MIHAWHENUA.

THE ADVENTURES OF A PARTY OF TOURISTS AMONGST A TRIBE OF MAORIS DISCOVERED IN WESTERN OTAGO, NEW ZEALAND.

RECORDED BY R. W. BROCK, M.A., LL.B.

EDITED BY R. H. CHAPMAN.

(Being a manuscript addressed to the Editor, founded attached to a Maori kite on Mount Altu, near Lake Wanaka, and forwarded to him by the finder.)

Dunedin, N.Z.:
J. WILKIE & CO., PRINTERS, STATIONERS, &c., PRINCES STREET.

1888.
Milhaud'serra seems to have been published at some later time (1890) under the pen name of "Gilbert Rock." Rock is suggestive of R. W. Brock, the alleged Recorder of story.

To

the Immortal Memory

of

Captain James Cook,

the most Daring and Scientific of

British Navigators,

to whose

Wisdom, Courage, and Persistence

the Colonies of Oceana

owe so much.
COLONISTS:
A TALE OF AUSTRALIA.

BY GILBERT ROCK.

PUBLISHED MAY 1888. PRICE 1/-
EIGHTH THOUSAND NOW ISSUED.

Some Short Extracts from the Earliest Press Notices:

"We venture to predict that Colonists will have a very wide circulation in its present form, and on the stage."
—Dunedin Evening Herald.

"The numerous incidents are exceedingly dramatic."
—Bendigo Independent.

"His plot is good and his situations striking; he has plenty of imagination, and he knows how to put a story together, and has the faculty of making it interesting."
—Lyttelton Times.

"The story is coherently thought out, the plot has more than a suggestion of originality, and there is an abundance of incident."
—Dunedin Evening Star.

"Will deservedly have a large circulation throughout the Australasian Colonies."
—Clutha Leader.

"The story is well and graphically told."
—Christchurch Press.

"The story is generally well put together."
—Timaru Evening Mail.

"The story is an adventurous one well told, and should be of enthralling interest to all who have had any experience of life on the goldfields."
—Feilding Star.

"Tells his story in a manner far from wearisome."
—Bendigo Advertiser.

"The work is possessed of real merit. The materials the author has moulded into shape are genuine in quality, and the story has the further merit of in no way outraging one's sense of propriety by exaggerating the condition of things obtaining in Australia at the period with which it deals."
—New Zealand Catholic Times.
REPORT

ON THE

GEOLOGY AND GOLDFIELDS

OF

OTAGO.

BY

F. W. HUTTON, F.G.S., C.M.Z.S.,

Provincial Geologist;

AND

G. H. F. ULRICH, F.G.S.,

Consulting Mining Geologist and Engineer:

WITH APPENDICES

By J. G. BLACK, Professor of Chemistry in the Otago University,

and J. McKERROW, Chief Surveyor.

(By order of the Provincial Council of Otago).

Price: 5s.; or Post Free, 6s.

PUBLISHED BY

J. WILKIE & Co., 92 PRINCES STREET

DUNEDIN.
BY PASSION DRIVEN:
A STORY OF A WASTED LIFE.

By GILBERT ROCK.

PUBLISHED SEPTEMBER, 1888. PRICE 1/-.

Opinions of the Press:

"The plot is sketched with considerable skill. The characters, too, are not at all badly drawn; indeed, some of them have the impress of originality, without straining after effect. Of these, we are most struck with that of Mr. Lyttelton Coke, the young barrister who undertakes Lane's defence. . . . . The character of Herman Lane, the villain of the story, is excellently conceived, and so in a lesser degree is that of Lizzie. Mr. Rock also occasionally ornaments his work with well-written observations of his own."

—Dunedin Evening Star.

"The same vivid conception and realistic power which could be detected in embryo in Colonists will be found grown to maturity in the author's present little book. From first to last the story flows pleasantly from his pen, and the art of the practised novelist has been acquired to an extent which is really remarkable. . . . We do not hesitate to say that the work before us will have a deservedly wide circulation, and that the author has before him a literary career of which he will do well to take advantage."

—Dunedin Evening Herald.

"His power lies chiefly in reflection and sentiment, in both of which qualities the present tale is a distinct advance on Colonists. Sometimes the reflection and sentiment are dramatic, sometimes expressed by the author himself as a running comment on the events of the story."

—Otago Daily Times.

"The story is worked out naturally, there is no violation of the proprieties, and the tendency of the book is wholesome. Although the sensational element is not absent, it has no undue prominence attached to it. . . . Then there is a freshness about the book which those who have been dependent on the Home Country for their literature are sure to appreciate to its fullest extent. The sketches of Dunedin and St. Clair are particularly happy, and the author shows a due appreciation of Nature. Here and there also we find observations on social matters which are worth more than a passing glance."

—Oamaru Mail.
THE

BUILDING MATERIALS

OF OTAGO

AND

SOUTH NEW ZEALAND GENERALLY.

BY

W. N. BLAIR, M. INST. C.E.

PAPERS ORIGINALLY READ AT THE OTAGO INSTITUTE
REVISED AND EXTENDED.

PRICE - - 10s. 6d.
Free by Post, 11s. 6d.

PUBLISHED BY

J. WILKIE & Co., 92 PRINCES STREET,
DUNEDIN.
CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION BY THE EDITOR  

CHAPTER I.—WE PLAN AN EXCURSION  ..  ..  17

The young lawyer—A client at the door—The proposed excursion—Fellow tourists—The capitalist and the doctor—The Scotchman—Preparations.

CHAPTER II.—DUNEDIN TO QUEENSTOWN  ..  ..  24

A preliminary meeting—Our first disappointment—Off by an early train—A train of thought—"Hullocks and knowes"—"Mountain dew"—Land of the mountain and the flood.

CHAPTER III.—DELAYED BY A STORM  ..  ..  30

A mountain storm—A strong contrast—The compass—A "dancin' preen"—Another excursionist—The start—First night in camp.

CHAPTER IV.—A PERILOUS EXPERIENCE  ..  ..  36

A snow-clad hill—We leave our horses—Reach the summit—a glorious panorama—A lake on a mountain-top—An ice slide—Riding on an avalanche—A "stunning" descent—Rescued from drowning.

CHAPTER V.—WE MEET THE MAORIS  ..  ..  45

Afloat on the ice—Moas in the distance—We bag some waterfowl—A surprise visit—Maori greetings—Tea without sugar—In tow of a Maori canoe.

CHAPTER VI.—THE MAORI VILLAGE  ..  ..  53

What we intended to do—Te Kahu, the Maori chief—Expert kite-flying—A Maori rowing chorus (Tuki)—A walled village—Misgivings—Nul desperandum.

CHAPTER VII.—MOAS AND MAORI MAIDENS  ..  ..  60

A procession to the pa—Moa riders—A fractious steed—The Ariki—Maori maidens' ideas of physical beauty—The irate Scotchman.
CONTENTS (Continued).

CHAPTER VIII.—THE FRENCHMAN'S STORY .......... 67

CHAPTER IX.—WE MEET CANNIBALS ............. 75
We interview the chief—Prisoners—A fishing excursion—A Wakaere—The swift river—Kohiri tia a kohuru—Following the assailants—The cannibal feast.

CHAPTER X.—MAORI CREMATION ............ 84
Utu, or "blood for blood"—A council of war—A present of Korowai and Heitiki—In love with the pakeha—The phlegmatic Scot—Cremating a body—The cleansing bath.

CHAPTER XI.—GRIM AND GHASTLY CAVERNS ........ 93

CHAPTER XII.—SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS ........ 102
The Tohunga—A Maori sésance—Tohunga's invocation—The revelation—A husband's revenge—Maori names—How the Tohunga earns his fee.

CHAPTER XIII.—A WAR DANCE ............. 110
Cave drawings again—Hostile natives—Eager for the fray—Ake! Ake! Ake!—Rest before the battle—The advance—Preparing an ambush—Examining the enemies' strength—A war dance—The scout—Mataika.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE FIGHT AT THE GORGE ........ 120
A watchful few—Moments of suspense—Misleading signals—A desperate encounter—Three to one—Richards struck down—A ghastly spectacle.

CHAPTER XV.—A WOUNDED HERO ............. 126
Moments of consciousness—Anxious enquiries—Success the only standard of good judgment—A meeting of thanksgiving—Maori sympathy—An appeal for freedom—Reluctant refusal.
CONTENTS (Continued.)

CHAPTER XVI.—DEATH OF A HERO .. .. 137


CHAPTER XVII.—ENTOMBED IN AN ICE CAVE .. 146

The body embalmed—A natural mortuary—The beauties of the ice caves—Mummies of former inhabitants—The last look—A large waterfall—An unpleasant accident.

CHAPTER XVIII.—A VOLCANIC ERUPTION .. .. 155

The return voyage—The volcano—Hot springs and terraces—A warm bath—Geysers and steam jets—A strong contrast—Visiting a crater—A Maori legend—An eruption—Wonders of Nature.

CHAPTER XIX.—MAORI THEATRICALS .. .. 165

Trouble brewing—A treacherous friend—Thoughts of escape—Kite-flying—Preparing for an attempt—Maori actors—A mimic fight.

CHAPTER XX.—ON MURDER BENT .. .. .. 174

Our Wharepuni—A letter to post—We decide on a course—A dream of a ghost—Attempt at assassination—The foiled assassin—A further attempt by fire—The stricken porker.

CHAPTER XXI.—A MAORI COURT OF JUSTICE .. 183

Practising with the kites—Treachery at work—The accusation—The defence—Maori justice—A word of comfort.

CHAPTER XXII.—HOPE AT LAST .. .. .. 192

The journal of events—The chief’s daughter—Still working at the kite—Doubts—More cheerful feelings—Final preparations—Hope’s glimmering light.
MIHAWHENUA.

Introduction.

The following letter explains how the manuscript of these pages came into my hands:—

Mount Alta Station,
Near Makarora, Lake Wanaka,
28th September, 1888.

Mr. R. H. Chapman,
Dunedin.

Dear Sir,—The accompanying packet was found by George Thompson, one of my shepherds, on the side of Mount Alta, one day last week, when he was out after some stray cattle belonging to the station. He brought it to me yesterday; and seeing it addressed to you, I have made all haste to forward it. The packet was tied to what appears to have been a kite of very peculiar make, which had become fast to a tree on the side of the hill. The wind and rain have almost destroyed the kite, so that it would not be worth my while sending it to you. I have no idea how the packet came where Thompson found it; but if it is of any value to you, I shall be glad to hear of its reaching your hands in safety.

Yours truly,

W. S. Guthrie.

On opening the parcel, the first paper that I saw was this letter from my friend Mr. R. W. Brock:—

Te Awariro Pa,
Moa-panga, Te Uana,
Interior Western Otago, N.Z.,
April, 1888.

My Dear Chapman,—

I am addressing this letter to you with every fear that you will never see it. When we started out on our excursion in December of
last year, you will remember that we had determined that I should detail our adventures in the form of a narrative. This I have done at some length, bringing up the particulars to the present time; and, with the assistance of my companions, have made a copy which accompanies this (to which I must refer you for further information, should it reach your hands.) We have now been with the Maoris over four months, and there is not yet any indication of a means of getting away from them. Although we are treated in every way with respect, we are never allowed to go far from the village without the accompaniment of a number of the tribe, and thus have no opportunity of searching for a means of escape. The result of an appeal to our most intimate friend in the tribe (Te Kahu) is recorded in the narrative, and will convince you of the futility of our endeavours to leave without the consent of the chief and Council. We are despatching this letter and enclosures in the faint hope that it may reach you and inform you of the fate of Lode and poor Richards, and at the same time set at rest the anxiety and suspense under which you must be suffering on our account. Gordon, under the influence of a growing infatuation for Ikemoke, the daughter of the Ariki, seems to be losing all desire to leave the tribe; but I still nourish strong hopes; and Macdonald, never having been a favourite with the Maoris in any way, pines for home, and has more than once declared his willingness to do or die in the attempt to get away. The lessons we took from Te Kahu in the art of kite-flying are being put to practical use in attempting to send this to you. Should the manuscript reach your hands, you are at liberty to make what use of it you like. If you decide to publish it, I would ask you to submit it to a careful revisal. You have permission to delete any portions you may consider it desirable to suppress, and to make alterations in my crude mode of expressing myself, in such direction as you may see fit. With regard to the tribe amongst whom we are, I am inclined to think that my statement in the narrative (which was made on the authority of the Frenchman, shortly after our arrival amongst them), is erroneous, and that they must be descendants of the Ngati Manaio, referred to in different Maori histories, as having fled to this part of New Zealand. We might perhaps have discussed this question with Te Kahu, but so far have always had a delicacy in approaching any personal question; and after reading our adventures, you will readily believe that it is not now a fitting opportunity to do so. I cannot add anything to the description given in Chapter XX. of how to find our place of imprisonment, and must therefore leave it to your ingenuity and knowledge of the country to devise means for our
release. There will be no occasion to prepare for any armed resist-
ance by the Maoris. I am convinced that if the Maori Territory is
discovered, permission will be at once granted us to leave the village;
and also, that the best, if not the only way into this place is from
the west, as is proved by the inroad of the war party we encountered
when Richards met his deathblow.

Apart altogether from personal considerations, you may perhaps
find something to interest you in the record of our adventures in
this strange land. We have discovered a veritable wonderland
(Mihawhenua), and nothing would delight me more than the oppor-
tunity of fully exploring it. Gordon and Macdonald join me in
kindliest greetings; and although we are literally casting this letter
"to the winds," we trust it may soon reach your hands.

In that hope,
Believe me, my dear Chapman,

Ever yours faithfully,

R. W. Brock.

After some consideration, I determined to publish my
friend's manuscript in the form in which I received it, with-
out alteration or deletion, although the circumstances under
which the manuscript was produced, and the use of a lead
pencil in writing, have rendered some parts of several pages
almost illegible, and made it necessary to supply a few
words; probably not exactly in the form intended by the
author, still, I trust, conveying his meaning. In publish-
ing, however, I may claim the indulgence of the reader
towards Mr. Brock's narrative, written as it was away from
the assistance of all proper aids to correct composition,
and under the disturbing influences of an agitated mind
and excited imagination, it is not to be wondered at if
many errors and deficiencies exist. No one will have any
difficulty in making ample allowance for all these circum-
cstances and overlooking any existing shortcomings.
I need only detain the reader from the perusal of Mr. Brock's narrative of adventure to add that steps are being taken to ascertain the whereabouts and effect the release of my friends, and at the same time further explore the wonderland, and become more intimately acquainted with the remarkable people they have discovered. To this end the assistance of any reader of the following pages will be cheerfully and gratefully accepted by the publishers.


Dunedin, N.Z.,

October, 1888.
CHAPTER I.

WE PLAN AN EXCURSION.

A SPOTLESSLY-POLISHED brass plate, with letters deeply engraved, affixed to the side of the street door of a high rambling building in Manse Street, proclaimed to the world the fact that I, Robert William Brock, M.A., LL.B., Barrister and Solicitor of the Supreme Court of New Zealand, had begun the practice of my profession in Dunedin.

In a modest way I had taken one room in this building, had my name and profession painted on the door, and, feeling that some greater extravagance was justified with the entrance from the street, had ordered the brass plate aforesaid. These embellishments, and the publication of a card in the daily papers, were the temptations I held out to the public to become my clients. A new mat was placed at the door of my room, whereon clients would be expected to wipe their boots before entering upon the fresh new carpet, or the process of taking my advice on any legal question.

Punctually at ten o'clock every morning I entered my office, deposited my brief-bag—short indeed in its contents of legal documents—upon the edge of the table, carefully
spread out the morning paper, and prepared for work. I always carried a black bag to and from home—not that it was necessary, but I saw that the members of the profession usually carried one,—and it was very handy to relieve my pockets of the encumbrance of the frugal lunch of sandwiches or bread and cheese, with the occasional addition of an apple or two, which I brought to, and consumed at, the office each day. Often when I had been seen leaving at night with my bag apparently well filled with books and papers, it was guiltless of enclosing more than a pair of gloves and the last new novel from the Athenæum, or perchance a pair of boots which had undergone the process of repair.

Full of hope, and not without expectation, I had given the order for the brass plate, furnished my room with a writing table, book case, chairs, letter press, and other usual requirements of business and work. Small piles of draft paper, foolscap, and other necessary writing materials adorned the book shelves that were some day to groan under the weight of bulky reports, but as yet only had the dozen or so of text books around which hung the cherished recollections of student days. My legal training had been achieved without entering a practitioner's office, and I had not therefore the advantage of having rewarded myself for that drudgery by securing a client or two in advance.

Day followed day with the usual routine, until I had been sitting in my parlour for upwards of a month waiting for the proverbial fly to enter.

It was early December, and already evidences of the season's gladness had begun to blossom upon the town. No client had as yet trod my carpet, and I began to despair of
earning my share of the family Christmas dinner, and to seek what consolation was afforded by the fact that a place at the table was always there for me notwithstanding. The pile of draft paper was growing slowly smaller, but not with the production of legal lore. I was accustomed to scribble for a local newspaper, and had also a strong ambition to produce some pages of contribution to the literature of my country. Hence I occupied my time and utilised my writing materials in these pursuits.

One evening, just as I had put away my writing pad, cleaned my pens, and closed the ink bottles previous to leaving the silent companionship of my law books, a loud and emphatic knock at the door resounded through the room. Something in the knock bespoke a client. A new experience was about to dawn upon me; a new world about to unfold itself before me. I was about to be consulted, perhaps by a prosperous farmer who sought to maintain an action of trespass against a disagreeable neighbour; perhaps a wealthy landowner wished his will made, and was going to entrust me with the charge of what legal business would arise from the distribution of his estate; or perchance some blushing maiden sought my aid to enforce payment of damages from a faithless swain. Such thoughts as these coursed rapidly through my brain in the brief interval between the knock and the answer to my summons to "Come in." By the entrance of my visitor all hopes of a client were dispelled, for this proved to be none other than my friend Chapman, the head master of one of our suburban schools, and a fellow student of some years ago.

He broke out as soon as he entered—
"I say, Brock, old fellow, what do you say to a long excursion these holidays into the interior of Otago in search of the romantic and picturesque? You know there's plenty of unexplored country on the West Coast, and I want some good chum or two to join me in a regular exploring expedition. Now don't say you won't!"

Chapman had rattled on disclosing his proposal, watching my expressions of surprise and doubt the while, and wound up his request as above, doubtless, because he saw my face exhibit the question as to the practicability of his plan which crossed my mind.

"Have you any fixed idea?" I asked.

"Yes, we will go to Queenstown, and from there strike inland towards the West Coast."

"Whom have you spoken to?"

"Nobody as yet but yourself."

Then we sat down, and under the puffing smoke of a cigarette discussed the proposal, and decided that the idea should be mooted to two or three mutual friends whose co-operation was desirable.

The following day my thoughts ran fully on the proposed expedition, and its possible results bulked largely in my anticipations of the future.

Towards evening Chapman again called, and told me he had seen two of our friends who were both willing to go. One of them was a young man who had attended some of the University classes with us; the only son of an early colonist who had purchased a large number of town sections in the days before the gold diggings, and had thus left his son a handsome estate, and master of an independent leisure which enabled him to use his time exactly as
inclination prompted. James Gordon was a youth who did not feel himself in any way superior to the hard work of a student's life, and with very laudable application strove to improve himself in mental attainments. His command of capital had always given him a place of reverence in the minds of the other less fortunate students, and put him into many posts of honour he would not otherwise have always been chosen for, although he did not disgrace any of them in the smallest degree. That Gordon had evinced some partiality for the companionship of Chapman and myself had been somewhat flattering to our vanity, and, although we could not be accused of exhibiting any servility towards him, we admitted that there was something akin to deference in our manner. That Gordon had consented to join our present expedition was a source of some gratification to me, and I was equally pleased when Chapman told me that he would call on me the following day respecting the arrangements to be made for the journey.

The other amateur explorer who had consented to be one of the party was a young doctor connected with a public institution in Dunedin, whose vacation generally extended for a couple of months at Christmas time. Dr. Richards was shortly to be married, and was about to sever his existing professional connection in order to begin private practice. The proposed expedition would therefore fall well into the period between the cessation of his present duties and the beginning of those more important ones he was taking upon himself.

The exploring party promised to be a tolerably complete and compact one, and already began to assume some degree of importance in one mind at least.
From the fact, probably, that I had most leisure, the preparations for the expedition fell chiefly to me, and occupied a considerable portion of my thoughts.

I made lists of the different accoutrements our impedimenta would have to include, and frequently ran over in my mind numbers of articles I thought indispensable for our journey.

About noon on the third day after the proposal was made by Chapman, James Gordon called on me to discuss the plans for the excursion. I was glad to find that he entered into the project with enthusiasm, and, moreover, that he was prepared to place his purse somewhat liberally at our disposal for the purpose of procuring the most complete of possible outfits for the journey. He proposed that each member of the party should draw up independently a list of the articles necessary, and that a meeting should then be held to compare notes. This proposal was so eminently practical that everybody fell in with it. The lists were prepared with some care—at least, that was so far as mine was concerned. Then the meeting was held. It was interesting to compare the different lists, and to see how far the commissariat department had entered into the calculations of each.

After comparing the lists, and discussing fully the points of agreement and difference, I was appointed a committee of one to prepare a revised list in the light of the diverse opinions, and then we were to set about the preparations.

Gordon had in his employment a sturdy Scotchman named Alexander Macdonald, who was to be impressed into the service of the party, and act as generalissimo of
the camping and cooking department, as well as valet-in-chief to each of the members.

The expedition thus assumed something like a reasonable and tangible shape. After one or two further meetings the list of necessaries was settled, and a probable date fixed for the start. During the next week or so an inkling of what was proposed got about amongst our acquaintances, and produced somewhat different effects. One would chaff us on the subject, another seriously ask what we expected to achieve, while a third would make mysterious suggestions as to how we should proceed, and then a fourth would request warmly that he should be included in the party, until at last we found that nearly every critic assumed to be capable of leading the most enterprising exploration, and that we could have extended our ranks indefinitely.
CHAPTER II.

DUNEDIN TO QUEENSTOWN.

The day fixed for our departure was not long in coming round. Three days previously Macdonald had been despatched to Queenstown in charge of the bulk of our baggage and three horses, so that he might have things ready to start from there immediately on our arrival. Two other horses had been procured in Queenstown through the agency of a friend of Gordon's. We agreed to meet at my office on the eve of the day of departure, so that we could talk over our plans and see that nothing had been omitted which was necessary for the expedition. Punctually at the hour named I was waiting, and was immediately joined by Gordon. A few minutes later Dr. Richards entered, and we three sat down and chatted in a general way in expectation of Chapman's arrival.

It was nearly half an hour afterwards before he appeared. Immediately he came amongst us we saw that something was wrong. His face wore so distinct an expression of trouble that we could not reproach him with his want of punctuality. He did not long keep silence. As he settled into the chair standing vacant for him, he said—

"I'm awfully sorry, but I'm afraid I won't be able to start with you in the morning."

"Why! what's the matter?" we asked with one accord.
“My sister has been taken suddenly ill with typhoid fever, and I really couldn’t leave to-morrow.”

We saw the case was serious. Chapman’s troubled look convinced us that he was thoroughly depressed.

Knowing the depth of his affection for his sister, we all remained in a state of sympathetic silence. Seeing this, he continued—

“If I can possibly follow you in a couple of days I will, and hope that I may. You can telegraph me when you are leaving Queenstown, and if I can get away to follow you I will do so.”

“Can we not delay starting for a day or two?” suggested Gordon.

Chapman would not hear of this. Every day was so important, and to suffer any such indefinite delay as waiting for him would entail, must not be listened to.

The disappointment we experienced in thus having our ranks thinned on the eve of setting out was somewhat serious, but as we could not gainsay the wisdom of Chapman’s remark we agreed to proceed. He remained with us discussing and advising on our equipment, and when we separated for the night and gave him a parting handshake, it was with genuine hope that he would join us before we left Queenstown.

The following morning I was up shortly after daybreak, and reached the railway station nearly half an hour before the train started. My fellow-explorers soon joined me, and we had several friends on the platform to see us off. Chapman came too, and gave us the encouraging news that he might yet be able to leave in time to follow us. The look of disappointment he strove much to hide was
the first painful experience of the excursion, and somewhat damped our spirits for the day. It was not the happiest omen we could wish for under which to start out on the prolonged holiday we looked forward to.

The train sped away, and as we got clear of the town it seemed the most natural thing in the world to sit down and read the morning paper.

We were voluntarily about to shut ourselves out from the circle of civilisation around which the newspaper circulates, shedding the influence of its power for good. The immediate future might be full of events momentous and extraordinary, but we should know them not. The magic bond which throbs around the globe, linking our little island with the whole world of humanity, would bring to us no daily tidings of our kindred’s weal or woe. The fingers which write manhood’s history on pages in every different centre of the earth’s surface would send no news to us. For a time, at least, we should know nothing of the world beyond the limits of our vision; and in the unexplored district we hoped to reach, we would be as completely cut off from human history as if confined in the most remote island of isolation.

Filled with such thoughts, and abrim with contemplation of the possibilities of the next few weeks of time, I threw aside my newspaper and sat gazing out upon the passing landscape. The different scenes moved swiftly before my sight, but my mind was busy with other visions, and had no faculty of reception for the pictures in my eyes. The train rattled along over the fertile and expansive Taieri Plain. My thoughts kept pace with its motion, but were passing through other scenes, and busy forming pictures of imagi-
nation perhaps never to be imprinted upon the retina of reality. The stillness within the carriage lent aid to the current of my reflections, and nothing disturbed the fantastic productions of my active mind. Presently the engine drew up at the lake-side station of Waihola, and a period was put to the course of my meditations.

When we started again there was no opportunity for further solitude. My companions’ papers were cast aside, and time passed pleasantly under the stimulation of an animated conversation. It seemed as if but an hour had passed when the train stopped at Clinton, and the luncheon bell rang out loudly to indicate that a meal was awaiting those who cared to enter the refreshment rooms. The twenty minutes’ stoppage gave us ample time to discuss a substantial lunch, and when we again started on our journey it was under the satisfying influence which overtakes the man who can truly say, "Fate cannot harm me, I have dined to-day."

At Gore we had to change into the branch railway across the Waimea Plains, and got some experience of the excitement occasioned by having to look after our tolerably extensive luggage.

After a somewhat monotonous ride over the plains we reached Kingston, on the southern border of Lake Wakatipu, where we met Macdonald.

The Scotchman was a trifle loquacious, and greeted us immediately on alighting with—

"Certies! We’ve come to a lan’ o’ muckle hillocks an’ knowes. I’m a wee bit anxious tae get a keek aroun’ frae the tap o’ ane o’ thae big knolls."

Macdonald seemed wound up to descant on his surprises
and desires to the end of time, and Gordon somewhat sharply interrupted him—

"Yes, Mac, you'll get plenty of 'keeking' soon. Now you must look after these things," and he pointed in the direction of the heaps of baggage being discharged from the luggage van of the train.

Macdonald set about collecting the different packages with all speed, and made no further remark until the process of transhipment to the lake steamer was completed.

As we steamed over the clear, cool, placid waters of this prince of lakes, the Scotchman enlarged freely on the wonders of the locality.

"Div ye see hoo clear an' bricht like the watter looks? It's a' clean, cauld snaw watter, an' as puir as can be."

"As pure as 'Mountain Dew,' eh, Mac?" enquired Gordon, smiling.

"Na! na! There's naethin' in creation can come ower that for puirity. Gin ye get guid 'Mountain Dew,' ye canna get onythin' puirer than that."

"I'm afraid, Mac, you'll have to be content for some time to come with the mountain dew you can collect off the hillsides for yourself," remarked Gordon, with a mischievous wink at the rest of us.

The countenance of his retainer fell palpably at this dreadful intelligence, and gazing at his master he replied—

"Oh! dinna say that, sir; ye'll suirly no be gaen tae dae without it a'thegither yersel'! I'm no sayin' but ye canna; but ye'd no be ony the waur o't, an' ye canna hae a better freen' i' thae cauld snawy hills than a drap o' the rale kin'."
"Well, Mac, it all depends on how you behave yourself, if you have a friend on the hills."

"'Deed, sir, I'm no a bit feer'd bit I'll behave masel'. I wis suir ye'd no neglec' the bounties o' a mercifu' Providence, an' forget tae bring wi' ye somethin' to remin' ye o' yer belongin' tae the ceevilised warl'."

We were now all standing looking over the bulwarks of the steamer, gazing into the pale blue waters of the lake. The clearness of the smooth sheet was quite phenomenal, and the great body of snow-born liquid, stretched out on all sides, carried the reflection of the surrounding hills as if conscious of the grandeur it created.

The lofty rugged mountains were quite awe-inspiring in their immensity; and far away on the distant snow-clad summits the rays of the now setting sun cast a dim golden light, which gave to the scene an intensity of beauty beyond the power of tongue or pen to describe. The feeling of sublimity born within us at the wonderful works of Nature around, fitted us for the explorations we had planned into the yet hidden haunts of creation's best handiwork. As the steamer glided slowly under the shadow of the big hill at the foot of which lay the capital of the Lakes District, we felt subdued with a sense of reverence at the glories of the mountain and the flood.
CHAPTER III.

DELAYED BY A STORM.

We intended to leave Queenstown the day after our arrival there, but my first moments of wakefulness on that morning told me this would not be possible. The first sound that fell upon my ears was the fierce beating of the wind and rain upon the window of my bedroom. The building fairly shook with the force of the gale. I got up and looked out. The lake lay in front of me. But how different from yesterday!

Where all was still and quiet as we passed over it, the waters of the lake were now tossed and thrown with the force of the wind so that it seemed as if the angry sea were before me instead of an inland lake. The sky overhead was dark and lowering, and as the wind raged and the rain beat upon the roof, I knew that all hope of starting that day had vanished.

A vivid lightning flash illumined the surface of the water, and a peal of thunder rent the air and rolled far away, re-echoing along the mountain tops, appearing to leap from hill to hill as it finally faded away in the distance. The heavy rain clouds rolled on the wind over the rugged peaks that bound the lake, and almost touched the highest points as they stood majestically up defying the force of the elements. Standing at the window of that
comfortable hotel, I saw the fierce force of the wind and waters spent against the high mountains that stood forth as if they laughed to scorn these puny efforts to ruffle their strong calm faces. One peak higher than the others caught the fleeting clouds, and like the rock which breaks the even flow of the tide, parted the misty wave until it curled slowly by on each side, as if baffled in its attempt to envelop the hills in an avalanche of vapour.

Close under the window where I stood the waters of the lake were tossed and beaten upon the beach until their rush resembled the flow of the ocean breaking upon the rugged rock-bound shore.

Further rest being now impossible, I left my room and passed out into the embrace of the storm. From the shelter of an adjoining verandah I watched the raging of the gale, saw it spend its fury upon the towering hills, and far in the distance beheld the landscape covered by a sheet of fleeting mist, which cast a pall over all the face of Nature.

What a contrast from the night before! When we lay down to rest all was still and peaceful, with the calm and comfort of a summer's eve—now the elements were at war with all creation, and the atmosphere was that of winter's fiercest blast. A change of a few brief hours, but how complete! Nature, that could work with such wonderful results, must have some secrets hidden in her bosom for the diligent and daring explorer well worth the highest ambition of man to bring to light.

It the midst of a storm such as this, we see how feeble is the power of man, and what a pigmy he is in the vastness of the universe!
With all his boastful wisdom, how little he knows of Nature and Nature's workings!

In the great ocean of knowledge he has but scanned across the surface, leaving the vast treasures of the deep hidden from his view.

While pacing up and down the verandah viewing the turbulence of the elements, Macdonald joined me.

"Certies!" he began, "it's a bit raw this mornin', is it no? It's gey lucky we're no on the road the day! I'm sayin' we'd get a dookin' no very nice if we'd startit suiner!"

"You're right there, Macdonald," I replied, shortly.

"Jist ca' me 'Mac,' sir. It's easier an' mair hamely like, an' as we've tae be thegither a lang time, I'm sayin', it'll save ye a bit breeth for better wark."

The confidential and practical air of the Scotchman amused me. He saw the smile cross my face, and con-tinued—

"'Deed, sir, ye'll want a' the win' ye can comman', selimin' some o' thae hills. I'm sayin' ye've maybe had some wark o' this kin' afore. Maybe ye've been i' thae pairts an' ken what's comin'?"

"No, Mac, I've never been farther than where we are now."

"An' are ye no feered o' gettin' lost ower thae hills?"

"Oh! no, there is no danger of that. We can always find out where we are, and what direction to travel to get back to our starting point."

"An' hoo can ye be suir o' that? Hoo can ye tell what waey tae gang?"

"By the compass."
"The compass!" and Mac's face wore a troubled expression; "why! hoo can that twa-leggit thing tell ye what'n waey tae gang?"

Then, producing a pocket compass, I explained to my perplexed companion the difference between the compass he meant and that which I carried. He was thoroughly interested in the movements of the needle, and after turning it round and round, he looked at me with a face of wonder and amazement, and exclaimed—

"Certies! but that's a queer bit thing. An' daes that dancin' preen tell ye what waey tae gang?"

Taking another turn at the compass, he jerked it round quickly, first one way then the other; then he turned it half round and quickly jerked it back, seemingly bent on preventing the needle from following his movements. Presently he fairly broke out into a laugh.

"Weel, weel, that fair beats a'. That trem'lin' wee bit thing 'll no be pit aff his perch, dae what ye like! It's aye pintin' tae the same place, an' turns tae't, nae matter what ye dae!"

I then pointed out to Macdonald that this constancy was the merit of the instrument, and quite astounded him with the wisdom of my observations and the depth of my knowledge. With true native shrewdness he quickly grasped the principles of the science on the subject we had been discussing. He doubtless felt himself a more worthy companion of the exploring party for the knowledge he had gained.

A fresh outburst in the storm diverted our attention, and we stood together in mute wonderment watching the lightning flash, and listening to the loud rolling thunder
echoing amongst the hills and valleys around. The earth trembled at the shock, and the rush of water lent a solemn chorus to the heart-stirring noise of the gale.

"Certies!" exclaimed my companion, when the first lull of the disturbed elements made talking possible, "I'm thinkin' thae purir bodies o' diggers 'll be gettin' awfu' times on sic a day. I'm sayin' I'd no like tae be leevin' in a clout hoose the noo."

The last decided expression of the storm roused the rest of our party, and Gordon joined us a few minutes later.

He and I then paced up and down the verandah discussing the plans necessary for our starting. He appeared to chafe at the delay occasioned by this weather; but on my repeating his servant's practical view of the position, he admitted that we were fortunate in not meeting the storm some days later. When the neighbourhood began to assume the appearance of wakefulness the storm had somewhat abated, and after breakfast we were able to get about with a moderate degree of comfort, and see to the preparations for continuing our journey at the earliest possible moment.

About midday a telegram was received from Chapman stating that he was compelled to abandon the idea of joining us. He wished us success, and hoped to be the first to hear of our return.

That evening we had everything completed for an immediate start on the return of favourable weather.

Discussing what was best to be done with the extra horse and accoutrements rendered unnecessary by Chapman's detention, Richards said that he knew of a suitable man in Queenstown who might be engaged to accompany us, and so give assistance to Macdonald. Gordon also
suggested that as we could not expect to take our horses far inland, it might be wise to have another servant who could be sent back with the animals or left in charge of our extra stores, if such a course were thought desirable, when we found we could not proceed further with the horses.

This suggestion was therefore adopted, and Gordon and Richards set out at once to try and discover their man. They shortly returned to say that they had secured his services.

The following morning we were early astir. The only addition made to our baggage was a couple of carrier pigeons, which we procured from the landlord of the hotel so that we might send an occasional message to him during our progress.

Our new assistant turned up in due time, and proved to be a very desirable acquisition to the party. He had been a bushman in America, and had some experience of exploring in different countries, so that he was able to make some valuable suggestions.

With light hearts and filled with hope we set out on our journey, and ere daylight faded had covered a considerable distance. We pitched our camp on the first night in a spot which gave us abundance of fodder for the horses, and over the fire that evening sat listening to such stories of peril and adventure as could be drawn from the experience or memory of the different members of the party. Lode, our new companion, proved invaluable in the camping and cooking arrangements, and showed how much a little experience can teach an observant and intelligent man.
CHAPTER IV.

A PERILOUS EXPERIENCE.

The storm which had passed over the district on the day after our arrival at Queenstown left the atmosphere more at rest, and we made much progress under the favourable accompaniment of excellent weather. The first four days were simply a series of gradual steady stages, unmarked by any adventure or formidable obstacle. The night of the fourth day out—a Saturday—found us encamped within view of a high range of snow-capped hills. The temperature had changed greatly since the first day, and on this evening we were particularly glad to have a large fire burning at the camp. Macdonald and Lode had arranged to take it in turns to keep the fire burning all night; and after we had sat for some time over the fire we decided that the next day, being our first Sunday on the way, should be spent in rest. When we awoke well on into Sunday morning it was raining heavily, and the sides of some of the adjoining mountains were a series of fierce streams and waterfalls. During the day we took the opportunity to overhaul our firearms.

Two days later we pitched our camp more than half way up the side of one of the steepest hills on the range of mountains which had been in view for some days. Here we found that it would not be possible for us to take our horses further, so we decided to form a store reserve, and
leave the bulk of our baggage. Next morning we cast about for a suitable place in which to leave the horses with some hope of finding them again on our return.

Going further up the hill to reconnoitre, I discovered, at some distance to the right of where we were, a natural paddock formed on the table land of one of the lowest ridges. In this we could place the horses, and they would get abundance of food and water for weeks to come. With some difficulty we reached this paddock, and were delighted to find that it consisted of a natural enclosure protected all around by rocks and boulders, and several acres in area. The only opening was that through which we had put the horses, and this, by dint of some exertion, we were able to render impassable for the horses by a rough stone wall. When this work had been completed the day had nearly ended, but we could congratulate ourselves upon having secured against the straying of our animals.

Next morning, carrying such baggage as we could not well dispense with, we began the ascent of the mountain. The whole day’s hard toil did not bring us to the summit. Above us the snow and ice, which looked so smooth from below, but which in reality was a mass of great ice blocks and snow mounds, towered far over our heads. Adjoining the spot at which we camped was a huge block of ice hundreds of tons in weight. We sank to rest under its shadow more tired than had been our experience before. Making an early start next morning, we reached the top about two o’clock in the afternoon, and then, what a panorama met our view!—worth weeks of toil to achieve!

The peak which had looked so sharp and narrow to us, was many acres in extent. We stood on one of the lower
terraces, transfixed by the wonders of the landscape beyond. Far away from the foot of the mountains we had scaled lay an immense plain; glorious with vegetation, and brilliant in the sunshine, which seemed to despise the hilltop on which we stood, and shed its beauties only on the plain beyond. Intersecting this plain was a broad, smooth river, which looked like an immense band of polished steel.

The river took its source from the foot of the range of hills, and stretched far away across the plain until it seemed lost in distance. All around us was ice and frozen snow—the garments of hoary winter; while below us on the plain everything was bathed in sunlight, and wore the gladness of summer—in all the range of our experience, a picture without a parallel!

On exploring the summit of the mountain new wonders met our view. Further towards the west was a circular lake of crystal brightness, surrounded by ice.

"A lake on a mountain top!" I exclaimed; "who ever heard of such a thing?"

We looked at each other wonderingly. All our theories of Nature's workings were being shattered.

Further round we saw luxurious vegetation—green leaves surrounded by ice blocks!

"What fairy land is this?" asked Gordon.

Too much filled with wonder to speak, we proceeded quickly round towards the spot.

There the waters of the lake found an outlet in numerous little streams, between which grew some most beautiful vegetation. When the water reached the crown of the hill and began its descent, it slowly froze into ice.
Amazed at this phenomenon, I stooped over and put my hand into the water of the lake. It was warm! There, on the highest mountain we had ever reached, was a basin of warm water which overflowed and tempered the fierce cold of the great altitude, until some of the most wonderful and delicate of vegetation was tempted into growth.

By the side of this basin we camped, and slept in a milder temperature than we had enjoyed for several nights.

I awoke about two o'clock as much refreshed as on ordinary occasions after eight or nine hours of sleep. Something in the great altitude and less dense atmosphere appeared conducive to speedy recuperation. It was not yet daylight, but I got up to await the dawn. Nothing within the power of tongue or pen could describe the marvellous sunrise I saw. The sky became ablaze with a vivid brightness, which gradually deepened, until the great fiery orb rose slowly up above the horizon, and flooded all around in the warmth of its soft embracing light.

So full of wonder was the sight, and so deeply did it impress me with the vastness of the universe, that I called my companions, and we all stood in amazement watching the glorious scene.

We determined to make all haste to the plains below, and after breakfasting looked around for a means of descent.

Here a great difficulty presented itself. After spending nearly three hours in the endeavour to find a means of getting down the side of the mountain next the plain, we discovered that the only possible way was down the channel formed by the sliding blocks of ice.

This was a clearly-defined straight slide, which it was
impossible for us to traverse, and on which, if we lost our footing, we must be hurled to the bottom of the mountain, and dashed to pieces. We stood in wonder contemplating the great slide before us, and longing for an ice sledge or some such means of transit. As we watched we saw the ice block in the channel grow gradually bigger and bigger. The overflow from the lake was frozen and attached to this block as it poured slowly over the top into the iceway.

"I have it!" said Gordon. "This block grows with the overflow until its weight is too great to rest here, then it starts off down the hill, and makes way for another."

This was evidently the fact. We determined to wait and see. After a couple of hours we saw the block slowly move, first an inch or two; then, as if gathering strength for a final plunge, a few feet; then off it started, increasing its speed as it went. Presently its flight was almost too quick to be watched, and then like a flash it sped down to the plain below. A heavy splash in the waters of the river told us its descent was ended. When we looked again at the spot from which it had started, another block had already begun to form.

"I say, boys," broke in Richards, "could we not ride down the hill on one of these ice blocks?"

"Certies!" cried Macdonald, aghast at the suggestion, "ye'll no catch me fleein' fit tae blaw ma een oot if I ken o't," a sentiment with which we all agreed.

"No, but I'll tell you what we can do," said Gordon. "We have left our canvas boats down below. If we had them here we might form a slide on which we could go down safely."
This suggestion was thought feasible, so it was agreed that Lode and Macdonald should return to the store camp and bring the boats we had left there.

These boats consisted of several cylinders made of canvas filled with cork, which formed a light frame-work for a canvas covering. This, when put together, was a very serviceable boat, capable of holding four men, and so light that one man could with ease carry the whole material of both boats, including two pairs of paddles. These boats, and two pairs of alpenstocks, were what the men were despatched for.

After they had left, Gordon suggested that we might so aid the building of the next block of ice as to make it a means of descent. If we could get some sharp stones into the bottom of the block so as to catch the ice in the channel, and retard its progress, we might be able to ride safely down on it. This we set about doing. On the border of the lake we found several stones embedded in ice which we managed to break into the desired shapes and deposit in position in the channel.

After the first row had been frozen over we fixed in a second, and so on until we had several rows of stones in position, forming, as it were, teeth under the block, which caught the ice on which it was to slide.

This we saw would prevent the starting of a much heavier block than we had seen descend, and its size would be ample to accommodate us on its surface.

The novelty of the proposed mode of descent quite overshadowed the danger, and in the eagerness of our desire to reach the plain we did not harbour any fear as to the means about to be employed.
Our men did not return till the following day, and by that time the block had grown nearly twice the size of that which we had seen descend. With my axe I cut holes in the top of the block sufficient to enable us to get a firm position on the ice, and by fastening the boat lines and extra ropes we had with us, we were provided with abundant means of retaining our places. There was then nothing for us to do but to get aboard the block and patiently wait for its moving. About mid-day we felt a slight tremor. I drew a deep breath in expectation of a movement. Gordon, who sat nearest me, silently pressed my arm. As I turned to him he whispered—

"This is a terrible experiment, but don't let the others see that we think there is any danger."

As he spoke we felt a decided move forward.

"Hold fast!" I cried, "and lie down when we get started."

A lurch forward and the whole mass was moving slowly. Macdonald rose up as if to look over the back.

"Lie down, Mac!" I yelled.

Another lurch, and the great mass shot down—down the fearful slide.

I lay prone upon the ice, clutching the ropes that crossed near me, not daring to look up. Then we shot down with dreadful speed. The air grew hot around us; the ice beneath us began to melt. Still the velocity of the descent increased. Presently it seemed impossible to breathe. I placed my face close to the surface of the ice, and for a moment found some relief.

What a terrible agony of suspense I suffered! Would
the great block hold together? The grating of the stones below caused a sound like sharp, firm thunder.

Then the progress of the mass was for a time impeded, and our downward motion was slower. I dared not even raise myself to see the cause, but lay still, expecting every moment to be hurled from the block, and smashed lifeless upon the walls of the icy channel through which we were descending. Again we gathered speed! Again we shot down towards the plain! I could clearly hear the flow of the water below. Now I thought it was certain death, and I awaited my doom with what composure I could command. The thudding of my heart against my ribs was terribly intense. The heat of the atmosphere became oppressive, and a dull unconsciousness came over me. A delightful dream of aërial flight flashed across my mind, and then I felt like falling down—down into an infinity of depth.

A dull shock awoke me, and, dazed and stunned, I gradually realised that the motion of the block had ceased, and we were floating on the surface of the river.

Saved! but how fared my companions? Raising myself, I discovered them all lying around me! All! No! Macdonald was not there. I got up and grasped Gordon's arm. He responded in a sleepy way—

“All right, I’m coming.”

“Wake up,” I cried. “Where is Mac?”

Then I saw a black object rise to the surface some yards behind us. Instinctively I disengaged one of the cylinders of our boats, and jumped with it into the water. A few strokes brought me to the unconscious form, and I placed one end of the cylinder under his shoulders. I then struck
out towards the iceberg on which my companions rode in the water. Gordon threw out a line, and we soon got the Scotchman up, and had the satisfaction of finding our efforts to resuscitate him successful. We were all drenched by our first contact with the water, but not otherwise the worse for our adventure.

Afterwards my companions told me of their experiences. Gordon had been unconscious from the first quickening of the descent. Richards had felt much the same as I did.

Macdonald declared that a feeling had come over him as if sleepiness from the effects of whisky toddy, and he knew nothing until he was being "pumped i' the tap o' the ice brig!"

Lode professed that he could not give us any idea of what he had gone through, and did not attempt it.
CHAPTER V.

WE MEET THE MAORIS.

The ice raft floating on the current of the stream appeared capable of carrying us for some days. Nevertheless we deemed it prudent to put our boats together without delay. When we turned and looked back at the hill we had so lately descended in such novel fashion, we became aware of the great height through which we had rushed. The peak seemed almost to touch the sky, and to become lost to view in the great distance.

"How on earth are we ever to get back again?" was Gordon's practical question after we had satisfied our amazement gazing at the wonderful way we had come.

The idea had never occurred to me. After a moment I replied—

"Oh! we'll surely find another way out of this?"

Richards pointed to a lower range of hills to the right of where we had climbed the high mountain.

"There must be no talk of turning back for many days to come," I continued. "We have many adventures to go through yet, but none of such risk, I hope, as that we have just passed."

"Well, what is to be our programme for to-night?" enquired Richards. "Are we to stay on the ice all night, or shall we land and moor our boat?"
We decided to land, and with that object in view set about bringing the iceberg towards the bank. This was no easy task. The river was fully 200 yards wide, and we had nothing in the nature of paddles but the ice poles which had been fastened in with the boats. The huge mass of ice was no easy thing to navigate, but fortunately we soon reached a spot where the current bore towards the bank. Here we launched one of our boats, in which Lode and Macdonald paddled ashore with a line, and soon managed to pull the floating mass towards the land, where we secured it to the short trees growing on the bank. We then got a fire made, and had our wet clothes dried, after which we went through the process of preparing a meal. We had tea and biscuits with us, but with the exception of a few pounds of preserved fish, had nothing more substantial. If we could not replenish our store shortly the outlook would become the reverse of cheerful. The advantage of having our boats was now apparent, as we were able to lie down under the shelter of them, feeling secured against any change of weather, and protected from the heavy dew we felt to be falling.

At daybreak I was awakened by a peculiar noise near our camping ground, and at once got up to ascertain the cause. As I rose to my feet a flock of waterfowl as large as geese rose from the river close by and flew away up the stream in the direction we intended going. I had no time to get my fowling piece out, so missed the opportunity of perhaps securing a change of victuals for that day’s breakfast. However, the discovery of a possibility of replenishing our larder was a welcome one, and lent a wonderful degree of hope to the tone in which I related the circumstance to
my companions later on. We were early aboard our ice raft that day, and, getting it well into the current of the stream, were slowly moving through the plain. This mode of progress was extremely pleasant after the toilsome experiences of the past. The river banks were low and overgrown with vegetation, consisting chiefly of tall flax and low scrub, so that we could not see any of the land beyond. Presently, however, the aspect of the plain changed; it became a vast paddock of rich green grass, with occasional breaks of flax or scrub, and sometimes a tuft of thick tussocks.

"Look!" cried Gordon, suddenly pointing in the direction of a smooth, grassy patch some miles to the eastward.

I turned in the direction he indicated.

"What is it?" I asked.

"See, far away over there, near that belt of flax. Surely these are moas?"

Straining my eyes, I saw what appeared to be three large birds trotting over the plain away from us. They had the appearance of having two heads: a second and shorter neck and head seemed to rise up behind the first.

"What would I give for a good telescope?" cried Richards.

"Or to be within rifle shot of them?" I remarked.

"I hope we will be able to get near some of them," observed Gordon absently, watching the fast disappearing birds.

At the great distance they seemed to move but slowly over the ground, and from the size presented to us looked to be much higher up to their backs than the tallest horse. They were speedily lost to view.
"What do you say to an excursion into the plain tomorrow instead of continuing down the river?" suggested Richards.

Gordon looked at me inquiringly before replying.

"Don't you think we should take advantage of the river transit as long as we can. We'll not be able to get back again in this way, and should make as much use of the ice block as possible."

The ice was gradually thawing, so that we could not look to having the raft many days longer, if indeed the next day might not see it useless. This consideration therefore determined the question, and we decided to continue down the river as at present. That evening we moored our raft early, taking advantage of a clump of forest to land and camp, and soon had a large fire blazing on the bank.

When we were sitting around this, Lode, who had gone some distance into the bush, rushed out to tell us that he saw a flock of large birds flying in our direction. Instantly Gordon and I seized our guns and stood ready. With a great rush the birds swept down past the coiling smoke of our fire, and landed in the water not 50 yards from where we stood.

"Now," said Gordon, "we must be careful to make a bag at the first shot."

The waterfowl were of the same kind as those I had seen in the morning. About a dozen of them had alighted in the water, and were slowly moving with craning necks towards the fire, beside which we stood. Impelled by a natural curiosity, and unconscious of any danger, they were bent on discovering what new intruder had disturbed
the solitude of their haunts. Cackling loudly, and apparently indifferent to our appearance as we stood still with guns in rest, they drew nearer and nearer.

"Ready," I whispered to Gordon. "You fire to the left, I'll take the right, and see if we can't pot three or four with both barrels."

As I spoke, Gordon raised his gun. Following his example, I called out to him to fire, and we let fly both charges with such good effect that five birds lay struggling on the water, while the others rose in all directions, and flew rapidly and with great din far over our heads.

Macdonald and Lode took one of the boats and soon recovered the fallen birds. Three of them were quite dead, and the others they speedily despatched by a knock on the head with a piece of wood.

The celerity with which Lode plucked and cooked a couple of the birds was startling, and could only have been born of long experience.

The addition of roast goose to our meal was a most welcome one, and we fared more sumptuously that evening than we had for many days past. The knowledge that we were not without some good source of food supply was also a most invigorating one, and lent us new heart to pursue our explorations.

Night fell upon us shortly afterwards, and when we had made up the fire we sought the shelter of our inverted boats, and, under the influence of the hearty meal we had eaten, were soon wrapped in sleep, and indulging in dreams of adventure and narrow escape. For my own part, I again went through the experience of our descent of the
mountain, but in imagination many times more enthralling than the reality.

The perils and adventures of dreamland find no fitting parallel in the experiences of our waking hours.

After going through all kinds of adventures on the mountain and in the river, I dreamt of shooting birds and animals of most peculiar forms and sizes; then of chasing moas and discovering Maoris; and presently I heard the sound as of voices calling from afar in unknown tongues, and with this impression on my mind I awoke.

My first consciousness was of still hearing the sound of voices close by where I lay.

Trembling with apprehension, I moved from under the boat, whispering to Gordon, who lay beside me, and at once stood up.

To say that I was surprised at what met my gaze conveys but a poor impression of my feelings. Before me stood eight or ten stalwart Maoris engaged in animated conversation, as they contemplated the sight of our upturned boats.

On seeing me emerge from under one of the boats, followed by Gordon, they gave a cry of surprise, but exhibited no fear.

As I stood still watching them, one advanced from the others, holding out both hands as indication that his intentions were peaceful. He carried no weapon, and exhibited so clearly his desire to be friendly, that I felt no dread. Advancing to meet him, I placed both my hands in his, and was surprised to find him grasp them warmly, and draw me close to him until our foreheads met. This he repeated three times, and then left me to
embrace Gordon in the same way. All the while he kept repeating two or three words, evidently a question addressed to us, of which we could make nothing. After a while, seeing that he could not make us understand, he pointed away down the river, then to our boats and baggage, and seemed to indicate that we should accompany him with all our belongings.

By this time the others of our party were astir, and our Maori friend went through the same form of salutation with each of them. I asked each to acquiesce in the ceremony, and assured them that I felt convinced of peaceful intentions on the part of the natives. Meanwhile the rest of the Maoris had stood aloof watching us and talking earnestly as they criticised each of our party. Calling to them, the Maori who had saluted us gave some order, and instantly four of the others ran off down the river.

This proceeding gave me the first tinge of fear I had felt. Was there some treachery afoot? However, I decided to put the bravest possible face on the matter, and offered some food to the nearest Maori. He took a biscuit without hesitation, and seeing me eat one, followed my example, muttering something which evidently meant to express his appreciation of it.

Then I took a pannikin of cold tea, and, placing it to my lips, handed it to him. He drank some at once, then shook his head, and handed it back to me. Thinking that the tea probably tasted bitter, I put some sugar in it, and, after shaking it briskly, again gave it to him. Doubtfully he drank more, then nodded and smiled as if approving, at the same time pointing to the sugar as if asking for more.
When I put some more sugar in he took a good drink, and distributed the balance as a taste to each of his companions, who seemed delighted with the liquid.

At this moment we saw a large canoe shoot quickly up the river, propelled by the four Maoris who had left the group some minutes before.

They pulled swiftly towards us, and landing with great expertness, drew the prow of the vessel high and dry upon the bank.

We then clearly saw that the intention of the Maoris was that we should accompany them at once.

"We'd better go," said Gordon.

"Yes," said Richards; "put all our things in the boats, and let them tow us down."

This we thought the better course, so, placing everything in the boats, we indicated our intention to accompany the Maoris, and were soon being pulled swiftly astern of their canoe. As earnest of his good intentions, the chief had at my invitation accepted a seat in one boat with Gordon and myself, the rest of our party occupying the other. The Maori rowers paddled their boat with wonderful skill, and, notwithstanding the incumbrance of our two boats, made amazing progress down the river. Presently they broke out into a musical chant, keeping time to the splashing of their paddles. The influence this singing had on us can be better imagined than described. The comforting knowledge that we were amongst a people who practised the refining art of music as accompaniments of peaceful occupations made us feel more cheerful, and assured us of safety more than anything else could possibly have done.
CHAPTER VI.

THE MAORI VILLAGE.

When a man turns his back upon civilisation and seeks adventures in the wilds of an unexplored land, he may be said to take his life in his hands. To voluntarily leave the comforts of social life, and go forth into the fastnesses and solitudes as we had done, required some degree of courage. Filled with hope, and animated by a strong desire to extend our experience, we had started out on our journey.

By the way, we had time and again discussed the chances of our meeting with various anticipated adventures and making certain expected discoveries. Basing our conjectures on the Maori legend as to the flight of a portion of the Ngatimamo tribe, we had wondered if we should meet with any natives. With a boldness begotten of our feeling that there were faint chances of any such experience, we had declared how we should act if we came across any Maoris and be attacked by them. In the most romantic of our speculations, however, we had none of us really thought it possible that we should see Maoris. Now that we had them near us all our intentions had been turned aside. The appearance of the natives had been so sudden: to wake and find them standing by us had given us no time for thought or action, and we had without
debate allowed ourselves to be taken in charge, as it were, by them.

What surprised me very much about the proceeding was the aptness with which the Maori who now sat in our boat had expressed his meaning by signs. Gordon knew something of the Maori language, but evidently the startling nature of the meeting had dispelled from his mind all inclination to venture the use of even the most common phrase. Now that we had some time to contemplate our position, and had realised the extent to which we had placed ourselves in the power of these savage men, Gordon saw the necessity for learning if possible something of the intentions of the Maoris, and where we were being taken.

"Ask him his name, and how many of his tribe there are," I whispered, forgetting that there was no need of precautions of that nature where my words could not be understood.

Gordon then addressed himself to our companion in Maori, and enquired who he was.

I will never forget the look of surprise which overspread the dusky face of the Maori as he heard the words of his own language from Gordon’s lips.

When he had gazed at us for some moments in astonishment, he tapped his chest firmly several times, turning to Gordon as if in doubt if we meant the question to apply to him.

Gordon nodded and repeated his question.

"Te Kahu! Te Kahu! Te Kahu!" replied the Maori, again tapping his chest, and nodding his head proudly.

"A hawk!" interpreted Gordon to me, at the same time turning to the Maori and asking if that was what it meant.
The reply was made by Te Kahu drawing from under his mantle something evidently meant to represent a bird, and which had a roll of beautiful string made from flax attached to it.

"A kite!" ventured Gordon, on seeing this. "I'll ask him."

He then addressed Te Kahu, but had some difficulty in getting the Maori to understand his question. Gordon had to illustrate his meaning by gesture. This he did successfully, however, for the other soon demonstrated that the name had some connection with his kite.

We afterwards learned that Te Kahu was the name for a kite, in the flying of which the natives take great pleasure. Te Kahu was one of the most expert kite-flyers of the tribe, but he did not inform us if this fact had anything to do with his name. I imagined, however, that possibly the name had suggested to him that practice in the art which quickly led him to excel.

Of Te Kahu's skill with his kite we soon had some evidence. Pointing to a hill many miles in advance of where we were, he indicated by his speech and gestures that he would send the kite there. Taking some broad flax-leaf tablets from a receptacle in his toga, or mantle, he marked something of the nature of writing on one of them and placed it in the centre of a few short pieces of heavy wood he had with the kite. Adjusting the wings of this bird-like structure, he held it up to catch the wind, whereupon it rose with the breeze and floated slowly away until he had played out nearly all his twine. Te Kahu then fastened the wood upon the end of the string, and
balancing this over his hand, appeared to be ascertaining the strength of the wind. He added further pieces of wood, until he seemed satisfied that proper weight had been applied; then he drew down the kite and altered the position of the wings, after which he let it go, and away it floated, carrying the weight just a certain height from the ground, neither rising nor falling to any appreciable extent. We watched the kite slowly growing smaller and smaller, as it floated off in the direction of the hill Te Kahu had pointed out, and saw that the weight would certainly strike on this, and thus arrest the flight of the aerial messenger. Gordon and I could not help applauding the skill of the Maori in so wonderful an adjustment of his kite. The construction of the kite itself was certainly unique, and may have been the secret of his skill. It was unlike anything of the sort we had ever seen, and was flown without the tail we as boyish kite-flyers had been accustomed to. We had never dreamed of utilising kites as messengers to a distance, and could not conceal our surprise at this evidence of native intelligence. We were yet to marvel much at the lessons to be learned from the despised savages.

Te Kahu managed to explain to Gordon that the message he had sent was to inform the rest of the people of our coming.

After the despatch of the kite the Maori rowers again broke out into a chant more musical than the first, but not of such suitable time to the action of rowing. Every now and again Te Kahu joined in with what seemed to be a kind of chorus. Afterwards I obtained a translation of the chant, which ran as follows:—
The kite floats gently on the breeze,
Floats away o'er plain and trees,
Carries news to friends afar,
Tells then truly where we are;
    Te Kahu flies the kite.

Fly the kite from hill to hill,
Over stream and over rill;
Send our tidings far away,
Send our tidings every day;
    Te Kahu sends the kite.

Send your message with the wind,
Thought speeds fast from mind to mind;
If you'd send your words with ease
Speak not then against the breeze;
    Te Kahu speeds the kite.

The effect of this from the fresh, musical voices of the Maoris was very pleasing, and as it floated away over the water of the river we almost forgot our surroundings in the delight of listening to the sounds. The refrain in which Te Kahu joined at the end of each verse was delivered with an intensity which almost became a shout.

We were still making rapid progress through the water, and presently the Maori village came into view. It was situated at the foot of a range of rocky hills past which the river flowed. There did not appear to be more than one means of access to the village, for behind it rose a high, rocky mountain, on the sides of which passage would be impossible. As we drew near we saw that the front of the hill was studded with defensive walls and turrets, as if to resist siege; and nearer observation disclosed that these were in reality strong fortifications, capable of resisting a very fierce attack, and that the
different turrets were protected points from which the warriors of the defending party could pour destruction upon the besiegers at every attempt to approach the walls.

A road had been constructed up to the wall giving entrance to the village, but elsewhere on the incline of the hill large stones had been placed so as to render the approach more difficult. An attacking force, therefore, would not have been able to rush the walls at any point other than by the roadway, and the defence of this would be a simple matter. A stream of water flowed down the hillside, forming a raging cataract. This had been led round the fortifications in a deep ditch, and added to the impregnability of the fortress. Seen from the river, this stronghold seemed secure from attack. The houses within the walls all presented a square, symmetrical, and systematic order of erection, and we naturally thought that something more than native architecture must be credited with the constructive skill displayed. This thought led Gordon to ask Te Kahu if the Maoris had any help in building their houses. It was some time before Gordon, with his limited Maori vocabulary, could get our companion to understand him; but when he did so, we learned that there was a greyheaded pakeha living with the tribe. Gordon endeavoured to find if the Maori knew what language the white man spoke, but had to give up the attempt.

We were now approaching the village, and became convinced that Te Kahu's message had been received by the tribe, as the different points of outlook on the wall carried a number of Maoris watching our coming. Presently some
of them made signs to the natives with us, and Te Kahu answered them. Then it was that we experienced misgivings as to the future. What was to be the result of our coming amongst the natives? Was the peaceful attitude of our discoverers simply a blind to lull our suspicions and have us brought captive without trouble or risk? We had quietly allowed ourselves to accompany these men without thinking of the probable result. It often happens that decisive steps in our lives are taken without thought, and a turning made from the proper path which alters the whole course of our future life, when a few moments of calm reflection would have averted a catastrophe. As these thoughts crossed my mind, I gazed enquiringly into the face of the Maori who sat opposite me. There was nothing in his countenance to suggest distrust. A kindly smile greeted me as he caught my eye. The knowledge I had of the Maori character was limited, and I was without experience, but at that moment I could not recall anything suggesting treachery as a leading characteristic. Come what would, it was too late to alter the situation: there was nothing for it but to proceed.

A moment later and our boat touched the bank. A number of Maoris were at the landing, and greeted our companions noisily and effusively, while they regarded us with evident interest and curiosity.
CHAPTER VII.

MOAS AND MAORI MAIDENS.

Whatever misgivings we had on the subject of the disposition of the Maoris were speedily dispelled by our reception on landing. The welcome extended to us on all hands was of the most cordial and friendly description, and calculated to completely set at rest any doubt existing in our minds.

The natural curiosity of primitive minds was very strongly exhibited towards us, and crowds of dusky men pressed around us as we were being led by Te Kahu up to the village. The sex whose instincts of curiosity are generally regarded as most strongly developed were conspicuously absent. No women were seen beyond the walls of the village.

Without apprehension of danger, we followed the natives who had brought us hither up the roadway leading to the gate of the village. Te Kahu took the place of honour, and showed his desire that Gordon and I should walk with him. Proudly he stalked up towards the gateway, the other Maoris, with the rest of the party, following close at our heels. The natives who had met us showed the greatest respect to all of us, and yielded to every request made by Te Kahu and his companions as to the order of march. Their conduct and manner were marked
Moas and Maori Maidens.

by a wonderful degree of decorum. Not once did any of them attempt to precede us in the procession towards the village.

Before we reached the wall a shout from the Maoris who were following attracted our attention. The cause of this was the approach of three large birds similar to those we had seen on the plain. We paused to scrutinise them, and were surprised at their size and appearance.

"Moas?" enquired Gordon, turning to Te Kahu. The latter nodded assent.

As they approached us these elephants of the bird species fairly filled us with astonishment; the more so when we discovered that the double-headed appearance we had seen was due to the presence of a Maori rider on the back of each bird. Perched high upon the gigantic birds as they moved towards us, and looking as if they each formed part of the two-legged steed they bestrode, sat three Maori riders. The moas submitted tamely to be guided by the riders. A peculiarly-constructed saddle formed a secure seat, and a long light pole served as a means of guiding the bird. On the end of this pole was a strong looped line, and when the rider wished to arrest the flight of his steed he slipped this loop over its head, and so curbed its progress.

Each moa was quite thirteen feet in height to the arch of the head, and its back, on which the rider sat, was fully eight feet above the ground. The action of the bird was neither graceful nor swift. It moved with long, firm, striding steps, but did not cover the ground quickly, while the motion must have made the experience of the rider not unlike what would fall to the lot of camel riders. When
the birds came near, one of them took fright at the crowd, and made as if to run off, but the rider was evidently prepared for such an emergency, and showed us how skilled he was in the management of his bird. All the efforts of the moa to turn were met and frustrated by the firm pressure of his pole against the bird's head, and when it strove to rush forward an immediate fixing of the looped bridle brought it to a standstill. When the bird was brought well under control, and made to join the others, we saw the riders of those two slip down from their seats, and, by means of their poles and bridles, keep their steeds standing where they had alighted. The restive moa, however, seemed determined not to allow his rider an opportunity to dismount; but here again the skill and knowledge of the Maori came to his aid. Swiftly springing from his seat, he cast himself upon the neck of the bird, and brought his whole weight so much forward that the huge creature was overbalanced, and fell on its breast, upon which the Maori quickly sprang to the ground, and before the bird could make any effort to recover itself was entirely clear of it. The others being then released, all three trotted off in the direction of the enclosure set apart for them.

We learned afterwards that this unmanageable bird had frequently displayed great ill-temper, and had on one occasion attacked a man and nearly trampled him to death, that being the form of offensive and defensive battle the moa was restricted to, by reason of its want of wings and the natural sluggishness of its disposition.

These characteristics no doubt account in some measure for the almost complete extinction of this wonderful bird.
This episode had delayed our procession towards the village, for we all stood watching the evolutions of the moas and their riders.

After this we entered the village, and were conducted to the house of the chief of the tribe. This building—one of the largest in the neighbourhood—was a square edifice of strong construction, adorned with numbers of fantastic carvings and figures. In the centre of the verandah-like front stood a figure some six or eight feet high, intended to represent the chief of the tribe, but formed with such grotesqueness of execution as to be striking in its hideousness; each side of the low, narrow doorway was also adorned with the representation of a human figure—carvings which must have taken months of patient labour to execute. The chief, Ariki, accompanied by his attendants, four in number, came out of the house on hearing of our approach, and met us under the portico of the dwelling. As he spoke, all the Maoris around sat down in a squatting fashion, evidently their way of showing deference to superiors.

Te Kahu answered the chief, still retaining his sitting posture. We could not, of course, make out what was said, but when our discoverer pointed away towards the river and said something ending with the word "Wairiro," we concluded that this must be the name of the river we had descended.

Ta Kopu, the chief, now greeted us in the same way as Te Kahu had done, except that he only touched our foreheads once. When he came to Macdonald he seemed to hesitate, and then with evident repugnance completed the
ceremony. What this feeling portended we were at a loss to determine. Te Kahu then conducted us to a smaller house near to that of the chief, and indicated to us that this was to be our sleeping accommodation. He at the same time managed to make us understand that food would be brought to us in front of the house. From this we imagined, what we afterwards ascertained to be the fact, that the tribe were not accustomed to eat in the building under the roof of which they slept.

Gordon said he must try and discover the whereabouts of the white man who lived in the village, and addressed Te Kahu with that object. The latter understood him, and expressing his intention of bringing the pakeha, left us alone in the house (whare).

"What are the beggars likely to do with us?" broke out Richards as soon as we were left alone; "do you think we are safe with them?"

I felt that we need be under no very great apprehension, and did my best to reassure my companions. There must, however, have been a want of conviction about my manner, for more than one of them shook their heads doubtfully.

The sound of voices in front of the building then attracted our attention, and looking out, we saw that some Maori women were bearing food for us near to the entrance. The natural gallantry of our dispositions prompted Gordon and myself to go out at once, when the young women displayed a charming simplicity and coyness of manner. Lady readers will probably desire that my first recorded impressions of these damsels should be a description of their costumes, but beyond saying that there was nothing
immodest in its simplicity, I must defer for the present satisfying the female curiosity.

The others of our party now emerged from the whare, and the Maori maidens, after exhibiting some natural surprise and curiosity at our appearance and demeanour, proceeded to place the food before us. The order of preference somewhat amused us, and it was not until afterwards that we received the explanation I am able to give.

Lode was singled out as the first, then Gordon, following him Richards, then myself, and when it came to Macdonald's turn, the young women fairly broke out into a derisive laugh, and pointed contemptuously at the face of the Scotchman, until he became quite angry at the treatment to which they subjected him.

"Certies! what's adae wi' the lasses?" he first enquired; then, seeing that his surprise only tended to increase their merriment, he broke out—"Hoot! awa wi' ye, ye limmers; quat yer cacklin', an' tell's what ails ye?"

This proceeding towards Macdonald had a double cause. The order of precedence in the service of the food was, we soon learned, due to the different degrees of nasal projection we could exhibit. Lode, who was most handsomely endowed in that respect, and had a nose of magnificent Roman proportions, was selected as the most distinguished guest, and preference was shown to each of us in proportion as we presented a prominence in that thing of beauty to the primitive mind of the dusky damsels sent to wait on us.

Macdonald, in addition to having a remarkable deficiency
in the nasal organ, had a compensating profusion of beard, which quite distinguished him from the others of our party. As a bearded man is an abomination to the Maori mind, these maidens could not resist the temptation to allow their hospitality to be outweighed by their contempt for the man who united in his person the positive and negative offences of a long beard and short nose. Hence their treatment of Macdonald.

Of course this reception at the hands of the women exasperated him.

"Haud yer tongues, ye glaikit gawkies, an' let a body be," he cried.

Macdonald's annoyance at their conduct only added zest to their laughter, and there is no saying to what extent his passion might have reached had not the reappearance of Te Kahu brought their merriment to a close. Accompanying Te Kahu was a little greyheaded old man, who, as soon as he saw us, rushed forward and threw his arms around my neck, with many expressions of delight.
CHAPTER VIII.

THE FRENCHMAN'S STORY.

That night we learned the story of the white man living with the Maoris. He was a French seaman, and had been shipwrecked on the West Coast some distance south of Milford Sound. His vessel was completely broken up, and his comrades, all but one, were drowned. This one was washed ashore in a disabled condition, and although he gave him every care, the difficulty of procuring food and sufficient shelter was too great, and his comrade expired on the day after being cast ashore. Louis Jars—for that was the name of our new-found companion—had no knowledge of the country upon the shores of which he had been cast, and wandered aimlessly inland in the hope of finding some inhabited district. For days he trudged about, existing on the scantiest of fare provided by the different native berries and the flesh of an occasional bird he was able to knock over with a stick or a stone. Struggling through the thick and almost impenetrable bush, he had several times lain down with the fixed dread that he might not wake again, or waking, would perhaps be unable to pursue his weary journey further. Fortunately it was not cold weather, and sleeping in the open air did not prove injurious.
With refreshing sleep came a revival of hope, and each morning he nerved himself for further efforts.

After a week of incessant toil, without any prospect of approaching scenes of civilisation and settlement, he began to lament his imprudence in striking inland instead of keeping along the seacoast. His clothes were being torn and destroyed by the rough experiences of forest travelling.

One day on climbing a high tree with the view of ascertaining what was the best direction to take, he beheld smoke rising near the bank of a small stream some miles further from the coast. His delight at this discovery must have been great, for the bright glow of animation which lit up his face as he recounted the fact to us infused a feeling of excitement into each of us who understood his words. Quickly descending the tree, he pushed on towards the spot, and was yet some distance away when he saw two Maoris walking in the direction of the fire.

The sight of the Maoris did not inspire him with hope or confidence. He had not any knowledge of the New Zealand aboriginal, and became filled with misgivings as to the fate in store for him at their hands if discovered.

After an earnest debate with his doubts and fears, he determined to seek the hospitality of the Maoris, and accept the fate an appeal to them might bestow. He bethought him that he might with some advantage make use of the natural superstition of the savage mind. Nearer approach to the native camp revealed to him that a feast was in progress. It was about noon, and the mid-day sun shone fiercely hot upon the less wooded part where the Maoris sat. He watched them eagerly while the feast proceeded.
After they had finished they all stretched themselves out upon the grass, and he judged that they were soon fast asleep. This he knew to be his opportunity, and creeping quietly forward, he first satisfied the cravings of his hunger with the remains of the feast, and tasted the first cooked food he had eaten for days. Nothing disturbed him while so occupied, and with the dispersion of his feeling of hunger he assumed a bolder frame of mind, and became nerved to meet the worst. With his physical wants supplied, hope revived within him. He determined to take up a commanding attitude and confront the natives on their awaking, and with this object selected the highest ground of the bank on which they lay. Here he stood awaiting their return from the land of dreams—stood like a statue for upwards of an hour, filled with thoughts of how his presence would be received, and not without nervous dread that the result of his experiment might be disastrous. Presently two of the Maoris rolled over as if waking, and the heart of the solitary watcher beat high. For some minutes longer he waited in anxious expectation, and then one of the natives rose to a sitting posture. The Maori's back was turned to Jars. Extending his foot, this man touched his companion nearest him, and woke him also. The latter rose on his knees, and saw the form of the white man standing majestically in front and above him. With a face depicting horrified surprise, he gazed for some moments at the seeming apparition. Then with a cry of terror he fell on his hands and knees, and cried aloud as if supplicating a deity. This sound awoke the others. The sudden surprise, coming after the cry of their companion,
filled them with wonder and superstition, and with one accord they fell upon their knees before Jars, and extended their hands in supplication. He held out his hands towards them, which seemed to give them courage, as they all rose to their feet, and beckoned towards the Maori who appeared to be their chief, desiring him to approach Jars. As the chief advanced they all squatted down, and remained in mute astonishment while the chief spoke. Coming forward to where Jars stood, this chief, Te Kahu, whom we also had seen first, greeted him in a manner demonstrating clearly to their visitor that they regarded him with some superstitious awe. Then he offered food, of which Jars partook. This seemed to please the Maoris, and to set their minds at rest, for at once they all came forward and offered something to the white man—some a weapon, some an ornament, others some article of food, until each of the company made, as it were, a peace-offering to their visitor. Then the chief invited Jars to return to their village, an invitation he was nothing loth to accept.

At the village his reception had been much the same as that which had fallen to our lot, and from that time his treatment by the natives had been of the most hospitable description. He had lived amongst them for upwards of eight years, and become acquainted with all their manners and customs.

Jars told us that we should never have any cause to regret coming amongst this tribe, and that we would be greatly struck with many of their manners and modes of life and government. Some years ago a war party from a distance had made an inroad into their territory, which led
to a regular battle, and it was only after strenuous fighting that the invaders had been beaten off and compelled to retreat. The invading party belonged to a much less civilised tribe than that amongst which we had come, and, Jars firmly believed, practised cannibalism. The tribe with which we had now become interested were, Jars said, Rangitangi, while the party who had attacked them were supposed to be an offshoot of the Waikato. There was some fear that this tribe would again attack the village of the Rangitangi, but as many years had passed this had gradually lessened.

The Rangitangi were not a warlike tribe, and the inhabitants of this village were very industrious, and engaged in the arts of agriculture to a degree somewhat remarkable amongst savages. They had a regular system of government, and elected a Council of nine members, who conducted their affairs. This Council had supreme control of all the business of the tribe. The leading chief (Ariki) of the tribe was elected by the vote of the whole at intervals of every fortieth moon (about three years), and presided over the meetings of the Council.

He was the supreme head of the tribe in every respect, and carried out the decrees of the Council. He had the power of dismissing the three members of the Council who were elected by the lowest number of votes and of electing three others, whom he could dismiss from time to time. This chief and his Council were the nominal owners of all the land of the tribe, and apportioned it out for cultivation by the different members. Any disputes as to boundaries or possession had to be submitted to the Council, whose decision was final. A proportion of all the produce of the
soil was paid to the Council for the purpose of maintaining the Government. Each member of the Government performed certain public functions, such as that of registering marriages, a ceremony which was simply a contract, witnessed by any member of the Council, that the contracting parties became man and wife.

Before any female having brothers could lawfully marry, she must obtain the consent of all her brothers. The Rangitani did not consider the consent of the parents of any moment; but brothers, being entitled to all the family property, must give their consent to a sister’s marriage, as by marriage the husband became one of them, and entitled to a brother’s share of the property. The only heritable property was in the nature of moveables, as land, being the property of the tribe as a whole and vested in the Council as trustees, could not be disposed of by inheritance.

If a sister married without the consent of her brothers, she forfeited her connection with the family, and bestowed no brotherly rights on her husband.

No young man was allowed to marry until he had first satisfied the Council of his ability to maintain a wife.

Among them the wife was treated with every consideration and respect, for her position was far superior to what is generally looked for amongst uncivilised people. There were some occupations that fell only to the lot of women, and several menial duties must of necessity be performed by them, it being against the law of the tribe for a male to undertake them. The preparation and service of food, the weaving of mats and garments and things of that nature, were altogether prohibited to men. The arts of
agriculture, fishing, &c., were performed by the men, who were remarkably industrious and regular in their habits.

We recollected seeing some cultivated fields on the banks of the river not far from the village, and learned from Jars that these were part of the cultivations belonging to the tribe. As we spoke, Macdonald gave a cry of surprised alarm. He had not understood the Frenchman's language, and, having withdrawn from the circle listening to his narrative, was nearer the door than any of us. The cause of his disturbance was quickly made apparent by the entrance of a small dog-like animal, which calmly walked into the middle of the floor, and lay down as unconcernedly as if nobody were present. Observing our surprise, Jars at once explained that this was the Kuri, or native dog. In appearance it was not unlike a small-sized collie of mongrel breed, with long, coarse, shaggy hair, and short, erect ears. The colour of the animal was a dull brown, with some white spots. It lacked the intelligent look of a European dog, and in answer to Jars' call, "Moi, Moi," which, he explained, was the term universally adopted by the Maoris in calling their dogs, it came to him with a very timid, undecided air, and on his seeking to fondle it, and its seeing us, it rushed from the building with a frightened howl, and set up a melancholy whining most uncomfortable to our ears. Jars explained to us that this was the only domesticated animal the Maoris had, and that they bred and reared large numbers of them as articles of diet. The repulsiveness of this to our minds was not removed by his assertion that when he overcame his objection, and tasted cooked dog, he found it a dish not
to be despised in any way. Subsequently we added a similar fact to our experience, and I must confess that the remarkable way in which the Maori performed the culinary art, which reduced his dog to baked meat, left nothing suggestive of repulsiveness about it.

Jars told us that the only other quadrupeds used as food by the Maoris were pigs (*ponaka*), which abounded in the neighbourhood, but were not kept in confinement, and a native rat (*kiore*), which was excellent eating. This rat was more like an enlarged mouse than the European rat with which we are acquainted, and formed no inconsiderable part of the food supply of the Maoris.

I shall never forget the look of intense disgust displayed by Macdonald when I told him that the dog he had seen would probably be served up some day for his dinner, and that he would be expected to look upon cooked rats as a delicacy. For some moments he looked at me with astonished repulsiveness, then, when he found a tongue, he accused me of "haverin'," and declared that he would as soon think of eating the Maoris themselves.

"Certies! if this is what ye've brocht me tae, ye can ca' awa hame as suin as ye like."

"But, Mac, Jars says that rats and dogs are excellent eating," I replied, trying to reconcile him to a trial.

"Hoot! jabberin' body, what daes he ken aboot eatin' flesh. I'm no sayin', but I dinna doot that he never tastit onythin' but frogs afore he cam' tae this kintry."

This was too much for me, and I had to give up the attack in a fit of laughter, which only tended to the further exasperation of the Scotchman.
CHAPTER IX.

WE MEET CANNIBALS.

The following morning, with the assistance of Jars, Gordon, Richards, and I had an interview with the chief of the tribe. When we assured him that our visit to his country was prompted solely by friendly feelings, he extended to us the most cordial welcome of the Maori. His first question was as to how we had discovered the way into his territory, and when we explained the manner in which we had descended the ice slide, he appeared to profoundly admire our daring, and, turning to his Councillors, made some lengthened speech to them, gesticulating considerably towards us. This, we afterwards learned from Jars, was to the effect that visitors who could enter their country in such a brave way must be men of no ordinary calibre, and worthy of the greatest consideration. He then evinced considerable anxiety to learn if there was any knowledge amongst the inhabitants of New Zealand as to the existence of their tribe, and on our assuring him that there was none, he seemed particularly pleased. There was evidently some dread to his mind that their $pa$ (village) would be attacked by our friends. After some further consideration, the chief assured us that the utmost liberty would be accorded to us in going about the village and amongst the people, that whatever we wished would
be given us for our comfort and entertainment, and that so long as we did not break any of the laws of the hapu* nor seek to leave the pa unattended, we should not be interfered with in any way. At the first opportunity we enquired from Jars the significance of the chief’s injunction not to go beyond the village alone. He told us that no doubt the chief and Council had determined not to allow us to leave their country lest we should disclose their whereabouts to some enemy. He had been himself placed under the same restraint, which, however, was, he considered, altogether unnecessary, as he felt certain we should never be able to discover a means of leaving the Maori territory. The village and lands of the hapu were situated in a most inaccessible part of the country, and no stranger had ever entered it except under the guidance of the natives. That we had at the risk of our lives entered the country in the extraordinary way already described, caused much admiration amongst the tribe, but to get back again without assistance was impossible, and the way to enter or leave their territory was a secret most sacred to the Maori mind.

Jars had lived all these years amongst the natives, and as yet had not the slightest idea of how he could penetrate the secret.

This was not very comforting news for us. Gordon was the first to characterise it.

“I say, Brock, old man, we’re in a pretty fix, evidently. Prisoners with the utmost freedom! Not a very encouraging prospect, surely?”

* Hapu signifies a branch settlement or section of the main tribe (Iwi).—Ed.
"Well, we must make the best of it, and bide our time. We may have a chance of getting away soon."

Richards was lost in reflection. He had been particularly quiet since we fell in with the Maoris, and we judged, no doubt rightly, in ascribing his manner to the fact that he had left a fiancée to whom he was to be married within a week or two after the date of our expected return. Naturally, therefore, the possibility of not being able to get away from the Maoris caused him great concern. To the rest of us the matter of some weeks' detention—for no one regarded our imprisonment as meaning more—was not of serious moment, but to the doctor we knew it meant the loss of considerable peace of mind at least.

"Come, Richards," said I, trying to cheer him, "there is no use desponding over the matter: it might be much worse, you know, if we had fallen amongst cannibals."

"That's all very well, returned Richards, "but it's no great consolation for bad fortune to indulge in contemplation of a worse."

"True," I admitted; "but when fate has been unkind to us it is some satisfaction to know that circumstances might very easily have been less favourable."

Our moralising was broken in upon by Te Kahu, who proposed that we should accompany a fishing party, of which he had command, in an excursion down the river, to which we readily agreed.

Richards wished to be left out, but this Gordon and I strenuously objected to, and, leaving Lode and Macdonald in the village, we accompanied Jars with Te Kahu's fishing party, consisting of eight rowers and those already named.
The canoe in which we embarked was considerably larger than those we had previously seen on the river. It was made out of the trunk of a large Totara tree, and was over 30 feet long, by nearly 5 feet in width. This canoe belonged to the class known as Waka-tere (a swift canoe), and was more than usually ornamented by grotesque and elaborate carvings, and finished off by some remarkable additions of painting. The Maoris must have spent many years in the construction of this canoe, and the different carvings indicated that more than one generation had been at work upon it. The prow of the canoe was something most elaborate in the way of carved work, and was in some places inlaid with polished pieces of shells resembling mother-of-pearl. Some of them represented the eyes of faces, and added a weirdness to the pictures. There was ample accommodation in this canoe for the thirteen persons who embarked in it, and under the paddles of the eight rowers we were soon gliding swiftly through the waters of the river. There was also a short mast fixed in the vessel, to which were attached sails made of the leaves of the broad raupo interlaced with thin flax cordage.

The wind was favourable, so that the rowers were not called upon to use much effort in their work. Soon they began to wail a low chant, keeping time to the action of their paddles. This convinced me that singing was with them a natural accompaniment to working together in their canoes. The chant in which they now indulged was far less musical than that which we had heard on the first day of meeting the Maoris, and I did not obtain a copy of it. The current of the river seemed to increase in swift-
ness as we progressed, and on asking Jars the reason of this, he explained that this river was remarkable for the fact that some miles further down where the plain ended, the river disappeared altogether underground, rushing under the hill there with a great roaring sound resembling that of the ocean on a calm night. Having my attention directed to it, I presently heard the sound to which Jars had just referred, which was indeed as he had said, like the roaring of the ocean, except that it was much sharper in its intensity.

We were not long in reaching the fishing ground, and very shortly had the opportunity of seeing the skill of the Maori in catching fish. For some time we remained quietly watching the fishing. Suddenly we were startled from our occupation by a sharp splash in the water near us, and looking in the direction of it, saw rise to the surface a short, spear-like weapon. At the same instant another whizzed through the air and stuck in the prow of the canoe, dangerously close to where Gordon sat. Looking up, we were surprised to see two tall, dark figures standing on the rocks overlooking our fishing ground. The fishers were startled at the sight, and called out, Kokiri tia a kohuru (the dart of the murderers). The bold front exhibited by the two Maoris on the rocks led to the supposition that there were others behind them, although at the same time it would have been impossible for us to have made any attempt to approach them which would be likely to prove effective.

Although they saw that we had observed them, and were making demonstrations of our intention to respond to their
aggression, they gave no indication of fear, but stood firmly facing us, preparing to throw other darts down upon the canoe. We had brought our firearms with us, and Jars requested us to prepare to use them. This I was very loth to do; but another dart was thrown, this time with truer aim, as it pierced the shoulder of one of the Maoris near me. I now saw that we were indeed in danger, and the man’s cry of pain as the spear struck him somewhat lessened my repulsion to the use of my rifle. Thinking to startle the two savages, I raised my weapon and fired into the air over their heads. The report made the occupants of the canoe spring up with a frightened cry, and as the smoke cleared away I saw that the two men had left the rock. A few moments later we saw them rushing down the steep incline that followed the direction of the river.

"We must follow them," cried Jars, excitedly.

Te Kahu, too, was wildly gesticulating in the direction of the fugitives, and apparently ordering his men to make all speed with the canoe after them. A feeling of curiosity, and the possibility that pursuing these men would lead to discovery of the way out of the Maori country, impelled me to assist in the chase, and we were soon rushing through the water.

Richards attended to the hurt of the Maori whose shoulder had been injured. He extracted the spear and quickly staunched the wound, for which he received the gratitude of the injured man and the admiration of the others, who, despite the exciting task in which they were engaged, watched the doctor at work. Presently we came to a landing place, where Te Kahu directed the canoe to
be run ashore. The Maoris in whose pursuit we now were could not be seen, but no time was lost in disembarking. As Te Kahu stepped from the canoe he rushed forward some paces and lay down, placing his ear close to the ground. In an instant he sprang up and shouted to his followers. Jars understood him, and told us he had heard the whereabouts of the flying men, and that there were others. Motioning to us to follow closely, Te Kahu darted up the summit of a small hill near where we had landed. When he reached this he squatted down, and beckoned to us to approach quietly. This we did until near to where he was, when he pointed out smoke rising from the side of a high hill some distance from the river. While we looked towards this we saw the two natives whose action had brought us there running rapidly in the direction of the smoke.

Should we follow them was the question on the minds of each of us, but no one expressed it. Each looked at the other inquiringly. Te Kahu then spoke hurriedly to his men, and seemed asking if they were prepared to follow him in the pursuit. For answer some of them pointed to our guns, as if indicating that if we went they were willing to do his wish. Jars conveyed the question to us. Gordon turned to me.

"Shall we venture?" he asked.

The excitement had taken possession of me, and I acquiesced at once. Richards was in favour of turning back, but when I suggested that following up these men might possibly help us to find an exit from the Maori territory, he eagerly accepted the suggestion. The Maoris were not armed, save that each carried a mere,
or short stone, club-like weapon. That belonging to
Te Kahu was a much-prized *Mere Pounamu* (a mere of
greenstone). The spears which had been thrown at us
were short darts made of light wood, armed with pointed
bone as a spear-head, and tapered off to an arrow-like
shaft, at the end of which was placed a feather or strip
of broad flax. These were thrown by means of a short string
knotted at one end and having a loop at the other. The
knotted end was placed round the dart in a notch about
two-thirds of the length from the point, and the loop being
held over the fingers and the point of the dart between the
forefinger and thumb, a great impetus was given to the
spear. With this weapon—the only projectile in use
among the Maoris we met—they were able to strike objects
at a considerable distance, although the aim was not
remarkably perfect.

We pushed on towards the spot where we had seen the
smoke rising, and reached it without any sign that our
approach had been observed. Cautiously drawing closer,
we found the camp deserted. The Maoris had evidently
anticipated pursuit, and, having watched us, made off
before we could reach their rendezvous. Te Kahu and his
men rushed through to the other side of the camp, only to
return with an exclamation of disappointment, directing
our attention to the escaping party, only some twenty
strong, but too far away for us to think of pursuit. An
examination of their camp showed us that a feast had been
in progress, and I was horrified to discover that amongst
the remains of their cooking were what appeared to be
human bones.
Gordon, too, noticed this. Turning to me, he exclaimed—
"My God! Brock, these are cannibals."

The thought was too revolting, and I could not reply. I saw Gordon set his teeth firmly, and rush out in the direction whence the cannibals had fled. Glad to get rid of the horrifying spectacle, I followed him. Without a word he raised his rifle to his shoulder, and aimed after the retreating figures. His was a good weapon, but at that distance how could he expect the shot to take effect? As the report rang out clear and sharp I saw a quick movement amongst the dusky fugitives, and one of them fell to the ground apparently disabled. The others ran from him in startled dread, disappearing in all directions; but presently two or three of them crept back, evidently in reply to his appeal, and bore him away with them. As Gordon turned to me, a feeling of satisfaction seemed to overspread his face. I understood his feeling, and did not speak to him. It was too late to think of any further pursuit, so we slowly made our way back to the river.

"Cursed cannibals!" said Gordon at last, as we reached the canoe; "how I should like to shoot every one of them!"

The expression of his eyes bore out his words.
CHAPTER X.

MAORI CREMATION.

As we returned up the river, Jars enquired what the shot was he had heard, and on being informed, expressed his belief that it would probably lead to trouble. The spirit of revenge amongst the Maoris was, he explained, one of their most strongly-marked characteristics.

The principle of "blood for blood" was so firmly ingrained on their minds, that the death of one of them from the rifle of Gordon would set the whole of the tribe athirst for revenge. Until they achieved what they called "utu" for the blood of their companion, there would be continual danger of the village being surprised and attacked, while it would be dangerous for any small party to venture far from the pa.

"But," I said, "how is it, if the Maori territory is so inaccessible, that this tribe has discovered a means of entering?"

Jars admitted that there must be some existing way known to these men, and readily fell in with my suggestion that we should try to discover it.

Immediately I had done so, I felt that I had committed an error in giving the Frenchman possession of our desire

* Literally, payment or satisfaction. — Ed.
and intention to try and leave the Maoris. For the moment I forgot that he was perhaps too far identified with them to be trusted. He had a Maori wife, and was a man of some importance amongst the people. He could not, therefore, be expected to act with us in opposition to the wish of the Maoris.

Having admitted him to our thoughts, there seemed no other course but to continue the confidence, and leave the result to fate. His joy at seeing us, and the subsequent interest he took in our welfare and entertainment, tended to dispel to some extent my feeling of distrust, and I determined to avoid showing him that I had harboured any such thought.

When we reached the pa, and Jars and Te Kahu had reported the visit of the hostile Maoris, considerable excitement ensued. A meeting of the Ariki and Council was held, to which Jars, Gordon, Richards, and I were invited, and a discussion took place as to what course should be adopted to meet the expected attack of the enemy. Some advocated (so Jars told me as the discussion proceeded) that a war party should be sent out to meet and engage them; but others counselled preparations for an attack, and extra vigilance in guarding the pa. The chief, through Jars as interpreter, asked our advice, which we unhesitatingly gave in favour of the latter course.

This was very soon agreed upon. As we left the meeting, Richards remarked—

"Look here, you fellows, I think we made a mistake in our advice. We should have gone out to meet the cannibals, and might have discovered a way out of this blessed place."
Gordon and I both admitted that there was some wisdom in this remark, but it was too late.

"Why didn't you think of this sooner?" I said.

Richards made no reply, and was evidently less forgiving than we were towards his own omission. At that moment Jars rejoined us, and I thought this would be a fitting opportunity to test his disposition, and at once spoke.

"The doctor has just suggested that it would be better to go out and meet the enemy. What do you think?"

Jars looked at me for a moment without speaking. He seemed in doubt how to take my remark. Then he replied by asking another question——

"What would be gained by that?"

I pointed out to him that by so doing we should probably take the advancing enemy quite unawares, and at the same time prevent them from doing any injury to the village or property of the tribe.

My arguments did not appear to have any effect on the laconic Frenchman. He merely replied with a remark which may best be translated as meaning, "he couldn't see it," and, shrugging his shoulders, he left us without further ceremony.

This proceeding somewhat strengthened the doubt I had already entertained as to how far Jars could be trusted, and made me determined to still further fathom his friendship at the next opportunity.

Shortly after we returned to our whare, we were waited upon by Te Kahu and one or two other members of the Council, who managed to express to us that they came in the name of the Ariki to ask our acceptance of some
presents in acknowledgment of our assistance at the deliberations of the Council. These presents consisted of a handsome flax mat, called a Koroat, for each of us, and a greenstone figure, called Heitiki, which is worn by the Maoris round their necks. The mats were almost pure white, ornamented with black stripes, and having a heavy black fringe border. We afterwards ascertained that these mats were worn only by the principal men of the tribe. Those given to us were quite new, and beautifully white and soft.

Before we went to sleep that night Macdonald and Lode related to us a slight and somewhat ludicrous adventure of which the latter had been the subject during our absence from the village.

Left to themselves, these two men had sought to become acquainted with the locality in which they dwelt, and they, with this object in view, had wandered out amongst the dwellings of the pa. In their wanderings they had come upon a party of young women busily engaged in mat-making, and stood for some time watching them. Presently others came up, apparently ladies of distinction, and appeared struck with their visitors, as they evinced a desire to attract the notice of Macdonald and Lode. One of them especially, a remarkably good-looking young woman, made decided advances with the object of attracting Lode, and afterwards followed him wherever he went, until her action was noticed by a Maori, who evidently stood in some relation of authority towards her; for he commanded her to retire to a neighbouring whare, which she immediately did. This man at the same time made
unmistakeable gestures of resentment towards Lode, which
induced him and his companion to cut short their pera-
grinations around the pa, and return to their own quarters.

The ludicrous side of this episode struck Gordon at once.
"I say, Mac, you've made a conquest, evidently," he
said, turning to his servant with an air of mock seriousness.

The idea of this being the case was indeed very mirth-
provoking, and we could not resist a laugh. There was
nothing about the Scotchman's personal attractions likely
to enlist the preference of any of the opposite sex. The
same might be said in a lesser degree of Lode; but as we
had already experienced his superior qualifications in one
direction at least, I was not then in a position to judge
him by the standard of the Maori notions of physical
beauty.

Macdonald did not quite relish the joke of his master.
The accusation of anything of the kind referred to was not
agreeable to his ideas of strict propriety. He must needs
take the remark good-humouredly, however, and replied—

"Haud yer tongue, sir; I'm no the man tae fash masel'
wi' ony o' that like daein's, an' at ma time o' life, tae."

"You might do worse than marry the daughter of a
Maori chief."

"Certies! the dochter o' a king wad hae nae haud on
me if I kent o'it."

"What, Mac? You don't mean to say you would throw
away a chance of being the ruler of a powerful people
simply because it was presented to you as the dower of a
dusky maiden?"

"Dusky deevil!" replied Mac, somewhat nettled; "wad
ye want me tae be the faither o' a race o' dog-eatin' caannibals?"

The knowledge that had been imparted to the Scotch-man of the Maori taste for the flesh of his dog had evidently not raised the tribe in his estimation.

"Come, Mac," returned Gordon, not to be deprived of the full amusement of the theme, "you must admit that the admixture of Scotch and Maori blood would result in the benefit of both?"

"I'm no sayin', but I'm no the ane tae dae it," and Macdonald turned away as if he had said something which must inevitably end the subject. Gordon evidently felt so too, for he could only remark—

"Well, Mac, let us hope that the result of the impression you have made to-day will not be anything more unpleasant than your becoming a chief of the hangiitani in right of your wife."

In my mind there arose something other than amusement at the prospect of this disturbance in our relations with the Maoris. I knew that the domestic ties of the natives were amongst their most sacred relations, and that woe betided the man who became the element of discord between husband and wife.

The more I thought on the subject the greater became my uneasiness. I could not lessen it by discussing it with the others, as I felt instinctively that it was better to avoid giving them any trouble of that kind.

Some days went by, and no disturbing events happened, either in connection with the hostile natives or the preference that had been shown for Lode by the Maori woman.
One day Jars asked if we should like to be present at a native funeral; one of the villagers had died two days ago, and was to be cremated that day.

"Cremated!" I exclaimed with astonishment. "You don't mean to say that these Maoris practise cremation?"

Jars replied that they did, and had done so for some time. Cremation was not an usual mode of disposal of the dead amongst the natives of New Zealand, but their reverence for the bones of relatives was strongly developed. With this small tribe the ancient custom of scraping and preserving the bones had been superseded by cremation, because they could not be said to have a fixed tenure in their present territory, and by this means were in a position to carry the remains of their ancestors with them in the event of having to flee from there.

The process of cremation, he assured us, was not in the least revolting. A huge stone cylinder was placed horizontally in the centre of a vast fireplace. The body was put into this in a standing position, then a fierce fire was kindled by the nearest relative of the deceased, and kept burning for upwards of twenty-four hours by the attendants, so that when the cylinder had cooled and the moveable bottom, which consisted of a solid stone scooped out like a basin, was removed, there remained a small deposit of ashes, which formed the "remains" of the body operated on, and which were carefully preserved as sacred relics of the deceased.

We went with Jars to witness the cremation, but were too late to see the tangi, or usual lamentations over the body. When we arrived on the scene, the body was being
deposited in the cylinder. This was done by slipping it in from above in a perfectly nude state. As the body fell down, the mat in which it was shrouded was removed and thrown on the fire, then ready for kindling. When this was done, the elder brother of the dead man stepped forward and lighted the fire around the cylinder. Presently the flames shot up, and the cylinder began to grow hot. Although we knew that the work of change had begun, we were not aware of anything offensive, or in any way repulsive in the spectacle. The body was being gradually reduced to dust, and the elements of disease or offence were being slowly but surely destroyed. I turned away from the scene with sadness and satisfaction—sadness when I contemplated the end of all life; satisfaction that I had become conscious of a means whereby all the gruesome and unhealthy accompaniments of death and burial could be avoided. It was thus amongst savage and uncivilised people that I had learned this sanitary lesson; from primitive minds that I had acquired the knowledge of how best to bestow the dead.

The Maoris left the scene when the fire had become properly aflare, and the work of destruction was left to the care of regular attendants.

Jars explained to us that it was the duty of the relatives of the deceased to take a cleansing bath after this ceremony before they returned to their homes.

There was a public bath set apart for such occasions. Would we like to see it? We readily expressed our desire in this direction, and accompanied Jars, and Te Kahu who had now joined us, to the bath in question.
This proved to be on the outskirts of the pa, near the foot of the hill which rose at the rear of the buildings. Here a narrow channel was constructed, which led a stream of water down the hill, and made it run over a gently sloping hillock, whence it was carried again to the main stream. In this water-course were fixed sloping frames at frequent intervals, and these threw the water upwards and projected it in a strong shower some feet further down the channel. At the point where the water fell seats were fixed, with rests for the feet. Upon these the bather sat and received the full force of the descending spray. Here we saw the Maoris taking their bath, and being divested of all effects of their contact with the dead body of their relative, which they had left to the influence of other elements.

When they had completed their cleansing process, there was no reason why they should not return to their families and kindred, and the effect of any of the stringent Tapu regulations was not visited upon them.
CHAPTER XI.

GRIM AND GHASTLY CAVERNS.

One morning some days after the events just recorded, Lode was missing from our whare. Nearly a week passed without any tidings of him, and we began to feel somewhat anxious as to his whereabouts. So far as we could ascertain, he had not taken anything with him.

Knowing his wide experience in the way of exploration, we comforted ourselves with the supposition that he had left quietly in the hope of discovering a means of getting away from the Maori territory, and would soon take steps to let us hear if he were successful.

As day followed day, however, and no further knowledge was obtained, we naturally concluded that something serious had befallen him, and were just about to make enquiries, when Te Kahu came to us and enquired if we would like to join an expedition which was about to set out in quest of a Maori and his wife who had been absent from the pa for some days. This we readily agreed to do, and Gordon, Richards, and I soon had our preparations made.

On enquiring from Te Kahu, Gordon and I learned that
the missing Maori woman was the same who had shown a desire to follow Lode, and that she had been for some days kept a close prisoner by her husband in consequence of her conduct on that occasion. She had escaped from the confinement some nights previously, and the husband had left in search of her the following day without apprising any of her relatives of the circumstances, and some fear now existed that both had been met and destroyed by the Maoris we had seen when out on the fishing expedition.

The party then about to go out proposed to first explore some caves not far from the village where it was possible the fugitives might have taken shelter, and after that would pursue their enquiries further down the river, beyond where we had seen the cannibal camp.

We did not say anything about the absence of Lode, but I could not help connecting the double disappearance, and began to conjecture all kinds of ill. The expedition, however, might clear up matters, and I dismissed my forebodings in the excitement of the moment as we set out. We again proceeded down the river in the same canoe as on the fishing excursion, and, so far as I knew, with the same party of rowers.

We had not gone far when Te Kahu called a landing, and the rowers ran the canoe upon the bank. When we got out, Te Kahu led us forward without delay, and in a few minutes we entered a cave, the entrance to which was quite invisible from the river.

This was a huge cavern under the hill, with an opening towards the east, and consequently dry and well-lighted.
The floor was smooth and sandy, and we all proceeded along this, following closely on the heels of our leader. When he had reached the further end of the cave, Te Kahu turned and faced us, and, as a smile lit up his dusky, good-natured face, he placed his hands to his mouth and emitted a series of loud shouts, which re-echoed around the cavern, seeming to gather intensity as they travelled in a most remarkable way. Struck with the wonder of this echo, we motioned to Te Kahu to continue his shouting, and, entering into the spirit of our request, he got his companions to join him in a deep-voiced chant, which was caught up by the echo and reverberated round and round the cave, until it appeared as if voices came from every part of the marvellous place. For some time we stood lost in wonder, content to contemplate with awe the grandeur of the sounds which continued long after the singers had ceased, and seemed loth to die away, as they did at last in the tiniest of echoes, but still complete, until the veriest whisper was all we could hear repeated. When this had ended, Te Kahu desired us to try our voices. We did so, but found there was not the faintest response to our sounds. Several attempts and failures led to the discovery that the echo was only produced by a certain modulation of tone, and it was some time before we could get the ghost of an echo to our calling, and when we did it seemed so uncertain and undecided that I could not help remarking to Gordon that it was evidently a fickle goddess, and not to be wooed by an unpractised voice.

At our request the Maoris again chanted the song to which the wonders of the echo responded, and we stood
in amazement while the echo proceeded, and until its finest murmurings died away.

The following is a translation of the song chanted by the Maoris:—

Gone is night, gone is night,  
Now 'tis day, now 'tis day;  
The morn is breaking,  
The bird is singing,  
The eye of day is coming;  
It is day, it is day!  
It is clear daylight!

On the wall of the cave opposite the entrance I saw some peculiar drawings, and what appeared to be writing. Directing Gordon's attention to these, we went over to examine them. The drawings consisted of three tolerably large pictures and several smaller ones. The first represented a gigantic bird, probably the moa, and was drawn in two different shades of red colour, with black outlines. In several places the colour had peeled off the stone, but otherwise the drawing was in fair preservation. This was the highest picture on the wall. What surprised us was that it was more than fifteen feet from the ground, and in size the drawing was five or six feet high, so that the head of the picture was fully twenty feet above where we stood. Below this was a quadruped drawn in black. We could not say what it resembled, and when we asked Te Kahu he merely shook his head, and indicated that it was very old. Alongside of the picture, also in black colour, was a drawing of a large fish, the tail of which had disappeared. Below these, in varying degrees of colour, from bright red to dull black, were pictures of small birds, insects, and
plants, interspersed with rude characters, evidently some form of writing. We could get no explanation of these from either Jars or Te Kahu, and from his manner we concluded that the latter regarded them in a sacred light.

After a hasty examination of the drawings, Gordon and I determined that we should seek another opportunity to further investigate them, and possibly copy some of the figures. Then the torches were lighted, and the work of exploring the caves began. We first entered a narrow, irregular passage, through which we could only walk in single file. Presently this led into a dark cave, about thirty feet wide at the broadest part, and running nearly double that distance in length. The darkness was so intense that we had to stand for some minutes before the light from the torches made any impression on the gloom within. Then I saw that we were in what appeared to be a vast limestone cavern. The roof was overhung with a great number of stalactites of varying degrees of size, and some of the most fantastic and irregular shapes. On the floor were many stalagmites, but the majority of them had been broken off, and lay crumbling and destroyed.

There was no water in the cave except at the extreme end, where the constant and monotonous drip, drip, resounded through and through the stillness within the cavern, and broke the silence which seemed so much in keeping with the intense darkness. On examining this part of the cave we found a deep well, into which the water evidently made its way, and from which it was carried in some mysterious underground channel.

I dropped a small stone into this, and found that it took
nearly thirty seconds to strike the water, so that the well must have been of great depth, and rather a dangerous place to fall into. There was no sign of life either in the cave or having recently visited it, so we shortly returned to the other cave by the way we came. Te Kahu then entered another and larger passage, along which we all followed him, and presently emerged into a long, narrow cavern somewhat similar in formation to the one we had left, except that in several places the stalagmites and stalactites had met and formed huge pillars of limestone deposit. We found that water was still flowing slowly down some of these pillars, and that in many places the floor was wet, although it was only towards the centre that any depth of water existed. Here a shallow channel carried the water slowly along the cave. Following this, we were led through a series of caverns, some of which had the floor strewn with bones of different kinds. These bones we did not stop to examine, but the thought went through me that possibly I was treading on the remains of many a cannibal feast, and that if these dismal walls could relate the history of events within their boundaries, many gruesome and blood-curdling stories would be the result. Here doubtless many a sacrifice had been made to the Deities of former days, many a dark deed of revenge had been consummated, and many a human soul had sighed out its latest breath while waiting in the agonies of suspense for the sacrificial knife of the priest, or the still more destructive \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ of the captor in battle.

Here, we might well imagine, the clear waters of the little stream at our feet had sometime run red with the
blood of victims of some horrid carnival, and the pale walls of the cavern had grown more pale in sympathy with the shrieks of the doomed ere a period was put to their tortures. Perchance the owners of some of the bones that lay scattered in careless profusion on the floor, had, when strong with life and being, struggled long and bravely in many a bloody battle, and, being at last overcome, their bodies were brought here to whet the appetites and appease the awful hunger of their victors, the bones thereafter being cast to the not more savage dogs of the destroyers, whose faithfulness was rewarded by the remnants of the horrible meal. These thoughts were not likely to enhance my interest in the exploration on which we were engaged. Such reflections did not tend to increase my admiration for the noble men amongst whom we were then somewhat of the nature of prisoners! With difficulty I dismissed from my mind these enervating fancies, and sought a more congenial current in the surroundings of the moment. Presently in the darkness beyond us, and far away into the interior, I saw the faint glimmer of a light moving about in the darkness. Grasping the arm of Gordon, who was nearest me, I exclaimed—

"See, Gordon, a light!" and pointed in the direction.

"So it is," he said quietly, as if in contrast to the excitement I had exhibited.

Evidently none of the others had seen it. As it seemed to be moving slowly away from us, I drew the attention of Te Kahu to it. He saw what I indicated at once, but said nothing. Peering away into the distance, he stood for some moments watching the light, which rose and fell
slightly as it moved over the floor of the cave. Then another light began to move in the same direction, the two crossing and re-crossing each other. After a moment we felt a slight current of air blow on our faces, and the two lights began to move slowly back in the direction of where we stood. These two lights were both pale, soft, white luminous globes in appearance, as if a ray of moon-light had strayed into the cave and become broken up. Without, we knew it was broad daylight, but in the intense darkness of the cavern the strongest light caused not more than the faintest ray. The lights still continued to approach us, so that the bearers of them must soon see our torches. Nearer and still nearer they came, and then all at once seemed to waver and move about from side to side, like a small fire balloon, under the influence of a strong but uncertain air current.

We stood still watching the lights, which now seemed to remain hovering about the same spot. After a few moments Te Kahu handed me his torch, and motioned that he would proceed alone in the darkness to see what these lights meant. At once he advanced, and presently was lost to view. The lights still remained about the same spot, and we knew that a minute would bring Te Kahu to them. The dull silence of the cave rendered our heart throbs audible as we stood there in awed expectancy as to the result of this bold advance of our companion. Presently we saw one of the lights break up and float away across the cave, and Te Kahu came rushing back fearful and trembling, exclaiming that they were the spirits of the dead. Those we sought must have been killed, and these
were their spirits, wandering about seeking the rest that could only be found when a knowledge of their fate was brought to their relatives.

I speedilly concluded that these phosphorescent lights were mere *ignis fatuus*, due to the dampness and decay within the cave, and that we had been startled and perplexed by a will-o' the-wisp. No persuasion on my part, however, could induce the Maoris to continue the journey, and we were compelled to return without further investigation of the caves.

Te Kahu declared that he must go back and consult the *Atua* as to the fate of the fugitives. If they were dead, the seer would speedily tell them where to find their bodies.

There was nothing for it, therefore, but to accompany the Maoris to the village, and await future events.

How I longed for another opportunity to further explore the caves!
CHAPTER XII.

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.

The strong element of superstition in the Maori mind which compelled Te Kahu to abandon the search for a lost comrade and his wife, when confronted by the naturally startling phenomenon we had encountered in the cave, threatened to create some trouble.

Frightened by a shadow, even the civilised mind turns to the supernatural for explanation of the circumstance. No person, however enlightened, is at all times free from superstitious thought; and when, as in this instance, the whole religious side of the man's nature was under the influence of teaching and customs directly supporting the theory that the spirits of the departed manifested themselves to the senses of those left behind, it was no wonder that fear took possession of the Maoris. The Tohunga must be consulted, and steps taken to give rest to the perturbed spirits of the departed.

To the Tohunga, therefore, we went that night, and I had an opportunity, I might never otherwise have enjoyed, of learning the doings of the Maori soothsayers. Several relatives of the missing man and woman accompanied us. The whole party who had visited the caves were also present. On a somewhat raised platform at the darkest
end of this low dwelling sat the Tohunga. The dull, low
fire which smouldered within the building was all the light
provided.

The expiring embers gave out a warm ruddy glow, but
the light emitted was of a most sombre description, and
made the apartment seem weird-like and solemn. Even
savages recognise the advantage of darkness for anything
in the nature of a séance. The part where the medium
sat was rendered darker by the dull glow of the fire, and
the faint shadows thrown around the room intensified the
dismal feelings naturally arising in each of us from the
nature of our visit. We all sat some distance from the
Tohunga, and in such a position that it was not possible to
watch him closely. In the darkness he appeared like a
shadow. Te Kahu acted as spokesman, and was nearest
the seer. When we were all seated, or squatted, more
properly, as no seats were provided, he addressed the priest
somewhat to the following effect—

"O thou, who hast the power of Mata kite* and
Tohunga combined, we desire thee to reveal to us the fate
of our friend Rimana and Onehuiue, his wife, and to tell us
where they may be found."

Then the Tohunga began a kind of charm, or modified
incantation, evidently working himself into a proper frame
of mind for the business in hand, after which he enquired—

"Did the man and woman leave together?"

"No," answered Te Kahu; "the woman went first, and
her husband followed in search of her."

*The Mata kite is one gifted with second sight, of inferior powers and
importance to the Tohunga, who is the high priest and general spiritual
adviser.—Ed.
"And you don't know whether they went towards the rising sun or turned their faces towards the darkness of night?"

"We know not," replied Te Kahu.

"The woman set out alone, say you?" enquired the priest.

"Nay, we cannot say, but none else is missing from the pa."

"Went she in peace or enmity?" was the next question the Tohunga asked, and I began to think he was seeking for information in a spirit of mischief. Moreover, I felt uneasy lest the disappearance of Lode might be in some measure connected with the mystery we were trying to solve.

Te Kahu replied to the Tohunga by explaining the circumstances under which the woman had left. I was glad to find that he did not refer pointedly to the cause of her incarceration.

The Tohunga ceased to ask questions, and indulged in some further proceedings in the nature of his former invocation, or charm-working. We sat silently listening to the mumbling of his words, without any intelligent idea of what his proceedings indicated, and certainly with little knowledge of the words used. Presently he broke out into something in the nature of a wail, which he prolonged for some time, and finally ended in a shriek of a most unearthly description. To say we were startled by this yell gives a poor idea of our feelings. Everybody under the roof started up with alarm at the frightful sound. Then there was silence for a moment, and the Tohunga proceeded to
describe a vision that had been seen by him in the trance-like state into which he had thrown himself, and which was the cause of his calling out.

"I see," he said, "a pale-faced stranger starting out alone on a perilous expedition. No one sees him but the hawk-like eye of the wife of Rimana. She has seen him before, and love has filled her breast.

"Her faithful duty to Rimana is overcome by her desire towards the stranger. She has suffered for her love, and is determined that it shall not be thwarted. She sees the object of her passion looking far away into the distance. She divines his thoughts, and knows that if she would be with him she must now make a last effort for liberty. It is drawing towards night, and presently her friends and attendants will be sleeping. She waits for the cover of darkness, and then escapes by breaking through the roof, and sets off in pursuit of the pale-faced stranger. He is far in advance of her, but a lover's eyes are quick, and her limbs are strong, so that she is not long in coming up with him.

"At first fear seizes him, and he is about to flee from her, but her manner soon convinces him of her desire to befriend and help him. Then together, she acting as guide, they seek the shelter of some caves. In the morning the woman brings food and lays it before the man, and together they eat and are satisfied. He cannot speak her language, nor she his, but they manage to make each other understand, and again set out together. The man is seeking to leave the land of the Maori; the woman is willing to show him the way. Then the thought comes to her
that if he returns to his own people she will not be able to accompany him; that by showing him the way of escape she would be losing him for ever. With this thought consuming her, and the passion for the man still burning fiercely in her breast, she at last determines to lead him astray towards the land of the man-eating Maori. She cannot return to her own home, but with this pale-faced stranger she would seek the hospitality of the enemy of her people. Night overtakes them in their flight, and they seek shelter until the rising sun shall again afford them light to pursue their way. With no thought beyond themselves, the woman makes a fire by which to rest for the night. This is the thing that undoes them. The glare of the fire is seen, and while they sleep stealthy steps are creeping closer to the spot to see whose is the fire. Ere the dawn the spirit of revenge has visited them, and the eyes of the sleepers will never again open with the rising sun. The day will come again, but no light shall pierce the eyelids which the hand of the slayer has closed in death. Silently as he came, the footsteps of the revengeful foe go from the spot, and two spirits that watch his going know that there will not soon be peace for them. Days and nights will come and go, but the great unrest will be upon them. The manner of their taking off shall not be known to their people. Their bodies shall fester and rot in unhallowed neglect, and no rest will come to their spirits until their fate be known."

While the Tokunga was speaking thus in low, sepulchral tones, I felt my flesh creep and my knees tremble and knock together. Was this story more than the wild fabri-
cation of his fancy? Did it account for the disappearance of our comrade, and what would be the result of the revelation made by the seer?

After the priest ceased speaking an ominous silence was observed by all, and the eyes of the Maoris seemed turned in our direction. Presently Te Kahu spoke. With much hesitancy he enquired—

"Was the midnight slayer Rimana?"

"Thou hast said it," answered the Tohunga.

"He slew the woman and the pakeha in their sleep?" continued Te Kahu in a tone of surprise.

"Aye, even so," came the answer.

"Then may the curses of his tribe and his people rest on him for ever," cried Te Kahu, and he stood up and called out his words, as if to show his want of respect for the subject.

At these words of Te Kahu, there arose a Maori in the crowd, who called out—

"Why should my brother be accursed that he dealt such speedy punishment to the unfaithful wife? Was he to awake them from their slumbers, and perhaps forfeit his life to their guilty hands? Nay, rather say he has been the instrument of justice, and done his duty." Then turning to the Tohunga, he enquired—"Where is my brother now?"

This was Tamana, the elder brother of Rimana.

While he is waiting for the priest's answer I should like to explain a peculiarity of this tribe in their family names. They had a system of prefixes and affixes which indicated at once the position of the member of the family who bore
it. Thus, in the instance given, "Mana" was the stock, or family name. Tamana was the eldest son, Rumana was the second, Tomana the third, Whamanana the fourth, Rimana the fifth, and so on, each son having a distinctive prefix, which told his position in the family, these all being the sons of Te Mana. Then, when any son married, he usually, but not always, took some other name given him by the Ariki and Council for some characteristic of the individual. Our old acquaintance Te Kahu was so called from his expert kite-flying, while Te Mana was the name of one in authority in some way. The prefix Te, therefore, usually denoted a man who was distinguished as possessing a wife.

There was silence for some moments after Tamana spoke. Te Kahu, with a degree of perspicacity somewhat wonderful under the circumstances, saw that to answer Tamana would probably lead to bitterness and strife, and consequently held his peace.

The Tohunga did not answer Tamana's question, and, after waiting some moments in silence, he demanded somewhat imperiously—

"Dost know, Tohunga, where is my brother now?"

Then at last the Tohunga replied—"Young man, thou seekest not knowledge in the proper frame of mind. Thy brother is not yet in the spirit world, and is still worth thy search. If thou would'st find him, let not thy setting out be delayed. Let that suffice thee."

"Where shall we find the bodies of the slain, that we may have them properly bestowed?" enquired Te Kahu.

Tohunga replied by an ambiguous answer to the effect
that they must be sought for by the side of running water; and then stated that the spirit of the dead woman had desired that certain ornaments and articles belonging to her should be given to the Tohunga. Upon this he told them that he was weary and desired rest, whereupon the whole assemblage left the building without a murmur, evidently deeply impressed with what they had heard, and convinced of the supernatural powers of their priest.

As we left the room Gordon, who had been compelled to remain silent during the proceedings, caught my arm and said—

"I say, Brock, what do you think of that for a spiritualistic performance?"

"I don't know what to think. I hope it isn't the truth about Lode's absence, though."

"What! so you believe all that rubbish, too?"

"Well, no, I don't believe it, but I can't help feeling uneasy."

"Oh! come, don't get sentimental and superstitious. That old buffer was very impressive, and would make his pile as a fortune-teller amongst maid servants and factory and shop girls, but I didn't think he had carried you with him. What a pity he hadn't blue fire and all the accessories of some worthy Fakir. How he would play upon the simple susceptibilities of the natives with some good fire and tinsel?"

Our conversation was here cut short by the appearance of Jars and Te Kahu, and a discussion ensued as to what course was best to take in following up the mystery.
CHAPTER XIII.

A WAR DANCE.

As unity of desire or interest is the surest bond of sympathy, I was able to enter fully into the wishes of the Maoris to prosecute the search for their missing comrade. Anxiety to ascertain the fate of Lode made us all warmly second the proposal of Te Kahu that the expedition should again start out on the following morning. This time Tamana, the brother of the missing man, accompanied us, otherwise the party consisted of the same persons as on the previous expedition.

We fully determined that the search should be a thorough and complete one, and went prepared for a camping out. The first night we spent in the vicinity of the cave we had previously visited. At daybreak the following morning Gordon, Richards, and I were astir examining the drawings and writings on the walls of the cave. We copied several figures and not a few of the characters with the view of some day thoroughly studying them, in the hope that these might throw some light on the history of the Maori, and perhaps solve the long-debated question of his origin. While we were busy with this work, Te Kahu and several other Maoris entered, and seemed in some degree horrified. They evidently considered we were com-
mitting an act of sacrilege—that our copying these sacred pictures and writings was a profanity for which we were liable to punishment. This, no doubt, accounted for the silence with which Te Kahu met my former enquiries on the subject. Now he seemed indisposed to say anything about them, and made haste to get us to return to the camp for breakfast. I noticed he paid particular attention to where we put our copies of the pictures, and this stimulated me to be a trifle careful that no opportunity was afforded him to appropriate them.

After breakfasting we returned to the canoe, and were soon shooting down the stream to the music of a chant from the rowers, led by Te Kahu, who for the first time in my hearing took the lead in the song. Towards mid-day we had gone down the river as far as we had reached on the day we encountered the hostile natives. A sharp look-out was kept for any similar occurrence, and very soon we were able from the river to survey the country for a considerable distance on each side. Presently, far away towards the east, we saw smoke rising in a part where the land was covered with dense bush. Immediately on seeing it, Te Kahu, as he gazed away towards the object, muttered—

"E Waikato!"

At once he gave orders for the canoe to be run ashore.

"Will not that be Rimana's fire?" enquired Gordon.

"Too big! too big!" answered Te Kahu shortly, at the same time gazing intently in that direction.

While the party were landing from the canoe, Te Kahu stood silently contemplating the distant upcurling of the
smoke, and I could see that he was debating what was best to be done. Without a doubt, if the fire was really the camping ground of the Waikato natives, there would be at least a full war party.

I saw that Te Kahu looked anxiously around examining his followers and their arms; then he surveyed us and our rifles. He was evidently calculating the odds. Were we sufficient to cope with at least 140 picked warriors of the enemy?

In the breast of this rough warrior there was only one impulse at work. No thought of retiring ever crossed his mind. He must meet and engage the advancing party if they were, as he supposed, now on their way towards the pa. That the exploit was a hazardous one did not influence him. His path of duty was clear, and if by a gigantic risk, or even the full sacrifice of himself and his little band, he could check the advancing foe and prevent any injury to his hapu, he would be happy. As he stood there, with his head bent forward and eyes gazing far away towards the smoke of the enemy, he looked a perfect picture of the noble warrior athirst for the impending action. His lips moved uneasily, his eyes dilated, and the hand which grasped his mere clutched the weapon firmly, and moved as if eager for the fray and impatient at the delay which must ensue before it would be raised to strike.

After a moment or so he appeared to have made up his mind how to act. Turning to his men, he addressed a few words of enquiry as to whether they were all willing to follow him. Without a waver came the answer—

"Ake! ake! ake!" (for ever).
Then Te Kahu approached Gordon, and, pointing to his rifle, asked—

“How many spears is the pakeha worth?”

Gordon smiled grimly as he replied that we five (for Jars had one of our guns) were equal to fifty men with the usual Maori arms.

We then took counsel together, and decided that it was advisable to remain inactive until the sun had set, when, under cover of darkness, we might advance towards the camp. Te Kahu suggested that probably the enemy would advance immediately on nightfall. This thought decided us that as soon as it became dusk we should proceed.

In order to be prepared for the probable fatigue of the night, it was thought wise to rest during the two hours intervening before sunset, so, planting a couple of sentries, we all lay down amongst the thick growth of flux.

In the anxiety of the moment, sleep was to me almost impossible; but not wishing to disturb any of the others, I lay still, thinking over the events of the past. I could not help reflecting how completely we were cut off from the world of civilisation, and how quickly the action of the last few weeks had caused me to forget the comforts and associations of my past life.

Had anyone prophesied the occurrences through which we had gone, and predicted that in the short space of a few weeks I should be identifying myself with the tribal warfare of the Maoris with as much interest as if the cause of quarrel were my own, I should have laughed him to scorn as a wild visionary. Yet here we were, on the eve of perhaps a fatal fray, calmly lying down in companion-
ship with the Maoris to steal a few hours of rest ere we entered on the attack. To me there came the stimulating thought that perhaps we might be able, by our assistance in the fight, to so win the regard of these people as to be able to get from them permission and help to leave their country and return to our own friends. This was one of the chief reasons why I had so willingly joined the present expedition, and, coupled with the desire to find our lost companion, Lodge, it had lent me heart in contemplating the danger on which we were about to enter. I thought of the friends we had left in Dunedin, now probably filled with anxiety for our welfare, but never once did I despair of seeing them again soon. No misgivings came to me as to the result of our expedition. No forebodings of evil nor doubts of our success in the fight marred the confidence with which I was prepared for the engagement. With these thoughts passing through my mind, the hours of waiting slipped away. When the voice of Te Kahu called us to prepare, I was, in fancy, back again with my friends, and seated at the domestic board listening to the usual gossip of the day’s doings from each member of the family. Recalled to the realities of the present, I sprang up, and found the time propitious for our marching. Te Kahu had been some time astir reconnoitring. The fire was still to be seen in the same spot, and everything indicated that as yet no advance had begun.

Keeping the fire always in sight, we proceeded silently on our march, and after a hard walk of about an hour and a-half were within rifle range of the camp. We had reached a spot where the enemy, if they desired to pass
beyond towards the river, would have to file through a narrow gorge, in which we could intercept them. Here, having them at a considerable disadvantage, we should be able to pour destruction upon them, and, by means of stones rolled from the hills overlooking the narrow passage, would soon either kill or turn them to flight. At this spot we halted, and arranged the order of warfare. Across the narrowest part of the gorge we decided to throw up as quickly and quietly as possible a stone wall, from behind which a few men could check the advance of the enemy. When they reached this wall, the whole party would be immediately under the steep faces of the hills on each side, and men posted on these would be in a position to deal hardly by them by merely rolling down stones, while at the same time they themselves would be comparatively free from attack.

Having arranged the order and had the wall erected, Te Kahu suggested that he should go forward and ascertain what was going on within the enemy's quarters, and learn if possible what were their intentions. Placing his men in position, with Jars and Richards and four picked men behind the wall, to be reinforced by us on our return, Te Kahu, Gordon, and I crept gradually forward to overlook, if possible, the doings of the hostile force. The distance still to be covered was much greater than we had imagined, and it took us fully twenty minutes before we got near enough to see any figures around the fire. Keeping close together and creeping along slowly, with a sharp look-out for sentries or stragglers, we reached a part of the bush which directly overlooked the spot on which the fire was
burning. From here we could see full into the camp, and were not surprised to find that the party consisted of at least seventy or eighty stalwart warriors. These were all seated near the fire, in the form of a crescent, surrounding the side farthest from us. They appeared to be all stark naked. Their hair was drawn up to the top of their heads, where it was tied in the form of a knot, showing like a short tuft on the crown. The majority of them had feathers stuck in their hair. Their faces and bodies were besmeared with a dull red colour, and each man carried a long spear in his left hand, had several shorter ones or darts stuck in a belt, and in his right hand was a stone or bone mere. Presently a fearful yell was heard, and a tall, powerful Maori rushed in before the squatting crowd, who immediately rose to their feet. At this proceeding Te Kahu became quite excited.

"E Haka!" he muttered through his clenched teeth.

The warrior who had rushed in front of the others uttered another fierce, savage yell, and jumped up into the air with most demoniacal gesticulations. This he repeated three times, then the whole party followed his example, making the ground around us shake with the force of their stamping. They then all broke out into the awful sounds of a war song, accompanying their voices with most grotesque grimaces—rolling their eyes, with only the whites showing; protruding their tongues, as if each were striving to outdo his neighbour in the length of this organ, or the diabolical expression of face, he could exhibit.

All the while the song proceeded they kept time with wild gesticulations, jumping and stamping, as if with one
mind, striking their chests and thighs, and shaking their heads at intervals, with excellent precision. After a time this wild demonstration gradually became less emphatic, and finally ceased, and the whole party squatted again as if nothing had occurred. Then they broke out into a slow, wailing chant, which gradually grew in intensity, until each seemed to be yelling at the top of his voice, from which it then gradually died away, until only the merest whisper was heard. This seemed to complete their weird performance, after which they appeared to be ready for the expedition. As they clustered together, we plainly saw that our estimate of their numbers was an incorrect one, and that there must be a full war party of 140 men.

As soon as the singing had ceased, Te Kahu motioned to us that we must return. He had heard enough to satisfy him that the march forward was about to commence. Noiselessly we followed him by the way we came. After going a short distance, Te Kahu stopped and placed his ear to the ground, as if to ascertain the whereabouts of the advancing force; then he arose and pushed on again. The enemy were coming in the direction of the gorge. Presently Te Kahu stopped suddenly. Something close in advance had arrested his attention. With a motion to us to remain still, he advanced some distance with cat-like tread. Then he stood still, and motioned us to follow quietly. When we came up he pointed to a black figure moving stealthily along in front of us. This was a scout from the advancing foe. To let him reach the gorge and discover the preparations made for the reception of his comrades would be fatal to our enterprise. I raised my
rifle as if asking Te Kahu should I fire. He shook his head, and placed his hands over his ears. It would make too much noise.

"Mataika! Mataika!" he exclaimed, and grasped his mere firmly.

I comprehended his meaning. The chance of his being the first to draw blood in the coming fight was in his favour. He eagerly embraced the opportunity to be the slayer of the first man killed in battle. With such odds against his side, it would be a wonderful encouragement if he could draw the first blood. The gods would then be with us, and each of his men would thereafter be a hero of valour.

Recognising the truth that Heaven has no prize beyond an opportunity, we readily accepted Te Kahu's feelings in the matter. He handed us his heavy spear, and, armed with his noble mere, he crept forward towards his prey. We followed quietly and breathlessly, watching every movement of both figures. The first walked on stealthily, never thinking of danger from behind; the other took every chance afforded him to advance on his victim. Shorter and shorter became the distance between the two men. The slightest pause or movement of the first man was seen by the other, and frequently Te Kahu stepped behind a bush as his enemy stopped in his advance to examine his surroundings. They were now close together, and another moment would end our suspense. Then the scout pressed forward, and Te Kahu with cat-like steps ran up behind him. Just when not more than two yards separated the men, the first turned quickly and saw
his follower. To hesitate now meant an alarm. With a
terrific bound forward, Te Kahu threw his whole weight
upon his antagonist, and dealt him a heavy blow with his
mere. The moment was well chosen, and the aim perfect.
The man was felled before he could realise his position or
utter a word. Another blow and the scout was beyond
power of thought or call. Without a moment’s hesitation
Te Kahu struck the head of the fallen man from the
body, and lifting the trunk upon his shoulders, bore it
quickly into a dense undergrowth near by. All trace of
the scout was removed from the path of the advancing
army, and Te Kahu bore his head to our men as evidence
of the death of the Mataika, and a sure omen for the
success of our arms that night.
CHAPTER XIV.

THE FIGHT AT THE GORGE.

As a test of the watchfulness of his men, Te Kahu led us back to the gorge by a different route from that which we had taken on coming out. He had made certain that the war party now on the march proposed passing that way, and was making all haste towards the spot. Long before we reached the passage Te Kahu's keen eyes and ears discovered that our movements were watched by the men he had placed on the outlook. We therefore lost no time in rejoining our friends. When Te Kahu stalked up, proudly exclaiming, "Naku te Mataika," and displayed his trophy of war, the faces of his followers brightened considerably. The effect of this first result of their chief's prowess was a strong stimulation to them to perform deeds of daring in the coming encounter. Speedily informing each division of his men what would be expected of them, and placing them in order, he took up his station with us under the shelter of the wall. I saw that a great deal of the success of the operations depended on the judgment with which the men on the hills acted. If they were too precipitate, the advancing party would be able to retreat without much harm being done, while if they waited too
long before raining the stones down, the passage might be forced despite our efforts to prevent it. On this account I suggested to Gordon that it would be better for one of us to be on each hill and direct operations. From there we could use our rifles with equal effect. Gordon did not approve of my proposal.

"You'll find when these beggars come up that we'll all have enough to do here. They won't stand still and allow themselves to be quietly shot down by us or knocked over by the stones from above. We'll have them between our fire and the pelting of those fellows up there, and if we can turn them back without loss on our side, I'll be more than content."

"You don't think they'll try to get over this wall in the dark in the face of the shooting?" I enquired, somewhat eagerly.

"Yes, I do. You don't know much of the Maori in war if you think any odds likely to turn him."

"But he won't see his enemy, and will magnify their power?" I returned.

"No, you're wrong there. The fact of not seeing and knowing his danger will make him indifferent to it. You'll see these fellows who are prepared for a hand-to-hand fight will have plenty to do if they mean to keep the pass unpierced."

Gordon was delightfully cool. I cannot say that I shared his feeling. This, my first experience of war, was to be gained under peculiar circumstances. We were waiting the approach of an enemy whose strength we could only guess at; were about to attack them in the dark, and
under a surprise. We could easily have avoided them and returned to the pa, where, being forewarned and prepared, their attack could easily have been met and repulsed. Instead of this we had formed an ambushade, and were hopeful of destroying the enemy by taking them at the greatest disadvantage and unprepared. True, we were practically certain that their advance was meant for an attack, and probably a midnight surprise, on our friends. This movement forward at night could only portend a surprise attack, but were we justified in joining in this most un-British way of meeting a foe? Were we justified in risking our lives and those of all our party in stemming the advance of this force, when we could, by holding back, have brought about a return to the pa and a preparation to meet the enemy’s attack in fair and open combat?

These thoughts crowded across my mind during the moment of silence which followed on Gordon’s remark. I did not, however, give any of them expression. It was too late to change any of our plans, even had I wished it. But I had no such desire. Indeed, I must confess that now the moment approached for the inevitable collision, I was considerably excited, and eager for the signal of battle. Strange that in this supreme moment of excitement I did not feel the slightest apprehension of fear. It may be that this reality was so utterly at variance with all my preconceptions of what an actual engagement would be, so radically different from anything I had ever read or heard about, that the actuality of the occasion was not clearly brought home to me. Be this as it may, here I was, stationed in the shelter of a tree, calmly awaiting the
approach of an enemy, whom I should have to engage, without clearly seeing his strength or knowing the capacity of his arms. Richards was not far from me, similarly placed behind a large tree, from which he could command an imperfect view along the gorge, the passage of which it was our purpose and duty to prevent.

"I say, Brock, old man," he presently whispered to me, "I don't care how soon these buffers come up. I don't like this waiting and uncertainty. I begin to wish myself well out of this infernal mess."

"There's no retiring now," I replied; "besides, we mustn't show the Maoris the white feather, you know. We must do justice to our arms to-night whatever happens."

"I'm not so blood-thirsty as you, I fear," replied Richards, with something of a sigh.

"Whatever you do, don't get careless and expose yourself to unnecessary risks," I continued. "Ah! what was that?"

The cause of this exclamation was a prolonged whistle, as if in imitation of a bird. It sounded at no great distance from where we stood, and evidently was a signal from the approaching force.

Had they discovered us?

Again the whistle was repeated, this time at our side, as if in answer.

Startled for the moment, I did not comprehend the meaning of these signals.

"Steady boys; keep quiet," whispered Gordon.

He knew what the whistling signified. Te Kahu had cunningly replied to the notes of enquiry from the enemy.
His reply would be mistaken for that of the scout, whose head, still reeking with blood, was near where the chief stood.

Concluding that all was safe, the enemy would push on after the answering scout.

Te Kahu whispered a few words in the ear of one of his followers, who at once started quickly and quietly towards the rear of our position. After a moment a similar whistle was heard from the direction this man had taken—another cunningly-devised plan of our chief to mislead his enemy, and bring them directly into the trap we had set.

A reply from the advancing foe nearer than before satisfied us of the success of this device, and put us on the alert for immediate action.

We could now hear the voices of the Maoris as they came nearer and nearer to our ambuscade. Presently their steady tread was audible. They were now all but in the gorge, and already the van had closed in with the necessity of filing through the passage in narrower column. As they drew together they presented a dense mass of man pressed forward by those behind. In another moment the foremost man had reached within a few feet of the wall we had erected. Those in the rear were still pressing eagerly on. Now was the time for action. With a wild yell Te Kahu called to his men; at the same moment our rifles poured forth their first volley. Those on the heights understood their work well, for instantly from both sides came a deadly shower of stones crashing into the now struggling mass of humanity below. Utterly bewildered by the suddenness of attack, and ignorant of
the side from which that came which appeared to come from all, our second volley had been fired before any of the enemy realised where they had a foe. By this time the advance was impeded by the slain and wounded, and as a number of the foremost attempted to scale the wall, they were speedily despatched by Te Kahu and his comrades. Another round from our rifles and several more Maoris went down. Now we saw the wonderful mettle of the New Zealander. Conscious that here was an antagonist, time after time the leading men threw themselves upon the wall, only to be knocked down or brained on reaching the other side. Some, by well-directed blows, had laid low two or three of our men; and as the advance on the other side of the wall became easier from the thinning of their numbers, a few of them got over, only to be bewildered by the rifle shots, and speedily fall victims to the mere of our men. Meanwhile thestoning party had dealt dreadful havoc amongst the struggling mass behind. Already not less than two-thirds of the whole number had been killed. Presently a greater rush was made for the wall, and six or eight Maoris succeeded in getting over and through our men. Before they could turn upon Te Kahu and his warriors, well-directed shots from Gordon's rifle and mine made two of them bite the dust. Three others then rushed towards our chief, but he was on the alert, and, turning quickly, felled the first to the ground. Richards left his tree and clubbed another with the butt of his rifle, and Te Kahu speedily rendered the third hors de combat. As Richards turned again he was confronted by a stalwart Maori, who, springing on him, grasped the upraised rifle with one hand,
and with the other struck our companion a dreadful blow upon the forehead with his club. At the same instant a shot from my rifle sent the Maori to his last account, but too late to avert the blow. I ran forward and raised Richards from the ground, heedless of what went on around me now. Gordon also had seen him fall, and came to my assistance. Together we carried Richards to a safe spot, and examined his hurt. He was unconscious but still breathing, and his heart beat strongly. Trembling with apprehension, we could do nothing but hold him up and wait. There was no water at hand, and in the darkness we could not ascertain the extent of his injury. As we knelt beside him in the agony of anxiety, the yells of our companions announced to us that at last the remnant of the enemy had turned in flight. Te Kahu and his followers were in hot pursuit, but I knew would not carry that too far for fear of displaying the smallness of our numbers. I called to Jars and Macdonald, and soon had the satisfaction of their joining us. Seeing how matters were, they both looked around in quest of water. After what seemed to us an age in the suspense of remaining inactive under such painful circumstances, when our whole desire was to do something for our fallen comrade, Te Kahu and his men returned. Without a moment's delay a fire was made, by the light of which we were able to do something for Richards. Water was speedily brought, and presently a faint return to consciousness was the result of our efforts. After a moment's recognition, but without uttering a syllable, our companion again became unconscious. Gordon and I examined the effects of the
blow he had received. He had been struck by a thick, heavy weapon, so that no wound had been made. The appearance of his head gave us hope that by careful attention he might soon be brought round.

Without speaking, Te Kahu had gone to examine those of his men who had fallen in the strife. Four of them were found, only one of whom still lived. The Maoris speedily constructed litters, upon which their wounded companion and the bodies of their dead were placed. We assisted in the construction of a similar litter for Richards. While we were engaged in this, the half-moon rose above the horizon. As I turned and looked towards the scene of the fight, her pale light shone upon the most ghastly sight I had ever witnessed. There, huddled together in a heap of crushed and mangled corpses, were the bodies of over a hundred men, who not many minutes previously had been strong with life and aflame with the worst passions that animate the breasts of human beings. With a sickened heart I turned towards the prostrate form of my companion, and joined in the weary march towards the river where our canoe lay.
CHAPTER XV.

A WOUNDED HERO.

Favoured by the moonlight, our return march, even under the burden of the litters and the dispiriting circumstances, did not occupy so long as the outward one. We halted several times to give attention to the wounded men. Richards, although breathing regularly, did not once return to consciousness. We found our canoe undisturbed. Speedily embarking, we reached the pa just as daylight appeared. Without delay we had Richards conveyed to our whare and such attention given to him as we could devise.

About an hour after he was brought in, as I sat watching him, he opened his eyes, and, looking vacantly about, seemed wanderingly anxious to speak. I bent over him at once, and whispered—

"Speak to me, Richards, old man; how do you feel?"

He heard my voice, for his eyes turned and met mine. There was in them a vacant look. He pressed my hands feebly, but did not reply.

For some minutes I sat holding my companion’s hand and watching his face. Gradually there seemed to go through his brain some recollection of what had happened.
Some sparks of intelligence illumined his face, then seemed to fade away in the shadow of a vacancy painful to see.

Presently his lips moved. Bending down, I caught his words—

"Has he escaped?"

He was now going through the events immediately preceding his unconsciousness, and enquiring for Te Kahu.

"Yes," I answered, "Te Kahu is unhurt. We are all safe but you."

"The enemy, did they run?" he then enquired.

"Yes, all that were left of them. But you must remain quiet; you must not speak of it now."

Without heeding my injunction, he continued—

"And our men, how many of them are killed?"

"Three, and one wounded besides yourself," I replied, thinking it better to humour him, and so perhaps ease his mind.

"Three killed!" he muttered, "and one wounded besides me. That was terrible work, Brock?"

"Yes, old man, it was terrible; but come now, I want you to take some sleep."

"Give me a drink, Brock," he asked feebly, after a pause.

I made all haste to comply, and held some water to his lips. After drinking he seemed easier, and lay for a moment quietly thinking. Then his mind seemed to revert to the past.

"Did you find any trace of Lode or the missing Maoris?" he enquired in a choking voice.
"No; we came away at once with you and the others of our men."

This remark seemed to awake him to the fact that he was not on the scene of the fight. Looking around him, he said—

"Are we in the village?"

"Yes; you were brought here unconscious."

"How did you manage it?"

"We carried you on a litter to the canoe."

Then for a moment he was quiet again, but only for a moment.

"Brock, old man," he said, moving as if to take my hand. When I had grasped his, he continued—"I want you to promise me something."

"What is it?" I asked, quietly. I saw that his eyes were dim with tears, and his face wore a troubled expression.

"Promise me, if I don't get over this, that you won't leave me here?" Then he stopped with a choking sensation at the throat.

"Don't talk nonsense," I said, grasping his hand firmly, while an uneasy feeling oppressed me; "you will soon be all right again."

"I'm afraid not."

He paused a moment, and then went on hesitatingly—

"Promise me if anything happens you'll take me back with you to Dunedin, and let my bones be buried near my friends. You know what I mean?" he murmured, with a dull sob, as he pressed my hand.

Tears now gathered thickly in his eyes, and a deep
silence overcame us both. The heavy foreboding which possessed him influenced me, and filled my heart with misgivings. He did not speak again, and presently his hold of my hand relaxed. I saw that sleep had come to him, and as I withdrew my hand a fervent prayer formed in my mind that the rest on which he was now entering would leave him refreshed and strengthened, and give assurance of his speedy recovery.

His request had brought forcibly home to me the position in which our companion lay. The terrible reality of his possible death was now for the first time presented to my mind, and I fell into a deep fit of abstraction. The face of the grim tyrant is most terrible at all times, but when it is presented to you in the abode of barbarism, or under the roof of strangers in blood and sympathy, it is charged with double terror. The awful fact that our comrade might perhaps be called away while in this wild land, beyond the knowledge or services of his friends, who should never be permitted to look upon his face, either living or dead, again, was to me a most disquieting reflection. The same thought must have passed through the mind of poor Richards before he made the request he did. With this weight upon my mind I rose and went outside the whare. Almost at the door I met Gordon and MacDonald, who had both been to see what aid could be obtained for our wounded comrade. Gordon's face wore a look of disappointment.

"Is there any change?" he asked, anxiously.

"Yes, he has been conscious and is now asleep."

"Ah! what do you think of him?"
"He woke up quite rational, but seems terribly weak," I replied.

"I've had some soup made for him, which can be had at a moment's notice."

Gordon then entered the whare, and went forward to look at Richards, who still slept peacefully.

Motioning to me to follow him, he turned and left the building. When we were out again he said—

"We are wanted at a meeting of the chiefs and Council. Mac will stay and watch by Richards until we return."

Turning to Macdonald, he asked him to do this, and we at once set out together. For some moments Gordon was silent, then he looked me straight in the face and said—

"Is this cursed business going to be the end of Richards?"

He spoke bitterly and firmly, evidently with some feeling of responsibility for what had occurred. I could only express my hope for the best, but continued—

"The injury is one beyond our knowledge. So far as can be seen there is hope; but we have no idea what harm is done under the surface."

After walking some distance in silence, Gordon turned to me again—

"The result of last night's proceeding is a glaring instance of the way the mass of people judge events. Success is the only evidence of forethought or good judgment the bulk of them can see. They cannot realise any other test. Te Kahu is now being lionised for his wonderful skill and judgment, but had a different end been reached
the verdict would probably have been that he was a fool and a blunderer."

He spoke in a tone the reverse of kindly. The unfortunate ending of the contest the night before had soured and filled him with self-reproach.

When we reached the place of meeting a great shout of welcome and triumph greeted us. Evidently the story of the fight had been recounted, and every man of the tribe was grateful for the service which had been rendered in staying the advance of the hostile tribe. More than one Rangatira advanced towards us and conducted us to a place of honour by the Ariki. When we had been received with all due honour and solemnity, the Ariki proceeded to deliver what was no doubt an eloquent testimony to the services rendered by the pakehas, but as I was not able to understand more than a word here and there, the full benefit of it was lost on me, and consequently to the world at large. This remark also applies to the ceremony of rejoicing, or thanksgiving, which was performed by the Tohunya.

While the Ariki was speaking I fancied that Jars, who, of course, understood what was being said, viewed us with some degree of envy and malignity. There may have existed in his mind a feeling that he had been neglected in the thanks of the chief. He probably felt that his importance was overshadowed, and that the new-comers were supplanting him in the good graces of the Maoris.

I certainly felt impressed with some distrust towards the Frenchman, and made up my mind to be on guard, so far as he was concerned, in the future.
As soon as we could, Gordon and I got away from the meeting, and were proceeding hastily towards our whare when Te Kahu hurried after us. When he came up, his first words were of enquiry for Richards. His face brightened when he heard that he had been conscious and had spoken. When he became aware that one of the first questions of the wounded man was as to his safety, he seemed greatly impressed, and had to turn his head away to hide a tear. The already high opinion I had of Te Kahu was greatly increased by these simple evidences of kindly feeling.

After this he walked by us in silence, and entered the whare with the utmost diffidence. There was unmistakeable evidence of his thorough thoughtfulness and kindliness of heart in the quiet way in which he advanced and gazed on the face of our still sleeping comrade. We stood for some minutes beside the prostrate form of Richards, and I saw flit across the face of Te Kahu a shadow of the dark desire for vengeance which is so strongly characteristic of the Maori, followed by a smile of satisfaction as he no doubt reflected that the blow received by our friend, and the loss of his men, had been bought at a terrible price by the routed foe.

After standing for some minutes in mute contemplation of the form of the man who had received the blow that might have fallen on his own head, Te Kahu turned quietly and left the building. While he was standing there I had whispered to Gordon that the present was a fitting opportunity to enlist Te Kahu’s aid in our desire to leave the Maori country.
Gordon agreed with me, so that when the chief went out we followed him. Gordon had, during the sojourn with the natives, so far improved his knowledge of their language that he was now able to carry on a conversation with tolerable ease. My Maori vocabulary was as yet somewhat restricted.

After a few words on the subject of our injured friend, Gordon directly appealed to Te Kahu to assist us to get back to our own people. The condition of Richards, who had been wounded in exposing himself for the assistance of Te Kahu, was such as to require the aid of medical men. Would he, as soon as our companion was fit to be moved, give us guidance and assistance to leave the country, we promising on our part not to reveal what we had seen, nor make the existence of the Maori hapu known to our people? Te Kahu listened intently to all that was said, and then appeared to be reflecting deeply on the subject. I saw that he was impressed by our desire at this time. He was evidently undergoing an inward struggle. Duty was probably pitted against inclination, and he could not decide without much thought. At length a painful, troubled look crossed his face. He turned to us and said—

"The pakeha asks what is not in my power to grant."

"But if you would, you could obtain for us permission to depart?"

"No, the Ariki hath spoken, and the decree cannot be altered except by the unanimous voice of the Council."

"None would object if Te Kahu now desired it," we returned. "You have to-day great claims on the gratitude of your people, and if you asked this as a favour no one would refuse to grant it."
Te Kahu shook his head. We did not know the Maori aversion to any such request as we suggested. There was no self-seeking amongst them in their public duties, and any who sought reward for public services would soon lose all hold on the good opinion of the people. All were public-spirited who had any place in the esteem of the hapu, and nothing would forfeit this so quickly as a request for reward for any action worthy of the general gratitude.

"But," we continued, "could you not suggest to the Ariki that it would be a graceful acknowledgment of our assistance to you if the Council now gave us liberty to return to our own people."

At this suggestion Te Kahu smiled, and then said—

"The pakeha must not seek to interfere with the doings of the Ariki. He must not expect the Maori to give as a reward that which would place it out of his power ever to acknowledge the services of the pakeha again."

There was so much rough logic in this reply that Gordon ceased to urge our claims further. We could only wait for the chance we hoped for. Perhaps there would such an occasion arise from the action of the natives towards us now that we had shown of what use we could be in such cases of emergency as that lately recorded.

When Te Kahu left us, Gordon and I stood for some minutes discussing how best to act for Richard's benefit. All at once the sounds of yelling from the Maoris attracted our attention, and we heard that they were engaged in dancing and shouts of triumph over the defeat of their enemy. With no heart for any such sight, we returned to the side of our wounded companion.
CHAPTER XVI.

DEATH OF A HERO.

During the night, Richards became delirious, and Gordon and I spent the hours which we had hoped to devote to sleep watching by his side. At first, our companion muttered loving speeches, addressed to the young lady to whom he was engaged to be married; and then, thinking he was alone with her, he spoke of their hopes for the future, and the plans he had made for their marriage and after life. He went over again in his delirium all the thoughts which had animated him during the months immediately preceding our excursion, and unfolded plans which had been on his mind affecting himself and his promised bride. It was truly heart-rending to sit there in the dull light of the whare listening to the mournful voice of our poor friend as he talked words so full of hope and meaning, but which, coming as they did from his irresponsible mind, went home to our souls and filled us with hopeless pity. Then he seemed to take up the events that had occurred since we had set out on our expedition. When he spoke of the descent of the mountain, he became thoroughly excited, and for a time we could scarcely restrain the fierce action which followed on the promptings of his delirium.
After this he lay quiet for a time, and seemed to be in a peaceful sleep, except that at short intervals his lips moved and a few disjointed words indicated that his mind was far from resting. Presently he started up again, and called out, "Don't go! don't go! Don't go with them! They are treacherous, and will kill us!" Then, for a moment, quietness reigned again, only to be broken by the same train of thought, as he exclaimed "Don't go! don't go! Let us resist them while we are strong enough to escape from them!" He was evidently recalling our meeting with the Maoris, and disclosing the thoughts that were on his mind at that time.

Perhaps, had he spoken then, we should not have been in our present plight, and I should not now be recording experiences from which I can only hope we will emerge successfully. After this a somewhat longer interval of quietness followed, during which both Gordon and I sat silently watching the face and form of our companion—sat in mutual sympathy, but too full of sad thoughts to speak. As I gazed upon the solemn face of Gordon, and from that to the closed eyes and sunken cheeks of Richards, who, so shortly before, had been the healthiest and strongest of us all, I could not help harboring hard thoughts of the Maoris to whom we owed our misfortunes. Then I reflected how unreasonable were my feelings; and with an effort I dismissed from my mind all such thoughts, only to become possessed with a dull foreboding as to the result of the blow which had prostrated our companion.

Then I fell into an uncomfortable reverie, and built up all kinds of wild fancies of a daring escape from the
Maoris, and repulsing them in an attempt to recapture us; of returning to their village, and dealing out vengeance to them for their acts; of the great excitement we caused on recounting to our friends the events of our expedition; and many other fancies of wild and improbable occurrences flowing from the position in which we were placed, and the events of the immediate past.

Suddenly I was awakened from my dream-like state by a wild cry from Richards; and, starting up, found him again laboring under strong excitement. He yelled fiercely several times, and sat up with glaring eyes and upraised hands, as if intent on felling some imaginary foe. After accomplishing what appeared to be his purpose, he sank back again, seemingly overcome, panting for breath, and rolling his eyes wildly. Gordon at once held some water to his lips, and bathed his throbbing temples, which had the effect of considerably soothing him. Again, for a time, all was quiet, and we sat watching the now still and silent form beside us, but filled with painful apprehension, as we noted his labored breathing, and the painful twitching of the face so wanting in animation and expression. At length, Gordon broke the dull silence by whispering to me—

"I say, old man, can we not do anything for him? Is there nothing we could do to relieve him?"

"Nothing that I can see; we can only trust to Nature, and hope that this sleep will leave him refreshed and strengthened."

"Don't you think some of the Maoris could do something to help him?"

"Do something!" I echoed, somewhat bitterly. "They
would consult their Tohunga, and if he said 'the wounded
man would not recover, probably they would hasten his
death.'"

"I don't think they are so bad as that," returned Gordon,
testily; certainly I think if Richards wakes up again
delirious, we should try what they can do."

Then we relapsed into silence, and sat watching the
prostrate form for some considerable time. The pale moon
rose above the horizon, and the faint light from her waning
crescent shone into the whare and fell upon the face of the
sleeper. The stillness of midnight was unbroken by the
slightest sound. The searching moonbeams cast a weird
and fitful gleam upon the floor, and fell in dull whiteness
upon the different parts of the cold and cheerless apart-
ment.

Suddenly the still night was startled from its peaceful-
ness by the cruel, monotonous whining of a dog near the
whare. The animal had awoke from its slumbers, and,
seeing the faint gleam of the moonlight, had struck up a
dismal, discordant yell, drawn out into a wretched whine.
As this painful noise fell on our ears, Gordon looked at
me, and I at him, with pained expression. The super-
stitions of our youth came back to both of us in an instant.
In such surroundings, and with this circumstance so much
in keeping with our darkest thoughts, we found it impos-
sible to shake off the uncomfortable feeling they engendered.
As Gordon looked at me in silence, a tear trickled down
his cheek, and his lips quivered with emotional excitement.

The situation was too solemn and painful for words,
and I turned away my head with the consciousness of a
dull choking at my throat. The whining of the dog still
continued, and I was glad of the short relief afforded me
in going out to drive the animal away from the immediate
vicinity of Richards' bedside. As I turned again towards
the whare, a dark cloud obscured the moon, and the light
it afforded was dulled. This circumstance added to my
gloomy feelings as I went back to my friends. It also had
the effect of quietening the dog, and an oppressive silence
followed. We resumed our watching without a word, the
shadow of a superstition still resting upon us. The sense
of our isolation took possession of me, and hope seemed a
powerless antidote. An uneasy movement by our com-
panion directed our attention to him. After tossing about
for some minutes he opened his eyes and looked around him
dreamily. When his gaze fell upon us he stared vacantly
for a moment, and then his lips moved feebly as he said—

"Gordon, old friend, are you there?"

Gordon stooped over him and took his hand.

"Yes, Richards, old fellow, can I do anything for you?"

"It is too late, old friend; I am beyond help now. You
can do nothing but bear my latest message."

His words came feebly from his faltering lips, but were
spoken with the firmness of conviction.

"Don't say that, Richards, old man; you will get better
from this blow," exclaimed Gordon, as he brushed a tear
from his eyelids.

"Yes, I'll be better soon," replied Richards, solemnly.

There was no mistaking his meaning. As he spoke he
turned to me and held out his hand, which I grasped
firmly.
"Goodbye, Brock, old man," he said feebly, as he returned the pressure of my fingers; "you won't forget your promise to me, will you?"

His calm resignation quite unmanned me, and I could only reply by a gentle pressure of his hand. Richards then turned to Gordon.

"You will promise me, too," he murmured, "that when you leave here you will take my body back to friends in Dunedin, and not leave my bones to be used as spearheads and fishhooks by these savages?"

Richards spoke with feeling, and the effort exhausted him. Gordon bent kindly over him as he whispered some soothing words of hope. To us the conviction expressed by our friend that he would never rise from the effects of the blow was a most disheartening omen. We had never ceased to nurse the strongest hope that his injury would not prove serious; but when he had given himself up to the opposite feeling, and with faltering voice bade us good-bye, the dreadful reality of despair left us utterly speechless. After a moment Richards spoke again. With his hands resting in ours, he moved his lips slowly without looking at us.

"You will see her for me, will you not, and give her my last message?"

He could not trust himself to pronounce the name of his fiancée, but we understood his meaning, and for reply gently pressed his hand. In a voice quivering with emotion, he continued—

"Tell her that far away in this wild country, in the midst of this savage people, my latest thoughts were of her."
Tell her that when I lay dying her image made my departure less sad, the memory of her voice cheered my last moments, and that as I crossed into the dark shadow the thought of her love for me illumined and brightened my way."

This effort proved a severe strain upon his feeble frame, and, as sob followed sob and choked his utterance, I felt that I could not longer help to cheer the prostrate man. I glanced at Gordon in mute sympathy, and saw big tears freely coursing over his cheeks. He smothered back a noisier expression of his feelings, and turned again towards Richards, who continued—

"Say to her, old friends, that my latest wish is that she should not allow her grief for me to stand in the way of her future happiness; that if she should find some worthy fellow to fill the void left by my death, I pray her to give him that bliss she would have bestowed on me; that I will look upon them from my resting-place and bless the union. Ask her not to mourn for me in any outward show of grief; that a thought now and then of her lost lover, who died far away from her, will be all I expect."

He paused again, breathing heavily, and lay still for some moments as if about to fall asleep. Presently he started up again.

"Oh! Brock, Gordon, what is the date?"

"We told him.

"Yes, it is! I felt it! To-morrow morning was the date fixed for our marriage! Yes, sweet bride, I will see you then; sweet love, I will join you, never fear! Oh! Gordon, tell her the story of my death!—that I did not meet a coward's fate, but fell doing my duty to a friend."
"Yes, yes," replied Gordon, as Richards looked at him with a troubled appeal; "you fell nobly, and your friends shall know it!"

Gordon's voice trembled, and he could scarcely finish. His words seemed to carry some sunshine to the expiring mind.

With a smile upon his lips Richards again spoke.

"One more message, Gordon."

He paused as if unable to speak. After a moment he faltered—

"If she should ever marry"—but he seemed unable to proceed.

Gordon motioned to me, and together we raised the feeble form of our friend. He smiled faintly as he said—

"Thank you, old friends; that is well. If she should ever marry—tell her I hope she will,—and have a son,—I—I—should—like him to bear my name. You'll say that to her,—will you not?" and he again turned his tearful eyes in mute appeal to us.

"Yes, yes, old man, it will be a sacred message," replied Gordon.

"Aye, my last request," murmured the dying man.

At that moment the whining of the dog near our whare again disturbed us. Richards heard the sound, and a shadow passed over his face. Presently we felt his form grow heavier on our arms, and sink slowly down towards the earth. We knew that with the elasticity of his limbs the spirit which animated them had fled peaceably away. In mournful silence we laid down our burden, and cast a long sad look upon the peaceful features now still in death.
The cloud which had obscured the moon passed away, and her pale light fell full upon the landscape. In the solemn stillness Gordon and I rose, and as with mutual impulse, linked our arms together, and passed slowly out into the night. A dark shadow had fallen across our pathway, but in the silence of the hour our grief was softened by a feeling of sympathy too deep for language.

The rest which had been found by our companion, and the resignation of his last moments, took all the bitterness from our souls, and left us to a chastening sorrow.

His wedding morn dawned, and the sun rose upon his lifeless form. Far away in a busy city an expectant bride sat, bathed in tears of suspense and uncertainty over the absence of a bridegroom who had that day entered into a more lasting union, and would never fulfil his earthly tryst.
CHAPTER XVII.

ENTOMBED IN AN ICE CAVE.

With aching hearts we enlisted the assistance of Te Kahu in the disposal of the body of our poor dead friend.

Who, that had seen the grief of the Maori when informed of the death of Richards, would have imagined that such feeling could possibly be displayed by an uncivilised mind? The intelligence seemed to come as a great shock to Te Kahu, and to place him beyond the power of giving his sorrow words.

When his grief had somewhat softened, he entered fully into our feelings in the matter of the disposal of our companion's corpse in some other way than that practised by the Maoris, and readily gave his assistance in the construction of a coffin. While this was being made he suggested that we should take steps to embalm the body—a process which had formerly obtained amongst his people with the bodies of chiefs. This we eagerly adopted as the best means of carrying out the wish of our friend, that his body should not be left on our departure from Maori territory. Te Kahu also proposed that we should afterwards convey the body to some ice caves that existed in a high mountain beyond where the river which flowed past the pa ended. This suggestion we also considered a
wise one, as, besides rendering the process of embalming doubly sure, it might open a way for us to reach the West Coast, whence we might have some hope of communication with the outside world. Te Kahu, urged by us, at once took all the necessary steps to carry out the embalming of Richards' body, and some valuable mats were provided by him in which to wrap the corpse. This was an evidence of regard which should have been particularly gratifying to the friends of the deceased.

Four days after the death of Richards, his body was placed in the coffin, and we started out, under the guidance of Te Kahu and his faithful band of rowers, to deposit it in the recesses of an ice cave, which should be known only to the chief and ourselves. The expedition was one which was to take several days for its completion. The whole of the first day would be occupied in reaching the foot of the hill in which the caves existed, another day in getting to and returning from the cave, while the return, being against the current of the river, would probably take at least two days more.

We noticed that as the canoe proceeded the current of the river increased in velocity. Recollecting that this river was known as the "lost river," we accounted for the increasing force of the current by the fact that it was approaching the point at which it flowed underground and disappeared. Presently, the roaring sound, produced by the rush of water under the hill, became very distinct, and the canoe shot along so swiftly that the rowers had nothing to do but keep her in the proper course. Towards sunset we found ourselves rushing along at great speed, and
shortly we were under the shadow of a high range of hills, one of which Te Kahu pointed out as the place for which we were making. He ordered the canoe to be run ashore and drawn up on high ground. After this we had a couple of hours' walking before we reached the foot of the hill it was our purpose to climb. Here we camped for the night in quite a different atmosphere from that which we had left in the morning. Roughly speaking, we seemed to have travelled nearly 100 miles from the pa.

Early next morning we started up the hill, bearing with us the rude coffin with Richards' body. The climb proved a most tedious and tiresome proceeding; and as we got nearer the caves we encountered considerable difficulty in surmounting the vast ice blocks and occasional crevices.

The most toilsome journey is, however, overcome by perseverance, and we were at last rewarded by arriving at our destination. This proved to be a series of small caves of most peculiar formation, each of which was almost hidden by the huge blocks of ice, of irregular and fantastic shapes, which covered the hill on that part. Within, the caves were nothing but vast walls of smooth ice, here and there studded with icicles. When we brought a light to our aid in exploring some of the caverns, the effect of the sparkling surface was something quite beyond anything my experience had ever encountered or my imagination conceived. On all sides the cavern seemed brilliant with gems of the purest kind, and as the light danced and twisted through the many projecting icicles, the effect was truly marvellous. Different colours were thrown in all directions, and reflected and sparkled, until the whole place
Entombed in an Ice Cave.

seemed ablaze with diamonds, rubies, and all kinds of precious stones, glittering in the purest ray. We all stood still as the different flashes of beauty burst upon us, and I would fain have remained to try what different effects could be produced by the changing position of the light. After a time, however, so much brilliancy became dazzling, and we were compelled to seek relaxation in a change of scene. Presently Te Kahu led us into a larger cave, where some of the ice had been worked into shelves. He pointed to some of these, upon which there were several forms wrapped in mats. These, he said, were bodies of some former inhabitants of the country, which had not been disturbed by his people. I afterwards found that reverence for anything having the sanctity of antiquity was a strong feeling in the mind of the Maoris amongst whom we were living. After examining several other caves, we chose one in which to place the body of our friend. It was a small cave, the mouth of which was almost obscured by some huge ice blocks. It seemed less liable to change than any of the others, and contained fewer rugged surfaces or icicles than those we had previously visited. We reverently placed the coffin containing the remains of poor Richards on a high ledge in this quiet cave, in such a position that no one entering without the intention of thoroughly exploring the cavern would be likely to discover the body. With a genuine feeling of sadness we deposited the silent form of our late friend in this cold and solitary tenement. As we turned our backs upon the familiar face, now pale and still in its last long sleep, the great weight upon our hearts was rendered doubly heavy by the thought that his
spirit had winged its flight to its eternal home when he was so far away from all those friends dear to his heart. The uncertainty as to whether his last wish—to have his body laid to rest amongst his own people—would ever be carried out, helped to sadden us as we left the cave to begin our return journey.

For some time after we started from the cave none of us spoke, and the silence was unbroken when we had passed down beyond the snow-covered summit of the hill.

"I should like to go round this hill a bit before we go down," said Gordon, eventually.

He had spoken my thought. On consulting Te Kahu, he said there was ample time, so we at once started off around the mountain. When we had gone round almost to the other side of the hill, we had a good view of the country lying apparently between us and the ocean. Further round we got a glimpse along a deep valley on the other side of the hill under which the Waitiro flowed. Here there seemed to be an immense dip towards the north-west, and away in the distance we saw what appeared to be a vast waterfall over the cliff of the high head to the valley. From where we stood I conjectured that this must have some connection with the waters of the river. Gordon asked Te Kahu if he had ever been round at the waterfall, and, ascertaining that he had, we learned that my supposition was correct. The huge body of water from the river rushed underground, and some portion of it was doubtless forced upwards in a narrow channel to the top of the hill, from which it overflowed in the wonderful fall at which we were gazing. It was a great distance
to the fall, but the air being particularly clear, we were able to see it distinctly.

"What height do you think it is?" I said, after we had stood for some moments looking towards it.

"Three or four thousand feet at least," replied Gordon, after a moment's thought. "I wish we had time for a closer examination, or that I had a powerful telescope. I'm sure there's no waterfall in the world anything like that in height."

I felt that Gordon was right. Everything seemed to combine in the production of a natural wonder. The forcing of the water from below, and the great dip of the valley on the other side, helped to increase the height through which the water fell.

"Yes, we shall pose as discoverers when we get an opportunity of disclosing the events of our expedition," I replied.

"Your record of our excursion will read like a second Munchausen's journey yet," returned Gordon, smiling.

"It certainly will, if we go on at this rate, revealing fresh wonders at every turning."

"New Zealand is already the great wonderland of the Pacific; but if new marvels arise to prove that that title is earned with only half her wealth displayed, what shall we call her when we know her vast resources in the sublimity of Nature?" said Gordon, as we reluctantly obeyed Te Kahu's injunction to continue our descent.

A short distance beyond where we stood, wondering at the height of the waterfall, we saw several large glaciers, but time did not permit us to get near them. We, there-
fore, rapidly turned round the face of the hill towards the spot where our camp was.

For some distance we found no difficulty in covering the ground with a considerable degree of speed, and, under the able guidance of Te Kahu, had little doubt but that we should reach the others of our party before darkness set in. We walked in single file, Te Kahu leading, followed by Gordon and myself, Macdonald bringing up the rear. The Scotchman had been more than usually quiet during the whole of the journey. Since the disappearance of Lode he had preserved a remarkable taciturnity, merely giving the briefest reply to anything said to him. Descending the mountain, we found a number of narrow crevices, most of which were filled with snow, covered with a thin frozen crust, upon which we were able in most instances to cross to the other side of the crevice. Presently these became less hard, and the risk in trusting our weight to them was increased; but as nightfall threatened to overtake us, we hurried on, without any warning to one another on the subject. A sort of mutual feeling existed that we must make the best of our time, without any delay for talking.

Suddenly we were startled by a cry from Macdonald, who had fallen a short distance behind us. Turning quickly round, we saw that he had lost his footing on a somewhat steep snow course, and was sliding rapidly down the surface of the channel in a position the reverse of dignified. The snow appeared hard enough to bear his weight, but the speed with which he was carried past us boded some ill to his limbs. As he rushed down with an avalanche of snow, he called distractedly to us. We lost
no time in following down the side of the channel in which he was being hurled, helpless and choked with snow. Presently a great mass of snow curled up into a heap, and the Scotchman disappeared from our view right in the middle of it. Here was a pretty fix. Macdonald had shot down into the snow we knew not how far, and we were without any kind of appliance whereby we could remove the mass. The consequences might be serious, and no time was to be lost. At once we set to work dragging off the snow from the place where we imagined our companion to be. Working with all our might, we made some impression upon the softened heap, but could gain no trace of the buried man. As we brought the snow out from the hole we were making, we threw it over into a heap some distance lower down the channel. After we had worked with a will for nearly half an hour, and had piled up the loose snow to a considerable height on the bank of the gully, we began to harbour thoughts of giving up the search until we could get assistance from the camp. Urging my companions to another effort, I turned my face down the hill to throw up some of the result of our scratching, when there met my view the bedraggled and perspiring face of Macdonald, as, spluttering and cursing, he emerged from under the heap we were piling up. We had been throwing up a mound of loose snow on the spot at which he was struggling to get rid of the burden above him, so that the more we worked the greater was the weight of snow through which he had to make his way.

"Guid save us!" he cried, as soon as he recovered his breath and shook himself free from the snow; "what a
daft lot o' stirks ye are! Here hae I been birzin' an' birzin' tae get oot o' the bing, an', like a lot o' steekit craws, ye've been scartin' an' scartin' the snaw on the very tap o' me. Fegs! ye've nearly doited me!"

A hearty laugh from Gordon and me soon restored the Scotchman's equanimity, and placed us in fair trim for the further descent, thankful that no more serious consequence had attended Macdonald's accident. We reached the camp without further mishap, and were heartily glad of the supper which awaited us.
CHAPTER XVIII.

A VOLCANIC ERUPTION.

We started for the pa next morning. At first the current of the river was too strong to allow of the canoe being used, so we had to proceed on foot up the river bank. The Maori rowers, dragging the canoe behind, followed us. The canoe was a full Waka Tana, or war canoe, larger than the one we had used on our previous excursions on the river. The laws ofTapu forbade the use of any other than a war canoe in which to transport a corpse.* We were thus encumbered by a much larger canoe than formerly, and as a consequence made less progress. Towards noon I saw far away to the north-east a large, conical-shaped mountain, from the top of which was rising what appeared to be smoke.

I pointed this out to Gordon, who in turn asked Te Kahu the explanation of it. It was a volcano which, Te Kaku informed us, occasionally emitted smoke and steam, as at present, but generally there was nothing to be seen but small jets of steam rising from different parts of the summit, where boiling springs existed.

* This is, I think, not strictly correct as applied to the general Tapu of the Maoris, although it may be the case amongst the tribe referred to by Mr. Brock. A canoe known as Wakaatu was used to convey the bodies of the dead.—Ed.
On learning this we felt anxious to see the hill, and asked Te Kahu if he would conduct us to it. This he agreed to do, and, obtaining the consent of his men, we shortly afterwards embarked in the canoe, by which we were pulled up a small branch stream as far as the depth of water would permit.

After this we proceeded on foot, keeping along the bank of the stream, which appeared to come directly from the base of the hill. It was noon of the second day before we began the ascent of the mountain. Smoke was still rising from its summit, and appeared to me to be increasing in volume, but this appearance may only have been due to our getting closer to it. The stream along which we had come towards the hill flowed in an irregular course down the side. At the foot of the hill Te Kahu performed a ceremony of incantation, into which we did not enquire, and then started up with us, still keeping close to the stream. Presently the volcanic formation of the bed of this stream attracted our attention. At first it consisted of occasional deposits of lava-like nature, but further up we came upon a series of smooth channels of the same formation, and found that where the water trickled over any vegetable growth, the silicious deposit had formed a curious white crust over it, and left it like a petrified plant. Further up, the water flowed over a series of basins formed of the same deposit, dazzling in its purity and unique in its smoothness. Te Kahu pointed out to us that whereas the water below was quite cold, as we progressed upwards it became warmer, and gradually increased in temperature, until each succeeding basin was filled with water warmer
than that below. On the sides of the stream grew a profusion of vegetation, and I discovered some of the loveliest fern growths I have ever seen, growing on the edge of the water, sheltered under the overhanging banks. We proceeded up, examining each different basin as we went, until I had counted fifteen of them, each of which contained water of a different temperature to its neighbour. We had not yet reached the highest terraces, from which steam could be seen ascending in thick clouds. In these the whiteness of the lower terraces was mixed up with some degree of pinky colour, so that the smooth face of the basin was streaked and irregular.

I suggested to Gordon that a bath in the warm and grateful waters of one of these basins would be a refreshing and comforting experience after the hard and tiresome work we had undergone to reach the hill. Te Kahu also seemed glad of my proposal, and without more ado we all prepared for a dip into this wonderful bath. Oh! the elysium of the experience! When the warmth and softness of the water encircled us we felt transported to a balmy restfulness altogether unique in human experience. Such a bath was a fitting reward for days and weeks of toil! It made one forget for a time all the stern realities of his position in that strange land; banished from his mind all feeling of apprehension, all misgivings, all care for the immediate future; and left only the soothing, satisfying reflection that life is all peace, comfort, and enjoyment. For myself, I was loth to leave the water which gave such a blissful experience, and it was with reluctance I followed Te Kahu and my friends as they
ascended from one basin to another into warmer and still warmer water. We went through several different degrees of temperature, like the gradual heating of a Turkish bath, until we reached a basin in which we found the water hot and sulphurous—so strong, indeed, that we were glad to return again to the lower temperature below, and so descend in a process of gradual cooling down to where we started, where we dressed, and prepared to continue our ascent of the mountain. A short distance above where we had met with the sulphurous bath, we discovered several active geysers, the largest of which threw the water a height of at least forty feet. The beauty of these columns of pure water was something beyond description, and as they sparkled and dazzled in the rays of sunlight which now shone through them, the sight was one not soon to be forgotten. Each geyser was attended by a cloud of mist or steam arising from its base, but the column of water, as it shot up and curled high in the air, was of the brightest and purest. Further examination revealed to us several orifices from which the geysers had ceased to play; from some of these steam was emitted in slight misty clouds. The lips of these now silent mouths were smooth and regular, showing that at one time the now hard crust had consisted of a soft volcanic formation. Amongst the geysers were several small bubbling pools, the water of which was quite hot and boiling. Te Kahu proved this by placing some potatoes in a small basket into the water, from which he withdrew them in a short time perfectly cooked. Here, then, were wonderful evidences of Nature's working! Upon the side of a hill within sight of
A Volcanic Eruption.

a region of perpetual snow and ice,—indeed, looking towards a number of immense glaciers and ice caves—we were now watching the continuous flow of large volumes of boiling water made hot by the internal fires of a volcano. On one side of the valley were all the elements of grim and perpetual winter, while on the other existed those forces which make eternal summer. On the one mountain top nothing but the coldness of ice and snow, and on the other the warmth of bright verdure and hot springs. Truly, Nature indulges in strong contrasts!

After we were sufficiently rested by the examination of these wonders, we pushed on again, beyond the geysers and hot springs, towards the crater of the mountain. This process was by no means easy. Above the geysers the surface of the hill was devoid of vegetation, and very broken and irregular. Eventually, however, we reached the summit, and stood under the cloud of smoke then rising. Te Kahu expressed the opinion that there was more smoke rising from the hill than had been the case for many years, and that this denoted the approach of an eruption. There was only one man in the hapu who had seen the last volcanic disturbance, and he had often related in Te Kahu’s hearing the manner in which the mountain emitted a constantly-increasing cloud of smoke for some days previously.

We were still some distance from the crater, but the heat was very strong, and we were shortly forced to go round to the side from which the wind was blowing. Here we managed to approach close up to the edge of the crater. The whole interior of this appeared to be in a perfect
turmoil, great bodies of molten matter being constantly thrown up, as if in a huge cauldron, spluttering and boiling with much noise. Near where we stood a part of the side of the crater had recently fallen in, and the mass of scoriæ and earth that had gone back into the fire was being melted and broken up in the active working of the volcano. We stood watching the progress for some time, gazing in silent amazement at the marvellooseness of Nature's workings, appalled with the impressive sublimity of this grandeur, startled at the gorgeous magnificence of the display, and filled with awe and reverence for the agency which produced all these wonders.

"How I should like to see this by night!" said Gordon, after we had stood entranced for some time.

No one answered him. We were all too busy with our observation of the sublime sight before us—too much engaged with our own thoughts. Presently he repeated his remark, looking at Macdonald as he spoke.

"Deed, no, sir; I'd rather be safe an' sound doon on the flat. There's somethin' uncanny about this, I'm thinkin'," and Mac as he spoke moved away, as if to get further from the heat. He was evidently not desirous of a foretaste of his ultimate fate.

Gordon then spoke to Te Kahu as to our camping on the hill top, but this the Maori vetoed as impossible, and we shortly started down the hill again.

That night, seated around our camp, some distance from the foot of the mountain, Te Kahu related to us a legend of his people as to the fate of two runaway lovers, son and daughter of two powerful chiefs, who had fled from their
kindred, and took refuge on this hill, because the relatives of each declined to permit the marriage. They were pursued by their relatives right up to the summit, when the maiden,—Punariri, by name,—to avoid capture and the inevitable separation from her lover that would thereby be entailed, jumped into the boiling cauldron and was lost to sight. The man was captured and taken down the hill, at the foot of which the whole party encamped for the night. At midnight they were startled by a loud report, and, looking up, saw the form of Punariri standing in the midst of a vast column of smoke and fire then being belched forth from the mountain. This so startled them that they at once released the prisoner and fled in consternation; and to this day it is believed that Punariri and her lover are living happily in the interior of the mountain, and that the occasional displays of smoke and fire seen rising from the top of the hill are in celebration of the birth of their children. The Maoris believe that some day a vast upheaval will take place, when this couple and their numerous progeny will emerge from the volcano and seek revenge against the descendants of the relatives who sought to prevent their union. Te Kahu said he believed that it was the fear of this that prevented the Maoris forming a settlement in the vicinity of these warm springs, and had made the mountain tapu, or sacred, to the visits of chiefs only. This explained why none of his men had accompanied us on our ascent of the mountain, and also Te Kahu’s incantation before we set foot on it.

My slumbers that night were considerably broken upon by dreams of Punariri and her husband, and I pictured
them as being surrounded by a large family of gigantic sons forging thunderbolts in the interior of the volcano, with which they were to sally forth and deal vengeance upon their parents' oppressors as soon as they were assured of their own strength. Then I heard the sound of a vast explosion, and, as I felt the whole earth tremble, I knew that the time of their coming had arrived.

Slowly awakening from my sleep, I became conscious that Gordon was shaking me as he cried, "Quick! Brock, quick! the mountain is in eruption!" and, glancing round, I saw that the whole country was illuminated by a lurid glare. Speedily overcoming my sleep, I beheld the most enthralling sight it has ever been my lot to witness. The volcano had broken out into eruption, and was now throwing up huge columns of smoke and fire, accompanied by sounds like the discharge of cannon. The whole of the surrounding scenery was enveloped in a fiery glare, and the sky was ablaze with a bright lurid light most marvelously grand. Great masses of molten lava were flowing down the side of the hill, and the course of the stream up which we had ascended was one long streak of the discharge. Vast jets of steam were rising from the site of the geysers, and these had increased in height and volume, but were now mixed up with quantities of scoriae and lava, which rose high in the air and descended in showers on the mountain side. Presently the light became less vivid, and great clouds of black smoke and inky vapour were poured forth from the burning mountain, rising to a great height, and forming an immense pall over the hill and surrounding landscape. Although the wind was blowing
away from us, showers of ashes began to fall around, so that we considered it wise to at once retreat further from the scene of the eruption. How true it is that we must stand away from a mountain if we wish to see its magnitude aright! We must be out of reach of its shadow. The sight which was to us indescribably grand when near the base of the hill and looking towards its summit, became a thousand times more glorious and enthralling as we increased the distance between it and us. Distance saved us from that intense glare which dazzled and enfeebled our eyes; lent to the view that charm which a full comprehension of every outline imparts; took from the picture that sense of minute detail which obscured the beauty as a whole; and gave to every part of the noble panorama before us that due proportion of colour, perspective, and light necessary to produce the fullest and freest effect. What wonder, then, that we stood entranced—that under the influence of an awesome admiration for the works of Nature, unmixed with any knowledge that the phenomenon was attended by loss of human life or property, we were able to drink in the full glories of the scene, and account ourselves fortunate in beholding a sight under favourable circumstances not accorded to many human eyes!

After a time the smoke decreased, and we saw further streams of lava being discharged from the belching mouth of the volcano, and running in narrow winding courses down the different channels of the hillside, until the mountain seemed bedecked with many different streamers, while the clouds of white mist added to the scene the appearance as if the huge monster was foaming and perspiring with the
exertions he had made to throw up such a mighty mass of burning, fiery matter. Then the pale, misty light of dawn slowly broke upon the scene; and as the light increased the activity of the volcano gradually lessened.

The sun rose in a dull cloud of vapour, and, as his rays began to penetrate the misty pall and add a glowing brightness to the scene, I felt that two great forces of Nature were struggling against each other. But what can withstand the powerful influence of the all-conquering orb of day! Before his glory all other fires pale; and as he rose towards the zenith, the dark pall over the landscape was dissipated, and left nothing but the still ascending, but gradually decreasing, column of smoke, which continued to overhang the hilltop in the now still calm atmosphere. In the glorious blaze of daylight the great hill looked calmly down upon the plain as if unconscious of having so lately poured forth the elements of death and destruction to all life within reach of its fiery tongue. The quietness which pervaded the scene was of that abnormal nature which comes as a powerful contrast to the disturbances of the preceding storm.
CHAPTER XIX.

MAORI THEATRICALS.

We did not reach the pa until near sunset of the second day after the eruption, having then been absent a week.

At the village we found everybody in a state of great consternation. The sounds of the volcanic disturbance had reached the pa, from which they could also see the intense glare in the sky and the large volumes of smoke sent up. The wind, blowing in that direction, had carried some of the lightest ashes as far as the village, and, being impregnated with sulphurous fumes, these had created great disturbance in the minds of the Maoris.

Jars, whom I had gradually learned to distrust thoroughly, had taken advantage of our absence and the circumstance of the eruption to work upon the superstitions of the people. He had succeeded in some measure in convincing them that the startling phenomena which they had seen were owing to our agency.

It was thus that our return to the village was not attended with that cordial reception we should otherwise have received. It appeared that Jars had been instigating some members of the Council to have us accused of the deaths of Rimana and Onehini, which, he said, were clearly due to one of our party. Although he had not succeeded
in bringing about a formal accusation, he had raised against us the animosity of one or two influential members of the Council, which boded ill for our comfort in the future. Doubtless were we not so friendly with Te Kahu, or had we not proved of such service in arresting the advance of the war party who had intended attacking the pa, we might not have fared so well at the hands of the tribe in this treachery of the Frenchman. At first his antagonism did not reveal itself, and we had to contend against the secret influence of that worst of all enemies, the false friend. His underhand and treacherous proceedings were confined to attempts to poison the minds of several influential men of the tribe. In this he was ably seconded by his wife, who happened to be a relative of the missing man Rimana, and who consequently was easily prejudiced against the pakehas, who, she readily believed, had been the cause of her relative being lost.

The first direct evidence we had of the hostility of Jars occurred some days after our return to the pa, when we desired to make an expedition to the caves in which we had seen the drawings and writings. To Te Kahu, of course, we made known our desires, and prepared for setting out, without any thought as to the necessity of asking for a formal permission.

We were surprised, therefore, when Te Kahu informed us that a knowledge of our purpose had been imparted to the Ariki, and most exaggerated suggestions as to our intentions had been made, which had induced the Council to make known to him that the excursion should not be permitted. It was in vain that we complained of the
injustice of this proceeding, and declared the harmlessness of our object in wishing a further exploration of the caves. From our experience of a previous attempt to alter the decision of the Council, we should have been prepared for a disappointment. Te Kahu, however, gave us some gleam of hope by stating that on the first occasion on which we were in the vicinity of the caves, he would join us in visiting them. With this we had to be content for the present, but it redoubled my determination to beware of Jars in the future. The manner, too, in which he displayed his satisfaction with the success of his scheme, rendered it all the easier to penetrate the thin veneer of friendliness he continually wore over his malignant treachery.

We did not, however, pass the time without other small evidences of his attention, and more than once were subjected to petty annoyances, due to the agency either of his wife or himself.

For some days I had been continually thinking over the subject of our detention by the Maoris, and trying to devise some scheme by which we might get away, or perchance send word of our position to our friends.

First, I thought that possibly if we put written messages into bottles, and threw them into the river, they might be carried out to sea, and by some chance or other be picked up. This seemed a very feasible plan. There was only one difficulty—we had no bottles! No substitute suggested itself to me, nor could Gordon render any assistance. A float made of wood might not attract attention. However, we determined to try this, and for several nights all
three were busy constructing different shaped floats of light wood, so contrived that we could deposit a letter within, and render it tolerably secure from injury from the water.

One evening, while we were engaged in this manner, Gordon had become very thoughtful after some animated chat on the subject of our experiences and hopes; he all at once started towards me, and, with an emphatic slap on the back, cried—

"By Jove! Brock, I have it!"

"Have what?" I enquired, jumping round.

"Why! a way to send a message," he replied, shortly.

"Look here," he continued, as I gazed at him enquiringly, "you remember that kite Te Kahu used, to send word to his friends of our approach the day we came to the village?"

"Yes, of course I do," I returned.

"Well, if we could only get him to make us a kite like that, we might get a message sent away on a favourable breeze that would be carried to some township in the interior, and so reach our friends."

Gordon's face was ablaze with animated hope as he spoke. I became infused with a part of his enthusiasm, and replied cheerfully—

"The very thing, if we can only work it."

"We will work it! We must work it! We shall get Te Kahu to help us," said Gordon.

"Yes, but it must be without letting him know the object we have in view; and we must be careful to keep that infernal Frenchman in the dark."

After this we eagerly discussed the project, and deter-
mined that no time should be lost in asking Te Kahu to give us some further examples of his skill in kite-flying. Next day we accordingly preferred a request to Te Kahu, with the result that, as the afternoon was favourable, he got his kites out, and we accompanied him up the hill behind the village. The wind was blowing down the river, and from where we stood a direct line would reach a peak overlooking the river and the caves we had desired to explore. The first kite sent up by Te Kahu was weighted to reach and land on this peak, and we watched its progress with a considerable degree of interest. The skill of the Maori was not deficient, and he was rewarded by the kite touching ground a very short distance from the spot aimed at. Another kite was then despatched to reach the same spot, and, as if an affinity of attraction existed, it soared away until we saw it land only a few yards above the first kite. We then requested Te Kahu to send off one which would go over the hill. This he did somewhat reluctantly, as it involved the loss of a kite. He, however, prepared one of the least valuable of his kites, and despatched it on its way. Instead of flying in a direct line, as the others had done, it gradually rose up until it appeared to be riding on the breeze, and was then carried away over the hill and out of sight.

"How far will it go?" I enquired, after we lost sight of it.

"Far, far away towards the sea," said Te Kahu, "and come down on the moving waters and be lost."

There was a tinge of sadness in his voice that could not but impress us.
Gordon asked Te Kahu if he could not send up a kite that would continue rising for a certain time, and then descend gradually to earth again.

The Maori shook his head. He had never heard of such a thing.

"Could he teach us to make and fly kites like that he had just despatched?" we enquired.

Yes, he could, and we would then be able to send up a kite that would fall with the evening breeze.

This was exactly what we wanted. We then sat down and examined minutely the one remaining kite that Te Kahu had. The construction of this seemed so simple that there appeared as if no great art were required to produce it, and we determined to try what we could do at once. The effects produced by Te Kahu were, however, so far beyond anything of the sort we had ever seen attempted, that we did not anticipate much success from our own unaided efforts. The issue, however, was so momentous, and what we desired to achieve so full of consequence to us, that we made up our minds not to be thwarted by any ordinary difficulty.

When we returned to our whare we found that someone had been at work overhauling our wooden floats. We did not at first suspect any prying eyes, but on questioning Macdonald we found that he had not touched anything, but had been absent from the neighbourhood of the whare for over an hour collecting firewood. It was no doubt during this time that the disturbance of our property had taken place. Evidently, therefore, Jars had been playing the spy on us. He would not learn anything from what
could be seen as yet, but we must be particularly guarded for the future, and by no means let him become possessed of our intended use of these floats, or of any of the writing we proposed to entrust to them.

The consciousness that the steps we intended taking to ensure our release from Maoridom, or to communicate with the outer world, were surrounded by difficulty and danger, and might be attended with serious consequences if discovered, only stimulated me to greater determination and effort, and brought me to the resolution that nothing should defer them or stand in the way. Then I discussed seriously with my companions the action we intended taking, and the caution necessary to avoid raising the suspicions of Jars, or any of his Maori sympathisers, and to prevent their observation being directed to us.

That night Te Kahu invited us to be present at a theatrical performance given by the tribe in honour of the defeat of the war party encountered at the gorge. The entertainment had not begun when we reached the spot, but we had not long to wait. It was held in a large square in front of the chief's house. This was illuminated by two large fires kept blazing with light dry wood; one on each side of the place occupied by the performers. The audience, consisting of nearly every man, woman, and child in the village, were squatted in a crowd between the fires. Presently the noise of a war song was heard, which gradually increased into a yell, upon which a party of painted warriors, bedecked with feathers and fully armed, entered the stage portion and performed a short war dance; after which they retired. Then the real acting
of the evening began, and we saw many instances of
the wonderful power of mimicry of the Maoris. The
scene represented was the fight which had taken place at
the gorge. Native actors were made up to represent Te
Kahu and each of ourselves. Three men with whitened
faces were intended for Gordon, Richards, and myself;
while a fourth, representing Macdonald, was made up as
a regular caricature of the Scotchman, so hideous and
incongruous that I felt glad we had not brought Macdonald
with us. The explosiveness of his blood would certainly
have been brought into action, with consequences of no
very comfortable nature, if not to the Maoris, most prob-
ably to himself.

The chief incidents of the engagement were faithfully
and laboriously gone through, the performance for the most
part consisting of dumb show.

We could not help being amused at the art displayed by
the Maori actors in depicting ourselves, nor gratified with
the prominent part we were represented as taking in the
destruction of the advancing foe.

The grim and ghastly spectacle of the wholesale destruc-
tion of the crowd of humanity wedged in between the walls
of the gorge was recalled to my mind by the burlesque action
of the mimic slaughter enacted before us. I doubt if ever
an auditor witnessed a stage representation of his own
person with less satisfaction than I did on that occasion.
There was, of course, the discomforting recalling of the
death of our friend—an experience that could not fail to
lend gloom to the evening. I noticed with some pride,
however, that the truly heroic nature of poor Richards' act
was not lost on the Maoris, and that they awarded him the prominent place his conduct deserved, and also that great shouts of applause and commendation greeted the part he was represented as taking in the *melée*.

The audience around us watched narrowly the way in which we took the performance, and our applause of the actors gave great satisfaction both to performers and listeners. I was not sorry, however, when the gruesome spectacle ended, and we were able to escape to the privacy of our own quarters.
CHAPTER XX.

ON MURDER BENT.

The whare we occupied was a building of no great size, merely sufficient for sleeping accommodation for the whole party. It was one of the most recently erected houses in the pa, and bore evidences of the presence of the white man amongst the natives. The fireplace was in the middle of the building, and so constructed that the smoke was conducted up a chimney, formed principally of wood, through the centre of the roof. This, while it did not interfere with the occupants sitting on all sides of the fire, kept the atmosphere free from smoke in a way not usual in Maori dwellings. It was our habit to sleep around this fireplace in such a position that we were each some distance from the other. We had gradually accumulated a number of the best mats that the Maoris possessed, and could make ourselves particularly comfortable on the thick layers of dry fern provided for sleeping on. The hard wooden pillow used by the Maoris we had displaced by something less exacting and more in keeping with civilized notions. Against the door, which had previously been allowed to stand open, we had nightly of late placed a framework to prevent entrance from the outside without our knowledge.
The walls of the building were tolerably strong, but were only about three feet high. The roof, however, was very light, but thoroughly effective as a wind and waterproof covering.

In these quarters we slept without any feeling of dread or insecurity. The Maoris were strictly upright, and respected all our belongings with most unflinching honesty.

The evening of the theatrical performance we did not retire early, but sat over our fire chatting until past midnight. In our moments together we had only one theme—how to get away from the Maoris. This was the topic we discussed, and every conceivable plan was brought under review. The project of the kite was still the favourite one. It was around it that our strongest hopes clung; to it our fullest thought was given; about it our deepest secrecy was to be exercised; from it our highest expectations flowed. Despite this, the wooden floats had not been neglected, and we had written several copies of the following:—

This is a message to inform the finder, and through him the friends of James Gordon, Robert William Brock, and Alexander Macdonald, that they are now prisoners amongst a tribe of Maoris inhabiting a tract of country about five days' journey west of Lake Wakatipu, and between Milford Sound and Lake Te Anau; that, in company with Dr. William Richards and Mark Charles Lode, they left Queenstown on 18th December last, and six days afterwards fell in with the Maoris; that in an engagement with another tribe of Maoris Richards was killed. Lode has wandered away from the Maori village, and no trace of his whereabouts can be discovered. We have reason to believe that the nearest way to reach the Maori settlement would be to start inland from Milford Sound, and strike towards the south-east from a large waterfall we have ascertained to
exist about three days' journey north-west of the Maori pa. The Maoris are quite friendly, but refuse to let us leave their village, fearing that a knowledge of their existence may thereby get abroad and bring about their dispersion or extermination. We earnestly entreat any person into whose hands this message may fall, to send it without delay to Mr. Robert Henry Chapman, Castle Street North, Dunedin, N.Z.

To these documents each attached his signature, and, after carefully folding them and wrapping them in strips of flax, we deposited one in each of the wooden floats we had constructed, and fastened them up securely, ready for sending on their voyage of discovery at different opportunities. These floats we then laid aside, so that they should not attract the attention of any person entering our whare.

When we started out on this exploration I was chosen as the historian of the journey, and have continued in this disconnected and informal way to record from time to time the incidents of our journey. This had occupied me at times very agreeably, and helped to wile away many an hour which otherwise might have proved very wearisome. I had come fully provided with a supply of scribbling books and pencils, and was able to take up the narrative when opportunity offered. I also had a small pocket ink-bottle and pen, so that we were able to write the foregoing messages in ink.

After we had laid aside these floats I said to Gordon, who sat thinking deeply—

"Have we done wisely in saying anything of the death of Richards and disappearance of Lode in this message? Should we not have kept back the worst news?"
On Murder Bent.

"No, I think not. If any of these papers are found they will surely be sent to Chapman, and a knowledge of the truth is more likely to stimulate our friends to an immediate attempt to relieve us."

Gordon's reasoning seemed to me conclusive; and after a few minutes' further conversation we lay down to rest.

Thinking over the subject of the kite-flying, an idea all at once struck me. I called to Gordon, who was not yet asleep, to get his opinion.

I proposed that the duplicate which we had made of my narrative should be folded up and addressed to Chapman, and attached to the kite we should send off. I expressed a fear that Jars, or some of his friends, might some day steal our papers, or perhaps cause a fire of our whare, and the record would thus be lost.

"Wouldn't it be better to hide the duplicate in some safe place?" replied Gordon. "You would most likely lose the copy you send off with the kite."

"Well, I'd like to try it, and we might see about hiding the one kept here. Heaven only knows when we may get away from this place," I continued, somewhat despondingly.

I was now tired out, and with the physical part of one's being worn and weary, the mind is very sensitive to feelings of despondency and hopelessness.

"We will talk it over to-morrow," said Gordon. "Good night, old man."

"Good night," I murmured quietly.

Macdonald was already snoring lustily, and I soon found that Gordon had also fallen off. Something impressed me
with the idea of a movement of footsteps near our whare, but I was then too sleepy to notice it, or give any active attention to the thought, and soon fell into the arms of the drowsy god.

My sleep was not free from dreams, and, under the influence of the performance we had seen that night, my mind wandered back to the death of Richards and the events relating to the disposal of his body. Then I thought I saw his cold, stiff, embalmed and frozen body rise from its shelf, and, after wandering about in the ice cave for a time, walk forth into the darkness and proceed quickly towards the village where we had enjoyed the companionship of his living spirit. Then it entered noiselessly the whare where we lay, and, as if it could find no resting-place there, I saw it flit about in the interior of the building, pass round gazing at each of our sleeping forms, and then fall with a thud in the darkness upon my chest, and nearly choke me with its weight. At the same moment something soft and heavy fell upon my outstretched arm and woke me. With a sudden movement I sprang up, and instantly felt myself clutched by a pair of strong arms, one hand of which attempted to grasp my throat. I was able to free myself and call out to my companions, who immediately sprang up affrighted. Grappling with my assailant, we both fell to the ground, and I felt myself in the grasp of a powerful man, whose attempt to throttle me was only frustrated by his being pinioned from behind by Gordon and Macdonald, who together speedily overcame the intruder. Hearing someone running from the whare, and feeling that my assailant was
safe in the hands of the others, I quickly went outside, when I saw two men rushing off, one of whom I was sure was Jars. They were, however, too far away to give any prospect of success to a chase. I therefore at once returned to the whare, and procured a light by which to examine the intruder. This proved to be Ramana, the brother of the man who had been missing from the village. He had been armed with a short, strong spear and a sharp stone mere, either of which would prove a very effective weapon in a close encounter. I could only attribute my escape to the darkness of the apartment and the uncertainty as to where he should strike. Had he not stumbled on my outstretched hand and so awoke me, the chances were strongly in favour of his having brained me with the mere while asleep. When we had made him securely a prisoner he refused to utter a word, so that we could only conjecture the purpose of his visit. When I told my companions what I had seen, and Gordon had interrogated the prisoner as to whether Jars had any connection with this visit, I thought I read on the man’s face a faint confession that the Frenchman was implicated in his attempt. My supposition on the subject was that the treacherous Jars had prevailed on Ramana to seek utu for the loss of his brother Rimana and his wife in the murder of the pakehas. By no other means could I explain this visit of assassination. It was a proceeding utterly at variance with all I have been taught to look for in the Maori character, and so devoid of other motive that I made up my mind I had arrived at the true explanation of the crime.

As it still wanted some hours to daybreak, we deter-
mined to await the coming of the morning before taking any further action. We found that a hole had been cut in
the roof of the whare, through which the murderous Maori
had entered, and by which his companions on the outside
had doubtless been made aware of the failure of his
attempt. At first we thought it advisable that we all
should sit up and watch, lest a further attack of some sort
might be made on us; but as Macdonald volunteered to act
the part of sentry, Gordon and I eventually lay down to
try and add to our somewhat scanty supply of sleep.
When we had fallen off and had slept for perhaps an hour,
we were suddenly awakened by a sharp cry from Macdonald.
As we got up in response to his call, he pointed to a spear
which had fallen through the roof. At the same instant
we became aware that a part of the roof of the whare was
on fire. The wretches had returned to the attack, and
were trying to effect their diabolical design by setting fire
to our building, to this end employing one of the well-
known devices of the Maori in attacking an enemy's
village, of throwing fire-sticks attached to their spears.
Fortunately we had no difficulty in extinguishing the
flames; but had we not been watching, our whare and its
contents must inevitably have been consumed. This
occurrence, of course, put all notion of sleep out of our heads,
and we were not sorry when the welcome sight of the first
streak of dawn greeted our view, and shortly afterwards
the great red sun pushed slowly up above the horizon and
flooded the valley with its crimson light.

While sitting in the whare waiting for the first glimpse
of day, I reflected on the narrow escape we had had, and,
pondering fully over the events of the night, I could not but recognise the wonderful intervention of Providence in filling my mind with the dream of Richards, and so preparing me for the occurrence which had formed such a narrow escape from assassination.

Shortly after daylight we made an examination of the immediate vicinity of the whare, but did not discover anything giving a clue as to who were the other men interested in the attempt on our lives.

While we were thus engaged Te Kahu came up, and we at once informed him of what had taken place. Directing us to remain outside, he entered the whare for the purpose of questioning the Maori. When Te Kahu entered, Macdonald joined us outside, and we walked around the whare at some distance from the building. Presently we saw struggling on the ground a pig which had previously escaped our notice. On going to the animal we found that it had a spear stuck deeply in between its shoulders, and penetrating the backbone. This poor brute had evidently been struck by one of the weapons thrown at our whare in the darkness of the night.

Very soon Te Kahu emerged from the building, and informed us that he could not get anything further out of the man than that he was actuated by a desire for utu, or revenge; he would not say for what, nor who were his accomplices. This, however, I had already conjectured.

When Te Kahu saw the stricken porker he uttered an exclamation of delight, and then explained to us that this poor brute's fate had saved us from any further risk of molestation for the same cause. The thirst for revenge—
or blood for blood—had been quenched by the blood of the pig. He immediately proved the truth of this by leading out our prisoner and showing him the wounded animal with the spear of his friends still sticking in it, whereupon Ramana clearly demonstrated his contrition for his act, and acknowledged the intervention of Providence. He further expressed to us his desire to be our friend, and his determination to prevent any harm coming to us from those who had acted with him in the attempt on our lives. Nothing would induce him to give us any hint as to who were his accomplices, nor could we get any satisfaction to our enquiries as to whether Jars was implicated—an evidence of constancy and integrity for which we could not but admire him, and giving a lesson I would have liked to read to the treacherous Frenchman.

Acting on Te Kahu’s advice, we released Ramana, and were amply assured that our clemency would make him a faithful friend and ally.
CHAPTER XXI.

A MAORI COURT OF JUSTICE.

For some days after the attempt on our lives we saw nothing of Jars. He was evidently avoiding us, and this tended to confirm my more than strong suspicion that he was one of the men I had seen running from our whare after the attack on us. Ramana, on the other hand, seemed as if he could not do enough to exhibit his good feeling towards us. He brought us presents of every conceivable kind, and was ever willing to perform services for us. No doubt of his sincerity ever entered our minds, nor were we disturbed by any apprehension that he would repeat or be a party to an attack on us.

We had devoted some days, under the direction of Te Kahu, to the construction of a kite, and eventually a suitable day arrived on which to accompany him up to the nearest hilltop, and take our promised lessons in the art of flying it. This we did so successfully, and found our kite answer the purpose so well, that we determined to entrust our papers to it on the first opportunity on which the wind was in the right direction. We were absent from the village nearly all day, as we had, of course, to recover the kite we had sent off, and thought it prudent to do so at once. In the full flush of security after the experiences of
the past, we took Macdonald with us, and consequently our *whare* and its contents were left unguarded. I had taken the opportunity when passing close to the river to throw one of our floats and messages into the water.

Shortly after our return, Ramana came to us with a face showing great anxiety. Jars had reported to the *Ariki* the discovery of some writing of ours, which he alleged we were despatching to our friends, inviting them to come and attack the *pa* and destroy the Maoris. Could it be possible that he had been playing the spy, and had seen me putting the float into the river? An examination of the *whare* soon dispelled this fear. He had visited our dwelling during the day, and had carried off one of the several floats we had secreted there. Was there no limit to the malignity and persecution with which he would pursue us? Ramana said that a meeting of the Council was now being held to decide what steps should be taken with us. Jars had proposed that we should at once be put to death as traitors and spies, and was no doubt urging this upon the *Ariki* and Council.

Here was a dilemma! We might be tried and condemned without any knowledge of the charge against us. We already knew the unalterable nature of a decree of the Council once solemnly pronounced. What was to be done? Gordon and I looked at each other in perplexity.

"By Jove! Brock, this is the worst fix we ever were in. That sneaking Frenchman will make the most of it, you may depend."

"But he can't read our message," I said. "He hardly knows ten words of English."
"All the worse for us. He will invent and exaggerate. He has evidently begun that already."

"Where is Te Kahu?" I cried, anxiously.

Gordon asked Ramana, and learned that our friend was at the meeting. Here, then, was some hope.

"I say, Gordon," I cried, suddenly, "we are members of the Council, and of right can attend this meeting. Let us go there immediately."

"By heavens! you are right. Why didn't we think of that at once? Let us go without loss of time and confront that wretch at his villainy."

We set out without delay for the meeting, Ramana accompanying us.

When we entered the meeting-house (whare runanga), we were received with ominous silence, but our presence was evidently something which our accuser had not calculated upon.

He paled at our entrance, and his countenance fell. Te Kahu at once showed his belief in us by joining us and relating what had taken place.

His account was substantially the same as Ramana's, but it was supplemented by information as to the efforts made by Jars to induce the Ariki and Council to take prompt and decisive action against us. Te Kahu also informed us that but for the interference of Ramana, the Ariki would have been thoroughly prejudiced against us. When Jars had reported the discovery of our writing, and accused us of treason to the Maoris, Ramana reminded him of the indebtedness under which the whole village stood towards the pakehas, and so strongly pleaded our
cause that the first impulse of the Ariki was turned, and diversity created in the Council as to the action to be taken. Jars had strongly opposed the suggestion of Te Kahu that we should be brought before the Council and permitted to give our explanation of the contents of the accusing document. He was the only person besides ourselves who could read it, and it was not likely that we would admit its contents as proving our own guilt.

Seeing the position of affairs, I whispered to Gordon that the best thing to do was to meet the accusation boldly. He should at once address the Council as a member of it, and demand a right to meet the accusation to be made against him by Jars.

This suggestion Gordon at once adopted, and, being able to speak with tolerable fluency, he soon made considerable impression on the assembled Maoris. It was not in keeping with the Maori notions of justice that anyone should be condemned before his own story was heard, nor that the word of one man should be taken as proof of the treason of three men whose friendliness had been so amply proved, and who could, if they had so desired, long since have escaped from the village and left the Maori territory. Their action on entering this unknown land, and ever since they had been here, was not like that of cowards or traitors; they were friends of the Maoris, and would never be otherwise, but had unfortunately become the victims of strong hatred on the part of a man whose position and power in the hapu were evidently endangered by our presence.

Gordon fortunately saw that he had said enough to gain
his point, and did not speak further. Jars distinctly
winced under the sting of the concluding remark of
Gordon, and the firm and confident front shown by us
evidently rendered him less sure of his position. When
Gordon ceased speaking, the Ariki whispered a few words
to his chief advisers, who sat by him, after which he turned
to us—

"The pakeha has spoken well for himself and friends.
No one shall judge their acts without good proof. Their
friendliness to the Maori is called in question, but we
must not forget that no Maori is their accuser. The
justice of the Maori is like the sun at noonday, and shall
shine directly into the hearts of men. Nothing shall be
hidden from the searching eye of daylight, and no cloud of
untruth shall obscure his brightness. As searching as the
wind shall be the enquiries of the Ariki, so also as swift as
the wind shall be his punishment and vengeance. As clear
as the waters of the river is the justice of the Maori; as
cold as the waters is his mercy to those who wrong him.
As the great Rata clings to and destroys the tree on which
it lives and grows, so shall the Maori throw his strong
arm around the false friend who, pretending to bear him
up, all the while is seeking to throw him off, and with his
firm embrace will choke and kill the infirm and failing
friend. Let justice be done between the pakehas, though
the hearts of the Maoris are sore at the task which must
prove one of them to be a traitor."

The cold and clear logic of the Ariki's concluding
remark was not without its effect on Jars. The inevitable
effect of the enquiry he had by his action brought about,
must be either to prove us false to the Maori or him false to us. There was now, however, no retiring from the field without much ignominy to himself. A silence of some minutes followed on the speech of the Ariki. During this interval I could plainly see that Jars wished himself out of the dilemma. He seemed in no hurry to continue his accusation. Brought face to face with the victims of his treachery, confronted by the objects of his malignity, his cowardly nature displayed itself. He was influenced by the full force of that hatred which some minds naturally cherish towards those against whom they have failed in doing a great injury. But the time for feeling had passed. Nothing but reason could avail him now, and the cringing nature of the Frenchman shrank from the task. Presently the Ariki spoke again.

"Let the accuser now speak, and beware that he brings no false charge against any man. Treachery and deceit is the abomination of the Ariki, and shall be visited by his swiftest justice."

The chief turned towards Jars as he spoke, and, as he raised his hands by way of impressing the words more forcibly on him, I could not but see in the grandeur of his attitude the wonderful picturesqueness of the Maori in all his actions. The "noble savage" never looked more noble than as I saw him then, with stern face and slowly moving finger, drawing the lesson of truth and friendship from the difficulty which had arisen.

Jars now saw that further hesitation would be fatal to his cause. He must not let judgment go by default, so at once took the paper he had found, and, placing it in the
hands of the *Ariki*, declared that it contained a message to our people and an invitation to them to come and destroy the Maori village.

We saw that Jars was not able to read the writing. He had merely drawn this general conclusion from the fact that the document was evidently prepared for sending off. With considerable cleverness he had stated broadly what he conjectured must be the nature of our message, and so enlarged upon it to the ears of the chief and any members of the Council he could get at, that the impression against us became somewhat serious.

The accusation of Jars was so direct that we could not be surprised at being called upon for an answer. With something in the nature of a scowl the chief turned towards us and demanded what reply we had to make.

Gordon at once answered the chief. He told him in effect the contents of the paper, keeping back no part of the truth. When he acknowledged that portion which described the way in which the Maori village could be found, the faces of the chief and his immediate attendants lowered considerably, plainly showing to us that we had gone too far in our message. The decree of the Council that we should not seek to leave the native territory had been broken, and the faith of the Maori had been shaken. For the time, therefore, it seemed that we had been over-confident in our assumption of innocence, and that Jars would after all be triumphant.

After a rapid consultation with those immediately around him, the *Ariki* said—

"The *pakehas* will return to their dwelling, and the Maori will deliberate alone."
At this, Gordon and I rose and left the meeting. Jars, too, rose hastily, and was seemingly anxious to get away before us.

As we were passing quietly from the scene, a Maori maiden glided swiftly to the side of Gordon, and, laying her hand on his arm, whispered in his ear in most musical Maori—

"Fear not, my white brother, the daughter of the Ariki shall plead your cause. Fear not the falsehood of the grey-bearded pakeha."

Without waiting for a word of reply, or to see the effect of her speech, she noiselessly glided back towards the meeting, and we were left to wonder as we walked silently towards our whare.

Our mysterious comforter was Ikemoke, the only daughter of the Ariki, and one of the most beautiful and influential maidens in the hapu. She was known to have great influence over the decisions of the chief, and a knowledge of this fact inspired us with great hope as we wended our cheerless way towards our whare, to undergo the suspense of waiting for the decree of the Council. This we were not long in learning.

Shortly after we had returned to our quarters Ramana appeared, and informed us of what had taken place in the Council after our departure; how eloquently Te Kahu had pleaded our cause with the chiefs, and made the most of our services to the hapu in many ways. Then, when the Ariki seemed to waver, and declared that we were guilty of a crime against the Maori hospitality, Ikemoke had spoken up for us, and so prevailed upon her father
and his immediate friends that our cause was won. With the exception of being required to surrender all other similar documents, and to give a pledge not to attempt to send any such away, we were to escape any further serious penalty. Some of the chiefs had suggested that our writing materials would be taken from us, but, at the earnest solicitation of Te Kahu, supported by the intercessions of Ikemoke, this indignity was spared us.

"By Jove! that girl is a trump," was Gordon's estimate of her interference when these facts were related to us.

It was some time afterwards before we could fully realise the value of her services on our behalf, or how much we were indebted to her assistance at this time. We did not then fully appreciate the danger we had been in. The light of subsequent events, however, threw a strong glare upon this critical period, and after knowledge revealed to us the delicate position in which we then stood, and made us aware of the narrow escape we had experienced.
CHAPTER XXII.

HOPE AT LAST.

It was some days after the events I have recorded in my last chapter ere the effect of our appearance before the Council, in answer to Jars' accusation, wore off to any extent. The straining our relations with the chiefs had received, naturally had a depressing effect on our minds, and prevented that cordial feeling which previously existed. Writing this after the event, I can realise the possibilities of the position, and fully contemplate what might have been the result under other circumstances.

It may be wondered that in my record of the events of our journey I did not adopt the system of recording each day's doings in the form of a journal, and so keep pace, as it were, with the occurrences by diary entries. To my mind, however, this informal narrative style is more easily managed, and less stiff in its relation. The narration of the different events seems to flow more easily in this mode of writing, and the sequence of events seems to permit of more easy development in this style than in the formal entries of a daily journal; besides which, several days often elapsed during which I was not able to record the occurrences they brought about.

During the days immediately following that on which the scene at the Council occurred, Te Kahu and Ramana
showed by their action towards us that they thoroughly believed in us, notwithstanding what had happened—exhibited, in fact, an amount of sympathetic feeling somewhat remarkable in such simple minds; but proving, however, that the refinement of civilisation is not always necessary to bring out the noblest traits of humanity. The kindliest heart does not necessarily beat in the bosom of civilised manhood, nor does the clothing of culture always cover the noblest nature.

In these days of isolation and reserve we employed not a little of the time in improving our knowledge of the Maori language; and Te Kahu, who assisted us in that direction, displayed an aptitude for picking up our language that afforded both him and us much pleasure. We were also favoured at this time by a visit from Ikemoke, who appeared to take considerable interest in the well-being of Gordon especially. She did not, however, say anything to us, or permit any speech to be addressed to her.

When alone, we discussed our project for sending messages to our friends, and, notwithstanding what had happened, we determined to let nothing hinder us from sending off our kite as soon as possible. It was now ready for the experiment, and Te Kahu declared it was better made than any of his.

"Look here, Brock," said Gordon one day as we were talking over our plan, "I don't like this game at all. We can't afford another encounter with Jars and the Council, you know."

"Nonsense, old man," I replied; "we are not going to get into any scrape over this, never fear."
"But how can we avoid it if that prying Frenchman is watching us?"

"Well, we must have several trials with our kites, until he gets used to our flying them."

"And one day let it escape from us," continued Gordon, laughing.

"Exactly," I replied.

Macdonald had always seemed filled with silent wonder during the progress of our kite-making. He was sitting by us during the above conversation; and as we concluded he turned with gaping countenance and said—

"Div ye mean tae say, sir, that ye'll sen' a letter wi' that thing?"

"Yes, Mac," I returned, "we're going to try."

"Certies, but ye've queer notions; an' div ye expec' it tae be carried ower a' that distance without helm or sail?"

"Yes, indeed, we do."

"Weel, weel, I'm no sayin' but that it may—I'm sure I hope it wull—I canna but misdoot."

"Come, Mac, don't throw cold water on the project," said Gordon, gaily.

"Cauld watter, div ye say? Weel, weel, there's naething forbye that here, ye ken," and the Scotchman let escape a sigh, which betokened how keenly he felt the want of his national beverage.

"What! do you miss your countryman's solace so soon?" asked Gordon, mischievously.

"Sae suin, div ye say, sir? Fegs, I'm no sayin' but it's lang eneuch tae destroy the strangest memory o't."

"Well, Mac, you must just have patience."
"Aye, patience, sir; but ye canna drink that, an' it's 'hard tae drive patience intae the heid o' a body deein' o' drouth."

"But, Mac, think of the revenge you'll have when you get back to Dunedin;" and Gordon as he spoke winked wickedly at me.

"Quat yer havers noo, sir, an' gie me credit for the blue ribbon awhile."

"Yes, yes, make a virtue of necessity, and claim teetotalism as a staunch friend when the keg is empty, eh, Mac?"

'Deed, sir, that's naethin' mair than mony o' yer biggest saints dae. There's nae honour due whaur there's nae struggle gaen. Virtue in braed claeth shoulna lauch at honesty in rags."

"You're right there, Mac."

"Fegs, I am that, sir. Yer saint, in finest woollen, suin rubs shouters wi' sinners when he's oot at the elbows, an' daesna feel the contac' harmfu' forbye. Poverty an' temptation are aye the greatest levellers, ye ken."

Macdonald's further reflections on this head were cut short by the necessity for his attending to some of the duties that had for their end a ministering to our creature comforts.

Following our resolve as to the kite-flying, we took the first opportunity that was afforded us to give a further trial to our work. Te Kahu accompanied us, and was quite delighted with the success of our efforts. Of course he had no suspicion as to the final use for which the result of our labour was destined, nor did we allow any hint of it
to be given. Under less desperate or pressing circumstances we might have felt some pangs of conscience at the deception we were practising upon our friend; but in this instance we were convinced that no openness or appeal to his assistance would prove effective. The first law of Nature must in such cases override all other considerations, and no delicacy of feeling should influence the being struggling against the force of adverse circumstances.

We were now satisfied that we could safely embrace the first favourable opportunity to send off our kite, and entrust to its carriage the duplicate of this record of our journey. The feeling of hope which animated us when this had been determined upon, gave us a lightness of heart such as had been stranger to our being for many months. Would our message ever reach civilisation? or, reaching it, would it be treated seriously, or merely as a hoax, and so be altogether disregarded? With these doubts my hopeful feeling received a severe shock, but I determined to wear a cheerful aspect under all surroundings, and to let no shadow of despair darken the outward bearing seen by my companions.

Macdonald, inspired by the hope which had stirred within all of us after the success of our kite-flying experiments, actually found himself whistling cheerily. The strains of "O'er the water to Charlie" and "Blue bonnets o'er the Border" resounded frequently in the neighbourhood of our whare, and once when I caught Macdonald lustily pouring forth his musical happiness he turned to me a face beaming with confidence, and by way of apology said—-
"Fega, sir, I canna help it. The bare idea o' gettin' awa' frae this place wi' the help o' that fleesin' thing o' yours whiles mak's me fair daft like, ye ken."

Then after a moment he continued, as he went about his work—

"Div ye really think noo it'll help us as ye say?"

"I do that, Mac; I have great hopes of its letting our friends know how we are placed."

"Weel, sir, I'm clean gyte wi' the hope o't, an' darena gie' mysel' muckle time tae think aboot it," and with this his whistle broke out louder than before, as he hurried off to collect some fuel for our evening fire.

The hope I had expressed to Macdonald was no mere figure of speech. I was really animated by the strongest confidence that this means of forwarding intelligence of our position would prove effective;—that our kite would be found, and our story thereby be given to the world.

With such hope I am putting this period to my record of our adventures.

If the morrow dawns propitious, the story I have written may find its way to the outer world, and our deep longing to return to our home and kindred may be realised.

With a trembling sigh, in which hope and expectancy are almost overshadowed by doubt and despondency, I lay aside these pages to prepare for the coming day.

THE END.
NATIONAL MUTUAL LIFE

Association of Australasia, Limited.

ESTABLISHED 1869.

Special attention is directed to these examples for Whole Life Policies, taken from Table VI. (page 37 Prospectus), whereby Assurers can secure IMMEDIATE BONUSES, ranging as high as £346 on the £1000 Policy.

Consideration must be given to the special feature of this Association, that it takes the age of the proponent at nearest birthday, instead of at next birthday. Thus, if the proponent's age is 25 years and 5 months, another office would charge the premium for age 26, or £21 17s 6d for £1000 policy; and a less premium would secure with the National Mutual Life a policy for £1346, and so on for other ages, thus:

At nearest age 25, for £21 6s 8d, the National Mutual Life policy would be £1346, as against £1000 in another office

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Age</th>
<th>Premium in another office</th>
<th>Premium in National Mutual</th>
<th>Saving</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>35</td>
<td>£27 13s 4d</td>
<td>£302</td>
<td>£1000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>£38 0s 0d</td>
<td>£253</td>
<td>£1000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>55</td>
<td>£56 1s 8d</td>
<td>£221</td>
<td>£1000</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

This form of assurance secures for a certain premium the largest possible provision in case of death; and, as in the majority of cases, the present is the time when the largest provision is needed, instead of in fifteen or twenty years' time, this advantage is very striking.

The bonus is GUARANTEED, and is not dependent upon UNGUARANTEED ESTIMATES which may not, and in some cases certainly can not, be realised.

THOMAS BRACKEN,

E. T. SMITH, District Agent.

Local Secretary.

Otago Office:
BANK OF AUSTRALASIA BUILDINGS,
Bond Street, Dunedin.

N.Z. Head Office .. Wellington.

S. G. MARTIN,

Resident Secretary.
NEW ZEALAND AGENCY.

LEWIS & INNES,
34, GREAT ST. HELENS,
LONDON, E.C.

Commission Merchants

Indents Executed for Agricultural and other Seeds, and Merchandise of every description.

Wool, Skins, Grain, and all other kinds of Produce Received and Sold to best advantage. Advances made according to arrangement.

Agents for General Shipping, Insurance, Forwarding, and Passages.

LEWIS & INNES,
34, GREAT ST. HELENS, LONDON, E.C.

Registered Cable Address: "INGLEWOOD."
J. WILKIE & Co.
LITHOGRAPHERS,
PAPER RULERS, EMBOSSES,
PRINTERS, BOOKBINDERS,
MANUFACTURING & GENERAL STATIONERS,
PRINCES STREET, DUNEDIN.