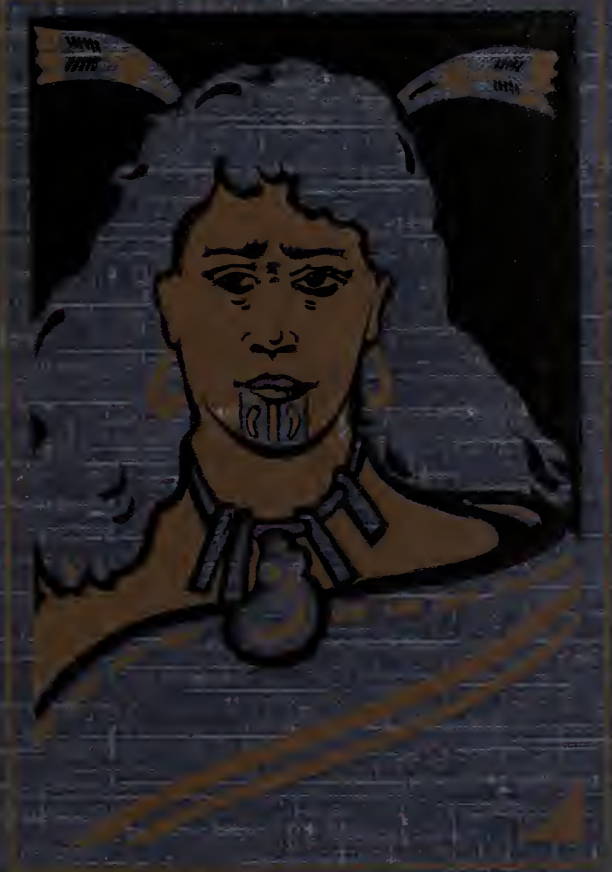
TALES OF A DYING RACE



A. A. GRACE

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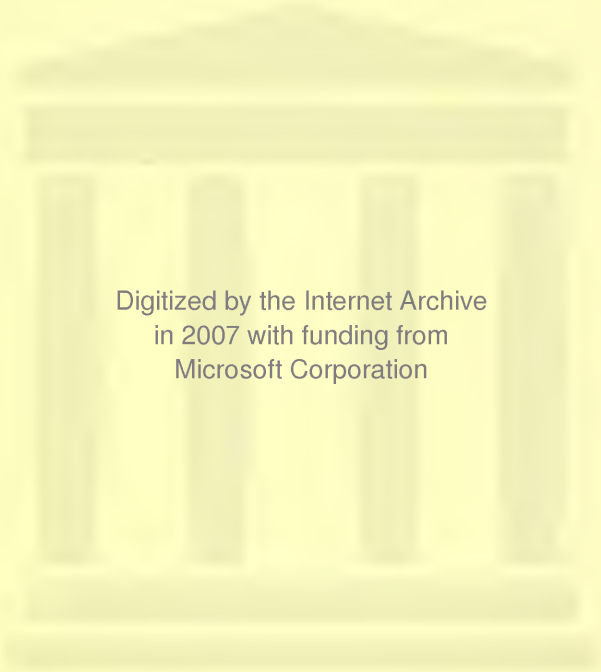

TALES OF A DYING RACE

BY

ALFRED A. GRACE

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PREFACE

A FEW weeks after the beginning of the century, a mixed company of troops from India visited the islands of New Zealand for the edification of the inhabitants. A magnificent Sikh was asked what he thought of the Maoris. 'Phaugh!' said he, 'they are pigs!'

Meeting one of his Maori friends, the interlocutor said, 'Paramena, what is your opinion of these Indian troops?' 'Wella,' said Paramena, 'some fine men, *rangatira*, like you an' me. Some no good, *taurekareka*, like the monkey. But all know t'e drill. Where they get t'e drill? T'e *pakeha*' (the white man) 'he teach them. Now then. T'e Maori he fighting man too. You gif him t'e gun, an' he jus' as good as these men. But he no want t'e drill—he got it pefore t'e *pakeha* come.'

Of a truth, the Maori takes to fighting intuitively. For over seven hundred years his was a fighting race, and then came the *pakeha* and spoiled everything. The Maori had one last good 'set-to,' and was then asked to turn his sword into a pruning-hook, to put his musket by, and

tend the patient sheep. This he has never done. He has perforce ceased to fight, but to be a husbandman is impossible. As well ask a Cossack to become a silk-mercer.

According to their legends, the progenitors of the Maoris came in some twenty canoes from the mythical island of Hawaiki, where life had become impossible by reason of intertribal wars. But they brought the seeds of enmity with them, and these, sown in rich virgin soil, brought forth fifty-fold.

Whether the wars which filled their history were the cause of their tribal communism, or their communism the cause of their intertribal strife, it is impossible to determine. But one thing is undeniable: they brought both their communism and their methods of warfare to a ripe perfection. In times of peace the Maori enjoyed an Arcadian existence, into which no care intruded; in time of war he passed into the seventh heaven of rapturous excitement, and not infrequently into the seventh heaven itself, through the gates of Te Reinga, which is his name for Hades.

Tribe conquered and even exterminated tribe, but nothing could assuage the Maori's thirst for fighting. Never was there any one conquering sept which could dictate a supreme control to the subordinate and weaker septs throughout the islands; among the many conquerors who stalked the land, never was there one who could fuse the many contending tribes into a nation,

governed from one centre, owning fealty to a single ruler.

When the white man arrived, he found the islands rent from end to end by internecine wars; but instead of seeing in him their common enemy, against whom it was expedient for them to unite, the Maoris welcomed the *pakeha*, because he could supply them with powder and shot with which to exterminate each other. This they almost accomplished, and now the assimilation of a civilization they do not understand is finishing the work. In spite of the sincerest efforts of a paternal Government, it is the sad belief of those who know the race best, that the Maoris are doomed to be extinguished or absorbed. Therefore I have named this book 'Tales of a Dying Race.'

Of its contents, 'Arahuta's Baptism,' 'Reremoa and the Pearly Nautilus,' 'The Blind Eye of the Law,' 'Pirimona,' 'King Potatau's Powder-maker,' 'The Tohunga and the Taniwha,' 'The Courting of Te Rahui,' 'Told in the Puia,' 'Te Wiria's Potatoes,' 'Pirihira,' and 'The King's Ngerengere,' first saw the light in the pages of *The Bulletin*, Sydney, New South Wales. 'Rawiri and the Four Evangelists' and 'Patopato and the Water-Nymphs' appeared originally in the New Zealand *Triad*. 'A White Wahine' was first printed, in a somewhat different form and with a different title, in the Dunedin *Star*. I am indebted to the proprietors of these three journals for the right to reprint the tales which they have done me the honour to introduce to their readers.

To my ancient Maori friend Karepa Te Whetu I am indebted for the two folk-lore tales, 'Putangitangi and the Maero' and 'The Ngarara'; and I owe him an equal debt of gratitude for 'The Poriro' and 'Big Piha and Little Piha.' Te Whetu means 'the Star.' Karepa the Star has illumined for me much that was dark and obscure in the Maori mind.

A. A. GRACE.

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ARAHUTA'S BAPTISM

TAMAHUA had two wives. Maurea was the wife of his youth, but she was childless; so he had married Arahuta also, which was an arrangement quite *tika*—quite correct.

Maurea had received Arahuta as her co-wife with every mark of affection, and the three lived peacefully together. There was no suspicion of jealousy between the two wives of Tamahua. Maori women are, for the most part, large-minded in matrimonial matters.

Tamahua's wives used to plant his *kumara*, dig them up when ripe, and cook them; they wove flax garments for him, and ministered to his comfort. And, in return, Tama' abstained from those fierce ebullitions of temper so frequent in Maori chiefs, and was generally contented, and loved his wives. And they were as happy as bell-birds that sing in the 'bush.'

When Arahuta had borne three children, the new *karakia* came to Papatea. *Karakia* is the native word for religion. Of course, the Maori *tohunga*, or priest, said it was a poor sort of *karakia* compared with his; but as his was excessively vague, and in many respects a nuisance, the people said they would give the white man's *karakia* a trial. The Maori deeply loves a new thing.

And the *pakeha's karakia* can be made really interesting to the savage mind if the exponent does but know how to use the startling incidents of the Old Testament.

As for Tamahua, the *kauwhau*, or stories, told by the white *tohunga* fairly 'fetched' him. He took Kitione (Gideon) and Rawiri (David) for his patron saints, and was fully convinced that the *atua*, or god, of such heroes must be worth worshipping. And he worshipped.

The man who brought the new *karakia* to Papatea was a German, named Poggendorff. And when he got back to headquarters, this is how he spoke of his mission: 'Dere is moch seed for der gaddering at Babadea. Tamahua, der ghief dere, for babdism is brebaring. Budt it is ver' deeviguld mit Tamahua—he haf two vifes. Dees vifes in der headten tays he marriedt, in goot fait' undt kvide in geepings mit der goostoms of de beobles; undt to poodt avay von of dem he don' like, begause he loafs dose two vifes ver' moch, undt dey are most beaudivul vomans. So I bromise to sday two-dree veek mit him somedime ven I next go dere, undt ve dalk id ofer, undt I dhink Tamahua he gome along all righdt undt poodt avay von of dose vifes, undt den I babdise him. Undt I dhink Tamahua he get grade blezzing ven I get him babdised already.'

* * * * *

Arahuta was sitting on the sea-beach, crying. The white, frothy little waves of the land-locked bay laved her feet; white sea-birds flew screaming past her; the chubby brown infant she nursed divided his attention between his mother and the encroaching tide. But Arahuta paid small heed to child, sea-birds, or sea. Her tear-blurred eyes gazed constantly at the concourse of people in the

village, some three hundred yards from where she sat upon the beach.

One of the chiefs was addressing the people. Arahuta could hear his voice lifted high upon the still air. She could see him walking up and down in front of the crowd and gesticulating wildly in emphasis of his speech. Arahuta knew the orator—Tama', father of the child she nursed.

His speech was a long one. When it was ended, there was great shouting in approval of what had been said, and the whole audience, at the direction of the speaker, trooped down to the beach, where they clustered under a great *pohutukawa* tree, whose branches of crimson flowers threw a cool shade upon the yellow sand. The people grouped themselves round a large wooden font, decorated with rich red flowers from the tree above.

Then from the village came down a man dressed in white, and with him were the chiefs of the tribe and Tamahua. This man in white was the *pakeha* priest, who had brought the new *karakia* to Papatea. And the new *karakia* had become the fashion, and everyone wanted to join it—except Arahuta.

Poggendorff came solemnly down, with the deeply-serious air common to all *tohunga* men, brown or white, of whatever creed. For a while he stood wrapped in silence beneath the flowering tree, the sleeve of his surplice covering his face. Then he made oration, which, too, is a practice common to all *tohunga* men. And after he had finished speaking there was a great commotion among the people, and they seemed to be arranging themselves in a semblance of order around the font. Then Poggendorff once more covered his face with his sleeve, and spoke to his *atua*, and all the people stood still

and silent, with bent heads—their reverence for the new *karakia* was profound. Then he called his converts up before him by families, sprinkled their heads with water from the font, said an incantation over them, and gave them new names.

Arahuta watched from afar this baptism of the people. The last to step before the white *tohunga* was Tamahua, and with him Maurea, his wife, and Arahuta's two children. Arahuta watched their baptism, breathless, and clutched her babe the tighter to her breast. And the *tohunga* gave Tama' the name of Aperahama (Abraham), and called the woman Hara (Sarah). He must have had a grim sense of humour, that *tohunga.*

When the ceremony was over the people trooped back to the village to feast. Only the *pakeha* remained behind. He had taken off his surplice, and stood regarding Arahuta, as she crouched, weeping, on the sand.

By-and-by he walked towards her, till she could hear his guttural tones.

'Mine child,' he said, 'why do you stand alone, outzide der fold? Der new *karakia*——' But Arahuta fled from him along the beach.

* * * * *

Night had closed down on Papatea. The feasters had sung their last hymn; the *kauta* fires had died out; everybody was fast asleep. The village was as quiet as death, but for the breaking of the waves upon the shore.

The moonlight glistened on the dark waters, and the beach looked white in the pale light.

On this white band of sand there was a black speck moving. It was Arahuta with her child, coming back towards the *kainga.* She paused beneath the big *pohutukawa* tree, whose redness was now turned black, and laved

her hands in the holy water which still lay at the bottom of the font.

Presently she sprinkled her sleeping child with a few drops, and made marks crosswise on his forehead. Then for a while she called on the unknown *atua* to curse the white *tohunga* and all his tribe. Her voice reached the village, and a wakeful cur barked at her. When she had finished her imprecation she walked down the beach into the moonlit sea. With her babe upon her back she swam far out upon the glistening waters, till she appeared but a little black blot upon the sheet of silver. Suddenly the blot vanished.

* * * * *

The Reverend Gottlieb Poggendorff, at the next annual meeting of the Auckland branch of his society, addressed his audience thus :

'Ve haf grade blezzings, my dear frens, at Babadea, for vhich I gif dhanks to Gott. Dere vas zeventy-sigs gandidates for babdism at Babadea, undt mit dem Tamahua, der ghief. Der bolygamy kvesdion crop oop dere, undt almosd make a deeviguldy. Tama' he haf two vifes, gootmannered young vomans, undt he loaf dem ver' moch. Von of dese vas de vife of his yoot', budt she haf no schildrens ; de odder vas a most loafly young vomans vhich Tamahua he took furder on, undt she haf dree schildrens, vhich make Tama' a ver' broud mans. Undt dhey all togedder lif mitout kvarrelling undt shdrife. So a grade pidy it seem to disturb so moch beace undt harmony ; budt de rules of der church are strigd—like de laws of der Bersians, dhey cannot be schanged. No von mit more dan von vife can be babdised. Undt I vonder mit minesellof vhich he vould geeb. Alzo he dhinks undt dhinks a goot lot, undt den he says it is der first vife he vill geeb, undt

der odder, like Hagar, he send adrivd on der vorldt. She took mit her already her leedle Ishmael at der breasd, budt her two odder schildrens Tama' he geeb mit himsellof undt haf dem babdised. Alzo der grade deefiguldy at Babadea vas ofergome, undt Tamahua der ghief entered der fold, for vhich I gif efery day braise undt dhanksgiffing to Godt.'

But of the baptism of Arahuta the Reverend Gottlieb said never a word.

REREMOA AND THE PEARLY NAUTILUS

When a man wants to find something, there always are a hundred people ready to tell him where to find it, but never a man who will go and fetch it. It was so with Rossmatin and his pearly nautilus. At Rotorua a man in the Priest's Bath told him to try the coast north of Manganui. He had seen shoals of nautili there, and had eaten them for breakfast. So Rossmatin went and tried; he had a theory that his cephalopod spawned more freely in southern latitudes, though he had hardly hoped to find it south of parallel 25. But science is nothing if you have no faith. So Rossmatin had come north to Manganui.

The man in the Priest's Bath had recommended him to 'chip in' with the Maoris—they would find his shellfish for him. Rossmatin had 'chipped in' with Reremoa.

Reremoa was pretty, eighteen, abounding in hair black as coal—a Maori sea-nymph.

Rossmatin was a zoologist, an entomologist, a lover of bugs and butterflies, snakes and centipedes; a palæontologist, an ichthyologist—a great scientist. But his mania was for cephalopods, curious sea denizens of the genus mollusca. He could tell you all about Dibranchiata and Tetrabranchiata, things quite beyond the ken of ordinary men, and would, if you let him, discourse by the hour on the pearly nautilus, to the quest of which he had devoted his life. He said this shellfish was unique; there was but one

specimen extant, the one brought home by the *Challenger* expedition, and preserved in a pickle-bottle. The scarcity of this cephalopod had caused Rossmatin much tribulation. It was his passion as well as his despair. He lived to explain its life-history. 'For,' said he, 'it stands in an order all by itself, the sole remaining representative of the ancient ammonites of the Palæozoic and Mesozoic times, the chief of all molluscs, the greatest of all invertebrates, divided from all Octopoda and Decapoda by a wide gap.' But it was time to move on when Rossmatin became technical.

He had visions of dead ammonites as big as cart-wheels, but he would be content with a real, live pearly nautilus the size of a half-crown. But fate was hard on Rossmatin. For twenty years it had cast his lot in London, whereas his cephalopod lived somewhere in the South Seas. It had also made him poor. But after years of economy he had come to seek his heart's desire.

* * * * *

The morning was clear and still; the sea was unruffled by a ripple—its surface was like blue glass. Reremoa and Rossmatin were walking along the beach.

Reremoa could speak but little English. Rossmatin could speak no Maori, yet he was explaining to the Maori girl all about his cephalopod. He told of his tireless search; how at Ralum, in New Britain, he had dredged for a year in sixty fathoms of water, but all in vain; how he had explored the New Guinea coast for six months, and had nearly been drowned; how the islanders of Guadalcanar and Ysabel, in the Solomons, had coveted his head; how at Lifu, in the Loyalty group, he had fallen ill with a strange disease, and the French doctors at Noumea had sent him south to Rotorua to try the *puia*. Reremoa

did not understand, but she thought Rossmatin the handsomest *pakeha* she had seen. Rossmatin told how he had read that the natives of the New Hebrides caught his cephalopod in their lobster-pots and ate them with relish. At Bogoto there had been shoals of sharks; at Vella Lavella he had been speared in the left arm.

Reremoa wondered what this *pupu* fish could be, and listened with all ears, determined to do all she could for the *pakeha;* she had the indulgent Maori disposition.

Rossmatin explained the construction of his mollusc—how it had curved *sutures* and plain *septa.* Reremoa looked into his blue eyes, and wondered where they got their colour from. She thought a yellow, close-clipped beard must be the best sort of beard in the world. Rossmatin explained that your true ammonite has complex *septa,* and *sutures* that are zigzagged, foliated, or irregularly lobed. Reremoa thought it would be delightful to touch the soft, white throat just below where the sunburn mark was, to see if the creaminess rubbed off. And so they walked on, Rossmatin garrulous of turrilites, discoidal forms, and involute types, Reremoa as wise as a Maori girl need be. At last they came to a reef that jutted out into the sea.

Reremoa pointed down into the deep, still water.

'Look,' she said, 'your *pupu* fish is down there. I'll dive and get you one.'

Rossmatin was used to native ways. He did not demur—he wanted his nautilus.

Reremoa dived decorously, and left her single garment floating on the tide. Rossmatin clutched the smock and waited.

Reremoa came to the surface; there was nothing in her hand. Down she went again. Again she came to the surface with nothing.

'Reremoa,' shouted Rossmatin, 'there's nothing down there. Come out—there may be sharks about!'

A third time Reremoa dived; a third time she came to the surface.

'Look,' she cried, '*kuku!* I've got it!' Her face was beaming with pleasure.

'Quick! let me see!' cried Rossmatin.

Reremoa swam to the rock he stood on, and clambered up beside him. Rossmatin grasped the mollusc.

'It's a common mussel!'

Reremoa's face fell. All her joy vanished. She looked pitifully at Rossmatin, as though she had done wrong, and he looked at her.

Then Rossmatin grasped the maiden. He had found something better than his pearly nautilus, something more worth keeping.

THE BLIND EYE OF THE LAW

It is generally considered impossible to marry another man's wife. But this is not so. In Maoriland it is quite possible; more than that, the thing has been done there.

* * * * *

Tukutuku's father had assimilated *pakeha* notions in reference to land, and, forsaking his Maori communistic ideas, had procured through the Native Land Court a *bonâ-fide* title to ten thousand acres, his share of the tribal territory. Those ten thousand acres became real estate, in which Tukutuku had a distinct interest; she was the old chief's only child, and when she reached a marriageable age she had no lack of suitors. There was Tiki from Okiwi, Hone from Koriniti, Timoti from Kaiteriteri, and Hamuera from Onetea. But Tiki was a man of small consequence; Hone, though a chief of some *mana*, was hunchbacked; Timoti was too fond of *wai piro*, and under its intoxicating influence had beaten his late wife till she died; and as for Hamuera, Tukutuku, who was a fine big girl, could not bring herself to marry a pigmy.

Ruku lived a hundred miles from Omakau, Tuku's *kainga*. He was a man of both *mana* and lands, a *rangatira* like Tuku, and as handsome as she was pretty. Ruku felt he was the man to win the belle of Omakau. So he came along the coast in style, in the biggest canoe of his

tribe, rowed by fifty men. The magnificence of his progress was heralded before him, and his advent at Omakau was celebrated with a feast and *powhiri*, such as are given only to the most welcome guests.

Ruku's visit was quite formal—that was understood—but his courting began with little delay. When Tuku saw him, she asked her father—quite as a matter of course—if he would accept Ruku as a son-in-law, supposing their guest made love to her. And her father, a really courteous, tattooed old gentleman, said he would feel honoured to do so. This, according to Maori etiquette, gave Tuku carte-blanche—she need stick at nothing. And she didn't.

The first evening that the guests and their entertainers were assembled in the *whare-puni* where the festive gatherings were held, Tuku contented herself with glancing at Ruku when he wasn't looking. She didn't speak to him; that would have been giving herself away too early. His eyes frequently met hers, and Tuku tried to seem unconcerned under his scrutiny, and laughed and talked with the girls that sat round her. She didn't know it, but Ruku was hoping she was the girl he'd come to court: he was too well-bred to ask for Tukutuku straight away.

On the second night she sat nearer the young chief, and remained in the house long after most of the women had gone to their huts. But at last she went away reluctantly.

On the third night she sat close to Ruku, and whilst the laughter and talking were at their height she put her hand into his, and Ruku held it fast. That night she did not go alone to her hut, and next morning she was awakened by the girls of the *kainga* calling: 'Ruku and Tukutuku have slept in the same hut. We have seen

them in Tukutuku's *whare*. Ruku and Tuku are man and wife.'

Such was Tukutuku's marriage—simplicity itself.

* * * * *

There could be no doubt of Ruku's love for Tukutuku, but the strongest passion latent in the Maori is the love of war. After a spell of domestic bliss, the war-fever took Ruku suddenly in its clutches, and he went off to wage the white man's battles in the Urewera country. And Tuku stayed in the *kainga* with her picaninny Pepeha—the keepsake of the departed Ruku. Tuku's father was dead, and she was a *wahine nui*, possessed of ten thousand acres of land.

* * * * *

Cruttenden was a burly *pakeha*, ruddy, handsome, masterful. He had come to Omakau on Government business, to rectify surveys; so he was brought closely into contact with Tukutuku over her ten thousand acres. He lived with his men in tents outside the village.

The beach in front of Omakau was smooth and pleasant, and stretched fully six miles along the coast. On clear, still winter mornings, when the sun's warmth was grateful to the thin-blooded Maori, Tukutuku, accompanied by a woman attendant, often took a canoe and coasted along the shore to a place where she could bathe undisturbed in the shallow, sun-warmed water, and afterwards enjoy unobserved a sun-bath on the hot white sand.

This bathing-place was a little indentation in the shoreline, sheltered on either side by lofty sand-dunes, upon which the sun beat fiercely. A clear runnel of fresh water ran into the sea from between the screening sand-hills.

Here Tukutuku spent entire mornings with Pepeha and

Kura, her attendant. The natives call it Tukutuku's Bath.

Cruttenden began by gaining the confidence of the picaninny. He made Pepeha flax boats, baked him toffy out of Government butter and sugar, caught cicadas for him in the 'bush,' till the child loved the *pakeha* better than his own absent father. And, to his credit, Cruttenden was as fond as *he* could be of the jolly, laughing, round little piece of brown humanity. Women are the same all the world over: Tukutuku felt drawn towards the upstanding *rangatira* who took such notice of her child.

* * * * *

It was a clear day. The sky was blue, the sea was blue, the 'bush' on the hills was blue, and not a breath of the rarefied winter air stirred. In the sun it was genially warm; in the shade it was all but freezing. Nothing could be more delicious on such a day than to bask in the sunshine, with an invigorating yet tranquil atmosphere preventing that lassitude which comes so naturally to the Maori.

Tukutuku was in her bath: she lay basking in the sun-warmed, shallow water, with her head just above the glistening wavelets, and the mass of her black hair floating on the surface. Kura and Pepeha had bathed, and were playing on the sand, the woman pretending to catch *katipo*, a venomous sort of spider, to the child's utmost glee. But his laughter was suddenly checked by the report of a gun, and a flock of gulls flew overhead. As the birds swept past, a voice came over the waters, 'shooing' the gulls in their flight.

'Kura, that is the *pakeha* shooting *karoro*,' said Tuku. And she had hardly spoken, when Cruttenden's canoe

appeared round the sand-hills. He was alone, paddling slowly along, with the muzzle of his gun sticking up above the side of his small craft. He at once caught sight of Pepeha and the nurse upon the shore, where their figures showed black against the white dunes. He called out in Maori, and the picaninny answered him. Cruttenden at once turned the nose of his canoe into Tukutuku's Bath.

He did not see Tuku in the water until he was close beside her; but she, far from being disconcerted by his presence, began to talk to him as he sat in his *kopapa* close by her.

Suddenly Tuku broke off her conversation with the white man, and said to Kura:

'The picaninny cannot walk back to the *kainga*, and he is too heavy for you to carry. Take the *pakeha's* canoe—he will lend it you—and go back to the village with the child.'

Cruttenden got out of the *kopapa*, and romped awhile with Pepeha on the sand; and when Kura had taken her place in the little craft, he waded out and placed the child beside the nurse, and the woman and Pepeha soon disappeared from the scene. Tukutuku and the *pakeha* were alone upon the beach.

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That evening Cruttenden, at Tukutuku's request, slept in the *kainga*, and thenceforward lived no more in tents.

* * * * *

Ruku had had his fill of war. He had returned to Omakau a battered wreck, with a limp in his walk and minus an eye. All his beauty was gone: one bullet had struck him obliquely in the cheek and had played havoc with his face, and another had smashed his ankle-bone. So much for Ruku's passion for war.

His wife scorned him openly, and would hardly look at him—his face certainly gave her sufficient excuse; she said he walked like a lame *pukeko* hopping about a swamp. Neither did he get much sympathy from the people of the *kainga*. They said: 'If a *kahu* stays too long away from his mate, another bird will warm his nest.' Even his child, frightened at his disfigurements, avoided him, and ran to the *pakeha*.

In the good old pre-*pakeha* days Ruku would have righted his domestic affairs with a tomahawk; but now the Queen's writ ran through Maoriland from end to end, and Ruku knew only too well what the law he had helped to establish would do if he *tukituki'd* a white man. So for awhile he did nothing but brood over his sullied honour and vanished prestige.

But the purblind cripple was still a true *toa;* it was more than flesh and blood could stand, to see, with his remaining eye, his conjugal rights usurped. And—law or no law—one dark night murder was all but committed in Tukutuku's *whare*.

Cruttenden was well versed in legal matters pertaining to the Maori, and knew just how the case stood in the eye of the law. So one day, when a cutter appeared off Omakau, he put out to it in a canoe, and stayed a long while conferring with the skipper.

Next morning the cutter sailed away, with Cruttenden and Tukutuku on board.

* * * * *

The District Court of Timber Town was sitting, and Judge Vanderdick sat upon the bench. In the 'box' stood Ruku, with a big half-healed wound in his right cheek and his face uglier than ever. Cruttenden had evidently come off best in the midnight scrimmage.

Ruku addressed the Court through an interpreter:

'Before Te Kooti escaped from the Chathams I married my wife. I am a good subject of Queen Wikitoria. In fighting for her I became what I now am—a man only good for digging *kumara* and potatoes. My wife has gone off with a *pakeha*, who went to my *kainga* while I was at the war. I want the Government to give her back to me. When I tell her to come she says she is married to the *pakeha* according to the proper *ritenga* of the white man. If I go and kill that *pakeha* and take her, the law will kill me quick—no good! Now, I want you, the Judge who sees to these things, to get my wife Tukutuku and send her back to me. I who have fought for your Queen say, "Let the strong hand of your law give me back my wife from the *pakeha* who stole her."'

District Judge Vanderdick looked at his notes, mumbled something to the Clerk of the Court, examined his notes again, and said:

'When did the Maori say he married this woman?'

And the answer came back through the interpreter:

'I married her six years before Te Kooti massacred the people of Poverty Bay. I fought with Ropata against Te Kooti.'

'But ask him *how* he married her.'

'How did I marry? I married her all right, in the way my ancestors married before me. I think that a very good way.'

Judge Vanderdick fumbled with his notes. He had never had such a case before.

'Er—ah—the fact is,' he said—'that is to say, I'm sure this is very awkward, very awkward indeed, but the law seems to make no provision for such a case. The law does not seem to recognise the Maori form of marriage. In the

eye of the law this man's wife was a spinster till she married this—ah—white man—of the name of—er—yes—of—er—the name of Cruttenden—according to the prescribed legal method. This is a most unusual case—the law seems to have overlooked the status of this—er—Rokoroko. Eh? Ruku? Yes, to be sure, his name *is* Ruku—I've got it down in my notes. Tell Ruku, then, that the law is powerless to interfere on his behalf—er—yes, on his behalf—yes, entirely powerless to interfere.'

When Ruku had fully grasped what the learned Judge meant, he delivered himself thus:

'You tell your Judge his law is like me—blind in one eye. With its other eye it looks at the white man. It never sees the Maori unless he has done something wrong; then it sees him quick. Some day, I don't know when, but some day we Maori men will knock out that eye too, and then your law will be blind in both eyes—like your Judge there.'

But the interpreter failed to translate—he was too much taken aback by such flagrant contempt of Court—and Ruku limped out of the presence of justice like a *pukeko* hopping out of a swamp.

Cruttenden was left in indisputable possession of Tukutuku, his lawful wedded wife, and her ten thousand acres of land.

PIRIMONA

Pirimona was a half-caste. His baptismal name was Philemon, but 'Pirimona' is as near as the Maori tongue can get to the original Greek. He lived alone in a two-roomed frame-house just outside the *kainga*.

He was a pattern for all good Maoris to copy—the 'show' Christian of the *kainga*, the missionary's pet convert.

In course of time Pirimona married. That made two in the frame-house.

He chose well—a *rangatira* woman, who had unquestioned rights to large tracts of land. But she bore Pirimona no children.

He said it was her fault, but she denied the soft impeachment. So matters lay dormant for quite five years. Then Pirimona grew restive, for the title to the land had been granted, and no heir had put in an appearance. Once every week at least, or whenever the subject obtruded itself, Pirimona would taunt his wife with being *pukupa*. At last she became angry, and told Pirimona the fault was his own.

Pirimona swore big blatant English oaths—there are none in Maori—and went away to a *kainga* thirty miles off.

In a week or so he returned with two young *wahine*, each carrying a big basket of *kumara* for Pirimona's wife. These girls were to be handmaidens to that great

lady, and *wahine-iti* for Pirimona, if he so wished. They did all the cooking and cleaning, and were very merry. That made four in the frame-house.

But one night first one girl slipped out of the house and vanished into the darkness, and soon the other girl followed. They woke Pirimona and his wife out of their sleep.

The two girls did not come back that night, but in the morning they appeared, smiling, at the door of the frame-house, and asked Pirimona to 'come and see.'

They led him and the *rangatira* woman down to the stream, and there showed them two new-born picaninnies lying on the thick grass, blinking at their first sun.

Pirimona's wife raged and stormed. But Pirimona only laughed, and the *hoahoa* girls smiled contentedly, and the picaninnies went on blinking at the sun till their young mothers took and cuddled them to their breasts. Pirimona said it was *whakamiharo*—wonderful—that his two sons should arrive on the same morning.

That made six in the frame-house.

When the missionary *tohunga* came to remonstrate with Pirimona, that made seven.

Seven is the perfect number.

KING POTATAU'S POWDER-MAKER

Bagshaw was on his beam ends. As he walked the quays of Wellington he saw starvation staring him in the face.

He was the kind of man that loathes manual work, and his brains were not of a sort to stand him in good stead. So he stole provisions from a bonded store, and got 'three months' hard.' When he came out of prison Bagshaw swore a deep oath against all his kind, shook the dust of Wellington from his feet, and 'swagged' his way up-country.

* * * * *

During the Maori War it was always a matter of wonder where the natives got their ammunition. Some thought that traders who plied up and down the coast in small cutters made large profits by the illicit sale of Tower muskets and gunpowder. But curious cartridges found on many a battlefield proved that much of the Maori ammunition was the product of native industry. These cartridges were made of paper torn from printed books, the leaves of which had been gummed together, so as to assume the consistency of cardboard. The powder used was of an inferior kind, smaller in grain than the old F.G. powder, uncertain of ignition, of an abominable stench when exploded, and so fouling to the barrel that after three or four shots with it a musket became useless. It was evident that such cartridges came from a factory

not mentioned in the catalogue of colonial industry. But those who look for it can find sulphur anywhere from Lake Rotorua to Taupo; charcoal is a thing the Maoris understand; and as for saltpetre, he who cannot dig it 'out of the bowels of the harmless earth' can make it for himself if he but knows the disgusting process.

* * * * *

In a quiet forest 'clearing' near Te Akau, on the Upper Whanganui, in the King Country, a white man was engaged in a noisome task. Beneath a great shed, which was merely a vast *raupo* roof resting on substantial posts, he had arranged numerous mounds of stinking materials. Upon each of these fetid heaps he was pouring a still more abominable liquid. The stench was so overpowering that he was soon forced to take a spell to windward of the odoriferous shed, and as he sat on the grass his language was as foul as his occupation. When he lit his pipe to mitigate the odour of the place attention was drawn to the fact that his mouth was disfigured by a double hare-lip.

A Maori woman came waddling out of the 'bush,' a woman of great girth and fatness, and when the man caught sight of her he swore at her in English, and asked her in Maori why she had been so long in coming. He ordered her to take up the bucket he had been handling and to attend to the heaps. She expostulated. Then the *pakeha-maori* rose, and, cursing her, kicked her with his heavy blucher boot. The blow struck her on the thigh, and she limped as she went towards the *raupo* shed and commenced the filthy work. She was his *wahine*.

And as he sat and smoked the hare-lipped man muttered:

'Wot's Davy and Cruik doing? Where the devil's

Samuels got?—blast 'im! They 'aven't been up these three months. No embargo on saltpetre, either; though it's a wonder the Guv'ment ain't spotted the almighty bacon-curing business up this Whanganui River. Most like one or the other's blabbed. I dunno. Any'ow, me an' that old slut has to make the cussed stuff ourselves. Seventy-five per cent. of saltpetre in every hundred of powder. My Lord! But they give good gold in return, and I've the satisfaction o' knowin' every bullet finds its billet.'

The man was Bagshaw, and saltpetre was his trouble.

He was powder-maker to King Potatau, and Te Akau was his arsenal. Any day were to be seen the methods of his manufacture.

In a large building groups of Maoris, mostly women, might be seen squatting on the ground, busily filling cartridges, as though their lives depended on the operation, as perhaps they did. And up and down and in and out Bagshaw walked, overseeing the work and swearing. The fact was he had lost interest in his trade, and had shown the chiefs a letter, which he said summoned him to Wellington on important business. But they shook their heads and said he could not be spared, his services were too valuable. And when he held out as a plea that he would return soon, they told him if he went to the *pakeha* he might stay there—they wouldn't have him back at any price. Hence his language.

But soon after that Samuels came up the river with trade, and Bagshaw slipped away with him down-stream. So the post of powder-maker to King Potatau was vacant.

* * * * *

Just five years from the time of his imprisonment for

larceny Bagshaw came back to Wellington. He had departed a 'swagger'; he returned astride of a horse.

The first place he visited when he got to town was the Kangaroo Bank. As he pushed his way through the swinging glass-doors, he put his hand into the front of his 'jumper' and drew out a heavy chamois-leather bag, tied at the mouth with a boot-lace.

This he laid on the mahogany counter before the brass scales and the gold-buying clerk. Then he unhitched a greasy canvas belt from his dungarees, and placed that beside the chamois-leather bag.

'There, mister,' he said to the dapper clerk, 'that's my pile. Weigh it.'

The clerk undid the bag and emptied the gold upon the dish.

It was a difficult matter to get the gold from the belt, which was stitched up with flax fibre.

'Open it with a knife,' said Bagshaw.

The clerk ripped up the canvas, and the gold lay in one magnificent heap. The gold-buyer gazed at it long and steadily.

'Can't locate it,' he said.

'Nobody arxed you,' said Bagshaw. 'Weigh it, mister.'

The clerk weighed it—315 ounces. And as it was good clean gold he offered £3 17s. an ounce.

If Bagshaw had been a true digger, he would have taken a hundred or two in cash, but as it was he put a miserable twenty-pound note in his pocket, and deposited the rest in his own name.

Then he walked down Lambton Quay till he came to the office of Messrs. Flint and Squeezer, barristers and solicitors, where he asked for Mr. Flint, and was ushered into the room where the senior partner sat.

'How d'y' do?' said the *pakeha-maori*. 'You're Mr. Flint, I believe. Here's the letter you sent me.'

'Your name is Richard Bagshaw, then?' said the lawyer.

'That's me,' said Bagshaw.

'Take a seat,' said the lawyer. 'Well, Mr. Bagshaw, I wrote to you because I had received a communication from a relative of yours in England. It refers to the death of your uncle, Mr. Charles Bagshaw, who, it would seem, carried on the business of a pork-butcher in Holloway, London—not so very far from Holloway Gaol.' Bagshaw winced, and the lawyer focussed him with his spectacles. 'Your uncle bequeathed you a thousand pounds, which I am authorized to pay you upon your signing the accompanying deed of release.'

'Jus' so,' said Bagshaw.

The lawyer rang his bell, and a clerk entered.

'Bring the deed of release in the estate of C. F. Bagshaw, deceased,' said Mr. Flint.

The clerk vanished, and brought the document. It was voluminous. Bagshaw took it as read, seized a pen, and signed, and the lawyer attested his signature.

'Very good,' said Mr. Flint. 'I'll now give you a cheque for the amount—less expenses.'

'You're most obligin',' said Bagshaw. 'You show great trust in human natur'.'

'How's that?'

'You don't seem to have any doubts of me being the right man.'

'None whatever,' said the lawyer. 'I met you once in the District Court—larceny, I think it was—some five or six years ago. You've a remarkable face, Mr. Bagshaw. There's no mistaking you. Your friend Samuels answered

an advertisement of mine about you, and offered to carry a letter to you. That's how you were located. And now that we are on the subject of your identity, let me give you a word of advice—gratis. The climate of this town does not, I think, suit men from the milder interior northward. To one like you, straight from the solfatara country, with the smell of sulphur and saltpetre still clinging to your clothes, I should say this is a dangerous place to live in.'

'In many ways I think you're right, sir,' said Bagshaw, as he signed a receipt for the money. 'I was thinkin' of gettin' back soon. So I'll be wishing you good arternoon, Mr. Flint, and thank'ee kindly.'

* * * * *

Bagshaw travelled alone. He left Wellington immediately after his interview with the lawyer; and it was well he did so, for that same evening the police were searching the hotels for a lucky digger with a double hare-lip.

Careful to avoid all routes used by the white troops, Bagshaw's way was circuitous and crooked—no uncommon thing with him—till he passed the rubicon of Maoridom far up the Rangitikei River. Thence he followed native tracks through densely-wooded defiles and over precipitous ranges, till he reached what the Maoris called the *aukati*, or line of demarcation between the King Country and the *pakeha's* sphere of influence. Outside that boundary a white man was considered safe, since he was not on debatable land or within the sphere of war. But to Bagshaw it was a relief to get *within* the *aukati*. The Wellington lawyer's dark hints began to lose their terror. A sense of safety crept over him.

He had entered a deep gorge, through which a sparkling

stream tumbled noisily over its bed of waterworn boulders, and half a mile inside the ravine he pulled up to give his horse a spell and to let the tired beast graze on a grassy terrace beside the stream. He took food out of his swag, ate, smoked, and by-and-by fell asleep.

Bagshaw dreamt of a time when the war was over, and he was at liberty to return to the coast. Visions of peace and mountains of gold loomed before his eye. He dreamt he was even a richer and more respected man than had been his uncle, the pork-butcher. But suddenly there was a great noise, and Bagshaw awoke to see a band of Maoris stretched across the ravine, and a row of muskets pointed at him. He rose to flee, but, finding another row of muskets barring the way behind, he placed his back against the rocky wall of the gorge, and drew a revolver. Instantly the Maoris fired, and Bagshaw lay prone, slain by his own villainous saltpetre!

* * * * *

In the books of the Kangaroo Bank there is an entry which shows that to a certain Richard Bagshaw's credit there stands the sum of £2,282 7s. 9d. And for thirty years the directors have wondered why Richard Bagshaw has not come forward to claim his own.

RAWIRI AND THE FOUR EVANGELISTS

I MET Pirimona in the street. He had been to the races, and had 'toted' all his money. He was cleaned out, and wanted to borrow ten shillings.

'But, Pirimona,' I said, 'betting is a bad habit—for Maoris. It's like whisky—good only for the *pakeha*. It ruins the Maori.'

'No fear!' said Pirimona. 'Betting?—that's all right. It came in with the *karakia;* it was brought with Rawiri.'

'Rawiri? I never heard of him.'

'I tell you, Rawiri first caused betting. It is a good custom.'

'But what had Rawiri to do with it?'

'You hear, if you listen. Rawiri was sent to the Maori people by the great Bishop Herewini, to call them to prayers. He was named Rawiri (David) because of his big voice—he was a great singer. They fetched him down from Auckland to Matata by schooner. Matiu, Maka, Ruka and Hoani, the four evangelists, went with him in the ship. They put him in a big cask, and bound him round and round with iron, and rolled him over the scoria country to the Waiotapu River, and canoes took him up the Waikato to Taupo. He was set up on the shore of the lake, close to the *whare-karakia*, where the people went to pray. His voice was wonderful.'

'The four evangelists got big *mana* for bringing Rawiri

to Taupo; and they were almost as proud of him as they were of the tall hat, the tail-coat, and the breeches which the Auckland people had given them. Every Sunday they went to the *whare-karakia* dressed in these clothes. Matiu would wear the long coat, Maka the tall hat, and Ruka the trousers. Hoani carried the big *pukapuka* with the prayers in it. And each Sunday they would ring Rawiri with all their might, to call the people together, and the people wondered how they had managed to go to church before Rawiri was there to call them.

'The four evangelists were the proudest men in Taupo. But there was one thing—they wanted Renata's *kumara* crop. They thought that would be a small thing for him to give them for bringing Rawiri. Besides, they had no *kumara* of their own, and the time for planting had passed.

'But Renata didn't respect Rawiri; he didn't believe in the *karakia*. He wouldn't give the evangelists his *kumara* unless they first gave him their long coat, tall hat, and breeches; he didn't want the big *pukapuka* with the prayers in it. He said Rawiri was nothing; his voice was nothing—it did not reach any distance. Why, he had stopped at home in his *pa* all the time, and had never heard a sound of Rawiri. His *couldn't* be much of a voice.

'This made the four evangelists mad with rage; it showed disrespect to Rawiri; it was a slight to the *karakia*. They said Rawiri could be heard right across the lake, at Renata's *pa* and beyond.

'Renata said: "If you can make me hear Rawiri you can have my *kumara* crop; but if you can't, then you must give me your tail-coat, tall hat, and your breeches. Do you agree?"

'The four evangelists felt they mustn't show any doubt about the strength of Rawiri's voice, and they wanted the *kumara*. So they agreed to Renata's offer. It was a bet, honouring to Rawiri and the *karakia*.

'Matiu, Maka and Ruka told Hoani to stop with Renata and see that he heard Rawiri, and took a canoe and went across the lake. When they got to the *whare-karakia* they all took hold of Rawiri's tail.

'"Pull," said Matiu; "pull, Maka and Ruka. Let Rawiri be heard everywhere."

'"Pull," said Ruka; "Rawiri's *mana* must not grow less."

'"Pull," said Maka; "pull with all your might, and we shall get Renata's *kumara* crop."

'So they pulled all together, and Rawiri shouted. He had never shouted so loud before; they felt certain he could be heard everywhere. They thought they had got Renata's *kumara* already.

'"Let the people at Tokaanu hear," cried Matiu; "and the people at Motutere and Waipehi. Let everybody know what a terrible voice Rawiri has got."

'"Pull harder," cried Ruka. "Pull, Matiu; pull, Maka. Let Renata have no doubt he hears."

'They pulled with all their might. Rawiri shouted, he roared, he screamed—the noise was terrific. But suddenly Rawiri groaned, his voice cracked; it lost all its strength, it had no clearness.

'"Stop," cried Matiu; "Rawiri is hoarse—he has had enough. Give him a rest."

'So they got into their canoe to go back to Renata's *pa*.

'Renata had a daughter, a fine girl. Hoani had wished to have—what you call "marry"—her, oh, plenty times! She was cooking *kumara* close to the hut.

'"Hoani," said Renata, "you see that girl? You like her?"

'"Yes," said Hoani, "*ka pai*. I like her fine."

'"All right," said Renata; "I give her to you."

'Hoani thought, looked at the girl—she was a fine girl—thought a lot more, and then he says, "All right. Werry good."

'And when Matiu, Maka and Ruka reached Renata's hut they found the girl holding Hoani's hand.

'"Well," they said, "you heard?"

'"We heard what?" asked Renata.

'"Did you hear Rawiri? Is not his voice wonderful?"

'"It's nothing," said Renata; "we couldn't hear it."

'"This is a great lie," said Ruka.

'"You always were a liar, Renata," said Matiu—"the greatest liar in Taupo."

'"Why try to deceive us?" said Maka. "Hoani has heard."

'"I heard nothing," said Hoani. "Renata is right."

'Matiu, Maka and Ruka couldn't understand. Renata might tell such a lie, but Hoani could not—he wanted the *kumara* crop as much as they did. They asked the girl if *she* did not hear.

'She said, "No."

'"We'll go back," said Matiu. "You shall hear next time."

'But when they got to the *whare-karakia* Rawiri was as hoarse as ever. He had not recovered; he was worse than before.

'And while they were wondering what they could do to make him better, the white *tohunga*—what you call "priest"—came out of his house by the church, and said

they were bad men, *taurekareka;* they had broken Rawiri so that he was ruined for ever.

'When the people saw how easily Renata had won the clothes of the four evangelists, they said: "This new *ritenga* of betting is a good *ritenga*." And they all began to bet just like the *pakeha*.

'The *karakia* brought Rawiri, and that is how Rawiri brought betting. It is a good custom. It is quite *tika* —quite correct.'

And Pirimona grinned a satisfying grin, and went away with my half-sovereign in his pocket.

THE UTU OF THE NGATI-TOA

TAINA sat on a ledge of rock and looked out across the sea. Behind her back was the mouth of a cave high up in the limestone hill, which she had climbed by a narrow path cut out of the solid rock. The path came up from the *pa* below spirally round the hill, and from her perch the girl could look across forest, flat and sea. Below her yawned a precipice thirty fathoms deep, which made the hill impregnable on three sides out of four. That fourth was trenched, and strengthened with palisades of wood. Such was the *pa* of Waitapu where the Ngati-Apa lived.

This narrow path had been hewn because there would be found in the limestone cave above plenty of water in time of siege. And the Ngati-Apa prided themselves immensely on their fortress, and considered it invulnerable. Taina was perched on the look-out.

The blue bay was as smooth as glass, as peaceful as a pond. But the hearts of the Ngati-Apa were not in keeping with the waters that lapped their shores, for they had heard that the Ngati-Toa, one of the most warlike tribes of Maoriland, were coming to take *útu*—payment—for a very bloody bit of work, and the hostile canoes were expected to appear at any moment, like specks far out at sea.

Some three years before the Ngati-Toa had visited Waitapu in six canoes—that they were uninvited was of no consequence—and had been received with all the hospitality

that Maori etiquette demanded; but as the visitors were known to be a grasping, marauding set of men, and had brought none of their women with them, the Ngati-Apa very naturally suspected treachery, which they were determined to forestall.

As there was not room for all the visitors in the big *whare-puni*, or sleeping-house, the younger Ngati-Toa warriors had been given the use of some huts at one end of the *pa*, which the girls, who usually occupied them, had vacated for temporary *manuka* huts near the *kumara* plantation outside the fortress. Among these girls was Taina, and with the men who occupied her hut in the *pa* was Tareha, a young Ngati-Toa who had gained a reputation for bravery and good looks. These two had a joke betwixt them, a Maori joke, about Taina being cold in the *manuka* hut, and of the comfort of her own little *whare* in the *pa*.

Then, one dark night, as she was going to sleep, Taina overheard two of her companions whispering a thing which made her blood run cold. Presently she rose, and crept cautiously up to the *pa*, entered her hut, roused Tareha, and said she had come for an extra mat because she was cold, and Tareha repeated his jest. But Taina did not laugh. Quietly she took Tareha by the hand, and whispered something in his ear. That something seemed to please Tareha, for he rose and followed Taina out of the *whare*. Stealthily dodging behind the huts, and avoiding the open space, or *marae*, the two soon got safely out of the *pa*, Tareha full of suppressed merriment, Taina anxious, startled, fearful as a fluttered pigeon. And so, hand-in-hand, they stole down to the huts by the *kumara* plantation, and surprised Taina's bed-fellows by suddenly coming amongst them.

It was early yet, and the people in the big *whare-puni* were still talking when Taina and Tareha stole by. So when Taina's girl companions had fully grasped her purpose, each of them said she would go and fetch a *hoa* for herself. Quietly the girls slunk up to the *pa*, to the *whare* where Tareha's companions slept. Three of these were roused, and went willingly to Taina's *manuka* hut. But the girls seemed to take this lovers' meeting very solemnly; they hardly laughed, save in a strangely unmirthful manner; they answered no sally, however witty, except by a little sigh, but each silently held her lover fast, as though she feared he might be taken forcibly from her. Presently the lights in the *pa* went out, one by one. Sleep seemed to settle on Waitapu, and an eloquent silence closed down on Taina's *manuka* hut.

The men slept, but the girls lay awake in the dark, each with her hand resting on her lover. Hour followed hour, till close upon midnight Taina crept out of the hut and hid herself in the dewy fern. From her hiding-place she watched the *pa*. The sky was overcast with scudding clouds, but when the moon broke through the gloom for a few minutes Taina could see dark forms moving across the gateway of the *pa*. Before long there was a shout, a musket fired, and soon all was wild uproar and pandemonium. Quickly Taina ran into the hut.

'*Kia tere*,' she whispered hoarsely, 'you must fly to the canoes!'

The men were now wide awake. They needed no explanation of the hellish din. Led by Tareha, they broke out through the back of the hut, and fled to the shore, whilst the shrieks and yells from the *pa* drowned all other sounds. Seizing one of the canoes, Tareha and his men quickly put some fifty yards between themselves and the

shore, where the girls were hastily hiding the paddles of the other canoes in the bushes that lined the sand. Presently a band of fighting, struggling men, a remnant of the Ngati-Toa, broke out of the *pa*, and, hotly pursued by their treacherous foes, rushed madly down to the beach. Attracted by the shouts of Tareha and his men, the fugitives plunged into the water, and were pulled into the canoe. The few Ngati-Apa who, thirsting for more Ngati-Toa blood, followed their foes into the sea, were promptly clubbed on the head. Each fugitive seized a paddle, and the gasping, breathless crew drove the canoe furiously out into the dark sea. The Ngati-Apa quickly launched another canoe, but were checked by the lack of paddles. And in Taina's *manuka* hut four girls lay huddled together, crying softly to themselves, almost too frightened to breathe.

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Taina gazed over the blue waves with very mixed feelings. She knew that if the Ngati-Toa returned an awful siege would follow; but she knew also that Tareha would be amongst the invaders. Her mind was filled, half with fear, half with hope. Of one thing only was she sure. If Waitapu were besieged, she would suffer as much as would those who were answerable for the feud. That her tribe meant to fight there could be no doubt. The *pa* was stocked with *kumara*, dried fish, and quantities of *pipi*. *Pipi* are a kind of cockle, and very poor stuff to fight on.

As the girl sat and watched she was joined by a man of her tribe. When he reached her he stooped to take her hand, but Taina drew away from him, and said scornfully:

'You remember the blow I gave you yesterday, Tohe? You ought to know how much I like you by that.'

Tohe laughed.

'You needn't be frightened, Taina. I won't hurt you.'

He stepped closer to her. She retreated into the mouth of the cave.

'You can't get away,' he cried. 'I've caught you in a trap.'

She raised her hand to strike him.

'Ha! ha! your blows!' he laughed; 'they are like the beating of a tame *kaka's* wing.'

'If you come any nearer, Tohe, I shall run into the cave.'

'And then I'll imprison you till you are hungry and beg to be let out.'

He made a snatch at her hand, and caught it. But of a sudden all opposition had gone out of the girl. Her face was fixed intently seawards.

'Ai! the Ngati-Toa! the Ngati-Toa!' she cried.

Tohe quickly turned his gaze towards the sea, looked anxiously at a black mark on the horizon, dropped Taina's pretty hand as though it were a useless bit of clay picked up in absent-mindedness, and with a shout rushed down to alarm the *pa*.

The black mark far out on the water was becoming several distinct dots, which were growing larger with every minute. Taina watched them with a drawn and anxious look on her face, till she could distinguish the great bunches of feathers (*puhi-puhi*) waving from the sterns and stems of the approaching canoes. Then, seized with a paroxysm of fear, she too fled down the path.

* * * * *

Waitapu was in a state of siege. Ranged in order

along the shore were the invaders' war-canoes, whose ugly figure-heads pointed derision at the garrison. The Ngati-Toa had dug trenches in front of the *pa*, and lay in them secure, whilst their enemies grew thin. In Waitapu the food was almost done — the *kumara* and *pipis* were eaten ; dried fish, and no great quantity of that, was all that stood between the Ngati-Apa and starvation.

After two fruitless assaults upon the *pa*, the Ngati-Toa leader had changed his tactics. Whilst his best marksmen harassed the garrison from the rifle-pits, the rest of his men collected large quantities of *raupo*, *toé-toé*, dry fern, and other combustible material. This in the dead of night the besiegers piled against the palisading, and soon the whole face of the *pa* was ablaze.

At dawn came the assault, the rush of 500 warriors against the weakened palisades, and the enfeebled Ngati-Apa, out-numbered, out-matched, out-generalled, with their barriers burnt and broken down, found the foe in their midst, hacking and hewing like devils.

The women and children had fled to the cave during the night, and now the rest of the Ngati-Apa retreated in despair up the narrow path. The Ngati-Toa lit a huge fire at the cave's mouth, to smoke out the fugitives as wasps are smoked from their nests, but the trend of the passages was downward into the heart of the hill, and death by suffocation was denied the wretched Ngati-Apa.

In the high wall, roofed with stalactites, far in the womb of the rock, were huddled the few survivors, gaunt skeletons, unconquered though full of despair. Tohe and Taina were there—Taina with her hand always in Tohe's.

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And now there were but two left alive in the horrible sepulchre—Taina and Tohe. Groping among the corpses

which lay thick around them, they stripped the garments from the dead. The Ngati-Toa no longer kept a blazing fire at the prison door. They believed all their enemies were dead, but they did not dare to enter the cave—it was *tapu* with a most uncanny sacredness—and only one man kept guard over its mouth.

Tohe and Taina were making a rope of the torn garments, *korowai*, *kaitaka*, and *paepaeroa*. Tohe was armed with a musket, his intention being to kill the guard and then lower Taina down the precipice; perhaps she might escape to the forest, and he, Tohe, would follow as best he might. That was his plan.

They crept to the mouth of the cave and peered out into the night. They could see the sentry's figure against the moonlit sky. Tohe pointed his weapon, and was about to fire; but the sentry moved a pace or two, and was out of sight. Tohe crept nearer, and again covered the sentry. But his foot rested on an unsteady bit of stone; he slipped, and the gun fell clattering on the floor of the cavern. With a shout the guard rushed in upon Tohe and clubbed him with the butt-end of his musket, and Taina fled shrieking into the cave.

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Now there was only one poor wretch left groping in the darkness of that living grave—Taina, the last of the Ngati-Apa. Her choice of company lay between the fetid corpses that lay thick around her and the ruthless society of her guard. She stood for a while vacillating, but there was greater safety with her own, and she crept shuddering into the hall of stalactites. But who could remain for long surrounded by two-score festering corpses? Taina glided quietly back toward the mouth of the cave; the company of the revengeful living was preferable to that of the

loving dead. And so, hovering between the awful death-chamber and death itself, Taina remained undecided. But towards morning her woman's nature prompted one last bid for life; and she made it in a woman's way.

Softly approaching the cave's mouth, she peered into the dusky dawn. The sentry lay resting, with his back against the hill. He was looking down towards the *pa*, his head turned from the mouth of the cave. Taina stepped noiselessly out on to the level platform, where the black ashes of the great dead fire lay, her naked feet making no sound. Dressed in the graceful *maro*, which hung dangling from her waist to her knees, she stood smiling, with her feet crossed and her hands clasped behind her head. '*E hoa, whakaorangia ahau!*' she said softly, which means, 'Dear friend, have mercy!' The Ngati-Toa turned quickly at the sound and clutched his weapon. The girl's hunger-pinched features wore a brighter smile; her eyes sparkled almost brilliantly. The guard gave a cry, dropped his gun, and caught her in his arms.

'Ah, it is Tareha!' she murmured; 'and I thought you were some cruel *toa* who would throw me over the cliff.'

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The cave in the limestone hill is *tapu* to this day; you may see the holes in front of the *pa* down which the victors threw the bodies of their enemies; but the place is desolate. The *utu* of the Ngati-Toa was complete.

THE TOHUNGA AND THE TANIWHA

Tuatara was small, wizened, and hunchbacked, but, for all that, a *tohunga* of the first magnitude. Like all *tohunga*, white or black, red or brown, he lived by his people's dread of the supernatural, and his biggest stock-in-trade was the local *taniwha*.

Miromiro was of all Maori maids the sweetest and most beautiful. She was the pride of her bloodthirsty father, the chief of Onetea, and the despair of all men for miles around.

Harrington represented the commercial enterprise of that age—a typical trader, who sailed a small schooner chartered in Sydney.

The *taniwha* was a terrible monster that haunted the estuary of Onetea. He was the recognised local demon, and possessed a vested interest in the place, over which he had received sovereign rights from the powers of darkness. His *mana* extended along the coast and a great way inland. Within memory of man he had accounted for the deaths of at least six persons, and consequently had the reputation of delighting in slaughter. His usual haunt was the river's mouth, where he swam and disported in the form of a fish-like monster, or, with his head just above the water, he would lie on a sand-bank, waiting to catch any canoe that might pass over the shallows. He also had the power of changing his shape, and, in the form of a

huge pig or of a gigantic dog, would seize his victims on shore. Altogether he was a devil of a beast.

But all the *diablerie* in Maoriland could not rob Onetea of its romance, or abolish its feasts and *powhiri*, its courtships and marriages. In spite of the *taniwha*, Tuatara contrived to fall in love with Miromiro; and though the *taniwha*, out in the tideway, might roar all night, Miromiro, with her luxuriant black hair and reddest of lips, remained the most luscious of maidens.

Tuatara had demanded her in return for occult services rendered, and her father decided that she should marry the hunchbacked *tohunga*, from whom he had derived the greatest good fortune; the wizard's spells were of wonderful efficacy, and his incantations were as far-famed as the *taniwha*.

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In the tideway, a stone's-throw from the beach upon which were drawn the canoes of Onetea, Harrington's schooner lay anchored. Her skipper paced the soft sand with Miromiro, half a mile from the *kainga*. He held her hand, and Miromiro was crying; she had just told him of her impending fate. The feast was ready; the new house was built for her; that night she would become the wife of the *tohunga*, and ever afterwards cook his *kumara*.

Harrington was exasperated. He had tried to get the girl himself, and, to that end, had made large presents to the chief—a *tupara* (double-barrelled gun) for the great man himself, a dozen muskets for his men, and ammunition in abundance—and he had been supplanted by a miserably deformed *tohunga!* But that is the way with parsons all the world over—they get the pick of the women. And Miromiro, besides being fond of the *pakeha*, heartily

loathed the *tohunga.* Marrying Tuatara was the next thing to marrying the *taniwha* himself.

They sat down on the sand for a time, and disconsolately watched the incoming tide. Then Harrington got up.

'Come, Miro,' he said, 'let's walk on.'

The girl rose submissively, put her hand in his again, and walked along by his side. But they had not gone far, when suddenly Miromiro screamed and stood still.

'Stop, stop!' she cried, 'don't go any further!'

'What's the matter, child?' said Harrington, firmly holding the girl, as she struggled frantically to run away. 'Frightened I shall hurt you, and spoil the *tohunga's* wedding?'

'Look! look!' she cried, pointing far ahead, where something like a log lay, half in the water, half on land. 'The *taniwha!* Come back, Haritona!'

'Why, Miro, that's only a log washed up by the tide.'

'Oh no! that's the *taniwha!* We must go back, or we shall be eaten alive.'

'Nonsense!' said Harrington.

But he went back all the same. And as they returned he questioned Miromiro about this wonderful *taniwha,* and she told him everything.

'I see,' said Harrington, when the girl had finished. 'Comes ashore sometimes, does he? What if he came to-night, Miro, and seized you in your hut? That would be an eye-opener for the *tohunga.*' And he laughed.

He had spoken in English, and Miromiro marvelled at his merriment. Harrington next asked for the details of the coming wedding, and the girl told him all that would occur in the *kainga* until Tuatara should enter her hut.

They were now opposite the schooner. The time had come for them to part.

'Well, Miromiro,' said the *pakeha*, 'I shall be sailing by the morning tide, and may not see you again. Good-bye.'

Harrington kissed her, and with an effort she tore herself from him, and went weeping towards the village. Harrington whistled for a boat to take him aboard the schooner.

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The night was moonless but starlit. The *kainga* was hushed and still. Nothing could be heard but the voice of the *tohunga* as he stood in the middle of the village repeating incantations; all the *kainga* knew he was working up the strongest spells against all imaginable sorts of *taipo* that might assail his married life—mischievous *taipo*, that might undermine his happiness and filch away his *mana*. At length the chief, who stood by the *tohunga's* side, became impatient, and said:

'Make a finish to these *karakia*, Tuatara. The girl is expecting you. Do you not see she has kept a light burning for you all this while? You should not keep her waiting so long.'

'Only two things now remain for me to do,' answered the *tohunga*. 'First, I must lay the *taipo* of Te Kanawa——'

'Ai,' said the chief, 'Kanawa is very jealous of your *mana* as a *tohunga*. Say the *karakia* to defeat Kanawa.'

'And then I must break the power of the *taniwha*,' said Tuatara. 'To do that, I must walk three times round the *kainga*, repeating the special *karakia* I have made for the occasion. Then I shall go to my wife.'

For a few minutes he stood, repeating the incantations

which were to confound his rival in sorcery, and then he set off to charm the village against the power of the diabolical *taniwha*.

The chief stood still where the *tohunga* had left him. He would wait till the rites were finished, and he had seen Tuatara enter Miromiro's hut—then he could sleep contented. He heard the *tohunga's* voice rising and falling, as the decrepit old sorcerer paced around the village. Tuatara had completed the circuit twice, and the charm seemed about to be successfully finished, when suddenly his incantation ceased. A monstrous black form was moving from the beach towards the *kainga*. The chief saw it. The *tohunga* saw it, and had stopped his *karakia* in horror and amazement. He ran into the village, and screened himself behind the chief.

'It is the *taniwha!*' he cried. 'He has heard my *karakia* and has come to stop me before I have finished. Urrrrgh!'

'Your *karakia* are very strong,' said the chief. 'Say the proper one to stop him coming into the *kainga*.'

His faith in the *tohunga's* magic was perfectly firm.

Tuatara could not own that he was unequal to the occasion, so he prayed vociferously. But the *taniwha* advanced, unimpeded.

The two men hid themselves under the lee of a *whare*, and the *tohunga* fired off another incantation. But still the *taniwha* approached—an immense beast, with an enormous head and many legs, which moved slowly but surely onwards.

The *tohunga* fell flat on his face, and grovelled abjectly in the dirt, and the chief was paralyzed with fear. But the *taniwha* took small notice of them. It paused but a moment, then cumbersomely turned itself half round, and

made for the hut where the light was burning—Miromiro's hut. Soon it had burst in the door and thrust half its body inside. Miromiro screamed frantically, and the light went out. Then the *taniwha* emerged with the poor girl between its jaws, and lumbered awkwardly down to the beach.

The *tohunga's* wedding was off.

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It was next day. Harrington's schooner was sailing over the sparkling sea before a stiff breeze. In the stern, with her back against the bulwarks, Miromiro sat, basking in the sun, whilst Harrington stood at the helm and laughed with her. The vast tarpaulin hide of the *taniwha* lay blistering on the deck. Miromiro kicked it with her bare foot, and said:

'Ha, good old *taniwha!* he's a friend of mine; he saved me from the *tohunga!*' And the *taniwha's* legs stood 'forrard,' and grinned broad nautical grins.

KAREPA'S TAIPO

KAREPA'S *kainga* was on the left bank of the river, and swarmed with dogs, pigs, and picaninnies. On the right bank was a thick forest, a small area of which, close to the river's edge, had been felled and burnt. On this clearing a house was being built by *pakeha* workmen. It was to be Karepa's new house.

The old man's daughter, Meri, had been brought up *pakeha* fashion at a convent school, and upon returning she had found her home, which before had seemed a paradise of delight, to be nothing but a dirty, squalid, noisy place. Her father doted on Meri. He gave her *pakeha* dresses, at three guineas apiece, a dogcart, which was quickly having its brand-new paint knocked off, a horse and harness, and now this *pakeha* house with chairs in it. Such tastes come of being educated in a *pakeha* school.

Every day Meri would get into her canoe and paddle across the river, to watch the carpenters at work.

* * * * *

Karepa walked up the gravelled path leading to Fendleton's house with the deliberate gait common to all Maoris. His face expressed nothing but tattoo and ferocity; to look at, he seemed just the sort of vagabond that any well-trained *pakeha* dog would bite.

'Hurro, Mitta Fen'ton!' said Karepa. 'How you gettin' on?'

'First-class, Karepa.'

'Tha's werry good; so'm I.'

The two men shook hands. Then Karepa assumed a serious air, and looked almost troubled.

'I come to see you,' he said, 'about that hun'red acres. I want to know how much you gif.'

'I told you I'd give you a pound an acre. Didn't your daughter read you my letter?'

'Yeh, she read it all right; but tha's no good. I bin roun' to t'e Lan' Orfice, an' a clerk tell me it wort' more'n a poun' an acre, he t'ink. How much you gif?'

To drive a bargain with a Maori always takes hours, may take days, and has been known to take years.

The sky was blackening in the east, and the long range in that quarter was covered with rushing scud. It would rain in torrents when the wind dropped.

In the middle of those mountains lay Karepa's village; there the downpour would be tremendous.

'And now,' said Fendleton, after two hours' *korero*, 'what are you going to do with the money, Karepa?' The bargain had been clinched.

'Mitta Saunders want his money for building the noo house I tole you about, an' I mus' buy the proper *taonga*, chair, carpit, piano, for my daughter makee t'e moosic. My house allasame as *pakeha* house, right troo.'

When Karepa went to bed that night it was raining hard, and the thunderous downpour upon Fendleton's galvanized-iron roof made every other sound faint and indistinct.

After midnight the white man was awakened by the 'girl' shouting at his door:

'Mr. Fendleton! Mr. Fendleton!'

'All right,' he said; 'I'm coming.'

'Mister Fendleton, your Maori's awful bad! He's carryin' on dreadful—something fit to die.'

Fendleton put on some clothes, and went to the door of Karepa's room. There was the strangest noise imaginable going on inside. It was as though Karepa was dying in great agony. He groaned the most sepulchral groans, he moaned the true harrowing graveyard moan, he shuddered and gibbered like a man bereft of reason, he *was* 'carryin' on dreadful.'

Fendleton tried the door, but it was locked fast, and the key was on the inside. He knocked, banged, shouted, but to no purpose. The moaning went on uninterruptedly. He tried to break in the door, but its workmanship had been too faithfully performed. Then he thought of a crowbar, and went to fetch one.

When he got back, he noticed through the chinks of the door that there was a light burning in Karepa's room. Moreover, the groaning had ceased.

He called out, 'Karepa, are you all right?' And there came back the answer: 'Yeh! I'm all right—havin' a smoke.' And Fendleton went back to bed.

In the morning the Maori looked out of sorts, and the *pakeha* asked him:

'Karepa, you *ka pai* this morning?'

'Oh, yeh, furs' rate, t'ank you,' he said.

'But weren't you bad in the night?'

'No, me no bad in t'e night.'

'What was all the row about, then?'

'T'e *taipo* come; tha's it. Somepody dead, I t'ink.'

'What d'you mean? What *is* the *taipo?*'

'Hold on, I tell you. T'e *pakeha* not frighten' at t'e *taipo*. Oh no, he no care—t'e *taipo* come, *pakeha* run an'

ketch him. Oh yeh! Maori he frightened—*taipo* come, he go, "Urrrrrrgh! urrrrrrrrrgh!" Yeh, he werry frighten'.' Here Karepa made the indescribable noises that Fendleton had heard in the night. 'No, Maori no likee t'e *taipo*. He come pefore somepody die. Suppose I goin' to die, my *taipo* go to you, to my girl, to my pruther at Waitara, to ewerrypody belonga me, to tell 'em. Nex' day, or day after, I die.'

'You mean it's a sign, a portent?'

'I don' know. At Waitara, a *pakeha* an' I, Karepa, sleeping in a hut. I look out, an' say: "Hurro! what's that?" I see comin' along ole man all bent. He got big head, wit' fire comin' out of his eyes, out of his mout', like flame; big pody; legs, oh! thin like a flax-stick. Pehind him comes a *wahine*, woman all in white, like Cat'olic preet. They walk in front of the *whare*—this way. The *pakeha* he follow them round—that way, to ketch 'em. I stop in the *whare* and cry, "Urrrrrgh!" But the white man can't ketch t'e *taipo*. He go round—t'e *taipo* go round. He go round the other way—t'e *taipo* go round that way too. No good. Now, you look here. The *pakeha* got a gun in t'e hut. He reach an' get it—he load it. I say, "Shoot! shoooot!" But the *pakeha* say, "Oh no, me no make a shoot. You shoot." I pull. Bang! But I no kill t'e *taipo*. He come up to me, like this.' Karepa went close to Fendleton, and put his arms round him, *à la taipo*. 'I cry, "Urrrrrgh, urrrrrrrgh! go 'way, go away you!" When he done pulling me about, oh! after long time, he go away.

'You listen. Nex' day an ole woman in the *kainga*—dead. I knew her; the *pakeha* knew her; ewerrypody knew her. It was her *taipo* we saw the night pefore.'

'But what about the *wahine* all in white? Who was *she?*'

'Oh, I don't know. I can't tell. She t'e *taipo* too.'

Here there was a pause, and Fendleton seemed to smile. But Karepa seriously continued:

'Werry good. Another time I am in the hotel, here in Wakatu. In the evenin' I go to bed. I put the blanket ofer my head. I go to sleep. By-and-by, in the middle of the night, I look out, and there, hurro! I see him—t'e *taipo!* He stand still—quite still. "Hurro!" I say, "he no come close, he stand off—he a *pakeha taipo.*" Then I begin to get frighten'. I say, "Go away, go on, go to hell!" And by-and-by he goes.

'Nex' day I walking along the street. I see the funeral taking a white man to the kemetery. "Hurro!" I say, "he dead. It was his *taipo* I saw las' night. Tha's it."'

But Fendleton still looked unconvinced.

'Now, las' time,' said Karepa. 'I go to bed las' night: I can't sleep. I put the matches under the pillow, an' I wait. I feel, oh, werry bad, an' by-and-by the *taipo* come sure enough. I cry, "Urrrrgh! urrrrrgh! oooooh!" The *taipo* come up to the bed, he put out his arms, and, ooooooooh! aaaaaaaaah! he take hold of me—like that.'

'Urrrgh! Karepa. Don't! Let go!'

The Maori had clutched Fendleton as the *taipo* had seized him in the night, and the ugly tattooed face peered into the white man's with a look most diabolical. Karepa had strong dramatic instincts. He continued:

'The *taipo* takes hold of me roun' the pody, an' he pull me up in bed. He ketch hold tight. He pull this way, he pull that, he pull me backward, forward, an' I cry, "Urrrgh! ah! oh! urrrrgh!" I werry frighten'. Then I say, "Go away; you go on; go to t'e devil!" But he no go. He hold on tight so I can't move. Then I lie quiet an' let him pull me about, but I cry. I keep on crying.

I frighten', oh, werry much. At las', a long time after, I ketch hold of the box of matches, an' by-an'-by I get a chance, I strike a light, and, ah! t'e *taipo* he go away. I light t'e candle and keep awake. I light a pipe and have a smoke. But I frighten'. I know somepody belonga me dead. Maori this time, not *pakeha*. Yeh, someone I know in Waitara, or in Whangarai, or at my *kainga*, or somewhere, dead. I find out soon—you see.'

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The rain had fallen heavily at Karepa's village, but as soon as the sky cleared Meri went down to the river, and crossed over in her canoe.

The carpenters told her she should not have come over, as the river was rising fast and logs might soon be coming down with the flood. But Meri only laughed.

The men 'knocked off' work at nightfall, and Meri got up to go. The 'boss' said he thought the girl ought not to recross when the river was so high, and told Meri they would make room for her if she would stay with them the night. But here her convent training cropped up suddenly and stood in her way; had she been an untaught Maori girl, she would not have hesitated to accept the offer. But she went determinedly down to the river, and the 'boss' followed her.

The night was pitch dark; nothing could be seen but the lights of the *kainga* on the other side. The river roared furiously; Meri could hear the boulders rattling and scraping and bumping together as they ground along the river-bed towards the sea.

Before she got into her canoe, the 'boss' took the girl by the hand and again begged her to stop, and again, with a laugh, she refused. Next minute she was well out into the stream.

'Sing out when you reach the other side,' shouted the 'boss.'

'All right,' answered the Maori girl, her voice ringing clear above the roar of the river.

The 'boss' stood and waited. Suddenly he heard a scream, followed by nothing but the roar of the waters. He peered into the blackness in front of him, but he could see nothing. No voice came to him from the further bank, though he waited a full hour, and shouted till he was hoarse.

Karepa's *taipo* had told no lies.

THE TOHUNGA AND THE WAI TAPU

Father Maloney had been welcomed to Onetea with all the proper ceremonies. The Maoris had stood on the beach and waved green boughs at him, while the canoe-men sang a chorus, composed for the occasion by Kopiha, the tribal bard. Father Maloney thought he was in for a good thing.

The only man who did not 'enthuse' over the priest's advent was Tuatara, the *tohunga*. It's the same with *tohunga* all the world over—there's a constant rivalry betwixt 'em.

The 'Father' was a little man, stout, rubicund, and possessed of an affable manner and a benevolent smile, which Tuatara, in his wisdom, at once conceived to be an indication of weakness. But when the white *tohunga* was seen hopping about amongst his luggage on the beach, anxious to lose none of his effects, and full of *pakeha* flurry and fluster, the brown *tohunga* likened him to a *kuaka* running about on the oyster-beds at low tide, and laughed consumedly. A man with that much dignity could possess no *mana* worth talking about.

But the Maori loves new things, especially in the matter of religion, and the white *tohunga* at once became the object of great curiosity. In spite of Tuatara's opposition, the consensus of opinion decided that this new *karakia* should be given a 'show.'

So Father Maloney undid his ecclesiastical 'box of tricks,' and got out his consecrated vessels, his incense, his vestments, his crucifixes, his scapularies, and improvised a sanctuary out of an unused *whare-puni*. The candles on the altar possessed a brilliancy that surprised the people; the altar-hangings, though somewhat old and faded, seemed gorgeous to the Maori's sense of colour; the priestly vestments appeared perfection in the sartorial line, but the polished censer, which gave off clouds of pungent smoke, was a revelation to every native present.

Things progressed by leaps and bounds with the new *tohunga*. Though handicapped by the inadequacy of his Maori, he was able to communicate to his flock the news that he would hold a big *iriiringa*, and admit all and sundry to membership within his *karakia*. Fifty-three converts from Tuatara's heathenism were the immediate result, and the 'Father,' having hunted in a Maori Bible for suitable names, baptized the lot.

Having thus delivered Onetea from the powers of darkness and of Tuatara, the little priest proceeded to disperse the spiritual gloom of Okiwi, a place twelve miles along the coast, but to reach which by land a journey of fifty miles had to be made round an intervening range of inaccessible mountains. Therefore, selecting a fine *totara* tree, growing in the 'bush' at the back of the *kainga*, the people commenced to make a canoe for the good of their souls and the use of the priest. When *Haumiri*, for such was the name of the craft, had been safely transported to the beach, Father Maloney consecrated it with the aid of much holy water. But for awhile *Haumiri* lay high and dry on the sand, having a deal of carving and titivating done to various parts of his sacred person; and during that time Tuatara's wife noticed—the old

heathen had consoled himself for the loss of Miromiro—that her husband spent much time o' nights, when the *kainga* was asleep, in the vicinity of the canoe. Next, she observed that he always took with him a quantity of charcoal, and that he invariably lit a small fire under that side of *Haumiri* which was furthest from the village.

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Things were very bad with Tuatara. Forsaken by his large circle of admirers, he spent most of his days alone in his hut. But two or three of the chiefs, who for polygamous reasons hung back from the new *karakia*, went so far as to consult with him as to the wisdom of conforming with the religious fashion of the time.

Tuatara replied that such a step would be the height of folly. 'For,' said he, 'I have cursed the *pakeha* with all my curses, and have cast my spells upon him; and, though he may flourish for awhile, the time is coming when he will feel the power of my incantations and be sorry that he ever came with his new *karakia* to Onetea.'

The next thing that happened was that the church which the converts had built was burnt down—by accident. A hawk was flying over it, and a woman drew a brand out of the *kauta* fire and flung it at the bird, missed, and set fire to the *raupo* roof of the sacred edifice.

'Ah,' said Tuatara, 'didn't I tell you that my spells would begin to work? This white *tohunga's* end has begun to come. Next, his canoe will sink and he will be drowned.'

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At no distant date from the burning of his church, Father Maloney set out in *Haumiri* for Okiwi.

As the people stood on the beach and watched the embarkation, Tuatara came and openly execrated the

pakeha and his crew, the canoe and all that was in it. But *Haumiri* was shoved off, and the paddlers struck up a *waiata*, and Aperahama (Abraham), formerly Te Kopiha, stood on the centre thwart and beat time with his *taiaha*, swaying his body with the stroke of the paddles, and the *tapu'd* craft shot out into the tideway in all the splendour of its barbaric ornamentation.

When the canoe had got well out to sea, it was noticed that the *tohunga* had followed it along the shore, where he could be seen waving his arms as he continued to shout his curses at *Haumiri*. And then the canoe went out of sight behind the headland, and Tuatara became a speck upon the coast-line and disappeared.

That night the whole *kainga* was startled by loud cries of someone calling the people to come out of their huts, and going out, they saw Tuatara standing by the *kauta* fire.

'You people,' he said, 'have forsaken my teaching about the spirit-world, and have listened to the foolish talk of this *pakeha*, Maroné, because he came from a long way off, and brought all sorts of strange *taputapu* to help his *karakia*. But a *karakia* does not consist of smoke and the ringing of a bell and *wai tapu* in a basin. To frighten away the evil spirits you must say the incantations of your fathers, who have gone to the spirit-world, and can drive away all the *taipo* and bad spirits that come to harm you. Now, if this *pakeha* priest had any power, his charms would ward off the spells I have cast upon him. But I cursed his *whare-karakia*, and it is burnt. Yet the white *tohunga* had blessed it with his *tapu* water, and had said his incantations in it, and now it is a heap of ashes. Then I cursed his canoe. I cursed it with a very strong *kanga* all the way to Onehau, and there my curse took effect.

The *tangata tapu* ' (saints) ' of this *pakeha* were not strong enough for him; they could have no chance against *me*. *Haumiri* seemed to go heavily; *Haumiri* seemed to fill up. Away from the shore, away from any rock, with the sea calm and still, *Haumiri* sank out of sight, and Te Maroné and his men were left struggling in the water. How did such a thing happen? You know the white *tohunga*, how he prays; he has a *karakia* for everything, a book full of *karakia*, and a *tiki*, which he wears round his neck and tucks into his clothes. He had these with him when he set out for Okiwi. Then how did this thing happen? I will tell you. My spells sank *Haumiri*. The old *karakia* is the true *karakia;* as for this new *karakia*, you have tried it, and it is no good. If you people doubt what I say, go to-morrow and stand on the shore at Onehau, and watch the pieces of *Haumiri* as they come ashore, and bury the bodies of the men who trusted in this *pakeha* religion which I have overthrown.

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But the Reverend Father Maloney was not drowned; he was brought ashore in a half-dead condition by his amphibious men. Some of these said, when they reached the village, that the canoe seemed to split from stem to stern ere she sank; others thought the *taniwha* which haunted that part of the coast had clutched the canoe and dragged it down into the sea; but, *taniwha* or no *taniwha*, most people believed that Tuatara's spells had caused the disaster. And the rascally *tohunga* rejoiced, for he perceived that his star was reascending.

Forthwith he placed Father Maloney under the severest ban. Men went near the priest's house with fear and trembling; a boy who tried to guide the holy 'Father' overland to Okiwi was drowned in fording a river;

Mikara's little daughter, the priest's great pet, who used to trot in and out of the presbytery, sickened and died of a strange disease; the 'Father's' fowls disappeared one by one; his solitary cow died of *tute;* his horse was lamed hopelessly whilst running in the 'bush.' Altogether there could be no doubt that the white *tohunga* was *makutu'd*, and suffered from the awful effects of Tuatara's witchcrafts. That ancient sorcerer's *mana* increased by leaps and bounds.

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A boycotted white *tohunga* needs some occupation that will keep his mind from falling into despondency and doubt. Father Maloney's hobby was geology, with a special turn for practical assaying. So he ordered from Auckland 'Mitchell on Mineral Analysis,' retorts, crucibles, cupels, blowpipes, chemicals, and everything necessary for the establishment of a laboratory.

No sooner had he received all these scientific *taonga*, than he perceived he possessed a very useful set of instruments with which to resuscitate his lost *mana.* He was persuaded that, next to a miracle, nothing would impress the Maori mind so deeply as a chemical experiment of the showy kind. Let him but alter the colour of a bowl of water with a little bichromate of potash or chloride of copper, or burn coloured flames with zinc, lithium, or binoxide of tin, and he felt convinced that he would win back at least the respect, if not the confidence, of his wandering flock.

But there was this drawback to his deeply-laid scheme: though he might make the most brilliant experiments, never a Maori would come to witness them. Of course, all the *kainga* was burning to know what the priest did with the strange instruments, which he had unpacked on the

beach that all might see. But the people's dread of Tuatara's malevolence had got the mastery of them, and with superhuman efforts they restrained their curiosity.

But though the Maori *tohunga* publicly affected the deepest disdain for the white priest and all his works, he did not disguise from himself the fact that there were things about his rival which he could not fathom. He wanted to know, even more strongly than did his people, what sort of magic Te Maroné was going to perform with the strange implements he had procured recently. Though he had forbidden his followers to touch, taste, or handle anything of the priest's, Tuatara himself determined to investigate matters in the laboratory and know the worst. And besides this, there was another mystery that needed clearing up. He could not dispel the notion that *Haumiri's* crew should, according to his calculations, have been drowned to a man, and he was forced to set down their escape to their *karakia*—they were all baptized men. Perceiving a supernatural truth best by a symbol, he concluded that the *iriiringa*, or baptism, used by his rival must possess a virtue of which he himself had no counterpart. And, following up this notion, he argued that the power of the *iriiringa* must lie in the *tapu'd* water used in performing the rite. Thenceforward perceive the strange spectacle of the evil-minded *tohunga* hobnobbing with his sworn enemy. And, pursuing the investigation still further, mark that one day whilst the 'Father' is away gathering geological specimens Tuatara warily approaches the laboratory, and, entering that uncanny place, takes therefrom a glass full of what he believes to be 'holy water.' Observe the rogue of a *tohunga* as he stealthily departs with the *wai tapu* into the 'bush,' where he is lost to sight.

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Father Maloney is sitting in his diminutive presbytery, and with him sits a cleric from Auckland.

'An' did I laugh?' says the Irishman. 'I tell ye what it is, Father Maupertuis; I fairly choked wid it. I'd been fossicking in the hills all day, and came home terrible tired and hungry, but before I could get a mouthful of meat, bedad! the people in the *kainga* all came running up to say they feared somethin' awful was wrong wid this old reptile, Tuatara.

'"An' what is it?"' says I.

'"We can't tell," says they; "but he's carrying on tremenjous in his *whare*, and so's his wife." And 'twas true; I could hear the screamin' as I stood on me doorstep outside.

'"Oh," says I, "'tis likely he's working up another *karakia* against meself," says I.

'"'Tis not that, Father dear," says they; "'tis terrible bad both of thim are, or it's some awful *taipo* that's got thim in his grasp. For love of Heaven, Father, come and drive away the evil brute. We know you can do it."

'"Well," says I, "I'll be coming down presently when I've finished me tea."

'"Oh no, Father!" says they; "come at once and put the poor man out of his pain."

'"What!" says I. "Do you expect me to dance attendance on Tuatara, him that nearly drowned me intirely, lamed all my beasts, and played the very mischief wid me congregation?"' The little Father got up and rummaged in a box standing in one corner of the *whare* which he delighted to call 'the presbytery.' 'I took out this piece of *Haumiri*,' he continued, handing a broken bit of wood to his brother priest, 'which same I had found on the seashore, and showed them the holes that the old murderer had bored in the canoe's bottom wid a red-hot skewer.

"No," says I; "if he's the *tohunga* he makes himself out to be, let him help himself."

'"Oh, Father," says they, "if you'll come we'll never treat you so shameful again; we'll go to the *karakia* regular every Sunday; we'll do all the penances you set us without a murmur; we'll build you another church, an' carve ye out a brand-new canoe, if only you'll come an' help Tuatara out of the awful fix he's now in."

'"Well," says I, "seeing you put it that way, and knowing you all to be men of your word and dacint gentlemen enough when ye're guided by *me*, I'll come along wid you. But mark," says I—*I* didn't know what was the matter—"I make no promise to save your disgraceful *tohunga* from, maybe, the devil himself: for they've been hand-and-glove this long while, and the devil must get his own in the end," says I.

'Well, when I got to Tuatara's hut the bellowing was something awful.

'"Now, what's the matter in there?" says I. But I got no answer. "What's wrong wid you, Tuatara?" says I; but he only groaned. "Come," says I to the men about me, "you must break in the door." And in two shakes they took and stove in one end of the hut. Man! what a sight I saw! There was that terrible old heathen tied all up in a knot wid pain, and holding on to his head wid his two hands as if he thought all the *taipo* in creation were wrenching it off.

'"Treat him tenderly," says I to the men who carried him into the open air. Dear, dear! what a sight he was! There were the most horrible burns on his face, and one of his hands was charred till it looked like a cinder; but, strangest of all, there was a mark like a cross burnt deep into his forehead.

'"What's all this, Tuatara?" says I.

'"'Tis the *tapu* water," says he.

'"Nonsense!" says I. "I've never used so much as a drop on you, ye miserable heathen!"

'"I took it from the *whare tapu*," says he. 'Tis so they call the laboratory.

'"Saints and angels!" says I, and went to the place he named.'

'Well, and what was it?' asked Father Maupertuis.

''Twas a glass bowl full of sulphuric acid, me son, in which I was dissolving iron pyrites stone—oil of vitriol—that had burnt his flesh to the bone.

'"This is a terrible business!" says I, when I got back to the old *tohunga*. "This comes of trying to practise the sacred rites in conjunction wid your heathen devilments, Tuatara. And now, mark me," says I, "there's but one thing will save you from this *iriiringa* of Satan, and that's Christian baptism itself!" And that same I proceeded to perform, chiefly wid liquid ammonia, which is a fine neutralizing agent. And, Father Maupertuis, that did the trick.'

'Oh, but that was a most irregular thing to do!' said the French priest.

''Twas but a very venial fault—the result proves that. Tuatara's the best convert I've got. Every Sunday he's in his seat in the new church; he's always at matins; he never misses vespers. But whenever he grows restless under penance, or makes as if he'd return to his heathen ways, "Tuatara," I say, "you've got the cross on your forehead. There's no going back from that, me son."'

And Father Maloney leant back in his chair, slapped his becassocked legs with both hands, and laughed.

THE COURTING OF TE RAHUI

'Te Rahui lived at Orakei Korako, on the Waikato River —if the place had a shorter name, I would tell you *pakeha* of it. There she lived.'

Pirimona paused, and looked at the missionary *tohunga*, as if asking whether he should go on.

The *pakeha* wished to hear.

'Rehu came from Matata, Tarata from Whanganui. Both men had heard of the great beauty of Te Rahui. This thing happened before there were any *pakeha* in this country of Aotea.

'One day Rahui went to bathe in the Mirror Cave, where the hot spring bubbles up under the dome of coloured clays. The roof is reflected in the water below: you may see this as you stand at the mouth of the cave. There Te Rahui bathed, and when she wished to rest she climbed on to the ledge of rock on the farther side, and lay down clothed in the rising steam.

'Rehu had watched the *rangatira* girl cross the river that day in her canoe. He followed her, swimming, though the rapids were a hundred yards below and the river was in flood. We all think Rehu was a brave man to swim the Waikato at that point at such a time.

'Well, he followed Rahui through the *manuka* scrub which fringed the *puia* by the riverside. These he crossed, keeping the girl in sight, and came to another

belt of *manuka*. Here Rehu hid, and watched Te Rahui cross the boiling, hissing mud-holes beyond. Rehu saw her reach firm ground and disappear into the side of the hill. Rahui had entered the cave of reflecting waters.

'Rehu crossed by the path that Rahui had chosen. A false step, and he would have been boiled alive; but he walked in the footsteps of Rahui and was safe.

'Through the opening of the cave Rehu looked down on the girl as she bathed. He saw the colours of the roof reflected in the clear water—blue, green, red, and purple. He watched the *rangatira* girl till she had finished bathing and swam two strokes and grasped the ledge of rock. Upon this ledge she clambered, and there lay resting.

'Then Rehu walked quietly down the slope to the water's edge. He sat down, and spoke to Rahui. But Rahui turned her face away from him; she would not look at him; she would not answer his questions.

'Then Rehu stepped into the water, and with two strokes swam across the bath. He placed his hand on the ledge where Rahui lay, but she loosed his hold. Rehu fell back into the water; he sank. When he rose again he grasped the ledge once more, to clamber up beside Rahui. Again the girl pushed him back into the water. This happened fully twelve times. Each time that Rehu rose, he tried to grasp the ledge of rock, or else Rahui herself. But his breath began to come in short gasps; he went under for the last time; he rose no more to the surface.

'Then Rahui remembered—the waters of the Mirror Bath overcome those who are not used to them. She cried out, frightened, and plunged after Rehu. Down, down the girl sank, to the bottom of the pool; there she seized Rehu, and dragged him up. She laid him on the

white, encrusted ground, and rested his head upon her lap. His eyes were half closed; he did not speak. And Rahui wept over him; she thought his life would not come back; she believed his soul had gone to the spirit-world.

'She placed him tenderly on her *korowai* cloak, and dragged him over the rough ground to the outer air. There she tried every way she knew to bring Rehu back to life, and at last he opened his eyes. Rahui gave a cry of joy, and took both his hands in hers. Perhaps Rehu was not so near death as Rahui thought; perhaps he was. I don't know. But, any way, he clasped his arms round her. Rahui was won.

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'It might be two hours afterwards, it might be three. When a man and a young girl get together the time to go is always *taihoa, taihoa.* By-and-by they hear a shout above them. There stands Tarata. He has come to the cave by scaling the hill from behind. In his hand he flourishes his *taiaha.*

'Rahui runs and hides herself in the cave, because Tarata, as he clambers down the hillside, shouts defiance at Rehu. Rehu stands silent. He has no hatred for Tarata in his heart; he thinks only of Rahui. The smile with which he had last looked at her is still on his face. Tarata is mad with love for Rahui, and he rushes upon Rehu. Rehu is unarmed; he turns and runs. Across the boiling mud-holes, between the hissing *puia*, Rehu rushes. Tarata follows. Rehu is a slim-built man, a swift runner; Tarata is heavy and slow. Rehu outruns his pursuer, and reaches the *manuka* on the further side, while Tarata is only halfway across the mud-holes. Then Rehu turns, and taunts Tarata. Tarata stops to answer Rehu; his foot pauses upon the treacherous earth; he loses his

balance; he falls; he sinks down; he is engulfed by the smoking underworld. He is seen no more.

'Then Rehu returns by the way that Rahui had shown him. He leads her out of the cave, he shows her the spot where Tarata fell. Where Tarata fell bubbles rise up long after Rehu and Rahui have passed by on their way back to Orakei Korako.

'There,' concluded Pirimona, 'I have told you a very good *korero tara*.'

Nevertheless the *pakeha* missionary said he would rather not have heard it. Which is a way most *tohunga* have when they are told a love-story.

WHY CASTELARD TOOK TO THE BLANKET

Far up the Whanganui River there is a Maori village called Te Akau. That is where pretty Puhihuia lived.

Not many white men know Te Akau—the way to it is too tedious. Castelard has been there; but, then, he has been to the most inaccessible parts of Maoriland, and has even explored the remotest corners of the Urewera country.

His was an uncommon business. He collected Maori signatures prior to the purchase of native lands. The Maoris hold their land by the most wonderful tenure in the whole world. Nobody quite understands it—not even the Native Land Court Judges, and least of all the Maoris themselves. It is based merely on hearsay. No reliable documentary evidence is forthcoming, and none is asked for. All the title a Maori acknowledged 'in the brave days of old' was by virtue of the *taiaha*. In fact, all tenure was by right of the tomahawk. Real estate thus acquired was held by all the conquerors in common. And as there was a great deal of conquering and counter-conquering, awful confusion ensues when land is sold and a division of purchase-money is made. That is the time for a Maori to prove his spotless lineage and the prowess of his ancestors.

Of course Castelard spoke the lingo, and consequently was welcomed by the Maoris everywhere—he could find buyers for their land, their one negotiable asset—but at

Te Akau he received the warmest welcome of his life, though it had nothing to do with a 'deal' in land. Puhihuia it was who welcomed him, and her mind was occupied with other things than mundane thoughts of trade.

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Away down in bleak Otago lived Sandiman and the Miss Despensiers. Sandiman was an incipient lawyer, who believed himself to be the cleverest man on earth. The Miss Despensiers were two lovely cousins. Both were named Clementina, but to distinguish them their girl friends called one Amaryllis and the other Neæra—names suitable to two blondes with abundant golden hair. There was, however, this difference between them: Amaryllis was certain to receive the larger *dot.* Sandiman admired both, but, true to his training and instincts, meant to marry Amaryllis. And there was no obstacle in his way, except the fact that Amaryllis was already engaged to Castelard. But, then, Sandiman was one of those inestimable young men who admit no such word as 'can't' into their vocabulary, and let no fine scruples impede 'a successful career.'

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Puhihuia fell in love with Castelard the moment she saw him land from his canoe—Maori girls are precipitate in such matters—and her welcome was a nocturnal afterthing. But Castelard didn't receive it in good part. It is impossible to be in love with a fair Amaryllis and a dusky Puhihuia simultaneously. He told her about his white betrothed, and Puhihuia between her sobs exclaimed: 'You will come back some day?—and *then* love me. I wish the beautiful white *pakeha* woman no harm, but when you come back you will love me too? I will wait.' And

so she did, mostly by the river-bank, watching for the prow of the canoe which should bring again her beloved *pakeha.*

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When Castelard reached Amaryllis, in Otago, he argued strongly that marriage was a step to be taken with all haste. And his arguments were forcible, though not so strong as they might have been if his modesty had not hampered him. But, in the careless way in which men make confidences to one another, he told Sandiman his unvarnished tale. And when Sandiman had heard it he smiled, and said it was a very piquant story.

The lawyer thought that if he played his cards well he might win the game. He led his highest card.

He owned a sister called Rebecca, his feminine counterpart, who admired him slavishly. Her he sent to call on Neæra, who generously condescended to see her; and after a quarter of an hour Rebecca went away, smiling, and thinking what a clever couple she and her brother were. Sandiman, too, smiled when his sister retailed the conversation. They were a soft-smiling, cat-like couple.

Next day Neæra was in deep consultation with her cousin, on a matter of 'the very deepest importance.'

'Now, what do you intend to do about it?' asked Neæra.

'If I were to choose for myself, I should say Monday the 14th. I can't get my trousseau ready before. I'm superstitious, and Monday's for health.'

'Why not Tuesday the 15th? Tuesday's for wealth.'

'Because I've got it, my dear.'

'How annoying it is of Archie to be in such a hurry! Why not Wednesday the 16th? You're superstitious, and Wednesday's the best day of all.'

'I wouldn't mind Wednesday.'

'But why be so quick to marry at all? Why not wait awhile?'

'But we *have* waited—a year. That's quite long enough; we ought to know each other by now.'

'You *ought*—but are you sure you *do?*'

'Well, I understand Archie.'

'No, he understands *you*—you are *so* unsophisticated. Can you honestly say you know what sort of man *he* is?'

'He's frank and straightforward, and that's enough. He tells me all he does. He says I'd be a sheet-anchor to him, and I know he loves me.'

'What man wouldn't? But are you sure he doesn't love someone else, too?'

'What rubbish!' Then, after a pause: 'What do you mean, Clementina?'

'I don't want to make mischief, dear, but you know what Archie Castelard's life is; he spends it mostly among the Maoris, and you know what *they* are.'

'Well?'

'There's a girl called Puhihuia living up the Whanganui River. . . .'

And Neæra told the female Sandiman's tale. It was hardly what Castelard had related to the male Sandiman; it contained embellishments which had suggested themselves to the mind of the smart lawyer, who without doubt believed his version to be nearer the truth. He had played his trump card, and he took the trick. There was no wedding on the 16th of the following month.

By that date Castelard was back again on the waters of the Whanganui, though he was no longer occupied with the Sisyphean task of collecting Maori signatures to deeds of purchase, for a new law had come into force prohibiting

the private purchase of Maori lands, and his occupation was gone.

Puhihuia welcomed him to Te Akau more warmly than before. She said she knew he would come back, in spite of the beautiful white *pakeha* woman. And this time she welcomed him to some purpose.

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So Amaryllis is still to be won, but not by Castelard, for Puhihuia is his *wahine*, and the man who has once fallen under the spell of Maoridom, and has learnt to love its ways, comes back no more to civilization, but eschews the dwellings of the *pakeha*.

The question is: Will Sandiman be able to make good the advantage he has won, now that Castelard has 'taken to the blanket'?

IN THE DAYS WHEN THE DEVIL BROKE LOOSE

THERE are two names which men execrate in Maoriland, Titokowaru and Kereopa, but any Maorilander, if asked to name the incarnation of the Devil, would, without a moment's hesitation, ejaculate, 'Te Kooti!'

Time was when children would wake screaming in the middle of the night, because Te Kooti had got mixed up with their dreams; when at the mention of his name women would shudder and men mutter curses. The cold-blooded murderer of women and children, the fiend who rejoiced in tormenting men by pouring boiling *kauri* gum upon the tenderest parts of their persons, will be anathematized whilst the memory of him lasts.

But Te Kooti and two hundred and eighty choice spirits had been banished to the Chatham Islands; the war seemed ended; comparative peace reigned from Cape Reinga to Port Nicholson, and Dick Villiers, with his brothers Jack and Ashton, had leased land on the Kaingaroa Plains, from the Taupo Maoris, and had turned it into a sheep-run. The bounds of their property were those fixed by Nature; fences there were none, except those which formed a few paddocks round the homestead under Paeroa Mountain, and the bulk of the sheep roamed untrammelled over the pumice country of the plains. This was not so serious a matter as it might seem, for the

sheep always kept to the grass-lands, and never strayed far from water. Rough, barren volcanic country and tracts of impenetrable 'bush' surrounded the undulating plains completely.

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'I can't think what keeps him,' said Jack, as he walked towards the house from the stock-yard, where with the help of a Maori boy he had been teaching an unruly colt good manners. 'He's a week overdue, and we have run clean out of flour.'

The nearest mill was at Tauranga, scores and scores of miles away.

'Perhaps he's gone on to Auckland to see the Guv'nor,' said Ashton, who was standing in the doorway of the two-roomed house. 'He said he would if the boat from Tauranga suited. He'll turn up all right. Don't worry about Dick; come and have dinner. There's potatoes and chops—not bad *kai*, either.'

'But we're out of tea,' said Jack. 'You told Dick about the tea?'

'It was on the list.'

Whilst Jack and Ashton were eating, they heard the thud-thud-thud of someone galloping his horse towards the house.

'By Jove, it's Dick!' cried Ashton, catching sight of the rider through the window. 'But what's he done with the dray? His horse is in a perfect lather.'

As the two younger men rose from the table their brother breathlessly entered the room.

'What's happened?' asked Jack. 'Where are the dray and provisions?'

'Dray! provisions!—you won't need them. You must

clear out of this—quick time. Te Kooti's escaped from the Chathams. The Devil's broke loose!'

'What do you mean?'

'Te Kooti got away?'

'He's back in the Urewera country at this present moment.'

'Good God!'

'Hold on a bit,' said Jack. 'P'raps he's on parole. Are you sure he's escaped?'

'Yes. He broke gaol with two hundred other Maoris, seized an eighty-ton schooner in Waitangi Harbour, and sailed away from the Chathams. They landed in Poverty Bay, murdered twenty or thirty settlers by way of *utu*, and then made off into the Urewera country. I heard that in Auckland; the papers are full of it. I got to Tauranga yesterday, and have ridden all night to warn you. This country's not safe. You're between the devil and the deep sea.'

Dazed, speechless, expecting to hear more, both younger brothers looked at Dick.

'Te Kooti will rouse the Urewera tribes, and try to form a junction with the Waikato people. To do that he must come through Taupo, so we are fairly in his line of march. He'll seize our stock and loot this house. Where are Pumaka and Mohi!'

'They've cleared out,' said Jack. 'The day before yesterday they asked to go to the *tangi* of their uncle, but I noticed they rode straight across the plain towards the Rangitaiki, instead of towards Taupo.'

'*Their* game's pretty clear,' said Dick.

'An old Maori came to fetch them,' said Ashton. 'He said his name was Kori, but that was all; he wasn't communicative. When I asked him to eat, he said he wasn't

hungry, but I afterwards saw him feeding in Pumaka's *whare*.'

'It's all as plain as daylight,' said Jack, 'and the sooner we clear from under Paeroa the better.'

It happened that there were a few hundred sheep mustered in the home paddocks; these they determined to drive to Tauranga, so that Te Kooti should not get everything they possessed; and any sheep they saw as they travelled they added to their mob, so their progress was slow.

They worked the flock along by day, penning the sheep into some blind, out-of-the-way gully by night. The few men they met were Maoris. These would not deign to salute them or answer their greetings, but taciturnly continued their way towards the west. Maoris are by nature the most sociable people on the earth, and dearly love a *korero*. So it was evident that these men were Te Kooti's scouts or messengers. Each of them held in his hand a long staff, which he grasped in the middle, and so helped to hasten his steps. One of them went so far as to stand and regard the white men for a few minutes, and, having satisfied himself as to their character, he went back east towards the Urewera country. If the white men tarried they might soon find Te Kooti upon them. So they changed their ground with all speed.

That night they camped in a valley formed by low, grassy hills. The dogs hemmed in the sheep, but needed guidance in the task. There was a deserted hut at the higher end of the valley, and in this the three *pakeha* camped; two slept whilst the third, armed with the one rifle they had between them, did 'sentry-go' and looked after the sheep. The horses were tethered close to the *whare*, to be ready at hand in case of surprise. And the night closed down gray and silent.

They had chosen their quarters well. Entirely hidden from all the surrounding country, they were able, by scaling the hills which enclosed them, to command a view of the rolling plains beyond.

With the first streak of dawn two of the brothers went out to reconnoitre, Dick to the east, and Jack to the south. Ashton kept the flock together, a difficult task, for with the dawn the sheep desired to roam.

Jack got back first. He had seen no sign of a human being; no smoke from an early-morning fire; nothing to show that there was a soul but themselves in that wide grass-country. Dick, however, had another tale to tell.

'There's an old *pa* lies a mile that way,' he said, pointing north-east. 'You remember we slept in it one night when we were mustering last spring. When I got to the top of the hill I saw smoke rising from the *pa*, and by-and-by a body of men started from it across the plain. They are Te Kooti's *taua*, about two hundred strong, going to the Waikato. Our only chance is to lie low for an hour or two, and then scoot for it north by east.' (These young *pakeha* were travelling by compass.) 'They'll be sure to throw out scouts along their line of march, and if one of them sees us here the sheep must rip—we shall have to gallop for it.'

They tried to eat some breakfast—uncooked, of course, as the smoke of a fire meant certain capture—but they had small appetite for food which stuck in their throats. A full hour went by without anything happening. Then Dick saw, through the paneless window of the hut, something that made him start—the figure of a man was standing against the skyline of the eastern rise. Dick seized the rifle and rested its barrel on the window-sill. The man on the hill stood looking down at the sheep and listening

to their bleating. Like all the Maori scouts they had seen, he carried a long stick in his hand. Dick covered him, and said:

'If that man goes away, it's a case with us. I'll make a safe job of him. I'll fire at a hundred yards.'

'He's seen the horses,' cried Jack. 'He knows we're here. P'raps he'll not come within two hundred. Fire directly he turns to go.'

'If you miss, fire again,' said Ashton. 'Keep a second cartridge ready.'

'I won't miss him,' said Dick. 'Count him dead. I'll wait till he's within a hundred.'

The man approached. He was about three hundred yards off.

'Fire!' said Jack. 'Any decent Maori would have "cooed" long ago. Shoot him!'

The man came on slowly. Dick watched him till he was a hundred and fifty yards off, and then said:

'I shan't wait; I've got him safe enough.'

They could see the man's waist-mat as it swayed with the down-hill motion of its wearer, his legs bare to the knee, and his stumbling gait as he came over the broken ground.

Jack stepped back to give his brother room, and Dick put his head down. His cheek rested against the stock of the rifle; his finger was on the trigger; he had put a bead on the advancing figure, when Jack struck up the barrel with his hand and the rifle exploded in the air.

'Oh, damn! You've spoilt my shot!'

Dick fitted a second cartridge into the muzzle and rammed it home.

'For Christ's sake, don't fire!' screamed Jack. 'It's father!'

'My God!'

That was all Dick said.

Staggering, panting, exhausted, the old man reached his sons.

'My lads—my lads,' was all he could say as he embraced them one by one. They took him into the *whare* and fed him on 'damper' and cold tea. 'I came to make sure you got out. I have heard things that make my blood boil. I came to make sure you were warned. I rode Kiritona'—his horse—'till she dropped, and came the rest of the way on foot.' He looked down at the shawl he wore round his waist like a *piupiu*—a man in trousers would have been shot at sight by the Maoris in that part of the country. 'I reached the *pa* over yonder last evening, and slept in the fern—ten feet high it is—in the ditch. But Te Kooti's men came into the *pa* in the night, and I gave myself up for dead. My God! what a night—what a night! But soon after dawn they went away. They have gone away to the west, and have missed you. I thank God—I thank God.'

But he didn't know, not even when he and his sons were safe at home, that he had had a still narrower escape from death on that eventful morning.

TOLD IN THE PUIA.

The two *pakeha* stood by the edge of the *puia*. One was middle-aged, turning gray, degenerate, a hard case; the other was young, unversed in the ways of Maoridom, innocent.

'This is my favourite *puia*,' said the Hard Case. 'Of all the *puia*, the temperature of this suits me best.'

Both men gazed into the transparent, greeny-blue, steaming water of the spring.

'It's been my favourite this long time, almost since I first came here.'

'How long ago was that?' asked the Innocent.

'I don't call to mind. It might be five years; it might be ten: we don't take account of time in these parts; it's not a Maori custom.'

'Let's get in,' said the Innocent.

'Right you are. Take your togs off.'

The two men stepped into the *puia*.

'First-class!' exclaimed the Innocent. 'You're just about right.'

'Do angels bathe in heaven?' asked the Hard Case.

'Because?'

'They've got no baths as good as this. Erihu introduced me to it. Ah, Erihu! She's lovely.'

The men's heads alone were visible above the water. Their horizon was limited by the white encrusted banks of

the *puia*. They lay still in the bath, enjoying the magical properties of the water.

Then a cry came from another *puia*:

'*Haere! Haere mai ki a maua!*'

The Innocent stood up to see who called.

'Blame me if it isn't a couple of girls! What are they saying?'

'They want us to go to their spring,' said the Hard Case.

'Oh, blame me, I'm off,' said the Innocent. 'I can't refuse an offer like that.'

'Get down, young man,' said the Hard Case. 'You'd far better stay where you are. That's just how they caught Kempermann.'

'Who the deuce was Kempermann?' asked the Innocent.

'I'm tellin' you. He came up here with his doctor. He'd a little cash, had Kempermann, and he didn't mind if he spent it—he expected to get more. But he'd got a beastly skin disease—*hakihaki* the natives call it—and his doctor-man brought him here for the baths. He used to bathe regular, twice a day, and the doctor-man would sit on the side of the *puia* and yarn while Kempermann soaked in the water.

'Kempermann was to marry a rich white girl. But the *hakihaki* had delayed the wedding. And the girl waited on, hoping he'd get cured—and the doctor made money.

'The springs did Kempermann a lot of good. His skin became soft and clean, and he began to think of galumphing back to his girl—but Mairatea chipped in. *She* used to call out "*Haere mai ki a au!*" But Kempermann he wouldn't go, thinking of his white girl. So one day Mairatea comes to his spring when the doctor-man's not by, and gets in, friendly-like, for a chat, and plays the

fool a bit, and generally makes Kempermann forget his white girl away down South.

'By-and-by the doctor-man strolls up to see how his patient is, and stick a clinical thermometer into his mouth. "By the *taniwha*," he says, "I won't take your temperature this morning, Kempermann! I can see it's all right. The *puia* has done its work. I prescribed it. I guess, old man, you're cured. Anyhow, the *wahine* thinks so. When Mairatea steps in to take over the case, delicacy demands that I should retire." And off he went.

'Kempermann didn't go back at once to his white girl. He stayed on to learn the lingo. And every morning when he bathed Mairatea bathed too. The doctor bathed in a *puia* apart.

'But at last they went South, and Mairatea used to sit in her *puia* alone, disconsolate.

'Six months later Kempermann comes back. His *hakihaki* is all right, but he is very *pouri*—miserable. His rich white girl had chucked him. Why? She'd heard of Mairatea. His damned doctor had joked him about her before the white girl, and the white girl got jealous. I don't blame her—now. And the doctor married the white girl. That was why Kempermann was *pouri*.

'But Mairatea soon fixed him right again. And they used to laugh and sing as they bathed, just like old times.'

'But how d'you know all this?' queried the Innocent.

'How do I know? Well, I'm tellin' you——'

At this point a Maori girl's head appeared above the edge of the *puia*, and presently her whole figure, wrapped in a Kaiapoi shawl. She stood by the *puia*, smiling. The two men smiled.

She let the shawl fall upon the bank, stepped into the water, and took the Innocent by the hand.

'Yes,' said the Hard Case, 'as I was saying, Mairatea —God rest her soul!—died years ago. *Now* there's Erihu. I really think Erihu is even more lovely. Rongo,' he said to the girl in Maori, 'where's Erihu?'

'I left her in the other *puia*,' said Rongo.

'Then I guess I'll have to leave you two here,' said the Hard Case.

He rose to go.

'You mark my word, young man,' he said just before he went: 'you'll be a fixture here, like Kempermann. He never went back. Neither will you, if Rongo takes you in hand.

'How do I know all this? Well, you see, I oughter know. *I* was Kempermann.'

TE WIRIA'S POTATOES

Villiers was on good terms with the dispossessed lords of the soil. He had a sort of romantic regard for them. He considered they were an ill-treated, down-trodden race; he used to tell his *pakeha* friends so; and when men met him in Auckland they would ask him how his protégés the Ngati-Ata were getting on. Of course he spoke the Maori lingo. He doctored the members of his pet tribe when they fell ill; bought their *kumara* at exorbitant prices; helped them in their land transactions with the grasping *pakeha;* gave them the use of his out-houses for sleeping in, and of his paddocks for their horses.

So far the Ngati-Ata had done nothing for Villiers in return, beyond warning him of the approach of pack-horses from the interior; bony, pinch-bellied pack-horses were the bane of his life and a menace to his clover-paddocks.

Villiers lived in an old *pa* close to the sea. Its earthen walls stood twenty feet high, and were surrounded by a ditch fifteen feet deep. The whole earthwork was overgrown with maidenhair fern and lycopodium, in token of the return of peace. In the middle of the *pa*, commanding a view of the sea, Villiers had built his house, and his farm stretched its rich acres all round.

He had grown a phenomenal crop of potatoes, but the question was, who would dig them up? He himself was

turning sixty; his sons had gone to the Thames to dig gold; all the able-bodied men of the district had caught the gold-fever, too; worn-out old-soldier Saunders and one-armed constabulary-man Murphy were the only men left.

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Villiers stood on the *pa* bank and pondered. The bay stretched glittering before him; a gentle breeze stirred the trees in the orchard below and rippled the surface of the sea. Of a sudden, two big canoes came in sight round the nearest point, and made for the shore in front of the house. Villiers anticipated a day spent in *korero* and eating.

Two score Maoris came straggling up from the beach through the gap in the *pa* bank, and stood in picturesque groups on Villiers' veranda.

'We come from Tohitapu, our chief,' said the spokesman of the party, a huge fellow of sixteen stone. 'Tohitapu loves the *pakeha* people, but most of all he loves Te Wiria, his great friend. Tohitapu has stored up in his heart all the good things Te Wiria has done for the Maoris, especially for the Ngati-Ata *hapu*. Nothing can ever make Tohitapu forget the kindness Te Wiria has shown him and his *kainga*. Therefore Tohi' has said to us: "What can we do to show Te Wiria our thanks? How can we return this great *rangatira's* services? How can we preserve the regard of our *pakeha* friend for a long time? I will tell you. Te Wiria has a fine crop of potatoes, just ready for digging—Hakiri has seen them, and so has Titoré. But how will Te Wiria dig up his crop at this time, when all the *pakeha* have gone to the goldfields and men are scarce? Now, you men of Ngati-Ata, I will tell you what you must do. You must take the largest canoes you have, the biggest of all, and go over to Te

Wiria, and dig up his *riwai* crop for him. Then we shall show that the Maori people love Te Wiria, and there will be great friendship between him and us."'

Villiers replied almost with tears. He was overjoyed to know that the Ngati-Ata had his welfare so near their hearts. He had tried to show that he looked on them as friends: they had come to prove that they were such indeed. They were good men; they thought of the needs of others. They deserved to enjoy plenty all their lives. Might they never lack *kumara* and potatoes, pigs and tobacco. As for his *riwai* crop, it was a good crop and ready for digging, as they had guessed. He would be glad to accept their generous offer. He considered Hakiri and Titoré and Haneké and the rest of them had shown a very proper spirit in coming over to help him just in the nick of time. It was what he might have expected of such generous fellows.

Forks and spades were taken down to the potato-field. The Maoris, men and women, began to dig for all they were worth.

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Towards mid-day Villiers' women-folk took down to the workers large quantities of pork and a huge iron caldron. The Maori women, with many smiles, fixed up a cooking-place, and soon the *kohua* was sizzling over a bright fire. The pork was boiled with potatoes and thistles in the same pot. The Maoris gathered round, squatted on the ground, dipped their fingers in the stew, and ate till they were full. Then they stretched themselves. They praised Te Wiria, his house, his horses, his pork, his potatoes. And Villiers' little son, who had watched them eat, coveted their feeding capacities.

In the evening the work was finished; fifty sacks of

potatoes stood piled in Villiers' sheds. With many flattering speeches, and laughter, and chattering, the Maoris got into their canoes, and disappeared round the cape.

Villiers went to sleep with a light heart that night—his endeavours to maintain friendly relations with the Ngati-Ata were not in vain. But at one o'clock his big kangaroo-hound began to bark with all its might, and tugged furiously at the bullock-chain that held it. The dog often barked at night—usually at wild-cats or the moon. Villiers put his head out of the window, but could see nothing; so he went to bed again. But the dog barked on for hours.

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Next morning Villiers went to the sheds to feast his eyes on his wealth of potatoes. He opened the door of shed No. 1—it was empty. He went to No. 2—there, also, not a sack was to be seen. His potatoes were gone.

Villiers did not go for the police—there were no police to fetch. He saddled his horse, and rode over to Tohitapu's *pa*.

Tohi' met him with all the dignity of the true *rangatira*, and his mouth full of pork—Villiers had arrived there at dinner-time. The *pakeha* quickly told his story. Tohi' listened with the deepest respect. Villiers pointed to some sacks, marked with a great red V, hanging on a fence near by. Tohitapu acknowledged that it was strange that they should be there—marked with a V, too. Beyond a doubt, some of his fellows were arrant rogues; he would see to it. Villiers pointed to a newly-dug *rua*, almost under his horse's feet. Tohitapu acknowledged that it had been dug recently. Villiers remarked that it was full of potatoes. Tohi' relinquished his hold on Villiers' rein, and called his people to him.

'You Ngati-Ata are a bad people,' he said. 'You always were a greedy, thieving set of men! I have long felt ashamed of you. Te Wiria here is my *pakeha;* he has long been my friend and the friend of the Ngati-Ata. So you men there, Hakiri, Titoré, and Haneké, when you hear that Te Wiria has got a fine *riwai* crop, you go to him and say that I, Tohitapu, told you to dig it up. Te Wiria is a guileless man—he let you do the work. You store the *riwai* in Te Wiria's sheds. You are a low-bred set of men, *taurekareka*, all of you. You have no shame; you forget that the *pakeha* thinks stealing is a sin; you forget that the *pakeha* people put thieves into gaol and make them *herêheré*—prisoners. So you go and take Te Wiria's *riwai* crop; you steal it in the night—you dare not go in the day. You are great cowards, you Ngati-Ata! And you bring the potatoes to the *kainga*, and say to yourselves: "It is well: we shall have plenty of food for the winter." *He ware te iwi nei!* You are a wicked, lazy lot of people; you are a set of cowards and thieves; you are an ungrateful tribe; you have disgraced me in the eyes of my *pakeha*, Te Wiria. I am ashamed to be your chief. Get out of my sight, every one of you!"

And Tohitapu strode through the spell-bound Ngati-Ata, and resumed his interrupted meal, his meal of pork and baked potatoes—Te Wiria's potatoes.

Villiers sat on his horse, wondering whether Tohitapu was a great actor or a great liar. He rode home wondering. He wondered till the potatoes had long rested in the capacious stomachs of the Ngati-Ata. He is wondering to this day.

PATOPATO AND THE WATER-NYMPHS

Patopato sat under the lee of a big flax-bush on the shore of the lake, where the *korowai* cloak he wore blended with the colour of the sun-dried grass that grew on the hill behind him.

He was very *pouri*—dejected—and, of course, there could be but one reason, namely, Rutu. She was the prettiest *kotiro* in the *kainga*, and she would have nothing to do with Patopato—would not look at him. So he had come to this isolated spot in an unfrequented bay that his sorrow might gnaw at his heart without interruption, for when a Maori is *pouri* he takes it lying down.

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There was a sound of laughter on the lake, but Patopato didn't heed it. There appeared round the headland a number of black heads bobbing on the water, but Patopato didn't mark them. There was a great splashing, such as a school of porpoises might make in the sea, but Patopato didn't hear it. A shoal of Maori water-nymphs swam ashore, ran along the soft sand, chased one another, played games, laughed, shouted. Patopato suddenly became alert and quick-eyed. He sat up and scrutinized each girlish figure. But soon his interest faded away, and he looked on 'with lack-lustre eye.' The girls sat in a ring and gossiped, but Patopato regarded them with indifference. He could not see Rutu there.

The Hau-auru wind was blowing. It was one of those squally days when sunshine alternates with shadow, and the surface of the lake was blue and black by turns. Intermittent gusts blew down the mountain gorges and lashed the lake suddenly into foam. But when the Hau-auru was still the heat was great, and every ripple of the lake glistened in the sun.

Apart from the ring of water-nymphs walked a white girl, who linked arms with Reta, Patopato's sister, and paced the edge of the shore where the frothy waves washed their feet. The white girl was Eriha', the missionary *tohunga's* daughter.

Her whiteness contrasted sharply with the brown skin of Patopato's sister, and as the girls sauntered along the sand Patopato could not avert his pathetic eyes, which were as sad as any dog's. He heaved a deep sigh. The sight of the girls brought every line of Rutu's shape before him. He was sick with that love which comes only to the heathen in his blindness, blessed with an ideality of which the cultivated, artificial, unnatural *pakeha* knows nothing.

Jutting out into the little bay was a low ledge of rock, which ended in deep water. Eriha' shouted to the other girls, who, seized with a common impulse, plunged into the water and swam to the rocky platform. On it they sat themselves all in a row, like so many penguins. Then Eriha' dived off the end, where the deepest water was. All the water-nymphs craned their necks and watched the white figure swimming slowly down below. The *pakeha* girl came to the surface, and all the water-nymphs shouted. Eriha' had dived through a sunken archway of rock two fathoms down below. Then Reta dived—then Rangi—then Hiné—and so on in rotation. It was another game, and so engrossed were the water-nymphs that they did not

notice the sky had clouded over suddenly, and that the face of the lake was dark. Hau-auru swept down the gorge behind Patopato's back, burst upon the little bay, and swept out upon the lake. There was a small canoe, half a mile from land, making for the shore with all the speed of its one paddler. Patopato saw the squall strike the frail craft and overturn it. He shouted to the water-nymphs, but his voice was carried far up the adjacent cliffs. The bay was now a mass of foam, and the girls sat on their rock huddled together like fowls in the rain.

Patopato jumped up, threw off his *korowai*, rushed down the beach, and plunged into the water. As he passed the girls on the rock he shouted to them and pointed from the land.

The girls dived into the water like so many seals, and swam to the rescue.

When the stoutest swimmers reached the swamped canoe they saw three picaninnies sitting astride of the upturned craft, which a Maori girl—with the painter between her teeth—was towing against the fury of the squall. It was Rutu, and she was dead-beat.

Patopato took her by one arm, and Reta by the other, whilst three other water-nymphs took each a picaninny on her back, and a dozen hands grasped the tow-rope. And the white spray swept over all.

But in a quarter of an hour the squall had blown itself out, and Hau-auru had retired into the mountains. Rutu was carried ashore and, wrapped in Patopato's cloak, was laid upon the sand. She lay still, exhausted, with her eyes closed, and Patopato knelt beside her, chafed her cold limbs with his hand, and watched her face for some sign of returning life.

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When Rutu opened her eyes, Patopato was still gazing into her face as only a lover can.

The canoe was gone, and with it the picaninnies. All the water-nymphs had disappeared—considerate water-nymphs. Rutu and Patopato were alone upon the beach.

Then Rutu looked up at Patopato and smiled. Her hand stole softly from under the *korowai*, took hold of Patopato's hand, and pressed it to her breast.

Patopato was no longer *pouri*.

PIRIHIRA

Pirihira was a hundred years old—lean, wrinkled, toothless, and nearly blind. Her back was bent double; her head, as she stood, was raised but two feet from the ground. Her arms were as thin as the black stems in a flax-bush; her hands were like a hawk's claws—she had one talon missing; it had been broken off short, leaving only the stump.

She walked as nothing else walks on God's earth. Shuffling, scraping her naked bony feet along the ground, her right claw grasping a long *manuka* stick in the middle, she progressed somewhat in the manner of a crab, somewhat like an anthropoid ape.

Pirihira's voice was more guttural than a man's; it was the voice of a frog. When she croaked she wagged the stump of her maimed talon, by way of emphasis, at the listener, and with but little encouragement would tell the awful story of that mutilated claw.

Pirihira had an atrocious idea that clothes were almost superfluous to people of her age. In the heat of summer it was her custom to go about half naked. The sight of Pirihira's back was sufficient cause for a nightmare; a glimpse of her breast was a nightmare itself. She lived in Tohitapu's *kainga*, where she was always in the way, and often short of food. When she was not at home she was at Villiers's *pa*—she was one of his protégés—where she

had the run of a detached, unused back-kitchen. There she made her lair.

Therefore when Villiers declared his intention of journeying to Ingarangi, that far-off country from which no traveller returned, Pirihira was smitten with grief, and Tohitapu's *kainga* rang with her cries.

The *pakeha* took his wife and daughters with him, and his house was shut up. He said he would return in a year or two, but the Maori mind finds it hard to look forward so far. The Ngati-Ata *tangi'd* for him as if he were already dead.

When the *tangi* was over Pirihira begged, borrowed, or stole a little sucking-pig from her grandson, Wahawaha. It was the only little pig left over from the feast.

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Villiers had a maiden sister, as prim and proper a person as all England could produce. She had led a sheltered life beneath the shadow of the South Downs, occupied with the education of female adolescents. Also, she was impecunious.

Her nieces were told to call her Aunt Cornelia. She became their governess, and taught them French and German with an English accent, calisthenics and deportment, and they thought that Ingarangi must be another name for Te Reinga, which is the Maori Hell. They wished they had never seen the place, but their mother said, 'Hush, hush, girls! We are going home soon.' Imagine their consternation, therefore, when they were told that their Aunt Cornelia was going back with them.

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When Villiers returned to Te Rapa there was great rejoicing in Tohitapu's *kainga*. Tohi', accompanied by a proper retinue, came to congratulate Te Wiria on his safe

return, and to present the compliments of the Ngati-Ata *hapu*.

When the dusky savages ranged themselves upon the front-veranda, Miss Cornelia rapidly sought the privacy of her bedroom, that sanctuary which had never been desecrated. But her retreat would have been even quicker had Pirihira been present at the levee. That old lady, however, had been ill.

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Miss Corney was religious. To her mirth was an offence, and laughter was a sacrilegious thing. She had strange notions of the extreme value of food, and thought it 'too priceless a gift of God to be eaten in the dreadful prodigal "colonial" way.' Also she believed in the Divine use of the rod. And the Villiers girls prayed for an earthquake, even if but a little one; they petitioned Providence to erupt the nearest volcano. But the gods were on a journey, or asleep, or something.

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Pirihira's pig had grown immensely fat. It could not squeeze itself through the door of Pirihira's *raupo* hut. It was so fat that it could not stand; a whole side of Pirihira's *whare* had to be pulled down to give it egress. Then four men carried it down to the beach and placed it in a canoe. Pirihira's two great-grandsons paddled her and the pig over to Te Wiria's *pa*.

It was night when they reached Te Rapa. The boys helped the old woman ashore, and moored the canoe. They could not lift the pig, it could not lift itself, so they left it where it was. All three camped quietly in Pirihira's lair.

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With the first streak of dawn Pirihira awoke and com-

menced to croak. She wanted her great-grandsons to fetch up the fatted pig. The boys, however, protested that they could not do this without help, and the *pakeha* people were still asleep. Therefore, arguing loudly, Pirihira walked round the house to look for assistance, the boys following, and woke up the *pakeha* people.

The Villiers girls immediately recognised the croaks of the old *wahine makutu*, and went down to greet her. There was a great reunion on the front-steps.

With all the sweetness of maidenhood, the girls asked Pirihira if she would like to see their mother. They pressed her to see their mother. But Pirihira needed no pressing to see her *mata Wiria;* it was what she had come for.

Carefully they guided the ancient witch into the house, and assisted her to ascend the stairs. Safely at the top, she was shown a half-open door, pointing to which they said, '*Haere*, Pirihira, *haere* in there.' Pirihira entered.

The room was dark, the blinds and curtains were drawn. A figure lay in the bed, wrapped in tranquil repose. Pirihira could see nothing; so she raised her voice, and whined in a high falsetto: '*E mata Wiria*, you have come back, you have come back.' There was a gentle stirring of the bed-clothes. Pirihira felt her way to the bedside, and laid a loving claw upon the sleeper. '*E mata Wiria*, I have brought your pig, I have brought your pig.' Tears streamed down Pirihira's withered cheeks—tears of joy and affection. She laid her other claw, the maimed one, on a bare arm that strayed outside the sheets. '*E mata Wiria*, it has been fed on *kumara* and peaches—on *kumara* and peaches.' Pirihira peered with her purblind eyes close into the *pakeha* sleeper's face; shrivelled brown features were pressed against white; nose touched nose.

The morning sunbeams streamed through the cracks of the blinds. A shriek, as of a soul in hell, rang through the silent house; a white figure sprang from the bed, burst from Pirihira's loving clasp, and shot from the room like a rocket.

The old *wahine makutu* groped her way down the stairs, in her crab-like, anthropoid fashion, and went to see about getting the pig from the beach. No white *wairua* was going to frighten *her*—she knew too much about ghosts.

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Miss Cornelia packed up her traps that selfsame day. She didn't even stop to taste Pirihira's *kumara*-fed pig. She said *she* wasn't going to be eaten alive by cannibals. But, then, she had extreme ideas of the value of human food.

THE SCHOOL-MA'AM AND THE MORMON ELDER

THE School-ma'am was an indomitable little woman, whose fresh complexion was the admiration of her pupils. Her pupils! They ranged from little picaninnies to gray-haired, grizzled, tattooed men who were learning to read in the *pakeha* language; bright, bouncing Maori girls; little impish Maori boys, ever ready for a rough-and-tumble on the school floor; grave Maori youths, just awakening to a bashful knowledge of what their budding manhood and the winsomeness of the School-ma'am meant; women of ponderous proportions, learning to spell words of one syllable, and who would at the School-ma'am's nod, and before all the school, spank their erring offspring who were learning pothooks and hangers.

The School-ma'am could speak no Maori; her scholars knew but little English. The school was a most interesting menagerie, an institution of the denominational kind, over which the School-ma'am held sway on the understanding that she commenced operations each day by reading psalms and spiritual songs, and inculcated as much Anglican doctrine as her pupils would hold.

And that was where the trouble commenced—all her scholars were Mormons.

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School had opened. Though forbidden by their Elder

to take any active part in the prayers, the scholars were standing respectfully in a clump at the far end of the schoolroom whilst the teacher offered up devotions after the manner of the Gentile. When the prayers were finished all the scholars trooped towards the teacher's desk, talking, laughing, shuffling along the floor with their bare feet. When all were in their places, the School-ma'am rang her bell, and cried with authority :

'Silence! Stop talking, Hemi!' (Hemi aged fifty.) 'Honé, take your hat off!' (Honé aged twenty-five.) 'Miriama, you should come to school with your bodice buttoned up!' (Miriama mother of six, and with no underclothing beneath her gaping blouse.) 'Hakopa, take your pipe out of your mouth; go and put it in the porch!' (Hakopa aged sixty at least, learning to read and write in the *pakeha* tongue.)

Ahenata, Hipora, and Tamara, all grown women, who never were *decolletées*, turned and loudly reproved Miriama for her gaping blouse; Mohi, Rawiri and Hamuera seized Honé's hat and pulled it from his head; whilst Hakopa rose submissively and slowly, with a grieved expression on his gnarled old face, and went with shambling gait and deposited his pipe in the porch. They all worshipped the School-ma'am, and had with their own hands built her the school-house and had planted her garden—and more than that you can't say for Maori devotion.

But on Saturdays the Mormon Elder had things all his own way. He held his meeting in the morning, and preached by the hour. In the middle of the day there was a great feed, followed by more religious exercises in the afternoon; and the School-ma'am was left severely alone all day.

The Mormon Elder was American, from Utah, rather

stout, with a fair, silky beard. He was on nodding terms with his rival, but seldom spoke to her. He kept himself to himself; slept far into the day; spent much time over his meals, which he ate with his converts; slept again in the afternoon under the shade of a peach-tree that grew just outside the *kainga;* every evening played hymn tunes on an accordion, the doleful strains of which penetrated the wooden walls of the School-ma'am's house, much to her distraction and discomfort.

It was, therefore, with some surprise that one day she received the following note:

'MADAM,

'Wishing to get straight to business in enlightening my flock, I have fixed up a show as should do the trick. Your presence in our midst, at this our first lantern exhibition, will be most encouraging as well as useful in elucidating difficult questions as they arise. Hoping for your attendance this evening,

'Yours, in true friendship,

'ELKANAH Z. BARTON,

'*Mormon Elder.*

'MISS ELIZA FAITHFUL."

The School-ma'am was in a dilemma. Her refusal might promote discord, and she felt, though she had never divulged, the weakness of her position. If she accepted the Elder's invitation, she would seem to give countenance to his Mormon methods. She didn't know what to do—she had no adviser. So she did nothing, and let slip the golden opportunity of going to the Mormon meeting.

* * * * *

The lantern lectures had the effect which Elkanah

intended. The Maori mind has no room for more than one excitement at a time. For a couple of months it had been the School-ma'am and her blackboard; now it was the magic-lantern, and the Elder's more magical descriptions of the Temple, the Assembly Hall, the Endowment House, and other immense things in the City of Saints, that absorbed the natives' curiosity. The Mormon had gained complete ascendancy over the Maori mind; the School-ma'am had never a scholar left. The Mormon *karakia* flourished in Omakau; the *mana* of the Anglican Church had declined altogether.

* * * * *

It was no good idling indoors; the day was perfect; there was not the least hope of scholars. The School-ma'am took a big basket and a trowel, and went into the 'bush' to dig ferns.

It was the Mormon Elder's birthday; he told his scholars so; he had seen the School-ma'am start for the 'bush,' and he said he would give his pupils a holiday. He said he wished to give the day to meditation on the past years of his life. He went to meditate in the 'bush.'

* * * * *

The School-ma'am had reached a lovely spot, surrounded by soft mossy banks, which dripped refreshingly with accumulated moisture. The kidney fern grew on the dry tops of the banks on either hand, under foot was a carpet of maidenhair, whilst a great *rata* tree cast its blossoming boughs across the 'gully.'

The School-ma'am took from her basket a 'billy,' a pannikin, and her lunch folded in a napkin. Out of the 'billy' she took tea, sugar, and a small bottle of milk. Then she skirmished around for bits of dry wood, lit a fire, filled

her 'billy' from the glistening stream, and put it on to boil. Pannikin in hand, she sat herself down on a dry log, spread the napkin over her lap, and commenced to eat.

As she ate she looked on the surrounding wealth of ferns and mosses, and chose the best plants for her purpose. When she had finished her last mouthful and emptied her pannikin, she bared her feet and tucked up her skirts, that shoes and dress should not get soiled in the miry ground where the most treasured maidenhair ferns grew.

She had taken her trowel in one hand and the basket in the other, when she was startled by a rustling amongst the undergrowth behind her. Looking about like a startled fawn, she had thoughts of abandoning ferns, basket, 'billy,' and pannikin in hurried flight, when a voice behind her said:

'No need to start, Miss Faithful, I'm certain sure of that. I guess I'm a protection, not a danger. You've no cause to run away from *me*.'

And the head of Elkanah Z. Barton appeared through a *kawakawa* bush. He came deliberately down into the 'gully,' whilst the School-ma'am stood pale and still, not knowing which way to look for her bare legs.

'I calculate you've come ferning,' he said; 'but if you wish to hide here you shouldn't have lighted that yer fire. Ferning's an occupation almost unknown in the country I come from; the whole territory of Utah is pretty arid, I give you the word of Elkanah Z. Barton for that. But when I get to work digging, I guess you'll think I've bin at the game all my life, and that's a fact.'

The School-ma'am had not yet found her tongue, but gazed disconsolately at her feet; they were extremely pretty feet.

The Elder took up the trowel.

'Now, which of these plants shall I set to work on, Miss Faithful?' he asked. 'I'm here to be of use; all you have to do is to order me about.'

'Oh, thank you,' gasped the School-ma'am; 'you're *very* kind. Dig any you like—it's all the same to me.'

And while he set to work she quickly let down her skirt and put on her stockings and shoes.

* * * * *

Misfortunes never come singly; the School-ma'am's Bishop had come on a surprise visit to inspect her school. The episcopal steam-launch lay out in the tideway, in front of the *kainga*, and the Bishop of Timber Town, aproned, gaitered, aud hatted, walked with dignity to the School-ma'am's house. He had expected he would be met on the beach by a deputation of admiring Maoris; but in this he was disappointed, for he was welcomed merely by a crowd of half-clad children, who made personal remarks about him in Maori, which fortunately he did not understand.

He saw that the school was shut, for the scholars were playing all about the *kainga;* so he went up to the School-ma'am's house and knocked at her door. Of course he got no answer, for it was just about the time that the School-ma'am was boiling her 'billy' in the 'bush'—the Bishop of Timber Town might have seen the smoke curling in a thin streak above the deep green of the forest-clad slopes which formed a background to Omakau. But the Bishop had not come to examine Nature; he had come to examine Miss Faithful's school. So he walked over to the school-house, a chain or two away, to make sure that he was not misjudging the School-ma'am, but found that locked too. He returned to the School-ma'am's veranda,

and seated himself in her hammock-chair, and wondered what the School-ma'am meant by absenting herself from her post when he came to inspect. But he was not left long in cogitation, for in half an hour two figures issued from the cover of the 'bush'—the figures of the School-ma'am and the Mormon Elder.

They advanced, heedless of the danger that lay lurking in ambuscade behind the creepers of the School-ma'am's veranda. But suddenly they caught sight of the launch, and that brought them to a halt. They resolved themselves into a council of war, and decided not to divide their forces at such a critical juncture. With a bold front they advanced upon the unseen enemy, Elkanah carrying the basket of ferns and a bough of red *rata* flowers in one hand, and the School-ma'am's 'billy' in the other. They approached the School-ma'am's house.

Elkanah put the ferns and the 'billy' on the veranda-step, but retained the *rata*.

'I guess I'll take a nosegay of this,' he said, 'by way of a memento. It shall be the emblem of peace between you and me, Eliza. How do you say to that?' he added, placing a piece of *rata* flower in his buttonhole.

'I think red is an ecclesiastical colour,' said a deep voice from the recesses of the veranda—'hardly suited to your wearing.'

Elkanah turned, and saw the bulky form of the Bishop confronting him. But the Mormon showed no confusion.

'How'dy,' he said, holding out his hand. 'I guess you're the Bishop. Bishops ain't common fowl in this territory—it's mostly too rough for Bishops of your sort, is Omakau.'

The dignitary of the Church stood taken aback by the Mormon's coolness, and for a moment was at a loss to

know how to reply. The School-ma'am preserved a shy silence.

'Ah—yes!' said the Bishop. 'That is to say, certainly. Ah—you are—Mister—ah, exactly, of whom I have been informed. Ah, how do you do?' The Bishop took the proffered hand.

'My name's Elkanah Z. Barton. I come from Salt Lake City. I'm here on the business of the Saints. I'm one of the Saints myself, and I'm meeting with considerable success amongst your people, Bishop. Miss Faithful will tell you so—won't you, Eliza?'

The School-ma'am had unlocked her door, and, without answering, entered the house. The Bishop looked ruffled. Without another word he left the Mormon Elder standing on the veranda, and followed in the wake of the School-ma'am.

* * * * *

The Bishop's launch was steaming out of Omakau Bay, and the School-ma'am was crying inside her school-house, where she had received her episcopal 'wigging.'

She came out, wiping her eyes, her face red and tear-stained. The Mormon Elder was leaning over the school palings, waiting for her.

As soon as the School-ma'am saw him, she turned and fled into the school. But Elkanah Z. Barton was a man of action. He followed.

She stood sobbing by her desk, her head bent and her tears dropping upon her blotting-pad. The Elder had thick boots on, but he approached as quietly as he could over the resounding floor, and laid his large hand on the School-ma'am's shoulder.

'Eliza,' he said, 'I guess that Bishop of yours has been jest whipping you; but never you mind *him*, Eliza.

There's bigger men than your Bishop whar I come from ; your Bishop would be of very small account in Salt Lake City. Jest dry your eyes, Eliza. Be comforted.'

'He said I neglect my duty,' sobbed the School-ma'am. 'He says I've let the school go to rack and ruin, through laziness. He lectured me for going into the "bush" with you. He says it's disgraceful to carry on so with a—with a Mormon. He says I've no morals.'

'Your Bishop said that, Eliza? Waal, I'm sorry for that yer Bishop ; he's fallen from grace a long way—as fer's from here to Klondyke, and that's a good long way. What else did he say?'

'He said he'd been mistaken in me—he had always thought me a modest girl. He says he'll send another teacher to Omakau to take my place, and I don't know *what* I shall do.'

'There, there, never mind ; you're a girl can shift for yourself. You should have sent that yer Bishop to interview Elkanah Z. Barton. What else did he say?'

'He said I was only fit—only fit to *be* a Mormon.'

'He said *that*, Eliza? Waal, I guess your Bishop was about right.' Elkanah had hold of the School-ma'am with both hands. 'Say, Eliza, wasn't he right, now? Say, would you, even if you could, go back to teach school —supposing I was to give you back the scholars?'

'I don't know. I can't tell. I don't know what you mean.'

'I mean, Eliza, that you shall have 'em all back, on one condition—that you let me have you yourself.'

The School-ma'am shook off the Mormon's grasp, and stood defiant.

'I mean honest, Eliza. You an' me 'll marry.'

'What, marry a Mormon!'

'Waal—if you insist on it—no.'

'What *do* you mean, then?'

'What do I mean? I mean I'll resign my position as Saint—I'll be fully compensated by getting a perfect seraph of my own—and your Bishop shall marry us.'

Eliza's attitude changed, and the next item on the programme was an osculation.

'There, that's as it should be,' said Elkanah. 'And we'll make a real success of this scheme: you shall keep school; I'll find the scholars. It'll be a financial success.'

'Oh, thank you! You're *very* kind—much too kind!' murmured Eliza into the gap of his unbuttoned neckband—he wore no collar. 'And you know, Elkanah, there's the Government capitation grant, besides Church donations to the school.'

'Eliza, I wasn't thinking to be mercenary over this matter. I was thinking we had better go and tell the *kainga*.'

They turned, still osculating, to quit the room, and saw two smiling brown faces were watching them from the porch. They recognised them as the faces of Hakopa and Miriama his wife.

'Ah, Mitta Barton,' said Hakopa, 'this *ka pai* werry good thing I see! You an' t'e schoolmissis make a *marenatanga* — allasame you say "marry." By-an'-py the Mormona Church an' t'e Church of Englan' make a *marenatanga*, too, here in Omakau, an' we have another werry good time wit' a noo religion.'

HOROMONA

'My soul is distressed about Horomona. He disgraced his Christian calling, and fell grievously from grace.'

As a matter of fact, it was only a three-foot drop.

Thus it was that the Rev. Ambrose Meek wrote in his annual report.

'But,' he added, 'I will not pain you with details which could only be a hindrance to the "cause" and the fruitful source of derision to the scoffer.'

And that is where the reverend gentleman was wrong. Horomona's story forms a psychological study which should not be lost.

* * * * *

The Government, in its strictly maternal character, had appointed a Commission to investigate the grievances of the Awaroa natives 'on the spot.' And the grievances of Awaroa were financial, social, and territorial.

There were Judge Vanderdick; Podgson, the Commissioner of Crown Lands; Wipstaff, Receiver of Land Revenue—magnates in the provincial district of Timber Town, who constituted a competent Commission. And they employed Waghorn, who lived in Awaroa with his native wife, as their interpreter.

The Commission opened with proper ceremony in the white *tohunga's* school, and was confronted by the bland and beaming face of Horomona, the Chief of Awaroa, who

had placed his enormous bulk right in front of the Judge.

At lunch-time—roast pork and *kumara* — Horomona 'chummed up' to the Commission, and gave gratuitous advice to the Judge. And so did Ripeka, Amoho's wife; but she was a *wahine puremu*, and offered something more than advice.

But no one was ever known to question the virtue of Judge Vanderdick. Podgson was a pious person, who distributed tracts in the *kainga* and took a 'practical interest in the Maoris.' Wipstaff was the unregenerate member of the trio, a lean and frivolous being who, when first he saw Ripeka, had said:

'Fine woman. Saw her wink at you, Judge. And Podgson squeezed her hand, I swear. He's taking a religious interest in her, and 'll cut you out, Judge.'

* * * * *

It was a dark and drizzling night, but the Commissioners' *whare*—the best in the *kainga*—was full of light.

The Judge sat on his blankets and smoked a cigar; Podgson reclined near the candle and studied Williams's Maori Dictionary; Wipstaff, Horomona and old Amoho squatted in a group near the door and played cut-throat euchre. The whisky stood between Wipstaff's knees.

'I think,' said Podgson, 'you might subdue yourself, Wipstaff. You might set a better example to the natives; you're behaving like a *pakeha-maori*.'

'But you act as my antidote, Podgson. Your say, Horomona. You make it spades? Good—there's the queen! Well, I'm blessed! No, you don't! Ah, Amoho's trick! Now, Horomona: there's the "left-

bower" on your king. Careful, Amoho—be careful, and we'll euchre the chief.'

'Oh, hang it!' exclaimed the pious Podgson, 'this is perfectly disreputable—this is more than I can stand.'

And, rising from the floor, he left the *whare*.

'Hi, Podgson!' shouted Wipstaff; 'we'll play quietly, I give you my word. Hi!' But Podgson had gone beyond recall. 'Bah!' said Wipstaff, 'he doesn't know enough to come in out of the rain.'

'Perhaps,' said the Judge, 'Podgson will find it quieter in another *whare*. There are better ways of learning Maori than from Williams's Dictionary.'

'Ho! ho! good for you, Judge! So there are.' Wipstaff got up and looked out at the door. 'There 're not many people awake,' he said. 'I can only see a light in one *whare*.'

'That my missis waitin' for me,' said Amoho. 'I take her t'e *wai piro* by-an'-py.'

And the old rascal looked significantly at the whisky bottle.

'Come on, boss,' said Horomona, 'we play another game.'

But before they recommenced they had a drink all round. The Judge had rolled himself up in his blankets.

'Your lead, Horomona,' said Wipstaff.

The game began again, and presently the Judge fell asleep, and the players had another drink all round.

When the game was finished, Amoho lay back to take a doze. The other two talked.

At last Horomona got up.

'I think I go,' he said. '*Haere mai ki te moe*,' he said to Amoho; but the old man did not move. 'That feller

too fond *wai piro*,' said Horomona. '*Ka nui taku hia-moe* —I werry sleepy. So long, boss.'

And the big Maori shook hands with the Receiver of Land Revenue, smiled his broadest smile, and left the hut.

'Amoho,' said Wipstaff, shaking the sleeper, 'are you going to camp here for the night?'

The old man sat up and rubbed his eyes.

'I think I have another drink,' he said, and helped himself from the bottle.

'That werry good,' he said. '*Ka pai*. Ah!'

And he lay back and went to sleep again.

Wipstaff relit his pipe and smoked contemplatively.

'Evidently I shall have to drag the old fool to his hut,' he reflected. 'No, no, on second thoughts, I won't; it'll be a treat for Podgson.'

Wipstaff had rolled himself up in his blankets, blown out the light, and was in his first soft sleep, when Podgson came in, tripped over Amoho, and fell on the top of the Receiver of Land Revenue.

'Hullo! confound!' cried Wipstaff. 'That you, Podgson? Well, I *am* ashamed. Oh, get off! Is *this* the state in which the missionary sends you home?'

'Who's that lying near the door?'

'Amoho,' said Wipstaff.

'No, it can't be Amoho.'

'It's him all right.'

'But I've just left Amoho asleep in his hut. His wife asked me not to wake him.'

'Eh? What? Oh, Podgson, I wouldn't have thought it of *you!*'

'You—you mistake me; you misjudge me. The *kainga* is all dark, and I went into the wrong hut by mistake, I assure you.'

'Ahem! that's a lovely yarn, but it won't wash, Podgson. Where's my matches? Ah!' Wipstaff struck a light. 'There's your Amoho,' he added; 'look how innocently he sleeps.'

'This is inexplicable,' said Podgson; 'but I'll send him home at once.'

'You'll do no such thing. Just get into your blankets, and leave Amoho's matrimonial matters to look after themselves.'

* * * * *

The Judge was waked at dawn by Amoho bundling himself out of the Commissioners' hut. Then, dressed in shoes, hat, and pyjamas, Vanderdick stepped out of the frouzy *whare* into the fresh morning air, laden with scents from the 'bush.'

Amoho was shambling across the *marae* of the *pa*, but no sooner had he entered his hut than the sound of high-pitched voices reached the Judge, and above all could be distinguished the shrill accents of a woman. Then followed unmistakable sounds of a free fight, and out of Amoho's hut burst the bulky Horomona, closely pursued by the owner of the *whare*.

As the two men rushed past him, Judge Vanderdick observed that Horomona was dressed only in his shirt, and bore his trousers in his hand, and that the infuriated Amoho flourished a revengeful tomahawk.

The younger man, though seventeen stone in weight, outstripped his more aged pursuer, and, rushing through the gate of the *pa*, fled into the dense 'bush,' on the outskirts of which Awaroa stood.

Turning to contemplate an excited *pa*, the Judge was confronted by Waghorn, the *pakeha-maori*.

'Judge,' he said, 'don't gauge our character by a

commonplace incident like this. If you hadn't been here, I've no doubt Ripeka and her flame would have *tukituki'd* the old man in the *whare*. But we're growing abominably civilized.'

* * * * *

The Commission continued to sit, the Judge taking voluminous notes, Podgson seriously considering all the evidence, Wipstaff suffering boredom beyond belief, and all three missing the stimulation of Horomona's smile.

For three days the chief absented himself, but on the fourth he came out of the 'bush,' lean and hungry. But scarcely had he set foot inside the *pa* when Amoho rushed at him with a ten-foot spear, as sharp as a bayonet.

Horomona thought to escape as before, but the gate was blocked by a dozen men. So he made for the palisades, over which he was scrambling ignominiously, when Amoho came behind him with the spear. Plunk! and the weapon pinned Horomona's hand to the palisades.

At once the breathless suspense of all who watched was turned into a hubbub. Four men seized Amoho, and others extricated Horomona from the fence.

'Enough!' they cried. 'Make an end of this, Amoho; you have had your *utu*.'

It was of no use for the old man to expostulate that his wish was to kill Horomona; he was told that he had had his chance, and should have used it better; the matter was at an end.

More than that, a canoe was launched, provisioned, and manned, and Amoho and Ripeka were ordered to get into it.

'Now, Amoho,' they said, 'you go back to your *kainga* in Whanganui, and take the *wahine puremu* with you. Since you brought her here we have had nothing but *puremu tanga* and trouble. There will be no peace in Awaroa till she has gone.'

* * * * *

Next day Horomona sat beamingly watching the proceedings of the Commission, and answering every glance of the Judge's eye with a smile that displayed his teeth as far back as the bicuspids. His left hand was tied up and slung in a bright red handkerchief.

The ignominious end of his intrigue appeared to cause Horomona no shame whatever; he renewed his familiarity with the Judge and the pious Podgson, as if nothing indelicate had happened.

'When you make-a-time wit' me, Tchudge?' he asked. 'When you make a talk 'bout my biz'ness?'

The Judge was puzzled; he could think of no occasion for inquiring into Horomona's personal affairs.

'What you think about it, Tchudge? You find it *ka pai*—werry good?'

'Oh, that'll be all right,' said the Judge. 'By-and-by, when we come to your affair, we'll take your evidence.'

But this did not seem to satisfy Horomona; he went and bothered Wipstaff, and the Judge turned to accost another man, a *pakeha*, who desired to speak to him.

'Morning, boss,' said the stranger. 'I'm Mr. Simpcox, of Wakatu. I rent the quarry on the Native Reserve there.'

'Yes, yes, I know the place,' said the Judge.

'Well, there's some cobobbery about it, and these (anathematized) niggers want to bleed me. I've always

paid the rent to the chief, which I can prove, and I'll see the whole (sanguinary) *kainga* in (Te Reinga) before I pay another (likewise sanguinary) cent.'

'But, my good sir, the matter is of no interest to me; it has not come before the Commission.'

'But it's a-goin' to come before you, and what I want to know is, are these bleeding niggers to rob a white man, who's always paid his way and done nothing to nobody? If so, I'll (blank-blank) well make you and them and the blarsted Commission see if there's a thing called British Justice!'

But the Judge had turned and gone. He was a mild man, and it was time for the afternoon sitting; so he made his way to the school, where his brother Commissioners were already seated.

'Before I forget it, Judge,' said Wipstaff, 'Horomona seems anxious to bring something forward. I thought it best to encourage him, and appointed ten o'clock to-morrow. He's got something on his mind, but he never said whether it was financial, social, or territorial, but I bet you a "fiver" it's something domestic, and with a *wahine puremu* in it.'

'Perfectly correct.'

'Then, you won't take me up, Judge?'

'No, no, I mean he shall have a hearing.'

* * * * *

At the appointed time the Commission sat, but by half-past ten Horomona had not put in an appearance.

'Very strange,' said the Judge. 'He expressly made the appointment.'

'Can he have taken to the "bush" again?' suggested Podgson.

'Wouldn't it be as well to search all the *whare-punis* in the *kainga?*' said Wipstaff.

'Here's the missionary-man, running like a redshank,' said the interpreter, who sat near the window.

Scattering the Maoris at the door, the white *tohunga* burst upon the astonished Commission, and exclaimed between his gasps for breath:

'There's been murder!—a dreadful tragedy—come with me, all of you—hanging from a beam in my church—oh dear! oh dear! it's perfect pollution—I couldn't cut him down — Horomona hanging in the church — in *my* church!'

* * * * *

They had viewed the body; the inquest was over; coroner and jurymen were discussing the psychological aspect of the case.

'Perhaps his conscience smote him about that man's wife,' Podgson was saying.

'Of course,' scoffed Wipstaff; 'he acted on the maxim "If your eye offend." At that rate some of *us* had better go and hang ourselves.'

'If you look at your notes,' said the Judge, who was likewise coroner, 'you will see that Horomona was in the habit of receiving certain rents—er—the rents of the Wakatu Native Reserve, from a man named Simpcox, whom I have met—yes, whom I most decidedly have met —none of which appear to have been paid over to the tribe.'

'Ah!' said the interpreter, who ought to have known, 'that explains everything. No Maori ever hanged himself because he had got mixed up with another man's wife. Horomona had been embezzling the funds of the tribe, the

action of a mean *taurekareka*, and he wanted to die before he lost his *mana*—his reputation. He was a *rangatira* of the first rank on earth; now he is a *rangatira* in heaven.'

'Or in "the other place,"' said Wipstaff: 'what d'you call it? Te Reinga. Yes, now he's a boss *rangatira* in Te Reinga.'

UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

We were fifty miles from anywhere, in the heart of the great forest which stretches down the rugged western half of Wai Pounamu, the South Island of Maoriland.

The tent was pitched under a big *rimu* tree, and the fire was half a chain off, under the lee of a rock that cropped out of the side of the 'gully.' The night was dark and still. The only sound of life was the cry of the *ruru* owl; but the Maoriland 'bush' is always full of unaccountable noises, which make it a weird place at night, and prey on the nerves of lonely 'hatters' till—till they become like Pannifer.

Henderson sat with his back against a fuchsia-tree which grew beside the rock; Karepa sat on the other side of the fire, against the rock itself; I lay on the unused 'fire-fly,' right in front of the fire, a little lance-wood tree growing at my feet.

We smoked in silence, listening to the 'bush' noises. First there would be a murmuring among the tree-tops, like the sighing of a thousand ghosts; then we could swear there were people whispering in the thicket that grew above the rock; next there would be a crashing through dead branches and undergrowth at the head of the 'creek,' which was dry at that time of the year; and then rumble, grumble, tumble, and a great tree, perhaps a quarter of a mile away, would crash down the side of the

valley. Then would follow the sound of axes, as though ghostly bush-fellers were at work on the prostrate tree; in the middle of the tap, tap, tapping of the axes we would hear a prolonged 'cooee,' followed by a shrill whistle, and a hideous laugh would come from the 'bush' above the camp.

'Too much t'e *taipo* in this bush,' said Karepa. 'The Maori no like.'

'Nor do hatters,' I remarked.

'The only hatter I really ever chummed in with,' said Henderson, 'was this same Pannifer we have come to hunt for.'

'You couldn't have chosen a bigger blackguard,' I said.

'He was all right then,' said Henderson—'a bit dotty, but harmless.'

'I thought he murdered a man named Hamelin.'

'Oh no. The man fell over a cliff.'

'And Pannifer married the widow?'

'Yes, he married the widow—and why shouldn't he, if she was willing?—and went back to the Promised Land to dig, but no one would pack tucker for him, so he left that district and went to the Wakamarina. There he got on to good gold. All the same, his wife grew tired of waiting for him in town, and cleared out with another digger, and when Pannifer's mates heard the Hamelin yarn they kicked him out of camp.'

'And I should have been a party to the kicking, had I been there.'

'There were two men prospecting in the Pelorus River, and one night, as still as this, they were waked up by a row outside their tent. They looked through the flap, and there they saw Pannifer, as naked as Venus, and white

in the moonlight, crouching over what remained of their fire, talking to it. You bet, they ran him out of camp pretty quick, and thought they had scared him properly. But not a bit of it; two nights after he came back and set fire to their tent while they were asleep. That made them wild. They chivied him, brought him back to camp, and pretty well excoriated him.'

'They did what?'

'Flayed him alive. And when they let him go he was a bigger lunatic than ever. Then, when they went to town, they told the police there was a madman in the bush; and we and they are out to look for him.'

'And *we* are three lunatics—two white and one brown—looking for another who is only one degree more lunatic than ourselves.'

'They say his hut is somewhere in this valley.'

'Then the Kaka isn't much of a place for a decent Maori, like Karepa, to camp in.'

'You quite right,' said Karepa; 'this Kaka valley too full of t'e *taipo* after that, I know.'

'Put more wood on the fire, Karepa,' said Henderson; 'it'll make a blaze and frighten the *taipo* away.'

The Maori rose, and built up the fire. By the glare that resulted I saw that Henderson had taken out his watch, a gold one, with a big stain on the back of it.

'You've done something to your watch,' I said.

'That mark?' he replied. 'That's all right. It was made long ago by a fellow named Felton, with quicksilver. We were at school together in the old country—Ingarangi. Karepa, you know Ingarangi?'

'Oh, I know him,' said the Maori; 'long way off, boss.'

'Felton and I were great pals. He was of the dare-

devil sort, and we called him the Madman—he used to do lunatic things. We were *big* pals, but we were a bit too wild for England, so we decided to clear out together, which must have been a great relief to our relations.'

Henderson paused to light his pipe with a red-hot cinder, and between puffs went on with his yarn:

'Felton didn't go the whole hog all at once—he became Maorified bit by bit. It began by his going up the Whanganui River to Onepapa, Koheré's *kainga*, where he met Hina, Koheré's niece, and the usual developments followed.' But the pipe hadn't lighted properly, and Henderson was brought to a standstill.

The Maori passed him the matches.

'That's more like,' he said; 'thanks, Karepa. Would you call Felton a *rangatira?*'

'Mitta Pereton t'e *rangatira* all right,' said Karepa. 'He was werry good man.'

'The beggar had a way with him that the Maoris liked,' continued Henderson—'the give-and-take faculty. This is how it is: Pikopiko gives you a basket of *kumara* and a sucking-pig, and takes your new saddle and bridle. Then Hamuera comes along, and asks your *wahine* where you are. She says you've gone down to Bullocktown by canoe, and Hamuera says he wants your horse, to go over to Te Keke to see his brother. And when you get back, you are minus horse *and* saddle. But it doesn't matter—you know that—you'll borrow somebody else's. It's the Maori way.

'Felton's game was land. If you wanted to acquire Maori land, those days—you can't acquire it anyhow now, for reasons which a maternal Government will explain—the best way, if you had no money, was to marry a *wahine nui* with plenty of land. Felton didn't

know a *wahine nui*; so, to make a beginning, he took Hina—Maori fashion, you understand—an ordinary, pretty *kotiro* who had nothing but an ill-defined share in a *raupo* swamp which could never be drained. But he had plans. And in the meantime he got to know the lingo, and acted as a sort of agent between the Onepapa natives and the trading sharks in Bullocktown, and propagated a half-caste family of little Feltons.

'He had reached the third when he met Mirirau, inland, five days' journey from Onepapa. Mirirau *was* a *wahine nui*; she could trace her pedigree back through twenty generations to a man of the Mataatua canoe, which came from Hawaiki. She was, in consequence, a big *rangatira*, entitled to the freehold of thousands and thousands of acres.

'You bet, Felton stayed at Manaroa, her *kainga*, and made all sorts of love to her. First he tried talk, but that didn't seem to impress Mirirau; then he shammed to be *pouri*, and straightway became interesting. One day Mirirau took him on the river in a canoe, and he fell off some rocks near the river-bank, and broke a couple of ribs—no serious matter—and Mirirau tied him up with strips of the mat she was wearing. After that he made good progress.'

'With his ribs, or with Mirirau?'

'Mirirau, you owl! What did the ribs matter? The truth is, a Maori likes a white skin, if it's that of a *rangatira*. Mirirau reckoned Felton was blue-blooded enough, and her love of a new sensation—common to all Maoris—gave Felton his chance. And he took it.

'At Manaroa there was a *pakeha* sky-pilot, who guessed how things were going. He came to Felton, and said: "Look here, sir, you're interfering with my work and the

spread of the Gospel; you must go away, sir." Felton laughed. Then the sky-pilot said the next best thing was to marry the girl, which was just what Felton wanted. And, you bet, the parson fixed things up. He did *so*—*pakeha* fashion, according to the usage of the Church. *Hahi o Ingarangi*—you understand, Karepa?'

'Oh ay! I belonga it myself,' said the Maori. 'I know.'

'And you know about Mirirau and the *tohunga* and the big *merekara* he did?'

'Yeh; I was at Manaroa that time, and it make Turuturu a werry bik *tohunga*.'

'All right, you tell about it,' said Henderson.

'Well, Koheré was *matua keke* to Mitta Pereton's first woman,' began Karepa.

'He was Hina's uncle. Comprehend?' said Henderson.

I nodded.

'Koheré, he was bit of a *tohunga*, too,' continued Karepa. 'He think he got some werry good *karakia* for to ketch a t'ief. You go to the *whata* to steal his *kumara*, an' you hear "knock, knock!" "Hurro!" you say, "what's that? You put your hand in troo the door of the *whata* and ketch hold of a kit of potato, and again "knock, knock!" If you clever pfeller, you leave those potato there, and clear out werry quiet. If you a fool, you take those potato—and when you eat t'em you die. Koheré got bik *mana* that way. He had the *karakia* to make the *kumara* and *riwai* grow, an' he have bik power to ketch a t'ief.

'Wella, when Mitta Pereton come back no more to his *wahine* at Onepapa, Koheré he make-a-find-out; and when he hear the *pakeha* had married, *pakeha* way, to a bik *wahine nui*, like Mirirau, he say: "The *karakia* of the

pakeha werry good; but *my karakia* much 'tronger, and by-an'-py I make my *pakeha*, Peretona, come back all right. He glad to come back."'

'Mirirau was a big lump of a girl,' said Henderson, 'given to laughing and lazing around; generous; would give you anything you darn well pleased. But, behind all this good nature, she was a perfect fury! So Hina should have been circumspect when she came poking round after her husband. The safe thing for her to do was to tell the *wahine nui* that there was no objection to their dividing Felton—Hina to have him when he was down the river, and Mirirau to own him when he was in the interior. Mirirau was that easy-going *she* wouldn't have objected to such an arrangement. But when a woman came to her *kainga* just to threaten her with witchcraft and spells and devilments, and she a *rangatira*, married in the eye of the law, a woman with marriage lines—though she didn't know it—you can guess what happened: Hina was fired out of the *kainga*. Go on, Karepa.'

'Koheré got a bik *mana* pecause he cure that kind of *hakihaki* you *pakeha* people give us after the war. Wella, Koheré could heal that *hakihaki*.'

'From healing to killing,' said Henderson, 'is only a step—every doctor knows that, whether he is white and qualified at Edinburgh, or is brown and got his diploma in the heart of the King Country. Go ahead, Karepa!'

'T'e people say to him: "Koheré, put the *makutu* on Peretona." But he say, "No; the *pakeha* has have the *Atua* on his side. I can't make a fight wit' Ihu Karaiti——"'

'What the Maori calls Jesus Christ,' said Henderson.

'That it,' said Karepa. 'So Koheré say he put the *makutu* on the Maori woman, Mirirau.'

'But hadn't she got Ihu Karaiti, too?' I asked.

'Hold on! That werry good talk,' said Karepa, 'but you make it too quick; she not got time to get Ihu Karaiti. By-an'-py she get him all right. Wella, Koheré he goes all alone, an' never say who he is. At Manaroa they give him plenty *kai*, potato, *kumara*, pork, all sort, anything they got; an' ewerry day he stand and look at Mirirau while she sitting in the door of her hut. One day her husban' come home from the "bush" or somewhere he been, and he see Koheré. There was bik quarrel, you bet—werry bik quarrel—and Koheré say he go, he no like to stop. "But, all right," he say, "you see what will happen when I gone." And he cleared out—went back to Onepapa.

'First one man ask, then another, "Who this pfeller that talk so bik?" An' Peretona he say: "Oh, he think himself werry bik chief; he think he werry good man to put the *makutu* on you; he think himself werry crate *tohunga*."

'An' Peretona he laugh, but Mirirau she no laugh. Oh no! She say: "I feel werry bad; I feel sick right troo. That man put the *makutu* on me all right, pecause I take you from the *wahine* down at Onepapa—his *iramutu*." How you call?'

'*Iramutu?*' said Henderson—'niece.'

'T'e niece!—that it,' said Karepa. 'Wella, Mirirau was good woman; she speak wit' one tongue: she no speak wit' two tongue. The people know she speak true talk, and they cry, an' they cry; they know the *makutu* begin to work in her soon. And Mirirau she go into her hut, and she lie down, oh, werry bad! but pefore she go in she tell the people to send for Turuturu, the King's *tohunga*—that the man.'

'And that same evening a man went off to the Waikato to fetch him,' said Henderson.

'Yes; I know that man,' said Karepa, with a smile. 'In Tauranga, Taranaki, Urewera, there plenty men *tohunga*, but they all know that the crate *tohunga* is Turuturu. Plenty *tohunga* try to break his *karakia* and kill him with their *makutu*, but no good—he too 'trong for them.

'I was the man make-a-fetch Turuturu. I bring him up the Waikato, across Taupo-Moana, right along to Manaroa. We come troo t'e "bush"; we come werry slow, pecause Turuturu he too old to go fast. And when we get near the *kainga* we hear, oh! them crying and crying. That was the *tangi*. And I say: "We too late; I think Mirirau dead." But the *tohunga* he say: "Go on! no fear!"

'But when we got to the *kainga*, true enough there was Mirirau dead on the *kauhoa* in the middle of the *marae*, and all the people were crying an' crying. Then I said: "Oh, this is no good! we come too late." But the *tohunga* he say: "Hold on; you see what I do. You forget I am t'e bik *tohunga*. You forget I come allaway from Waikato to do this thing."

'So he tell the people to stop crying; an' they sit still and quiet. An' Turuturu he make a big *korero*.

'"Who make-a-this kill?" he say. "Who make Mirirau die so quick?" An' they say: "Koheré. He put the *makutu* on her and make-a-kill, pecause she marry the *pakeha*, Peretona." "That true talk," he say. "That werry good talk. Koheré he is a bik *tohunga*; he make the *kumara* grow fine, make the potato grow bik; he take away the *hakihaki*, the sickness, all right; he got the *karakia* for all that. But this time he go furter on—he

make-a-kill wit' the *makutu*. But I say, and Tawhiao the King say, that this way of killing the people is werry bad. I no make-a-kill that way, pecause the Maori people getting too few already. I say to Koheré, if he do this to the people I bring along my *makutu* and make-a-kill of *him*. I show him there is a *tohunga* with more *mana* than him round here. Now, then, you people, don't cry any more; make a finish of this *tangi*. You stay here and watch the *kauhoa*, while I go and make the *karakia* that will show Koheré my power. You keep quiet, make no row, and let me work my spell."

'Then he go up to the *kauhoa* and have a look at the girl. She was dead right enough—been dead two, t'ree day. And then he go into the girl's *whare*, and shut the door.

'All the people sit round the *kauhoa*, all still, all quiet, no talk, nopody make a move, only the girls that put wood on the fire to make it burn, pecause it was t'e nighty time now, an' we wanted to see—it was cold and we wanted to make a warm.

'One hour, two hour, t'ree hour, but Turuturu never come out. Four hour, in the middle of the night, we hear a row in the hut. We know; he talking to the spirit of his fathers—they big *tohunga*, all of them, when they live here. He telling them he want the proper *karakia* to break the *makutu* of this bad pfeller Koheré; and we hear them talking to Turuturu in that hut, an' we all werry frighten', we could hardly breathe.

'All the fires had died down, and we all felt, oh! like we empty inside, no 'trength, no—how you make-a-talk? *A ngohe noa iho o matou ngakau.*'

'They had lost heart,' translated Henderson. 'All their courage had gone out of them; they felt the bottom

of the world was dropping out; had no stomach left, as we say.'

'Wella,' continued Karepa, 'all-a-sudden the *tohunga* came out of his hut. He come werry slow, all bent up, and he stand by the side of the *kauhoa*. The *pakeha*, Peretona, he stand on the other side.

'"You people, listen what I speak," said Turuturu. "If anyone say the old *karakia* no good, let him see what I do. It is time these bad *tohunga*, like Koheré, were learn the *karakia* is not to kill people, but to make them well when they get ill."

'Then he put his hand on the head of the *tupapaku*—allasame you call "corp"—and he say the *karakia*, and make a stroke in front of her face, two, t'ree time, and then he say some more *karakia*, cut off a bit of her hair, and ketch hold of her hand, and say: "*E Mirirau, ko taku kupu tenei ki a koe, E ara.*" Allasame as he tell her to get up.

'We were all like men made out of wood; none of us move. We wonder what happen next. But the *pakeha* he shake his head.

'Little bit at a time the corp move—first the feet, then the hands, then the whole body. Then the *korowai* mat fall off the *kauhoa*, and the girl sat up.

'First we think she a spirit herself, her eyes all stare, an' we frighten and stand back. Ugh! Then we see the *pakeha* take hold of her and—*Katahi ka kihi te tangata ra i tana wahine, i a Mirirau.*'

'The man kissed his wife,' explained Henderson laconically.

'Wella, we knew it was Mirirau all right,' continued Karepa, 'and we shout and shout; we go mad pecause we so glad. My wurra, we make a bik feast after that,

an' make Turuturu know himself the crate *tohunga* in Niu Tirani. My wurra !'

Towards the end of his narration Karepa had stood up in order that he might gesticulate with perfect freedom. He now sank exhausted to the ground, and reached for his pipe.

'After all that talk,' he said, 'I think I have a smoke. After all that long *korero* I think I have a drink. Got any peer, boss ?'

'There's no beer, Karepa—too far to carry.'

We had found our swags heavy enough as it was. I handed him my flask and a pannikin.

'All right,' he said; 'I make-a-drink *wai piro*. First peer—best; then wine—next; then *wai piro*—last.'

'I knew *makutu* could kill,' I said to Henderson, whilst Karepa's face was buried in the pannikin, 'but this resurrection business seems new. Fact is, it's a bit tough.'

'Maybe; but it's right enough,' said Henderson, 'as I'll show you. There's more to follow.'

'Have another fill of tobacco, Karepa. That's a good *korero tara*.' Which is another name for the wildest fiction.

'Get out,' said Henderson; 'it's no *korero tara;* it's as true as the Gospel of Saint John. As I said, there's more to follow.'

Karepa filled his pipe and puffed silently. He was too dignified to notice my aspersion.

'One summer I went up the Whanganui River and through to Taupo,' said Henderson. He had forgotten his want of sleep. 'The upper reaches of the river were *tapu* to the white man then, but the Pipiriki natives made that all right for me, and canoed me into the middle of the King Country. We stopped at a number of

villages on the way, but I don't remember their names—I hadn't got hold of the lingo then. At one of these, when we were striking towards Roto-Aira Lake, we got weather-bound. The Maoris understand hospitality; they gave me the best hut in the *kainga*. It had an iron chimney, like those you see on the diggings.

'When I'd fed, the natives came crowding into the hut to see the *pakeha*. An old woman in a blanket squatted down on one side of me, and began to smoke, and on the other sat an atrocious old heathen who had his pretty daughter with him. The old ruffian was trying to tell me that I'd need a horse to take me to Taupo; he could get me just the thing. I had got the drift of what he was saying, when a white man came in. He looked suspiciously at me, and said something to the old heathen in Maori. His hat was slouched over his eyes, and a dirty untidy beard hid the rest of his face. His clothes were ragged.

'"Some low-down *pakeha-maori*," I thought; "he'll want to borrow a fiver from me." But blood *is* thicker than water. I offered him my tobacco-plug. He took a fill, and we began to get along better. He wanted to know all about some new land laws that affected the Maoris; but I'd hardly time to tell him that I knew nothing about such things, when the girl I spoke of took him by the shoulder and led him out of the hut.

'Her father then began again about the horse, and I twigged it was the *pakeha-maori's* horse that he was talking about. And presently the white man returned. It was getting late, and I wanted the natives to clear out. So I took out my watch, but found the rain had got into its works and stopped it. So I roasted it before the fire. The *pakeha-maori* stood by and looked on.

'I'd baked the watch on one side and turned it round to bake the other, the monogram side. The firelight shone on the metal and showed up the engraved letters and the quicksilver stain that Felton had made across the back. As you see, the discoloration has never worn off.

'All of a sudden the *pakeha-maori* reached forward, took the watch, looked at it closely, and said:

'"This your watch?"

'"Yes," I said.

'"Was it always yours?"

'"Yes."

'"And is that your monogram?"

'"Yes."

'"Then your name's Henderson!"

'"Why not? But how do *you* know?"

'"By the watch," he said. "I made that stain on it."

'"Felton!"

'"That's me," he said.

'"By Gad!"

'Well, the girl who had led him out of the hut was his *wahine*. She spoke a few words to the other Maoris, and they went out. She sat herself down on one side of her husband; I sat on the other. And we talked far into the night.

'But wouldn't he come back with me to civilization, and enjoy the pleasures of more refined life?

'No, he wouldn't.

'I drew a graphic picture of his people in England—as near as I could fix it from memory. I said:

'"Why, man, they'll be giving you up for dead!"

'"So I am dead," he said.

'But didn't he find his life dull?

'No, he didn't.

'Didn't he sometimes wish to mix with his own race, to converse with men of his own caste?

'Then he swore.

'"Look here," he said, "I'm a fixture. Here I am, and here I stop. I'm contented here, which is more than I could say of any European place I ever lived in. Here there's no trouble about anything—no continual grind how a man shall live, no everlasting striving after money. Here *is* life. *I* know this; *you* don't. And I'm not going to be such a fool as to shift! Let's drop the subject."

'"Right!" I said. "Let 'em tattoo you, Felton. Let 'em make you a chief of the tribe; take half a dozen wives, and all that sort of thing; dance a *haka* naked among them all."

'Then he got up and swore, and we parted for the night.

'For two days it rained hard. On the third Felton came to ask me if I wanted the horse—he was willing to do a "deal." I said I'd see the animal. When the bargain was concluded—I gave five notes for the horse—Felton put the money into his pocket, and said:

'"I think, Henderson, it's time you went."

'"Certainly," I said; "I'll be off as soon as the weather lifts."

'"The Maoris think it's time you cleared out," he said. "They don't care about Europeans poking round these parts. They've got a notion that you've come to look for gold in these creeks; and they resent that sort of thing—do you see?—so don't be long about it." And he turned abruptly and left me.

'That evening I went to his hut, to have a last talk with him. I found him sitting beside a gin-bottle full of

whisky, which he poured into a pannikin and drank raw.

'At first he swore at me; then he sang—I think the singing was the worse of the two. Whilst his face was buried in the pannikin I tried to grab the bottle, but his young wife, who was in the *whare*, was too quick for me. She handed the whisky back to him.

'"Hullo! hullo!" he said, "drink fair, drink fair, Henderson."

'I got up to go. I had seen more than I wanted.

'"What! Goin'?" he said. "Well, give 'em all my love. Tell 'em I died of consumption—the blanky consumption of liquor." And he laughed.

'When I got outside into the air I stood and thought a bit. All the fires of the *kainga* had died out, except the one at the cooking-place. Everybody had gone to bed. I walked about the village and examined the outside of the *whare;* there was nothing awake, except two or three curs which followed me about. When I got to the cooking-place I stopped. This *kauta* had a roof, raised on four pillars, so that the smoke could get away while the fire would be protected from the rain—on the same principle as a "fire-fly" in a camp like this. All sorts of gear lay about, left there after the last meal, and not far from the fire was a bucket of water. My mind was preoccupied, and I threw sticks and wood on the fire. I don't know why I did it, but it was a relief to see the flames leap up and 'luminate the whole village. I smoked a pipe by the fire before I turned in.

'As a rule, I am a heavy sleeper; it takes a lot to rouse me. But that night I was awakened by the most awful yell I ever heard, and there was shouting and noise and the barking of dogs. It wasn't long before I was out of

my hut. There was a group of Maoris gesticulating round the *kauta*—the cause of their excitement some object in the flames. That object, a man, was shrieking hellishly and struggling in the red-hot coals, his clothes all on fire.

'Just as I got to the spot, they pulled him out of the blaze. I helped to smother the flames of his clothes. By the firelight I could see who he was—the *pakeha-maori*.

'He had half slept off his debauch, when he woke in the small hours of the morning, his throat like a brick-kiln. He must have gone out to get a drink from the bucket, which he knew he would find by the *kauta*. Still drunk as Chloe, he must, in stooping to drink, have given a lurch and fallen into the fire, where he wallowed till he was a mass of flames.

'We carried him to his *whare*, and laid him beside his *wahine*, who was too dead-drunk to know what was happening.

'I did all I knew for him, but just as morning broke the madman died.'

'Great Ghost! was the girl Mirirau?'

'Mirirau had been dead then for some years,' said Henderson—'really dead, the second time.'

'Mirirau, when she die the first time, went to Te Reinga,' said Karepa. 'When Turuturu bring her back, she tell us all about that place. She walk along peside a river, and walk on and on, but couldn't ketch up the people on the other side, who were carrying the *kai* in kits. So she turn back again werry tired, and go back over the road she come, and wake up in Manaroa, on the *kauhoa*. Now she gone to Te Reinga again, and this time, I think, she stop there.'

Henderson lay on his back and looked up at the stars. He said nothing. I looked down the gully, where I thought I had seen something white move. I said nothing. It is no good to question the quaint notions of the Maori brain.

The fire had burnt down to a few red embers, a cold night breeze began to blow down the gully, the moon had just poked itself over the wooded ridge to the east; everything was quiet now, except for the sighing of the wind—even the Maori owls and the wood-hens had gone to sleep. Karepa yawned, and stretched himself.

'Wella, I think I werry tired,' he said. 'I think I turn in an' go to sleep.'

Henderson got up and doused the fire with water from the 'billy.'

'Karepa's right,' he said. 'If we are to catch that lunatic to-morrow, it's time we sought the *te reinga* of repose. This meeting will now go to bed.'

Karepa had got half-way to the tent, Henderson was whistling the first bars of 'The Man that broke the Bank at Monte Carlo,' I was hunting for the metal bottom of my flask, when we heard a curious sort of gibbering noise—half laughter, half speech—and my eye caught sight of something white coming towards us. It seemed to be the naked figure of a man with white skin, showing plainly in the moonlight, and a black beard that reached to his middle. This thing came on in a sort of doubled-up fashion at a jog-trot, keeping up the gibbering noise as it jumped lightly from boulder to boulder across the dry bed of the creek.

We all stood still, watching it. Then Karepa sent up a shuddering yell and ran back towards us. Crouching down at our feet, he cried:

'*Urrrrgh: te taipo! te taipo!*'

'Quiet, quiet,' I said; 'it's not the *taipo*. There's nothing to be afraid of.'

But all the while I had the strangest sensation running up and down my spine, and a feeling of sickness and limpness all over me.

The creature came close up to us and jabbered into our faces. Then it put out a hand and took hold of Karepa's shirt, which, as quick as light, it tore to ribbons. Quicker than light, Henderson picked up a burning stick, which he had failed to extinguish, and jambed it into the naked thing's face.

With a yell the thing hid its face in its hands, and ran screeching into the 'bush.'

Karepa lay shuddering on the ground. I stood transfixed to the spot with a horrid sense of dread.

'Good God!' exclaimed Henderson, 'we've run against the lunatic. That's Pannifer. We'll—we'll—God forgive me!—we'll catch him in the morning.'

'That what Panipera look like?' said Karepa. 'No, no, that's t'e *taipo*.'

'I never would have struck him if I had known,' said Henderson.

'If t'e *taipo* an' Panipera allasame person,' said Karepa, 'all right, I go back to Wakatu to-morrow. No good for you an' me to look for t'e *taipo*.'

'Listen,' said Henderson, 'the poor brute's yelling down at the foot of the gully. There's no sleep for us, with a naked madman hovering round the camp. So we may as well make a night of it.' He got together some kindling and relit the fire. 'There,' he said, as the blaze lit up the scene, 'make your miserable lives happy.'

* * * * *

The next evening Karepa was showing me the Maori way of cooking *tui*. He had a glowing fire of red-hot embers, with no flame or smoke, a dozen *tui*, plucked and cleaned, out of deference to my more fastidious taste, and a dozen skewers of lancewood, sharpened at either end. With one end of a skewer he deftly transfixed a bird, and stuck the other end into the ground, and soon the twelve *apotoro*—that is to say 'apostles'; it was so he called the parson-birds—met in a circle over the top of the fire.

'That make four bird for you, boss,' he said, 'four for Mitta Hennerton, four for Karepa. We have a werry good feed, I think.'

All day he and I had been prospecting the eastern side of the valley for the mad 'hatter,' and we had returned to camp unsuccessful, but with a good bag of *tui*.

Henderson had gone alone to explore the other side of the valley. There were constabulary-men and volunteer hunters in all the adjacent valleys of that vast forest.

The *tui* were done to a turn, and Karepa was placing them on a large tin plate, and the rice was boiling in a 'billy,' when we heard a 'cooee' from the other side of the gully, and Henderson came bursting through the undergrowth.

He approached without speaking, rested his gun against a tree-trunk, flung down four brace of *kaka* he had shot, lifted the enamelled plate with which I had covered the *tui*, and said:

'That's all right.'

'Well, did you see any trace of him?' I asked.

'I struck his old hut,' answered Henderson.

'Good! Anything in it?'

'Pretty bare. I don't know how the beggar lived. Did you hear the three shots I fired?'

'No.' Three shots fired at half-minute intervals were the preconcerted signal that we had found Pannifer. 'You don't mean——'

'I found him about six chain from his shanty,' said Henderson.

'Did he bolt?' I ventured.

'Bolt? You owl! He was lying over the butt of a fallen tree, dead as that heap of *kaka*.'

'Great Ghost! He must have died in the night. Ah!—ah!—did that dig you gave him with the fire-stick——'

'Oh, you make me tired!'

'Then, what do you mean?'

'This,' said Henderson: 'I found his body naked—it's hardly a body, but hardly a skeleton, all but falling to pieces. He's been dead for weeks.'

'Aaaah!' said Karepa. 'When the Maori tell he seen t'e *taipo*, why does the white man never belief? What I tell you las' night? We not see Panipera—we see t'e *taipo*. You belief me now?'

Henderson looked at me, and I looked at Henderson. But we said nothing; we had nothing to say. Karepa's query received no answer.

It has received no answer to this day.

THE GUARDIAN OF THE FORD

'You mean to say we've got to sleep in *that* hole? Why, the place is full of fleas! I can feel them. Here, but I say——'

'I say you must choose between this *whare* and the scrub outside.'

It was getting dark; we had been stuck up by a tidal river, which could not be crossed till the morning. But Paramena, the guardian of the ford, had placed his *whare* at the disposal of Hawkins and myself. This was the only habitation within twenty miles; our horses were 'baked,' the rain was coming on, it was the time of spring-tides, and the Parapara was brimming from bank to bank. I felt grateful to Paramena, but my mate, a newchum viewing the country, apparently felt otherwise.

'I suppose we've blooming well got to,' he said, throwing his saddle and 'valise' on the floor of the *whare*. He was fresh out from the Midlands, and was as green to Maoriland as a new *koromiko* shoot. He detested Maoris worse than vermin.

Paramena was old, tattooed, grizzled, horrid, but hospitable. The floor of the *whare* was earth, covered with dry fern, and in one corner was Paramena's lair.

Hawkins sank down with a groan and gave himself up to fate. Paramena brought in some fish, cooked by himself; of course he had no knives and forks. He gave us

each a bit of white driftwood in lieu of a plate, and Hawkins said :

'Oh, my aunt! this is as primitive as they make it.'

But, nevertheless, he began to eat with his fingers. It was pretty to watch him, with a potato in one hand and half a *patiki* (flounder) in the other.

'Paramena, you live too much alone here,' I said. 'You should have a *wahine* to look after you and cook your food.'

'Ah, me no like,' said the old man. 'I have plenty *wahine* a long ago: one, Piripiri; two, Matapuna'—he ticked them off on his bony fingers—'three—— Oh, I know t'e *wahine* werry well. And t'e *wahine* that belonga me they liked me fine.

'Oh yeh, I was *he tangata rangatira*, allasame you call "big-bug," and Piripiri was my *wahine*, the first one. But I no like to have only one wife, I tell her.

'Wella, my tribe is Ngaitahu. The *hapu* I belonga lived at Pukatea, where we built a *pa* because the Ngati-Toa come ofer the Strait to make-a-fight wit' us.

'They come all right, in seven canoe. By-and-by, when they reach the middle of the Strait — Raukawa the Maori call it—the wind he begin to blow, the wave he begin to rise, the dark he come on—it blow like you *pakeha* call Hell, and the canoes get upset. That good; that all right. The Ngati-Toa no come to Pukatea that time, and I get another wife—Matapuna.'

The connection between the wife and the canoe catastrophe was obscure; but if you let a Maori tell his tale in his own way it will come out quite plain.

'Tipa and Matapuna,' Paramena continued, 'two of the Ngati-Toa women, kept close, one woman by the other, calling in the dark, and swimming on and on, they don't

know where. By-and-by they nearly dead, they can go no more, when Matapuna she call out:

'"I got something here. I make-a-ketch of something. I touch."

'She take-a-hold of Tipa, pull her up too. Them two *wahine* get safe on top.'

'Capsized canoe floating bottom up?' I queried.

'Oh no, that not it,' said Paramena. 'That canoe of theirs was one big dead *tohora*, which by-and-by drift ashore and land them near Pukatea.'

'What's the old brute talkin' about?' asked Hawkins.

'The women floated ashore on a dead whale.'

'Oh, my aunt!' said Hawkins.

'One, two, t'ree days they float,' said Paramena, 'wit' the sharks swimming all around. But the current took them into the Sound and left the dead *tohora* high and dry on shore in a little bay.

'When those two *wahine* get to Pukatea, they too thin with being in the "bush." But I see Matapuna, and I say: "She make a good *wahine*, after when I feed her up." Oh, I know; I have plenty lot, four, six, eight wives my time. But Piripiri she no like; she want too much of me for herself. I say, "No, Matapuna she is fine *wahine*. I take her, too." I know—I make a good judge. I have those days after that ten, twelve, oh, plenty wives. And Matapuna, she the best *wahine* I had all a-that time. I like her werry good. The Ngati-Toa they come to make-a-kill of me—and I get their *wahine nui* for my wife. Oh yeh, werry good that. But Piripiri she no like. She kill herself, drown herself in the sea because she no like me to take Matapuna as well. I think that good, too. I think a-that show how Piripiri love me better than anyt'ing. That make me werry proud.'

'My aunt!' said Hawkins. 'The old beast's as bad as Brigham Young. The deuce take me if I can see where your infatuation for such heathen comes in.'

'This man's not a heathen, I bet you.'

'Heathen? Of course he is, and a cannibal too. Maoris? Phaugh!'

This was serious. But it only took two minutes to prove that Paramena was a respectable member of the Church of England. Cannibalism certainly *is* a delicate matter, and quite another thing. Would Paramena explain?

'Yeh. You see the *pa* over there,' he said, indicating with his hand the further side of the river.

'Too dark to see,' I said. 'Some of your people live over there?'

'We no live there now,' said Paramena. 'Too much a bare country round here. We go to live at Te Rengarenga, near the Kowhai.

'Wella, this *pa* here at Te Parapara once belonga the Ngati-Mamoe. And my tribe'—he called it 'tripe'—'come to take it. But it too strong, too much t'e fence, too deep ditch. So we try to starve them, but they no starve—they got too much *kai* in the *pa*. So we try another way. When they getting pretty hungry, two of our men go down to the sea-beach. There two *kekeno* make-a-sleep on the rocks.'

'Seals,' I said to Hawkins.

'And the men make-a-kill,' said Paramena. 'Then they skin the *kekeno*, and bring the skins back.

'Wella, when the sun come up next day, the Ngati-Mamoe look out and see no Ngaitahu—we all hiding in the fern—but when the tide goes out they look and see two *kekeno* on the mudflat. "Ah!" they say, "the Ngaitahu

they gone away—we too strong. Good! we go out and make-a-ketch those two seals. *Ka pai.*" The Ngati-Mamoe were werry hungry by now.

'So they come out to get the seal, and go out on the mudflat. First come the men, then come the women an' the picaninnies wit' a lot of kits to gather *pipi*. When they all come out we rush from the scrub and take the *pa*. We make a call, and the Ngati-Mamoe turn round and see us. But they can't fight pecause we got all their—how you call *ringaringa?*'

'Weapons, muskets,' I said.

'That it. They can't fight any more, and we take a-them all pris'ner, ewerryone, men, *wahine*, little picaninny—all.'

'What did they do with them?' asked Hawkins, his face wearing an apprehensive look. 'Kill them?'

'We took a-them to the Kowhai,' explained Paramena.

The Kowhai was a well-timbered valley, which we had left behind us at mid-day.

'Why did you take them there?' I asked.

'This place too bare,' said Paramena; 'no trees grow here. We took them to the Kowhai because . . . *kia tata ai ki te wahi wahie.*'

'How much?' asked Hawkins. 'What's that he says?'

'They took their prisoners to the Kowhai,' I said. 'You remember the place where we had lunch in the "bush?"'

'Where the trees with the yellow flowers were? Yes,' said Hawkins.

'Well, they took them there to—to—to be near the firewood.'

'Eh?' Then Hawkins's eye caught the grin on Paramena's face. 'What? D'you mean the brutes *ate* them? And that old beast there made one of the party? Oh, my aunt! I'm off out of this.'

And he was as good as his word. That night he slept in the scrub.

THE SKIPPER OF THE *GOOD INTENT*

DEMOREST'S plight was pitiable. The mid-day summer sun beat down on him through the holes in the roof of the *raupo* shed where he lay imprisoned; his hands were tied behind him and roped to a strong *manuka* post which stood in the middle of the shed; the bare earth on which he lay was alive with fleas, and his chief occupation was to rub himself against the post to which he was bound. His arms, feet, and face, were swollen and bloody with the bites of insects. All his clothes had been stripped off him, save a flannel singlet and a pair of dungaree trousers, and these and his matted hair were covered with filth thrown at him by the enraged people.

In front of the tumble-down *raupo* shed, and half-way between the wretched prisoner and the great *pohutukawa* tree which stood in the middle of the bare, brown dusty *marae*, or open space of the village, there paced a Maori sentry. He was dressed only in a *piupiu*, which hung like a kilt from waist to knee; he carried a musket and a cartridge-belt. The *marae* was deserted, save for this sentry and a figure sitting under the big tree, which, resplendent with red flowers, threw a cool shade on the hot, dry ground. The man enjoying that shade, whilst his fellow-*pakeha* lay in torment in the half-roofed shed, was the skipper of the *Good Intent*.

The village, Awatapu, lay on the bank of a tidal river

in the Mokau country, its *whare* grouped irregularly round the half-moon *marae*, along the flat side of which were moored canoes and the *pakeha* cutter. Demorest could see, at the back of the village, the gable of a big *whare-puni*, from the direction of which came raucous shouts and fiendish yells.

The skipper had been smoking all the morning in the shade. With lazy deliberation he knocked the ashes from his pipe, and strolled leisurely past the sentry to the shed where Demorest lay.

'We've got ourselves in a fine fix, ain't we, mister?' he said, with the stem of his empty pipe between his teeth.

The other *pakeha* looked up with a scowl, and answered:

'I don't see what *you've* got to grumble at.'

'Look at me boat,' said the skipper: 'she's practically in their hands. Look at me men: they're gone orf somewhere. How'm I to take that blanky cutter back by meself?'

'What you mean is, you don't intend to do a hand's turn to save Layard or me—only you don't like to say so. You'll not stir a finger: you'll see us murdered first!'

'Look-a-here, mister.' The captain of the cutter stood straight in front of Demorest.

'Yes, I know. But you needn't explain. You've taken good care to make yourself safe with the Maoris as well as with the Europeans.'

Demorest tried to rid his swollen face of sand-flies by rubbing it against the post.

'It's you's got you an' me into this fix; an' if you's got to pay for it, that's on'y right an' fair,' said the skipper.

'I chartered you, and, like a fool, I gave you the money

in advance. It's part of the bargain that you try to save Layard and take us both back.'

'I'm waiting for that cargo of flax, I tell yer. I don't go back without it. Business is business. There was nothing said about me not doing a "deal" while I was here. Flax is scarce.'

'Good God! What's its value?'

'Maybe a hundred pound.'

'I'll give you half that—your profit on the "deal."'

'How much?'

'You'd give the Maoris about fifty pounds for the cargo.'

'Mister, I'd give the natives nary a cent. They'd let me have it for services rendered.'

'What?'

'They're owing me a trifle.'

'Oh, I see!'

Demorest was sitting in the dust, with his bound feet stretched in front of him. It would have been easy for the sandy-haired skipper to have gone over to the sentry with a bottle of rum, and have made him drunk under the *pohutukawa* tree, and then to have taken Demorest aboard the cutter, cast off his moorings, and slipped down the river.

But Scuppers—that was the skipper's name—wasn't built that way. His nature was purely mercantile. With his pipe still between his teeth, he muttered:

'My Auckland buyers 'ud lose faith in me if I failed to keep me engagements. I don't go without that flax.'

'Lose faith in you? My God!'

Scuppers turned fiercely on the miserable man.

'Don't think I'm takin' none of your sass,' he said. 'If

they skin you alive, that's none o' *my* business. *I* never arst you to come here. *My* advice is, be civil to the few friends you's still got. An' as for that yer mate o' yourn' —Scuppers pointed to the big building—'there'll be an end of *him* by nightfall. I can't do nothing. You can't do nothing. Nobody can't do nothing.'

Having thus logically summed up the situation, and proved that inaction was the only course, the captain of the *Good Intent* slouched across to the sentry, and began to talk to him. The Maori laughed as the skipper spoke, and pointed his musket at Demorest. He was showing what he would do if the prisoner tried to escape.

Scuppers traded between Auckland and the Awatapu coast. The *Good Intent* arrived intermittently in the northern port with a cargo of flax, or a load of pigs, supposed to have been purchased from the natives with flour, or blankets, or some such innocent *pakeha* produce. She came and went quietly, slipping out of the harbour at night.

Ashore the skipper's manner was unobtrusive; afloat he hazed his men, who were bound to him by an unbreakable bond. In the *kainga*, he was hail-fellow-well-met with every Maori.

Layard was a *pakeha-maori*. He had gone to Awatapu, where he had married a Maori girl, Maori fashion, and had been admitted to the tribe. By-and-by he had blossomed into an interpreter, and attended Native Land Court sittings on behalf of dusky clients. And so things had gone on till he had become almost rich, when the war broke out. Then the position of the *pakeha-maori* became difficult. If he stayed on at Awatapu the natives would make use of him, and he would be liable to be shot 'at sight' by the *pakeha*. So he fled to Auckland

secretly, with the white *tohunga* of the *kainga*. This was the only time that the two men—sworn enemies for years—had acted in common. But there Layard suffered from suspicion of being a Maori agent and spy. So, to prove his loyalty, he joined a newly-raised volunteer corps, in which Demorest served as sergeant; and the two men became chums, and fought side by side.

When the war was over Layard wanted to go back to Awatapu—'to fetch my wife and the blooming kids,' as he put it. Demorest tried to dissuade him, argued, denounced, expostulated.

'They'll eat you alive,' he said. 'They'll say you went to them, first, pretending the greatest friendship, and they adopted you into a tribe, gave you a wife, and made you one of themselves; and then, when war broke out, you acted as a guide to the troops. They call men like you the worst sort of spies. If you go back they'll kill you with as little compunction as they'd stick a pig. Besides, she's *not* your wife.'

'That's how you like to take it,' Layard replied. 'But they're *my* kids.'

And he went. He was a strange *pakeha-maori*.

* * * * *

The shadows across the *marae* had lengthened out. The sentry, tired of waiting to be relieved, was squatting on the ground, with his musket across his knees; Captain Scuppers, weary of the sentry's company, had gone aboard the cutter to drink rum.

Demorest lay panting in the dust, half mad with vermin and sand-flies, more than half starved, burning with thirst, but almost enjoying the sense of relief that the cool of the evening brought.

Suddenly there was a great shout, and a number of people came running from the big building. They surged into the *marae* and surrounded the great tree. Some ran on board the cutter and dragged ashore a block and tackle, whilst others came across to Demorest, pulled him about, flung at him filthy insults he could not understand, and hideously grimaced at him.

Presently there arrived the main body of the people. With these were the chiefs, who brought along a *pakeha*. He was shoved forward roughly, his coat was pulled off him, his shirt was torn to tatters; by the time he reached the middle of the *marae* he was half naked.

Demorest knew the time had come. In a moment he was on his feet, calling, calling, amid the shouting and devilish din. Layard had covered his face with his hands, and was trying to say a few last words to his *Atua*. Then a young Maori, lithe and active as a cat, climbed up the tree with the block and tackle, which he made fast to an overhanging bough; the crowd surged round the praying *pakeha*, and Demorest lost sight of his old comrade.

The yelling and shouting brought Scuppers from his cabin. He stood on the deck of the cutter, his half-emptied pannikin in his hand, and watched the proceedings.

While the white man still prayed, a noose was fixed about his neck, and Demorest next saw Layard swinging naked in the air. Each spasmodic jerk of the white body drew shouts of pleasure from the crowd. But one of the hell-hounds, at least, wished the victim a speedy death. It was the sentry. He stood out in the middle of the *marae*, beyond the crowd, and fired two shots at the hanging body. But the man wouldn't die. So they ran him down again to earth, and when he next ascended his white

body was reddened by a cataract of blood from throat to waist. Demorest turned away his horror-stricken eyes, and, sobbing with the pitifulness of a little child, sat staring vacantly at the dust in which he sat.

It was all over. The sun had set; the natives, tired with their cruelty, had gone to their huts to sleep; the dogs of the *kainga* were licking up the blood on the ground beneath the tree; the moon had risen high above the eastern hills, the stars had come out, a cool sea-breeze had sprung up, and Demorest lay on the ground.

Aboard the cutter there was a light, loud voices, and laughter. Presently a figure came over the gangway, and approached Demorest's shed. It was Scuppers.

'Wake up!' he cried, kicking his fellow-*pakeha*. 'Wake up, here! I've come to give you your larst chance!'

Demorest sat up, but said nothing.

'Lost yer bloomin' tongue, 'ave you?' growled the skipper, fumbling about in his coat pocket. 'You'll lose more 'n your tongue if you don't pay 'eed to me. My God, you will!'

He took out a piece of paper.

'Look-a-here.' He opened the paper and held it in front of Demorest. 'This yer is a document you've got to sign.'

He struck a match on the seat of his trousers and held it so that Demorest could read:

'This is to certify that Captain Scuppers sailed from Auckland on the 25th ult. with a cargo valued at £700 aboard his cutter, *Good Intent*, as per list attached.'

Here the wind blew the light out, and Scuppers swore; but he struck another match and shielded it with his hand.

'Can you read it, mister?'

'Yes.'

'You'll notice it ain't exactly legal as it stands; but my two hands 'll sign to it as well, and we'll make it plenty legal by-an'-by.'

Demorest read on:

'This cargo the Maoris at Awatapu have seized, besides destroying stores on shore and a house; and we, the undersigned, bear witness to the fact that Government compensation should be given to Captain Scuppers to the amount of his loss.

'Signed in the presence of Thomas Hornyman, Able Seaman, this day of January . } FELIX MALPAS, HOWARD DEMOREST.'

The signatures were written in pencil.

Demorest said never a word; the second match went out, and nothing but the moonlight was left to light the faces of the two men.

'One man signs and t'other witnesses. That makes things look better,' said the skipper. 'The chiefs is aboard the boat, drinking. In less than an hour I'll come an' fetch you. We'll drop downstream an' be thirty miles from land by daylight if, mister, you'll just oblige me in this little matter.'

'But—but——' Demorest hesitated, and the white of the skipper's eye glinted.

'But what, mister?'

'There wasn't any cargo. I slept in the hold, and it was full of ballast.'

'Shucks! Who arst you to swear what was in the hold?'

'There was a sack of potatoes.'

'Look-a-here, mister: I give you every chance. Are you goin' to sign this yer paper?'

Demorest was perfectly silent.

'If not—see that white thing hanging in the tree? You'll hang beside it in the morning!'

Demorest was still silent. The skipper's thin veil of self-restraint vanished.

'I'll see it done *meself!*' he shouted. '*I'll* teach you to pry into my affairs. *I'll* teach you to mind your own business, and be civil to the likes of *me*, you——'

His epithets are unprintable, but he emphasized each with a kick from his heavy boot. Each kick gave a dull thud, but Demorest uttered no sound; the thought flashed through his mind that it would be better to die then than be butchered by Maoris in the morning.

'Will you sign that —— paper?'

Scuppers had stopped kicking, and was panting from his exertion and rage.

'If I did, you'd take care to see me dead before you left. Take me away, and I'll give my evidence in the Compensation Court. I'll sign no paper.'

'*You'll* tell me what you're to do, an' what *I'm* to do! My God, I'll teach you!'

And the kicking began again, till the helpless man was senseless.

But a form came softly with naked feet over the dusty *marae;* a strong grip was placed on the skipper's throat, and there was a sound of someone choking. A few words were spoken in Maori, and Scuppers, as meek as a lamb, was walked back to the cutter.

When Demorest came to his senses, a Maori was kneeling

over him and bathing his head with water from a calabash. The man was dressed in a long flax cloak.

'I see him come ofer.' He chuckled as he spoke. 'I ketch him. I tell him you my man. I say, "You go make-a-trink bottle-a-rum wit' t'e chiefs." He go. He go quiet.'

Then this strange Maori shouldered his gun, and paced back to the *pohutukawa* tree.

Demorest didn't understand what the man meant, but he saw that this new sentry was of a different nature from the old. The water had revived him, and he sat up. The wind whistled through the tall tree, and the white thing could be seen swinging to and fro. But the horror of the situation had deadened; Demorest merely thought it was a strange thing that a Maori should spend a whole night under a tree with a dead body hanging in it. Presently a light appeared on the cutter's deck, and the chiefs, led by the skipper with a lantern, came towards the miserable *pakeha*.

Scuppers, who was full of rum and excitement, gabbled a mixture of Maori and English, and gesticulated with the lantern.

'*Kei kona koe?* Ah, here 'e is!' They all stood round Demorest, Scuppers stooping forward with the lantern. 'This, I tell you, is the spy. Now, then, what yer doin' there?' A chief was easing the prisoner's bonds a little. '*E aha ana koe?* Let 'im alone. The Government sent 'im. He'll go back and say you're a lot of rebels, and a man-o'-war 'll burn the *kainga*. You've hung the wrong man!'

While the chiefs were arguing among themselves, Scuppers took hold of Demorest and kicked him. But the chiefs intervened, the light went out, the infuriated

skipper was pulled off, and taken by force aboard the cutter.

Then once more quiet settled down on Awatapu, and the sentry came across to Demorest, lit a pipe, and began to talk.

'Ewerrypody frighten' in t'e nighteetime at t'e dead *pakeha* in t'e tree,' he said. 'But I no frighten'. I got Ihu Karaiti—he take care of me. Oh no, I no frighten'. T'e chiefs no frighten'—t'ey got t'e *wai piro*. By-an'-pye t'ey go to sleep with t'e boss. You hear t'em ?'

The men on the cutter had begun to drink again, and Scuppers was singing.

'That all right,' said the sentry. 'That werry good. By-an'-pye you an' me makee t'e *karakia*, t'e purial.'

Demorest didn't understand. All he said was:

'Water! For God's sake give me some water!'

The Maori fetched a calabash, took a sheath-knife from under his cloak, and cut the flax thongs that tied his prisoner's wrists.

Then Demorest drank.

The Maori sat facing him and discoursed:

'T'e Hauhau people come and have a big *korero*, an' make us all Hauhau too. I become Hauhau, an' forget Ihu Karaiti an' t'e *rongo pai*. Then Te Reata'—so the Maori called Layard—'he an' t'ey make-a-kill of him. But I see how he die—you see how he die. Ihu Karaiti make him prave, gif him 'trength—he die, an' make no row. Then I say, "That good man. Ihu Karaiti good too. I, Panapa Potae, go back to Ihu Karaiti." That it. You all right. I see to you.'

Demorest didn't understand. He just drank the water, and the sentry sat beside him.

And now the noise on the cutter ceased. All aboard her were dead drunk, skipper, crew, and chiefs.

'Now t'e time,' said the sentry, rising to his feet. 'We make t'e *tanumanga*, t'e purial. Then we clear out.'

First he cut Demorest loose from the post and helped him to his feet. Then they crossed the *marae*, and went towards the big tree. Soon the tackle rattled in the block, and the white thing came down to earth.

Panapa took the head and Demorest the feet. Gently they carried it into the scrubby 'bush' that grew outside the *kainga*. There a grave was already dug.

'I make a-this hole,' said Panapa. 'I make a-this for him. Then I come an' watch.'

The exertion of carrying the body had exhausted Demorest, and he sat down panting.

'You too tire. You sit still,' said Panapa. 'I know t'e *karakia tupapaku*. T'e *mihinare*'—the white priest of Awatapu—'teach me.'

Then, with a child-like solemnity, he began to repeat the first sentences of the Burial Service in Maori.

He said them over three times, but Demorest didn't understand; he fancied the Maori was saying a heathen incantation over Layard's bones.

Panapa made a pause, and said:

'That one finish. We put him in.'

They lowered the body into the grave.

The Maori ended by saying:

'*Kia tau ki a tatou te atawhai*'—the Benediction in Maori; and then he took, with an air of happiness, a *pakeha* shovel, and began to fill the grave.

The moon was sinking into the sea, but a silver light tinged the trees around.

'He sleep all right,' said Panapa. 'Now we clear out.'

He led Demorest towards the *kainga*, and took from the shadow of a *whare* a heavy kit of food and two muskets. Then the two men stole down to the water's edge. Boldly the Maori went aboard the cutter, and took a keg of water that stood by the hatchway. This he placed in the canoe, in which Demorest already sat beside the food and the guns.

'T'e *wai piro* a werry good friend to-night,' said Panapa, as he took a paddle and pushed off. Then the canoe slipped silently down the river, and Awatapu and its horrors were left behind.

* * * * *

Day was dawning over a smooth, gray sea. Demorest, dead-beat, lay at the bottom of the canoe, with his back against a thwart. After the manner of dead-beat men, he was not saying anything. The Maori had his thick flax cloak over his shoulders, and, paddle in hand, was keeping the nose of the canoe towards the shore. Suddenly the first streak of sunlight flashed across the still waters.

'Ah!' exclaimed Panapa, his face beaming as brightly as the sun, 'now Awa-iti, Motupipi, Piripiri.' He pointed to places on the shore. 'Werry good! We go in.'

He plunged his paddle deep into the tide, with a swashing sound that seemed great in the stillness of the dawning, and Demorest rose with difficulty and sat with his paddle in his hand.

'You never mind,' said Panapa. 'I do it. You eat t'e *kai*. You get 'trong.'

Quick as light he dipped his blade into the sea, first on

one side of the canoe, then on the other, and steered straight for a sandy beach which lay in a small wooded bay.

As the canoe touched the soft shore Demorest could hear the *tui* and the bell-birds singing their matin-song.

'You make a try now,' said Panapa, as with mighty efforts he strove to pull the empty canoe high and dry. 'We put him in t'e bush.'

Slowly and with difficulty they dragged the canoe up the beach, and screened it behind some low-growing scrub. Then they took the muskets and the kit of food, and entered the 'bush.'

Pushing their way through the luxuriant undergrowth, passing beneath great *rimu* and *totara* eight feet through the butt, they climbed the low shoulder of a hill, and came out on top of a beetling cliff, to the edge of which the green cover grew.

'Now we right till the nighteetime,' said Panapa. 'Then we clear out. Here we have t'e *kai*, smoke a pipe, make a sleep. That good. *Ka pai.*'

Demorest had no plans; he trusted to his strange preserver, who knew the ways of the Maori, and where their chief dangers lay. But he did want to know one thing.

'Panapa, you think Captain Scuppers a good man?'

'I t'ink him werry good man when he pring t'e topacca.' The Maori's big brown eyes smiled as he looked up from the black plug he was cutting. 'When he pring t'e gun, t'e mutket, t'e powrer, to make a shoot, I t'ink him bad feller. I say, t'is man, Cap'en Kupper, he not *pakeha*, he not Maori; he no likee t'e *pakeha*, he no likee t'e Maori—he lika himself. He likee to see t'em fight. He pring t'e

gun, t'e powrer, t'e *kariri*' (cartridge), ' an' t'e Maori gif him t'e flax, pig, two woman, land, ewerryt'ing.'

Demorest lay with his head resting in a clump of soft ferns.

' That explains a lot,' he said. ' But when you go back to Awatapu, they'll make a kill of *you*, eh ?'

' I no go back. I go wit' you to t'e *pakeha*. Then I go to Whanganui, to my mutter's tribe. I no go back to t'e Hauhau—what t'e good ? T'e Hauhau he no have t'e old *karakia* of t'e Maori ; he no have t'e noo *karakia* of t'e *pakeha*—he have a little bit of each. What t'e good ? I get t'e good *karakia* from t'e *pakeha*. I keep it. Wella, I stand wit' my gun in t'e *kainga*. I make-a-keep you. I say, " Panapa, Ihu Karaiti he see you. He see t'e *tupapaku* up in t'e tree ; he see t'e *pakeha* in t'e *raupo* hut." Ewerrypody frighten to come out in t'e nighteetime, pecause of t'e *tupapaku* up there—ewerrypody but Panapa.'

' Hold on ! Did all the people become Hauhaus ?'

' Ewerryone, an' me, Panapa, too. I no good. I bad man, allasame Cap'en Kupper. Wella, t'e chiefs are trunk on t'e cutter ; Cap'en Kupper trunk too, an' his men. I come ofer an' cut you loose ; I take you away from those Hauhau ; I say t'e *karakia tupapaku* over Te Reata—that make me a good man again. I all right now.'

With the sun there had arisen a sea-breeze which rustled the leaves above their heads. Panapa rose, and pushed his way through the undergrowth to the edge of the cliff, where he lay and watched whilst Demorest slept.

About mid-day there came coasting along from the direction of Awatapu a cutter under full sail. Panapa watched her anxiously as she passed the little bay. He could see a man scanning the beach with a glass, and it

seemed for a moment that the cutter would stop and land a boat. But she passed by, and he guessed she was pressing on to Awa-iti, the next *kainga* along the coast.

When she disappeared round the nearest point he woke Demorest and told him what he had seen.

'But are you sure it was the *Good Intent?*' the *pakeha* asked.

'I know him. I know that cutter. The boss he make-a-try to find us. But, oh no!—too many bay, too many beach. He no come here now. I t'ink I have a smoke.'

Presently over the sea there came the boom of a cannon.

'Hurro! My korry!' cried Panapa. 'What that?'

Demorest was sitting bolt upright.

'That means trouble for the cutter. Come on.'

Both men hurried to the cliff.

'I t'ink that werry big gun. I t'ink that *pu repo.*'

'I think Scuppers is in a tight place.'

They expected to hear another report, but instead they saw the nose of the cutter appear round the point behind which Panapa had seen her disappear. She was hugging the land close, and headed for the little bay. Then came another boom, and the ball dropped with a splash some distance ahead of the cutter.

'They're going to get hell.'

'That it. That good place for him. Hurro! What he do now?'

The cutter had heaved-to inside the bay, and had dropped her mainsail, and the crew were getting into the boat she towed behind. They had shoved off when round the point, but rather far out to sea appeared a dark, deadly-looking gunboat.

'Come, Panapa, we've got our chance now,' cried Demorest.

The Maori and the *pakeha* took their guns and rushed down to the beach, bursting through underscrub, jumping fallen trees, dashing down gullies, till they reached the beach, panting, but in time to see the crew of the cutter land.

Scuppers came ashore first, then his two white men, then three Maoris. All were armed.

Demorest stepped from behind cover and held up his hand.

'Hold on there!' he called. 'Stand where you are.'

There was a momentary confusion amongst the cutter's men, but Scuppers called back boldly, 'Who in hell are you?' and flung filthy epithets. Then he recognised his man. 'God! is that you, Demorest?'

And without waiting for an answer he dropped on one knee and levelled his gun.

Demorest stepped behind the cover of the scrub, and threw himself flat on the ground as Scuppers fired.

'Right you are, my lovely captain,' he said as he snuggled the stock of his gun against his shoulder; 'two can play at that game. Ready, Panapa?'

The Maori, who lay a few yards from him, replied by firing.

The cutter's men, who were running up the beach obliquely, paused to fire a volley into the scrub, where the smoke showed, and then rushed on. But Scuppers stopped to reload.

'I've got him,' said Demorest quietly, and fired. 'There!'

Scuppers fell.

Panapa stepped from behind cover to get a last shot at the retreating men. He had fired once and missed, and was taking aim again, when Scuppers rose on one knee, raised his gun with one hand, and fired.

Panapa gave a soughing grunt and dropped on his knees. Then Scuppers fell forward, and his followers disappeared.

When the man-o'-war's boat landed, Demorest was kneeling beside Panapa on the sand. The officer in charge of the boat came up the beach with half a dozen men, paused where Scuppers lay, touched the cutter's skipper with a dainty shoe to see if there was any life in him, and then passed on to Demorest.

'What's the meaning of this, sir?' he asked gruffly. 'When you were told to heave-to, why the deuce *didn't* you heave-to?'

'I don't know,' said Demorest. 'Go and ask the man on the sand there—he's the skipper.'

'Then, who the blazes are you?'

'I'm the man that shot him. I and this Maori'—he pointed to Panapa—'tried to stop the lot of 'em.'

'The deuce you did!'

'We did; and the Maori got hit. Let some of your men help me to carry him to the boat.'

'You were the men that fired on the cutter's people?'

'They fired on us. I'll explain fully when the doctor has seen this man.'

'MacDougall, you're wanted here,' called the officer, and a man who was bending over Scuppers came up the beach.

'That one's done for,' he said, pointing back at Scuppers. 'The bullet severed the brachial artery—died in about three minutes. H'm'—he had hold of Panapa's arm—'I

shall need a hand here. Hold his arm so, my man.' Demorest held it. 'That's it, just it.'

The doctor put a pad of lint to the palm, and another to the back of the wounded hand, which he bandaged up tight and put comfortably in a sling.

'Now get him to the boat,' he said.

'We came down the coast to look for two men named Layard and Demorest,' said the officer. 'They're thought to be collared by Maoris. We stopped the cutter for news, but the beggar turned and bolted. Do *you* know anything of them?'

'I'm *one* of the men,' said Demorest. 'Layard was murdered at Awatapu yesterday, but that man'—he pointed to Panapa, whom the tars were supporting to the boat—'that Maori saved me.'

'The deuce he did! You'd better come aboard too,' said the officer, looking at the torn and muck-stained clothes of Demorest. 'I'll give you a clean rig-out.'

They walked down the beach together.

'But what had *this* fellow to do with it?' the officer asked, pausing by Scuppers' body.

'He was accessory before and after the fact.'

'Did you hit him?'

'Yes. He hit the Maori.'

'Well, he got his deserts. You saved us the trouble of dealing with him—had we caught him. All that's left is to bury him.'

* * * * *

They were seated in the sick-bay—Demorest and the doctor. Panapa lay in a clean white cot, a thing he had never done before.

'No,' said the doctor, 'there's not the least danger to the arm, but the hand 'll go stiff. See here! The bullet

struck the back of the hand here, and came through there, mushrooming against the barrel. Of course, that has messed things up a bit, but he'll be all right in a week or two, bless you! He's a fine fellow! He proved himself a brick to you.'

'I think I have a smoke, boss,' said Panapa.

'All right, my man, I've no objection—it'll ease the action of the heart; but, mind you, no *wai piro*. You mustn't touch *that*.'

'Oh no! I no trinkee t'e *wai piro!* I trinkee t'e tea. My korry!' The lighted pipe was between his teeth. 'I t'ink t'e *pakeha* toctor clever feller; but t'e topacca—that best. T'e *pakeha* pring two good thing to the Maori: he pring a werry good *karakia*, and he pring plenty good topacca. My korry!'

And the wreaths of smoke circled up to the cabin ceiling.

THE KING'S NGERENGERE

KAREPA waded to the further side of the river and stuck a bit of dry stick upright in the bank. Then he turned and smiled. Karepa's smile was something to remember.

'That my *tuaahu*,' he said. 'Now I makee t'e *karakia* to frighten away t'e bad *taipo*—all of t'em. I show you the old *tikanga* of t'e Maori.'

Hot, tired and thirsty, after travelling through ten miles of 'bush,' Karepa, Henderson and I had struck the coach-road where it fords the Wai Totara River.

Naturally, we bathed. The water barely reached our waists, but we lay down in it, wallowed in it, and splashed it over our bodies. The last action must have given Karepa his idea.

Putting on an expression of mock gravity, he muttered an incantation. Then he tossed the water over his left shoulder, and said:

'You go on—you go to Hauraki.'

Then he repeated another incantation, tossed water over his right shoulder, and said:

'*You* go to the Mokau; you 'top there.'

His third incantation was longer than the others. With both hands he tossed water over his head.

'Now you clear out altogetter,' he said. 'You go to allasame t'e *pakeha* call hell!'

It was quaint to notice Henderson's paper-white skin

contrasting with the dark walnut of Karepa. But the Maori suddenly sat down and covered himself with water. When he reappeared he said:

'That right. Now the *makutu*, or the *ngerengere*, or what you call, all gone, I feel a werry good man. That the old Maori *tikanga*. We use him plenty time.'

He climbed up the bank and put on his clothes, whilst we remained in the water.

'I had enough,' he said. 'Now I go makee t'e *kai*.'

'Good man!' called Henderson as he, too, waded across the stream. 'I'm peckish as well. Come out of that, you wretched second-rate journalist, and feed.'

There was bread, two pigeons which Karepa had shot in the 'bush,' hard-boiled eggs, and tea. We sat under a big *totara*, and ate.

'That business of Karepa's in the river,' said Henderson, 'reminds me of Tawhiao's *ngerengere*. My Gad! it *was* a circus!'

'Hand the billy over here.'

'He was the Maori King, you know—some pumpkins, I can tell you!—and went to England to see Queen Wikitoria about some land trouble.

'There was the King; a chief called Patara; another, Te Wheoro, who could speak a little English. I forget the third—but, any way the King had a bad time.

'Kimberley was Colonial Secretary. He told the King to go back and put his trouble before the Government here—it was nothing to do with Downing Street. The King couldn't see Wikitoria on any account, not if he presented fifty greenstone *mere* and a hundred *kiwi* mats.

'Tawhiao couldn't understand. He knew that Wikitoria was a big *rangatira*, but so was he. He wasn't eaten up with pride, but he thought they might have a *korero*

together. But it was no go. The British Government is dunderheaded. Are you listening?'

'Yes. It's first-rate; but when are we coming to the yarn?'

'Yarn be blowed!—this *is* the yarn. Pass me some bread—no, not with your fingers. Here, take my sheath-knife.'

'There you are. Fire away!'

'The King put it all down to occult influences which were working against him; he became *pouri;* he thought he had *ngerengere.*

'Of all the awful things in this life, *ngerengere* about takes the cake. Talk of the bubonic plague——'

'Hold on!' said Karepa. 'I makee t'e talk. I know when Tawhiao went to see Wikitoria. You think it pecause his *mana* no good. That not it. The King break his *tapu* aboard a ship, and then ewerryt'ing go wrong wit' him. Never mind Governor, Premier, Sec'e-tary. They think they keep Tawhiao off from Wikitoria, but all t'e Governor and Premier in Noo Seelan' and Ingarangi not stop the King, if his *tapu* all right.

'But how was it broken?'

'I make-a-talk,' said Karepa, with half a pigeon in one hand and his pannikin in the other. 'On board a ship were all sort plenty waiter-men—*taurekareka,* ewerryone —to bring food for the King and t'e chiefs. These men not see t'e *mana* belonga Tawhiao; they not see the proper *tikanga* to use wit' so bik man; they not see how werry *tapu* he was. They pring his *kai,* potato, chop, allasame as to ewerrypody on board a-that ship.

'One stooard was werry bad man—worse of all. He stand pehind when t'e King eat. He play t'e tewil. But, worse of all, he carry t'e *kai* pehind the King, and put it

ofer his shoulder. He touch Tawhiao ; the ship gif a bik roll—he spill t'e *kai* ofer the King. That make Tawhiao feel bad—he know all about it—an' when he get to Ingarangi, he no got a bit of *tapu* left. Ewerryt'ing go wrong wit' him.'

'Have it how you like—this is *my* yarn,' said Henderson. 'The old boy came down to me in his distress. I was living in a little village, twenty miles out of London. He said he was *ngerengere*—leprous. But I couldn't see anything wrong with him. When I told him so, he pointed to his eyebrows, and said they had come out. That was a sign the disease was working.'

'I don' know,' said Karepa. 'I t'ink he tell you somethin' make-a-talk.'

'Anyhow, that's what he said.'

'I know. He tell you, and you say : "Ah, that good talk." But he no tell t'e trut'. He no tell t'e *pakeha* too much.'

'Am I going to tell the yarn, or are you going to take it in hand yourself?'

'I tell t'e *kauwhau* t'e good old talk. I tell t'e *korero pono* t'e true talk ; I talk of Maui, Ngahue, all t'e bik men ; I no talkee t'e lie, t'e *korero tara*.' The old man's eyes twinkled. 'You makee t'e talk, makee t'e finish. I smokee t'e pipe.'

'Right,' said Henderson, taking his plug from his pocket and throwing it across to Karepa. 'It's a bargain —you don't open your mouth till I've done.'

'That it. You makee t'e talk, I makee t'e smoke. I like that way.'

Henderson paused, to test the old man's words, and Karepa filled his pipe in perfect silence.

'Our housemaid called herself 'Phemia ; the cook was

plain Jane. Both were callow country girls, with a wholesome horror of black men.

'I explained to them the nature of our expected visitors. "In the country where I come from," I said, "the natives are a very superior people. They have been called the noblest savages in the world. It's true they sometimes tattoo their faces, and some folks object to the habit. But *you* needn't be frightened; these that are coming here are the King and three of the biggest chiefs. Of course you'll treat them just as if they were white people, like you and me.

'The girls left the room as if they'd been sentenced to five years each, and had a confab in the kitchen.'

'But how about the wisdom of taking a prospective leper into your family?'

'I never mentioned that. I didn't know it till he arrived, and then I thought the old boy's superstitions had misled him.

'I met them at the railway-station. There was no sensation. First came the King and I, then two of the chiefs, and last the third chief and the interpreter who had piloted them down. They were dressed *à la pakeha*, in the height of the fashion—black coats and tall hats.

'When we turned into the High Street we were joined by three small school-children, two boozers from the Swan Inn, the butcher's boy, old Mr. Tracey the grocer, who took an interest in missions to the heathen, Miss De Vine, daughter of the Lord of the Manor, in her pony-carriage, and half a dozen dogs.

'The King stopped at Ibbotson's clothing-shop; he wanted to buy something, he said. Like a well-bred Maori, he took no notice of the stir he was causing, but walked straight into the shop and took off his coat.

'He wanted a woollen vest. But he was hard to please, and the whole shop had to be turned upside down before he was suited. He chose a thick white jersey, tried it on over his waistcoat, and paid down his money like a white man.

'Now, the old chief who had come along behind was a devil. The humour of the situation seemed to tickle him, and while we were in the shop he *pukana'd* at the crowd outside. You know what that is. It seemed pretty funny to him and the interpreter, but one young girl had hysterics and Miss De Vine's horse shied.'

Karepa, who was following the yarn, recognised the word *pukana*, and gave a performance by way of illustration. He rolled his eyes till only the whites of them showed; he lolled his tongue with the air of a semi-idiot; he danced a few unmeaning steps; then he rushed upon us with an unearthly howl, and snatched at us with his long bony hands.

'Yes,' said Henderson, 'that was something like it, but he had more tattoo than you. He looked ever such a demon.'

Karepa sat down, relit his pipe, and remarked:

'That frighten t'e *pakeha*, I t'ink.'

'It made the village constable want to arrest the old chief there and then, but I took the fellow aside. "Look here, Coster," I said, "be lenient. The man doesn't mean anything; that's a form of greeting in his country"—which is quite true; Karepa will bear me out. "I'll be responsible for him; I'll see he behaves." I put half a crown into Coster's hand. "Be lenient," I said—"be lenient."

'The effect was magical.

'"Stand back there!" cried Coster, with a majestic wave

of his hand—the one that held the half-crown; "give the gen'leman room. Jimmy Philmore"—to the butcher's boy—"now you go on. They've been waiting for that there sirloin at the doctor's this 'arf-hour. Stand out of the way there an' let these gen'lemen pass."

'We marched off triumphant, the King carrying the jersey over his arm, and half the village following.

'Euphemia opened the front-door. She never said anything, but she looked as if she was witnessing a scene in "Deadwood Dick tortured by Indians," or "The Apache Squaw," or "The King of the Cannibals."

'We had dinner, but it was a tame affair. The King wouldn't eat, and the chiefs didn't seem to have much appetite, but the man who had done the *pukana* business drank any quantity of beer.

'That night we had a circus.

'Before sundown the King got me to take him to the river. "What he wants," said the interpreter, "is a bit of running water with a pebble bottom where he can do his ablutions, and say his *karakia* and put up a *tuaahu*."

'The difficulty was that all the streams around there had mud bottoms. But I took them to a place where the river had been gravelled for a ford. That suited fine.

'We sat in the smoking-room till midnight.

'The King hardly spoke at all. He simply said that when he had done the proper *karakia* he would get rid of his disease. "But," I said to the interpreter, "I see nothing wrong with him. I know a few of the symptoms—brownish spots, swelling of the lobes of the ears. He has nothing of that sort. What if his eyebrows *are* coming out?"

'"I diagnose the case as one of megrims," said the interpreter. "He's got a sort of melancholy, a sort of home-sickness, and he don't know *what* it is. Naturally

he believes it must be a touch of the evil-eye, but he says it's *ngerengere*. That's a Maori way. A Maori's very secret about his superstitions. He'll be all right when he's put up his altar and said his prayers."'

'That's what the interpreter said?' It was I who spoke. 'It's about as clear as mud; but go on.'

'You're darned complimentary.'

'It was the interpreter I was referring to. You're clear enough, of course.'

Here Henderson seemed to be rapt in meditation; but after due thought he said:

'Oh, well, all right. At midnight the King got up and asked the chiefs to follow him. They all went out. The interpreter and I weren't asked to go—we weren't wanted.

'But I went down to the gate to see 'em off. They were as gloomy as a funeral.

'They hadn't gone a hundred yards when a figure rose from the ditch on the other side of the road, where the elm-trees grew.

'It was Coster—he'd been watching the house.

'"I'm not comfor'ble about them furriners o' yours, Muster Henderson," he says. "They're arter suthin'. I'm not easy."

'There was no sense in explaining—Coster would never understand about *karakia*, or *makutu*, or *ngerengere*.

'"Come in and have a drink," I said.

'"Nary a drop," he says. "Dooty's dooty, and my dooty's to see what them black chaps is up to. I left 'em in your charge, an' you let 'em off of the chain like this! I'm disapp'inted, Muster Henderson, most disapp'inted. But I wish you good-night."

'"Hold on, Coster!" I said. "I'll come with you. I know exactly where they've gone."

'The Maoris went by the road, but we cut across the fields and got to the ford first. We crossed by a foot-bridge, and hid behind some bushes on the further side. Five minutes later the Maoris came down to the river, and did a lot of subdued talking on the other side. Then the three chiefs retired behind a hedge, and the King was left alone.

'The old boy put his tall hat on the grass, took off his clothes, and got into the water.

'There was a polled willow growing on our side of the river, and he waded across to this and pulled off two or three wands, and stuck them into the bank. Then he got back into the river and began his *karakia*.

'It was the weirdest sort of picnic, with Coster's teeth chattering with fright and the King saying his mournful prayers in the water, and the three chiefs ready to stoush us if they knew we were there.

'But the first *karakia* was got through safely, and the King splashed the water about, as Karepa did. Then he began to *karakia* again. Altogether, he dismissed the evil spirits to about seven places, and then he got right down into the water.

'After that he went back to the other bank, and put on the new jersey and the rest of his clothes. The chiefs came down to him, and without a word they all walked off.

'"Come, Coster," I said, "that finishes the programme. I must get back in time to let them in."

'"And this," said Coster, recovered from his fright now that the Maoris had gone, "is the mumbo-jumbo nonsense that is to keep a man out of his bed arter midnight—an' in a Christian country, too. An' a gen'leman like you countenances such goings on. I'm disapp'inted!"

'And no doubt he was. I left him without giving him a further tip—that was what he was looking out for—and got back in time to open the front-door for the King, just as if nothing had happened. The old boy nearly shook my hand off.

'I said, "You've had a good time?" but he wouldn't speak. I offered him some supper, but he shook his head. I took him up to his bedroom, but he wouldn't sleep in anything half so comfortable.

'He went down into the smoking-room with never a word, pushed the table into a corner, and motioned me to go away. Evidently, if he spoke he would break the spell.

'Next morning Euphemia got up at half-past six, as usual. One of the first things she did was to go into the smoking-room to let out the fumes of the previous night's tobacco. The room was dark, but she made her way to the French window without accident, and opened it wide. In rushed the cool air as she stood contemplating the morning. Then she turned to go into the kitchen for her early cup of tea.

'She'd got into the middle of the smoking-room, when she saw under the table something which made her pause. The King, naked but for the tablecloth round his middle, was kneeling on the floor beneath the table, from under which he poked his diabolical, tattooed face. The girl gave a frightened squeak and stood trembling.

'The King got up, and said—in his own lingo—that he felt much better, that he was quite cured, thanks to her and me and everyone in the house. He laid a kindly hand on her arm.

'She screamed with all her might, and bolted from the room.

'Hearing the noise, I hurried downstairs, and found Euphemia fainting on the bottom step.

'When I went to the King, he was sitting on the top of the table, chuckling to himself as he sorted out his *pakeha* clothes. He was quite cured, he said, and would always thank me for showing him a suitable place where he could set up his *tuaahu* and perform his rites. The *ngerengere* was all gone.

'But the servants took it in bad part. They voted the whole business disreputable. "We're accustomed to live respectable," said the cook, "and not along of black persons that walk about naked, and sleep naked under tables. You may call such folks Kings, you may call 'em the Emperor of Chiny, the Sultan of Turkey, or what you likes—*we* call 'em '*eathen savages*."

'Euphemia was indignation personified. "I never come here to be laid hands on," she said. "When I *do* forget myself, I 'ope it won't be with such as '*im*. I should 'ope not. I didn't take your money to be drove into hysterics by savages with carved faces. *You* may be accustomed to such—you comes from where such goings-on is common. I give you a month's warning."

'It was the end of our domestic comfort. Never a girl would come near us, we lost caste in the village, and a sort of social boycott set in. But we had the consolation of knowing that the King's *ngerengere* was quite cured; I, personally, had the satisfaction of having witnessed the only occult Maori rite performed in England.'

Karepa was awake again, and sat smoking.

'All that *tapu* too much bother,' he said. 'I take t'e *tapu* off all my picaninny. I take it off all my *taonga*, cup, plate, knife, mat, ewerryt'ing. I make it allasame as the *pakeha*. Too much t'e *tapu*—too much t'e *karakia*.

The man wit' t'e *makutu*, wit' t'e spell, no frighten me now ; I allasame as t'e *pakeha*.'

Henderson took out his flask and offered me a 'nip.'

'Thanks,' I said ; 'but if we are going to camp here for the night, isn't it time we pitched the tent? You, Karepa, being a man with no *tapu* and no *mana* to speak of, may take the tomahawk and cut some tent-poles.'

The Maori laughed.

'That werry good way to make the Maori work,' he said ; 'but I t'e *pakeha* now—I want t'e *utu*, t'e pay. You gif me t'e *wai piro* too, and I cut t'e tent-pole.'

But without waiting to get his 'nip,' he disappeared, smiling, into the 'bush.'

PUTANGITANGI AND THE MAERO

Horowhenua loved hunting, but he loved Putangitangi more. Putangi' loved Horo', but not as she loved her own personal adornment. She was young and merry, and longed for boars' tusks, which Horowhenua must procure, or—well, Putangi' had many other admirers to whom she might apply.

So Horo' gladly hunted.

With dogs and spear he went bravely from the *pa*, and the deep and tangled forest swallowed him up; and Putangi' went to bathe with a company of girls.

* * * * *

Horo's was a great hunting. By the afternoon he had killed three huge tuskers, and, with his dogs, lay panting in a little fern-clad gully beside the last and biggest boar he had slain.

'Hah!' he said, apostrophizing this latest victim of his prowess, 'you thought yourself strong—you thought you could rip me with your tusks. And now you lie dead; your tusks will be made into cloak-pins by Putangi', and we will roast you at the *kauta* fire. My fleet foot, my sharp spear, my strong arm——'

But a rustling amongst the trees behind him broke off his vaunting.

For one brief moment Horo' thought another boar

threatened him, but the apprehension was almost instantly changed into a deep and thrilling dread.

Imagine a monster with head, body, and legs like a Maori's, with arms eight or ten feet long, bristling with sharp and deadly talons half as long again, and you possess some impression of the Maero. Imagine this awful creature rushing unexpectedly upon you from the depth of the silent forest, and you can realize Horowhenua's terror.

The hunter became the hunted. Down the gully Horo' fled; after him, with claws extended, sped the Maero. But a man who can outrun wild-pigs is not easily overtaken. The overhanging boughs and tangled undergrowth caught the Maero's long arms and impeded his course; but his stride was long, and Horo' was tired with much hunting. Thrice the terror of the woods was close upon the Maori, thrice the outstretched talons almost had him in their grasp, but each time Horo' dodged, and eluded capture.

At last the rippling of a creek was heard. Horo' rushed madly on, sprang into the water, and gained the further bank. But the Maero paused. Down the left bank sped the Maori, and the Maero followed along the right, all in the twilight, till night fell. Then Horo' doubled on his track, struck into the forest, and escaped.

* * * * *

By the pale light of the moon a terror-stricken Maori entered the *pa*, and beside the red light of the *kauta* fire told his weird tale of how nearly he had been caught by the dreaded Maero.

Putangi' listened, lost in admiration for her lover's bravery and melting with sympathy for the terrors he had

suffered. She would forego the desired tusks; she would marry him when he pleased. You can imagine how soon that was. So Horo' quickly had such comfort as effectually drove away the haunting nightmare of the awful monster of the forest. But there was no honeymoon.

Next day a band of *toi* went to hunt the Maero, Horo' at their head.

Now, Putangi' was inquisitive, as all brides should be, and desired to see the dead carcase of the horrible brute which had nearly deprived her of her husband. Therefore, contrary to all instructions, she stealthily followed close on the heels of the hunters.

At mid-day she halted for food in a 'clearing' through which ran a stream. The spot was beautiful and tranquil. The sun shone warmly upon the base of a moss-covered cliff of limestone, and here Putangi' sat. Her back rested against the warm rock, her head reclined upon a mossy pillow. She fell asleep.

As she slept *tui* sang in the trees around her, a *weka* came out of the undergrowth to examine her, a bush-robin hopped about her feet.

Suddenly there was a rumbling sound like distant thunder.

'Matiti Matata!'

The birds ceased their song; the *weka* and the robin fled; the rock opened beside the spot where Putangi' lay, and the Maero appeared from his cave.

He looked around, dazzled for a few moments by the glare of the sun; he sniffed, as though scenting prey; he caught sight of the girl. Then a smile of satisfaction overspread his monstrous features; he stretched out one arm and seized Putangi' by her slender waist.

She awoke with a scream, but quickly the other great

hand took her in its grip, and Horo's bride was carried struggling into the recesses of the Maero's cavern.

Then 'TUTAKI!' and the door shut; not a sign was there to show where it had been.

* * * * *

When the Maero-hunters returned unsuccessful to the *pa*, Horo' asked for Putangi', but was told that she had not returned from the forest. When three days had passed and still she had not come back, search-parties scoured the 'bush,' but nowhere found a trace of the missing girl. All thought she must be dead, but Horo' said he would search for her till he found her or her bones.

* * * * *

To fall asleep the wife of a brave young *toa* and to awake the wife of the Maero is the most awful thing that can happen to a pretty *kotiro*.

But the Maero was not so cruel as might be imagined. He really loved his young wife. He would gather her fruit in the forest; he said it might be dangerous for her to go out and pick it herself; he brought her fat pigeons, which, as they sat on the branches so surfeited with berries that they could not fly, he had speared with his longest talon; but Putangi' had to eat the birds raw, as the Maero could not bear even the name of fire. When they had dined, the Maero would take her in his great arms and love her as only a Maero can, and Putangi' would almost die of fear and nausea. Next he would lead her lovingly into the recesses of his cave, and there show her the bones of all the men he had eaten; he would tell her how he longed for a meal of Maori flesh, and she, his dear wife, would help him to another such, would she not?

When they had returned to the best parlour, where the floor was strewn with the heads and feet of the hundreds of birds the Maero had eaten, he would tell her to be a good little wife, and wait patiently till he came back, and then, 'Matiti Matata!' the Maero would go out for a walk, and, 'Tutaki!' the door would shut behind him.

Close to the rock there ran a stream, but the Maero did not wet his feet in it. His beaten track ran alongside the water to a ford where he could cross by jumping from stone to stone.

At length, emboldened by a love of fresh air and a desire to wash, Putangi' ventured one day, when her awful husband was out catching pigeons, to use the magic words 'Matiti Matata!' Immediately the door opened, and she was out under the clear sky. 'Tutaki!' and the door shut again upon all the horrors of the cave.

Putangi's first impulse was to run, but almost before she had reached the stream she heard the panting of the Maero, and her monstrous husband stood before her.

'You astonish me!' he exclaimed gruffly. 'What are you doing outside the cave? Do I not bring you enough to eat?'

'Oh, thank you!' said Putangi', 'you're most kind to me. You bring me plenty of *kaka*—I quite like them raw—but——'

'But what?' said the Maero.

'I thought I'd like to wash.'

'Wash!' exclaimed the Maero. 'What do you want to wash for? You never see *me* wash.'

'No; but you're a Maero. Perhaps you don't need to wash.'

'Need to wash? No one needs to wash—it's bad for the health. It makes the blood cold.'

'But *I* have always washed, and my blood is warm enough.'

'Well, if you must do it,' said the Maero, 'be quick about it. But wait till I turn my back—it would make me ill to see you in the water. It would freeze my very bones.'

So Putangi' bathed, while the Maero turned his back and hid his great face in his still greater hands. Then they went into the cave and dined off raw *kaka.*

Now, the Maero's scent was very keen, and often, when inside the cave, he would sniff and say, 'My dear, I'm certain there's a Maori in the neighbourhood. I can smell him distinctly.' Then he would say, as softly as he could, though the cavern would rumble with the sound, 'Matiti Matata!'

The door would open and he would put his head out, hoping to see someone. But he was very cautious, because he knew that Putangi's whole tribe was on the look-out for him. However, in time he grew bolder, and at last, whenever his nose told him that a man was roaming the forest, he would go out to hunt him. But he always returned empty-handed and very short in the temper.

Putangi' knew that this man whom the Maero continually scented was none other than Horowhenua himself; so whenever the Maero grew restless and bloodthirsty at Horo's presence in the forest, Putangi' used all her arts to detain the monster in the cave. She would say:

'No, Maero. Sit still while I comb your hair—wait while I scratch your back. There is nobody near the cave. Many times you have been out to look, but always unsuccessfully. Take my advice: sit still while I pluck this *kaka* for you.'

But the Maero grew more and more greedy for human

flesh, and in anticipation of it he would even lick Putangi', and feel the plumpness of her body, and say, 'Ah, lovely! Ah, juicy! Ah, tender!' and would smack his lips till Putangi' felt afraid he was about to eat her.

But presence of mind is a priceless jewel.

'If, Maero, you are really so fond of Maori to eat,' she said, 'why don't you go down to the *pa* at night and pick up a picaninny or a well-fed *toa?* There are plenty of them.'

'That is all very well,' answered the Maero, 'but think of the dogs. They would rouse the *pa* in less time than it takes to talk about it.'

'But Maoris are afraid of the dark. They would never go out to look for you at night, and you could put your hand over the palisades and pull your prey out of the nearest hut. Try, Maero!'

And she stroked the monster's great head with feigned affection.

Perhaps you think Putangi' was heartless, but she really hoped to plan the Maero's death. And who knows but that she might have persuaded him to make the attempt, so great was his thirst for human blood? But just then he stood up, quivering with excitement.

'I smell him,' he exclaimed, sniffing loudly—'I smell him quite near. Matiti Matata!'

The door swung open and out rushed the Maero without losing a moment, Putangi' following him, and there on the other side of the stream stood Horowhenua, hunter of boars.

'I've got you,' cried the Maero, rushing to the bank of the stream; 'I shall catch you now.'

Horo' stood at the water's edge brandishing his *taiaha* and challenging the Maero to come on.

But the Maero could not cross the river there because it was wide and deep, and it was death for him to wet his feet.

'You wait till I come round,' he cried, 'and then I will fight you!'

But when he reached the further bank, and was coming swiftly towards Horo', Putangi' ran down to the water and called, 'Horo', come!' and held out her arms. Horo' splashed through the water, and when the Maero reached the spot where he expected to meet his enemy, Horowhenua and Putangi' were rubbing noses near the mouth of the cave.

'You cowardly rascal!' cried the Maero. 'But I'll be even with you yet;' and back he raced to his ford.

'Quick!' said Putangi; 'get over to the other side and dodge backwards and forwards across the river, and you shall see what I will do.'

So Horo' recrossed the stream, and Putangi' took pieces of dry wood and commenced to make fire. She rubbed and rubbed with all her might till the Maero returned. But he took no notice of her, his eyes being fixed on Horowhenua, who danced defiant on the further bank and *pukana'd* at the Maero shamefully. And Putangi' went on uninterruptedly making the fire come.

'When I get you,' cried the Maero, 'I shall snap your back as if it were a dead branch; I shall crunch your bones with my teeth and spit out the bits; I shall swallow your eyes, and pick out your brains with a bit of stick. Ah! I'll get you yet;' and back he started for his ford at a terrific pace.

With good luck a Maori could make fire come in about fifteen minutes by the process of friction if he rubbed skilfully and hard.

The Maero rushed backwards and forwards, detouring from side to side of the river. Horo' splashed to and fro through the water till the Maero's pace flagged and Putangi's *kauati*, which is the name for the piece of wood she was rubbing, began to smoulder. Quickly she heaped on it dry grass and leaves, fanned these to a flame, and soon had a roaring fire in the middle of the clearing.

Now everything was ready, and when next Horo' crossed over, Putangi' called him to her, and they stood on the further side of the fire till the Maero came.

For a moment the monster could not see them for the smoke, but Horo' called out, 'Now that I have your wife, Maero, perhaps you will come and fight me.' And he flourished his *taiaha* and made the ugliest grimaces.

When the Maero rushed round the fire, Horo' and Putangi' dodged him, always keeping the flames between themselves and their enemy. At last, perceiving this, the Maero thrust a long arm through the fire and clutched at Horo'. In a moment the sharp *taiaha* came down with the might of Horo's two arms, and the Maero's great hand was lopped off at the wrist.

The maimed monster howled with pain and stretched out his other hand; but that was struck off too, and in his agony he stumbled and fell across the fire. In a moment Horo' had cut off his head.

Now it was found how poor a thing this Maero really was. He had no blood; his arms had been cut through as if they had been dry sticks. And like sticks he burned. Putangi' piled his broken limbs on the fire, and burnt him up as if he had been firewood.

'There,' said Horo' as the last ember of the fire died out, 'that is the end of the Maero. Now we will go back to the *pa*.'

And this is all quite true, for the great-grandchildren of Putangitangi and Horowhenua know the place where the Maero's cave is, but they daren't go up to it and say 'Matiti Matata!' lest it should suddenly open and—Tutaki!—swallow them up.

THE NGARARA

The canoe, carried helpless on the top of a big roller, grounded on the beach with a bump which shook the thwarts out of her and threw Kahu-ki-te-rangi and his companions sprawling on the sand.

Kahu's companions were Popoia and Kareao: they three were the sole survivors of a large fishing-party which had left Mamaku, a hundred miles and more down the coast, and had been blown out to sea.

Kahu', Popoia, and Kareao were almost dead with cold and hunger, and for awhile lay stiff and motionless, till Kahu' rose and began to stamp his feet and chafe himself.

'Then, you are not dead, Kahu'?' said Kareao. 'I, too, have some life left in me;' and he rose, and began to run to and fro to restore his circulation.

Popoia got up last.

'I, too, am here,' he said; 'but my limbs are stiff like the branches of a tree.'

The sun just then broke out brightly, and the three men soon got warm, though they were hungrier than ever.

First they hauled the canoe high and dry; then they took their wet *korowai* cloaks and hung them in the sun.

'Now,' said Kahu', 'we will see what sort of food we

can find in this place.' And he led the others up the beach.

They closely examined the vegetation which grew thickly along the shore, but could find nothing to eat —not so much as a berry. They had almost given up in despair, when Kahu', who was ahead of Popoia and Kareao, cried out :

'Come here ! These look like wild *kumara.*'

'This is an old plantation which has been overgrown,' said Kareao.

'Anyhow,' said Popoia, 'we have found food.'

Some of the sweet tubers they ate raw, others they took to the place where they had come ashore.

'Now,' said Kahu', 'we will make a fire.' With a heavy stone he broke one of the canoe thwarts, from which he split a piece about an inch thick. This last he handed to Kareao. 'There,' he said, 'you take the *kaureure ;* I and Popoia will hold the *kauati,*' which was what he called the rest of the thwart.

Kareao put the point of the *kaureure* upon the middle of the *kauati,* and worked it backwards and forwards with sharp, strong strokes.

'Ah,' he said, 'you two have the easy part, holding the *kauati.* You know that part ; you have done it before. But I am the strong man—I have the *kaureure.* I make the *kauati* hot, I make the fire come. I am the man.'

The other two laughed.

But, all the same, Kareao grew tired, and was glad when Popoia rose to help him with the *kaureure.* When Popoia had got a good hold of the implement, Kareao let go, and helped to hold the *kauati.*

'Hah !' said Popoia. 'You are not the man, Kareao.

With you the *kaureure* had no strength, no heat; but the *kumara* I have eaten give me power; I give the power to the *kaureure*, and the *kaureure* gives it to the *kauati*. But I have done that before, many times. *I* am the man with the burning *kaureure!*'

And the others laughed.

But at last Popoia grew tired, and his rubbing flagged. Kahu' rose and relieved him.

'Now,' said Kahu', 'you will see what I can do. So far I have been silent, but that was because I waited to see how you two would succeed. One, two, three, four! Hoo! ha! hoo! ha! Now watch. In my hands the *kaureure* is the begetter of fire. One, two; one, two. I do with the *kauati* what I please. See, it smokes! Hoo! ha! hoo! ha! It burns! Quick, Popoia! the dry grass!'

The *kauati* was now smouldering, and the charred wood and tinder were soon fanned into a flame: the men had made a fire, blazing and hot.

'Now,' said Kahu', when they had eaten as many roasted *kumara* as they could, 'we will look for water and explore the island. We will see what people live here.'

They walked along the beach till they came to high, beetling cliffs, where there was a big cave, and half a mile beyond this they found ruined huts and the remains of a *pa*, which was overgrown with fern and bushes.

'How is this?' said Kareao. 'Where are the people?'

'They have gone away,' said Kahu'. 'They have found a better fishing-ground.'

'You two are clever,' said Popoia; 'you answer a

question before it is asked. But what is that at the edge of the clearing?'

A figure was moving from bush to bush, as though watching them.

'We see you hiding there!' cried Kareao. 'Come into the open.'

'We won't hurt you,' cried Popoia. 'Come and tell us who you are.'

'Why are you so frightened of us?' asked Kahu', as a bent and skinny old woman approached them.

'Aaaaah! *tena koutou*,' wailed she, seizing them by the hands. '*Tena koe! tena koe! Katahi te koa!*' she cried, as she rubbed noses with them one by one. 'You are strong handsome men, and I thought you were the Ngarara.'

'The Ngarara?' said Popoia.

'Who's he?' said Kareao. 'We don't know him.'

'What tribe does he belong to?' said Kahu'.

'The Ngarara—you never heard of *him?*' said the old woman. 'He is *the* Ngarara—the real one. Big body, eight feet long; big webbed foot; big wings like a bat's, with which he flies and catches fish; long tail like a *tuatara* lizard's, but bigger; skin like the bark of the red pine.'

'This is very strange,' said Kareao.

'You astonish us,' said Popoia.

'Is it really possible?' said Kahu'.

'He came to the island nearly four years ago,' said the old woman, 'and made his home in a cave which winds far into the cliff. No one but the Ngarara knows all the windings of that cave. When the people were on the beach launching a canoe or looking for *pipi*, out of his cave would rush the Ngarara and catch two or three with

his claws, and carry them into his cave, where he would eat them up. Sometimes he would lie in the "bush" and catch them when they went to snare birds; he would seize the women as they were digging *kumara* in the plantation, and the men as they were fishing from canoes. He was fond of the Maori; he made *kai* of my tribe, of all but me—I am too old, too skinny—and my daughter Hinana.'

'Your daughter—why did he spare her?' asked Karcao.

'She is his wife. He keeps her in his cave.'

The men's faces were filled with horror.

'Your daughter is the Ngarara's wife!' exclaimed Popoia.

'We must take her from him,' said Kahu'.

'She was the prettiest girl on the island,' said the old woman. 'The Ngarara saw that—he keeps her for himself. But if you stay here inactive he will catch you, too, and eat *you* up! Yet, if you are brave, very brave, I will show you a way to kill him. We shall see—we shall see. Come down with me to the beach.'

The old woman led them through the 'bush' to a distant part of the island, where the smooth sand stretched half a mile.

'Now,' she said, as they stood in a group round her, 'you see that pile of driftwood lying just below high-water mark? You shall run a race to that and back again, and the man who wins shall have my daughter when we have rescued her from the Ngarara. One, two, three—go!'

Away raced the men across the soft, smooth sand, their feet leaving long tracks behind them, till the old woman's weak sight could no longer distinguish one runner from another.

When they rounded the driftwood they came back, each straining every muscle to reach the old woman first. But one man was far ahead of the others. It was Kahu-ki-te-rangi; he won easily.

'Very good,' said the old woman; 'you are a quick runner; you are rightly called Kahu-ki-te-rangi—"the Hawk in the Heavens." I will now show you the Ngarara.'

So they all went through the 'bush' to the other side of the island, and lay concealed on the top of a high cliff.

'The tide has turned,' said the old woman. 'When it is nearly full the Ngarara comes out to catch fish. His cave is underneath the spot where we are lying.'

What she said was quite true, for before very long they heard a terrific noise in the earth beneath them, and the Ngarara appeared on the sands below.

He was black all over. His great head was like a bird's, but featherless and bare, and ended in a huge tapering muzzle, which was armed with numberless sharp teeth. His body was like a great bat's, and his wings, which at first he held close to his sides, ended at the top in bunches of sharp claws. He ran down to the water's edge after the manner of a great sea-fowl, snapping his horrible teeth this way and that in his eagerness to catch his prey.

When he had waded into the water up to his middle, he stretched out his wings, which extended twenty feet from tip to tip, and scooped the fish first with one wing and then with the other into his open mouth. But when the fish fled in fear into deep water, the Ngarara flew after them like a bird, dived, and caught them with his immense jaws, which he snapped together so loudly that the sound

reached Kahu', Kareao, and Popoia, as they stood on the cliff.

'It is time we went,' said the old woman. 'If we stay here any longer he will see us, and then he will certainly eat you up. Let us go and make the *taiepa-whare* in which to catch him.'

'Urrrgh!' exclaimed Kahu', shuddering, 'it would be better to be eaten than to be the wife of such a monster.'

So they went into the heart of the 'bush,' and there the old woman gave them heavy stone axes with which they cut down thick branches of trees. These they placed firmly side by side, in two rows each, a chain long and six feet apart, and the roof, which was ten feet from the ground, they made of lighter boughs and *toé-toé*. Then they drove a strong stake into the ground so as to block one entrance, and heaped dry fern and *toé-toé* on each side of the *taiepa-whare*, and all the preparations were made for the reception of the Ngarara.

'Now,' said the old woman, 'there remains but one thing. Here is a *pouwhenua*, stout and strong, for each of you. You, Kareao, stand with this big spear on one side of the *taiepa-whare*, and you, Popoia, take this and stand on the other. Kahu', take yours and place it in the *taiepa-whare*, about the middle, and then go and do as I have directed. You are a good runner; now is the time to prove that you are indeed Kahu-ki-te-rangi, that you can run as fast as a hawk flies in the heavens. See if you can race the Ngarara.'

So Kahu' departed, alone and unarmed. He passed through the forest till he came to the beetling cliff above the Ngarara's cave, and there he called out:

'Cooooeeeeee! Coooooooooooeeee! Coooooooooooeeee!'

Soon there was a noise like rumbling thunder in the

bowels of the earth, and out of his cave came the Ngarara.

First he ran this way along the beach, then he ran that, but could see nothing.

'Coooooooooooeeeee!' called Kahu' from the top of the cliff, and in a moment the Ngarara caught sight of him.

Kahu' saw the great jaws open and display their lines of teeth, and he retreated to the shelter of the 'bush.'

There was a great flapping and the sound of falling rocks, and right over the face of the cliff came the Ngarara, with open mouth and scrambling feet and flapping wings.

Kahu' turned and ran.

The Ngarara pursued. First he stretched out one wing to scoop the Maori into his mouth, then he stretched out the other; but each wing caught in a tree, and Kahu' ran uninjured through the forest. But now the Ngarara folded his wings and ran, too. Kahu' could hear his heavy breathing, and smelt the horrible odour of his body. Again and again the Ngarara had almost caught his prey in his teeth, but Kahu-ki-te-rangi had not received his name for nothing, and he ran fast to the mouth of the *taiepa-whare*—on either side of which his comrades lay concealed—and disappeared inside of the trap.

The Ngarara, in his eagerness to catch his prey, never noticed that the leaves on the boughs of the *taiepa-whare* were beginning to wither. He did not see Popoia and Kareao hiding behind the heaps of *toé-toé* and fern. He plunged straight into the *taiepa-whare* after Kahu'.

Kareao and Popoia immediately arose, each grasping his *pouwhenua*, and stood ready. Kahu' ran to the middle of the trap, where he found his weapon, and seizing this he turned and faced the Ngarara.

And now the great reptile was caught at a disadvantage. The constricted space of the *taiepa-whare* pressed his formidable wings close to his sides, and rendered his claws almost useless. His teeth were the only weapons he had left; but they were many, and sharp, and long.

With these he snapped menacingly at Kahu', but Kahu' never flinched, and bravely awaited the onslaught of the Ngarara.

Plunge! He had driven his big spear into the reptile's eye, and pinned the monster's great head to the earth.

The Ngarara lashed with his tail, and in his agony tried to burst the walls of the trap with the weight of his huge body; but his endeavours only made matters worse for him, for Popoia and Kareao could now see in what part of the *taiepa-whare* Kahu' held him pinned by his head to the ground. From either side they plunged their stout spears into his belly, and transfixed him to the earth.

Thus they held him, calling to and encouraging each other, till the Ngarara was exhausted and could struggle no more.

Then Kahu' came out of the *taiepa-whare* and set fire to the fern and *toé-toé*.

The Ngarara was burned to ashes.

Throughout this exciting scene the old woman had stood behind a tree, praising the men and cheering them on; but when the Ngarara was dead and burnt she led them down to the mouth of the cave, and called:

'Hinana, come to us. The Ngarara is dead; nothing remains of him. Come to your mother and the brave men who have saved you.'

Softly and full of fear the girl crept to the cave's entrance till she caught sight of Kahu', Popoia, Kareao, and her mother.

'But I dare not come,' she said, crying. 'If the Ngarara were to know that I came out of the cave, he would kill and eat me as he did all my relations.'

'But the Ngarara is dead,' said Kareao. 'I plunged my spear into his body.'

'There is nothing left of him but a few charred bones,' said Popoia.

'You need not fear,' said Kahu'. 'If the Ngarara were alive we should not dare to come openly to his cave. When he last left you he pursued me into the *taiepa-whare*, and there I transfixed him with my *pouwhenua*. He is dead, and you are now *my* wife.'

'That is all true,' said the old woman. 'Come, Hinana, and greet your mother and your husband, and then we will show you the place where the Ngarara died.'

Convinced, Hinana came out of the cave and *tangi'd* with her deliverers.

'*This* is your husband, Kahu-ki-te-rangi, the man who raced the Ngarara,' said her mother. 'He will soon make you happy.'

'I am quite light-hearted already,' said Hinana, 'for you can imagine what joy it is to become the wife of such a brave *toa* after having been married to the Ngarara for nearly three years.'

BIG PIHA AND LITTLE PIHA

PIHANUI and Pihaiti hated each other as only brothers can. Pihanui, or Big Piha, was the elder, and Pihaiti, or Little Piha, was the younger, and there was not a single matter on which they agreed. When they were boys Big Piha had never lost a chance of cuffing and kicking Little Piha, and now that they were men he tried in every possible way to ridicule and belittle his younger brother.

'Ha!' he exclaimed one day while a number of the *toa* stood around him, 'look at Little Piha walking across the open *marae*. Mark how I will make him angry. Here, Little Piha; we want you, Little Piha.'

Little Piha came to the place where the men were standing.

'You are a fine fellow,' said Big Piha. 'How many men did you kill at Waitapu in the recent fight? How many men did you eat after the battle?' This he said because he knew Little Piha had played the insignificant part of guarding the canoes during the engagement, a task set him by his father, the chief of the tribe.

Little Piha was silent.

'They *say*,' remarked one of Big Piha's friends, 'that Little Piha successfully captured a small boy in the scrub, but that when the child turned on him Little Piha ran for his life.'

Everyone laughed, but still Little Piha said nothing.

'You are a brave fellow,' said Big Piha. 'If I had more brothers like you, I should set up another tribe with you as fighting-chief, and call it Ngati-Piha.'

But still Little Piha was silent.

'Bah!' cried Big Piha, angry that he could not move his brother to wrath, 'you are a coward; you are only fit to dig *kumara;* that is your proper work. You are a disgrace to the tribe. *He tangata kino koe!*—which is much the same thing as calling an Englishman a 'sweep' or a Hindu a *soor*.

'Little Piha,' said one of Big Piha's friends, 'you now have a chance to prove your brother lies. If you are not a poor coward, answer Big Piha before us all: if with words, see that they are sharp; if with blows, see that they are heavy.'

Little Piha made no reply, but walked away with his friend, Kahawai, down to the beach.

'Why,' said Kahawai, 'do you allow Big Piha to shame you before us all? We know that your father gave you the *karakia* and made you an *ariki* like himself; we can see that your tattoo is deep and thick, whereas Big Piha's is faint and thin, the work of an inferior *tohunga*. It is you that should be Big Piha, but he with his bragging and swagger has taken the place intended for you by your father. Your few stanch friends feel disappointed and disheartened; we look forward with apprehension to the time when your father shall die and Big Piha's bad spirit shall be predominant in the tribe.'

To this solemn exhortation Little Piha replied with laughter. 'Never fear,' he said; 'when the proper time comes you will find me full of action. In the meanwhile there is a matter which will give us occupation. I have heard that it is Big Piha's intention to set out for Motiti

to-morrow. You have heard of the beauty of Puhikereru, the daughter of the Ngati-Maru chief. She is so lovely that men have travelled hundreds of miles to see her, but she is so well born that she has refused them all. Now Big Piha is going to court her, but I have a plan to outwit him. I will discomfit him before all the Ngati-Maru. His *mana* will sink; mine will rise. Therefore be ready on the following day with your friends, and we also will set out for Motiti.'

* * * * *

It is a long way from Waikawa, in Queen Charlotte's Sound, where Big Piha lived, to Hauraki, where Puhikereru and the Ngati-Maru dwelt. But Big Piha travelled all the way by sea, making a triumphant tour of the coast, what with his imposing following and his canoe decorated gaily with bunches and streamers of feathers. A day behind him followed Little Piha, with but a small retinue, in a much smaller canoe; and the people of the *kainga* along the route said: 'It is well that these two brothers are named Pihanui and Pihaiti, for the first is indeed a big chief, and the other is but little, a man of small account.'

However, the two brothers arrived at Motiti on the same day; Big Piha in the morning, and Little Piha in the afternoon.

When Little Piha came ashore, his brother said:

'What have *you* come for? We don't want *you* here.'

'I came to share in your triumph,' answered Little Piha. 'I thought it would be fine to say: "Yes, he is my brother—this Big Piha—my elder brother. I am proud of him; my tribe is proud of him: he is a fine fellow. I am proud to share in the feasts made in his honour." I am indeed sorry that I could not accompany you along

the coast, but my crew was small and weak: we could not overtake you. However, we may return, perhaps, in company, which I should consider a great pleasure.'

* * * * *

As the two tribes were strangers to one another, every formality had to be observed.

The proper thing was to *haka* before any indiscriminate fraternizing commenced. So in the evening the Ngati-Maru built a great fire, fully a chain long, and Big Piha marshalled his men at one side of it, and marched them to the end of the blazing flames, where the chiefs of the Ngati-Maru sat, and where he surmised Puhi', the object of his visit, would be with the *rangatiras* of her tribe.

And how he and his men *haka'd!* Big Piha sang a song of greeting, composed for the occasion, in which he extolled the beauty of Puhi' and the greatness of her tribe; and his followers joined in the chorus.

'Ah!' he thought, 'that will impress her deeply.'

Now, Puhi' sat concealed in a hut, and was not even looking at him, though she could hear every word he sang.

'What a fine voice he has!' she said to her *hoa takapui*, the friend of her bosom. 'What a good *waiata* he has composed about me! Go out and see what he looks like, and come back and describe him.'

So the *hoa*, a girl as astute as her mistress was beautiful, went out and walked down to the edge of the fire, and looked at Big Piha as he sang.

'He is a very fine man,' she said, on returning. 'They say his name is Big Piha, and he is a great *rangatira*, and chief of the visiting tribe.'

Big Piha had finished singing, and a band of Puhi's people had stood up to dance and sing a song of welcome.

'Now,' said Puhi' to her *hoa*, 'go round to the other end of the fire, and see if you can speak with this Big Piha; and tell me what he has to say for himself. I like the way he sang of me. I think he must be a fine fellow.'

Little Piha had been watching the proceedings from a bank where the firelight gave him a good view of all that happened. He had listened to his brother's song, and had seen Puhi's *hoa* come out of the hut, scrutinize Big Piha, and question the man about her. He guessed who she was, what she had come for, and that Puhi' was inside the hut.

Therefore, when the *hoa* appeared a second time, and went to the further side of the fire, he said to himself: 'Now is my chance. I must find that *hoa* and speak with her.' So he went to the further end of the fire, and stood there.

Before long the girl came, and by her manner showed that she was looking for someone.

'*Tena koe*,' said Little Piha. 'You are looking for somebody?'

'I want to find Big Piha,' said the girl.

'Well.'

'The big Waikawa chief.'

'You need go no further.'

'Are *you* the man who *haka's* so well and sings the *waiata* so loud?'

'Yes; I dance the *haka*, I sing the *waiata*.'

'You are the man I seek, the big chief?'

'I'm the man.'

'Well, you needn't try to hide the reason of your visit: we know it is Puhikereru. I'm *hoa takapui* to Puhi'.'

'You're a fine girl, and if it weren't that I have come to court your mistress, there's no knowing what might happen.'

The girl laughed.

'I shall go back and tell her that. I think you a dangerous fellow.'

'Tell her I love her before I see her.'

The *hoa* laughed again, and returned by way of the Ngati-Maru side of the fire; and Little Piha returned to his bank, and watched the progress of the *haka*.

'Well,' said Puhi' to her *hoa*, 'did you see him?'

'I did.'

'What is he like? What do you think of him?'

'He's a fine man—you heard how he sings.'

'What did you say to him?'

'I told him you knew what he had come for, and he laughed. He says he loves you before he has seen you.'

'Is he the real *rangatira?* Has he got the tattoo?'

'He has the tattoo.'

'How much? What sort?'

'I don't know—I couldn't see.'

'Then, go back, and this time look well at his tattoo.'

So the *hoa* went a second time, and Little Piha watched her disappear behind the fire. Then he ran to the meeting-place and waited for her.

'What!' laughed Little Piha, 'are you come back again?'

'Why not?' asked the *hoa*. 'Puhikereru wants to know how tall you are.'

'Oh, I'm a big fellow,' said Little Piha, drawing himself up to his full height. 'Look at my head; I have no white hairs—all are black. Look at my tattoo—the best in the tribe.' He put his face close to that of the pretty *hoa*. 'See the lines round the mouth, on the nose, on the cheeks, on the forehead. They are all deep, and black, and thick—the tattoo of a big chief. Tell Puhikereru.'

'I shall tell her.'

'Now I must go back to the *haka*.'

'And I to my mistress.'

So Little Piha disappeared, and went to watch his brother as he *haka'd* with all his might; and the *hoa* went back to Puhi' and told a fine story.

Puhi' listened eagerly.

'I like that man,' she said. 'He is the sort of man I will marry.'

When all the formal greetings were concluded, the principal people of each tribe assembled in the big *whare-puni* that they might become the better acquainted with each other.

Big Piha sat beside the chief, but Little Piha sat near the door. Puhi' sat opposite her father, with her *hoa* by her side.

'That was a good *haka*,' said the old chief to Big Piha. 'Your *waiata* was very good, too.'

'I am glad you are pleased,' said Big Piha. 'That is the wish of my tribe.' And he thought to himself, 'I shall certainly get his daughter.' But he did not know which of the girls was Puhikereru, though she was sitting opposite to him.

Puhi' looked all round the *whare*, and said to her *hoa*:

'Tell me where he is. Which is he?'

'Look near the door,' whispered the *hoa*. 'You see that man lying there? That's the man, the great *toa*, the big chief.'

'He is a man of rank,' said Puhi'. 'He is well tattooed; he has the *huia* feather and the *kiwi* cloak. What do you say his name is?'

'Big Piha—that's his name.'

'You think him a good man for me to marry?'

'A very good man.'

'That's *my* opinion. But who's that sitting beside my father? He is going to make a *korero*.'

'I don't know who he is. I think he must be Little Piha, the second brother.'

'He isn't as fine a man as my Piha. You can have *him* yourself. Listen! he has begun to *korero*.'

Big Piha talked, but it was a tale about a burial-ground where his ancestors lay dead, and seemed possessed of neither rhyme nor reason.

'Do you call *that* a fine *korero?*' asked Puhi'.

'No,' said the *hoa*. 'I like the *korero pono* and the *korero tara*, but that is no *korero* at all.'

Just then Big Piha coughed.

'You fellow near the door,' he cried to his brother, 'go and fetch me some water. I want to drink after all that talking.'

He thought to shame Little Piha before all the people, and prove him to be a mere nobody, the servant of Big Piha, the great *rangatira*.

But Little Piha did not hear; he was looking at the ceiling, counting the rafters.

'You man near the door,' called Big Piha, louder than

before, 'I tell you I want to drink. Go and fetch the water!'

Little Piha still pretended not to hear, and continued to count the rafters, this time aloud:

'One, two, three, four, five, Puhikereru! six, seven, eight, nine, ten, Puhikereru! eleven, twelve, thirteen, the water! the water! fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, somebody fetch the water! seventeen, eighteen, *ko! ko! ko!* nineteen, twenty.'

'Stop!' cried Big Piha. 'What nonsense is this?' I tell you to fetch the water.'

Though the interruption put out Little Piha's counting, he still pretended not to hear. He began all over again:

'*Kotahi* (one), *rua* (two), *toru* (three), *wha* (four), *rima* (five), *ono* (six), *te wai! te wai!* (the water! the water!), *whitu* (seven), *waru* (eight), *iwa* (nine), *tekau* (ten) *ko! ko! ko!* (calling to the *hoa*), *tekau ma tahi* (eleven), *tekau ma rua* (twelve), Puhikereru, *te wai! te wai!* (Puhikereru, the water! the water!), *tekau ma toru* (thirteen), *tekau ma wha* (fourteen), *tekau ma rima* (fifteen), *tekau ma ono* (sixteen), *tekau ma whitu* (seventeen), *te wai! te wai! te wai!* (the water! the water! the water!), *tekau ma waru* (eighteen), *tekau ma iwa* (nineteen), *rua tekau* (twenty), *E ko! E ko! E ko!*'

'Ha!' exclaimed Puhi' to her *hoa*, 'I see what he means. That stupid fellow opposite thinks *my* Piha is to be ordered about. But see how cleverly he hears nothing and yet communicates his wishes to me. He asks me to send *you* for the water. Ha! ha! he easily outwits his boasting brother.'

So the *hoa*, laughing too, got up and quietly fetched some water in a calabash, and gave it to Big Piha.

While he drank, Puhi' rose, and, going across to her father, said:

'You see the man near the door? You have overlooked him. He is the greatest chief of all, and to my mind a much more remarkable man than the stupid, boasting fellow with his nose in the calabash.'

'Hush!' said her father, 'this is a most important person.'

'Yes,' said Puhi', 'he is Little Piha. The man by the door is Big Piha—he is *the* chief.'

So Puhi' sat down, and her father asked Little Piha to come and sit beside him.

So there they sat, Big Piha, Little Piha, and the chief.

'Now,' said the chief to Little Piha, 'there will be no more of this hiding by the door. We three chiefs sit here together. You heard your brother's *korero;* now you *korero*, and last I *korero*. Then we go to sleep.'

So Little Piha began to tell the story of Paoa's search for his wife, which is the same as an endless story, for Paoa never found his wife, though he searched the whole country. But Little Piha was determined to take his hearers over every inch of the road, till one after another they fell asleep, and none were left awake but the old chief and Puhikereru—the one through good manners, the other through love. But at last the old chief fell asleep too, and Puhi' and Little Piha alone were left awake. Then Little Piha told another story—the story of how *he* had come to search for a wife.

* * * * *

Next day the two brothers were talking in the open space of the village.

'Ha, ha!' said Little Piha, 'which now is Big Piha and which Little?'

'You talk as if you had distinguished yourself,' answered Big Piha. 'Your *korero?* While you told it everybody fell asleep. That is how much the Ngati-Maru respect you: when you talk they go to sleep. I never knew such a fool. Now, my *korero* was listened to with interest; everybody's ears were open. They know how important a man I am, how great my *mana* is.'

'I thought yours a poor *korero*,' replied Little Piha. 'Now, mine——'

'Listen to the stupid conceit of this fellow,' said Big Piha to his followers, standing around.

'Puhikereru listened to the last word of my *korero*,' continued Little Piha. 'She thought it good, anyhow.'

This reference to the object of his affection roused Big Piha's wrath.

'Now, mark what I say,' he exclaimed: 'If I have any more trouble with you in this matter, I shall order you and your men to be killed. I'll make short work of you and your *koreros*.'

But just at that moment Puhikereru and her father appeared.

'No doubt,' said the old man, 'you have noticed the great preparations we are making for a feast.'

'Yes,' said Big Piha; 'we understand your daughter is to be married.'

'That is the case,' said the old chief.

'And who is the fortunate fellow?'

'Ha, ha! "Fortunate fellow." That's good!'

'What is his name?' asked Big Piha.

'Ho, ho! You make me laugh. "His name"!'

'Now tell us. We want his name,' said Big Piha, desiring to humble his brother once and for all.

'He is a big chief, a great *rangatira*,' said Puhi's father.

'Of course he is. You hear, everybody: "He is a big chief." Now,' he said, turning to the old man, 'would you say he is as big as I?'

'Yes, I should say he is as big as you.'

'Bigger?'

'No, not bigger, but as big.'

'Name him; if you don't I shall do so myself,' said Big Piha, laughing. 'I know who he is.'

'Let the girl tell. It is she has to marry him. Now, Puhi', tell them his name.'

Puhikereru was so bashful she could hardly speak.

'He tells me,' she said—'he tells me his name—is—is—he says his name—is—I believe—he is——'

'Don't be afraid,' said Big Piha. 'Speak out. Everyone will praise your choice.'

'He is called Big Piha,' said Puhikereru.

'Ha! of course he is,' cried Big Piha himself. 'Big Piha—that's the man.'

'That's his name,' said Puhi's father—'Big Piha, the great chief of Waikawa.'

'Well,' said Big Piha, almost bursting with pride, 'what are you waiting for? Your man is here.'

'Yes,' said Puhikereru.

'I'm he,' said Big Piha.

'*You!*' said the chief.

'Yes, I'm Big Piha.'

'Ho, ho! that's good,' laughed the chief. And Puhi' laughed too. 'He says he is Big Piha!'

'That's my name,' said Big Piha surlily.

'No, my fine fellow—no, my brave *toa*,' said the chief. 'You are Little Piha; we know that quite well. *This* is

Big Piha; *this* is the man;' and he put his hand on Little Piha's shoulder.

'Yes, this is Big Piha,' said Puhi', taking Little Piha's hand in hers; 'this is my husband.'

Then Big Piha burst into a rage.

'What!' he cried, 'the *taurekareka* not only takes the woman I am to marry, but he must take my name as well! *I* am Big Piha! *I* am the eldest son of Toapoto, Chief of Waikawa! This vile fellow, the butt and jest of his tribe, is Little Piha, fit only to gather *pipi* for men like me to eat.'

'There has been some mistake,' said one of the men standing by. 'He *is* Big Piha; *that* is Little Piha. But——'

'But,' said another, 'the man who marries your daughter, be he Little or Big, is always Big Piha.'

'No, no,' said Little Piha. 'My father gave me my name; I want no other. If I have taken Big Piha's *wahine*, and stolen his *mana*, why should I want his name too? It is all the poor fellow has left.'

'Let my husband always be called Little Piha,' said Puhikereru; 'for whereas his brother, Big Piha, is great only in boasting, my husband is little only in resentment.'

'No, that will not do,' cried the men, anxious to pay every compliment to the daughter of their host; 'we must change all that. Your husband cannot be called Little. Big Piha shall be Little Piha; Little Piha shall be Big Piha.'

So the brothers' names were changed, and Puhikereru married Big Piha, as she had said she would do.

THE PORIRO

The boys of the tribe were wrestling on the open space in the middle of the *pa*.

There was Turi, and Tiki, and Kariki, and Kaipapa, two dozen more, and the *poriro*. But the *poriro* didn't count.

The men of the tribe, sitting in the shade of the huts, pitted boy against boy and encouraged the wrestlers.

'Kaipapa, Kaipapa, bring your foot forward. Get a *wiri* round his leg.'

'Look out, Turi. He'll trip you up.'

'He's down! Kaipapa has won!'

'Very good *whakataetae!* Very good match! Now the next two.'

So two other boys stood up and the contest continued.

The *poriro* looked on, longing to join in the sport. His name was Tama-inu-po, 'The Son of Drinking in the Night,' a name which his mother had been asked to explain a hundred times.

'Come, Heru-iwi,' the women would say to her, 'why Tama-inu-po? why "Drinking in the Night"? Who is his father?'

But she had always answered, '*Taihoa, taihoa*—by-and-by. Some day I will tell you. The time has not come.'

So all agreed that the boy's father was a *tutua*, a com-

mon person, of whom Heru', the chief's daughter, was ashamed. Tama' was a *poriro*, a boy without a father; and as a *poriro* he was cuffed and kicked.

But for all that he possessed spirit enough to love the games he was not allowed to share in, and courage enough to strike back when bullied.

On this particular day, however, things went worse with him than ever. As his excitement grew greater, as boy after boy was thrown, he again and again attempted to join in the wrestling, each time to be pushed roughly aside with derision and laughter. At length he could control his ardour no longer. Rushing at one of the wrestlers, he took hold of him and hurled him to the ground.

'There,' he cried, 'I am as good as any of you! Come on and wrestle.'

But the words were hardly out of his mouth before Kaipapa hit him on the head with a stick and felled him.

'Wrestle with a *poriro?*' exclaimed the bully. '*We* wrestle with *you?* Go on! Get out of this, or I'll hit you again!'

Tama's head was bleeding, but he was on his feet in an instant, and had seized his tormentor by the throat.

'The *poriro* will kill Kaipapa!'

'He's gone mad!'

'Pull off the *poriro!*'

Immediately the *marae* was in a state of ferment. Tama was seized by the legs, by the head, by the arms; men came rushing from the huts. Kaipapa's father, a big man of sixteen stone, kicked his son's assailant in the ribs; the *poriro's* hold relaxed, and he fell a second time to the ground.

'Ha!' cried the infuriated father, 'I've a mind to kill you, and rid the tribe of a nuisance and a disgrace! A *poriro* to lay hands on my son! Before you dare do that again, ask your mother to tell you who your father is.'

The boy had risen and was walking away, amid the jeers and jibes of all.

'Yes, go now! Go and ask her, miserable *poriro!*'

'Ho! ho! the *poriro* is going!'

'Ha! ha! he's not so brave as he thought he was.'

'The *poriro* is going to ask who his father is!'

'Good-bye, Tama-inu-po! Good-bye, "Drinking in the Night"! You'll find your father one of the *ariki*, one of the greatest chiefs!'

'He'll find him one of the *kai tango atua*, one of the buriers of the dead, one of the undertakers of the tribe!'

And the boy went sobbing to his mother, who, hidden in the furthest corner of her *whare*, could hear the taunts and jeers as they grew loud and obscene.

It is much the same with a *poriro* all the world over. His hand is against everyone, and everyone's hand is against him.

* * * * *

Waikawa, the place of 'Bitter Water,' was a *pa* some hundred and twenty miles from Motueka, the 'Wood of the *Weka*.'

Thither Kaipapa and Kariki, now grown men, and a dozen companions, purposed to go by water. Their canoe skirted the eastern shore of Tasman Bay, and passed through the narrow gut now known as the French Pass, which separates D'Urville Island from the mainland.

They weathered Cape Jackson and passed by the historic waters of Ship Cove, afterwards made famous by Captain Cook, and so to the head of Queen Charlotte's Sound, where the *pa* of Waikawa stood.

The Chief of Waikawa was named Kokako, a splendid Maori of the old tattooed school, full of dignity and hospitality. He gave the Motueka men a warm reception, reminding them of the kindness their tribe had shown him when he had visited Motueka twenty years before.

All went well for a week, when an unfortunate circumstance arose which put a sudden end to the festivities.

A Waikawa man identified one of the visitors, an elderly man named Tahuna, as the slayer of his father. That the fatal encounter had occurred in fair fight and in the North Island were facts that did not matter. The *mana*, or prestige of the man's dead father, had passed to the Motueka man, and it was the son's duty to avenge his father, and restore the lost *mana* to his family. Therefore he first treacherously killed Tahuna, and explained the circumstances to Kokako afterwards.

But, what must appear strange to the *pakeha* mind, Kokako approved of the man's action, though he truly regretted a circumstance which naturally must grieve his Motueka friends. This he told them, in the hope that they would see that the murder was quite *tika* (correct etiquette), and trusting that they would look at the tragical end of their relative as the natural outcome of his own actions, but not a matter which need disturb the peace of the tribes.

Kaipapa and his companions, glad to escape with their lives, departed hurriedly, outwardly accepting the position

as explained by Kokako, but vowing vengeance in their hearts.

* * * * *

The *poriro* had become of some use. When war is in the air a man's lineage is not of such consequence as his strength and prowess in arms. No one now cared whether Tama' had a father or not. His herculean figure, his skill in wielding the *taiaha*, placed him beside the best of the *toa*.

For Motueka was going to fight Waikawa, and the *taua*, or war-party, had been drilled till it was perfect in all its evolutions, and had satisfied the critical eye of Tupeta, the old warrior-chief of the tribe.

It was the morning on which the war-party was to set out. Heru-iwi was in her hut with Tama'.

'How shall I know this Kokako? I have never seen him,' Tama' was saying.

'His tattoo is deep and black,' answered his mother; 'there are many lines on his face. As to the *tohu*, his hair is done in two points—one on the crown, and one at the front of his head. No other man will have that *tohu*. Kokako is an old man—it is many years since I saw him—but if you cannot recognise him by these signs, you will know him by his height. He is the chief; he will bear himself like a chief. But listen; they are calling you to the canoes. You must go. Good-bye, my son—good-bye, good-bye.'

And the mother, holding her tall son to her, burst into tears.

'Why do you cry?' said Tama'. 'The *pa* is full of excitement; everybody is calling for revenge, and you weep. Weeping would never set right our wrongs. But

I—I will show that, though a *poriro*, I am brave in battle. I—ah! I—be sure of this—you shall be proud of me yet. I will kill; I will bring you the head of Kokako himself!'

Tupeta's plan was a simple one. Not a paddle of his should disturb the waters of Queen Charlotte's Sound; he would make no frontal attack. Shooting through the French Pass, he would turn up the long and winding Pelorus Sound till he reached the spot where the town of Havelock now stands. From there he would pass through the Kaituna Valley, and take Waikawa in the rear, plundering and exterminating all the *kaingas* in the Wairau Valley, where now is the town of Blenheim.

But Kokako, hearing of the coming *taua*, left Waikawa, and consolidated his forces in the Wairau, where he opposed Tupeta at the river crossing.

It was in the old times, when the Maoris' weapons were the greenstone *mere*, a double-edged tool for breaking in the skull; the *taiaha*, a kind of sword, made of hard and tough *manuka* wood; the spear, and the *tewhatewha*, or wooden battle-axe—all weapons which necessitated fighting at close quarters, under a system of drill not unlike that used by the *pakeha* prior to the invention of fire-arms.

The Motueka men rushed across the river in compact formation, but were driven back, and forced to re-form in the river-bed, where many of their men were slain. But again they charged, and this time they carried all before them. After a short, sharp struggle their enemies were routed.

There was no quarter given. After the fugitives rushed the pursuers, and at their head Tama', the fleetest of them all.

He had marked Kokako during the battle, and had pushed towards him in the mêlée, till he could distinguish the lines on the chief's face, his *tohu*, and the dogskin cloak.

Kokako was forced back by the tide of routed men, and, seeing he was followed by a strong runner, fled the faster, through tussock and scrub, through flax and *manuka*.

But Kokako was old and Tama' was young, and the race was to the youth. At last, in a small gully where the ground was soft and swampy, the old man halted and faced his enemy.

There was a short, sharp struggle, and Tama' stood over the chief, who lay panting on the ground.

'Ha! at last I have you!' cried Tama'.

'I am your man,' said Kokako. 'I am too old to fight a young *toa* like you. My tribe is beaten; everything is lost. Kill me—let me die like a warrior.'

The old man held up his head for the expected death-blow. But Tama' was looking at the tattoo on Kokako's face. He could count the spiral lines on the cheek, the converging lines on the forehead, the half-circles round the corners of the mouth.

'You are Kokako!' he cried, flourishing his weapon.

'I am Kokako. Yours will be great *mana*. But before you strike, tell me who has conquered me.'

'Tama-inu-po, son of Heru-iwi.'

'Tama-inu-po!' The old man had clutched his captor gently by the wrists, and tears stood in his eyes. '*E taku tama! E taku tama!*'

'*He pono koia?*' But there arose a whoop and a yell, and Turi and three other Motueka men came rushing up the gully.

Tama' picked up his captive's *mere*.

'Go,' he said, pointing to the *manuka* scrub which covered one side of the gully. 'I give you your life. Go quickly, and I will stop these men from following you.'

In a moment Kokako had disappeared, and Tama' walked calmly down the gully.

'Hullo!' cried the Motueka men, 'where is your prisoner?'

'I let him go,' said Tama'. 'He was no good. He was too thin, too tough'—a joke which made his companions laugh, stopped further questioning, and gave Tama' the opportunity to pass on, and pick up the *ihupuni* cloak which Kokako had dropped as he fled.

* * * * *

The triumphant Motuekas had returned home, and were fighting their battle over again in the big *whare-puni* which stood in the middle of the *pa*.

The bragging was at its height; man after man got up to tell the part he had played in the fight. Tiki had killed two men; Turi, four; Kariki, seven; and the numbers were growing, till it was evident that at least eight hundred Wairaus must have been killed out of the four hundred of them engaged.

At last Kaipapa got up. He looked quietly round the *whare*, and then said:

'All you men are great *toa;* each of you has slain dozens of men, but I killed Kokako. You all know what a great chief he was; his *mana* was greater than that of any chief of his tribe. That *mana* is now mine.'

He paused, and all looked at him with admiration.

'In the middle of the fight,' he said, 'I picked out the old Chief of Waikawa and Wairau; I fought my way towards him. "Come and fight with Kaipapa!" I cried. "Come and kill a man of your own rank—a *rangatira*, like yourself!" But he was afraid. Yet you all know how brave Kokako was: he feared none—but Kaipapa.

'He tried to get away from me by putting several of his men in front of him, but I broke through them and fell upon Kokako. You know how an empty calabash splits when a rock falls on it—so split Kokako's head under my *mere*. Down he fell, like a mighty *totara* in the forest, and I passed on to pursue the fleeing enemy. You all acknowledge the *mana* of Kokako. That *mana* is now mine; my *mana* is doubled—as is right and proper with the man who killed Kokako.'

Kaipapa sat down, amid a murmur of admiration and exclamations of applause, and Tama' rose.

'If so insignificant a person as I may speak after so great a man as Kaipapa,' said the *poriro*, 'I should like to tell you that I killed Kokako, too.'

Immediately there was a roar of laughter and cries of: 'Listen to the *poriro!*' 'He killed Kokako, too!' 'He is a funny fellow!'

'Yes,' said Tama', 'I killed Kokako, too. When the enemy broke, I followed the man with the big *tohu* and the *ihupuni* cloak. I said, "That man is the chief. I will kill him." I took no notice of anyone else. He ran, and I ran, on, on, through the scrub, through the tussock, one mile, two miles, a long way. At last he grew tired, and stopped in a gully. There I

knocked him down, and stood over him ready to kill him.

'"Who are you?" I said.

'"Kokako," he answered.

'"That is good," I said. "I am Tama-inu-po."'

Here a riot of voices interrupted with:

'This is a fine story!' 'All this was done in a gully where no one could see.' 'The *poriro* is a liar as well as a *tutua!*' 'Sit down, Tama', and let men of more *mana* speak.'

Tama' stooped and picked up a bundle.

'You all think Kaipapa killed Kokako,' he said. 'Very good, but what can he show to prove his word? Can he show so much as a *huia* feather or the *tiki* that Kokako wore? Did anyone see him kill Kokako? Nobody. Now, look here.' Slowly he undid his bundle and drew out a stone *mere*, green and polished and bright. 'There,' he said, 'pass it to Tupeta; it is Kokako's *mere*, and Tupeta will know it.' Then he unfolded the mat in which the *mere* had been wrapped, and held it up that all might see. 'This is Kokako's cloak, his *ihupuni*,' he continued amid perfect silence. 'See the dogskin round the edge; Tupeta will know that too. These things are proof that I took Kokako. But I did not kill him; he is alive still.'

Here there were cries of astonishment, and then someone asked:

'You caught him, and yet you didn't kill him? Why?'

'Because——'

'Well, tell us.'

'Because he said he was my father.'

At this a laugh broke from Tama's audience which the

bound prisoners could hear in the *whare-herehere* at the furthest end of the *pa*.

'He didn't kill Kokako! He said he was his father! Quite right; a *poriro* should not kill a big chief.'

But Tama' had sat down and Heru-iwi was standing.

She was not abashed. Her eyes flashed with anger at the indignities heaped on her son, and she stood defiant before all.

Turning to her father, she said: 'You remember when Kokako came to Motueka a long time ago; you remember he sat in this *whare-puni* and we *korero'd* as we are doing now; you remember he said about this time of the night, "I am thirsty; I want some water to drink;" and you said to me, "Heru-iwi, go and fetch Kokako some water." I got up and went out to the stream; but while I was drawing the water Kokako joined me. Did you notice we were a long while getting that water?—though to us the time went quickly. That was not the last time we met by the stream, and when Kokako went away he said: "Heru', if it is a girl call her Hine-inu-po;* if it is a boy call him Tama-inu-po." I did as he told me, and when my child was born I named him Tama-inu-po, "The Son of Drinking in the Night."'

'Why did you not tell me that Kokako was his father?' asked Tupeta angrily.

'You forget the threats you made; you forget that you said you would kill his father if you knew who he was. So I hid his name and my child grew up a *poriro*. But now Tama' has come home with the *mere* and cloak and *mana* of his father, no more a poor *poriro*, but a brave and strong *toa*, who conquered Kokako, but spared him, because Kokako is his father.'

* 'The Daughter of Drinking in the Night.'

So Tama' was a *poriro* no longer, but a chief of Motueka, and next in rank to Tupeta, his grandfather.

But as for Kaipapa, it was a common jibe, when a Motueka man doubted the truth of a statement, to say, 'Who killed Kokako?' to which the inevitable reply was, 'Ask Kaipapa.'

A WHITE WAHINE

I

The people of Taupo had never seen a white woman, and no white woman had ever seen Taupo. The *mihinare*, *padré*, medicine man or sky-pilot—there are various ways of describing the *pakeha* who had set up the new *karakia* at Taupo—was called Kerehi, which was as near as the Maoris could get to his unpretentious, monosyllabic English surname.

Kerehi was a man under a vow, and he had come sixteen thousand miles at the dictation of his conscience. At his setting out most men had said his labour would be in vain. But that is not a question of interest. This is the story of *Mata* Kerehi his wife, whose exile all men deprecated.

So soon as his *karakia* was established, the white *tohunga* determined to fetch his wife from Auckland to her new home on the great lake where the boiling mud-holes, and geysers and delightful *puia* are.

Te Heuheu, the Taupo chief, had despatched a hundred picked men to Matata, on the coast, to act as escort, and there was to be a great *powhiri*, or welcome, when the travellers arrived.

All the big war-canoes had been collected at the foot of the lake for the purpose of bringing *Mata* Kerehi triumph-

antly to Pukawa, Te Heuheu's *pa*, at the head of the lake. Hundreds of natives had assembled there to greet the white woman, and all were in a state of wild excitement and good-humour—there would be a huge feast when the *powhiri* was over. It's a safe assertion that Maoris never assemble in numbers but they must celebrate the occasion gastronomically.

Tons of *kumara* had been dug up, pigs were being roasted whole in the ovens, potatoes and maize were being boiled, women were busy straining the purple juice of the *tutu* berry, and were preparing hundreds of flax baskets in which to serve up the food when cooked. Pigeons and *kaka* parrots, preserved in their own fat, were heaped in abundance at the banquet-houses; all the *whata*, where the choicest food was stored, were empty and bare.

In front of the stockaded *pa* a gentle slope stretched down to the lake. Behind rose mountains, peak beyond peak, and, crowning all, three snow-capped cones, one of which belched forth a constant cloud of steam. On the beach and slopes of the *pa* were gathered a big crowd of Maoris, bearing green boughs in their hands—after the manner of Macduff's army, though for a different purpose.

Some of the men were dressed in *kiwi* mats, and others in the flowing *korowai*, a long cloak woven of white flax, ornamented with clusters of black strings. The chiefs wore bunches of soft black *huia* feathers in the lobes of their ears, and stiff white-tipped *huia* feathers in their hair. Some even wore caps of *huia* feathers. All these chiefs were tattooed to the height of the art; some of them had gone through the painful process twice, that the symbolical lines and figures might be the deeper and more plainly marked.

Most of the women were dressed in rough *pureke* capes, made of flax or the leaves of the *ti* palm; but the chiefs' wives wore the *korowai*. A few of the women were tattooed lightly on the lower lip and chin, round-limbed, strongly-built, cheerful women, who as they laughed displayed rows of the whitest teeth. Some of the girls wore nothing but the *piupiu*—a belt from which strands of flax fandangled to the knee. Frolicking children ran hither and thither amongst the people—fat, brown, naked brats, that tumbled over each other in their play.

Now a watcher from the *pa* raises a cry that the canoes are coming, and the crowds on the shore gesticulate and shout, and every eye is fixed on a small black speck far out upon the still, blue lake.

From the square gateway in the palisading of the *pa* Te Heuheu himself appears, and behind him follows a constant stream of people; they all stoop to make their exit. It is a cunningly-made gate, four feet square and about two feet from the ground, so constructed that an intruder can easily be knocked on the head as soon as his foot profanes the precincts of the *pa*.

Te Heuheu is dressed in an *ihupuni* cloak made of skins of the black-and-white dingo, now extinct, which used to roam the Kaimanawa mountains. Of an appallingly fierce though lightly tattooed face, Te Heuheu has a way with him that commands respect from all his people. In his hand he carries his famous *mere* 'Pahikauri,' a weapon of mottled jade, polished so as to show the curious grain of the stone, which, translucent almost as green water, is as hard as adamant. This *mere* is his sceptre; he received it from his fathers, and hopes to hand it to his children. But 'Pahikauri' is not merely for show—it has slain many men.

What was a black speck on the horizon has now grown into a thin dark line upon the waters. Te Heuheu stands on the beach and shades his eyes with his hand, as he watches the approaching canoes. Next he turns and addresses his people, and the gentleness of his speech contrasts strangely with his fierce features. His is not the meaningless gabble of a savage, but a fine effort of rhetoric, full of poetic similes and appropriate figures of speech, which ends with this injunction, half command, half exhortation :

'Therefore, my children, greet the strangers warmly ; welcome my *pakeha* Te Kerehi ; welcome all that belong to him, but most of all welcome the white *wahine* his wife, who has come so far to live with us. Give her your wildest *powhiri*.'

By this time the canoes are drawing near. Their number can be counted : twenty war-canoes, with figure-heads and sternposts lavishly decorated with *puhipuhi*, and each carrying close upon a hundred men. Can a notion be given of the stirring enthusiasm of this on-coming, so that the feelings of the white woman, who sits in the centre canoe, may be understood? Her children have been distributed amongst the other canoes, and her husband is in the craft on her right, the natives' idea being that one canoe is quite insufficient to bear more than one precious guest. She is surrounded by bright, smiling, brown-faced women attendants, whose eyes shine with excitement and pleasure as they look at the pink cheeks and blue eyes of the *wahine ataahua*, whose beauty is so new and strange to them. In her ears is the *hu! hu! hu! hu!* of the gasping paddlers, the roar of the waters, and the hissing of the foam. The brown eyes flash, every muscle is strained, every man is doing his hardest for the

honour of his *hapu* and the glory of his canoe. Amidships of each craft stands a chief, who sways his body to and fro in motion with the rowers, and beats time with the paddle which he flourishes above his head. All these captains of canoes sway together; the whole fleet advances as though impelled by one mighty impetus. The serried line of prows sweeps forward, each great grotesque figurehead projected far beyond the mass of seething foam churned up by every stem. The vast crowd on shore raises a shout; a forest of boughs waves in the air amid frantic excitement and uproar.

Now all the captains disappear from their conspicuous posts; but one figure remains standing above the rowers, and that in the centre canoe which bears the white *rangatira* woman. It is Te Whetu, the thrice-tattooed, the bard of Taupo. He stands erect, with his arms outstretched, bearing above his head the paddle with which he beats time to the rowers of the fleet as he sways his body backwards and forwards. He raises his voice; above the noise of the paddles, above the hissing of the foam, his *waiata*—to be handed down by word of mouth for generations to come—reaches the ears of those on shore:

'Te pai a wai?
Te pai a wai?
Te pai a Mata Kerehi
Ka takoto ki Taupo?
To-o-o-o-ia!'

He is praising the white lady they are escorting; he declares that no one is half so beautiful as she. And the 'Toia'? It means 'pull away.' Its three syllables are prolonged by a thousand throats. Te Whetu sings another verse in praise of the fair burden of his canoe—how she is whiter than the sea-gull's breast, her cheek

redder than the *rata* flower, how her eyes are blue as the sea with long looking at the vast waters over which she has passed. Then he sings of that great journey and of the perils their 'white mother' has braved that she may live with the Taupo tribes for ever. All the rowers again take up the chorus, and at the 'Toia!' the canoes plunge forward with redoubled speed.

Now the hundreds on the shore take up the greeting, waving their green boughs in time to their song:

'Welcome! welcome! dearest stranger,
Welcome from the far horizon,
Where the earth and heaven meet;
'Twas our own dear child that drew thee
To us from the heaven's edge.
Come! oh, come! oh, come! oh, come!'

The canoes are now close upon the land; in a mass of seething foam they are nearing the beach. Their rank is perfectly kept; their crews pull deep and strong in time to Te Whetu's arm. He quickens the stroke, the rowers strain every muscle to the highest tension, and the canoes race for the shore.

The margin of blue, still water between the fierce prows and the beach grows quickly less and less. A shout from Te Whetu, and every paddle is still, and the fleet glides gently to the soft and yielding sand.

Not till the white *wahine* and her children have landed do the hundreds of rowers step ashore. Then it can be seen that every canoe is a perfect bower of white *panahi* flowers.

II

Old Te Heuheu regarded the white *wahine* with awe. To him she was a kind of *tapu wahine*, an inspired holy

woman, to be approached with the deepest respect. Her beauty charmed him like a spell; he had seen nothing, imagined nothing like it.

'She is whiter than the snow on Mount Ruapehu,' he said, 'and her spirit was made in the heavens above the mountain-tops.'

But rumours of war reached Taupo, and these were followed by visible proofs of bloodshed in the shape of maimed men, and Kerehi suggested that he should take his wife out of danger.

'In my *pa* there is peace,' said the chief. 'I have no quarrel with your Queen; your Governor and I are friends. Why, then, should I make the *pakeha* people my enemies because these truculent Waikato tribes love to fight? Is not the *mana* of the man who refused the kingship of all Maoriland able to keep you safe?'

But by-and-by the young bloods of the *hapu*, who were spoiling for a fight, 'sniffed the battle from afar,' and could resist temptation no longer. Large war-parties left Taupo to reinforce the Waikatos.

Again Kerehi suggested that he should leave, but the old chief angrily dissuaded him.

'Is not my strength as great as of old?' asked Te Heuheu. 'Is not my hand your protection still? Fear nothing, then, from the Maori. You shall be protected as though you were my own dear children. Do not be afraid.'

And because Te Heuheu's word was sufficient bond for any man, and because the white man saw that a departure at such a time meant total ruin to the work of his life—quixotic though that work might seem—he remained. But there was another reason. How was a man, hundreds of miles from anywhere, and hemmed in on every side by marauding bands of warriors, to reach the coast without

the help and sanction of the chief who held him in the palm of his hand?

And now there came news of disaster and retreat, and all the fighting-men of Taupo left for the war, and with them almost every woman who could carry a musket, and the *kainga* contained only old men, little children, and mothers with babies at the breast. It would have been difficult to collect a dozen strong men in Taupo.

Again messengers brought tidings of defeat. This time it was Te Heuheu's own men who had been beaten, and the old chief's heart was filled with sorrow and remorse, and misery filled the *kainga*. Moreover, food began to run short, for in the excitement of making preparations for the war, provision for the future had been forgotten. All the *rua* had been emptied of *kumara* and potatoes for the fighting-men, and little or no seed had been planted for next year's crop. It was safer for the *pakeha* to remain under Te Heuheu's protection than to set out for the coast, but starvation was quickly coming to Taupo, and the white man saw that his wife and children stood between death from hunger and death from the Maoris.

He told Te Heuheu that he must go to the coast to fetch food, which he would get the neutral men of Matata to bring to Taupo, and with these men as an escort he would take his wife and children to a place of safety. The old chief approved of the plan, if Kerehi could but get safely to Matata.

So the *pakeha* set out, leaving his wife and children at Pukawa. His last injunction to Te Heuheu was that the chief should keep them safe, and the ancient warrior answered:

'She is my mother; no man shall hurt a hair of her head.'

Not long after the white man had gone news reached the lake of defeat upon defeat, and Te Heuheu, whose men had of old been all-victorious, was seized with a sudden dread that *aitua*—misfortune, doom—had befallen his race. He believed the gods had decreed that his people should be conquered.

News came of the battle of Orakau, at which the Maoris were hopelessly defeated, their cause ruined.

Then Te Heuheu's heart lost its light; he believed himself *makutu'd* beyond all hope, and in a Maori such a belief means death. He brooded over his misfortunes, ate no food—there was little to eat—and lay down to die.

Whilst the old chief thus awaited his fate, the white *wahine* spent most of her time in a canoe with three or four of her native girls, foraging for food along the shores of the lake.

III

Kerehi's house, built of large blocks of pumice-stone, stood outside the *pa*. In a cheerful room, decorated with polished *totara* panels and a dado made of the stems of the *toé-toé* reed, which glistened brightly in the firelight, the *pakeha* woman sat anxious and alone. It was evening. Presently there was a shuffling in the passage; the door opened, and into the room came Rui, the chief's head wife, Horonuku, his nephew, and another man named Horihapi. They came silently, with serious looks, and squatted down on the floor in front of the fire.

Horihapi spoke first. He said they had come to their 'mother' because they loved her, as did all the *hapu*. He spoke of Te Heuheu's love for her. Then he praised the

greatness and might of the ancient chief, and Rui burst into howls of grief. He enumerated Te Heuheu's heroic deeds, and reviewed the remarkable incidents of his life. He said the old man had been bewitched; *aitua*, ill-omen, misfortune, had dogged him and the whole tribe. He pictured the hopeless misery Te Heuheu had suffered when the spirit of death held him in its clutches. Then he howled, and Horonuku howled too, and the white *wahine* knew that Te Heuheu, stricken with despair, had died broken-hearted, in a manner that Maoris had died before, and in which they still die. She realized that she and her children had lost their sole protector. He who had been the greatest chief in Maoriland, unconquered by all who had sought to subdue him, now lay stripped of all his fame, his warriors defeated, routed, scattered, his *mana* sunk to zero, and so his spirit had passed.

Then Horonuku lifted up his voice in praise of the dead chief, extolled his prowess in war, and spoke of his power. But, alas! that was all at an end now, and he, Horonuku, was Chief of Taupo instead. His *mana* was not the *mana* of Te Heuheu. Te Heuheu's little finger was thicker than his successor's whole body. The cords of war were tightening on the heart of the country; to the west, in the Upper Waikato, the *pakeha* troops held sway, and were driving the Maoris back upon the lake; at Tauranga, on the east coast, the *pakeha* troops were collected before the Gate Pa, with the object of driving their enemies back on Rotorua. When these two forces converged at Taupo, what would become of the solitary white woman? When the warriors returned from the war, infuriated by their defeat, filled with hatred for the *pakeha*—and they might arrive any day now—forgetful of their love for their 'white mother,' they would murder her and everything with a

white skin. He, Horonuku, would be powerless to protect her.

Then Horihapi spoke again. He advised the white *wahine* to flee to Matata, the nearest place on the coast, and there Pito-iwi, the friendly chief of that place, would see her shipped to Tauranga or Auckland.

Rui the widow might with good excuse have been in her *whare-puni*, weeping and wailing and tearing her breast. Taking the *pakeha* woman's white hand in hers, she tenderly stroked it, and said that her dead husband's promise was her promise—she would go to the coast with *Mata* Kerehi, and would try to save her life. The Maori woman's sympathy was more practical than the men's.

To the *pakeha* woman that night was a night of fear, but not of despair; there was no useless shedding of tears, no wringing of the hands. She began whilst it was yet dark to make preparations for flight, and before dawn she awakened her children and dressed them for the journey. As the first streak of daylight shot over the lake she got into her canoe, and with Rui and two other Maori women, her six little children, and their *pakeha* governess, pushed off from the shore.

IV

Old Pito-iwi stood on the ramparts of his *pa* at Matata. With one hand he shaded his eyes as he gazed up the Awa o te Atua—the River of the God; in the other he held his musket. His tattooed face was set and stern; his cartridge-belt was buckled round his waist.

The men who stood about him were armed too; for

news had come of Urewera war-parties on their way to Tauranga to fight the English.

Pito-iwi himself took no part in the war: he and his small *hapu* stood neutral. But he feared that his attitude might rouse the rage of the Ureweras, who, resuscitating some forgotten grievance, might pick a quarrel with him and his people. So all his followers were standing under arms—some hundred fighting-men of Matata.

Presently the nose of a canoe appeared round the bend of the river. Immediately the watchers raised a shout, and there was a clenching of teeth, a flashing of eyes, and exclamations of determination.

'One canoe,' counted Pito-iwi, waiting for the next to come in sight. 'One canoe,' and still he waited, but no more appeared. 'Who, then, are these,' he asked, 'who come down the river to us?' The canoe drew nearer. 'They are women,' cried Pito-iwi, 'a canoe-load of women and children!'

Soon the canoe touched the shore, and the voyagers got out. First came a white woman, bare-headed, bare-footed, her skirt rent to ribbons, her naked arms and feet torn and bleeding, her hair dishevelled and blowing in the breeze. She was the white *tohunga's* wife, and she carried a little child in her arms, and four half-naked children clutched at what was left of her skirts. Rui carried the sixth picaninny. Then came the two other Maori women with the white governess.

Pito-iwi ran forward, crying, '*E Mata Kerehi!*' and, with the tears standing in his eyes, he took the white *wahine's* hands in his.

She hardly had need to tell the chief her story. With war to the north and west, war to the north-east, armed

bands of warriors roaming the whole country, when she set out, the white woman had had but little hope of reaching the coast. Before her had stretched a journey of a hundred and thirty miles, most of which had to be travelled over rough scoria-country. The sum total of her provisions had been a bag of oatmeal and a 'kit' of potatoes. Food was scarce in the deserted villages along the route, for they had all been plundered. And, as the children were so young, the journey was very slow and the peril the greater.

The children's shoes had soon worn through on the rough volcanic rocks over which they had had to scramble; their mother pointed pathetically to their bleeding feet and to her own. Two of the children had fallen ill at the junction of the Waiotapu and Waikato rivers, and there she had been forced to stay for three days, in constant dread lest at such a frequented spot they should fall into the hands of enemies.

As darkness closed down they had been forced to huddle together in some deserted hut or in the stunted scrub, and, fearful of lighting a fire, lest its glare should attract some passing band of warriors, and nestling close to gain warmth from each other during the chilly night, they had longed and longed for the dawn. Frightened to cook their food, lest the smoke or glare of a fire should attract attention, they had either to travel hungry or eat their food raw, except when they could use a hot spring for cooking.

They had passed through the gruesome volcanic country of Tarawera, and had threaded their way between boiling mud-holes, geysers, and solfataras, by mountains with awful craters, through a land fit to be the infernal regions, smelling of sulphur vapours and horrible with subter-

raneous stenches and steams. And thus, each hour a day of suspense, each day a year of weariness, they had moved slowly towards Matata and safety.

Pito-iwi led the white *wahine* to a hut where her husband used to store his provisions when they were landed from Auckland, before being carried on men's backs to Taupo.

Here the old chief told *Mata* Kerehi that her husband had gone on to Tauranga for the food that they could not give him at Matata. But Pito-iwi assured her that he would protect her with the last drop of his blood if need be, and send her on to Tauranga or Auckland so soon as a craft should put into Matata. Food, such as there was, he gave to the famishing refugees; but while they were eating he went with his men back to the ramparts of the *pa*, and watched for the expected Ureweras.

That night the white *wahine* slept so soundly that she did not hear at midnight the noise and bustle which followed the arrival of a big *taua*, or war-party. When the fear of death is past, and hope of life has been rekindled, it is hard to be awakened to a danger even greater than that which has been escaped. Such was the awakening of *Mata* Kerehi next morning.

A body of Maoris, five hundred strong, had arrived from the Urewera country. By diplomatic conduct Pito-iwi had averted bloodshed between the tribes, and the newcomers were being feasted with all the pigs and *kumara* left in Matata. They fed as men who had come through villages destitute of food. And the *pakeha* woman remained with her children closely pent up in her hut.

But when the feast was at its height a little fair-haired child ran out of the white *wahine's* hut and wandered

among the feasters. The Urewera who first caught sight of the child cried out:

'*Tamaiti pakeha!*—a white man's child!'

Quickly the little fellow was picked up and handed round from warrior to warrior, till he was set in the middle of a ring of strange fierce men, chiefs of the war-party.

Now was the time for old Pito-iwi to show his courage. He came forward respectfully to where the fighting-men were seated by their scores upon the ground; he came almost diffidently. He spoke softly and slowly to the chiefs of Urewera:

'That child you hold there is the son of my *pakeha*, Te Kerehi, and my word has been given that not a yellow hair of his small head shall be injured. Hear me, men of Urewera: let no blood be shed over so small a matter, but restore the child to me, and feast till all the food in Matata is eaten.'

Some shouted one thing in reply, some another, and the whole *pa* was soon in an uproar. When the noise was at its height the white *wahine* appeared at the door of her hut and called to her child. He, hearing his mother's voice above the din, struggled to get to her, but the man who held him only laughed at his puny attempts.

Then Pito-iwi's bearing changed, and the savage in him came to the top. Stepping forward, he so menaced the Urewera who was holding the child that the man dropped the little fellow in a hurry, and Pito-iwi, calling a woman to him, sent the picaninny to his mother.

When the Ureweras saw the white woman they cried out that she and her brood must die.

Then Pito-iwi made an oration. He told them that this

woman was the wife of his *pakeha*, and was left in his keeping; how she and her husband had done nothing but good to the Maoris; how they were *tohunga* (holy people), who had never meddled in affairs of blood; that they had always treated the people of Matata kindly, and had made them many presents; how the white *wahine* was a great healer of diseases, and had cured many of his people when they were ill; how he had given his word that he would protect her, and would do so—with his life. He told them how Te Heuheu had extended her his protection, and that if the Taupo tribes heard of any harm happening to her, trouble would come to Urewera. But at this his hearers laughed, and reminded Pito-iwi that Te Heuheu was dead.

Then a Urewera chief stood up, and called to mind the deed of some *pakeha* men who had landed at Opotiki, and had gone inland and shot a man of his tribe. He demanded *utu* for that man's death; the white woman would do very well for the purpose.

'Bah!' cried Pito-iwi, 'I thought you Ureweras were brave. Then go to Tauranga, and take your *utu* from the soldiers there—they will be glad to meet you—but do not kill a weak woman.' That taunt raised the uproar to its height, and the war-party broke up the feast and stood under arms.

Then Pito-iwi took his musket and called his men around him; but they were overmatched and frightened, and huddled together in a formless mass in one corner of the *marae*, and listened in fear to the chief of the war-party addressing his men.

While this harangue was being made Pito-iwi went and stood in the doorway of the white woman's hut. The man who would kill her must pass over his dead body. But

when he turned to confront his foes there was not an Urewera in sight.

Presently the head of a close column comes round a group of huts at one side of the *marae*, the open space in the middle of the *pa*. These are the Urewera men coming back. All are stooping as they come on at a slow double, and in time to their falling feet are gasping malevolently, 'Hu !—hu !—hu !—hu !—hu !—hu !' As soon as the entire column is in the *marae*, the fleetest-footed man of the tribe breaks from the ranks and runs ahead of the column. He comes on, shouting, and brandishing a light spear. As this man, the *wero*, advances, the column suddenly becomes motionless. Not a sound is heard save the deep breathing of excited men and the thud of the *wero's* feet. Twenty paces from Pito-iwi he halts and performs repulsive antics. Then he hurls his spear straight at the old chief standing in the doorway. It misses its mark and breaks into a dozen splinters on the lintel. At this the Matata men raise a shout, and the *wero* turns and rushes back to his comrades. Pito-iwi covers him with his musket; he is about to fire, when there is another shout—the *wero* has stumbled, falls, sprawls along the ground.

The Ureweras seem immediately struck with some sort of indecision, and show signs of breaking their formation, when a tall, tattooed warrior springs from their ranks and places himself at their head. Three times this man gives a diabolical yell, and to each they respond with a deep, gasping sigh. It means they are going to dance their war-dance. The leader shouts out the opening words of a war-song, and his followers become electrified and leap into the air. Then breaks from five hundred throats the raucous chorus, and the serried lines of warriors gesticulate and stamp in time to the words, till the ground shakes as

though moved by an earthquake. The whole *taua* leaps as one man, and the thud of their thousand feet is like thunder. Again the chorus is roared out, and the naked warriors grimace and contort themselves till they look like devils let loose.

Within the frail walls of her hut the white *wahine* trembles as she sees through the window this awful devil-dance. Her children, almost demented with fear, cling screaming to her tattered skirts, and she stands with blanched face and quaking limbs expecting each moment that the threatening lines of hideous savages will rush on her. The noise is absolutely deafening, and the fury of the dancers is so beast-like that the miserable woman crouches down in fear by the side of the poor distracted governess, and clasps her little children to her in despair. But the brave old chief stands motionless outside her door, his teeth clenched, his face set like a flint, his weapon ready.

The dense mass of savages lash themselves into even greater fury. The height of the dance seems reached, when suddenly another man breaks from the maddened ranks of the *taua* and rushes to the head of the column, which he faces. Immediately all is hushed and still; all the Ureweras are kneeling on the right knee, with the butts of their muskets grounded and the muzzles sloping forward. The time has come for the thing to be settled, and the gasping excitement of the warriors, though partly suppressed, shows what fearful energy they are keeping in check. If at the command of this new leader their fury break out, then Matata will be deluged with blood. There will not be the smallest hope for the *pakeha* women and children. When every ear is straining to catch his words, this chief says:

'What are these gods that protect Pito-iwi, that those who defy him fall flat on their faces? Why did the spear of the *wero* splinter itself on the door? Why did the *wero* himself tumble down? You cannot answer? It is a bad omen! Some unseen power watches over this white *wahine*. She is protected by her gods, and her gods are stronger than ours; and the same *Atua* that watches over her is over Matata. This matter is decided—there is nothing more to be done. Heed my speech, or some grave calamity will befall Urewera.'

Then the leader of the war-dance, the great singer who had roared out the war-song, rushes about before his men, shouting:

'There shall be no bloodshed; there shall be peace, there shall be peace. Let that peace last for ever.'

Next a Matata warrior rushes forward and shouts to *his* men, who have now formed themselves into some semblance of order around Pito-iwi:

'Yes, there is peace between Matata and Urewera. Peace is made—peace is made!'

At a given signal both companies break their ranks, and Pito-iwi enters the white woman's hut, where she lies swooning on the ground. There is water in the hut, and with this the old man restores her to her senses. Then he tells her that the danger is past, herself safe, her children spared. Taking his rough brown hand in hers, she thanks him again and again for his bravery as tears of joy dim her sight; but, looking into her face with doglike affection, he says:

'*E whae*, do not thank me. It was the *Atua* who saved you.'

V

The room was brilliantly lighted; the table was laid out with all the silverware and cut-glass of the proconsul, who was noted as much for his good taste as for his statecraft; flowers and ferns decorated both the table and the room.

Twelve guests sat round the table. A cleric had said grace, a Lieutenant-General had monopolized the conversation during the soup, and when the fish was put on the table a learned philologist had tried to get a hearing for his Aryan-Maori theory, which the Governor annihilated in three terse sentences.

'Awh, yes,' said a naval officer, sitting near the hostess, 'most interesting people, 'm sure, but abominably barbarous.'

'My dear Captain,' said a lady opposite him, 'it's not the *fashion* to impeach Maori civilization.'

'No, shouldn't think of such a thing,' he answered; 'but can't see how we can be expected to love 'em when we have to fight 'em.'

'But you'll acknowledge they're a brave people?' interposed a Government official, who had something to do with Lands and Surveys.

'Yes, after the manner of a baited bull—they've *got* to fight or be exterminated,' said the naval man, which showed how little he knew about it. 'But as for a chivalrous sense of honour, or unselfish bravery—pooh! the thing's absurd.'

'I hope you don't include *all* Maoris in your condemnation,' said the lady sitting at the Governor's right hand.

Her face was rather pale and thin, but her smile and

the brightness of her manner showed that she was enjoying herself immensely.

'Captain Howard, you don't answer,' said the lady who had spoken first.

'Don't agree—don't agree with you, Howard,' said a voice from the Governor's left. 'When the *Albatross* was in the Bay of Plenty——'

'You mean before the taking of the Gate Pa, Captain Franklyn?' interposed the Governor.

'Precisely. Howard was down on the Whanganui with his flat-bottomed gunboat, so he wouldn't know. The *Albatross* was lying in Tauranga Harbour, when one day there came alongside a canoe with refugees—a white woman with her children and a nurse or attendant. I never saw a woman in such a plight. She'd hardly a rag to her back. Dress? There was hardly enough of it to hang together—it was in ribbons. Her feet and hands were cut and torn, and looked as if they had been scarified; no hat; hair all tangled about her face and down her back. Your Excellency, she looked like a wild woman; and the children—there were five or six of them—they had little more clothes between 'em than you could make out of this serviette. The nurse seemed in a dazed condition—evidently had had a rough time. When I came on deck they were all huddled together, and talked—talked nothing but Maori. There were three Maori women with them—heroines, your Excellency. They'd stuck to that white woman and her children through thick and thin. Gad! they were Amazons. When I spoke to the woman, she answered in as good English as they speak in Park Lane. But she hadn't much to say about herself; was full of an old Matata chief called—I forget his name. It was—no, I can't remember.'

'Did you say he was Chief of Matata?' asked the lady who sat at the Governor's right.

'Yes, a chief, certainly,' said Captain Franklyn.

'Then perhaps it was Pito-iwi,' said the lady to the Governor. 'He's the Chief of Matata.'

'Pito-iwi? I dare say it was,' said the naval man. 'Now, Howard, here's my point——'

'Let me see,' said the Governor. 'Pito-iwi?—the—ah—umbilicus, the centre, the strength of the tribe. Which bone, I wonder?'

His Excellency was a man of research and resource.

'Now, Howard,' said Captain Franklyn, 'here's my point. Alone, deserted by his men, that old savage had stood up against five hundred Ureweras, and defied the lot to kill her. She told me so herself. He had placed himself in the doorway of her hut, and dared them to come on; he told them the man who would harm her must pass over his dead body. And, by Gad, sir! he gained the day. He acted like a Trojan.'

'And the lady,' asked the Governor—'do you remember what *her* name was?'

There was a twinkle in the gubernatorial eye.

'Your Excellency, the ship was full of fugitives. I couldn't tell you her name without referring to the log; it's all set down there. But about the Maori women! They fairly worshipped that white woman, and when I ordered them over the side it was worse than a *tangi*. They cried fit to break your heart, and hugged her and the children as if they couldn't let 'em go. But there was some excuse; they'd saved that woman's life; they'd brought her to the coast from Taupo, through a country alive with rebels, and all because—because, Howard, they were barbarous savages.'

And the sailor suddenly ceased, and gave his attention to his plate.

'Could you remember what the Maori women called her?' asked the Governor.

'Give me one minute,' said Captain Franklyn. 'Yes, one of them—the youngest Maori woman—called her something; dear me! I can never remember these Maori names. Anyhow, it began with a K.'

'Could it have been Kerehi?' suggested the lady by the Governor.

'Madam, I have to thank you for reminding me,' said the Captain. 'That *was* the name. A friend of yours, I presume?'

The Governor laughed a low, rippling laugh.

'I think there ought to be some sort of explanation,' he said.

Then he lightly touched the lady's hand, and spoke to her in Maori.

'Oh, certainly, I should be pleased,' she said, laughing.

'It ought to have been done before,' said the Governor; 'but you must accept my apologies. Captain Franklyn, allow me to present you to *Mata* Kerehi herself.'

And the entire table forgot its dinner for fully five minutes.

'But, your Excellency,' said the cleric who had said grace, 'Pito-iwi is here in Auckland. He is one of the prisoners who have been brought up from the Bay of Plenty to be executed.'

'Now that the matter is brought to your Excellency's notice,' said *Mata* Kerehi (the cleric was her husband), 'I hope you will see your way to liberate Pito-iwi, and send him back to his tribe.'

'My dear madam, what am I here for?' said the

Governor. 'What's the use of being an ornamental figure-head to the Government if I cannot sometimes—— But we shall see—we shall see.'

'Oh, thank you,' exclaimed *Mata* Kerehi. She knew the thing would be managed with as little red-tape as possible, and that, if it were needed, Pito-iwi would receive compensation for losses. So there is some use in having Governors, after all, if they are men of that proconsul's mould. 'Pito-iwi was no rebel,' she said. 'And it is quite true—but for him I should not be alive and sitting at this table.'

And to press the hypothesis a little further, but for Pito-iwi this book would never have been written.

'Perhaps,' I fancy I hear a cynic sneer, 'it had been better so.'

Kerehi is the Maori for the surname on the title-page —K for G, and three syllables for one. It may be a weak attempt at nomenclature; but that is beside the mark. There was, however, nothing weak about Pito-iwi. If he had been a coward, if he had not been an honest ex-cannibal of his word, if—— There's 'much virtue in If.'

But perhaps enough has been said to save the bones of Pito-iwi from lying in oblivion.

GLOSSARY

In pronouncing Maori words, single vowels are given their full value. Thus, the name *Hone* possesses two syllables; *Onetea*, four syllables—O-ne-te-a; *herehere*, four—he-re-he-re. There is no such thing as a true diphthong. Where two vowels come together, each is distinctly heard, though more or less coalescing. Thus, in the word *Maori* it is not correct to convert the 'ao' into 'ou,' as in the English word *house*, the 'a' possessing a broad sound, and the 'o' being distinctly heard.

'A' may generally be said to be pronounced as in the English exclamation '*ah!*' though there are important exceptions; 'e' is pronounced somewhat after the fashion of the final 'e' in the French word *félicité;* 'i' sometimes as our 'ee' in *proceed*, at others as in the English word *pin;* 'o' as in the English verb *owe;* 'u' as 'oo' in *cuckoo.*

And as for accent, in dissyllables the emphasis is usually divided, in trisyllables the antepenultimate is usually accented; but in regard to polysyllabic words, such as *kurumatarerehu* or *whakapungenengene*, may his gods help the *pakeha!*

Aitua, misfortune, ill-omen, trouble, fate.
Atua, god; also God.
Haere, come, go, depart.
Haere mai ki te moi: translated freely, 'come along to bed.'
Hakihaki, a skin disease.
Herehere, a slave, captive, prisoner.
He tangata rangatira, a man of high birth.
Ingarangi, England.
Iriiringa, baptism.
Kahu, a hawk—*Circus Gouldii.*
Kaitaka, mat for wearing, made of fine flax with an ornamental border.

Kaka, an edible parrot—*Nestor productus*.
Kakahu, a finely-woven flax garment.
Kainga, an unfortified village.
Ka nui taku hia-moe: translated freely, 'I am very sleepy'; lit., 'Very great is my sleep-want.'
Kanga, a curse.
Ka pai, 'it is good.'
Karakia: primarily, an incantation; secondarily, a religion.
Karoro, a sea-gull—*Larus antipodum*.
Katipo, a poisonous spider, found not far above high-water mark.
Kauhoa: primarily, a litter; secondarily, a bier.
Kauta, a cooking-shed.
Kawakawa, a shrub—*Piper excelsum*.
Kia hohora! 'make haste!' 'be quick!'
Kia tata ai ki te wahi wahie, 'in order to be near the firewood.'
Kohua, a big iron cooking-pot.
Kopapa, a small canoe.
Korero, talk, speech, conversation.
Korero tara, a love-story, a fiction, a cock-and-bull story.
Koromiko, a shrub—*Veronica salicifolia*.
Korowai, a flax cloak, ornamented with black twisted thrums.
Kuaka, a migratory bird which frequents the beaches and mud-flats.
Kuku, a mussel; also a pigeon.
Kumara, a sweet potato—*Ipomœa batatas*.
Mukutu, witchcraft, evil-eye.
Mana, prestige, influence, authority.
Manuka, a shrub which often grows into a tree—*Leptospermum scoparium*.
Marae, the open space in the middle of a *pa*.
Marenatanga, Maori form of the word 'marriage.'
Maro, girdle or apron worn by girls and women.
Mata Wiria, 'Mother Wiria,' *mata* being an attempt to pronounce the word 'mother.'
Merekara, miracle.
Mihinare, missionary.
Pa, a fortified village, sometimes of large dimensions.
Paepaeroa, mat for wearing, with a very broad ornamental border.
Pakeha, a foreigner, an outlander.
Pakeha-maori, a white man who has adopted the Maori manner of living.

Piupiu, a garment consisting of a belt of flax, from which strands of flax fandangle to the knee.

Puhipuhi, the feather and flax ornamentation at the stem and stern of a canoe.

Pohutukawa, a tree—*Metrosideros tomentosa.*

Powhiri, to wave, whisk, whirl; hence applied to the method of greeting welcome guests.

Pouri, dark, sad, almost ill with grief.

Pukapuka, Maori form of the word 'book.'

Pukeko, the blue swamp-bird.

Pukupuku, a close-woven flax garment, supposed to be impervious to a spear-thrust.

Pupu, a shell-fish.

Puwha, an edible thistle.

Rangatira, a chief (male or female), an aristocrat.

Rata, a parasitic tree which bears bunches of red flowers—*Metrosideros robusta.*

Raupo, a bulrush—*Typha angustifolia.*

Ritenga, custom, practice.

Riwai, the common or garden potato.

Taipo, an apparition, such as is described in the tale 'Karepa's Taipo.'

Tangata-tapu, holy men, saints.

Tangi, a lamentation and weeping.

Tangohanga, a marriage; feast given on the occasion of a marriage.

Taniwha: refer to the story of 'The Tohunga and the Taniwha.'

Taonga, property, goods.

Tapu, tabu; under religious or superstitious restriction, sacred, too holy to touch.

Taputapu, goods, appliances belonging to a particular person.

Taurekareka, a scoundrel, a man who is everything that is bad.

Tiki, a greenstone ornament suspended from the neck.

Ti-palm, commonly known as the cabbage tree; it is very beautiful in its earlier stages of growth.

Toetoe (a word of four syllables, please), a grass which is not unlike the pampas.

Tohunga, a wizard, a priest, a man skilled in sorcery and acquainted with the unseen world.

Wahine, a woman.

Wahine ataahua, a beautiful woman.

Wahine makutu, a witch.

Wahine nui, a great woman, a woman of great *mana*.
Waiata, a song.
Wai piro, the Maori for spirituous liquors of all kinds; lit., 'stinking water.'
Wairua, the other kind of spirit—that goes to Purgatory.
Wairua-kino, an evil spirit, such as will torment the second kind of spirit which the first kind sent to Purgatory.
Wai tapu, holy water.
Whare, a house, a hut, a shed.
Whare-karakia, lit., 'house of prayer,' a church.
Whare-puni, a sleeping-house, in contradistinction to a *whare-runanga*, or house of assembly.

The singular and plural of Maori nouns are distinguished by certain prefixes; thus, *he tangata*, a man; *nga tangata*, men, or the men. Substantives are not inflected; therefore in using Maori substantives in English composition it is incorrect to add 's' to form their plurals, as so many Maoriland writers do. Talking of the *kumara*, either one sweet potato or many may be indicated; the number must be determined by the context. But to speak of the *kumaras* is to use a mongrel word which would make a Maori scholar shudder with horror.

THE END

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