the one carrying the dead. No song was sung by which the paddles were to keep time in rowing.

They returned down the stream, and entered the Waima river, a tributary of the Hokianga. The tide had begun to ebb, and they pulled against it to reach a small pah on the north bank of the river, called Takapuna, where they all landed; the eight men in charge of the dead, who had not left their canoe since they started from Te Roto, were now allowed to land because it was their own country.

On the west side of the old pah there was a grove of karaka-trees, the foliage of which was so thick and impenetrable that no ray of sunshine ever found its way through; the trunks of the trees were quite clear of branches for about three times the height of a man; the ground was covered by a thick layer of dried leaves, on which the warriors slept soundly close to the fires, which threw a flickering glow, now high now low upon the sleepers.

¹ The name of a sub-tribe.

CHAPTER XIII.

THEIR ARRIVAL AT HOME, AND THEIR RECEPTION THERE.

It was break of day, the tide was flowing, the canoes were on their voyage to the kainga. The eight men in charge of the dead, who had slept by themselves, were again in their places in the rear.

When Kopura point was reached, Tupu called a halt, and said, "We have the dead with us, and we shall be looked at by those who own them. Go, you women and young men, into the forest and pluck the fern which climbs on the decayed trees, called taringa hakeke,¹ and let us wear it, as our fathers have done, as mourning for the dead."

The order was obeyed, and the women and young men returned with the ferns; and as they sat in rows, men with men, and women with women, each one plaited the ferns among the hair of the person sitting before him or her, and all were adorned with this token of mourning.

¹ *Trichomanes reniforme*.

Thus arrayed, they looked at each other and said, "You look quite full of sorrow."

The fern used on these occasions is about the size of a child's hand, and is nearly round; it is about the same thickness as the leaf of a tree, and is fringed all round the edge with a small seed-pod; the stem is about as long as the breadth of the hand, and is quite flexible, which fits it for plaiting with the hair. The heat of the sun soon caused the ferns to wither and droop, hiding the hair and face of the wearers.

Those left behind at the kainga,¹ who had kept a constant watch for the warriors at the top of the hill near their pah, saw the canoes as they came up one of the many turns of the river, and, recognising their friends by the mourning tokens on their heads, gave timely warning to the kaingas near their own long before the warriors could land.

On and on came the canoes, making for a level point that jutted out on the south bank of the river, close to the house of a portion of the Mahu tribe.

Not a voice was heard until the canoe bringing the dead came in sight. Then the kainga in an instant swarmed with human beings, and a loud wail burst from the people, in which all joined. The warriors landed in silence. As they left their canoes they stuck their paddles into the ground, and, leaning forward on them, wept in silence, while the women and girls of the kainga stood, with their arms hanging down and their heads bowed, weeping silently; but

¹ Village place of abode.

the inhabitants of Rimu wept until their voices echoed in the forest at the back of the kainga. The eight men in charge of the corpses sat with the dead in the canoe, weeping silently. A crowd of children who had observed the canoe were speculating in whispers as to who the dead were; and even these little ones put their mats or a branch over their heads as a token of sorrow.

The people of the kainga remained seated in the little palisading usually put up round the kainga, and the inhabitants of the neighbouring kaingas who had assembled (it being the house of the old priest Takaho), sat down in the open space between the houses and joined in the tangi.

When the tangi¹ had continued some time, the warriors, one by one, sat down, after which the crying became less and less, and died away.

When the tangi ceased, those in charge of the dead landed and sat by themselves near Takaho's hut. Not one of the crowd moved, save the little ones who were looking at the corpses, and who now stole round to a group of women, some of whom were their mothers.

One of the children—a boy—went to his mother, who still sat with her hands covering her face, and parting them, he sat on her lap, folded her arms round his neck, and said, "Mother, I saw them; they are in the canoe. I have not seen your cousin, who carried me when we went inland. She has not come back. There are two dead in the canoe. I saw the

¹ Wailing.

hair of the head of one of them; it is short and curly; it is the head of a man. I could not see the head of the other, but there is a long lock of hair peeping out on the side of the canoe; it is a woman's hair."

This mother was the wife of Namu, a head chief of the Mahu tribes; she was young, slender, and of a delicate body—a being of impulsive nature; she was the only child of her parents, and her rank was equal to that of her husband. She had but one child. She did not answer her boy, but a trembling came over her when she heard what he said.

Tupu, the first to speak, rose, having only a small mat round his waist, and, taking a few steps towards the huts where the principal body of the people were, addressing Takaho, he said: "I am the bird of evil omen. I have to tell of death. Your child went with me. I have brought Miona back, but I alone can speak for him. He did not die the death of a slave; he saw the face of his enemy; but he had to die. The gods tell us in omens. Miona was told at the mata, but he would not heed the warning. We took ample revenge for his death. We did not eat the bodies of our dead relatives. There will be enough to eat at some future time. Your child did not go alone; she, his love from childhood, departed with him. We did not know she had determined to go. We heard no word of a poroaki¹ from her. She sent no message to you. They are here; it is for you to speak your thoughts."

¹ Last words spoken at departing.

A young chief now spoke, and, addressing the returned warriors, he said: "We are all here, O fathers! we have come from our different places to receive you, the children of Tu; the days of old men were not like these days. Men were not women in those days. Boys do not know what more to say."

Namu now said: "Welcome, O fathers! welcome with your heavy burdens. I do not wonder you have come back with so much food from Tu. Why did you not send for me to come and help you? Though my back is sacred, I should not have broken the law of tapu if I had carried flesh. When shall the feast be? Will you cook at once the large quantity you have in the canoe?"

Pia now spoke, and said: "Listen, O boys and girls, men and women, old people and children! What do you know of the past? We who have the grass of tura¹ on our heads know what we speak about. Why do you haunt those who left the dead where they fell? Why should we eat our kin? Do you not know that we should have been cowards for the future had we done so? The gods would have visited some of you with kai koiwi² for the act. Do you not remember that but a few moons ago a child of Papaka climbed a tree on which had been hung a cooked leg of one of our relatives, and the gods caused the child to fall and kill himself? Are you so dull, O Namu! that you and Tare talk as you have just now

¹ "The grass of tura," or grey hairs.

² Consumption.

done? Were not you two in the canoe which brought up the river the heads of our murdered relatives, which we regained from those who killed them? It was a fine calm day, yet the gods upset the canoe, and you, with the rest, were nearly drowned. The gods buried the heads of our relatives in the water. I did think, O Namu! and you, Tare, that you could talk to men, but I now see that you are still young, and ought only to talk to girls. True, O Tupu! true was your word; you did right. You are cautious. You are brave. You did that which has kept from us the anger of the gods. Speak, O Takaho! and say what the gods order. When are the dead to be taken to the last resting-place of our fathers? When is the pihe¹ to be sung; and at what time to-day will you say the auriuri,² so that those who came in the canoe with the dead may eat?"

Takaho, an old man bowed with age, having snow-white hair, which was now red as the setting sun—as was all his body and garments—for he had rubbed himself with kōkōwai, now came out of his hut. He was the senior priest, and it was his place to order and conduct all sacred ceremonies. He said: "Listen, my children. You have all seen the tree on which the shags³ live, and that in time the tree dies. You have also been near one of these trees on the banks

¹ A song sung over the bodies of the slain.

² The incantation by which the tapu is removed from persons who have touched the dead.

³ *Phalacrocorax Novæ Hollandiæ*, Buller's 'N. Z. Birds,' p. 325.

of the river when the birds were coming to roost for the night, and have no doubt seen that those who alight first are turned off by some new-comer; and you have heard the noise they make. Before they took up their abode on the tree it grew, but their feet kill it. They curse their own home, and some stormy night the tree falls to the ground. The branches on which they roost break at a time when they ought to have been depended upon. Thus they cause their own death. The shags make no noise until they come home in the evening, after they have eaten the day's food. Hunger having been sent out of their bodies, anger comes and takes its place, and they are bold to each other; and thus they each take the place of the one who came home first. Listen, my children, keep your eyes and ears open, and learn from these birds. Let no young man of this tribe be like them; nor let your voices or desires be like theirs, lest your words act like the feet of the shag on the tree, and corrupt the hearts of some among us, and when the storm comes from our enemies, those on whom we depended drop us into the hands of death. Do not curse our home with such words as you have spoken to-day. When the sun has passed the highest point in his journey I will take the tapu off these eight men. After that you can all eat. Until I have repeated the *karakia auriuri*¹ let no fires be lighted. When I have given the power to eat, then they shall eat. After that they shall go and gather mänge-

¹ The incantation removing the tapu.

mange¹ with which to wrap the bodies of the dead, which shall be hung up in the trees—the sacred trees at Tuhakai. When to-morrow's sun has looked at us over the mouth of the cave out of which he rises, we will sing the pihe (dirge) for the dead; then you may tell your thoughts. I will tell you when we may hahu² the dead; there are some of our former dead who can be taken at the same time to the last resting-place. You can plant much in the ground next season, so that the hahunga³ may be large enough for the tribes who shall be invited. Let no word be spoken in haste or anger. Live, O people! and remember the proverb, 'The thrust of a spear can be warded off, but the piercing of a word is a wound given in the dark, and cannot be warded off.' Feed yourselves with bravery, make yourselves strong to resist your enemies; do not let your anger be burnt out in family quarrels. I will listen, and hear what the gods say."

¹ *Lygodium articulatum*.

² Remove the bones.

³ The feast on the occasion of removal of bones.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PURIFICATION OF THE CORPSE-BEARERS.

THE sun had passed his noonday light, when a voice was heard in the camp of mourners calling for attention. It was the voice of Takaho, who said: "Hearken, O my children! I have slept since I last spoke to you; but my sleep was evil. My arm came against my breast, and I awoke by the blow; at the same time I saw a star flash across my right eye. What such evil omens portend the future alone will show. My arm has told me that evil will come from the death of our son, who was brought back by Tupu. The star I saw indicated forebodings of the death of some near relative of our daughter; and I also see that it is a woman who will die. Her death will be by her own hands, and will not be known until many moons after it has taken place. O my children! I weep and grieve to my marrow over you. You do not tell me what evil there is among you; but the gods have told me in my sleep that even now you burn with feelings of jealousy, hatred, and greediness towards each other.

I have been young, and am now old, and have seen men and women of other times. I have seen a brave man go from his home to drive his enemies beyond the precincts of the nest in which his young ones and their mother rested. I have seen him brave death in various forms to save the lives of his children, whom he looked upon as the rock on which his name would be seen engraved when he had gone to the place of his ancient fathers. I have seen such a warrior come back to his home to find the fire of jealousy, hatred, and selfishness burning up the hope of that which he had fought to save. I have seen the hand that never grew tired of work or of war droop in a day, and at sunset spend its last power in thrusting his soul away from his home and children into the darkness."

The old priest bowed his head and wept aloud; the tears chased each other down his red ochre-besmeared face, making lines through which could be seen the dark lines of his tattooing. His chest heaved; and every time he sobbed several among the sitting crowd of people joined him in chorus.

A young mother, with a child partly clasped in her arms, sat reclining with one hand on the ground and her head bowed over the child, who sat by her side on the ground plaiting her long, flowing hair, while the mother's tears dropped on his head. Some of them running down his face so ruffled his temper, that, in childish fury, he dashed them away with a rapid action of his hand. This drew the attention of some of the other women, causing them to remark, a child thus

baptized with tears would cause more than ordinary misery and evil.

One girl asked the boy, "Why do you plait your mother's hair while she is weeping?"

"To hang you with," answered the child.

The weeping mother looked up at this remark, and shuddered from a feeling of dread which caused her weeping to end.

Takaho, the priest, had sat down, and having taken off his garments, tied round his waist an apron made of karamu¹ leaves, which hung down to his knees, and asked the eight corpse-bearers, "Is your work done?"

"No," answered one of them; "we have only just finished the shed into which to put the dead."

The shed spoken of is made with the leaves of the kawakawa² and whau,³ and is called a wharau. It has only half a roof, one side and a half of each end covered. It had been put up near the old priest's house, who said, "Let them live in their house."

At his command the corpse-bearers went naked to the canoe, and the four oldest of them took the body of the man, the other four took the body of the woman; those who carried the man took precedence, the others following some distance behind. The woman was laid along the inner side of the wharau, while the husband was laid with his feet to the side of his wife, and his head outside of the half roof.

¹ *Coprosma robusta.*

² *Piper excelsum.*

³ *Entelea arborescens.*

The people now gathered round this house of the dead, and those nearest sat down in a circle, about twenty paces from the wharau, while the others remained standing. They sang, as with one voice, a song composed as a dirge for the dead:—

“How throbs my heart for you, O my children!
 As droops the palm fern in the forest gloom,
 So droops my beating heart for you.
 O where—where are they who were fondly called
 Come! children, come!
 Gone! gone for ever! in the swift great stream—
 O, my children, I live!
 But on the slippery plain of life.
 A lonely home!—a childless home now!
 The sun’s heat is vain warmth for me.
 O thou distant mountain peak!
 Thy chilling frost-tipped head
 Was home and love to me,
 If wrapped within thy snow.
 I will hide me in the house—
 In the house of death.
 My memory now is blank;
 I know not one act
 Of kindness from the world.
 Had the sea swallowed you,
 Had the sliding hill covered you,
 Then gods had done the act.
 The seed of life is rotten now—
 The gods have doomed us to perish!”

This was an old song, and only known to the old people, whose voices kept perfect time while singing it. The young people did not join in singing; but at the end of each stanza they took up the chorus of sobs, while the others rested for a short time, again to take up the wail.

The old priest stood near his hut, leaning on his tokotoko (a staff about one fathom long, sharp at one end and blunt at the other). While thus leaning on his staff he wept, but uttered not a word until the lament was ended; then with his right hand he dashed the tears from his cheeks, and said: "When the heart weeps, the body loses life and power. A chief is a man, but the power of a chief is his people. Rest here, O children! while I go to the stream and purify those who have touched the dead, that they may eat again. Food is life to the body, and the strength of the body is the glory of man."

He stepped to a stage near his hut, and took two pieces from a heap of dried fern-root kept there, and from a corner of the little fence which encircled his hut he took a round pebble. With these in his hand he walked towards a bend of the river, where there was a thick clump of shrubs on the bank, and stood looking across the river.

The corpse-bearers followed, and stood in a row behind him. They were in a state of nudity, for they had dropped their garments when they had moved the corpses. As soon as the men had taken up their position, the priest turned round on his right, facing the men. He then stepped between the middle men, having four on each side of him, and when a few steps behind them, he began to kindle a fire. As soon as he had stepped behind them, the corpse-bearers sat down, resting on the calves of their legs, with their hands on their knees, and facing the river, nor did

any one of them for a moment look to the right or left.

In a short time the priest had lighted a fire, on which he cooked the two pieces of fern-root; but he did not pound them. He then took in his right hand the pebble and one piece of fern-root, and in his left only the remaining piece; then with a stick which he held in his left hand, he dashed the embers of the fire here and there, and throwing the stick over his left shoulder, he walked up to the corpse-bearers, and stood at the back of the one on his left, and touched his right shoulder with the fern-root which he held in his right hand. This he did to each one in succession. The priest now stepped back, being still behind the corpse-bearers, until he again stood behind the right-hand man, when, holding out his arms extended in a line with his chest, he repeated the following incantation:—

“ There is the offering ; the offering is lifted up.
 An accepted offering ; an offering ascending.
 An offering of power ; an offering of life.
 O——i——e.”

As he repeated the last sounds, the men sprang to their feet with a bound, and, turning to the right, faced the priest, who again repeated the above incantation, at the same time crossing his arms, being careful that the right should be above the left arm. He touched each man in succession on his right side of the head with the piece of cooked fern-root he held in his right hand, and the left side of the head with the

piece he held in his left hand. The priest now repeated :—

“The sure bending of Tu ;
Divide the offering, divide !
Repeat the defiance to the power of the gods.
E—E—E. Repeat the defiance !”

The priest now put the pebble into his mouth, which he pretended to swallow ; but in a dexterous manner he put it back into his right hand, while taking into his mouth the piece of fern-root out of the same hand, which he ate, and then that in the left hand, and with a bound he passed the right-hand man and sprang into the river. The others followed him, diving and coming up some distance from where they had been standing ; they then swam about a hundred paces farther up the stream, and landed, the priest being the first. Then they tied a few karamu ¹ branches in front of them, and went towards the settlement.

Coprosma robusta.

CHAPTER XV.

COOKING A DEAD SLAVE.

DURING the absence of the priest and corpse-bearers the people remained sitting in the places which each had taken after the dirge had been sung. They sat crouching, listening attentively for the return of the priest; for no one knew by what path he would return to the settlement.

Takaho returned by a different path, and upon emerging from the scrub, he cried out, "Now may man eat, and Hineteiwaiwa¹ have command."

Hearing this expected command, all the people in the settlement sprang on their feet, and immediately the women were talking and laughing, the children running and shouting, while the men ordered their wives or slaves to prepare food. Now might be seen women leaving the settlement for a short time, and returning with bundles of dry wood on their backs, which they threw near to mounds of black earth, half-charred embers, and black burnt stones. While

¹ The goddess of midwifery.

some of them were breaking up the wood, others scratched out the holes near the mounds; then putting in a little fire, then the wood, and on the top of this the stones, smoke was soon issuing in all directions from these hangis. They were all at some distance from the priest's hut.

Women gathered round the hangis, and were soon busy preparing kumaras for the coming meal. Each one held a cockle-shell between the thumb and fore-finger of the right hand, and taking the kumara in the left hand, one end of which was being held against the little finger, with the strength of the thumb, at one scrape, a strip of skin was taken off from end to end.

The stones piled on the wood had, as the wood consumed, dropped one by one into the hole, which was now half-filled with nearly red-hot stones. The hole was about a yard in width, and about eighteen inches in depth. Water was then poured out of a calabash on the stones, which sent up a cloud of steam, rolling away like a white ball in the still air. Round the edge of the hangi were now placed the remains of old flax baskets, which had been previously thoroughly soaked in the stream. The scraped kumaras were placed on the stones, and covered by another lot of old baskets, the whole being covered by mats made of the unsplit flax-leaf. Some water was again poured in the hole; and in the midst of the steam the women might be seen, like so many dogs, scratching the dark earth and charcoal on to the heap of mats until the steam

ceased to escape. Thus covered up, the food was cooked.

One woman had taken no part in preparing the food; but since the lament was sung she had sat at the feet of the corpse of the young woman and wept. No one noticed her save her boy, who sat with his head leaning against her clasped hands, which covered her eyes. The tears, oozing between her fingers, trickled down the child's head. He did not heed the tears, but sat silent, looking at the crowd of children (who had been busy ever since the preparation of food had begun) cutting up the corpse of an old man. Once, and only once, did the boy laugh; but in an instant his voice was hushed, as if something had commanded silence.

Some of the elder boys had severed the old slave's head from the body, and it had been taken possession of by one of the girls, the blood trickling down her arm, and bespattering the small mat which was tied round her waist. With the other hand she held the snow-white beard, by which she opened and shut the mouth, making the teeth gnash and snap, at the same time uttering a wild yell. While doing this, she rushed here and there amongst the little children, to the horror of some and the amusement of others. In one of her wild flights she put the head up to the face of a slave who was passing, and made it gnash at him. The slave with a vigorous stroke sent the head out of her hand, and in its fall it knocked a child down. Immediately there was a rush to get possession of the head.

and the children rolled and tumbled over each other. It was this that had caused the little boy to laugh. One of the boys had gained possession of an arm, and placed it on the fire to roast the flesh near the shoulder. This act had been seen by a slave, who because of his great muscular strength had with impunity done many things which men in his position did not ordinarily dare to do. He stepped up behind the boy (who was in the act of putting the cooked flesh to his mouth), and suddenly jerked it out of his hand; at the same time the boy fell on his back. The slave tore off a few mouthfuls, and threw the arm down again, and ran away, to escape an attack from the enraged lad and his associates. As soon as the boy regained his legs he seized the arm, and with a spiteful yell threw it after the slave. The aim not being good, it went rolling and tumbling in the air, and fell near to a wrinkled, decrepit, half-blind old woman, who had just before been begging for a limb. Taking this as one thrown to her, she snatched it up and put it under her mat, her face at the same time lighting up with a smile of supreme delight.

The owner of the arm stepped up to her, and asked, "Why do you steal my food?"

"Your food!" answered the old woman. "It is mine. Those boys threw it to me."

"Yes," said one of the other boys, "we did, because you asked for it."

"No," said the owner; "it is mine. I threw it at Kaikai, in revenge for his impertinence."

"What are your words to me?" answered the old woman. "I shall not believe your lies—I will eat the arm. Go away, and do not talk to me. My ears are old, and your noise pains them."

"Give me my food," said the boy, "or I will talk to you until the hairs jump out of your old ears, and then the cold air of winter will get in and kill you."

The old woman, addressing the boys who had the other limbs, asked, "You gave me this?"

"Yes," they answered with one voice.

"Then be kind to this boy," said the old woman, "and give him some food, so that I may sit here, and not be killed by his voice."

"Yes, we will give him enough," said the biggest of the boys. "Come here, Piu, and be one with us now, and you shall have a long piece of food."

To keep his promise, the last speaker took up the bowels of the dead man and threw them right in front of Piu, the contents bespattering him and the old woman in a most disagreeable manner.

The old woman jumped up in a rage, and holding the hand of the arm in her hand, she swung it round and round her head, uttering the most furious words of anger at the boys.

Piu, fearing to receive a blow from her weapon, left her, and sat down with the others, who with one voice ordered him away.

One said, "Go and clean yourself. We cannot let you come near us. Who ever sat with a dirty fellow?"

You shall not eat of our food if you are so dirty. Go away!—go!—begone!”

All this time the little boy had been looking at the scene, nor had he moved since his short laugh. At last he spoke, taking hold of one of his mother's hands, which he partly pulled from her face, and said, “Look, mother, look! Do you see yon old woman who is in a rage? She is going to kill some one with old Koko's arm. You see yon boys. As soon as old Koko fell down in a fit this morning, because he was full of sorrow for his master's death (over whom you sit and cry so long), yon big boy hit him on the temple with a stone. Why did you not save his life? He is your slave; for your cousin is dead. She was his master. Old Koko might have worked for us. If your cousin had not died, he would not have fallen down in a fit of sorrow; then he would not have been killed. If you cry any longer for your cousin I will cry for old Koko. He was kind to me: he gave me eels and other things which he caught for himself.”

“Hush!” answered his mother; “you are only a child. Koko was a slave, and my cousin was a woman of high rank, and sacred; for the gods protected her. Old Koko was left to his fate by the gods: hence he was taken a slave. When the gods abandoned him, self-protection left him; and as he had no god to guide him, he can be eaten by any one without fear of harm coming to them. The gods reside in and rule the body; and to eat a body which is their house is an

insult which they resent by killing those who dare do so bold an act."

"Then your cousin was left to her fate by her gods," asked the boy, "or else how did she die, not having been killed by any one? Mother, perhaps the gods killed her. If so, what evil have either of you done? She loved you much, and you were like one. Did you ever do any great evil, mother?"

The mother answered, "Look! Go and see what those boys and Kaikai are doing. Kaikai is my slave; go to him and he will feed you when the food is cooked."

Moe, for that was the name of the boy, went, not so much in obedience to his mother's command as because it suited his inclination. Children of his age, about eleven summers old, hold it as an undisputed point that they are their own masters, and can do whatever they please, unless thwarted by some one stronger than themselves. Kaikai was expending the strength of his arm, tongue, and voice, to the great amusement of a lot of men, women, boys, and girls. He had made a large circular fire, about two strides wide; around this he placed, on sticks about a yard long and stuck round the fire, the limbs of Koko. A leg was stuck with the foot in the air, the stick having stuck in at the thigh end, and pushed up to the knee; an arm came next, the stick having been thrust right up to the elbow; one side of the ribs was put between the split end of a stick, the ends being tied together to keep the ribs from falling out.

As the heat acted upon the limbs, Kaikai said, "Now, children, old Koko will show you how to use your arms in the kauikau.¹ Look, look how that arm twists! See, the old man is about to walk! Look, his thigh quivers! There," he said, as one of the legs fell down, "he will kick you if you do not stand farther off." At the same time swinging the the limb round, which was now hot, he struck a number of the children with it, who ran away screaming and laughing, each rubbing that part of their body where the cooked limb had hit them.

The limb was again replaced, and Kaikai was kept busily tending the roasting until the women began to open the hangis in which the kumaras had been placed to cook. The young dissectors, being chiefs, could not cook, hence Kaikai had to do it for them; he also cooked the arm which the old woman claimed.

While Kaikai was thus employed, the women were busy making small baskets, called paro or kono, out of which the people were to eat the kumara. Now and then Kaikai would touch a nearly-cooked limb, and, licking his fingers, say to the women, "If you do not make haste, the sweet morsel to eat with what you have cooked will be spoilt. Quick! quick! Make the paros faster!"

Said a young woman who had not yet called any man her master, "Kai, you come from the same place as old Koko?"

"No," answered Kai. "He came from stupidity,

¹ The same thing as the haka described in Pipo's love-tale, p. 98.

and took a journey to man's mouth. I am still a man."

"No," said the girl. "I mean that you and Koko were taken at the same time and place."

"Oh, no," answered Kai. "I was out catching eels, and had my hands all besmeared with the slime, and could not hold my weapon; hence I was taken. I helped to take old Koko."

"But you were bought for a dog," said the girl, "by the man whose corpse lies yonder."

"No; a dog is a dog," answered Kai; "but my food is cooked, and you cannot eat food cooked by a dog. Here, Moe," addressing the boy; "you and I are to have this. It is not very fat; but you shall be a brave man, so come and eat out of the paro which I shall choose."

Moe gave his consent by lifting his eyebrows.

"Do not go with him," said the girl. "He will make you a bad man like himself."

"I will feed you," answered Kai, "and make you a big man; your father is so small." Addressing the girl, he continued: "Tell your years not to increase for eight more summers, and then you will break your heart if you cannot call my boy Moe your husband; but Kai will see who gets him. Kai has more than blood in his heart. The bat does not fly by day; and great thoughts, like little stones, lie at the bottom of the river. Sit here, Moe, and see that no one takes that limb," pointing to one thoroughly cooked and well browned.

Kai soon returned, bringing a paro of kumaras, which he placed pretty near to Moe, but at some distance from the fire. He then took the rest of the limbs, and stuck the sticks on which they were about three paces from the young chiefs who had cut up Koko. They sat in silence, not deigning to thank or in any way recognise Kai's service. To do so would have been an act of supererogation on the part of such young chiefs; being a slave, it was his duty to do anything he was ordered to do.

Not far from the fire sat the old woman who claimed an arm, waiting for Kai to attend to her. She was the cast-off wife of a chief, and being also of high rank and old, she was precluded from going near any fire at which food was being cooked. She could not take the joint she was waiting for.

While Kai was busy taking the different joints from the fire, and sticking the sticks on which they were into the ground before those who should eat them, to keep them from falling down and being soiled by dirt, the lad who had thrown an arm at Kai ran up to the fire, snatched the disputed arm, and said to the old woman, "You have already had twice as much as I have; now the eating is mine. You had your nose filled by the bad smell of the raw meat, and you have had the sweet smell of the arm while cooking; so now eat your kumaras, and let the smell, which must still be in your nose, go down bit by bit with your kumaras into your stomach. You are old, and cannot do much

CHAPTER XVI.

HOW A MAN HAS TWO OLD WOMEN FORCED ON HIM
AS WIVES.

THE young girl joined the group laughing, and saying, as she put her basket down beside the other three, "Let me eat of yours, and you can eat of that fish."

"No," answered her brother, one of the young men; "you cannot eat man's flesh: you are a woman."

"How learned you are!" she answered. "I am older than you are." While saying this she snatched a joint from one of the young men, and tearing a large mouthful from it, she continued: "You may tell lies to stupid girls. I know the flesh of men killed in war is sacred, and cannot be eaten by women; but Koko was not 'a fish of Tu,' as the proverb says. I can eat of it; and let me see the hand that will try to take this arm from me." And, while holding the ends of the limb, she tore off the flesh by mouthfuls, leaving the fish to the young men.

One of the young men asked her, "Is the old woman

yonder sacred, that you took the precaution to put the kumara out of your paro for her as you did?"

"O no!" she answered; "I did not like to touch food with my fingers before her, lest she might bewitch me. She is in a furious passion about an arm she has lost."

Said another young man, "She did not show such spite when she lost arms, legs, body, and all of her husband, who took a younger wife."

Another one remarked, "What a fool the man was! I would have kept her to cook for me, and so keep my last-taken wife young as long as I could."

"When are you going to be tattooed?" asked the girl of the last speaker.

"Will you have me when I am?" he answered. "If you will, I will commence to-morrow."

"No," she answered. "I only thought from your words that the marks made on your skin remain there for ever, and that your eyes see the black marks on your nose as long as your life lasts; but do not think that woman loves for ever. You may wash and rub your tattooing—it remains; but you can wash the love out of a woman's heart by the tears you cause to flow from her eyes by your contempt and ill-treatment. Why should that old woman love the man who could turn her off in her old age? You asked me to love you. If I were to do so, and you treated me with contempt, I would not act as she has done, but would let you know what a woman's heart can devise and her arm accomplish."

"What would you do?" asked an old man, who sat a

little distant from the group, and had been eating by himself.

"I would do that to him," she answered, throwing the bone she held in her hand at him.

"Surely you do not mean that you would throw bones at him?" asked the old man.

The girl answered, "Yes; but I would not let the bones touch him: it would be the cause of an effect. You are a coward," added the girl; "you cannot eat man's flesh, and I can. Why do you presume to speak to me, or ask questions?"

The old man answered, "What the gods made me in the other world I shall be in this. I was born a wai-namu¹ as to human flesh. As you are a young girl, I do not feel any anger at your silly contempt." He rose and went to where Kai was feeding his master's son.

Moe said to him, "Come and eat with us: there is sufficient for us three."

"Is not my child a chief?" asked Kai.

"Yes," answered the old man. "Had he not been of high rank, he would not have asked me to eat with him. Only low blood makes silent tongues when an invitation would be an honour to the giver."

"Give him some of the flesh," Moe said to Kai.

The man answered, "No; I never eat the flesh of man; it makes me sick. Even the smell of it, when cooked, offends my nose."

Moe looked at him in astonishment, and said, "Did you try to dislike it?"

¹ A person who has a dislike to certain food.

He answered, "No."

"It is good," said Moe. "You would like it if you tried some."

"Would you like to eat me?" asked the old man.

"O no!" answered Moe.

"Then why do you eat Koko?" asked the old man.

"He was kind to you."

"O, Kai told me he could not feel me chewing him now that he is cooked," answered Moe; "and as his flesh would rot and do no good, but breed blow-flies, there is no harm in eating him. And I shall eat our enemies when I am a man. I can learn to be brave now that I am little."

The old man asked, "How would you like to eat the flesh of a little boy as big as you are?"

"Why do such children allow themselves to be killed?" answered Moe. "If they cannot keep out of the way when our people go to fight, that is their own fault. If they are cooked and eaten, it is their own fault for not keeping out of the way."

"How would you get out of the way," answered the old man, "of an enemy, if we were attacked?"

"I would stand behind Kai," answered Moe, "and throw a stone and knock out the eye of any one who came near to us. But how is it that you were not killed long ago? You are a coward, and cannot eat the flesh of man. If you are afraid of dead flesh, you cannot dare the living body. Why, what is Raku scolding about?"

The old woman who had lost Koko's arm had thrown

off all her garments save the mat which was tied round the waist, covering her in folds down to her knees, revealing her body covered by deep wrinkles. Still there was enough strength and fire in her aged limbs to enable her to jump several paces as she said, "You have all eaten as much as you like." Then, after pacing to and fro, putting out her tongue, and throwing about her arms, she continued: "Yes, you have become quite good-tempered now. I am old, and do not require food. I am of no use now; I am the sport of children. Yet I remember the time when the fathers of those boys who stole my food from my mouth would have thought my love, if bestowed on them, of as much value as a mako¹ or a heitiki;² but that one, my only beloved of them all, for whom I lived, and whose children I nursed, can now look upon me with contempt. Why could I not have a piece of man's flesh? Why was it stolen from me? You have eaten to-day—you can live. I would die at once, if I could obtain revenge for insults best known to myself. You will soon repeat incantations over the bodies lying in yonder shed, to drive their spirits to reinga. They may obey you; but if you do not revenge the insult given to me this day, my spirit will not obey any art, power, or incantation, but remain among you until I have sufficient revenge. Do you intend to repeat the incantation over the body of the woman who died a natural death, so that the disease she died of may not kill some of you? Then give me satisfaction for the

¹ Shark's tooth.

² A green-stone ornament.

theft committed on me to-day, and save me from the shame of being insulted by boys, that when I die I may not become an evil spirit to you all."

"Do you wish that all the people should investigate the evil you speak of?" asked Manu.

"Yes," answered Raku. "Let those who took my food say what I am to receive as payment. You have all eaten, and are satisfied: I have not eaten since the bodies of our children were brought here. Let the payment be great. I am killed by shame; you can make me live by joy, by giving me a great payment of something valuable."

Takaho rose and said: "Hearken, O people! The sun has not yet set on the day on which I told you my heart was sad because of your evil deeds, and now I come to listen to your evil doings. Let those who speak during this investigation speak the words of men. Do not cause strife, and let the end of the talk be for good. I will speak once more on this matter."

Tupu rose and paced up and down for a short time, holding the small branch of a shrub in his hand, which he kept waving to and fro. He said: "If blow-flies were going to light on my body, I would use this, as I am doing now, to drive them away. I do not mean to say that children, or even slaves, may not speak, if they know anything about the evil of which Raku complains; but do not let the talk be all noise and no meaning. I have no sister; but if I had one, and she and my wife intended to speak during the investigation, I would say to them, let your tongues be taught

by the god of caution, and not by hatred, when they speak."

Kai, the slave, rose, looked round him; and walked to the front of the people, who had by this time gathered from all parts of the kainga, and were sitting in groups on the level ground, a little distance from the houses; as they had eaten their food outside of the settlement because of the corpses that were in it. Kai paced up and down; holding in his left hand the thigh bone of Koko, which he occasionally swung round his head, he said: "I have never spoken to you, O people! since I was taken a slave; but as I know something of what Raku complains of, I want to know if I am the person she blames. I was the son of a chief; I am now a slave; yet I do not wish to be called a coward, even though my being taken as captive might prove that I had been a coward. I wish to ask Raku if she stole the kanae¹ for which my head was called a calabash to cook in? I have said enough."

Raku rose and said: "Who told you, slave, to ask me if I stole the fish? What do I know about your fish; I did not eat it. If you ate it, why try to blame me?"

A young girl rose and said: "But that was your fault; you were sulky and would not eat it. But was the fish stolen for you? You do not say it was not given to you."

Raku answered: "I did not blame any one for the fish. My food was stolen from me. Why should I

¹ Mullet, mugil Perusii.

not eat his flesh who laughed when I was cast out of my children's house? A dog will bite if kicked; and even a slave will speak when a chief says the blow-fly may be permitted to join in the council of men. I ask payment for my food which the boy stole from me."

The old woman stood still, and, while the tears flowed down her dirty cheeks, she sang:—

"I am lost in shame ;
My words are misconstrued
By the lips of the crowd.
O, mother, you were right !
Had you seen my greatness
In my youthful bloom !
Your cautions long kept by me,
Taught for good, I heeded not ;
But as the seaweed
Thrown on the ocean shore,
Such was I cast off
Amongst the filth,
To live or die alone.
How many I refused,
And kept my love my own ;
O, would they came near now
And give me but one word
Of love, as in my days of greatness.
The sacred house of food
My parents had ;
O, that I could now thither go,
And kill my want !
To enter now,
My fear would send me back.
O, that I had a small canoe
In which to go,
That I might enter
The abode of gods !
That my hand could hold

The origin of Hawaiki (life).
 But my fame has long been heard
 In that abode.
 Karaka, my girlhood's first love,
 Across the ebbing tide the news conveyed.
 Of gods I have—
 Still live ye in my heart."

A young man now rose, he held a green-stone meré¹ in his hand, and, after pacing to and fro a short time, said: "I do not know what evil our mother wishes us to look into. At first she told us some one had taken her food; now she asks us in her song to make the man who was her husband take her back and put away his young wife, because she was of high birth. She also told us in her song, if he does not put away his young wife, and take her back, she will kill herself; to prevent this calls upon the lovers she cast off in her youth to rise in a body and restore her to her husband; but if they do not, and she kills herself, she will after her death be a god of evil to us, and kill some of those who just now heard her voice. How dull our mother is! Does she not know the old proverb, 'When the old net is rotten the new one comes into use.' Does she think that after being the mother of many children she can compare with the youthful looks of a young woman. Men keep their youthful looks longer than women, and youth is to man as warmth is to summer. As our mother is

¹ A warlike implement from 9 to 18 inches long, of an oval shape, about an inch thick in the centre, tapering to a sharp edge on each side, highly polished, and only carried by chiefs.

old, who would dare to ask the man who cast her off to take her back? If I were to ask him to do so, and he answered me by saying, take her yourself, how foolish I should look to be told to take an old woman for my wife; it would be like putting a rotten garment on to keep my body warm in winter.

“This world is full of old people; if our old mother likes to kill herself, the number would not appear less. The world of gods likes such people; she might go there and no longer be the sport of children. As for her threat that she would come back and be an evil spirit, she may do as she likes; perhaps the potent spells we men have can send her spirit to the lowest room of the reinga, from whence she could not return. I ask you, people what are we to listen to? The words of a cast-off wife, or her complaint that she has been robbed of her food?”

An old woman rose up; her head was covered by a mass of curls matted into a ball, and it looked as if it had not been combed for years. She had dyed her hair with red-ochre and oil, but it had lost much of its colour through contact with the ground on which she rested her head when she slept. Her eyes were deep black, and her mouth indicated one accustomed to have her own way. She asked, “What did that boy say who spoke last? How many summers has he seen in the world of which he is so mighty a speaker? How many wives has he had that he should speak of women as he does? I was a young woman once, but am not very young now. See,” she

said, putting her hand up to her head while she stopped walking to and fro, "my head has the sign of night and day, light and darkness. There," she said, pointing at a lad of some twelve summers, "that is the child of my child. Am I young that a boy should tell me that I am to be cast off to give place to a girl? Hearken, O women! the men are not to blame; you are to blame: no man dare do as he likes unless his wife allows him. Do as I did. I am not telling tales of fiction. Let the man who knows that what I say is true, say so. Some time since the man I have loved from my youth said he loved a young woman; he told her brother, and I heard of it. I did not cry or make a noise, but did not feed my husband. I did not cook anything for him until he asked me to cook some food. I answered, 'No, I am eating to be strong, that I may be able to do with power what I shall do. If you take another wife, I will kill you both.' He knows that I do not tell lies. If you act as I did, there would be no girls taken by your old husbands and you cast off. Let boys listen to Raku's sorrow for being hungry through thieves, and not talk of that about which they know nothing."

An old man rose and asked: "Raku, what food was it that was taken from you?"

"The left arm of Koko," she answered.

"Who took it?" asked the old man.

"I do not know," answered Raku. "I cannot see as I did when I was younger."

"How was it taken?" asked the old man.

She answered, "Kai had cooked it for me, and while it was on the huki¹ before the fire, a boy came and took it away."

A young man now rose and said, "Cease your questions, O old man! and let me question her. You say it was your arm, O Raku! how did you get it?"

She answered, "The young men who killed Koko gave it to me."

"Did you see them give it to you?" the young man asked.

"Yes," she answered; "they put it before me and I took it."

"Did any one see them give it to you?" asked the young man.

"I suppose some one did, for a boy came at once and said it was his."

A young woman now rose and said: "I will ask Raku a few questions now. You may sit down, O young man! and hold in your mouth all the words you were about to speak; you need not look so ashamed. Your words are not so great that you need fear for your teeth; and if they should fall down your throat again, the time will come when you will not be angry with me, for words so swallowed grow into love, and you will need a double portion of that to obtain the favour of some woman. You think enough of yourself, and no doubt imagine you are the only man since Tu made Onekura." Addressing the old woman she asked, "Do you know my voice, O Raku?"

¹ The pointed stick.

"Yes," answered the old woman.

"How do you know it?" asked the young woman.

Raku answered, "You offered me some fish."

"Where were you when I offered you the fish?" asked the young woman.

Raku answered, "Near where I am now."

"Do you know the girl's name who offered you the fish?" asked the young woman.

"No," answered Raku; "she was one of those who came to the hakari¹ for the dead."

"You say it was me, because of my voice?" asked the young woman.

"Yes," answered Raku.

"Did she eat with you?" asked the young woman.

"No," answered Raku; "she went away, fish and all."

The young woman asked, "Did you see her face?"

"Yes," answered Raku.

The young woman went up to Raku, and, putting her face close to the old woman's, asked, "Am I the girl?"

"No, you are not," answered Raku; "your face is rounder than hers, but your voice is like hers."

"Listen, O Raku!" said the young woman. "You have been dreaming; and as for the arm which you say was given to you, it is all a dream. I never offered you a fish; I never spoke to you before; yet you say you know my voice. I did eat of an arm of Koko; but it was not near you. How it came into the basket out of which I was eating I do not know."

¹ Feast.

An old man now rose and said: "Stand where you are, O young woman! and as you seem to know how to speak, we will have a little talk together. From the manner in which you spoke to a young untattooed face, you appear to be a woman of keen sight. Did you ever see a man, woman, or child with three arms?"

"No," answered the young woman; "but I know a man who has only one eye and one arm, who with his one eye takes a single view of the property of his friends, and with his one arm appropriates it to his own use. Had Koko's arm done such an act, I could not have eaten of it for fear of causing a storm in my stomach; because the food I eat is all my own, and to introduce a thief amongst it would cause an attempt to be made to draw it out of the society of honest things. Any more questions, O old man?"

"Yes," answered the old one-eyed and one-armed chief. "You say that you ate some of Koko's arm, and it was in a basket into which you do not know how it came. Were your companions men or women?"

"You need not fret yourself," she answered. "You cannot now sit in the company of those I was with. To see you among us would make folks imagine there was but one glowworm left in the world, and it had hidden itself under a bit of moss beneath a slight projection of stone, which your wife, when she was alive, thought was the eye of a man. Anything else you want to know?"

"Yes," answered the old chief. "Who killed Koko? Who cut him up? Who cooked him?"

The girl answered, "Stone killed him; Tuhua¹ cut him up; and fire cooked him. I forgive you for asking these questions, as it proves that you ate none of him. You were not young enough to come to a feast made by the young. Do you remember that you ate your own slave, and did not give any to your wife or children? Then why wonder that you did not receive word to come and eat Koko? If I knew where Koko's arm and thigh-bones were I would not tell you. Anything more you wish me to tell you?"

"Sit down, O girl!" said a voice from among the crowd of listening people, "or the old people will die with shame; you are so proud and insulting to those who are grey with age, and who know what they know, for they have seen many things."

"Yes, your words are true," answered the girl; "but then why do old people question me? You have no question to ask; but if you were a young man you might perhaps have one to ask, and then you would be so stunned by the answer, that all your heap of knowledge gathered under your mass of grey hairs would not avail to keep you on your legs. Stand up, and I will ask one question. Why do you keep hid where you sit? Let the people see you, that the glow of a setting sun may be seen on your face. Who was it that ate the last bundle of fern-root when there was no more to be had nearer than three days' journey from his place, though his wife and three children all asked

¹ Obsidian.

for some, and they were all so ill that they could not go for any themselves?"

An old man rose and said: "I do not wonder that girls talk as they do to some men. My father was a man, and my mother was a woman, and I am a man. A man is a man, and a woman is a woman; the only difference between them is, that the one is the father and the other the mother. Why do some men treat woman as if she did not think? She does think, even as much as we men; and she knows how to listen to the words of manly truth, and distinguish as soon, if not sooner than men, the deceitful speech from the truth. If you set the kumara in good soil the kumara is good, because it sucks the good out of the good soil. Even so the child. If we men are great and brave, our mothers must have been so, because we only live by the food of our mothers. Cowards are the children of foolish mothers, even as the bad kumara is the fruit of bad soil. I will ask you, O people! some questions; but let not any one answer unless he has knowledge to feed the words his tongue utters. I ask you, Did any one see the arm given to Raku?"

A little boy rose and said: "I saw a man's arm turning itself round and round in the air, and then it came down just in front of Raku, who was sitting, and she at once put out her hand from under her mat and pulled it in under her garment."

"Was it an arm only?" asked the chief.

"Yes; it was all by itself," answered the boy.
"There was no body with it."

“Let me speak,” said another boy. “I was making a toetoe¹ kite with some other boys, when one of them went and asked for one of Koko’s arms, which was given to him. He roasted the loose flesh on the shoulder, and was in the act of putting it up to his mouth, when Kai snatched it out of his hand and ate some of it, threw it down, and ran away. The boy was so angry that he threw it after Kai to hurt him for his theft; the arm fell in front of Raku, and she took it and put it under her mat.”

“Let me speak,” said a young man, whose face had been fully tattooed. He was of a slender form, had curly black hair, and a fine voice, and appeared to know that he was admired by many of the people. In his right ear he wore a small tuft of albatross down, and in his left the tooth of a blue shark. He held in his hand a hani,² decorated near the top with the red feathers of the kaka, which he kept shaking in a most furious manner while pacing to and fro.

He said: “Did your father learn anything from the two small boys? I cannot see what evidence he obtained for Raku. I think as our father has such a great love for women, he ought to have proved that the arm was hers, and he ought to get it back even now, although it has been eaten. But in telling us that women knew the true speech from the false, I see in our father’s speech a kind word for Raku, two kind

¹ *Cyperus ustulatus*.

² A wooden carved spear given to a young warrior for his bravery, in the Waikato dialect called a taiaha.

words for all women, and three kind words for himself. Our father has always had a great liking for women, even since he was as old as I am, and year after year he has taken one more than he had the year before, so that he has nine wives now; and such men as I am have to look up to the darkness in the heavens to see sparkling eyes looking at us, but they do not speak. True, the one word our father said for Raku is this: 'O Raku! though you are old, and I have so many loves, I can make a place for you in my great love. My mother was not a fool, and I am a sensible man.' He then said to all the women, especially to the young ones: 'You see how I uphold you, and I will be your leader; if my wives die, many of you must come and fill their places.' The kind words for himself were: 'I like to have many persons, especially women, to provide for all my wants.' I ask you, O young women! who are listening to me, and you need not fear to let your voices be heard—we have been told a blow-fly may buzz in this meeting—is it your wish that our father take Raku for his wife?"

A perfect storm of "Yes, of course," came from the young women.

He continued: "You know what an old wrinkled woman the widow of Koko is; she cannot even see the end of her hand when she holds it out before her. As our father loves all women, shall he be made to take her also for his wife?"

There was a loud burst of laughter all over the

place from old and young, but especially from the old men and women, and the young chief sat down.

A young woman rose and came in front of the old chief and women's champion, where she skipped and danced, throwing her arms up and down, holding in her hand a fern-stalk; she concluded with a loud laugh. After slowly pacing before him, she said: "Listen, O people! You have heard what our father said about women. I know that he loves us all. I do not know whether he has told you how he looks with kindness upon you; but it is not many days since he asked me to be his wife. I know our father is a great chief; but who of us is of less rank than he? I did not then answer him. I will now give him a kind word." Turning to the old chief, she said, "O father! you asked me for a good word; I will give you two. I am but one, and am young. I have not gained knowledge by experience, and you like knowledge. You admire the great thoughts of people who know what they say; accept from me the two great presents I now offer you." She looked round and called Raku to come and stand beside her; she also called Koko's widow, and made her stand on the other side. Koko's widow was so old that she could not stand upright. Addressing the old chief, she continued: "Now, O father! you know my rank. I am a woman, and you say man is not greater than woman. My father is a great chief, so are you. My mother is not a fool; yours is dead, and I cannot say what she was; but if she was a fool,

you will show that she was if you refuse the offer I make you."

There was a subdued titter among the young people, in which the speaker did not join, but stood perfectly still, and waited until it was over. She continued: "All the people, in their great love to you, wish me to give you these two great women; they are great in knowledge, especially this one." She pushed Koko's widow up to the old chief. "She is a woman of old, an ancient of the days soon after the first man was made. According to your words you say that time makes you wise; this one is so old that there is no one left on the earth, save herself, who can say how long it is since she was a girl; and as you have always filled up any gap death has made among your wives by taking girls, by this time they are all young women, for they always die when they begin to grow a little old. This oldest of the old will give wisdom to your girls, and you will have young wives with old knowledge." Addressing Koko's widow, she said, "Go, old woman, and sit next to that man; he is now your husband; he is sorry that Raku lost your former husband's arm. You are to give him your love. Go, O Raku!" continued the young girl, "and sit down by that chief. As he has in a long speech tried to persuade them to give you back Koko's arm, he will be kind to you; live with him for ever." Then, addressing the people, she said, "Is it the wish of you all, O people! that your father should accept these two very learned women as a

token of love from you for his beautiful speech on women?"

The people answered, as with one voice, "We do wish it."

The girl continued: "And from this day our father must cease to fill any vacant places caused by his wives dying by getting young women?"

"Yes," answered the people.

"You need not get up to speak," continued the young girl, speaking to the old man; "there is nothing for you to say. You must keep all you have to say for your new wives." Addressing Koko's widow, she asked her, "Can you see your husband?"

She answered, "I do not see things as I did in my youth, for now daylight is half dark to me, so that my new husband looks like a big thing which is about the size of a man; I only know it is something because it looks rather darker than the surrounding gloom."

"I am glad that you can see him at all," said the girl. "He has never had a wife like you among his many wives; for when you are in the kumara plantation, and meet with a large stone, you will feel as much pleasure in its company as in his, as you will be sure to think it is your husband."

"I shall not be jealous," answered the old woman.

Addressing Raku, the girl said, "Now you have obtained more than one arm (if you ever did possess one of Koko's arms), you need not be dark in your

heart at losing it, for you have a living body, arms and all. So end my words."

A lively young woman rose and said: "Are we not to be consulted in such a matter as our husband taking these new wives? The people were allowed to talk about the wrong Raku complained of; her losing the half-cooked arm was not proved. But because our husband made a speech in favour of women, and to cheer Raku's heart, he is to have two more wives. I am one of nine already, and I object to Koko's widow being the eleventh. We nine, all being young, can help ourselves; and should our husband be sick, we could attend to him; and it would be light work, for we could do it in turns. What I object to is, in a few moons we may have to nurse that old woman of ancient days. If she is the wife of our husband, who is a chief, we could not kill her if she became sick. I know that she may die any day, or should our husband die, she would be killed to attend him in Paerau; but we will not attend upon her when sick. I also object to her as an assistant in the kumara plantation. If she could not see our husband better than if she were looking at a cloud that was a little darker than other clouds in the sky, instead of pulling up the weeds she would pull up the kumaras. Who then would suffer for breaking the law of growing crops? I will not lend her my eyes, neither would I save her from being killed, because her hands had pulled up the kumara before the time of harvest."

Another of the old chief's wives rose and asked: "I want to know, O people! who is to give you a feast, as is the custom of chiefs when they take a wife? We nine will not give one bit of food. We have not been consulted in the matter. Our husband does not cultivate with us; the storehouses are all our own; he has nothing. And as you, O people! had all to do with these wives being given to our husband, you can say who is to provide the feast."

Takaho rose and said: "I am the beginning and end of all talk. You, O people! have heard all the words, and you have given the two women to our father. Let your wish be the end of the matter. I think you have acted in a very just manner. Old Raku said she had lost an arm which once belonged to Koko; her heart was dark; the wife of Koko had lost a husband; her heart was dark; she had also lost her master, who is dead. He and his wife lie in yonder wharau; and as our father, to whom these two women have been given, is a near relative of the dead master of Koko and his wife, he was in duty bound to take the slaves; and as he has always been spoken of, ever since he was a boy, as a man of very large heart towards women, by your act you have done right. You have made him a great chief, you have redressed the wrong done to Raku, and have given life to the dead heart of Koko's widow. As the people have done this, and these women are old and widows, there is no need of the feast of atahu.¹ Live, O father! in your nest,

¹ The agreement to become man and wife.

but do not let the birds which are young and strong throw the feeble ones out over the edge of the nest, in the same way as the koekoea¹ does to the riroriro,² and kill them. My words are the end of this investigation."

¹ *Endynotus Taitensis*, Buller's 'N. Z. Birds,' p. 73.

² *Gerygone flaviventris*, Buller's 'N. Z. Birds,' p. 107.

CHAPTER XVII.

AN INSULTED WIFE DRIVEN TO SUICIDE, AND THE
SLAVE'S REVENGE ON THE HUSBAND.

THE people, and even the children, had sat in perfect silence up to this time, listening to the various speakers; but now the matter having been decided all were in an uproar—laughing, talking, and fro, and the children calling to each other to come and join in some game.

During the noise and bustle Moe went to Kaikai and sat down near to him, and said, "I have been with my mother during the whole time the inquiry about Koko's arm was going on, and she has been crying so long that her eyes are nearly as big as my fist."

"O!" said Kai, "when your aunt is taken to the tuakai¹ she will cease to cry."

"No, she will not," answered Moe. "She does not now cry for that."

"What does she cry for?" asked Kai.

Moe answered: "She told me not to tell any one;

¹ An ancient burying-place.

out as you have fed me since I was a baby, I will tell you. You have not a loose tongue, have you, Kai?"

"No, I do not waste more sound out of my mouth than I can help," said Kai. "I am a slave; and I find that some people have to pay mats and other things for sounds which come out from between their teeth. If I were to make any sounds I might lose my life, or I might kill any one who struck me, and have to run away; and I do not wish to leave you until you are a man."

"True," said the boy; "my father is such a little man that I could not go to war in his company, as he is not strong enough to help himself."

"Ah! but you forget, Moe," said Kai, "that the small grub eats down the great tree; this is a proverb, and you must remember it."

"I will," answered the boy. "My mother told me, while you and I were here eating of the food cooked for the people, my father took some for her, but as she would not go from where she sat weeping at the feet of my aunt, my father took a kumara, which he squeezed into pulp in his hand, and went to her, and daubed her face with it, saying, 'If your love for the dead is so great, no wonder you do not obey the living, because you do not love them.' Some girls who saw my father daub her face laughed at her. My mother's heart died at once with shame, and she says she cannot live now, she has been so insulted with cooked food in the presence of the dead, and also laughed at by girls. She sang a song several times

over to me until I learnt it, for she said I was not to forget it."

"What was the song?" asked Kai.

"Come with me to my mother, and I will sing it," answered Moe; "and if I make any mistake she can correct me."

His mother was not where he had left her. The outside of the mat she had worn, the waist-band of karetu¹ grass, and the widow's cap (made of seaweed dyed black), which she had put on as mourning for her cousin, were the only things that could be seen on the spot she had so long occupied at her cousin's feet.

"She has gone to get some food," said Moe. "She is very hungry; she has not eaten anything for a long time."

"Yes, she has gone to eat at a long feast," answered Kai. "She was a kind woman and a great chief. Your father was not so kind. When I was first taken as a slave your mother was kind to me; but your father, when he knew that I was a great chief with my people, made me cook a quantity of food, and put it into three small baskets, which he made me carry, one on each shoulder and one on my head. I had then to sit down while he ate out of the baskets; what he could not eat he smeared over my head and chest.² If such a thing had been done to me by one of my own people I should have died; for the gods would have killed me for putting cooked food on my head and chest, because

¹ Hierochloe redolens.

² The greatest possible insult that can be offered to a native.

the god Rauru lives in the hair, and the chest belongs to Tu. Truly, your father was an evil man to me; and since that day I have seen in my eyes the head of a man having all his hair covered with cooked food. You stay here, and I will soon return. Do not stir from here, for fear that some one (if we are both away) should take her mat, head-dress, or girdle, and your mother return and find them gone. Do not tell any one that I am gone anywhere."

Leaving Moe, Kai proceeded to the mouth of a branch of the river on which the settlement was situated. It being low water, he walked up in the bed of the creek until he saw the footprints of some person who had crossed; these he followed, and by the mud which the grass and underwood had brushed off, he tracked the person up to a clump of trees which stood alone at the foot of the level ground which extended from the bank of the branch river where he had left Moe. He followed these marks into the scrub, and on a tree about half as high again as himself he saw the body of his chief's wife hanging dead. He sat down and cried for some time, repeating a lament of his own tribe over the dead, which he sang in an undertone as he wept. Having ceased his mourning, he returned, going through the clump of trees in a direct line with the way by which he had come, which took him on to the main road from the interior to the settlement; this he followed, and found Moe where he had left him.

"Where have you been?" asked the boy.

“I must go and find some food for your mother when she needs it,” answered Kai. “She needs something to help her in her own place. Remain here until I come back ; I shall not be long away.”

He went and sought for Namu, and found him sitting by himself, looking at some young men who were wrestling. Kai sat down as near to him as the difference in their ranks permitted, as slaves have to cook food, and chiefs cannot be touched by them without becoming contaminated, and the gods would kill the chief for allowing such a contact ; yet a slave woman may become a chief's wife without giving offence to the gods, because the children are the property of Tu, the god of war, and are the tribute to the other gods for transgressing the law of tapu.

Kai said to Namu, “I have seen, and you must see the same. If you go up the main road towards the interior until you come to the koroi-tree on your left, then go straight from it until you reach the clump of kaikomako¹ trees ; remain there until I come to you.”

Kai went a different way ; as he walked he plaited a rope with some flax, which he tied round his waist. He arrived at the clump of trees first, and waited for Namu. When he arrived, Kai said, “Follow me,” and led the way to where his kind mistress was hanging. Namu did not look up as he walked until he was just below the body of his dead wife, when Kai stopped and said, “Look up, and see that fine bird. You are

¹ *Pennantia corymbosa*.

not a big man, but you have killed the largest bird I ever saw up in a tree."

At the same moment, as Namu stood looking up with glaring eyes, Kai seized him by the throat, and laid him on his back, saying, "Look up at her; see her whom you have killed. You shall hang there also."

Kai, with his powerful grasp, kept hold of Namu's throat, who struggled in vain, until his limbs gave their last quiver. Kai then took the rope which was round his waist, and tied it round Namu's neck with a slip-knot, and hung him to a tree next to that on which his wife was hanging.

Kai returned to the settlement, muttering as he walked, "The child is mine now, and his coward father shall not again insult a chief with cooked food. The dog! My head was as sacred as his. But my revenge is fully satisfied." As he drew near the creek he said, "I must collect some firewood now."

He broke off the decayed branches of a tree which stood near the main road, tied them into a bundle, and slung it on his back by inserting his arms into two pieces of flax which encircled it, thus keeping the load of wood on his back hanging by the flax which passed over his shoulders.

Thus loaded, he emerged into the main road just as a number of people were passing on their way to the burial ceremony for the dead. The dead had been guarded in the wharau by two old women ever since they were brought to the settlement.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BURIAL AND BURIAL RITES OF THOSE WHO DIED
IN BATTLE.

KAI found Moe crying. He had been ordered to go away some little distance from the corpses; but wishing rather to obey Kai than the two old women, he refused, and they forcibly carried him away by the arms and legs to where Kai found him crying.

“Kai,” asked the boy, am I not the son of a great chief?”

“Yes, you are, Moe,” answered Kai.”

“Then why have these two old things treated me as they have done?” asked Moe.

“They did not call you names, did they?” asked Kai.

“No; but they ordered me away, and I would not obey,” answered the boy. “And why should I obey them, when I have not listened to or obeyed one word or order given even by my father?”

“But those women are sacred women of your tribe,” said Kai; “and they are the keepers of the dead. If you call them names or disobey them they may be-

witch you. They are so old that they know what the gods say ; and the gods and spirits help them."

" I was waiting for my mother," said the boy, " and was keeping my mother's things. Those old women threw them after me when they had carried me here. I would have scratched them, but I was afraid of their wrinkled faces, and their big, red, watery eyes. Kai, they are not like other women ; they do not talk, and they have cut their hair so short that their heads look like the back of a singed dog."

" Yes," answered Kai ; " but that is done to show how they loved your uncle and aunt. You did wrong to disobey them, because they were going to prepare the bodies for the burial-place. Let us sit here and look at them ; but you must be silent until I tell you what to say and how to act, for we shall have to take part in the ceremony after the preparation is over. Every one of us will have to tie a piece of flax to your aunt's garment, near to her feet, and at certain words repeated by Takaho, every one must pull his piece of flax until it breaks. The flax breaking is to take away the effects of any disease which killed your aunt, so that such disease may not kill any one of your tribe. Look, the old women are combing your aunt's hair, and putting albatross feathers among it, so as to make her look beautiful. They have now put her feet to the north and her head to the south ; for the reinga is to the north, and the priest will send her spirit, which has been here with the body ever since she died, to the northward. See, they have taken your uncle out

of the wharau; he has been up in a half-sitting posture, and smeared with red-ochre. They have tied a thick war-girdle of plaited flax round his waist, and put a spear into his hand, for he died in battle. The two bodies have been put a little distance from each other, because different karakias will be repeated over each—the pihe over your uncle, because he died in battle, and another karakia over your aunt.”

Kai had told this to Moe in a low undertone, not to be heard by any one.

The people had formed into a line in perfect silence at the rear of the wharau in which the dead had lain, no person, not even a dog, being allowed to be on the north side of the corpses. When the old women had finished decorating the dead, an old man suddenly appeared from the house of the dead. He had a maro¹ of leaves round his waist, and held a long spear in his hand. He uttered a most fearful yell, and danced for a few moments on the east side of the bodies; then he ran up to the corpse of the man, and stuck the spear into the ground, saying, “That is one for Tu.”

At this signal all the old men of the tribe formed themselves into a compact square, with Takaho on their right, and advanced silently with an even, steady step, until they arrived on the east side of the corpses, facing towards the male corpse. Every one of them held in each hand a fern-stalk. At the end of each stalk was tied a lock of hair taken from the heads of their enemies (these heads are preserved by the old

¹ Small mat tied round the waist, hanging down in front.

women of the tribe, and used by them to ornament the four corner-pegs to which they stretched the web of their mats when making them), then held up their arms straight before them. Takaho, who stood on the right of the old warriors, now repeated the pihe for those who are killed in battle:—

“ Peel, O thunder! above us,
You flash omens of fair weather.”

The warriors now formed in a chorus, and repeated with him—

“ Tu is enraged, and Rongomai descends.”

At the end of each sentence of the chant they simultaneously raised the fern-stalks to the same height, which went up and down with perfect exactness.

The square now divided into two, and wheeling, one portion to the right and the other to the left, again formed a line on each side of the body, leaving an open space between them, running due north and south:

Again they took up the chant, holding the fern-stalks as before, and lifting them up and down:—

“ Courage to the source of Urunganga¹ and Aparangi,²
Joined are now the shadows
Of the war party and of the people.
Arouse your blood,
And conspire with the men of Tu.
Tu is angry! Tu is strong! Tu is noble!
Grief has come; the stay has fallen
From Pipirau.³

¹ The god of revenge.

² The god of peace.

³ One of the mansions of the departed spirits.

O how sacred to cut off the head of the leader!
 O, Pipirau! is it sacred? O how sacred!
 Tu, of the long face, is gone, is lost!
 The harvest time is now;
 Lay them out in the marae—
 Up! be brave! let courage begin!
 Go to the sea, as the net,
 And draw the fish of Tu—
 The stream of delight for the brave,
 Where live
 The fish of sweet liver, the fish of Tu—
 We offer them to thee,
 O Tu!
 We lift them up to thee,
 O Tu!
 Honour to thee,
 O Tu!
 Lift up, call aloud;
 Let the people roar to Tangaroa¹—
 Give the word of Tu;
 Offer the gift of Tu;
 Tu of the noble face!
 Honour to thee!
 It is harvest time now,
 O Pipirau and Ru!"²

As the chant ended, two old men made their appearance, each one carrying a back-load of mangemange,³ which they threw on the ground, one bundle at the head of each corpse, just as the warrior said "Pihe! pihe!"

The chanting warriors walked backwards from the corpse, and sat down in a half-kneeling position, still holding the fern-stalks up in a line with the chest.

¹ Supreme god of the ocean.

² God of earthquakes.

³ *Lygodium articulatum*.

The two old men now lifted the body of the man on to one of the bundles of mangemange, which they rolled round him, so as to make a round bundle, and tied it up tight with the fibres of the kiekie.¹

Their work being done, they sat down, one on each side of the corpse. Takaho, who had stood up to this time at the head of the male corpse, now walked to the head of the woman's corpse, and when near to it, the two old women who had offended Moe came forward, each having a maro² round her waist, made of kawakawa and karamu³ twigs with the leaves on. They spread a mat on the ground, the ends of the web of which were uncut; they laid the body of the woman at full length on the mat, with her feet to the north, and stepped back, one standing on each side of Takaho.

All the people who had been sitting on the south side of the corpse now came forward, men, women, and little children, without hurry or confusion. As soon as they drew near to the priest they divided into two bodies, one body going on each side of the corpse. Each one of the people, without exception, tied a long piece of flax to one of the uncut ends of the web of the mat, and holding the other end of the flax, stood east and west of north, as far from the corpse as the flax would allow them, with their heads bowed down, not uttering a word.

The chanting warriors, who had laid the pieces of

¹ Freycinetia Banksii.

² Small mat.

³ *Vide ante*, p. 221.

fern-stalks on the bundle of mangemange which contained the body of the chief, now formed a square behind Takaho and the two old women, and joined in the following chant:—

“ There are Pi and Pa,¹
 Rising as the morning,
 To eat—e—
 The food planted
 By your ancestors,
 Which they left
 In this world.
 There are Pi and Pa,
 Rising as the morning
 To eat—e—
 Oil and taro;²
 It is the food;
 Eat sparingly!
 Refresh thyself!
 Eat sparingly,
 To insure thy
 Safe arrival
 At the abode
 At Paerau.”

All at the same moment pulled in a northerly direction their pieces of flax, which, having been made very thin in the middle, broke, leaving one half attached to the mat. The people at once returned in silence to the place from whence they had come.

The warriors again formed into two lines, one on each side of the corpse, and while they and Takaho chanted—

¹ Pi, the sustaining power of food, and Pa, the power of consuming food, idealised into gods.

² *Caladium esculentum*.

“ O yes, there is the seed,
The exalted seed,
The seed with which you depart—”

the old woman who stood on the left of the female corpse put a piece of taro into the hand of the body, which the woman's spirit was to use for food on her way to the world of spirits, and to plant there for future sustenance. The priest and warriors continued:—

“ To your multitude!
To your thousands!
To your sacred priesthood!
Ascend by your road to heaven.”

During this time the two old men had tied the man's corpse to a pole, which projected beyond the head and feet.

The two old women wrapped the body of the woman in the mat, and laid it on the other bundle of mangelonge, which they wrapped round it, and tied together; they then tied the whole to a pole, which also projected beyond the head and feet. Then the chanting warriors rose and walked to the southward of the two corpses, and sat down in two lines, one behind the other.

† Takaho now led the way to the sacred place, which was not far distant, being a clump of trees on high ground on the other side of the stream on which the settlement was built. The two old men lifted on to their shoulders the ends of the pole to which the chief was tied, and followed the priest, carrying the corpse feet first. The two old women carried the woman's

corpse in the same way, being careful to carry her head foremost.

As soon as the corpses were being carried away the whole people, as with one voice, broke out into a loud wail, which they continued until the bodies were hid by the scrub through which they were being carried. They then sat silently, when the old priest was heard to say, "Extinguish all the fires."

Instantly some of the women went and put all the fires out, and in silence resumed their places among the people, who sat with their heads partially bowed down.

When the priest, Takaho, reached the centre of the clump of trees he stood still, facing the north, and the body of the chief was laid on his right, and that of the woman on his left. The two men who had carried the body of the chief now climbed the nearest tree, and lowered down on the east side two ropes of flax. One of these the priest tied round the head of the corpse and the other round the feet, when it was drawn up, and with three flax ropes it was tied on to a branch. The men descended, and again climbing the same tree, lowered two ropes from another branch on the west side of the tree, and the corpse of the woman being tied in the same way, it was drawn up and fastened to the branch.

When the men came down, they each took hold with the left hand an end of the pole with which they had carried the body of the chief. They stood on the right of the priest; the women, who held their pole in the same way, stood on his left. Takaho repeated the sal-

lowing incantation, to take the tapu off their hands, so that they might touch food again as soon as they reached the settlement:—

“The centre of heaven
Is the foundation;
Honour Tu! lift up Tu!”

Here the men and women lifted up the poles, which they held, and kept them above their heads. Takaho continued:—

“Come, O power!
Come on sacredness!
Come on the words of the
Priests, chiefs of Tu.

Lift me up by the power of Tu—
The offering of the heavens is shaking;
We give it to Thee, O Tu!

Make it common, O common! to eat food with Whiu,¹
That his girdle may be put on,
And leave the dead to die;
And the living to live;
To move; to grow;
To wink at the earth;
To wink at the sky;
To wink!”

At the last words the men and women let their poles drop, and put their hands to their noses and smelt them, then to their sides, and in this posture followed Takaho in the same order as they had come. He took them back by a different way from that by which they had come, as it would be death to all were they to return by the road over which corpses had so recently been carried. Upon reaching the settlement, they

¹ The god of tumult, “to eat food with the living who make a noise.”

found all the people sitting silently where they had left them. Takaho sat down about twenty paces from, and directly in front of, the shed in which the bodies had lain. He rose, and addressing the two men who had carried the chief, he ordered them to make a fire. One of these went into the scrub, and broke off a limb of a poporokaiwhiria¹ tree which had been withered some length of time; this he brought to the priest, who spit upon it. He then went about ten paces from the priest, but in front of the shed, where the other man joined him. The two women sat side by side in front of the two men. One of the men held the branch firmly on the ground with his foot, while the other, who was kneeling, with a small branch of the same wood which he held by one end, with the other end rubbed backward and forward on the largest part of the large branch, which soon made a groove. At the end farthest from the rubber a fine black dust soon collected. Now the man rubbed as fast as he could until he was tired; when he ceased, smoke issued from the little heap of dust. The man who held the large branch down now went and collected from the scrub a bundle of dry fern-leaves, into which the heap of dust from the kanati (large branch rubbed) was put, while the other man with the kika (small branch used to rub with) carefully knocked any remaining dust into the fern. The fern was then swung round and round, to cause a current of air, which soon set the fern-leaves into flames. Takaho now took the bundle of fern-

¹ Hedycarya dentata.

leaves, and the kika, and kamati from the men; he then went and set the shed on fire, throwing in also the two branches, and returned and sat down in his former place, all looking silently at the burning shed.

When everything was consumed, Takaho rose, and said, "You may light your fires, and cook the food for the evening meal."

CHAPTER XIX.

HETA WINS HIS WIFE ARAMITA.

ALL was now animation, cooking, laughing, playing, and talking. The evening meal having been eaten, and the sun set, all the people gathered together in the different houses of the settlement, and talked over the matters of the tribe.

Suddenly a voice was heard calling for attention, and every ear listened while Tupu said, "I do not wish any one to speak when I have done. I did not allow the bodies of our relatives to be eaten for the death of our children, because we may need all the power of our tribes, and I do not wish that our family quarrels should give power to our enemies. I took the land and am satisfied. Man lives by the fruits of the earth; his flesh is made of the fruits of the earth. I did not take the flesh of man and eat it for revenge, but took the earth which makes his flesh; I have, therefore, taken the flesh of man for the death of our children. You can cultivate the land I have taken, and when you eat the crops from it, eat them with sharp teeth, and by that act you can revenge your great rage."

Some one else was heard to cough, and again the people listened. Takaho called aloud the names of Namu and his wife, and waited for answer; again he spoke, "O my child, Namu, and you, my child, his wife, you have killed me; you did not come and look on the bodies of your brother and sister! What have I done that you should treat me so in my old age? Am I to lose two by death, and the other two through contempt? What is my sin? Truly, my dream and the omens are fulfilled in your act! In my youth I lost an eye by the blow of an enemy, and my head was broken, still I live; but now you have killed the eye of my heart, and broken the skull of my best image. I see nothing now! My god is dead, and I shall soon follow the setting sun!"

Another voice was heard to say, "Do not let our father think evil of Namu and his wife. While I was wrestling, just before the dead were taken to Tuakai, I saw Namu go in the direction of our inland settlement. Let a messenger be sent this night to see if he is there."

"I will go," said Kai; "I am strong, and not afraid to go in the dark, though the dead are so near. I am of another people; and if a spirit does kill me on the road, I am only a slave. I am gone."

Again were the houses filled with laughter, joking, and sports. In one house were Aramita and Heta sitting with Moe, who had been left in their charge by Kai. There were also a number of girls who were playing with a poi or ball, which they threw round and round by a string. This game consisted in repeating

a set of words, and throwing the ball round and round, catching the end of the string with one hand when let go by the other, and not allow it to fall to the ground or lose its rotatory motion.

Moe, who had been looking at them for some time, looked up, and heard Aramita whisper to Heta, "You must tell the people."

"No," answered Heta, "you must, for you are the child of this tribe, and you can speak to your people with more effect."

Moe said, "Yes, those girls do not play the poi in such a good way as the old people; you teach them, Ara."

Aramita rose, and saying to the girls, "Listen to me," she walked out of the house and said: "Listen, O people! every one of you; I shall speak to the whole world. Of whom am I afraid, that I should not let my voice be heard? Harken, O people! and you, our father, O Takaho! I was at the battle in which your two children died, and I then spoke to the other part of our people at that place. But no one was bold enough to say that I might have that which I have loved since my girlhood. I am not like some men who have great teeth, and who, when they say a number of words, bite off that part of them in which a promise or a threat is given and swallow it, and then forget that they taught any one to rely on their word. O father! I did say that I would be my own master. You are a big man, and are as strong as you are tall, yet you were young once, and had your love. You

know that the heart and the eye are one; the eye looks, and the heart lives on the beauty seen. You have felt the pleasure I have had in looking at the one your eyes feed on. I am his wife, and have been so ever since we came here. I made a promise, and have kept it. I said that I would please myself, and I have done so. If there is any evil to come because of my act, I will stand and die. I will not shrink from any evil that my rejected ones may bring upon me. You, O people! can act as you like; mine he is now, and mine he shall be for ever. I know that he has been looked on by some, and words have been spoken to him by them; but my bird did not sing to them, he sings only to me. If you like to join against me, my rank and pride shall keep me from your sneers. Of two deaths I have chosen the least bitter; I feel shame in telling you that I have not been given by you all to him, but that I stole him, and did not tell you until I had committed the theft. This is an evil. But if I had found that I was not to call him mine, I should have hung myself; and after my death some one else would have called him hers; this would have been a double death. I can die now that he is mine. I do not want my ears filled with the noise of your talk; if you act, do so soon, but do not talk. I am now going to sit by him. My words are ended."

There was a great deal of hurrying to and fro of the young men into the different houses, and whispering among the young women, and all was again quiet. At midnight, when the old people slept, the young men

and a number of young women quietly left their different places, and met where Namu was last seen sitting talking with Kai; they decided to go to Taheke, to which they at once proceeded, jealousy and disappointment keeping out fear which otherwise their dread of the dead would have inspired.

The day dawned; and the first glimmer of light awoke the korimako,¹ tui,² and toutowai,³ whose notes filled every valley round the settlement with echoes of their voices. Takaho issued from his hut, and went from house to house, standing about ten paces from the front doorway of each. He inquired if Namu and his wife were within; but neither Namu nor his wife could be found; he returned to his solitary hut and wept.

The morning meal being cooked, a slave carried a basket of food to the old priest, and sat waiting for his master to answer his question, "Shall I feed you?"

The old man regarded him not, but sat in a crouching posture, with his chin on his knees, weeping and singing in a low tone an ancient lament. Again and again the slave offered to feed him, but the old man's heart was lost in sorrow, and he moved not, nor spoke, nor opened his eyes. The slave took the food away, and threw it on to the taikawa⁴ for fear of evil. The food having been cooked for the priest it would cause the death of any one else who ate it. The slave lost his own meal through not being back in time.

¹ Bell bird.

² Parson bird.

³ Robin.

⁴ Rubbish heap.

Suddenly there was a sound of trampling, a rush of many people, then a yell, and the people of the settlement were saluted with a war-dance. At the head of this party was Hani, who, spear in hand, danced with a fury that indicated a heart roused to fury with rage and jealousy.

This party consisted of the young men and women who had left the settlement during the night; all were clothed with a maro of leaves tied round the waist.

Hearing the noise, the inhabitants of the settlement rushed out to see the cause of it, and they soon collected in a body, and sat down silently opposite Hani's party, who during their dance turned round and round, making faces at those who had come out to look at them. Heta and Aramita kept out of the sight.

A young woman of Hani's party rose, and danced opposite the people, waving a piece of mat which she held in her right hand, putting her tongue out at them, rolling her eyes, and distorting her body into every possible shape; then turning to her own party she did the same to them, and when tired she sat down with her party.

Another young woman rose, and, after making faces and putting her tongue out at the people, said: "You may try to hide her, but she shall not be protected. Send her out, and let me beat her, that she may know she ought not to take a husband until we had all spoken on the matter."

Another young woman rose and hissed at the people; then, while dancing up and down, said in such a frantic

voice that she seemed mad, "Why did I only think to myself? Why did I not ask you, O fathers! to give him to me? I am dead, my rage will kill me! Come out, O you young thief! and I will try if I am not stronger than you are."

An old woman rose from among the people, and paced up and down between the two groups; then she suddenly jumped up and screamed as from a severe attack of pain; then, after pacing up and down quietly and putting out her tongue at Hani's party, she said: "Do you see that?" Then grinning at them, to show a perfect set of beautifully white teeth, she asked, "Do you see those? You are young; I am old. You are girls; I am a woman. You are trees that have not yet blossomed; my fruit is full ripe. I have seen the summers and winters of these years; you have only seen the middle of this day. Did you ever know the pigeon-hawk refuse to take a bird if it was in want? Many of you would say yes if I were to offer you my son. What evil has my daughter Ara done to you? She told you at Otu she would die or have him. I admire a girl who does not tell a lie. She will not come out to you. You can get some of the other young men of the tribe. Some of your mothers did the same, and gave a feast afterwards. What evil is there in taking him after saying that she would do so? All the world knew that she would. Where is the theft then? And if you want a feast we can have one."

"No," answered a young man of Hani's party, as he jumped up; "let some one stand before me and see if

I can be killed. Let me kill him; why should he be allowed to have a wife, and prevent others from first asking her if she does not love some other one better. If our ancestors have followed the custom of holding a council when young men may choose their wives and young women their husbands, why should he be allowed to do as he has done? Send him out, and let me spear him." He danced up and down, putting out his tongue in the direction of the house in which Heta and Ara were sitting.

A young man from among the people jumped up and said, as he poised his spear, "You can take revenge for Heta on me." The two young men looked at each other for a moment or two, they then stepped up to within three paces of each other, looking straight into each other's eyes, and holding their spears in an attitude of attack. Heta's champion, by a movement, offered a chance for a pierce, of which his antagonist took instant advantage, but the blow was warded off, and in return he received a blow on the right side. The people at once told the receiver of the blow to sit down.

Two other young men, one from each party, jumped up and faced each other, and warded each other's blows for some time, until one of them slipped, and was touched by his opponent's spear; they also sat down.

While this was taking place, Heta said to Ara, "I shall have to face one of them; but do not fear, I shall not be killed." Ara answered, "If they kill you, I will

die with you ; you know the custom, and if some one of my relatives meets you, if he can he will kill you, and no one will help you ; we have broken the custom. Hani, who is a distant relative of mine, proposed to me, and I again and again refused him. I can hear from the tone of his voice that he will try with his utmost power to run his spear through you. His is a double revenge ; I refused him, and you obtained me."

Hani was heard to say, "I am here, O people ! I come to take revenge for the manner in which my sister has been insulted before all our tribe. What a great chief must that boy have thought himself to act as he has done. Come, my child, and let me kill you. My heart will not sleep unless I have revenge."

Heta now came out of the house, followed by Ara, and was greeted by a loud yell of rage from Hani's party. The people of the settlement called Ara to come and sit down with them, which she did quite unconcernedly, looking as if she did not know any one of those who were staring at her. Heta, who had tied round his waist a small finely-plaited mat that Ara had given him, immediately stepped up to Hani, and said, "My spear is in my hand. I am not a dog to bark and run away. I have broken a custom of our fathers, and you can kill me."

Hani lifted his spear as if to strike, but Heta stood perfectly still ; his fine form never appeared to such advantage, while his deep black eyes flashed and indicated the mind of one who would rather die than

submit to live in dread of any man. The young women remarked to each other, "Heta is so beautiful! that ugly Hani cannot hurt him. Hani could not stand long before Heta, if it were not that he is bound not to kill Hani, but only to wound him, while Hani may kill Heta if he can."

Hani had forced Heta to give way by making several thrusts at him, which the latter had not attempted to return, for he stood on the defensive. Hani, enraged from want of success, now made a desperate dart to pierce Heta through the chest, who, warding the thrust, in return put his spear through the thick part of Hani's arm, at the same time saying, "You can sit down and pull it out."

Hani turned round and walked towards his party, the spear sticking out on both sides of his arm; when he reached them, he pulled out the spear, and said to them, "He is brave, and can keep her."

Ara now rose and said, "My bird cannot only sing to me, but can cause you to sing, and make wry faces for the amusement of children. Had I not told you before that I would have him, I would have given you some garments now, but you did know; and as Heta is still alive, you may sing, dance, laugh, or cry; and that is the end of our talk."

"No," cried out a young woman of Hani's party. "I was one of those who went away last night at midnight. I did not know of your words, O Ara! which you spoke to the people at Otu, or I would not have been one of a party of seagulls to fly from our nest

in the dark, expecting upon our return to the nest at daydawn that I should obtain something good if I made a great noise." Turning to her own party, she said, "You are a coward, O Hani! you are a male, but your fingers are as stupid as an old woman. Your tongue can talk of spears and fighting, but your arms are as ignorant of their use, or of the art of war, as the fins of a fish. Why was I told that we should be able to make Heta and Ara pay us for their misdeed of living together before the people knew and agreed to their wish? Why were the words of Ara kept from me when you persuaded me to go with you last night? Ara has not done wrong; but you have done wrong, and I must be paid for the untruth you have acted."

Hani was sitting with his head bowed to the ground, and covered with a fine new mat, which he had kept wrapped up until now. He had intended to have made a great speech when robed in it, after having nearly killed Heta; but his defeat forced him to make a different use of the mat, for he sat wrapped in it, nursing his arm.

The last speaker stepped furiously up to him, snatched the mat from him, and put it on herself, and said, "I am no coward, O Heta! although I wear a mat once owned by a coward. You are a brave man, and your wife is as brave as you are. You did right, you took the one you loved; I will do the same. I never proposed to you; but your body looked like the body of a chief when that coward was trying to kill you.

There ” (throwing the mat to him), “take that as a gift on account of your brave heart. A coward has no right to wear such a mat.” She sat down.

All the women of Hani’s party called out, “Right, right, O Heta! Keep the mat as from all of us; for you are brave. We now know the truth, and you did right to take Ara, and she is right to have you. You are both of you brave.”

Hani rose, and, without speaking, walked towards the door of a hut, into which he entered.

One young woman said aloud to another, “Who can love a man who has two mouths in his arm?”

Another one answered, “If any woman would listen to him now, he could make love to her with threefold power.”

“No,” answered another; “he has but one mouth and that is dumb. But he has four eyes; he can see a little out of two. The other two have no pupils, and are quite blind. He has gone in the dark to have a chat with the god of revenge, Rango (the eaves-dropper).”

CHAPTER XX.

THE SEARCH FOR THE SUICIDE WIFE AND MURDERED
HUSBAND.

THE last speaker was interrupted by the voice of a man, who had been sitting by himself in the open space between the houses, who said, "Now that your work and talk is done, I must speak. Hearken, O people! I, Kai, left you last night to seek for my master Namu and his wife." Takaho came out of his hut, and looked anxiously at Kai as he spoke. "I left in the dark, and went on and on until I reached the Kaiaia settlement. Love for my master and his wife made me brave. I did not think of the dead so lately taken to their home in the trees, until I came to the ford of Paku. You know the water is deep on either side of the ford, and should any one step to the right or left of the ridge of rocks in crossing, he will fall into a deep pool, and the rapid would carry him into the pool below. I had nearly reached this ford, and was thinking of my master, when I heard something behind me. I looked round and saw a dog. I stopped,

it stopped ; I walked on, it followed ; I walked towards it, it went away from me. My skin felt quite soft, and the hair of my head curled up and down here and there. I stood and looked, the dog looked at me ; the eyes were as bright as mother-of-pearl shell. I knew then it was a spirit. I turned to run away, but my legs would not run ; they would only go as fast as they pleased. I reached the ford, and looked round ; the dog still followed me. I noticed that its ears and tail were kept close down and the nose up. I stepped into the water, and got halfway across the creek, when I felt the dog's hair touching my leg—that was towards the upper side of the ford. I put my hand down and struck at it ; at once it began to howl as it looked up at me. I turned, slipped from the ledge of the ford, and know nothing more until I found myself sitting on the south bank of the creek, holding the forefingers of my hands in my ears. I took them out, and still heard the dog's howling. I said to myself, if I am to be eaten by a dog-spirit, I had better let him do it at once ; for the thought of pain is worse than pain itself. I called the dog, ' Moi ! Moi ! ' I heard two barks, and the next time it barked it was at my side. I saw that it was the spirit of a dog which came to our tribe, and whoever was head chief at the time saw him. We all knew that it was an omen of death, and if the dog howled the death was to be by hanging. We called him Owa, for he is a god and a dog ; he is the father of dogs. I repeated an incantation, to send the god back to the world of spirits, and went on my journey.

I found that no one at Kaiaia knew anything about Namu or his wife. I am here; and it is now for you, O people of a tribe which has not been in slavery, to take the action of chiefs!"

One of the old women who had attended to the corpse of Namu's wife's cousin said, "I remember that when Moe and his mother were sitting together at the feet of her cousin, she was teaching Moe a song. I heard part of it; and as Kai has seen the god of suicide, I should like to hear the song, that we may know, O people! what to do."

"I am a slave," again said Kai; "you, O people! are chiefs; but a slave, if he tells the truth, cannot be less than a chief, for a chief cannot tell more than the truth. Moe sang a song to me which his mother taught him. I do not remember the words; but Moe can sing it. Moe told me also that Namu had smeared the face of his wife with cooked food, even in the presence of the gods—the dead are gods—and some young women laughed at her."

"Yes," said a girl who rose up; "Namu did so because his wife would not come and eat with us. Namu said she was sulky, and it was only deceit for her to sit and cry over her cousin, when he wanted her to eat. I was one of the girls who laughed; but I did not laugh at her having the food smeared on her face, but because one of us said, 'If Namu was only a big man, and his wife died of grief, she would have him.' It was Paki's big fat daughter who said thus. Her arm is nearly as big as Namu's whole body. Another of us

said, 'You are a lazy woman ; and if you had Namu for your husband, you need not cook or cultivate much for him. One basket of kumara would serve him all summer, and ten sticks of fern-root all the winter. One kumara and a bit of another would serve him for a meal, and you could cook that in a child's hangi.' Namu was so enraged, that he went and rubbed his wife's face with cooked food. I laughed at the little man who was to live on one kumara a day."

Takaho called to Kai, and asked, "Where is Moe?"

The boy came from the midst of a group of children who were playing with flax, making cat's cradles in their fingers. He answered, "Here I am, grandfather."

Takaho said to him, "Tell us what your mother said to you, and sing the song she taught you."

"Yes," answered the boy; and he walked into the midst of the open space where Kai was still sitting. He went up to Kai and said, "You will not go away, will you?"

"No," answered Kai. "Speak in a loud voice. You are the son of a chief, and chiefs are not ashamed. Speak slowly, and let all the people hear. While you speak, do as you would do with the string of a kite. You pull it in bit by bit, and wrap it up, for fear of a tangle; so you must commence at the end of your talk, and come down bit by bit, and do not let it get tangled by having to go back and explain."

"I will," answered Moe; "but I never spoke to our people before. O, my grandfather! I was eating with Kai on the day in which you took my cousin to the trees; my mother was sitting at the feet of her dead

cousin, crying. After I had eaten as much as I wanted, I went to my mother, who was still weeping. I said to her I would cry for old Koko; though he was our slave, he had been kind to me. My mother answered, she did not now weep for her cousin. I asked why she cried, then? She said that Namu had besmeared her face with cooked food in the presence of the dead, and some girls had laughed at her, and she could not live after such an insult. I did not know that she meant to go away and leave me as she has done. I slept with Ara last night; but my mother kept me warmer than she did. Where is she, O my grandfather?"

"Tell us the other words," said Takaho.

The boy answered: "But my mother did not tell me to teach the song to you or any one else. I will tell it to you when she with her own mouth says that I may do so."

"I am older than you are," said Takaho. "I am the friend of the gods, and can give you the right to tell it to us, and keep harm from you, my child."

"But you are not my mother," answered Moe. "You never took me into your arms as she did. I have only one mother. Ara is very kind to me; but she does not fondle me in her breast as my mother did. Last night I went to sleep with lots of words in my heart and tears in my eyes. My mother used to speak to me, and I listened to her until her voice lulled me to sleep. You are an old man, and your voice is not so sweet as my mother's. My mother must come and tell me whether I am to teach you the song."

Kai said in a low tone, "Tell all, my child. You are a chief, and you and I will take revenge for your being made to sing a song which your mother did not say you might sing to your people."

Moe said, "I will tell it to you; but I cannot sing it to you as my mother sang it to me. You know, O grandfather! that her voice is as sweet as the korimaka's. You must not laugh, O people! I do not know how to sing, I am so young; but I will try and sing it as my mother sang it to me."

Kai said, "You are a great chief, and your mother was a beautiful and kind woman. Sing now, my child."

Tears glistened in Moe's eyes, and he tried to cough to choke down the sobs which nearly mastered him because he was made to sing a song that his mother taught him while she was weeping. He coughed again, and his tiny voice was heard to sing in a plaintive tone:—

"Cease, O tears,
To flow into my eyes!
Keep ye within!
Let me cherish you
For something yet unknown."

Moe's voice was drowned in the loud wail which then rose from the priest and the people. It stopped the boy; and when the wail died away again, he continued:—

"I will turn me, and go
A way I've not yet trod;
And keep my love suppressed,
For fear it master me again,
For him I cannot help but love."

The people again burst into a loud cry and wept. The men did not move; but as by common consent the elder women rose, and while they joined in the words of the lament, they swayed to and fro, throwing their arms up and down, and clawed the air, while the tears ran down their cheeks and chased each other over their bare breasts.

The children sat quietly, and nothing could be heard save the weeping. Here and there could be seen children fondled to their mother's chests or sides, whose faces looked as if they were really suffering a great load of sorrow. Kai joined in the lament, while Moe stood by him with his head bowed down, his face all marked by lines which the tears had made in the dirt or dust that covered him. For fear of his sacred body, Kai had not washed him since his mother's departure; for no less a personage than a chief dare wash the child of Takaho's nephew. Thus the poor child stood; while his great-uncle looked out of his hut weeping for the boy's mother.

A voice was heard to say, "Let weeping cease! You all know what the song tells which our child was taught by his mother. She is dead. She said she would go a road which she had not trod before; she has killed herself. Arise! Let us see."

Another voice was heard to say, "Let every one go his own way to find our daughter."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE FINDING OF THE BODIES.

THE people dispersed into groups of twos and threes, mothers carrying their children on their backs, slaves carrying the chiefs' children in the same way. The children having learnt from the confusion that something strange had taken place, and being in a state of excitement, half fear, half curiosity, they refused to remain in the settlement with the old and decrepit. Every valley, nook, and thicket were soon alive with human beings, moving about, and pulling and pushing the fern and toetoe aside, looking and peering into every hole or crevice in the sides of the hills or rocks, and nothing could be heard but the crackling of dry or half-rotten wood under the feet of the searchers. Kai, with Moe on his back, followed a party which took the main road towards the inland settlement. After having gone some considerable distance, he sat down, and said to Moe, "I am tired; let us sit down here. We shall hear them when they find your mother."

Moe asked, "What did the dog say?"

"What dog?" asked Kai.

"Why, the dog that made you jump over the waterfall," answered Moe.

"I did not jump," answered Kai, "but fell over."

"You said it was a god of your tribe," said Moe. "Was your ancestor a dog? For you know our ancestors are called dogs; and my grandfather told me that the dog Owa was once a man. Are you his descendant?"

"Perhaps," answered Kai.

"Then how is it that you were taken a slave?" asked Moe. "As you are part dog, and still look like a man—and you are a large man—how is it that you did not fight two times at once—strike with your *meré* and bite with your teeth?"

"I could not," answered Kai. "I have a dislike to raw flesh."

"Yes," continued Moe, "and raw flesh, when alive, can at times act; but cowards like to eat cooked flesh, for it cannot strike, or kick, or——" In an instant the boy held up his hands, and looked in the direction from which a loud wailing came. Kai got up and went towards the spot from which the noise came; all the other searchers, who had also heard the noise, ran towards the same spot, and in their headlong pace they soon left Kai behind, who followed in the track they had made in the scrub, and soon reached the clump of trees among which sat the women, with the children still on their backs, who were kept from falling off by a mat tied over their shoulders.

The women sat crouching on the ground, howling as loud as they could, while the children stared at the different persons who were coming up and joined in the wailing. Kai stood erect, with his head bowed down, and while he wept he sang a song.

For some time Moe could not understand why the people wept here; but seeing a bird alight among the trees, he looked up and saw his mother and father both hanging. In an instant he let go Kai's hand, and was up in the tree, looking into his mother's face, and talking to her. The young children saw Moe's sudden action, and caught sight of the bodies. One of them that could talk cried out, "Do not go near them, Moe; they are dead, and will frighten you."

The children screamed as they saw that Moe had untied the flax that held his mother, and the body fell amongst the weeping group.

The children's scream caused the weepers to look up just in time to see the body fall. With a yell of horror and dread they rose and fled, leaving a wide circle round the corpse.

Moe descended, clasped his mother's hand, turned her face up, and said, "O mother! open your eyes and look at me. I will not say that I will cry for Koko if you look at me."

"You stupid boy," said an old, dirty, fat woman, as she walked up to him and tried to lift him away, "go away from her; she is dead."

"No," answered Moe. "If you touch me I will bite you."

“Who will feed you,” asked the woman, “if you sit holding your dead mother? You saucy orphan! You will be sacred, and who will feed you and look after you, since your mother is dead?”

“Hold your fat tongue,” said Kai; “I would not let my child come near your fat body. Though I am a slave, I am better than a woman who, in her fatness, let her husband die of leanness.”

“You can be as saucy as you like,” answered the fat woman, “now that your master is dead. If he were alive I would kill you for your words. You know if I were to kill you for your insult in the presence of your master, and he were to see me, I should act according to our custom; but you hide yourself behind the knowledge that we do not know who may be your master, and if it chance to be some one now at a distance, I would have to pay with property for your death. You slave! you live leavings of a chief’s feast! Live on, and let your cooked head think that you are a chief.”

“Who told you to say that to Kai,” said Moe, as he jumped up. “He is kind to me, and will feed me, while you are eating at one meal as much as one hundred like me could eat. You are a woman of great throat! You ate the marrow out of Koko’s bones! Why do you talk, you living grave and saucy burial-place of my kind old slave, Koko! If you do not go away I will bite your leg.”

This conversation was carried on in the intervals of the wailing. By this time all the inhabitants of the

settlement, excepting Takaho, had assembled in or around the clump of trees. An old man climbed the tree and let down the body of Namu, and laid it by his wife. He then returned to the settlement to Takaho, and asked him, "What are we to do with your two children? Shall we bring them to you?" Takaho answered, "I am dead; I cannot think." The old man asked, "Who is to pihe over them if you do not come?" "My children are sacred," answered Takaho, "and need not fear if left in their sleep without the pihe. Bury them where they were found, and at the next hahunga their bones can be removed with the rest."

The old man returned, and in a short time two graves were dug with sticks broken from the scrub; while the men loosened the soil with the sticks the women scratched it out with their hands. The two bodies were laid in the graves, and while the men were covering them the women threw in boughs of the kawakawa. The sticks used in digging were collected, and with others were used to form a fence round the graves, and after besmearing them all over with red-ochre, the people returned to the settlement.

When Kai wanted to take Moe back to the settlement, he screamed for his mother, and would not stir from the place. He cried out, "Who told you to bury her? You cannot keep me as she did. Who put her up in the tree when she was alive? I will kill some one if she does not get up and come to me."

Kai answered, "Your father killed her; she died because he put cooked food 'on her face."

Moe said, "But how could he kill her when he was dead? I saw him hanging in the tree."

"Yes; but he had two other hands which you do not know of," answered Kai; "and as he killed your mother with the cooked food, the two hands I speak of lifted him up beside her, and I suppose he died in a fit of ill-temper."

"The two hands belonged to a god, or they could not have put him up in a tree if he had resisted."

"You know Uhiro is a god of revenge, and the hands were those of revenge; that god lives in this place, and I have seen the hands which put your father up in the tree. If you remain here until the darkness of night cover us and the graves, those hands may kill us. Moe, you like old Kai, and do not wish to have him put in the tree?"

"Yes; you are kind to me," answered Moe.

"Then let us go with the others," said Kai.

"I will go," answered Moe.

CHAPTER XXII.

A DEBATE ON THE POWER OF DISEMBODIED SPIRITS.

AFTER returning to the settlement, all the people sat down in silence; not even the little children felt joyous enough to join in any sport. Although not one spoke, yet their eyes looked searchingly about at the members of the different groups. The chiefs and old men had collected in front of Takaho's hut; they sat with their chins resting on their knees, and looked earnestly now at one, now at another of their group. What they thought it was impossible to divine, but on the countenance and in the eyes of all the adults, could be read the questions, "Who killed Namu? And who is to open the meeting which will lead to the investigation of the matter?" Kai, with Moe on his back, sat close to Heta and Ara; and on his countenance might be read the same questions that were visible on the faces of the others.

A voice was heard, and the people, on looking up, saw Tupu standing facing the door of Takaho's hut. He did not speak, nor could any one observe that he

chanted a song while weeping. Sorrow seemed to fill his whole being, and his sobs were those of a full and overflowing heart. He wept as only men can weep when once the barrier of manliness has been broken down by deep sorrow ; his chest heaved as if in deadly struggle with death.

The other men of the groups had covered their heads, and sat in silence. The women sympathised openly with the sorrowing chief, for now here, now there, could be heard a female voice joining that of manly sorrow in bursts of grief that echoed among the forest valleys.

Tupu sat down, but still the undertone of weeping rose from all the assembled inhabitants of the settlement ; it was not loud, but resembled the subdued cry of beings dying in exhausted despair.

Takaho issued from his hut, and leaned forward on his toko,¹ which he held with both hands ; he looked round at all the people and said, " O my fathers, my children, I am the old tree of other summers ! I have seen the storms of the sun, of the moon, and of man. I have been with the brave ; and death has ever been in my mouth. I am an old tree ! Branch after branch has been torn away by the storms I have passed through. I am now hollow. The last two twigs that grew on the tree, which showed that it had a little life, have been torn away on a calm day, by a breath unseen, unfelt by you all. I am hollow, like the tree of ancient times. My heart is dead ! Weep ! O my

¹ A long staff.

children, I cannot weep; the sap of the tree is dried up, my eyes are fire, my brain is dry, my thoughts have fled like a flock of frightened birds flying from a hawk. Weep! for when I go back into my hut you will not see me again for ever. Who will lead you? Who will teach you? My soul has gone with them. I can say no more." He turned, and staggered back into his hut.

The old man who cut down Namu rose and said: "Listen, O people! I am not a child; I am not a slave; I am not a priest. I never knew any one die of the rank of Namu and his wife but their bodies were laid out in the usual manner, and the pihe said in respect of their rank. But am I to say that our father does not love us? He loves the dead and not the living. Does our father think that we can remain here if he does not repeat the karakia to send the spirit of Namu and his wife to the reinga? Does he think that we are braver than he was? In his youth he fought with men; but even with all his knowledge and power of war he lost an eye. Man can kill the body; so can a spirit. Man can be seen; but who ever saw a spirit? Our father knows that the spirits of the dead remain where the body is until the priest sends it to paerau. If the spirit is allowed to remain with the body, the nearest relatives are the object of its spite, for neglecting to repeat the usual ceremonies over it to cause it to depart. Are we to remain in this place and be subject to these two spirits, who may come into our houses at midnight and squeeze us all,

and kill us with fever or bowel complaint? I will not remain here. I am no coward; but I do not feel my arms strong enough to battle with a something that I cannot hit, while it can, with a power I have not, strike a blow I cannot ward off. I would rather fight with a shark in the sea than with a spirit in sunshine."

An old woman rose and said: "I see nothing horrible in the sight of two bodies hanging up in a tree, nor do I see anything to make a fuss about if those bodies are buried at the foot of the tree in which they hung themselves up to be looked at. Why should I be afraid of their spirits? What can they do? Did we kill these two? Did they not die on account of shame? Is any one brave who is ashamed? A body that killed itself because it could not bear to be laughed at could not contain a brave spirit. The spirit is only the thought of the body; that does not die. A coward body could not hold a great thought. The only difference between a brave man and a coward is in the mind; one is big, the other is small. Mind and thought are one. I will remain here, and those two spirits may grin at me, they have no teeth; look at me, but I cannot read one thought in their eyes. I can speak, but spirits have no voice. I am not a man, or I would whistle. I can whistle, and that is the voice of a spirit. I am better than a spirit, for I can whistle, talk, work, cook, and be brave—~~even~~ more than you, old man. Need I tell you that ~~we~~ women eat but little human flesh compared to ~~you~~ men. Does my old relative remember all the ~~battles~~

he has been in, and that the bodies of his enemies were cooked and eaten? Were you or any other man ever so stupid as to pihe the spirits of the dead they had eaten to send them to paerau? Or do these spirits remain in the bodies of those who have eaten them? If it is so, why does our relative think that we are to be tormented by the spirits of Namu and his wife for neglecting to send them to the reinga; although we have buried their bodies, and painted the fence round their graves, and wept out love to them in our tears, and told the greatness of our sorrow by our voices, which every valley and forest echoed onward to other hills and valleys, and to the whole world? And did our relative never think, when he had eaten part of an enemy, that he did not feel love, but revenge; not sorrow, but malice; not pity, but contempt; and that he never once offered a karakia for the spirit to go to its last resting-place? Why did he forget that all men have spirits, and that all spirits remain near their bodies? And if our relative had eaten part of a body, how was it that he was not afraid to sleep for fear that the spirit might go down his throat to occupy its own body? I think that if a spirit had slipped down his throat in his sleep he would have been brave, and not spoken as he has done. I wish the spirit of some of the dead that he has eaten would jump down his throat, so that his own soul may have a companion to make it brave, or even to give him a spirit, of which he is devoid. Why did you let my boy lie so long after he was drowned?

And why was he taken to his burial without a pihe being said over him? I am glad of it, for his spirit has kept near to me ever since. I like spirits. I am not afraid. Why should the spirits of Namu and his wife be honoured, when you neglected my boy?"

A young man rose and said: "Old people may talk as they like; no doubt they know what to talk about; but if they like to remain where spirits reside, they may do so. If spirits are to be laughed at, why then were we told tales about spirits in our childhood—of their power and revenge—if they are not true? My mother told me that she and a few others resided inland, in a place where a skull was found close to the house in which they slept; the skull was found when the ground was dug for the kumara crop. The man who found it took it to a sacred place, and went elsewhere to set his kumaras. He did not speak a word during the whole day; and in the evening he took a hot stone into his hands and threw it into the fire in our house.

"My mother asked him, 'Did you do that to make your hands noa?'¹

"He answered, 'Yes.'

"My mother asked, 'Then why did you cultivate when your hands were sacred?'

"'I made them noa as I came back.'

"'But why did you take the trouble to carry it away, and hide it?' asked my mother.

"'Because I love that skull,' he answered.

¹ Free from tapu.

“‘Why?’ she asked.

“‘Because it was the skull of my brother,’ he answered.

“‘How do you know that?’ she asked.

“‘I knew it by a mark on the right side, above the ear-hole,’ he answered. ‘When we were boys, we went out one day to gather koroï berries, and he fell from a tree and knocked a dent in his skull.’

“‘But how came he here?’ she asked.

“He answered: ‘He loved a girl of our tribe; but she took another man; he left us, and I have not seen him since. We sought for him many moons. We lived some distance from here. We knew that he was dead, because our dogs sometimes smelt as if they had been eating rotten meat. But we could not find him. I was but a boy then, but am grey-headed now. I did not know how to send his spirit to the reinga. I have often thought of him since.’

“Immediately after these words of the old man every one in the house felt a pain in their stomachs; they rolled here and there, they cried, they wept, they howled, and they perspired until daylight, when they all left the place. My mother said it was the spirit of the skull. It is true, for my mother said so. I will not remain here to brave the power of spirits; for if the spirit of a man had the power to make so many ill at once, what could the spirit of a woman not accomplish, if it had half the daring of my mother, who has just now spoken?’ I might dare to meet the spirit of a cracked skull, but I could never be brave enough

to encounter even the soul of a girl. I will not remain here if the spirits are not sent to paerau."

An old man rose and said: "What a fuss you make about spirits! Why should anything that has double the power be afraid of that which has only half its force? I have a spirit in me, and my body you can all see. Why then should I fear a thing that has no body when I have in myself the same power it can wield? How thoughtless you boys are. Are not all things the offspring of the gods? Is not the kumara the god that hid himself from fear? Do you not eat the kumara? Are not fish another god who went into the water? Do you eat fish? Are not the birds also gods? Were not the gods spirits? Then why are you not afraid of the things that you eat? Anything cooked sends the spirit into the stones on which they are cooked. Then why do old people eat out of a hangi, and off the stones which hold the spirit of the food cooked on them? Do old people possess less spirit in old age than in youth? I will remain here."

A young woman rose and said: "I will only speak to the man who spoke last. Did he not say that old people eat out of a hangi, and off the stones which hold the spirit of that which was cooked on them? Did he eat out of a hangi on the evening of the day in which he was made to take for his wives the widow of the eaten slave Koko, and also the widow who said that Koko's arm was stolen from her. Did he not feel that he had not spirit enough to be the master of a tribe

of wives? There was fish and nikau cooked in the oven at that time. Do the leaves of the nikau stand or droop? Do fish dare to come into the air and look at the sun? As the nikau dares not look up at the forest leaves around it, so must its spirit be a drooping, desponding one; and as fish cannot live in the blaze of the sun, so must its spirit be gloomy, sulky, and shamefaced. Did our father want to have such spirits in him to assist him to kill those two women, and then to weep and not look up? In what part of the body does the spirit live, if not in the eye? I know when a man tells the truth; his eyes tell by their look what his tongue says by its words. The soul tells the truth by looking out of the eyes. Our father's spirit did not look out of his eyes while he spoke just now. But he need not be afraid of spirits, for he has lost his own long ago. If a spirit jumped into him, it would be glad to find such an empty home in which to live—no heart, no love; and he dare not hate. His breast is quite vacant, or he would not have made us listen to his spiritless talk."

"Let all talk cease," said Tupu; "and on the day after this I shall know what we are to do."

CHAPTER XXIII.

EVENING TALES.

It being dark after the evening meal had been eaten, the people retired into their houses, where they amused themselves in various ways. An old woman, a distant relation of Takaho, still sat in front of his hut, having with her a small kono¹ of cooked food. She again and again asked him to come out, and she would feed him. She received no answer save a low, moaning cry. There was no fire in his hut; as he was sacred, none could be lit there.

The largest house in the settlement had been cleaned out during the day; and the floor was covered with the swamp rush, over which were laid rough plaited flax mats. In this house were congregated the young people, young men and women, boys and girls, some sitting, while others reclined at full length on the mats. The house was lighted up by three kapara² torches, which were stuck up in the centre.

¹ Basket.

² Pine bark.

“What shall we play at to-night?” asked a young woman.

“Let us kaka,”¹ answered a young man, who had a scar over his eye, which made him stare as if his eye was in a fright.

“Yes,” answered a girl; “if you can teach your eye to look calm, I will join in the kaka, and sit opposite to you; but if you stare with one eye, and look calmly with the other, you will make me laugh in the midst of the play.”

Another young man answered her, “I will sit opposite you if you will teach your nose to look at the earth on which you tread, and not keep that everlasting turn-up. I should always be thinking of eels if I sat opposite to you, for your nose looks like eel-holes.”

“How fine your words are!” said another girl. “You can talk; but are you not the young man who, in his rage, tried to eat a stone, and broke his teeth? If I sat opposite to you, I should think of nothing but a waterfall, for the sound between your teeth would sound like nothing but a continued hiss.”

“You are a fine-looking young woman,” said another young man. “Let me sit opposite to you, and look into your eyes to see if you love me.”

“Oh, no! cried out another young man; “I am in love with her, and the next atahu meeting she shall be mine.”

“Did your mother teach you to talk?” asked the

¹ Previously described, p. 98.

same young woman. "How do you know that I can love any one? But I will tell you who I could love—a man with a fine face, fully tattooed, tall, brave, and silent. I have no ears to hear the words of smooth, pale-faced boys; the love of a boy who has not suffered the pain of tattooing is as unacceptable as a rough sea of waves without wind. I would not say yes to a man who has long finger-nails—they are a proof of idleness. A man who is brave is not idle; and a hand that works wears the nails short. A man of knowledge does not talk much."

Said another young man, "What a god in knowledge must your father have been! Your mother must have been a great woman! I wish I was such a man as you have described, and I would take you for my wife. How I should be envied by all the world!"

An ugly, hump-backed boy, whose face was naturally dark, but through grovelling in the wood-ashes his face and head were now light, said, "I wonder where such as I am came from? I eat, laugh, cry, sleep, play, and enjoy my sport as much as any pretty boy; then why is ugliness laughed at, if it does not hurt me? I would not give my face for the prettiest face owned by a young woman."

A young woman answered, "If an oyster could laugh as I do, and walk as I can, then we might say ugliness is worth having."

"But who could make the best face at an enemy?" asked the humpback. "Who would escape in war; the face that repels by its horrors, or beauty that

invites? Our men put on thick mats to save themselves from the pierce of a spear: my ugly face would save me by its horrible grimaces. Where is the difference? Could beauty be so useful?"

"You little lizard!" said a girl, "who told you to tell us your thoughts?"

"Did you never hear the proverb," asked the humpback, "'Poor food will never go to a pretty woman; but a pretty woman will go to poor food?'"

"You can talk, and that is all you can do," answered the girl.

A number of voices said, "Tell us a tale, Humpy. You can tell us as good a tale as the prettiest woman here."

"Yes," answered Humpy. "I am not ashamed of my ugly face, because I did not make it so; but it was the act of a beautiful woman."

"Tell us! tell us!" cried out a number of voices.

"Long before I was born," said Humpy, "my mother lived with her sister, who loved no one, and admired but one face in the world, and that one she saw whenever she looked into a pool of water or a creek. She had been admiring her lover's face in the creek; on returning she passed under a tree, and a green lizard fell on her head. She rushed up to my mother, clasped her round the neck, and fell into a fit. Her face turned this way and that way; her mouth went one side and then to the other; she kicked, she screamed, she foamed at the mouth; then she lay quite still. I am as I am; but I think that the

who caused my mother's sister to make those ugly faces made my face to continue the resemblance of that fright. But my uncle was a very ugly man; Once he went to an island with a war party. When all were landed, his party saw that he was attacked; but he was so very ugly the enemy burst into a loud laugh at him. This so enraged him that he rushed up to them, and, being left-handed, he killed more that day than any other man."

"Did he strike them on the face or back?" asked a girl; "for if he was not bigger than you are, he could not possibly kill a man who stood and looked at him; but your uncle's ugliness made them run, hence his success."

"Then his ugliness gave him power," said Humpy; "and beauty can do no more."

"Tell us tales, tell us tales," cried out all the young people, "now that you have allowed Humpy to give us a wish to talk."

"I will tell the first tale," said a young man; "and then one of the young women must tell one."

"Yes, yes," answered the young people.

"THE TWO BROTHERS."

"Now listen, Humpy," said the young man; "but I am not going to tell you about your uncle.

"Two brothers lived at the head of a river on the West Coast. The younger brother was very good-looking, and the elder was very ugly. The younger

brother was always travelling to see the pretty women of his tribe, who lived here and there on their own land. The ugly one kept at home, and cultivated food; he had plenty all the year round. The younger brother made love to a very pretty woman; and she was to follow him to where he lived with his ugly brother. After all the talk was over, and the feast of atahu given, the young man returned home; his wife was to follow him next day. The young man asked his brother for food for his wife, and those who came with her; this was given. The elder brother did not wash often, but this day his fine brother asked him to do so; but he refused. At mid-day the wife and her attendants arrived; and after eating the food prepared for them, she asked, 'Who does that storehouse belong to?'

"The husband answered, 'All are mine; you old man, who is so dirty, sitting yonder is my workman, and he keeps me in plenty all the year round. You see his head, it has not been combed for years. He would not wash though I asked him.'

"She asked, 'Is he a slave, and where does he come from?' At the same time she went to the elder brother, and said to him, 'Won't you wash yourself?'

"He asked, 'Does the heart ever wash itself?'

"She asked, 'You are not a slave?'

"He asked, 'Does the heart ever comb itself?'

"She answered, 'If it does not you can do so; it would make you a fine man.'

"The elder brother went and washed himself, returned, and sat down with his brother.

"The new wife asked her husband, 'Who is that?'

"Her husband answered, 'It is my brother.'

"'But where is the old man who went to wash himself?' she asked.

"'I am he,' answered the elder brother; 'and I am the owner of the three storehouses of food.'

"The wife asked her husband, 'And where are your storehouses and slaves?'

"The elder brother answered, 'The food is not yet grown, and the slaves not caught.'

"The woman said to the younger brother, 'Then I will not be your wife; I will be the wife of your brother, for with him I shall not die of hunger. You have the finger-nails of a girl; he has those of a warrior.'

"The younger brother left that day, and was not heard of for years; but one day he headed a party, and came to attack his people to kill his brother, but he was the first killed. No woman ever loved him after that, but the worms did."

"THE BOY WHO SWALLOWED A LIVE EEL."

A young girl said, "He did not gain the love of that woman, or she would have lived with him. You can see, young men, that lies always grow and come to seed when the man who planted them thought they had rotted in the ear; men little think the memory is where

they grow. This woman saw his lies about the food-houses. All men tell lies when they are in love; and men are such large talkers, even from their youth. Listen to my tale:—

“There was a very large tribe, the children of which were so numerous that the boys would not allow the girls to join in their play. A party of these boys went to fish for eels. They went to a swamp, and trod it into a mud puddle, until the eels were so suffocated that they had to come up to breathe, when they caught them. These boys were the same boasters that all boys are. One of the boys said, ‘I can eat a large raw fish.’

“Another one answered, ‘That is no feat of bravery.’ A third asked, ‘But who can eat a raw live eel?’

“‘I can! I can!’ answered many of them.

“But in the attempt to get the eels down their throats something always sent them back with a kick. But one boy more determined than the others did swallow an eel; it was one he had just caught, and was alive and full of power, and from the muck in which it could scarcely breathe into the boy’s mouth was not a bad exchange. The boy put the eel’s head into his tongue, and of its own accord it slipped down his throat with one kick. All the other boys stared at the eel swallower, who stood with his eyes wide open.

“One of the boys asked him, ‘How does it taste?’

“He did not answer; there was a move in his throat as if large words were tumbling over each other, but no sound came from his mouth.

"Tears came into his eyes ; still he stood. The other boys began to laugh, and sing, and scream at the fun.

"His sister heard the noise, and heard some of them say, 'He has gone mad.' She went to them, and found her brother still standing, but his face was turning quite black. She spoke to him ; but not a word did he answer. She put her arms round his neck. He fell down and rolled over and over. The boys gathered round him, laughing, and screaming that he was a brave boy. His sister followed him in his pain. He moved, and looked at his sister with his big staring eyes. She took hold of his hand and sat him up, when he pointed to his throat, and turned his eyes up, as if in severe pain.

"His sister cried out, 'He is choking.' And being older than he, she laid him on the ground, and rolled him over and over, when an eel shot out of his mouth, and wriggled towards the mud pool out of which it had been taken.

"The boy stood up and said to his sister, 'Who told you to come here and make these boys laugh at me. I would rather die than be laughed at. I am the only boy that can swallow a live eel. Go away ! go away.'

"You see, young men, that you men are stupid, and rather than be laughed at you would die, you are such boasters. And when you tell a lie, you must make it look true, even if you die for it."

"THE TWO RIVALS."

A young man said, "Yes; men are such good haters that they can do the most spiteful things to get their own way; and they even play with the gods to get the revenge they seek. Now listen to my tale, which shows how bad men are:—

"Once there was a fine-looking chief, whose fine face was so beautifully tattooed that all the girls wished to have him, but there were only two out of the great number who told their love to him. Each of these young women knew that the other wanted to have him.

"He was a kind-hearted man; he loved all the young women who loved him; he was like the tui on a koroi-tree when the fruit is ripe; out of the great quantity of fruit before him he does not know which to eat; even so this chief loved all the girls, but did not know which to have. The two young women went to him whenever they liked, and sat by him, and talked to him.

"He talked to each of them in the same way. One of the girls, Poki, made a koki kanae,¹ which she knew he liked better than any other kind of food, and put a dead papa² in the centre of it, and told a slave to carry it to him, and tell him that Kahi (the name of the other girl) had sent it. He took a mouthful of the koki, but what was his horror to find he had a papa in his mouth; he vomited, and jumped, and danced, and got into a furious rage, and at last sat down and

¹ A rissole of mullet.

² Lizard.

thought that women were worse than the spirits of children who died before they had seen the light of this world, for such are the most malicious gods. Soon after this Kahi came to see him. He talked about nothing but lizards, and asked her if she liked to eat lizards.

“Some days after this she found out from the slave what had been done; she also overheard Poki and the chief agree to go together in the evening to the place where Poki’s relations lived. Kahi took a large calabash, and cut eyes, a nose, and a mouth in it; she took this, and went and sat by the road by which they were to pass. She had with her a smothered fire, the embers of which she put into the calabash when she heard them coming, and blew the fire into a blaze, which made the eyes, and nose, and mouth in the calabash look like those of a god. At this spot the road ran close to a cliff, at the bottom of which there was a deep creek. When the two saw the god of fire, the chief ran away as fast as he could, while Poki was so frightened that she could not run as fast as her lover. She cried out to him to stop and help her, for the god had hold of her feet. But on he ran. In her fright she ran off the road, and fell over the cliff, and although the cliff was not very high, yet was stunned, and falling into the water, she was drowned.

“Kahi again went after her beloved, and after many moons got him. So you see, young women, that men are a very revengeful set of fellows.”

“Stop!” said a girl. “You have eyes, yet when you

look at an object you do not see the thing looked at as though it were two; even so, you young men, though you have eyes to see, and minds to think, and thoughts to try, still with these three powers you are led, as in the case of your eyes, to see only one object, and that is your praise or honour. What evil did that woman do? If she tried to get the object of her love, when he did not know his own mind, it was quite right that he should be taught. But what a coward he was! Did he love the girl when he ran away and let the god catch her? If I had been in her place, I would have caught him, and pulled him over the cliff.

“But women are cowards also,” said Humpy. “Now listen, and I will tell you a tale.”

“Yes,” answered a girl, “tell a tale. That is all you can do to amuse yourself during your life, poor lizard that you are! You may tell tales of love until you are as old as the rock which has stood for generations at the mouth of the Wairere river, even from the time when Maui was a boy, and still not gain a wife.”

“Quite true,” answered Humpy; “yet I know there is no hump on my heart or soul. What does it matter that the tree looks crooked, if the wood is good? It is not always beauty that can sway by words. It may do so with girls; but the time may come when girls may not speak, and my hump will not be seen in the beauty of the words my tongue shall utter.”

“Yes, yes,” cried out a young man; “we will listen to that when that time comes. Now for the tale.”

opened, and a dark blue fork came out; at the same time it gave another shrill 'Ha! ha!' Timo fell on her back, gave a kick or two, and lay quite still, while Moko still sat staring at the head.

"Just then a heavy shower of rain fell, and some boys and girls who were playing outside rushed into the house out of the rain. They saw Timo lying down dead, and began to blame Moko for killing her; but just then he fell down as if in a fit, and stared at them with his eyes as wide open as those of a coward when a great evil is near to him. The children burst out into a loud laugh; but a sudden hiss, and shrill 'Ha! ha!' from the head gave them such a fright, that the doorway was not wide enough for them to go all out at once; so they went head over heels, arms and legs over one another, screaming in such a dreadful manner that the whole settlement was alarmed. While yet struggling over each other, the head gave another 'Ha! ha!' which took all the strength out of their legs, and they crawled away on their hands and knees, howling and screaming in such a tone of horror, that the warriors rushed to the rescue, not doubting but they were in the hands of the enemy. As the men came near the children, each child seized the hand or foot of a man; but not a word could any one of them say. All kept their eyes fixed on the door of Timo's house; and not until another 'Ha! ha!' issued from the head did any one know what had frightened the children.

"The son of a chief said to his father, who held him in his arms, 'Timo killed dead; Moko looking at her'

An old man went into the house in the attitude of war. He found Timo quite dead, and no one but Moko there. He at once dragged him out by the hair of the head, intending to kill him as the murderer; but just as he was about to deal him the death-blow the chief's son again said, 'Wait!—look at the head.' At the same time another 'Ha! ha!' issued from the head.

"Moko rose and said, 'Tote killed her; I did not. Why should I die, if I can cook and look at my brother's head?'

"The old man again entered the house, looked at Timo and at the head, and was about to carry the corpse out, to save the house from tapu, when the head again hissed. He laid the body down, and ordered Moko, who had also entered the house, to take the head from the turu-turu, and see if it could laugh. When he lifted the head from the peg, a bundle of flax fell out, and with it two moths and two lizards.

"It was the moths that had made the hissing noise as they fluttered about, and the lizards, being frightened by the moths, uttered the cry which is so much like the 'Ha! ha!' of a man; and it was one of the lizards which put its head out between the lips of the head.

"You see, young woman, two moths and two lizards killed a woman, and she was not a humpy."

A girl answered, "No; her body was not hump-backed, so you say; but not only was her soul humped, but her heart also was hump-backed. Had she been

like us girls who heard your tale, the instant the head had put out its lizard tongue at her she would have bitten off its nose and eaten it, making her teeth keep time with the hopping in and out of the tongue. Her chest was also humpbacked, and her death was caused by the jump her heart made into her throat, and it stuck on the hump and stopped her breath. She died because she was humpbacked in body, soul, heart, chest, and throat. As you have a hump which can be seen, and I am sure that you have many more, so take care and do not get into a rage, especially with girls, or you may die the death of the old woman of your tale. But listen to my tale. I do not expect you to learn anything from it; for you are not the one of two men that a girl would choose. But you might be as spiteful as one of the two men I am going to tell about, I do not doubt, and even more so; for he was not humpbacked in soul, which you are; for when a karaka berry is cooked, the seed is also cooked, so that there must be a humpy soul in a humpy body.

Humpy answered: "But you have not said there are humpbacked brains. I am sure there are some, and are mostly found in women. It accounts for the curious ways, the wild talking, the ceaseless noise their tongues make, and the colouring they give to anything they tell, making it the opposite of what it really was. You must admit that a hump on the brain is the root of all madness. I have seen more women than men mad with passion; and as anger does not rise from the soul, but from the brain, it shows that there must be some

defect there; and I say from experience that most women, to judge by their conduct, have more or less of a hump on the brain. But let us hear your tale, so that we may see whether you have a hump or not."

"If your hump was not so solid," answered the girl, "I should say that it was another pair of lungs. From the long speech you have just made, I am sure that you will not die from coughing at me if my tale is tedious."

"HOW HAMU GOT HIS WIFE."

"Two men courted a girl; they were both of them fine-looking fellows, not having been born with humps in or on them; and the girl could not say which she liked best. Both the men were chiefs: one, Hamu, belonged to the same tribe as the girl; the other, Koki, was from another tribe. For a long time the latter appeared to have gained her love, and Hamu became quite sulky. He must have had a hump on his tongue, for he spoke to no one.

"At last Hamu spoke to the girl's mother and said, 'Am I a slave, that your daughter should take a man from another tribe? I shall die from a dark heart; all my thoughts are dark.'

"Koki, whenever he stayed in that place, slept with the young men in the large house, while Hamu slept in a house with his grandfather; and he had often asked his grandfather to use the power of his incantations to obtain for him the girl's love.

"The only reply he got from the old man was, 'Be

brave! Love and war are brothers, and if a man is a coward in either he will be conquered. You would not ask me to defend you in battle, if any one struck at you? If you would act for yourself in that case, do the same in this. Love has no law; you can tread on the young, the old, the common, and sacred men and women if they are in your way. Be brave! and gain your own wife.'

"Hamu had observed that Koki always slept in the same place in the large house, and that he always put his belt in the same spot in the raupo of which the side of the house was made.

"Hamu's grandfather had a *meré pounamu*,¹ which was an heirloom, which he kept in a corner of his house, where no one durst go. Hamu had not seen him take this out to oil it for a long time; and one day that he had seen Koki talking with the girl, and noticed that she looked very pleased, he asked his grandfather, 'When do you oil your *meré*? In summer or winter?'

"The old man answered, 'I have not done it for a long time; I will do it now.'

"He went to get it; but no *meré* could be found; the pieces of mat and the bundle of feathers wrapped round it were there, but the *meré* was gone. A great meeting of the whole tribe was at once called; when all were assembled in the *marae*, the old priest told them of the loss of his *meré*, and that it must be brought back before sunset, or many of them would

¹ Green-stone *meré*.

die, for he would bewitch the whole family of the thief.

“Every house in the settlement was at once searched, and it was found in the big house, in the corner where Koki slept; who, as he did not belong to the place, sat in one place, laughing and joking at the fuss going on; when an old woman came forward with the *meré* in her trembling hand, and asked, ‘Who slept in the right hand corner of the large house? He stole this, and hid this where he pretended to put his belt.’ Koki laughed at her. But when the old grandfather heard this, he ordered Koki to leave the place, and never return. He did so, and Hamu soon got the girl for his wife.”

“Ah!” said a young man, “that woman had a hump in her love, and it went into her hands, and caused the *meré* to be taken where it was found.”

“No,” said a girl. “It was the bad heart of Hamu; he was a coward; he could not gain in a right way the girl’s love, and he stole the *meré*, and put it where it was found. He had a humpy heart, where love and hatred grew together; he was the thief who got the true chief blamed that he might obtain the girl.”

“But,” said Humpy, “those two men did not act as they did to please themselves; both wished to please one person, and that was a woman. If he did wrong to steal the *meré*, it was because his love had been stolen by a woman; if he did wrong to cast blame upon another by acting in a deceitful way, was it not

because a woman acted in the same way, for she allowed both men to think that she loved them, when she knew that she could only have one of them. She was to blame for the theft and the unjust punishment."

"How long are you going to talk?" asked a girl. "If you will talk, I propose that we lie down, and let ourselves be lulled to sleep by your voice, as it does sound better to hear than your body does to look at; the one is passable, but the other is as bad to look at as the blue matuku¹ when on the wing."

This called forth a loud burst of laughter from the young people; and, as Humpy would persist in talking, all laid themselves down to listen, and were soon asleep.

¹ *Ardea sacra*, Buller's 'N. Z. Birds,' p. 228.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE OLD PRIEST'S DEATH, ATTENDANT RITES, AND
ABANDONMENT OF THE SETTLEMENT.

THE old woman who had pressed food upon Takaho slept in front of the door of his hut, where he had remained ever since his last speech after the death of Namu and his wife.

Day was dawning, and in the twilight of the coming day the old men might be seen issuing from the huts in which they had slept, and coming to the door of Takaho's hut. They sat there until the rays of the rising sun shot up in the east, looking like a giant bunch of tussack grass, red as kokowai.¹

When all the birds began to sing, the old man who had buried Namu and his wife said, in a loud voice, "O father! who shall repeat the pihe over the dead? We cannot remain with you in this place if this is not done." Takaho answered, "I will do what I shall do by my own power. Live, O children! Cook and eat, to be strong to live in this world. My words are ended."

¹ Red-ochre.

The morning meal was cooked; and while the young people laughed, and amused themselves as they partook of it, the old people sat silent all the morning, expecting the old priest to do something.

While some of the young people were engaged in a sham fight, Takaho issued from his hut, having only a small mat round his waist; his body showed how sorrow had told upon it; how slender now his once powerful legs and arms. His ribs could easily be counted, and his breath came and went quickly; his gait was not that of strength, and the droop of his head showed the weight of age resting upon his shoulders. The young people at once became quiet, and sat down.

The old priest went to the grave of Namu and his wife; he broke the fence down, and with his hands scratched away the loose earth that covered the two bodies: this he accomplished after many, many rests. He pulled Namu's corpse out first, and threw it over his shoulder, with the head to his back, and brought it into his hut, where he laid it down on the edge of a grave which he had dug in the middle of the hut. He returned, and brought in the same way the corpse of Namu's wife. He then laid Namu in the grave, with his head to the south, and his wife with her head to the north; and having covered them with earth, he laid the mats on which he usually slept over the whole, and laid himself down on the grave.

From the time Takaho had first come out of his hut until he laid himself down on the grave, the people had

sat in groups, crying. Seeing the corpse of Namu, which the priest carried, the children ran into the houses, and kept peeping out every now and then to see what was to come next.

During the time he was doing this, Takaho neither spoke nor looked at the people, but when he laid himself down, the old man who had spoken to him early in the morning again spoke to him, and asked, "What are we to do?"

"Let me sleep now," answered Takaho; "I shall depart with the sun to-day. Cease speaking to me. Live! Be brave! and do not fear your enemies. Keep your fire burning on our land. Let your arms be strong to lift the spear. Let your mana¹ be felt by all the tribes. Live, O children! and let me remain where I sleep, that I may guard the bones of my child."

The people returned to their houses, and occupied themselves in the usual way, cooking, talking, and sleeping.

Three suns had risen and set, still the old woman sat and slept in front of the priest's hut. Day by day, morning and evening, the old man who had buried Namu and his wife went to the hut, and in a state of nudity stood in the doorway, and looked at the priest; returned, put his clothing on, and called out in a loud voice, "The sun has not gone down."

On the morning of the fourth day he looked,

¹ Influence and power.

and called out, "The rata¹ of our protection has fallen!"

The old woman now rose, and going up to the door of the hut, she stood up and cried in a most frantic tone, throwing her arms up and down. All the people, young and old, men, women, and children, came in front of the hut; all sat down and cried aloud, excepting the old woman, who stood crying and throwing her arms up and down.

They continued thus to wail until the sun was high up in the heavens, when the old man said: "We cannot live by weeping. Our father is dead. Who can take the tapu off this place, that we may live here? Who can carry him to the sacred place? Who is so sacred that he can do this and not die? He is a chief and a priest, and did not cook his own food. Who will cook for him in Paerau? Who will go with him, and keep him from being angry? And as we cannot say the pihe over him, we must leave this place after some of us have gone with him, that those who remain in this world may not be killed because of our neglect."

The old woman who had kept guard in front of the priest's door rose up and said, "I will go with my great relative, and will keep his anger from you. I am old, but I can work for him where we shall go."

The chief of many wives, who had been forced to take Koko's widow and Raku for his wives, said, "No; mine is great love to my great relative. I will die,

¹ *Metrosideros robusta*, "the giant tree of our protection," &c.

and let my wives weep for me when I am gone to keep death from them. If I do not go with the great chief, he will not rest until he has killed many of us for our neglect, because we did not allow some one to go with him."

Old Raku rose and said, "No, you shall not go. I will go; and I will ask the wife of Koko to go with me. We have been called your wives; but I do not wish to live, and Koko's wife does the same."

"Yes," said Koko's widow. "Let no one speak after I have done. I will not live any longer; and it is better to be the slave of a priest in Paerau than to be the wife of a man of many wives in this world. I ask you to send us with our father, that our love to you may be seen. If we go with him, his anger will not rise to kill you; but if we do not go, our want of love to him will cause the death of many. Live in this world, O man of many wives! and do not try to stop us two who were called your wives, but on whom you have not even looked. Do not say when we are gone that we have eaten of your food; and cease to mention our names, or one of us may, in our time of leisure, come back to look at you."

She went to her hut, and put on a new mat which she had made, stuck some feathers in her hair, and returned, and sat down in front of the door of the hut in which Takaho's body lay. Raku had done the same; but hers was a mat of greater beauty, and her head was covered with the feathers of the huia.¹ Thus sitting,

¹ *Vide ante*, p. 90.

they called upon the young men to help them to go along the road with the great chief.

Tupu rose and said, "If you will die, let four men make the ropes and act at once, for we must all depart while the sun looks at us."

Four young men rose and took some flax-leaves, which they plaited into ropes about a fathom long. Two of them (having only a small mat round the waist) put a rope round the neck of Koko's widow, and while one of them pulled it as he pressed his foot against her chest, the other put his foot against her back and pulled the rope tight until she was dead. The two other young men did the same to Raku. When both were dead, the young men tied the garments of the dead to them with the flax ropes. The people sat silently looking on until the two were dead; after which all the old women, while they wept, cut their faces, arms, and chests with pieces of tuhua (obsidian), until they looked like living bodies that had been cut to pieces and put together again.

While the women did this, the people sat with their heads covered.

The old man rose and said: "We do not know how to repeat the karakias and the ceremonies for the dead. Tupu has said that we must leave the settlement, and the body of our father here unburied; but we must not depart until we have shown our love for him, by cutting the hair off our heads, as an offering to place on his grave."

As with one voice the people answered, "Yes! yes!"

All was now animation; men, women, and children running hither and thither into the various houses of abode, collecting *tuhua* with which to cut their hair off their heads. While searching for the *tuhua*, which was kept with the various nicknacks, and to make the most of their time, the houses were cleared of all movables, such as mats, fishing-nets, spears, war-clubs, baskets, preserved heads, calabashes, lines, hooks, and children's toys. Such as these might be seen in front of every house, where the old women were making as much noise as they could, and the children and young people were turning the various things over and over, and shifting the various articles, to the consternation of the old women, who were trying in vain to make them into bundles, to be carried on the back when emigration took place.

In the midst of this confusion, an old man called attention, and asked, "Who shall cut our hair?"

The woman who had kept guard at the priest's hut rose and said, "Let the men cut the hair of the men, and let the women cut the hair of the women; let the father cut the hair of his boys, and the mother of her girls."

At this command the people again collected in front of Takaho's house, and sat down in lines of odd numbers, from five to seven in each, when a man or woman, holding a piece of *mata tuhua*¹ in the left hand, took a lock of hair with the right hand, and cut it off. The edge of the *tuhua* being very sharp, cut it clean, and as

¹ Obsidian.

each lock was cut, the operator threw it towards the door of the house. Yet now and then a few hairs would not be cut, and in the sudden jerk the operator gave to cast it towards the door, the uncut hairs were dragged out by the roots, causing the person operated upon to make the most dreadful wry faces. But not a sound of pain could be heard, for fear of showing disrespect to Takaho's spirit, who was supposed to be present, and taking note of the value of the offering, which was estimated by the quantity of hair cut off. These wry faces could be seen in every line; and as the persons operated upon sat some facing one way and some another, they appeared to be acting a farce, the plot of which consisted in making the most horrible grimaces at each other.

When the hair of any person was all cut off, he or she rose and went to the front of his or her house, made a bundle of some of the articles lying there, and put them on his or her back, and sat down, waiting for the order to depart. Others of them would first be called by a father or mother to help to hold a child, who, without making any noise, kicked and struggled so as to prevent its hair being cut, so that often four or five persons would hold a child until the operation was finished.

If the hair of any child was too short to be held so as to cut it with the tuhua, the father or mother would take a firebrand, and while the child was held by five or six persons, would singe the hair close to the skin. A boy or girl had to blow the firebrand, often causing

a spark to alight on the skin of the singed child, who would open his or her mouth (but no sound issued from it), and glare with fury at those who held him or her down. The hair-cutting was all done, and the four young men had, with long sticks, pushed the hair into the door of Takaho's hut. They then dragged the body of Koko's widow to the door, and laid her across it, then, with their long sticks, rolled her over and over until she was close to the old priest's body. They did the same with Raku.

A number of men now came up, bringing bundles of sticks, with which they made a fence all round the house, closing the door with mats. Then, with the assistance of the old woman, they painted the fence and the mats red.

The old woman who kept watch at Takaho's door had in the meantime lighted a hangi, into which she placed five round stones, which, when heated, were taken close up to the painted fence, the four young men and the old woman each taking one. Then, while standing in a row in front of Takaho's hut, each threw the stones for some time from one hand into the other, and then threw them in front of the door of the hut. They then went to their garments, and put them on.

While this was being done, the people remained silent, looking on; but as soon as the four men threw the hot stones away, an old man rose and said: "We have some distance to go. As we have not been able to repeat the karakia used when hair is cut, nor have we

burnt some of the hair, Maru and Tawhaki¹ may cause us to be rained upon during our journey. If we are overtaken by thunder and lightning and rain, let your hearts be brave; it is only that the gods are angry because the hair has not been burnt and offered to them. But how could we help that? We do not know the whole incantations repeated on such occasions, nor the ceremonies used. It is better to hear the thunder, and see the lightning, and be wet through by the rain, and keep our lives, than to be killed by the gods for making a mistake, or forgetting a word of the incantations while repeating them."

Tupu now rose and said, "Kopere taua."²

The people, who had been careful not to pull down or break anything, and to leave all the doors open, now rose with a loud groan, and stood, every one having a bundle on the back; the younger children in charge of the dogs, which they were to lead by a piece of flax tied round the dogs' necks.

Tupu, who was the first to move, said, "O father! sleep in your home with your slaves and children. This home is now too sacred for us common people to live in. Live, O great chief! in your mana of the gods, while we go and live yonder, where we can cook our food to live on, and not insult you and the gods. Sleep, O father, sleep!"

He went along the road leading to the interior, sobbing and weeping as he walked; but he did not

¹ Gods of the elements.

² *Vide* p. 196, commencement of chap. xii.

turn round to look back. Next followed the old men, then the young warriors, next the boys, then the old women, then the young women and girls, followed by the mothers who carried infants; the naked children, leading the dogs, brought up the rear.

As they passed up the valley, their wail echoed from valley to valley, rising and falling like the boom of the sea on the seashore. They went on and on until they had gained the top of the last rising ground from which Takaho's hut was visible.

As each gained the top they sat down, keeping their bundles or children on their backs, and wept, hiding their faces in their hands. The children who led the dogs, and who had been amusing themselves by playing with them, followed the example of their elders, and in feigned sorrow hid their faces in their hands, but continued to peep through their fingers at each other and at the dogs, who did not seem to understand why they were tied; and every now and then one of them would jump up and down in the vain attempt to get free, causing the naked child who held him to roll over and over. Still the group of dog-leaders suppressed their laughter, although the heavy breathing, wry faces, compressed lips, and laughing eyes of the children showed that they enjoyed the fun.

Thus they sat till the sun began to decline, and black clouds gathered and covered the heavens. The whole of them now faced towards the spot where stood in the distance the hut and its dead occupants. Louder and louder grew the noise of wailing, shriller and

shriller whistled the rising wind through the fern-trees which covered the hill on which they sat. A low rumble of thunder sounded in the east, and stray drops of rain now and then fell on the unwashed, blood-besmeared bodies of the old women, who had cut themselves on the death of the old priest ; but every one sat, with a bundle of baskets, spears, fishing-nets, children's toys, mats, or preserved heads, on their backs, apparently lost in a flood of sorrow.

The dogs had become quite exasperated by the restraint put upon them ; but at last, through sheer exhaustion, they sat quiet.

An old woman, in the midst of the noise made by the weeping crowd, pitched her voice somewhat higher than the rest, and it became a dismal howl. For a moment the dogs turned their heads first one way and then the other, in an attitude of intense surprise and attention ; then they turned up their noses in the air, and with accord gave that death-omen, a prolonged howl, which dogs alone can give.

It sent a thrill of dread through the crowd of mourners, who at the instant resumed possession of all their seeing faculties, sprang up, and staring around with wild-looking eyes, moved silently on.

Now might be seen the close-shaved head of an old, staggering woman, with deeply-wrinkled face, and stick-like, half-bent legs, starting at a quick step, uttering as she went a half-stifled groan ; then a man of noble frame, his short-cut hair standing up like the burnt stalks of a rush bush ; then a dog pushing on to

the front of the crowd of mourners, held by a singed-headed, naked child.

Thus descended from the hill of their last look this motley crowd of mourners, seeking for a new home for the future.

THE END.

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