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SUNKEN THE ISLAND

A Maori Legend.



Occurring ere the time of Captain Cook:

COMPRISING
MARVELLOUS EPISODES OF
Courtships!

Love!

War!

Wreck!

BY

A. HOOD.

Physical Phenomenon.

&c.- &c. &c.

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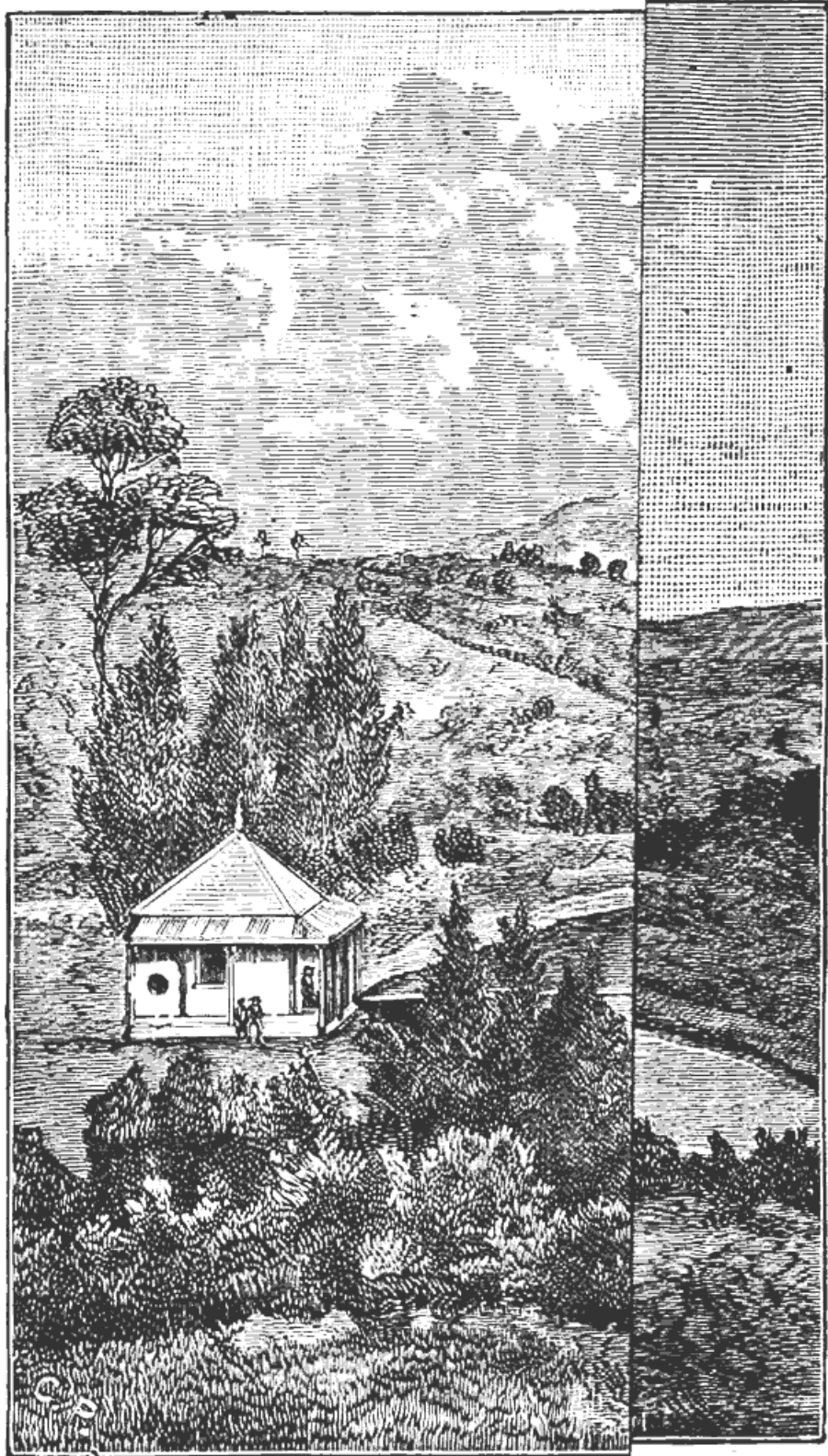
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THE SUNKEN ISLAND.

A MAORI LEGEND:

OCCURRING ERE THE TIME OF CAPTAIN COOK.

BY

A. HOOD.

FRONTISPIECE.

View of ECOMONT PARK—"The New Plymouth Recreation Grounds." *From a Photograph
by W. A. Collis, New Plymouth.*

NEW PLYMOUTH:

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PREFACE.

DID I know Fred-the-Maori? Goto! what a question? Why! there were at one time not a very great number of people, more especially adults, to be found within a day's journey of New Plymouth New Zealand, but were almost as familiar with the broad-set, squat body, the large head, and sonsy, round, genial face of Fred-the-Maori as they were with a wet, stormy, market-day, or a memorandum of account-rendered! Talkative Fred he was by some derisively nicknamed! Well! hadn't he too, a perfect right to talk? For hadn't Fred, at least, he himself manies the time asseverated that he had taken, whilst a boy at school at the Grey Institute, the first prize for talking English! Thus Fred, it may reasonably be supposed, wisely judged that in the language of the Pakeha to still maintain an ascendancy over his compatriots; towards this end nothing better could be done than to keep well up the practise; and, who could gainsay the propriety of such a course?

Several years ago, it is now, since loitering one summer afternoon on the black, sandy beach of this locality, that the overpowering-heat led me to take a quiet sheltered corner, whereat, on a large, grey boulder, I found a very passably comfortable seat; passably comfortable without a doubt it must have been, for this very reason, that it immediately suggested further developments of *dolce far niente*. First a burnt-offering of the sublime narcotic, and secondly a re-perusal of the grand old novel of *Ivanhoe*—one of those slimsily-got-up cheap editions, which I happened to have at the time carrying about with me in my pocket. I soon, certainly though, must have got very deeply engrossed in this almost unparalleled historical-fictional production, for quite unconscious was I of anyone's proximity until suddenly my organs of hearing were assailed by the sound of Fred's conversant voice, saying, "That a good story you now read Maisair?" "Yes, o, o, yes," I am afraid, in a petulant manner, I replied: for, to tell the truth, I did not feel very well affected by the unlooked-for interruption. Its a very good story, more suavely though I, then immediately supplimented. "English, I suppose," casually observed Frederick. "Yes," I sibellated—well, despite myself, more rude than polite—adding, "you surely don't suppose it would be Maori, do you?" "Plenty of old stories has the Maori too," replied Fred, with a slight dash, as I thought then, of painful pique. "Old stories among the Maoris," I immediately returned superciliously uncivil, "I wonder how far one would have to travel to find the like?" "In the pukepuke up here," promptly rejoined Fred, simultaneously indicating with the tips of his fingers the particular region where is understood to lie the ganglion of memory.

"Now, I'll tell you what I'll do with you Fred," said I, in a rather compromising tone, still, I confess, with more of frivolousness than with any actual earnestness, "If you like, we'll toss now up whether I shall read this story out of the book which I now hold in my hand to you, or that you shall tell a good old Maori yarn out of the book which you hold in your head to me?" To this proposition Fred consented complacently and unhesitatingly. The emblem-side of the half-crown that was the particular currency came down uppermost, which decided that the story was to proceed from Fred. A slight hitch though at this particular juncture came in the way of

Fred's straightway proceeding to ratify the agreement, caused, as I put it down to be, by my inadvertantly, and I may also add, imprudently making the twirling of this valuable piece of silver the arbitrary fiat. As then, all at once, a sudden inspiration seemed to dawn on Fred, at the sight of the fore-named sheeny metal that such was the exact thing that at the moment he wanted most pressinglly as a loan for only a short time, until such times as he got paid for some firewood which he said then was owing him. Notwithstanding, feeling a little resentment at such a glaringly bare-faced case of sheer cupidity, I could not forego the chance of having my characteristic liking gratified for traditional records, merely for a capricious impulse, so I said, offhandedly, here, take the coin Fred, and go on with your yarn without any more—well, the words are not in the dictionary I then used—"shinanikin." I believe it was. With this temperate rebuff Fred started with his legendary subdivision of lore, and continued too, to my agreeable surprise, on uninterruptedly, as well as on unintermittently for, I should think, fully three hours and chiefly from the incidents then told, and amplified on by Fred, has this tale been written, and written too, in as much conformity to the Maori-Anglo idiom of delivery, as is considered advisable.

A. HOOD.

New Plymouth, 12th August, 1887.



THE SUNKEN ISLAND

A MAORI LEGEND.

CHAPTER I.

A GREAT CHIEF AT HOME.

IT was long, long ago, many moons they say it was before Captain Cook, and his ship came to New Zealand, that the Great Matomato, after countless victories all over the east, the west, the south, and the north of this island, settled down in quietness near the shores of Lake Taupo. There, around a low hill-side, which, arose right in the centre of a wide, wide valley, he built for his slaves a kainga of more than two hundred whares ! Above these on the crown of this rising ground, he also built for himself, and for his tribe, one of the largest fighting Maori pas, perhaps, anywhere to be found in the whole world. Eight hundred men, that could steer the canoe, wield the axe, or thrust the spear ; besides, their women and children could sleep under the roof of the great wharepuni ! Like moon-rings, thrice along the skirts of this pa ran three high palisadings ; to walk around the outside, one took twelve hundred and forty paces. Upon the side of it where the sun is lost, at regular distances above the posts, were placed ten grimsome carved faces, other ten of these scaring figure-heads, faced the sun at morning ; other ten at noon ; and also ten more, where it begins to sink. Nearly a thousand flanks of sharks at all times were spread like soaked-mats against those upright walls ; while huge pits of toothsome roots and barks were stored within—wonderfully constructed canoes, delightful to look at—such as to ashame Maoris of the present day for their less gifted hands—stood like horses in a line ready to be led to wherever there was work for them wanted to be done. But, there was one thing, that the Great Matomato prized more than all the glory of his many famous victories ; than indeed, all the wealth of slaves and stock, that he then possessed ; and certainly had he been offered all that the land and water contained, from sky to sky, he would have said, “ Away with them ! away with

them! away with everything I now hold as my own; but, spirit, of Atua! leave me my kotiro!" This was his only child, a lovely girl of seventeen summers; who had first breathed the ambient atmosphere in a rough cradle, rocked by the deep blue waters of Ahipara, hence she was given the name of Runa, meaning thereby a water plant; and the beauty of Rūna, as she grew, kept spreading and spreading wherever on the three islands a Moari thereon lived. As a matter of course, even apart from her wondrous personal charms alone, the circumstance of Rūna being the daughter, and the only child too, of the Great Matomato, was sure to be sufficient of itself to arouse a great many aspirants for her hand, and among the young chiefs there were all sorts of manoeuvrings and displays—I can tell you—so as to win the much coveted Runa's partial interest. One would show his prowess by challenging anybody and everybody at feats of daring enterprise; another would display his merit in unrivalled swiftness of limb; another in parade of strength; another again in gorgeously stained flax raiments, and another in the choice of sweet rippling words, which he could make slide cunningly off his tongue; and, strange to state, even young as Runa then was, she had all the woman's art of fixing in the mind of each one that he was the first in her estimation. But this kind of artifice on Runa's part, at times, created confusion and evil consequences. It was in this way, one or two perhaps, of these enamoured rivals would foolishly explode the joy of his heart secretly to a friend; that friend of course in confidence to another, and so on, until it reached in time the ears of some others in the same rivalry. Then, the truth of such an assertion would blasphemously be refuted; loud, noisy challenges would be given, and contemptuously accepted; often too sufficient bitterness was produced at these ruptures as to kindle not unlikely, future intertribal wars. Not unfrequently when Matomato got to hear of those turbulent squabbles, he would pit them one with another in deadly combat, attributing the fault as was then the custom to the overthrown. Runa, whichever way things went in these sanguine contests, never seemed in the least disturbed, yea! in the very heat of them she often betook herself to merry gambollings amid her father's slaves! On such occasions Matomato often felt inwardly wounded at his daughter's unseemly cool conduct. But, odd enough, this powerful Chief of Chiefs, who would brook nothing amiss from anyone else, failed altogether for courage to reproach his fragile daughter. Is not the saying of old, undeniably true, "that nothing can arrest the arm of strength so effectually as love?"

But Matomato had some excuse too, for his weak forbearance to this, the only fruit of his loins. One night, eleven years previously, Runa's noble mother fell lifeless at his side, from a stone, which an enemy had slung at random inside of one of his fighting pas, leaving Runa thereby, the only object left to receive the strong current of his passionate affection. It was heart-touching sometimes for one to observe the radiant pleasurable glow on the massive round countenance of this great chief, as he looked down on the flat valley, from his seat on the hill, at the foot of the tall palisadings, and watched his little kotero, gracefully timing the marvellously clever movements of the haka which was gone through in those times in the way I shall describe. Now, the whole company separately whirling, and intermingling, like the independent specks seen in a sun-beam; then, advancing with a deafening tumult in straight lines, as of the deep waves of Moana rushing ashore, when the wind beats violently from land; next, suddenly stopping, with lips apart, clenched teeth, and wide sundered eyelids! the left leg straight as a dart thrown behind; the right foot, knee, breast and face launched forward in line with their shoulders, the hands thrust straight out with a weapon in their grasp, immediately making three swift mimic blows from right to left, and then three more in succession from left to right again, the whole moving together as if actuated by but one, these motions over and over again usually were repeated, and between each, thrice three stamps with their right heel, and thrice three ughs! from their open throats were given. At last the heels came together, and the weapons brought erect, with the points resting on the ground, betwixt the balls of the feet; one hand is freed so as to rise and fall, swing and sway to the time of the words of the *Waiata*, which all give voice to render.

At this distant time and place, it was nearly all about the grand achievements of Matomato which was sung, of his mighty power, of his sure vengeance, of his well-considered justice, of his invariable mercy to the weak and helpless. The most frequently repeated song of triumph, one that, in short, has long outlived his day, was nearly such as this is, which I here repeat:

Who gains the fights with his own hands?

Matomato!

Who highest in runanga stands?

Matomato! Matomato!!

Who lords it over all these lands?

Matomato! Matomato!! Matomato!!!

Who mercy to the humble shows ?

Matomato !

Who pride-præsumptuous overthrows ?

Matomato ! Matomato !!

Who swells the feast with slaughtered foes ?

Matomato ! Matomato !! Matomato !!!

Who in his wrath makes storms arise ?

Matomato !

Who loud as thunder shouts war-cries ?

Matomato ! Matomato !!

Who belches lightening out his eyes ?

Matomato ! Matomato !! Matomato !!!

The song wound-up the haka, and the haka thus wound-up ; was the signal for the man on the out-look, astride on a high-cross pole to vehemently halloo-out for the slaves to spread the smoking-feast, and also to lay down the raupo-leaves for the Rangatiras and the Rangatira wahines ; so that these swells should squat dry and comfortable. Everything, I think you call it "in apple-pie order !"

CHAPTER II.

A GREAT FEAST AND POST-PRANDIAL SPEECHES.

I HAVE heard it said by our old people, while I was yet but still an urchin, that, it was a sight which would do one's eyes good to witness one of these feasts held by the Taurangi. The big ones—of these eating concerns, I mean—were usually partaken-of outside, on some well sheltered plain, and the outline of which was, in someway after the form of the web of the Pungawere-were, what you call the spider. The Maoris, at these big feeds squatted around in circles according to their several ranks. The highest in the centre, and the lowest the furthest away from the centre ; these were the rings on the web, and the staying straight lines, were the passages where the waiting-slaves passed to and fro serving the food. It is a mistake to think that things were done in those far back times always in a rough, and in a haphazard slipshod sort of manner ; when the truth is, that they were quite as orderly, if not more so, than they are in our own day ; these waiters although nude, excepting a *ruruku* around their loins bustled themselves about, quite like the Pahekas do in one of your big hotels ; carrying large mats of sweet kumarocs, reeking fish and fowl ; kalabashes of sweet-tainted liquors prepared from the kouka—wild berries and

drinking hakes, and looked every bit as important perhaps in their office, as any modern swell of a flunkey—that they did! It was no trifling spectacle to cast one's eyes upon—seven or eight of these circles of banqueting natives; perhaps, from thirty to seventy tangatas and wahines in each; shoveling with fingers and thumbs the savoury morsels down their capacious waiting throats; then, slaking their craving thirst by sipping out of cups produced from large sea-shells. On these occasions, the noise of voices roar higher than that of the raving winds of the devastating *tupuki*: for, the Maori all over, and at all times greatly loves the talk. A good jest would run round from circle to circle, like a round ball on a flat-spinning wheel; then, the laughter would become uproarious, sometimes, too, even, as it is now, a humourously uttered piece of spicy scandal would exceedingly well go down, I don't think myself, that in many ways there is much difference in people, be they whatever they may, or wherever, or whenever they have lived since nature first tossed them out of her capacious lap. At any rate, this well I do know, that, the more I find out about the Pakeha, the less the difference appears between him and myself. It seems all a question of the varied ways we take to best reach the alluring substance, which each of us burn to obtain. Why! what is the use of your railways, your steam-ships, and big machines? but, only as it were to steal a march on those not so provided.

At this eating affair, which I am trying to describe, the mien of Matomato, if it were for nothing else, well entitled him to the name of Great! There, he squatted at the head of the *inner-set*, close to his matchless daughter, the very image of embodied dignity. He had then moved onward on the slippery path of life to a stage, which showed neither youth nor age. His head was so large as to become a common byword among the Maoris, in any vain undertaking—saying, “you'll never do that, though you had a head as big as Matomato!” His face was elegantly tattooed, round and flat, benign while pleased, when enraged most pitiless! Erect, while he stood, his shoulder bone was on a level with the crown of the tallest of most of his people; then, the arms and legs he had, O! what a marvel of size, and likewise of potency. The weight of his frame while moving about, seemed to cause the *whenua* to tremble. It would have taken no small stone thrown by no small force either to have on the forehead smote dead such a Goliath! Then at his right hand at the feast sat the pearl of his eye, and the solace of his heart, the glorious Runa! Conceive if you can, that, now you are regarding her delicate frame, and almost child-like face;

them ! away with everything I now hold as my own ; but, spirit, of Atua ! leave me my kotiro !” This was his only child, a lovely girl of seventeen summers ; who had first breathed the ambient atmosphere in a rough cradle, rocked by the deep blue waters of Ahipara, hence she was given the name of Runa, meaning thereby a water plant ; and the beauty of Rúna, as she grew, kept spreading and spreading wherever on the three islands a Moari thereon lived. As a matter of course, even apart from her wondrous personal charms alone, the circumstance of Rúna being the daughter, and the only child too, of the Great Matomato, was sure to be sufficient of itself to arouse a great many aspirants for her hand, and among the young chiefs there were all sorts of manœuverings and displays—I can tell you—so as to win the much coveted Runa’s partial interest. One would show his prowess by challenging anybody and everybody at feats of daring enterprise ; another would display his merit in unrivalled swiftness of limb ; another in parade of strength ; another again in gorgeously stained flax raiments, and another in the choice of sweet rippling words, which he could make slide cunningly off his tongue ; and, strange to state, even young as Runa then was, she had all the woman’s art of fixing in the mind of each one that he was the first in her estimation. But this kind of artifice on Runa’s part, at times, created confusion and evil consequences. It was in this way, one or two perhaps, of these enamoured rivals would foolishly explode the joy of his heart secretly to a friend ; that friend of course in confidence to another, and so on, until it reached in time the ears of some others in the same rivalry. Then, the truth of such an assertion would blasphemously be refuted ; loud, noisy challenges would be given, and contemptuously accepted ; often too sufficient bitterness was produced at these ruptures as to kindle not unlikely, future intertribal wars. Not unfrequently when Matomato got to hear of those turbulent squabbles, he would pit them one with another in deadly combat, attributing the fault as was then the custom to the overthrown. Runa, whichever way things went in these sanguine contests, never seemed in the least disturbed, yea ! in the very heat of them she often betook herself to merry gambollings amid her father’s slaves ! On such occasions Matomato often felt inwardly wounded at his daughter’s unseemly cool conduct. But, odd enough, this powerful Chief of Chiefs, who would brook nothing amiss from anyone else, failed altogether for courage to reproach his fragile daughter. Is not the saying of old, undeniably true, “that nothing can arrest the arm of strength so effectually as love ?”

days and seven nights swimming to reach. While yet but a little while on shore, and as he was hunting for food, he espied a small mountain moving, which he coo-ee'd to; with the coo-ee returned. The mountain threw from its body a loose and deep white garment, and lo! thereby revealed the graceful form of a Tamahine of an Atua! and through his union with this tapu-Tamahine, now here, I, myself before you stand, and for a proof of the truth of the words, I have now here spoken, to this very same hour the cast-off garment is to be seen on the top of Taranaki! Yet, again in turn one more announced himself to be a direct descendant of the Atua, which rose from the sea for breath, and vomited from out of his korokoro what in the fulness of time became this land.—“Stop! stop! at this point,” thundered out Matomato, I must not keep my ears any longer open to drink in such shamefully lying speeches! Know this, listen! all you people, now around. That those to whom we all owe our present footing to in this *Uta* of plentifulness, we know but little, or almost nothing about. But, the light which directs the thoughts within me; makes them only men and women as we this day are ourselves, who, perhaps, likewise as ourselves, too in barren seasons, had to seek for their food far out to sea, when the heavens darkened, and sent forth with great force, fierce baffling winds—drifting their canoes afar off from any mark or sign which formerly instructed them. There, then, they would be living upon but what the waters provided, and moving blindly at the control of winds and unknown currents. Such desperate straits too, might have prevailed for moons, and few of them alive to behold the finish. Just likely, as all their *whakapona* in the workings of the Great Spirit of Atua had become gradually reduced to almost nothing, chance the sight of some land-bird suddenly uplifted them with joy—watching for a time the steady direction that the good augury went, at once strength, as not of their own came instantly into their arms, and off darted their canoes over the then asleep sea, as rapid as are seen stars changing places in the sky. Such, O, people is how Matomato accounts to himself for the first peopling of this *Uta*! Certainly, the will of Atua has yielded me at this day great power. But, I have never felt so arrogant as to connect myself with gods! But, this much, I own to have felt, that those who do so have commonly the least like a god about them. Why should the Maori trouble, about raking up all sorts of impossibilities to account for how he does exist? Is it not sufficient to know that, he has an existence? without labouring in vain to get at its uncertain beginning?”

CHAPTER III.

ASKING LIBERTY TO POP THE QUESTION !

I MAY not say ; but, considering that Runa had not come quite to fulness from the bud, when first by me now mentioned ; many moons may possibly have swelled and lessened after this ; until, what I am about to speak of took place. The same as is customary with most of the others of the chiefs, Matomato lived within the pa, in a whare by himself, wherein none were admitted excepting that they were invited ; and, those that were so mostly consisted of great Rangitaras, with whom he desired to take into his council, in matters such as making laws for all the different *hapus* to be guided by—with meet punishments for any infractions. The Maori then, as he is now, delighted more in making laws, perhaps, than in keeping them. Runa and her old hiki, were all that were tolerated to have a free-run of the place. This old hiki, Tongamimi by name, was always as full of cunning, as the koki of a shark is full of small fish—"get the better of Tongamimi, and dare the Rewera," became at that time among them a common saying. It has been said, that on one occasion Matomato, owed the safety of his pa, to this artful *wahine*, by her levelling up a hole near to the palisading of the fighting pa, which Matomato occupied, where the enemy were bound to pass on the way to attack—with parched air-blown bladders ! For, as one after another of these exploded with their tread, making a terrific sounding *whoh ! whoh ! whoh !* The bold tau, turned sharply round with fright, took to their heels like hunted *kiores* ! Often, often enough Matomato's best friends itched to tell him that, Tongamimi was not anything like a fit and proper person to be in charge of his much beloved daughter ; the incomparable and elegant Runa ! But, to do so, one and all felt it to be rather delicate ground to venture on, and therefore backed-out of the undertaking, rather than risk bringing upon themselves the awful wrath of this unrivalled chief. It is no slight matter you may know to give offence to any one an *all-powerful* ; one may almost just as well be dead, as to live under the constant frown of one to whom there is no saying—nay to.

However, what men want heart to do for those sort of things ; they usually show plenty of confidence, when the object besought is a beautiful Rangatira-wahine ! Amongst those who were afraid to breathe to the great Chief, against Tongamimi, were likewise those who had courage enough to entreat him to grant them private communion with his daughter. Of course

with a view of trying their utmost to win her much coveted hand. The first, to whom this begged-for privilege was granted, was Horo Ngatimanipoto, whose unexpected presence one day in the whare all alone, gratified as much as it surprised Runa. Runa looked up at Horo's tall stalwart stature, with a seductive smile—Horo looked down at Runa's easy, graceful posture, with bewildering amazement. His tongue having lost the gift of sounding any words; which circumstance was very aggravating to Horo; for, had not he many hundred times in his mind went over the words which he should repeat, if ever it was given him to have the good-hap to have such a priceless opportunity? He waited so long for that rehearsed speech of his to re-enter his head; that, at last it was driven entirely away, by a hidden smirk which he incidentally detected on the face, which he then almost gloatingly regarded. By and by though, the words which he had purposed to come in at the tail-end of the speech, struck his memory, and forthwith, this is what he uttered:

"O, image of the brightest star! What shall I present to qualify me, to ask you for your hand?"

Runa, pretended to be much confused, at this quite unlooked-for solicitation—recovering herself, however, slowly, she gave this reply, "Horo Ngatimanipoto, listen! Present a bowl of warm milk to me, newly strained from the breast of a whale! then, you are at liberty whenever you will to ask for my hand!"

At these words, Horo, grew dark, turned around and thus spoke—"Tamahine of the Great Matomato thou has asked me to do that which no man can perform; therefore, thou rejects my proposal."—With these few words Horo disappeared; shaking his head, and murmuring words of unkind resentment.

The next chief who stole in upon Runa's privacy, was Tirua Ngatitamaho, and was perhaps on account of his youthful good looks, apparently well received. He endeavoured also, to make a brave speech; but, as he proceeded, he so frequently stammered, that Runa was obliged to apply a corner of her garment over her mouth, to muffle the sound of her uncontrollable laughter. Consequently Tirua, observing this, bethought himself, that, it would be much more prudent to cut the korero short, and at once come to the point. Which he did; and in the words which I am going to speak addressed Runa, "O, Shadow of the Sun! What do you desire to be presented with by me, before that, I may open my mouth, to ask, to have your hand?"

Runa said, "O handsome Tirua, these words which you

have now spoken, makes the heart within me burn and quiver with pleasure. But yet this very same heart is faultily capricious, and difficult to satisfy, and ere your wish can be conceded to, know this, that you must present me with a chipped egg of the Moa, with the young bird within, struggling to get released !”

At these words of Runa's, wrath shut out every pleasant expression of Tirua's face, as the passage of a dark cloud shuts out the light. He turned his back from where, a little before his eyes had feasted, saying : “ O, Tamahine of the Great Matomato ! Had you asked me to slay a hundred men to feast upon, I might have done that ; but, to ask for the impossible is one way you have thought fit to make me a refusal !”

Afterwards Hongi Waikato, in elegant trim, entered the sacred whare to confer upon the same subject with Runa—dazzling was Hongi from head to waist with spoils of the brightest plumage, and dyes of the gaudiest hue. His reception from Runa was cordial, yet marked by a calm dignified bearing—Runa fixed her dark and beautiful open eyes languishingly upon her visitor, and made them make answer to his hurried spoken observations, in the place of her tongue. Hongi, told of as many fights and adventures which he had distinguished himself in, as one should suppose could not well have been crowded into three or four life-times. Then, artfully he drew for Runa's imagination to brood over, plans he should stick to ; whatever Wahine-rangatira knitted herself with him ; for her glory, her comfort, and her delight.” The daintiest flesh—he proceeded—of beast, bird, fish, root, or fruit ; the hoar of his sleep, would have spread before her ; the brightest shells that could be extracted from the ocean, would gleam like the large sparks of *tangi* on the rafters of their whare ; fresh plucked flowers of every form and colour, should continually garnish the frames of the raupo ; he would be as pure from the allurements of other soft voices as the rivers are pure which take a rocky bottom for their course. “ Then, brightest beam of day-dawn !” addressed he, “ what is that which is deemed desirable, that, I should present, ere permission is bestowed, to ask for thy hand ?”

“ Clever and brave as I know thee to be,” spoke Runa, “ the doing of what I desire—though seemingly simple—may distress a little thy acknowledged skill—my wish is, that thou should present to me a crab, that will, as far as a man can leap, move from point to point, in a straight direction ?”

At these embarrassing words, Hongi gave three short upward leaps, then, violently drummed on his forehead with

his knuckles—stood for an instant transfixed ; his eyes steadily rivetted on the lips which had made such a singularly suppressing answer ; quietly then, withdrew, with a visage writhing ghastly from the pangs of bitter disappointment ; whilst Runa kept seated, listlessly nursing with her hands her two knees ! It is in moments such as these, that sometimes the wahine will act as if quite passionless !

Runa's mysterious conduct to those several suitors ; by what followed, soon must have been made known to her doting father ; for in a day or two succeeding, for the first time in his life, he looked upon her with displeasure ; which was towards herself so new a thing for Runa to see, on the countenance of her father, as to make her quail, and in words chokingly uttered, she enquired the cause of his much dreaded indignation ?

"Child of mine ! and seed alone of my flesh," Matomato made answer. "Is it thy purpose, to end for ever on this pleasant earth, the blood which has made me overthrow all resistance ?"

Runa, with downward-drawn head, paused for a while as if puzzled with his meaning, then, burying her face in her hands, she uttered, "O, Father ! It's a famished ill-conditioned fish, which snaps at the first bait thrown towards it !"

"Child of mine !" answered Matomato, "thou hast spoken words which are wise, and well ; now let us try to learn the hidden action of each other's hearts by the means which Atua, in his mighty wisdom, has directed, which is through the pressure of the nostrils ?" And the tange of Matomato with his child, it has been said, sounded for hours like to a swarm of flies newly lit on a fat carcase !

CHAPTER IV.

AN ELOPEMENT.

I HAVE never heard how long it was after what I have already told, until that which I am about to tell took place. It was one morning, near to the dawn, within a moon of midsummer, when the flowers on the Mapau are seen. Around this part of the great Matomato, instantaneously a great commotion arose ; the noise that then was made,—well, there is really no name for. Between deep-voiced men hoarsely bawling, women screeching, children crying, as if each of them had got red-hot flagstones under their naked feet, such a tumult as might have frightened anyone listening at a distance, almost out of their senses. The cause of all this

big hullabaloo was not from any disturbance under them in the earth, neither above them from the clouds, nor yet around them from either fire or from water, but only from Tongamimi having apprised Motomato that his daughter Runa had been missed from her moenga for several hours then at a stretch. Almost as fleetly as the flash of lightning the tidings of this most deplorable and most startling event went from ear to ear. The toilet, almost on all occasions, of the Maori is well known to be a short one; hence, almost momentary after the discovery became known, they were all on their feet huddled in groups together, on the outside of the palisading, and loudly halloaing as if each individual there thought, that the test of the interest which they took for their master would be measured by the height of sound, which they could produce! In this awkward strait, those people, then did, what all people I believe commonly do, when overtaken by any exciting perplexity. Which is, that numbers try hard to gain a mark, by immediately fixing on who, or what is, to blame. Some put Runa's mysterious disappearance on one cause, some put it on to another, but, mostly agreed that she had been cunningly decoyed by the evil spirit of the demon *Whero*! However, when this plausible opinion among the people was mentioned to Matomato; he vehemently, with his strong voice thundered forth—"All ridiculous trash and absurd nonsense! The evil spirit," said he, "which has stole away my daughter; daily, I'll be sworn to it; when he can have it, fares on Punga-roots, kumaros, and the flesh of sharks and eels." But, with an oath, by far too terrible for one easily to get the tongue round, he spoke thus—"There is not in all the lands, nor yet is there either in all the seas of this far out-stretched earth, a nook, wherever it be, that for any length of time, will afford whoever it is, safe shelter from my just vengeance.—Ho, hark, listen! chiefs beneath me of my own hapu, quickly see, who it is that is amissing! Chiefs of neighbouring hapus, quickly see, who it is, that is amissing! *Muanga's* of remants of strange hapus, quickly see, who it is that is amissing! Every man, woman, and urchin, quickly see, who it is that is amissing! Then, mark well, when once I know, who the dastardedly wretch is; at once, by the broad nose of my Great Tupuna, I'll know the way too, which will make it as hot for him, as if that he were fast stifling in the entrails of a famished Moa! Ay! By *Ma*, *Ula* and *Moana*! a passage I'll find to his *Whekanu*, at the wrong end of his *korokoro*!"

Promptly were the commands of Matomato complied with, and promptly too, their came a shock; O, such a shock! which nearly took everybodys' breath away! Nanahu,

Nanahu! the slave, the common drudge, Nanahu! the mean, petty messenger, was found to be the only one, whose presence could not be sighted.

There was none, but what looked for Matomato to be overwhelmed with a consuming passion, at such a mortifying contingency, and were sadly dismayed when pondering over what the consequence probably might be. Their fears were groundless. For, when Matomato did hear of it; no token whatever of exasperation could be traced on his grand countenance. He was as calm as the heavens are, after is passed over them the rolling of the thunders; as unruffled as the snow is during a clear frost on Ruapehu. Such, I should not wonder—was the true secret of Matomato's ever success, and ever greatness. He seemed to be as impetuous and noisy as the burning of parched branches, or mōana lashed to madness by the wind, at but inconsiderate trifles; but, when work was needed to be done, as bright and cheerful as a star in the west, after receiving refreshments from a fleeting rain-laded cloud; and, aye! as tranquil and stately as the tall forest trees under an undisturbed full-round moon. He immediately went about making preparations for what was required; much in the same way as if he were directing workmen working at a canoe, or wahines labouring at making or repairing fishing-nets. Three men with their wives were dispatched to scour the country around Kawhia; another three-pair Taurangi; another three-pair Petane; another three-pair Taranaki; another three-pair Wanganui; and several more companies sent out to short distances all around. The former were instructed to continue their search until stopped by a particular message; the latter to return on the going down of each day's sun. Mostly all of the tribes had had their curiosity tickled, for sometime previously at Matomato's getting together numbers of different kinds of birds, and confining them in a hollow, overgrown with scrub, and well secured by fishing-nets, so that none of these birds could get away. This day, however, the purpose of which they deemed, they had at length discovered; by Matomato with his own hands, giving to each party, which he had appointed to long distances a kakupa—to the one with the party for Kawhia, a thread was tied once round one of its legs; the one with those for Taurangi the thread was wound twice; for Petane thrice; for Taranaki four times; and for Wanganui the thread was wound round five times. So, that when any were freed, on the party succeeding in making a capture, at the return of the kukupa the direction where it took place would be distinctly known. Was it any wonder then, that

a man who could think of such strange things, was a man that none could get the better of whether in peace or in war? Where indeed! should have been the Pakeha now, had the Moari had had the good luck to have had Matomato amongst them for a leader in the late wars of Governors Brown and Grey?

Nearly every day for sometime after, constantly succeeding rumours arose, that Runa and Nanahu had been apprehended, and that every moment they might be looked for, back once more again inside of the pa, and like spent waves over a shingly beach murmuring, so arose every time each lying tale was declared, the sound of the weird-like wailing tangi. The Maori, understand! tangis, be the occasion, either one of grief, or one of joy; and, but alone a Maori, well knows, which is which.

As naturally may be considered, the Great Chief more and more got displeased, the longer these trump-up stories of Runa and Nanahu's arrest were kept in circulation; but, still the chief showed no outward mark of disapprobation. One morning, however, before there were any out of the pa, or had so much as left the precincts, they were all ordered—without excuse—to meet on a great plain near by. Thereon, Matomato took hold of one, and asked him if he had heard concerning his daughter the latest tidings? and from whom? The first thus accosted, was directed there and then to stoop, with his hands on his knees; the second—the one who told it, behind the one he told it to with his hands too bearing on the small of the first one's back, the third in a similar position behind the second, and so on, until a circle was formed including all the people living in and around the pa. Imagine quite a thousand people in the position described, forming a ring. The last who was challenged, saying, that he had been told by the first! Matomato gave a sort of grin at this rather peculiar result—made the points of his shoulder-bones give two or three short jerks, locked his hands behind his back, and thus spoke. "All ye people! now listen! I am very *pouri*, very much *pouri*, indeed! as all the trouble which I have now taken, and all the trouble which I have now also given, has this day proved to have yielded no fruit. I am now as you all know getting well shaken with years, cast down and heirless! Like unto a fool, I unwisely thought by this plan, which I devised, and which you, O, people! have all likewise witnessed, that, I should have found out some *one whom no one communicated the latest tidings to*, so that, if it had been a tangate, I purposed to have made him my own successor, and if it had been a wahine, I purposed to put her in the way of raising me successors. But—but"—Matomato's

speech at this juncture—instantaneously was stifled by a crowd of men and women of every age from twelve to ninety breaking away from the ring which had been so amusingly put together, and singing out with all the strength of their lungs. “I! master! hark! I am the one; it was me! it was me! I did it to break up the dullness! I did it, to keep us from any other mischief!”

Matomato in the centre, regarded the group of clamouring perjurers as they drew towards him with something between a sigh and a smile; and, truly there was much to cause a sigh; and nothing to wonder at, for drawing a smile. For, there, parading around him as applicants for the held-out reward, were men nearly bent double—ripe for the grave, and decrepit, withered hags who had ceased bearing for at least the last forty years! “Out of my sight, you vile, shameless wretches!” with great indignation burst out Matomato. My scheme I am happy to tell you, has succeeded beyond all expectation—people who cannot be relied upon, are unworthy to live with those who can; and for that reason, from this hour—I most solemnly command—that from hence you go, to a place where you will live by yourselves; and where only yourselves, your infamous falsehood can injure! Mark! I am firm and unchangeable—prepare yourselves for an immediate long journey! There are people may be likened to a fire, they become brighter by moving!”

CHAPTER V.

ODD HONEYMOON QUARTERS.

TONGAPORUTU is the most eastern of the seventy small rivers which are said to have their source from the snow on the top of the mountain—Taranaki—which, you Pakehas name Egmont. It is a stream like the good wahine of the Maori, not much spoken of, because, but very little seen. I don't know myself in what way Tongaporutu flows near to its source, but, near to the sea, it curls like to the fishing-line when cast from the coil; with the spaces between each curl, gleaming with green matted patches of what the natives call whakapai whenua. Seldom indeed—which is all the more puzzling to understand—does ever the shadow of man fall on the quiet waters of this remote river; as for myself, I have wandered much, and many lands truly have received my footmarks. But, for a quiet settled life where everywhere around is good, very good! give me the balmy shoals of Tongaporutu.

It was on one of these patches at the hour following a certain midnight, that, by the light of a bright moon could have been perceived two young people; only, but at that time preparing for a night's rest; and these two young people, stiff, tired, and foot-sore, after several weeks of nights' journeying to escape notice, were *Nanahu and Runa*! Nanahu and Runa, jaded and wearied as they both were; even then, were something much to marvel at, for acceptable forms of our species! Already something has been said of Runa's renowned attractions, let something also be told of Nanahu's:—Slave as Nanahu had been from an infant on the back, as he waxed in years he received the name he went by, from a particular trait about him, as mostly all the natives such derive; and, this trait, was Nanahu—*signifying the beautiful*. Spite, it may be truthfully said of it, is not an evil rooted alone in women, as it takes ground oft quite as readily in men. It was a thing much to be ashamed of, the contrivances which the free men of the several hapus in Matomato's pa, made, so as to fashion this slave Nanahu as hideous and ridiculous as they possibly could manage! There were not a dye by tree or clay furnished, but their effect was tested on poor Nanahu's skin. There was not a shabby dust-grained, old rugged garment, but what it delighted them to see it by Nanahu worn. Yea, more than that, when waited upon by him, in some mean and frequently filthy service, then, he whom they secretly knew held, what all of them most craved to possess, that is good looks, became the butt of their low contemptible jests! How was it then by all that is perplexing, did the gorgeous and much pampered fine wahine, the queen-like Runa, get first drawn towards this sorry-seeming torch! which surely must have had but very faintly dazzled within such a vile-looking socket? What concealed spell were there, which Runa's eyes could reach beyond Nanahu's true features, and beyond the dirt and ochre stains too, which disguised them? The daughter, the only child; yea! the only relative of one, whom she was to, as the beating of the heart, and that one, a chief above any other chief! What power was it, which had lead her to turn her back upon a place, wherein she was by all extolled; wherein the very lifting of the eyelids was watched by idolizers and menials, waiting to be asked, and often without asking to do her service?—To leave all these desirable good things which, I am quite sure, most of wahines nowadays would tolerate the cutting off, of three parts of their life to enjoy, and to voluntarily fly to an existence, beset on all sides with insecurity, toil, desitution and anxiety! O, wahine! wahine! to try to trace out what, at times are brought upon thy

sex to bear. is as seeking for what puts breath into one's nostrils ! Labour is as unavailing in the one thing every bit, as it is in the other !

Nanahu, although late of lying down, is up betime this morning. Look at the brown-skinned, tall, straight, well-curved form, standing with nothing, but a *maro* girding his loins on the side of the stream ; beetling with the points of the forefingers his ear-holes ! Nanahu is now doing what many before him have done, are doing, and ever, I suppose must, and shall do. Puzzling himself about how he is going to procure food for breakfast ! What a wayward sort of thing that item called appetite must be ? Whenever there is a scarcity of food it becomes sharp, and whenever there is a plentiful supply, then, at once it gets dull, sick, and heavy.

"I must first rub up a kindling for a fire," spoke Nanahu, and throw in, when the fire blazes up, a few punga-roots to roast during the time that I am away looking around the pools for lampreys ; and I also may have the good luck—Atua only knows—to pick up a handful or two of *Ngatas*. These three things together when carefully cooked and spread on a *pakawhanui*, would be sure to coax Runa delightfully to smile, as she starts up from her moa ! she may sleep for hours though, and I'll be all the better pleased for it ; but, I fear that by and by, when the heat strengthens, those nasty torturing flies will come about and break her slumber. Certainly, I might contrive some kind of *pahoka* to fix over her, but the seeking for something to eat must be now my first thought. Yes, that assuredly must be my first duty !"

It looked as if on this morning, Nanahu was about to have his wishes, every one of them gratified. He had succeeded in collecting all that he had mentioned as desirable for the early meal ; and there he was standing—but this time over burning embers instead of over the stream—with his fingers again beetling in his ears ! It was not now, however, any uneasiness about how to get food which he was pondering over. For of that he had had already himself partaken, and had plenty left too, keeping it nice and warm in the hollow of a stone, close by the fire, for the comfort of his still asleep partner. The truth was, that he was at this time, thinking if he could press the jutting feature of Runa's face against his own, without in the least interrupting her deeply drawn-out breathing. It was a risky thing, certainly, for one to do, who wished the sleeper to in a regular way, sleep her sleep out ; but, men are usually weak when temptation is strong, and when or where were there ever a temptation put in

the way of man, since in the world there were such a thing, which could half come up to that of Runa's, at that particular moment, as her sweet figure lay in a bosky recess on a rough bed of green fern?

"*Ia e pangia ana ahau.*" "It was I who touched you,"—poor Nanahu, tremulously confessed; as quietly Runa's eyes wide-opened, by Nanahu's unwittingly immoderate pressure.

"All right," spake Runa, "I have had one of the nicest sleeps that I have had since we two commenced to wander together, aye! and such a dream too, Nanahu, mark! such a dream! as never I think before has been dreamed by any sleeper! I was on the beach looking out for pupus; and once while I straightened myself up to have a look around.—O! away, away, far, far upon the sea, towards the sky in the west, methought, plainly I saw, what at first I imagined to be a remarkably shaped drifting cloud. Then apace! I discovered it not to be a cloud at all, but such, as I afterwards made it out to be, a wonderfully huge canoe! which upon my eyes for a time steadily regarding—well, nearly took my breath away. Nanahu! would you believe it? the body of the Moa, seemed as if but little in comparison to this canoe's monstrous-like hull! Then! Nanahu! its sails were white, as are white the snow on Tongariri; high and wide, fixed to cross *kurupaes*, and these then, to rakaus, quite as tall as the tallest of totoras. I went to get on the rock near by, thinking to view more distinctly this most amazing sight, for Nanahu! now, would you believe it, I really was not one least bit frightened! Then, O! shall I ever forget my very great disappointment! when I reached the top of the rock, behold! it was gone! Nanahu, just think! clean, clean, gone! Then, I came down from this rock, and made my way to where I formerly had been, and proceeded with my former labour; and hark! curiously, aye! most curiously again, I beheld further to the north, another great canoe; but not quite so large, I considered, as the one which had preceded it, but made swifter way, by ever so much, through the distant billows. The odd thing, Nanahu, which I observed and could not understand about this latter one, was this, that in its centre—for I could see well—the sails being almost down, stood up, something which might have very well been likened to a standing stump of burnt rakau, and from its top continuously arose a great train of clouds, which appeared to me, to be gradually filling up space! This canoe, even whilst my gaze was still upon it, melted imperceptibly into, into—well, nothing * * *

Next, in this mysterious dream Nanahu, methought, I was on a

visit to Waipare, and one day thereto, near to where I stood, there rushed bounding like unto an avalanche past me, a long continuation of what one might have readily taken for large square-frames, and they were borne on wheels; I tried my utmost to perceive what sort of animals were they which pulled them along but failed entirely to find that out. Now, lo, Nanahu, I have quite forgot to tell, that there were looking over the sides of these frames, as I have named them, hundreds of human beings, I supposed like ourselves but with pale and less full countenances. Indeed! the countenances—peer as I would—were all that I could make out, belonging to them, their other parts were so thickly muffled up in what I considered the most absurdly coloured and arranged garments. I could hear them, low like the lapping of waters holding conversation, but their voices were as incomprehensible to me as are the voices of the winds. Then Nanahu! now don't you smile will you? the queerest thing, aye much the queerest, I have thought of any was that you yourself suddenly started by my side, and with your lips close against mine ear—whispered, futurity! futurity! futurity! But indeed! Nanahu! that was not yet all" * * * "O, the rest," impatiently interrupted Nanahu, "will do to tell Runa after you have had something to eat! You know the saying, don't you, of the swan to its mate?—'A full gizzard, gives a sprightly plume.'"

"Nanahu! your metaphor is indelicate," quoth Runa.

"I know it," confessed Nanahu, "therefore I am confused!"

"Nanahu! these words are good, showing contrition!"

Runa! and this likewise is good, showing attrition! and as the scamp of an impertinent fellow, Nanahu, uttered this pert jest; sharply the respective ridges which divided their cheeks were brought into contact * * * Then, gradually all sound died away to a hum.

CHAPTER VI.

A SOMEWHAT WILD APOSTOLIC-SEAT!

I, who tell this old Maori tale, was then at a growth, which may be called midway between a piccaniniy and a tall-grown man, when, one day behind a boulder on the beach; near the Sugar Loaves here in Taranaki, I found myself near to where two whitemen were having a talk. They both must have seen me; but I suppose that, my brown skin, together with my native togery

—which was simply a koko on my shoulders, and a mero round my waist, gave me the privilege of not being very much heeded: they could not know, that the raw dark-skinned urchin close to their feet had received a prize for reading and speaking English at the “Grey Institute,”—just on the top of the hill from where they were then sitting! One of these men, I thought could not have been a real-born Englishman. For, this was of what he spoke, and this also was how that he spoke it:

“Dos ees von most vonderful blas vor de making ov de large cakes ov conglomerate stone,—you notice—hollow onterneath. Led me tell you my vriend, how id ees, dat doz thingz com apout. Voorst in de strong sturms, de wafes prings wid dem de large poulders, drops dem, ven doo weak vor do carry dem any more. Dat makes von wall. Very well den! when not so schtrong ees de storm, vrom von point de waves pring clay; des clay vastens on de top of the stones, whot pefore com, and projects von leedle pit; negst com de gravel vrom von oder point an vastens on de clay; den de iron in de water vrom de land comes an zements de clay and the gravel poth dogether, an zo on, ontil de small peginning may schpread vor miles, wid de sea running onter it all de while. Des ces vot ees called von valse pottom—Den, teufel! Here doo, ees az mooch oil wasting apout, az vot it would pring, would pay von large army!

Those words of the strange speaker, have never since that time, for long together left my head, and may explain what further on in my story will be told * * * It was no vain threat of Matomato's, that of the banishing those untrustworthy people away to some place where that they should have to live by themselves! How, or by whom conducted? that, I know no more about than a sea-gull; nor would it matter much, as far as the tale goes, even if I did. At this time, away off seaward, north by west, about two miles from the outer Sugar Loaves of Taranaki, a flat low island of over seven miles in round measurement stood, which went by the name of Motupora, and now, thereupon, these cunningly entrapped fibbers were compelled to live. By all the accounts which have been handed down from different sources, this flat island of Motupora could not have for anyone been a very comfortable habitation, from its lowness and flatness; it must have been frequently drenched during westerly and northerly gales; from its rocky surface, but little vegetation could have sprung. But one bad thing there was, ever so much more bad than any—the want of water to drink! Whenever the attempt was made to preserve in holes of the rocks, that which fell from the rain; the attempt turned out to be quite a failure, for in less than an hour

afterwards, such tasted bitter, and naucious, and quite unfitted for use; therefore, every drain they used had to be brought in large calabashes, conveyed in boats from land. Then flesh of birds and fish, as far as Motupora itself could yield, must have been the only diet! So unquestionably such would have been the case, had not upon this very same island, there lived a renowned Maori Tohunga and Poropiti whom—as the Pakeha saying has it—"brought them plenty of grist to the mill." Many were the nice fat presents both from near and from afar, which this priest Toto received. But what might have been thought as plenty for Toto and his former few disciples might not have been sufficient, both for these, and eleven late arrivals from the shores of Lake Taupo—But, Matomato thought Toto to himself, was materially all-powerful; therefore, he (Toto), must make the best of it, and resign to grin and bear—Aye! but this is just the thing—which will be after shown—which Toto did not do! at least not meekly, nor with any manner of praiseworthy resignation! Toto, after a time, probably on quietly thinking, began to get fully convinced that those people which had been palmed upon him, had so been, more as a punishment on himself for reviling-out-spokenness, than from any notion of bestowing on them a proper dessert. For what had they done? Why, not a single tittle more than the rest of their kind did, almost every wakeful-hour in their lives! In short, Matomato did not believe, and had freely expressed as much, in the power which Toto professed to claim outside of that which was visible. Then Toto on the other hand did not believe in the power which Matomato had derived from blood, murder and rapine, as was put down by him; hence, it was, that the beliefs of these two big men, did not very well accommodate themselves to each other. Toto, however, had some small excuse for his malevolence—the flower and pride of the hapu, of which he was a member—Matomato, twenty years before this, had, after a fearful massacre led into captivity; and not only that, but in spite of frequent and fervent pleading, had refused any to release! I do not know whether or no such inhumane conduct—as was stated—on the part of Matomato, was the cause of Toto choosing the life of which he did—that of taking upon himself the office of Priest and Prophet! He may—mind, this is only my own thought!—felt so dreadfully embittered, so as to determine this within himself; that, if Matomato had acquired great control over men by weapons of the hand, he (Toto), would strive to acquire control over them also, by the weapons which could be set in motion within the brain! Well! it matters little whether Toto, at first wrought

out in his mind, this scheme, or that his after-success, like as trouble, came unexpectedly upon him; all that can be now said at this stage is, that Toto's power over the Maori was a thing not altogether to be lightly weighed! Great dread of the upheld lash, draws generally abject submission. The lash which Toto held over the people was *coming evils*! unless through himself averted! This is, what it is said he did, which is hard to make oneself altogether believe, to show the people that he was more than common; several hollow punga-trunks, pierced with many holes were upright-fixed in different places of his island. Then, when the blackness of night covered up the heavens, and when also multitudes were on the shore, in the beautiful form it is told, of flat branches of the nika-palm, he caused fire to spread out of these upright trunks of punga! Well, after listening to the Pakeha's words, of the waste of oil, the thought has frequently struck me, however, much absurd it may seem, that possibly Toto may have tapped the lode, in these days, on the island of Motupora! who knows?

If now this wonderful project of Toto's has not been swollen by the tributaries of many succeeding generations, is there any-one who can keep from feeling, that little surprise need exist at Toto's hold over the minds of more than half of the Maoris, in this part of the island in those days? And need they, either feel surprise, that though Toto had established himself on a place where there was not a great variety from its own yielding, to put into the mouth, that a greater variety was here partaken of, than actually was by those who were living and working on the fertile soil!

Toto held great runangas—what you Pakehas name meetings—on this sea-rimmed rock; and with a chant something after this fashion, at his order, the proceedings, according to hearsay, were opened.

Great is Toto, the companion of Atua!

Take ye heed!

Mercy and ruin are in his hands!

Take ye heed!

This world soon like reeds of raupo,
By the lights of Rangi falling down,
Shall all but Motupora be ablaze!

Take ye heed! Take ye heed! Take ye heed!

Toto the companion of Atua, shall save !

Listen ! Listen !! Listen !!!

All those who to his flanks will hold firm !

Listen ! Listen !! Listen !!!

When the other lands all into nothing have gone !

Out of this island a new world will form,

And the people of my choice all thereon will dwell.

O ! all ye people listen ! Listen !! Listen !!!

Where will then be Matomato the Great ?

Consumed !

And, all who on me do not confide ?

Consumed !

Where will the strong be who boast of captives ?

Where will be all who've lapped up blood ?

Which flowed through the veins of a brother ?

All, all, all consumed !

CHAPTER VII.

A SEARCH-PARTY FRUSTRATED, AND THEIR CAROUSALS.

As a plank of floating timber drifts ashore, and grounds wherever the current guides it to, so does this my story go aground, wheresoever to in succession it is dragged, and which is once more upon the banks of the Tongaparutu. Not much, in short, above a stonethrow from where was left the young runaways last—at what some Pakehas humourously call—spooning ! A Maori waihiue, and a baby on her back, one morning shortly after, with her eyes scanning the ground, as if looking for pins and needles, was thereto readily observable. Before the alphabet could once be gone through—down went the child from the woman's back ; up sky-ward were stretched her long grizzly arms, and up also rose her voice in a wild shout of giddy triumph—the woman had discovered footprints upon the low lying driven sands, which at once confirmed her in the thought, that they were of those which herself and party had now been weeks diligently seeking. Immediately likewise, up went her hands funnelling her mouth, and from forth came such a coo-ce, as might have pierced the silence which everywhere around her then prevailed, for quite half the distance of a day's journey. Almost instantly the woman's call was responded to, and in a little time further on, all the party—consisting of other two women and three men—were scrutinising exultantly the marks, which the

woman had by chance dropped her eyes upon. Everyone of the trackers were so uplifted at this, which was thought a turn of choice luck, that they scarcely knew how to control themselves, believing as is not unfrequently done much too soon, that they their birds were sure of by merely touching the tip of the feathers. After this first joy, in a way had spent itself, they betook themselves in different directions by pairs, to look for those whose undermost-ends had set, apparently recently too, their moulds in the sands. But disappointingly, after many hours search, they were forced, when light no longer held out, to return to the place from which they started; and there and then, to benumb the pain of failure as best they could—and what did they do for this complaint? but precisely that which is done in our own times for a similar disorder. They all drank until they were lively! then more, until they got wild! then more again, until they were stupid! then still further more, until their senses forsook them by deep, heavy sleep!

Meantime, for a little let them sleep on! and while so doing it may not be amiss to speak of what—in that far back time—they had got for to drink. * * * Know you, then, that the drink which our ancestors got fuddled upon in this Maori land of ours was from a berry, which has since drawn many bitter and loud curses from the pakeha, through its poisoning his horses and cattle—and is named the *Tutu*. A most unaccountable plant will be considered this tutu, when all that is known about its strange peculiarities are known. The juice of its berry is rich, and when expressed, without further trouble, produces wine, which for taste and strength is not unlike what the *whites* give the name of claret to. A single plant similar in size to that of the gooseberry has been known to produce as much fruit as to yield three or four pints; and a pint of which would go as far to make one see queer and feel strange as perhaps that of your expensive waipera! Taken in the mouth to suck, if the seed is not crushed, it is perfectly harmless; taken in the mouth, and a single seed bruised, it then becomes the rankest of all rank poisons! Again, if swallowed whole, it produces lightsome pleasantness: slightly burst the skin, then follows querulous heaviness! Upon horses and cattle raised on ground where the tutu is plentiful, its effects merely produce—when they are overgorged with it—occasional excitement; while those, on the other hand, partaking of it, which have been raised where tutu declines to show itself, meet with almost instant death. A great many

more odd things are said about the tutu ; which now I do not clearly bear in mind.

On the following morning, this party of trackers had quite recovered from their over-night tutu-wine debauch ; and after having their *kai moata* on wild roots and birds which they had brought from the previous day's excursion, each pair took their own way ; I suppose, with renewed hope of the success which might attend their efforts during the long day in front of them. What a country to delight the vision, was that of this which these trackers were scouring ? But scouring it, however, without taking, in the least, notice of anything, more than some deep hole in a rock, a dense thicket in the forest, or pits roofed over by clustering leaves and flowers of creepers ! What heeded they of what bestowed embellishments to the immediate prospect ?—It is really so extraordinary as hardly to be credited ; but for all that, quite true that the Maori never takes the slightest account of anything particularly beautiful in his own home surroundings, unless for a time away from them, and then he begins to put two-and-two together by way of comparison, and then, and only then, is his nativity regarded by him with something-like fitting gratification. The sense of taste within him which before was numb and motionless, as it were suddenly gets leavened. All his thoughts previous to such a change was how to seize his daily requirements, and on the other lay to do his best to prevent the daily requirements of others from stealthily seizing upon him !

I don't know how it may be with you Pakehas, but it seems to me with our people that they never tire of cracking up, everything and anything which has had existence before themselves ; from the quantity and quality attributed to men and women, to the size, shape, and taste of—well ! to even a slippery eel ! I sometimes think that, if there are any specimens of a Maori left at the end of the next four thousand moons—three hundred years—and proportionately reduced to what they are said to have been since the beginning of the last four thousand, that they will be enabled if necessary by that time to squeeze themselves through the newly formed excavation of a rat ! And, that if the evils within us keep on increasing during the coming space mentioned, as is told they have been doing in the past, it should be madness for a grain of trouble to be taken in trying to preserve such ever-sullyng kernels as seedlings reserved for an unacquainted with beyond. Curiously, notwithstanding all that my ears have been opened to, of this incessant magnifying of the past, ever since it may be said I hugged the pap, I think as

far as bulk, skill, force, thought, and action goes, that our fore-runners were very much the same as ourselves! The Maori of old had his uproarious feasts, his squabbling runangas, his grievances and quarrels about land, long before he knew of such a thing existing as a pale face. No doubt, but *that then*, was different to *this now*, in many ways! to submit to one, of one's own hatch is altogether different; than to be one of a hatch when all in it have to submit to an alien hatch, on the foray for what they can find to swell their pickings.

The day apace crept round to a close, and pair after pair of these trailers also closed their exertions, and returned to their camp, tired, and dispirited. Those whom they thought on the morning of the preceding day to readily capture, had so far eluded their grasp, turning their sweetness to bitterness, their every hope to despair! What could be reverted to, under such a visitation of evil fate, so immediately soothing to their much troubled minds, as a few *pupu*-measures of the juice of the mysterious tutu? Soon, again amongst them the blood of the tutu began to show its first line of progress—with dancing, singing, and ribald jokes; the next line, vociferating, quarrelling, fighting; the third, thick-voice maudling, and staggering by unsteady limbs; and fourth and last, heavy-troubled sleep!

Surprise came upon them in the morning though, not much more than an hour after time had wafted this drugged sleep from their eyes! In the form of a messenger, with a message of recall, stating that they were all to return with the utmost swiftness back to the Taupo pa! The provoking thing about this startling message was this, that he who had delivered it, had only been the bearer for a short distance—had taken it up from another, as was at that time customary, in forwarding any urgent dispatch; therefore, this hastily pushed-on expressman could give no information as to the cause! When one fancies a good fish toying round their bait, it is vexing is it not? to have to shift one's position; so it was in this case with these pursuers. But they well knew, that it was as much as their heads were worth to disregard the order. What, however, may be said to have very much lessened their annoyance at leaving was, the curiosity which the vague-message whetted. Each of the six would have almost have parted with half of their ears to have known at the moment how such an unexpected affair, as their recall came about! Because, each of the party were firmly convinced, that such could not possibly have proceeded from any of the other lots turning up the fugitives;

neither could it be, from any reported want of perseverance on their part, and for such lack to be replaced by others.

Anxiety to pierce that, which is wrapped around uncertainty gives swiftness to the limbs—ere the sun had gone down that very day, the recalled had went over more than twenty miles of ground, and found themselves on the northern side of the Mokau river. There soon their anxiety got relief, as to what had made them retrace their footsteps—Raniera a young chief, with a numerous following, away east at Oropi, had dealt unlawfully with one of the search-parties' wahines. For this offence, all Raniera's goods were threatened to be sequestered for the benefit of the aggrieved wahine's husband, which is Maori strict law, a law which I think might be put into practice by the pakeha to the advantage of many. Raniera, on this occasion—a very rare thing—put the law at defiance! Not only that, but by a liberal distribution of alluring promises, managed to collect nearly two-thousand men to assist him in attacking Matomato, ere Matomato had time to attack him.—We shall find out in good time how fared Raniera; scowling clouds sometimes show themselves and glide away again without any storm; and Matomato was not one to be caught sightless with wind-blown dust, whenever the moon bulges out like the sun, eftssoon it gets reduced!

CHAPTER VIII.

A LOFTY DRY DOCK FOR SHIPBUILDING.

Most certainly Nanahu must be put down, as having possessed at this time, uncommon good judgment; for causing the removal of his first temporary settlement by Tongaporutu, from a hollow to a height. . If any one wishing to avoid being suddenly sprung upon; never, never, should they take to a hollow piece of ground, but rather to that of a height although, ever so slightly screened, where a good look-out can always be obtained of whatever is approaching. In this particular instance the good resulting from such a choice selection was agreably attested. For had that Nanahu and Runa kept to their first position, close down by the river, there is not the slightest question, no, not any, but that, ere this they would have been returning to meet whatever chastisement was in store for them—and no doubt would have been strictly guarded front, rear, and sides. As it was, in short, once their prosecutors passed within a running-leap of where they had actually hid. The place which was selected for their greatest

safety was in rear of some light scrub in a hole which they had scooped out right under a lofty ridge, where it was almost impossible for such a calamity to occur, as that of being taken short. It would seem, however, on this far-stretching Earth which upholds us, that whenever a good is obtained an evil in almost every instance comes along with it to reduce its palatableness! Nanahu and Runa's personal safety so far, was good close under this high ridge; but Nanahu and Runa's sufferings up in this towering quarter, were as might be expected abominably bad. Dearly, dearly had they to pay for their escape from seizure--by hunger, thirst, cold, damp, and other discomforts during the frightsome time that those who were burning to lay hands upon them were prowling about. Then, what must have been their great exaltation when, at weary length, it was discovered beyond all doubt, that they were gone! They made for the beach as fast as their sorely cramped limbs would allow them to proceed. The beach was the place where soonest thought they, that craving hunger should get satisfied or torturing thirst should get appeased! Luckily for them at the time, the tide was out, and they found the huge boulders which were bedded in the sand, abounding with a choice variety of well-filled shells. All that need be said of the good produced by such a ready meal, is only this much. That each hitherward came reeling and hobbling with stiffness and weakness, and went away leaping and bounding with renewed spirits and strength!

"Not for myself, but for you, Runa," spoke Nanahu, at night, as they lay down to rest on a soft couch of fern. "I bleed within, to see the uncomplaining way you suffer!--all too, to satisfy a mean outcast like unto myself. I have no tools to make a strong canoe, neither if I had, is their time, but one of some sort may be hurriedly put together, which with fair wind and weather may take us safely to Kaiapoa on the other island."

"Not for myself, but for you Nanahu," answered softly Runa. "I trouble much to behold the ceaseless care and labour, that one, who in my sight is altogether unequalled, bestows on a wayward *kotero* like me. Let the stout and tough rods of the *kohe* be got to form a frame. Then, outside and inside of which, you will soon find out that I can cunningly line, with *barks so closely plaited* as to resist sufficiently the penetration of the waters around it--Once at Kaiapoa, once again without dread! O! Nanahu, should not that be most delightful!"

"Delightful, Runa, aye! delightful it would be *my kotero*!

even surpassing all thought. To have you safely with me there, at yonder place, and free, and free!—prouder it should make me feel, than if that I held a power not under any, over all this broad-spread earth! The very thought of such a possible end, which now keeps lurking over my temples, tickles with pleasant, glowing-warmth my flesh. O, Runa, Runa! I would gladly venture ten thousand times the risk if only for but a little while to call such sweets my own. Free! safe! and with you! If that such happiness would not drive me mad!”

“Nanahu,” returned Runa, “do you know, whenever you begin to *korero* seriously like that, it almost brings on me a fit of laughter? seeing that you can’t look very far in front of you, or before your nose!—Won’t I become in time, well consider you, like all of the rest of Maori wahines? my face wrinkled, my eyes inflamed, my hair crisp and shoked, and my back nearly doubled with carrying heavy burdens long distances? but never mind Nanahu, for all that I’ll do my best to help you on with your boat! And saying that, says more than what before I have said!”

At this touch of woman’s seductive wile, on the part of Runa, Nanahu stretched over the arm which was not at the time under her back, and playfully tipped Runa with the tips of his fingers on the tip of her luscious chin, saying, “you droll, droll wahine! But you can nip me as hard as you like, as long as mere words are the only implements used. If you wound—why then? the pain is so sweet, that such I never wish again to be cured!”

“Nanahu! Nanahu!!” musically trilled out Runa, with an imperfectly repressed smirk—“who, pray taught you to such excellence in the art of—what shall I call it—Bamboozling! Why, Nanahu! the words you utter, draw a gentle drowsiness over my eyelids—giving delight which I have no power to express, as if that I had sipped deeply of the kava.” * * *

Betime next morning, the work of canoe-building had begun. It was wonderful indeed to see how many stout flexible rods Nanahu had got cut down, with a simple tool of sharp-edged flint; strapped firmly with thin strippings of tough bark into a loop of wattle! I don’t think that there were ever before a boat put on stocks at such an elevation. For Nanahu insisted on still retaining their position just under the high ridge. “The prize which was in view,” said he, “was much too valuable, was much too precious to run the smallest risk of any upsetting on the way to lay hold of its possession. Atua, if He wills, it is true can frustrate it by raising suddenly from the black clouds

overpowering gusts of wind, but in that, it is no blame of mine, for who can with the *Wairua* contend?" * * * The long-line rods of the contemplated canoe were easily set to the wished-for curve, and more easily still were those for the ribs. The bottom of the begun-frame was balanced on the top of two stones, then stakes were driven the best way they could to steady and to keep the skeleton frame firm. This was all that the light permitted for the first day to be done, still after all it was not a bad day's work, taking into account that it was close on to midday before that the materials could be got together. The beginning of any job too, seems always the most tedious. The next day, or to be more exact, a little before the day began, Nanahu and Runa were tramping around the forest depths, selecting for their first lining the most suitable barks for holding out water. Then, when what they had obtained were brought alongside of the *fixture*, it was found out that the canoe would have to be taken out of the cradle, and placed bottom upward, so as to fix on as you pakchas do shingles, square fladges of this bark, but in this case—done by tight lacing in place of with nails. This work occupied those quaint boat-builders the greater part of five days; and very little time either they gave themselves to stretch their back a bit—you bet!

The most tedious work of any came next, that was the inside lining, which took much more labour than what the lining on the outside required. A web of thin strips of flax had to be woven, cut up, and closely patched and tightly laced to rods inside the frame. Then gum had to be obtained to lacquer over the whole of the lining. The wonder really is, with so much to do, that they could afford themselves time to go and search for food; but punga roots are never very far away, nor hard to seek, and birds of many kinds were readily trapped. In rather less than the duration of a moon, this canoe built on the top of a hill was ready to be conveyed to where it could be launched. Aye! and did not Nanahu and Runa regard the work of their hands with glowing ecstasies of pride?

It was interesting to behold Nanahu with his well-formed and strongly knit frame—nude, save an old flax-rags waisted around his haunches, preparing the way between the trees, by cutting and clearing away runners with his stone implement for a passage through which the canoe could slide. It was likewise interesting to behold Runa with a weather-worn tippet slung over her broad shoulders, and a short kilt of laced-palm leaves sheathing her upper limbs;—whilst Nanahu was thus engaged splitting into fine fibres the flax leaves, so as to make a make-shift sail for

their frailty-constructed vessel. Ay! and it was much more interesting, it may be remarked than either, to see Nanahu pushing and guiding on one side of the stern as they were fetching her down the hill, and Runa pushing and guiding on the opposite side of the stern; each of their looks were so brim-full of zeal, all of their muscles were so strained, yet lithesome withal. At length the canoe floated quite accustomed-like on the river. What a victory? when after a while, not the vestige of a leakage was at all discernible! There and then the oars were placed, and several strings of birds which they had caught were quickly pitched into the bottom, also several strings of lampreys and eels, together with a large kitful of the most toothsome roots, by way of provisions for the voyage. Then each faced eastward, standing erect—bringing the palms of their hands turned outward in front of their bodies, extending them upwards the full stretch of the arms; sinking them again to the line of the shoulder, again slowly raising and lowering them thrice three times, and whilst thus doing they asked Atua's protection. * * * Soon they were rapidly gliding down the river in the fragile canoe! soon with a light land-wind blowing, they were seen fearlessly breasting steep breaker after breaker, and soon too, but just like a mere speck, they could be only distinguishable near to where sky and sea meet, and in another instant, they were gone! gone! O, yes, clean gone!

Were there ever a riskier craft put to sea, than this one of Nanahu's and Runa's?

CHAPTER IX.

A MAN WITH A METHOD IN HIS MADNESS.

AFTER several weeks wore round, it began to be thought at Taupo pa, that the threat of Raniera was like a blown bladder—nothing else but wind. He had encamped at a place, of which I now forget the name, at about a day-and-a-half's journey from his formidable enemy, there Raniera made such a long stay, as to justify the doubt of his intention to come any nearer. This doubt was also further supported by no signs whatever of his having forwarded any scouts to take notes of the position which he had proposed to menace. Which was a precaution his more sly adversary did not neglect to embrace; inasmuch, as there was not a single movement in Raniera's camp, but what by Matomato was pretty well-known! Such you know to be in warfare, quite half the battle to obtain.

Matters around the Taupo pa though went on as quietly and orderly as if that there was no serious disturbance at hand threatened. Without going a round-about of nearly twenty miles, there was but one place well-known, that from either east or north an *ope* of warriors could very well get in; and that was a place scarcely a stonethrow wide two miles from the pa, up a steep cliff leading on to the plain where the pa stood, right and left of this open it was impregnable even for a Maori, by reason of thickly matted scrub growing over precipitate broken ground. The top of this cliff stood nearly a hundred feet high, and almost as steep as the ratlines of a pakeha's ship, with a river running over a bed of rough boulder—stones at the bottom. But such-like places are almost everywhere to be seen throughout the length and breadth of Maoriland, therefore, little or no notice seemed to be taken of this one in particular.

"Surely, surely, Matomato must be getting old and foolish," was the thought of mostly all the people of his hapu, not to be going on—in the face of danger—such as digging fresh trenches and pits around his *nui* fighting pa! Why? guardedly spoke one to another, if that he is so far-beside himself, as not to regard his own safety; that is no reason that so many as he has under him should totally be disregarded! Some one, surely ought to have pluck enough to tell him the truth!" "You go Hoi;" "no, you go Tahana;" "no, Tiara will go," and on such-like appeals passed from man to man, but no one would take it upon himself to communicate words of remonstrance to their chief!

"Surely, surely! Matomato must be getting even worse than foolish—he must, by the loss of his kotero, fast be losing his reason," were the words which came to be bandied round as workmen began to fix the foundation for a large wahines' whare close to the opening which led from the top of the cliff down to the river. Seeing all these things, they communed amongst themselves—saying, "that should the enemy appear, we may all just as well deliver ourselves into their hands at once, we have done nothing yet whatever for our protection! What can such things all mean?"

"Surely! surely! Matomato must not only have lost his reason, but he must be getting *porangi*, and wants to see all our wahines captured and slaughtered! Such was angrily uttered when they observed this wahines whare was finished, and neither ditch, hole, nor palisading any way near it to be seen! This time, one Pokeha took it upon himself to speak and acquaint Matomato with their alarm. All the satisfaction which poor Pokeha got was, "that he was told to go and mind his own business, as well as the present safe position of his head!"

Maori whares are not usually built to any very great height, but this one herein mentioned looked a little lower than they usually are, also narrower; still much longer than the general run of them. Why! if all the accounts were true, in length, it could not have been very much short of fifty feet, Matomato went to inspect the construction after the workers had told him that it had been finished. *Ka-pai, mo te wahines! Ka-pai, mo te wahines!* exclaimed he, when first it came under his observation, but soon after saying so, he commenced to find faults with the roof. The roof was much too low; it had not pitch enough; it was not sufficiently strong; it was not anything-like weather-proof; he would have it all taken down, and a new roof put on, and it might just as well be done soon as late." "It is bad," said he, "very! that I can never manage to get work done, as properly work ought to be done, unless I make a point of constantly attending to it myself. Men! men!" added he, "it is shameful, it is really disgraceful!"

Then after a little hugging at the back of the neck with his locked fingers, and with his eyes regarding his toes, Matomato concluded not on this occasion to take off the roof, but rather to place a good staunch one directly over the one which already was on. One you know, that shall require nothing to be done to it for as long as any of them lived! He himself should look over the work and see to it, that every stick was placed and fixed in the way which was especially required.—The rafters of the new roof were ever so many times stronger than the usual run of whares—they were fixed with poles every bit as much round them as a tangata's leg is round at the knee. Then at each of the gables up went an upright-pole, three times as thick around as were ever those of the rafters! with a very little of a fork on each of the tops, and a very little of a grip too in the ground had each of the bottoms! The workmen at every opportunity whispered among themselves that their Rangatira knew a great deal more about directing a fight, than in giving directions about how to build a whare! whatever did a wahine's whare, as he was pleased to call it, want with such trunks of trees stuck up at each end? Again if Matomato wanted such a solid job, how was it that such a slim hold of the earth was given to the bottoms of these uprights at the gables? In short, they concluded, therefore, that Matomato had never directed any work of the kind before, and thence was incapable of doing anything of the kind now. But what gave a much greater surprise to these fault-finding Moari workmen, was the seeing afterwards a trunk, not far short of fifty feet, of the rewarewa tree—what I've heard the white

call honeysuckle—dragged by a great crowd of men on the top of round-log rollers close up against this whare! This Matomato meant for the ridge! Well, after a great amount of labour in hoisting, with the ends of which but loosely resting on the forks of the uprights of which have already been described, the whole afterwards was thatched over, and quite concealed with old raupo, which had covered up other whares ere this one. So there on the edge of the cliff this whare-wahine stood, and anyone too, just after its being newly finished, could never well have supposed, but that it had been a whare which had stood on the same place for many years. To be sure it looked more bulged towards the top than is usual—but what of that? that was nothing!

Strange it was all thought that this whare, after such pains and care in being erected should after, continue for days, without being occupied! Had it not been given out that the aged *pouarus* who had lost their husbands in former wars, were to have it for a dwelling? Now when it was all quite ready to receive them, there was no one had been told to remove therein! Taking thought of all Matomato's lately odd conduct,—his careless indifference in making popular preparations for receiving an enemy, it was generally considered that the close of his great career was pretty nigh at hand, and a very heavy cloud, when pondering over these things, seemed to hang over every man, woman, and child belonging to the pa! Every eye seemed full of trouble; every throat seemed choked with sorrow! They were all afraid to awaken the wrath of their Great Ariki, by his either hearing their murmurs, or his looking at their faces of distress; so often, they stole away to the unobserving forest a short distance off, to ease their heavy hearts with a *tangi*! Tongamimi seemed the only one whose mind appeared at rest, nay, if anything to the contrary, Runa's old nurse appeared unusually cheerful, but, then Tongamimi was beyond any of their powers to comprehend. Why! she was the only wahine in the place who showed herself unmoved and quite unconcerned at Runa's departure. Yet this very Tongamimi had been known to weep for days at the death of a tame tuitui!

Aha! aha! what is the news now? which furrows every brow, and every eye-ball makes to wildly roll. Matomato must now be up and doing, or else Matomato must of a certainty be undone! Now, wont the Great Chief be sorry with himself for not looking after before this, some method of defence? instead of fooling away the valuable time which had been give him in building a stupid-like whare for old women! It is too late now! too late now! For what time

is there to prepare anything, when Raniera and his warriors are on the march, bent on our destruction—numbering it is bruited seventeen hundred men!

Thus, while together they were communing, Matomato's voice like unto the roaring of an earthquake, called out the war cry, "Whakariki! Whakariki!!" Then spoke he, with a lower voice, "Come hither around me, all brave men! This way! this way! and leave all faint-hearts with the wahines!"

CHAPTER X.

SHARK FISHING DISASTER.

THE part now come to in this story is at morning, before the stars had left the sky. But early even as it then was, might have been seen miles off the Sugarloaves of Taranaki, on the waters of the Pacific, two large canoes, and a crew of three in each of these, fishing for sharks; the flesh of which along with roots, at that time formed the chief diet of the Maori. Funny as it may look, there are none of our people care very much to wander any very great distance from their homes between sun-down and midnight, although even ever so light, but although even ever so dark between that and the dawn, they have no great dread of going anywhere! It may be true or it may not be true, it is not for me to say, but it has been given out by the old natives, so it may be taken for what it is worth, that at-the-turn-of-the-night, the evil spirit *Whiro* retires, then to the deep bowels of the Earth, to attend to the fires therein burning, which he keeps heaping up for his cruelly spiteful volcanoes.

The shark fishing crews now beheld the sun by degrees swelling out of the far flashing waters of the east, its bright face on a level with that of their own canoes, and darts, and spears—weapons of the old gods—composed of smokeless flame are pointed all around outward from its ring. This change in the *rawhiti* now hurries the fishermen on to casting down into the deep sea their wakis or bate. They can see now in a way, what is going on in part of the quietly lapping waves under them, and the gleaming phosphorus too, to some extent helps their vision. The waki of one of the canoes seem as though no sooner thrown over than the line is immediately drawn tight. At this point the crew in the canoe cease to talk: if a word should be passed, that word is passed at a very low and guarded whisper. Quickly the mooring tackle is hauled into the boat to provide the shark with free-scope in its course of circle-swimming, which commences

with it as soon as the monster much to its surprise, finds something dragging at his head, without its having the power to resist, or yet the power to perceive. Next the shark finds itself in the canoe engaged in a desperate but generally a hopeless struggle. For after about a dozen hard blows on the head with a heavy-wooden mallet, it is finally obliged to give in for ever. At this stage, silence is instantly broken, by a loud cheer from the captors, followed by a short hand-round dance, a few lively jests, and often a snatch of an uproarious song—similar in meaning to what I may now give.

Lay hold of the waki! haul, haul away men,
As the big shark keeps whirling around,
Shorten quick the line, you have him, you keep him!
While he twists, you knock on his nose!
Whoogh! what a big fellow!
Whoogh! what a big fellow!
To grill on the hot seething stones!
Whoogh! what a big fellow!
To make the wahines' mouths *wai*!
To make the wahines' mouths *wai*!

Such luck, as has seldom ever been known before, followed the crew of this canoe. For above an hour scarcely had their bait been thrown, for as long-time as one could have had out a good sneeze, than a tug was felt on the line. They were, as it rarely happens in the case of sharks, at any rate, right in the centre of a shoal. But after a while, good luck and bad luck with these fishermen entirely changed places, and instead of being outside in the centre of a shoal of sharks, the shoal of sharks were very, very near having them, by piecemeal right into *their* centre! In the struggle of getting an enormous-sized one into the canoe, the canoe heeled over. Thereby, losing not only all their former hauls, but also losing all their tackle! and for a time every likelihood of losing themselves, as they clung on to the bottom of their topsy-turveyed boat.—They in this evil instant roared as loud as could possibly be bellowed, for assistance from their mates—in the supposed to be accompanying twin canoe, as it is for trying situations of this kind, that two or more boats always put out and generally keep together. Their call was unheeded, elsewhere no other canoe could be seen! After for sometime struggling, they managed to turn their craft over, and succeeded likewise by swimming to recover their oars. Of course, then the thought struck each one, "that what they had themselves, just now, by good chance escaped, must also have happened to their twin crew, and that they (the twin crew),

perhaps, had had the bad chance not to escape, as they themselves had luckily done." But while their strength remained, their best should be done to find out if that their worse fears had befallen their companions, or if any yet were struggling above the waves, to try to save them. The wind then backing to the north-west changed altogether the range of the sea, making headway in the direction which was thought, the best chance of discovery lay—very much more difficult: however, as all kept pulling with a determined will, the canoe at a pretty fair rate of speed cut through the water. They had not rowed a very great distance, ere their attention became drawn to something unusual in the water, at the distance of three miles, and a few points north of windward. What was their amazement on nearing this object? when they descried it to be one of the twin-canoe's crew, supported on a jumbled-heaped together lot of rods, fringed with rags of flax matting, and what not! How—they swore, by all the good and evil spirits!—did such a droll crazy-looking article ever get out on the sea? "I know not," answered the rescued,—"all that I hope is, that my other two mates may have had as good luck as what I myself have had, in also getting something or another to clutch at, and to hold on by. I could not have swam a hundred yards more, when this queer thing came right in my way—I can tell you." Then in answer to the question put, of how it was that their wreck came about? He answered, "that in all the years in which he had been fishing, nothing like half the size of the shark which had upset them, his eyes had ever looked upon, and when they had lifted it up to the edge of the canoe, by some mischance the line got a little slackened—then, with one terrible bound against the side, it shot the canoe for yards away right from under them! There must have been at the place in which this dreadful thing befell them, a strong current running south, as the canoe was seen out of all reach by the time we had recovered from our astonishment. Now, don't you think by my making an extra hand to your steering," he enquired, "we might be able in a short tussle, to run the canoe to a grip, or if not even that, pick up either one or both of her crew?" The only reply that there came to this proposal, was by the nose of their precarious craft headed in the direction described which the empty boat had taken—accompanied by the oars dipping and rising in and out of the water at a marvellous rate of speed. On, on! southward they sped without a moment being lost, aye! until the big drops of sweat coursing downward almost blinded the oarsmen!

Cheer, cheer! willing hearts cheer! away upon the crest

of a far away ridge of the sea, a canoe is sighted ! A little while further on too, their strained vision makes out that it was the very thing of which they were in pursuit ! the canoe which has brought upon them all their trouble ! Better and better still, they soon afterwards observe that this canoe is not drifting by the mere force of wind and current. "They are saved ! they are saved !" All with one voice shout—"More marrow from the bones of our arms men, and alongside soon shall we be of our companions !" But, what is it now which makes each look aghast ? Is there again perceived another fresh perplexity ?—Yes ! for this canoe which the sight of just now quite overpowered them with joy, as they first set their eyes upon it ; in place of meeting is discovered to be receding from them !—"They are only two to four," spoke one of the oarsmen, "and whatever their reason may be for this odd quirk, we can soon put our hands on them, and seek for an explanation—all together men, and quick !"

But the task which was undertaken, was neither to be done so easily, nor yet so quickly as they had calculated upon that it should be. Their extra hands, of course, made them perceptibly gain ground, but what they gained was tiresomely slow and vexatiously worrying. As nearer they drew, another startling surprise awaited them--none of their old friends were in the canoe that they were beating up to. What does such mean ? All that could be made out was, that it was guided by a strange man and woman ! What a cruelly vile trick was this, either *Whero* or his servants were here playing freaks with them ? For the hold of their own canoe to be occupied with a strange tangati and a strange wahine ! At first when this extraordinary event was unveiled, for a few moments the crew shrank from pursuing further. Such was but a few moments, however, and then they pushed on towards the objects which they wished to haul, yet at the same time dreaded !—At weary length, and when too, nearly the sun had completed its descent, these two canoes once more came together. Then all the circumstances connected with the seizure and the chase were truthfully explained. The then present occupants of the canoe were, who should ever have dreamed of it ? Nanahu and Runa !!!

CHAPTER XI.

A GREAT BATTLE WON BY A GREAT SELL.

IN the pa at Taupo, it was a profound secret, known by but a few, that two days preceding that in which Matomato loudly

called for his staunch-hearted and good-fighting men, that two of Raniera's spies had been taken on the hop, stealthily prowling about in the neighbourhood. But on their detection—well, as in most of other matters, Matomato's behaviour was like to none other. For instead of there and then chopping off their upper stories, he kindly gave them the choicest of food, took them all round the place, and then told them to return to Raniera and plead with him not to be so heartlessly pitiless, as to make a murderous onslaught on an unprotected pa! But whether Matomato knew it or not—most likely he did—not a much better plan could have been adopted for hurrying an impetuous young chief like Raniera to profit, by taking advantage of such seemingly blameworthy lack of protection! So much thereby the easier would he then procure his triumph; so much thereby the surer then should he win his glory—The Great Chief Matomato, once under his foot! “Nui Tu!” [Great War God], where was there another throughout the length and breadth of the land, who could say then to him, Raniera, “what mean you?” It was on the middle of the afternoon, that word came to Matomato that the enemy must then be within an hour and a half's march to the steep passage leading up to the plain. Upon this plain too, beneath a skirting and a screening scrub, most likely thereon, purposed to encamp Raniera's strong body of warriors to be ready as usually is, for this sort of thing to rush with surprise Matomato's pa a little before dawn, laying around them death, destruction, pillage, and captivity amongst the supposed unprepared, within the palisaded kianga!

It may still be in mind, what before has been spoken of, the particular position of the Great Chief's pa, being on a mound rising from a broad valley, or rather plain, and pretty well surrounded by hills. However, eastward of this valley or plain, in place of any hills, there was a descent for miles from the ridge down to another valley which again was skirted by distant low hills. The common-place-looking wahine whare, which had an old appearance, although but quite recently built, stood close to the edge of this descent just now mentioned, and in short as has before been hinted, stood right in the way of the only effective passage that there were for many miles, that is from an eastern direction to the plain whereon the pa stood. The dimensions of this seemingly-dilapidated whare must have been extensive, as there could not have been many short of one hundred and fifty chosen warriors packed inside its walls on this particular hour and day, by command of the Great Chief!—For what purpose too, it is

not yet time to explain. Two warriors stood upright at each of the gables of the whare—their hands clasped around each of the single upright supports thereat fixed. Three hundred warriors, staunch and strong! were also stowed among the thick scrub at about two hundred yards on the left of the dip of the ridge from the whare! All the address which on this occasion was given by Matomato to either parties was, “to act promptly together, when the word *Hokai* was given, and never to deliver a blow until such times as that they were sure that they had got inside of the point of whatever was their foe’s weapons—Then, to let fly! and spare not!”

Hist! away now on the hill in the east, something like a grey cloud coming into view makes its appearance! By-and-by, this grey cloud is descried to be a deep-stretching broad-faced column of human life, apparently bent on hither approaching—although closely packed together; each moves as independently of each other as the upheaving spurts of water at the boil! Good, stout, dusky limbs though are carrying them briskly forward. Why? everyone in inches round, as thick as the bladder of the *Tohora*.

Scant, and but few are the garments worn amongst them, and those who even have a meagre belt around the fork, are those who have wahines—dainty-like distinguished feathers top some of their thick, black, crisp and tangled hair, each feather denoting a victim which their prowess had at some former time made to lick the dust! The weapons in their hands—meres, tomahawks, spears, and lances; some of wood and some of stone are carried at pleasure; one has his across his shoulder; another at the trail; and another across the breast—all intermixed without arrangement in the separate ranks! Ah! now the sun is beginning to get low down in the west, and before it sets this heavy column of braves want badly to push on, and take up their stealthy quarters for the night under the screen of scrub, which now they can observe on the right of the broad, steep track leading to the opposite high ground in front. Thereon to be ready to burst on Matomato’s pa ere the stars with the coming morn depart from the spacious vault above; and ere the mocking owl ceases to *haurarua*! Then they should put their foot on the enemy! then they should make his wahines wait upon them! and then too, there should be no lack of toothsome morsels with which to provide a savoury and plentiful feast! Neither should there be any scarcity of shooting and fishing grounds for those who had shared with Raniera, the toils which had led to such a victory, as that of the

defeating of the Great—the supposed to never-to-be-beaten Matomato! Does not the moth aspire when consuming by the light of the torch? Aye! and does not the torch itself shoot up a bright flame the moment ere it darkens? And rarely ever are the ways of men less full of vain endeavours! of vain and idle conceits!

Raniera's fighting column is still advancing bravely onward. With bold front they are winding down the gentle slope that falls towards the brawling torrent! With heads proud and erect, as if to say, "who is there who dare to oppose us?" and all the while their hands keep on fumbling with their weapons, as if in imagination adjusting them to strike down some foe! The head of this great living cloud, consisting of nearly two thousand fighting men at length have reached the stream; and are now threading their way—to the opposite bank which falls steep—amidst the rough sharp-edged boulders in the water. Apace! the bulk of the advancing column is now more than half way up the steep, but broad and smooth road, which leads to where they mean to have during the early darkness, a few hours welcome rest. They are still, still moving forward! But spirits of gods that dwelt in early fathers! At this instant, the word *Hokai* is shrilly uttered * * And! and! O! Ghosts of *Tekotekos*!! Down, down from the roof-ridge of the whare standing on the cliff, there came on the ground with a dull thud, like unto the voice of hurtling thunder, a ponderous thick beam of well nigh half a furlong in length, and in descending the precipice swept Raniera's advancing column back again headlong pell-mell into the river, as would a stupendous breaker sweep piles of drift-sand back again to the shore! Instantly then, like to legions of Imps, newly from a thousand years' bondage released, out sallied from inside the whare, and from amidst the covering scrub Matomato's men, dealing out furious death-blows on their enemy, while yet they lay helplessly mangled by the pressure of the overwhelming beam! O! it was a most terrible bloody day! a most terrible revenge! Raniera, himself and one hundred and ninety were taken prisoners, seven hundred were slain, and the remnant fled to spread the tale of their humiliating disaster in every nook and corner of Maoriland! The scourge was rapid and decisive; the carnage was heavy, but nearly all on the one side, only nineteen of the defending host bit the ground, and about fifty more were wounded. The noise, it is said of the combatants during the short half hour in which it lasted, could be heard all the way at Lake Roto! It was one of those battles which are never to be forgotten, nay never to be for-

gotten, till the day that fate parches up the last drop of blood inherited from those who thereon had fought! Peace, peace, peace be to their shadows!

Soon there came to embrace the victorious heroes, long strings of wahines, dancing, leaping, and singing in turn, and shouting "*haere mai toku tangata*," [come to me my husband], and thus intoxicating with their plenteous caresses. Then in the fullness of their joy, their frenzied delight, these wahines even went so far as to accost with their extravagancies the great Matomato himself, singing before him, "*Lo! Nana ano tanii mahi*," meaning [this work is his own], and would have conveyed him in a litter, framed with their own plump round bodies from the field to the pa, had not Matomato gently waved them off with his hand, and unto them said these few words, with a mild, though searching countenance. "Wahines, know ye what ye are about? I am he, whom but yesterday was said by you—to be mad!"

CHAPTER XII.

THE UPSHOT OF A FALSE REPORT.

As the shark-fishermen, with unfortunately shortened hands, and also unbargained-for passengers were returning, the wind continued to blow fair from the south, but much too strong for their easily landing in the dark at Moturoa, near the Sugar Loaves. They therefore took shelter in a small inlet a few miles down the coast, close towards the Oakura river. Next morning, however, not above an hour after daylight, they were saluted by their friends off the shore, as they with their canoes rounded Mikotai, hastening to their ordinary landing place. But, alas! the joy of these anxiously awaiting people on the beach was soon to be grievously moderated, by the sad account of what had befell two of one of the crew's number. In all times, and with all kinds of people, death while doing labour for a common good ever engages sympathy. It was anything but an easy undertaking to try to convince the kinsfolk of those two shark-fishers who had been lost, that they had not received some sort of foul play at the hands of the man and woman, who had appropriated afterwards their canoe. The whole story of this strange pair getting water-logged in their own boat, and shortly after being enabled to procure another drifting guidelessly about, did not to their comprehension seem at all feasible; the vital need followed so quickly by the vital supply was such a rarity

in the ordinary run of experiences, as to strain very considerably the power of belief. However, when *the one* of the crew who had got saved by the floatage of the wreck that had been abandoned by the strangers, firmly and clearly told them that it would have been quite impossible for his lost companions to have by swimming overtaken their own canoe, and that those who had secured it, did so by waiting on its advance. That testimony at once put away any further uncharitable misgivings from the breasts of the distressed friends.

There, meantime, before them all, stood Nanahu and Runa. For all their past sleepless fatigue they presented two figures, which if not fitting for worship, were resistless to all that set eyes upon them for their drawing never-paling admiration. Still each of them looked quite the opposite of showing any inward contentment, with the haven where now they were at rest! Nay, it is questionable that if the two canoes had not whilst returning kept-all-the-time close together, that Nanahu could not well have resisted having a hand-to-hand struggle for once more having mastery of the boat! Two, he might have had some chance with, but lo! to have had four pitted against him would have been but foolishly seeking for almost certain defeat. There was one very gratifying source of consolation for poor Nanahu, however, which he soon discovered, and that was that those strangers which badhap had brought him amidst, treated him kindly and humanely as an equal, and not as an underling! Aye, and gratified much at this civility, as Nanahu no doubt was, Runa on observing him receive it, evidently was a great deal more. Why, the wahine in this case was really so unselfishly-good, as to look with an eye of favor more on those who smiled on poor Nanahu, than on those who with friendliness smiled upon herself!

Troubles if not exactly always accompanied by others, have at times others following pesterfully close in their wake. News came a few hours after here arriving, that Raniera by a great battle had crushed for ever the power of Matomato! This terribly-startling shock proved more to Runa, than had done all her lately undergone severe hardships. Death's startling pallor instantly travelled across her beautiful features, and her limbs refused to bear the burden further of her stately form. Nanahu was there besides her, that is true, but what of that? When no eyes, nor sense was left to her for Nanahu to feel or see! For hours time stood still with Runa. At last as the still bosom of the deep in a long calm begins to move by the breathing of a cloud, so moved at length prostrate Runa from her in-

haling of the breath of Nanahu! Still it was not until several days after, that Runa had her former self regained! But all these sorrows of Runa's, even yet were fated to be incomplete! Toto, the great high priest on Motupora's mysterious island, sought for her blood as well as that of Nanahu's! Convinced this influential tohunga refused to be, that Nanahu and Runa were other else than murderers! and unless that the chief of the Tateawa tribe, who had given to them refuge, delivered them at once into his hands, the consequence would be that he and all his hapus should henceforth be overshadowed by the most inveterate of malignant spirits! The question answer—he thus put it—"how should they feel then?"

"This comes Rangatira-wahine of your father's defeat," kindly and considerately spoke the chief of the Tateawa to Runa. "To talk to me though in this manner," continued he, "is to forget the hand which for many years now has helped him to support himself on the barren rock which thereon he has chosen to make an abiding place. I confess as to feeling it hard for at the first time in my life to gainsay Toto. Yet I feel it at the present moment harder still, to be instrumental to his work of revenge. For quite satisfied am I from what is going on in my mind, that Toto desires much to stand well with Raniera after his victory!"

"O! Great Chief!" answered pleadingly Runa. "You are, pardon me, deceiving yourself, and to my shame confess, I too, have foolishly done the same myself. Now I am—I feel! assure as that the sun laps up the vapours of the earth, that Raniera has gained no victory! neither has my father received any defeat! and for one, as I am, who every hour and every day from infancy onward witnessed his brilliant wisdom reflected, like unto stars in a lake! ought nevermore to stretch my back from under a tiresome load, for ever losing trust in his unequalled valour, I again, again, and still again will repeat it! 'That Raniera has gained no victory! neither has my father, the most sagacious amongst men, received any defeat!'"

"I really am," said the chief of the Tateawas, "to be likened unto one standing where two paths fork. I know not which may be the one will take me to where I wish to go. Toto notwithstanding his heavy obligations to my bounty, could still work me much evil, and Toto to blindly obey would be doing much evil to my own thoughts of right. Yet, what we often cannot do for ourselves, give time, time, and time will do it for us. Leaning on this then, I think that nothing would so well avail as for you to remove yourself with Nanahu a few score of

miles farther from Toto, and without at the same time Toto knowing who it was, that scared away his early winter kukus! Koriti, chief of the Ngatarinuis, at Wanganui—*should I say it!*—will take you under the folds of his ample garment. Start, whenever ready—*for say it, I mean!*—by the forwarding with you of this mere!”

It came to pass, when Toto got to learn of the flight of Nanahu and Runa, that his anger against Poharamo the chief of the Tateawas, waxed very wrathful! inasmuch, as to make him threaten that, if they were not instantly brought back, and placed into his custody on the island of Motupora, he would disembowel seven of those whom Matomato had transported thither! But not only would he do this much, he should likewise dispatch a fleet messenger to Raniera, acquainting him of the manner that He, the companion of Atua, was here being dealt with. Then meet punishment as had been meted out to the Ngatarinuis and to the Tateawas in former days, should again be their portion in the days at hand! Once more would the strength of their hapus be as flesh of dead fish, and once more too, would their wahines, their Tamahines, and their Tamaitis be carried away into captivity! yea, even in the fighting-men that would be brought against them, might be many of those who had proceeded from their own flanks! Thus are those who highly hold Atua's powers—ever rewarded.” These were brave words if you like, one from to whom he owed almost all which nourished in his bowels the quickening springs of life!

This Motupora tohunga did not run from his word in the matter of making victims of six of those sent thither by Matomato, neither neglected he either to let his work be known to all the surrounding people, as their lifeless carcasses were easily perceived from off the main coast, suspended on upright-fixed spars! Toto must have had at the same time, become sulky and desirous of putting an end to further intercourse, as neither seeds, roots, berries, nor such-like food as what was formerly sent off to him, would he now accept: all that he really would acknowledge was fresh water, and fresh water was what was well known Toto could not do without; as all that looked as water on the island, phoo! a red cinder would put ablaze! and moreover tasted in the mouth like *kawa papaks*!

The wise words of Poharemo, the chief of the Tateawas, of “Give time, time, and time will do for us what we know not how best to do for ourselves,” was in a few days onward in a measure further confirmed. Other news which there was no getting away from, came amongst the people, that after one

of the most wonderful of victories that ever had been fought for—Matomato had Raniera and a number of his fighting-men securely in his fangs! And from one end of the island even unto the other, all the people were satisfied that they might as well contend against a tornado, as contend against Matomato! Matomato of a verity there was no resisting!

Those wise words of Poharma, the chief of the Tateawas, was again soon to be still more corroborated. News came along the coast from Wanganui, that by a birth-mark underneath the chin, Nanahu had been discovered as the long lost baby carried away by a wahine now named Tongamimi, twenty years ago, during the last invasion in these parts of the Waikato! And this baby Koriti, himself, even frankly admitted was the rightful leader of the Ngaterinuis! and barring Matomato's, under no other shadow in any of the islands! should henceforth stand Nanahu, the despised and ridiculed slave!

CHAPTER XIII.

A NON-CLAIMANT CLAIMED.

THE Chief of the Tateawa's mere proved quite as effective in obtaining for Runa a cordial reception at Wanganui, as though it had been a lengthily written despatch. Nothing, in short, was too good for the tamahine of Matomato, as a guest; nothing was wanting on the part of the Ngataranui tribe, so as to make Runa feel as if she were in the midst of familiar friends—in short, as one of themselves. "I would most willingly," urbanely urged Koriti, "now, at once, make a large feast for your reception, were it not that my people are busy before the winter wet-weather sets in, making required preparations. By and by though, depend upon it, you shall be convinced of how Koriti can welcome those whom it is his delight to entertain."

Maay are the grossly absurd notions which the Pakeha has of the Maori, ere the Pakeha's advent hither. But, none are really so far away from the truth as that of imagining that the Maori did nothing in those olden times but negotiate with wahines; hunt on sea or land for his food, tomahawk, and sometimes banquet on his enemies. For, however turbulent and jealous they were for what they regarded as their rights, causing, too frequently, internecine war, still, there underlay all this bellicose spirit, a high appreciation of industrial productions. A proof of what is now said may be gathered from this very circumstance: that a good canoe-builder or carver, seldom

figured in their assaulting ranks. Then, on the other hand, victorious tribes could not secure a much more prized trophy than that of collaring such adepts of ingenuity as captives. As many as a hundred slaves, I have been told, have been delivered over for a well-carved wooden effigy! Ay! and an immunity for a series of years from a powerful tribe's attack, has been acquired for nothing more than the gift of a skilfully ornamented canoe! It was a frequently repeated saw—"Little thought with little work speedily bring fungus on the brain." Now, in fancy—if you will—cast your eyes around inside and outside of this Wanganui pa. Here look! just in front squats a company of nga hakui, or otherwise old women accompanied by lots of mud and dust, begrimmed picanivies, some of the women cleaning fish; some constructing hot-stone pit-ovens therein to cook their dinners; and some scraping with sea-shells the skins from the kumaroes: ay! and they will skin them too with their simple instruments quite three for one, that the most expert pakeha scullion can possibly do with any of their steel blades. A little to the left, close under the bank, observe there are a number of younger wahines, busily at this very moment plaiting mats, mending garments and nets. They make a tolerable fair shift too, it must be allowed, with these three inch-long ground-down whales-teeth needles, and their homespun threads. Yonder under the cool shade of the totoro, a group of nga kotero—young girls—are gravely exercised over trying the effect first on the inside of barks of different mineral and vegetable dyes, then as the shades are obtained to their liking, they are put into separate troughs—hewn out of trunks of trees—amongst the yarn. That is anything but a bad specimen of wahine's handicraft, that girl by the hara keke tree is just now overhauling with it spread over her knees. It has somewhat the appearance of scroll-work. The Maori designs mostly are taken from fish and shells, either in weaving, tattooing, carving, or ingraining, and the pleasing results are surely a strong recommendation to the choice. The natives it may be admitted are often rather loud in colour, but seldom or ever in delineation. Those men under the open raupo-thatched roof are busy at present indenting variagated coloured shells into the handles of their weapons of war, making them dazzle as though they were constituted of the most priceless of gems. Holloa! what is now that grizzly-haired fat woman gabbling so excitedly about? O! only because that she cannot succeed to kindle the sticks for making a fire for her earth-oven. That is her husband, you see now hurrying to her relief. Not quite so ready that as the lucifers of the pakeha; still you will

notice that by about ten minutes persevering—rubbing upon the pith of a dry-flax stick with another of a more tenacious nature, the old man succeeds in procuring fire to the very great delight of his tip-toe expectant partner, who has all the while been stooping over him watching the operations.

Either on the third or the fourth day of Runa's sojourn among the Wanganui natives; the party having the kukupa with the five threads wound around the leg, in and through Koriti to her made their presence known. After a somewhat protracted deliberation, it was finally agreed upon by all the parties interested that the bird instantly should be liberated, and also one of the swiftest-footed messengers which possibly could be procured, was immediately to follow and deliver to Matomato personally, an account of all the wondrous things concerning him, which in these parts had lately come to pass.

It fell out also, about this same time, that a pompous young swell of the name of Ngote, gave great annoyance to Runa, by his almost day and night hanging around, endeavouring I suppose, to test the extent of his magnetism, beseeching, pleadingly whenever the slightest chance presented itself, to be given the opportunity of having with her a quietly uninterrupted korero. All such *turnoremore* Runa endured with most admirable good nature; but when the conceitedly-verdant fop forgot himself by stating Nanahu's illegibility to own such an incomparable pearl, as the tamahine of Matomato. Such aroused Runa's indignation to a pitch beyond a moment's farther toleration—sending promptly a message to his chief to rid her at once of such an unbearable nuisance.

"Who are you?" vociferated the enraged commander, as he hastily flailed poor Ngote out of the pa with a formidable sapling. "How dare you bring evil upon my hapu?"

"O! chief! spare me, spare me!" whimpered Ngote. "For my purpose alone was to compass good to your hapu by striving to become through the tamahine of Matomato, illustrious in council!"

"Begone grub, begone," loudly bawled out the still farther incensed chief. "Put the length of this river's course between you and this, ere you think to cease travelling! Ay! and as long as you live too, well remember, that any eel its head may raise, but this it can never do, it cannot keep it raised! Hist! get thee off from hence to the far back desert, and learn humbleness from contemplating at thy leisure the majesty of the Moa!"

As for Nanahu and Runa, it was a hard matter to tell, which of their sufferings had penetrated deepest into the core,

by their painfully enforced separation, ever since away farther north they were brought ashore in the fishing canoe. Too well! alas! each of them knew how ineffectual in their case would prove remonstrance, therefore, both mutely bore their almost insupportable sorrow! Aye! a sorrow too, of the most depressive sort, whereon hope refused to shed the faintest scintillation. Prospective joys or looming troubles customarily are to an absurd degree over-rated, but downcast Nanahu, at this time with his hanging jaws, lustreless eye-balls, and neglected-scraggy locks, must have thought it as a matter of impossibility to have over-rated his merciless coming doom. As here, now he strolled away from all communion with any of his kind, his hands in front of the pit of his stomach unconsciously making his thumbs revolve around each other—manifesting thereby that he was in a reverie of gloomy despair. While thus distractedly pacing hither and thither; while thus mechanically with his two thumbs describing stellar movements, poor Nanahu got startled almost into fits of convulsions by a substance suddenly plunging from a thicket bordering upon his beat, straight in front of him; something it was after the form of a limp-filled sack of chaff, held up by the middle! Such afterwards turned out to be, a poor old beldam with her back set in a double, by in her day and generation carrying ponderous, overpowering burdens! Nanahu looked down and regarded the unfortunate creature before him sympathetically, the antique decrepit crone looked up at Nanahu, with considerable effort and regarded he, whose path she was crossing, with prying interest. After the two wayfarers koreroing for a few seconds, the aged woman playful-like raised her supporting staff, and tapped Nanahu with the point of it gently under the terminal of his face! Then no sooner had she exercised this odd sort of liberty, than she went into such a rapturous frenzy, as naturally conveyed the impression to Nanahu, that the old dame must be clean, stark mad! Not a single word more, however, could be got out of this seeming-sorceress. She betook herself as fast as ever she could manage to waddle, instantly away from him in the direction of the chief's whare, mumbling all the time some incoherent jargon, which added more to Nanahu's bewilderment than it did to any enlightenment received.

But what soon subsequently gave a no less shock to Nanahu's already dreadfully shattered nerves, was the sudden appearance of a mob of people in commotion rushing from the pa, in the direction of where he was then standing. Waving their hands, and shouting with trilling intonations, "*Haere-mai; haere-mai*—come thither *Tamati Mangu; haere-*

mai, tamati Mangu, why stay you so long away from us as a stranger, beyond the outer shadow of your own gates?" Nanahu gazed upon their approach quite paralysed with confusion. When the company came close upon the deranged spectator—without even saying so much as, "by your leave," they adroitly placed him upon a litter of green boughs which had been prepared for the purpose, and bore him away triumphantly upon their heads followed by a large concourse of women and children. Three times the whole troop went round the stockade before entering, singing heartily *ka pai te ra i ka nui pai te ra*. Blessed be the day that has welcomed back to his people their long lost rangatira!!!

Thus Nanahu, like a short stumpt wick of candle on being lighted contines long, low, lurid, and dubious, at length, in a twinkle, starts into brilliancy.

CHAPTER XIV.

PREPARATIONS FOR A JOURNEY TO BRING BACK TRIUMPHANTLY THE WANDERERS.

TONGAMIMI! did I say? No; that was not the name she bore twenty years before this: but what of that? when it is explained that she was one and the same person which clave to the child, as if her own, when carried away captive to Taupo, thus putting the infant on the same mean level as she was herself. In those far-awa-times, the wahines and children had nothing to look forward to, when captured in war, but a life of slavish servitude. Chief's families, by the intermixture of blood, were usually in time released; but not always.

Tongamimi did not get anything-like gentle treatment from the hands of Matomato, when the glad tidings spread to Taupo of all that which had lately taken place away south in Taranaki. And, the only excuse which Tongamimi offered for her mischievous secrecy, was, "That Korite's uncle Manawatu (the father of Nanahu) whom the Waikato slew, used to make frightsome faces at her, when they played as children together; and that she, even then did not forget to tell him to his face too, she would yet live to see the day when she would be able to addle his eggs!" Tongamimi was packed off to another standing billet after this confession to make bark creels for kumaras alone by herself in the forest.

Nothing was talked of in and all around the pa at Taupo in these days of uncalculated upon good, but the wondrous story of Nanahu and Runa. Nothing, indeed, seemed to be thought of but feasting; dancing, and all sorts of merry-

making diversions. Old, old, decrepity, infirm people, with childish voices, thus idly gabbered away—"That of all the jollities they had ever looked upon during their long, long lifetime," such as the return of warriours who had been victorious; what was going on meanwhile on account of the tidings from Nanahu and Runa blotted out for liveliness, right-good fun and delicious revelling, every one of them, as daylight does the stars. "Aye! but even all this, good as it is," added they, "will be put far in the background, if what is said is true, by that which is still going to be at a place called Maungaroa, somewhere beyond the Mokau!" And these green-hearted old boys would briskly hitch up their shoulder points and cackle bravely, "O, if I were only but young again, I should be sure to be there!" The real secret, it strikes me, of people living to be old is that such always live as though that so they were not!

It will be gathered from the chatterings of these old-Ruts there, that in addition to all the jollifications and feastings at Taupo over the good tidings of the Tamahine of their esteemed chief; that there were likewise proposed the holding of a magnificent festival away at Taranaki previously to accompanying the heaven-favoured pair back to their old home. It was a puzzling job for the chief to make a judicious selection for who should and should not be included in this grand outing without creating disagreeable dissension, ill-feeling, and spleen. Everyone craved to be of the number, when, not nearly one half of the number craving could possibly go, as the mouths which food would have to be provided for on the march and at their destination had to be well deliberated upon: moreover, the number it would be prudent to leave behind for protection had likewise to be given a thought to; of course, as to this last consideration, their late victory lessened the danger of any attack, but, at anywhere which space surrounds a storm may at anytime arise.

At length Matomato hit upon a plan, which he thought might tally to a T with the humour at this time, of one and all of each of his tribes. Twelve would be chosen from those who could furthest put the stone; twelve from the best at swimming; twelve from the best at diving; twelve from the best at high and level jumping; twelve from the swiftest runners; twelve from the readiest climbers; and twelve more from the most dexterous in managing the canoes. Any on the list of winners who had wahines could take them at their own option and trouble. But lo, the painstaking chief found out to his astonishment that half the difficulties of selecting were not well commenced, for no

sooner had this mode of *picking* become known than such an uproar of dissatisfaction arose from the single wahines as would almost have dealened the noise of thunder! "Well," said Matomato at this unforeseen demur his eyes humorously oggling all the while, "by the great growl of the moa, I should much rather by far have to fight half my battles over again, than again to take in hand such an awkward job as this is going to be." To gather his thoughts together, so as to best get over this quandary Matomato, with his chin supported by his closed knuckles, betook himself with slow strides a little distance off on to a level plain, drew thereon a line with a piece of stick, then called out, "Wahines, *waho te tangatas* (women without husbands), all this way, this way. Now everyone of you stand on the line, and the twenty who can stretch the furthest and make a mark with their finger without mind the knees coming on the ground, shall be those who shall have the reward of the coveted jaunt." Near to a hundred wahines then raced forward; ay, and in the lot too one who was known that had not straightened an arm with rheumatism for fifty years: however, by slyly evading the main rule, the old croon managed to set her mark as far to the front as the best at the trial. "Kahore tika! kahore tika (not fair)!" out loudly bellowed those who happened to have back marks. "Your knees came on the ground!" "They didn't!" "They did!" "They didn't!" "They did." Thus went they on until hoase. "How, old Kotero," then, interrupted the chief with amused regard, "did ever you manage to score so high a mark?" "Just this way great chief, by my knees *going on the ground* and not as forbade *coming out*," was the wahines ready, as well as strictly truthful answer: "You shall certainly go wahine," said Matomato, splitting his sides with laughter, "even if we should have to carry you on a litter."

But all these, as the pakeha would say, hard nuts to crack, by way of knowing how to settle matters forsooth were only but a mere play, and really after all as nothing to what was afterwards to follow. Odd enough, it will be admitted, that not the slightest whisper was heard about Taupo of the extraordinary goings-on of Toto until quite half a moon after the things which had transpired about Nanahu and Runa were related. When, at last, though tardily, the news came of how Toto had been acting, it made every particle of pleasantry at once forsake the grand kingly countenance of the chief, and in short, brought the blood to near the boiling point in one and all, inasmuch as had Toto there and then been conveniently about, Tohunga and all as he was, his flesh would have probably given work to do

for several thousand teeth. "O, pride inordinate!" uttered the greatly enraged chief in koraroing within himself, "what lengths wilt thou go for exaltation? What won't thou not do to obtain passing glory? Toto! Toto!" went he on, "thou grudgest me the fleeting fame of being a conqueror! And craves to put thy foot upon the flare so as its dazzle should not thy puny importance shadow! then, all because I have had no ear for thy trump-up contemptible mysteries, thou selects me as the chief object of thy vile envenomed hate! Aye, distorts the truth, does this meddlesome Tohunga, by telling the people that I am greedy to possess their land, when, not even so much land as would give a rat a decent burial, I by subjugation at this moment claim. Ah! and when in good sooth too, I might have had well nigh the whole island! Distorts the truth likewise does this troublesome Tohunga, by drumming into people's hearing that the sight of helpless misery does at all times Matomato's cruelty whet; when, all during my life, those who know me best can tell, that wretchedness has ever stayed my wrath and awakened instantly my compassion! I have ever endeavoured to win fame, more by mercy, uprightness, and justice than I have done by the work of deadly weapons. Aha! Aha!! Toto, and hast thou this been told, that young Raniera had his knee down upon Matomato's levelled gorge? Aha! Aha!! Then, of course, by such a tale was doubtlessly built by thee stupendous mountains based upon clouds! Thou then unquestionably sayest within thyself—Raniera, a vanquisher, might hoist me up, which Matomato, a vanquisher, yet has never done! Hence, I will now show to Raniera the detestation in which I, Matomato, hold! Prudence though, surely might have advised better than to have been so hasty in seeking to destroy the sole fruit of my tissues! Then, failing in that, like unto a puling child when refused the breast, that kicks, pushes, and drives at whatever else comes in the way thou threatens taking the lives of those who upon me still had some little claim. Were I to detach Toto's head for such behaviour such would be Toto's due and just desserts, but, then, what good should be gained? For Toto dead should be as sharks prepared for a feast, much more valued dead than living. Toto must be removed though, should it only be for a term, from that fabulous and unaccountable island. Wakamarana across raukawa from where he is now will yield him roots, and herbs, and shelter too, and for there my canoes at once must be got ready to take him, and there for a certainty he must abide until such times as Toto can do as others do; live as nature directs, and not mendaciously as evil instigates!"

On communicating this decision Matomato was greeted with a thousand tongues, uttering, "Ka pai O, great chief! ka nui pai O, greatest, greatest of all chiefs!!"

CHAPTER XV.

BEHOLD THE END OF IT.

AT this special festival from the summit of Maungaroa and from the pa of Ngamutu, right down to the beach by the Sugar Loaves in Taranaki, for the distance of half-a-mile, people everywhere were scattered around. Besides Matomato's people from the borders of lake Taupo, tribes as far down the coast as Petone had come all the way hitherward to do honor to Matomato's daughter and her Tane. All the bad blood which the past had fostered among them by cruel slaughter on the part of one and another was now about for all time to be allayed. Noses squeezed against noses belonging to those who formerly tried their dead-best to squeeze the existence out of each other. *Tena-koes* go from lips in friendly salutations one to another, which years previously had saluted, but with hard blows of stone, or of bone, or of wooden clubs. Now, all old evils had vanished away, and the new state of things were to be that of peace and harmony. It was not altogether for mere feasting that those old fashioned folks delighted in meetings, neither was it altogether for dancing, sports, and jests; they had in addition the predilection, which I have now learned, is common to all mankind of being seen and wishing to be seen to the very best advantage, quite as much, perhaps, as you pakehas do in those days love to flaunt bedizened at balls or races. Here during this great affair they might have been observed gadding about from place to place with dextly wrought, gaudy feathered, *kokos* thrown jauntily over their shoulders, and also elegant maros around their plump haunches, fixed to the waist with a *tatua*, gleaming with inwrought, dazzling, shells. The only distinction in garments between men and women then was that of the wahines wearing theirs generally much deeper than that of the tangatas, and they, the wahines, also too, at that period ornamented their head with curious fantastic plaits of amber-tinted grasses, and likewise the choicest flowers of the passing season. A rare vision of pleasing beauty was Runa at this season, with her dark, sparkling eyes, pursed red lips, and great wealth of wavy, sheeny, locks, falling underneath her girdle. Then there was Nanahu, *her shadow*,

imaged from the most perfect mould, and now, too, the newly proclaimed chief of the *Ngatarinuis*; who, even yet, uxorious fellow as he was, could not for very long at a time keep from dallying with his former mate at canoe building; but lo, could such be wondered at? The charms presented fully excused the application. Ah! after all, there were none at the many repeated treats on this particular occasion could hold place for real grandeur of forms and winningness of graces with that of these two, Nanahu and Runa!

Matomato with his followers have now been fully nine days in this southern region, and as yet there are no signs whatever of the expected canoes which he had given instructions to leave by way of the Mokau River on the third day following his own departure overland. The wind had all this time been blowing steadily from the west, but in this quarter not apparently blowing very strong; surely one should have thought they could not have been kept back all this while by a high sandbank-bar at the mouth of the river? Why! even though such were the case, there would be quite sufficient men in the six canoes as to have enabled them to man-handle a canoe, one at a time, across whatever might happen to be the obstruction.

As a rule the great chief lacks not for patience, but clearly now he has become unusually uneasy, or else he should not be almost every other minute shadowing his eyes with his hands, as looking away northward. There are few things which tries the patience as much and produces such an anxious frame of mind as that of repeatedly looking out for what ought to come; but still does not come after many trial-peeps within the horizon of view directed upon the waste of waters.

Matomato's directions before his departure hitherward were clear and also well considered. Allowing himself and his party which were going by land five complete days for the journey, it was reasonably thought that the canoes proceeding by water could do it in about half the time; so as to have both parties arriving at the appointed place nearly at the same period, the party going overland was to have two clear days start; those in charge of the canoes received likewise instructions that under no pretence whatever were they to separate, and further, to at once call at Motupora, be their arrival thither either by day or by night. Then, should any resistance be offered to those in the canoe who first attempted landing, they were all in that case to steer right for the neighbouring beach, so as to redouble their strength by the men who had by land himself accompanied. The thoughtful chief had also on his arrival communicated his

intentions to Toto, so as to give Toto an opportunity of making whatever preparations he might deem necessary for this proposed change of abode. Toto's reply to these representations was anything but courteous; nay, it was worse than uncourteous; it was gruff! Toto sent back word to say, "Tell your master that if any men from any of his canoes dares to land at Motupora, I'll set both him and the whole place around instantly aflame!" This illnatedured answer obviously drew a quiet chuckle and a sort of wait-a-bit you'll-see wink from he to whom it was meant to be conveyed.

As time still went onward and still the canoe fleet did not put in appearance, the circumstance began to engage the deep interest of everybody, and there came to be scarceley an hour of either night or day but what each favourable eminence around about was in a manner crowded—and curiosity, it is well known, is something akin to thirst or hunger, the longer it goes ungratified the worse it gets to endure. Not only that, but almost in any case when numbers are endeavouring to descry a particular object there are certain to be some who can conjure by fancy that which is desired to be seen, and thus thereby tantalizing by raising nought but delusions. On this occasion the proof of such misleading and mischievious reports was verified, for one afternoon these expected canoes had been sighted at least a dozen times from different points, and in every instance what really after all had been sighted dissolved itself gradually after amidst the low-lying vapours.

The following afternoon though, the fleet actually did appear, steadily, all together approaching, and too distinct to cause this time any apprehension of disapointment. The only question now was would they get in before being overtaken by darkness? No, that could not well possibly be, seeing that the sun was already far down in the blue firmament, and still the boats were yet two good hours rowing, by all calculations, from Motupora. Notwithstanding all this though, neither hunger, thirst, nor sleep, nor ought else could induce the people to withdraw themselves for ever so brief a time, off from the banks where they squatted greedily gazing on the now steadily advancing canoes. Darkness in due course overshadowed them, but still, under the lurid light of the twinkling stars, the large crowd stuck like grim-death itself to their obtained position upon the edges of the cliff overhanging the black, sandy beach, however, by and by it was not the canoes that they had their eyes particularly fixed upon so much as the unsearchable tongues of fire that were constantly shooting up in forms of

flaming spears all around the margin of this wonderously weird and irksome-like island ! Shewing for a great distance the quietly moving waters, with a glow of unsurpassable impressiveness, and sending a column of light up into space like that, in a calm, of a burning wilderness, or Tongariro when her bowels are consuming : yet strange, meanwhile, in this peculiar spot itself, all was perfectly quiet, no voice or sound of any kind fell upon the ear, no reverberation of any convulsion whatever came therefrom ! It was such an inconceivably ghastly perception ; so allusive of pent-up implacable fury that no wonder if it did put these spectators into an uncomfortable trouble. Strong men amongst them would for an instant turn aside their gaze, then, despite themselves would revert their heads to the former direction ; women strained their eyes with rivetted and impassioned attention, and from the wells of which rolled down their saddened faces, great tears, and children looked paralyzed with sheer amazement. Now and then, too, the whispered query would pass from lip to lip : " What is going to be the end of all this ? " or, " What shall this wild spectacle lead to ? " Amongst the many hundreds here at this particular time contemplating this mysterious prospect, the only soul apparently unmoved was Matomato himself ; a wahine at his side, beside herself with fear—the chief tapped on the shoulder, saying, " Good woman listen ; there are those who can never glance at a firefly nor hear the flap of a swan's wing but are frightend that the ground is going from under them ; bear up, don't be alarmed ! "

Acting in strict compliance with the Great Chief's instructions the half-dozen canoes, keeping well together, are making their way direct to the novelly illuminated shore. Ho ! now they are close alongside, ay ! and Toto too must be of a certainty bristling defiant opposition ; for lo, take heed, there is seen numbers of flaring torches, brandishing, whirling, and flitting to and fro, as well as is heard too, for the first time, the sound of deep and wrathful voices at each lull of the restlessly noisy surges. Ah ! it is so too, for yonder ! see the canoes are all making swiftly for the beach. According to preceding arrangements the landmen belonging to Matomato are rushing to reinforce the crews in a renewed struggle with whatever force Toto can bring to bear against them. Take notice, look ! look ! their numbers nearly swamp the canoes, now pitching and tossing amongst the low swirling white breakers. O, that is good ! The boats are once more off again ; watch now ! and afloat in deep water. The lookers-on perched on every

surrounding height during these terrible moments are everyone of them struck perfectly speechless ! A cloud of dismal, inky-blackness, as of some augury of desolation's woe ! overhead, now sweeps across the sullen sky, and locks for the moment in total obscurity the progress of the six canoes ! While at this very instant it shows manifoldly more glaringly, more grimly, more overawingly, the cavernous flares ascending from the still strangely irradiated island. Ho ! there, look still ! as the boats come into view again. Ah ! and scarcely bearing either, quite as much as three furlongs from the low water-girded shore. "Hist ! O ! look ! now, see ! What means that billow of fire ? What is it, mark ! that mountaneous blaze ? Whoo-owe-whoong, whoo-owe-whoong, whoo-owe-whoong !!! Atua ! Atua !!! O ! look down ! look down !! Pity, us, us in mercy do preserve ! Motupora is for ever, aye ! for ever * * * and for ever—Gone !!!

EPILOGUE.

There, when everything is still,
When the breath of night is chill,
When the moon is straight o'erhead,
When its lustrous beams are shed
On the surging billows tread ;
Then, 'tis said the Kai-his* can a
Pile of flag-stones neath explore,
Wan hobgoblins pacing o'er,
Such in weird sepulchral tones,
Intermingled with deep groans,
Motuporo's hap bemoans,
Deep down in the moana !

These Kai-his, they Toto spy,
With a ring-flame round each eye,
With a mien of hideous cast,
Hair like loose-yarn in a blast !
Ever dwelling with the past.
His wails have always ran a
Monologue of dolesome croak
'Gainst Fates dealings equivoque ;
He whimpers, couldn't justice see
'Tis Matomato here should be,
With all his horde instead of me,
Deep down in this moana !

*Fishermen sounds kai-hees.

But the universal law,
 Motory force marks sea-saw,
 Atoms fall as atoms rise,
 Hence to abyss, hence to skies ;
 Ringing joys, else wringing cries—
 From Toto's plunge began a
 Soaring flight of Nanahu,
 From Utea, all right through
 To Wapawa none there were
 To his status might compare,
 And Runa long his fame did share
 High up off the moana !

❧ F I N I S . ❧

Explanation.

The Maori pronunciation of dissyllables is generally on the first.

The Maori pronunciation of trisyllables or polysyllables is generally on the second.

Errata.

Page 8, line 40, for kumaroës read kumaras.

Page 8, line 41, for kumaroës read from the kouka, and from wild berries in drinking hakes.

Page 16, line 27, for kumaroës read kumaras.

Page 18, line 42, for tangate read tangata.

Page 22, line 23, for tongariri read Tongariro.

Page 42, line 28, for tongariri read Tongariro.

Page 45, line 43, for Lake Roto read Roto-iti.

Page 51, line 16, for kumaroës read kumaras.

Page 58, line 6, for Ngamutu read Ngamotu.

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