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Revenge

John White

Black and white portrait photograph of John White

Revenge: A Love Tale of the Mount Eden Tribe by John White

Edited by A. W. Reed

A. H. and A. W. Reed 182 Wakefield Street, Wellington MCMXL

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REVENGE By John White

First Edition

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Introduction

At ten minutes past ten on the morning of November 19, 1890, less than two months before his death, John White completed the writing of *Revenge*. The publication of this novel fifty years later will, it is believed, be of interest to students and to all, who wish to know more about the Maori and his customs, his speech and his thought. In his novel, White reveals the courtesy and chivalry, the manners and customs and the life of the old-time Maori in a way that only his intimate knowledge of his subject would permit.

The MS. was evidently a first copy only, and is without corrections or signs of revision or re-reading of any kind. There is little doubt but that the author would have made considerable amendments to the text before venturing on publication. This work has been undertaken by the present editor, so that, while the valuable original material remains as it was recorded by White, the phraseology and literary form have been somewhat altered. The MS has been slightly abridged and notes have been added. In this connection the editor wishes to acknowledge the help of Mr. A. G. Stevenson, Assistant-Ethnologist of the Auckland Institute and Museum, whose contributions are indicated by the initials A.G.S.

A glossary has been included, which will provide a handy method of verifying the meaning of words in the text. The page numbers in this glossary refer to the first appearance of the words where, in most cases, a much fuller description of them will be found in the footnotes.

The place-names are given in the Maori form, but it will be noticed that almost invariably Maunga-whau is found in the modern form—Mount Eden, doubtless because the *pakeha* name is so well known. The same applies to one or two other well-known places.

In 1874 *Te Rou; or, The Maori at Home*, by the same author, was published in London, and perhaps no more fitting introduction to the present volume can be found than in his foreword to that book:

". . . Though woven together in the form of a tale, as that most convenient for life-like representation, the places mentioned are all real . . . the native mode of expression has been carefully followed; and the songs, proverbs and incantations are trustworthy (though perhaps in some respects imperfect) reproductions of the ancient originals.

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

A.W.R. 17 Mallam Street, Karori, Wellington. January, 1940.

John White: A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH BY A. H. REED

Born in England, 3rd January, 1826, Died at Auckland, New Zealand, 13th January, 1891.

In 1834 one Francis White, purposing to engage in the business of shipping kauri spars from New Zealand to England, broke up his home at Cockfield, Durham, and adventurously set forth to join his brother William, who had for several years been resident in the new land. With his wife and children he safely reached Sydney in a barque felicitously named the *Fortune*.

At that time there was no regular communication with New Zealand, but the departure of the schooner *Friendship*, bound for the Norfolk Island convict station with stores, thence to the Bay of Islands, provided an opportunity for a continuance of their journey. False to her name, the little vessel ran upon the rocks at Norfolk Island, and became a total loss, the passengers barely escaping with their lives. Their difficulties were now increased, for it became necessary to await some means of returning to Port Jackson, and it was not until the following year that they were able once more to embark for the Bay of Islands, where they arrived on 3rd October, 1835.

They were still by no means at their journey's end. To-day the run from Kerikeri or Paihia to Hokianga is at most a matter of a few hours. Right up to the close of the nineteenth century, however, and even later, Northland was known as "the roadless north" In 1835 such a description would have been strictly accurate William White was at this time in charge of the Wesleyan mission station at Mangungu on the Hokianga, and thither his brother had to transport himself and his family, with their belongings. A journal of their experiences on this journey would make interesting reading, but Francis White's adventures in New Zealand seem to have been unchronicled. At any rate, the somewhat formidable undertaking was successfully accomplished.

For a few years, during perhaps the most impressionable period of his life, the boy John dwelt in the midst of a large Maori population, and no doubt at this time he laid the foundations of his erudition in native lore.

Towards the close of the thirties Francis White had to travel to England on business, and took with him John and a younger brother, Joseph. On his return to New Zealand he appears to have left the boys behind at a boarding school. They could not have remained there any length of time, however, as in October, 1840, they were back again in New Zealand. Once more it was a case of taking any opportunity of reaching their destination, and this time their landfall was Port Nicholson, then in the first year of its existence as a settlement' Eventually— it may have been weeks, or even months—they found their way back to the old home at Hokianga, and never again did John White leave the shores of his adopted country.

As the boy increased in wisdom and stature, so too did his interest in the native race increase. He early won the friendship of a *tohunga* of the neighbouring tribe. From him he derived and stored up much first-hand knowledge of Maori folklore; he became familiar with the traditional stories of the origin of the race, their discovery of the new land, the migrations, the colonisation of the land, the division of the country amongst the tribes. He acquired a mastery of their tongue, and in after years appeared to be able to speak, and write, and think, with equal facility in both languages. His mind became richly stored with Persons places and events; and by the good offices of his priestly friend he was initiated into the mysteries of the sacerdotal speech and ceremonies, and delved deeply into the mythology of this remarkable people. Wherever he went among them his enquiring mind sought for more and ever more information, and many were the traditions and proverbs garnered from the older men of the tribes, and committed to writing for later use. He could give as well as take, however, and doubtless his popularity was derived in part from willingness to relate in their own speech many a famous story, ancient and modern, garnered from the old world's treasury.

Such studies, so wholeheartedly undertaken, were not devoid of grave dangers to mind and morals. Others had discovered this to their cost, more than one of his predecessors having fallen by the way. White appears to have come through the ordeal unscathed, and to this the training and atmosphere of a godly home doubtless largely contributed.

In 1844, when racial strife was being stirred up by Hone Heke—White being then about eighteen years of age—most of the settlers in the Hokianga district sought shelter in Auckland. The White family—perhaps not without some apprehension as to their own safety—watched the refugees take their departure in the Government brig *Victoria*. They, however, tenaciously held their ground and remained in their home throughout these troublous years. It was not until 1851 that they left Hokianga and took up their residence in Auckland, where Francis White died in 1877, his wife having predeceased him in 1868.

On arrival in Auckland—then the colony's capital "city"—John found useful scope for his linguistic attainments, being engaged by the Government as interpreter, and serving successively Sir George Grey,

Governor Gore Browne, and Lieutenant-Governor Wynyard. Under the latter he took an important part in the negotiations concerning the acquisition of the Coromandel goldfield, and subsequently was appointed Goldfields Commissioner under Major Heaphy. This appointment was followed by that of Native Lands Purchaser under Surveyor-General Ligar. His knowledge, not only of the language but of the workings of the mind of the Maori people, was one of the greatest service in promoting the sale and lease of lands which were to become valuable assets to the colony. A good example is afforded in the Waitakerei district, now a popular scenic and holiday resort in the vicinity of the city of Auckland.

In 1854, when twenty-eight years of age, White married Mary Bagnall, of Parnell. The union was a happy one, and there were born to them three sons and four daughters.

When native troubles broke out in the south White betook himself to the seat of war at Taranaki, and there acted as field interpreter to Generals Pratt and Cameron. This appointment was not without its perils to such non-combatants, and in at least one battle, that of Puketakauere, he was under fire. He seems to have attracted the favourable notice of Sir George Grey, for in 1862 the Governor appointed him a Resident Magistrate and stationed him at Wanganui. The colony was then passing through stirring and anxious times; the fire was in the fern, and when the spreading flames of war reached the up-river tribes of the Wanganui, White's knowledge and counsel were invaluable in checking the purposes of the rebel Hauhaus. In 1865 came the decisive victory of the "friendlies" on Motua Island, whereby Wanganui was saved from the jeopardy of attack.

After the Maori War, about 1867, White returned to Auckland, under engagement to the Provincial Government in its native affairs department. In 1874 we find him at Napier, editing a Maori newspaper—*Te Wananga*—and using his best endeavours by its aid to benefit the native race.

Five years later, under contract to the New Zealand Government, he set to work on his *magnum opus*, *The Ancient History of the Maori; His Mythology and Traditions*. This task was his principal occupation during the remaining years of his life, and was, in fact, never completed. Unfortunately, after several volumes were published, the Government, during a panic-stricken policy of retrenchment, called a halt in production, and such was the state of affairs at the time of the author's death.

Early in 1891 White, who had been for some time residing in Wellington, returned to Auckland, where he arrived on Sunday 11th January. That evening he attended a service in the Grafton Road Wesleyan Church, where the sermon, rather strangely, was preached from the text, "They desire a better country. The following day he visited friends in the city, and in the evening "the gentle, simple, child-like old man," as he was described by one who had long known him intimately, enjoyed a romping game with his grandchildren, afterwards remaining up until a late hour conversing with a group of old friends who had been invited to meet him. Retiring to rest soon after midnight he prepared for sleep after his long day happily spent. Bidding his wife "good-night," he was heard to give two heavy sighs. Mrs. White, alarmed, attempted to raise his head on the pillow, but he was beyond earthly aid, having already gone to seek that "better country." His body was interred in the old Symonds Street cemetery, which lies on the steep slope of the tree-fern-clad gully, adjoining the busy traffic of a great city, and spanned by a noble bridge. Here had been laid to rest Governor Hobson and many another of the stalwart pioneers. The second interment—in the days when the cemetery was still in secluded primeval loveliness—had been that of his own sister, Eliza. It is worth recording that, by his known desire, no mourning was worn.

John White's death took place at about the time when the annual gathering of the Australasian Association for the Advancement of Science was assembled in Christchurch. For this he had been asked to write a paper on Maori Folklore, but his presence being required at Whakatane to attend a Native Land Court, he had sent this paper to Christchurch, where it was to be read by Professor Hutton.

Rev. W. J. Watkin, an honoured Wesleyan minister, a son of James Watkin, the pioneer missionary at Waikouaiti, and White's friend of almost life-long standing, in a tribute paid at the time of his death, described him as "a man of large heart, generous sympathies, kind and considerate to all. His hospitality was shared by many. Mrs. White and he were ever ready to show kindness."

There having been a little confusion in published records of members of the White family, as concerns personality and chronology, a little elucidation may be desirable. It has already been made clear that John White was the nephew of William White, who was one of the earliest pioneers of the Wesleyan mission station at Whangaroa, where he shared the perils of those early days. After the sack of Wesleydale, and the temporary abandonment of the station, he joined the reconstructed mission at Mangungu, and was for several years at its head. He rendered notable service to the mission, but had not perhaps the moral stamina to withstand the peculiar temptations such men were subjected to. His subsequent doings rest somewhat under a cloud, and he was dismissed, ostensibly for engaging in trade. In 1839 he published in Sydney a pamphlet, *Important Information Relative to New Zealand*.

There is no reason to suppose that John White ever came under the spell of his uncle, and there was never cause for the slightest doubt as to his genuine piety and rectitude. During his residence at Hokianga the family

lived not far from the mission station, where he came under the influence of the earlier missionaries, such fine men as Bumby, Turner, Hobbs, Whiteley, Wallis, Woon, of all of whom he spoke in terms of the highest respect. For fifty years he was well known in New Zealand, where he had earned the unqualified regard of his fellow-churchmen, and was respected by those who had any relations with him, either professional or social. A letter to his wife, written in 1860, while on a lengthy journey in the service of the Government in the days of the native conflict in Taranaki, reveals the simple, godly heart of the man.

In such somewhat scanty published records as are available there appears to be a certain degree of obscurity as to the date of John White's birth. The accepted year of his arrival in New Zealand may be taken as 1835, but currency has mistakenly been given to a statement that he was then six years of age. Hocken, who has probably been followed by other writers, makes this assertion in his *Bibliography of New Zealand Literature*, where it is also stated that White died at Auckland in 1891, aged seventy.

These figures are, of course, contradictory—his age would have been not seventy, but sixty-two. According to his own entry in a private journal which he kept as a young man, he was born on 3rd January, 1826. It seems reasonable to accept this as the correct date. As he died on 13th January, 1891, he had just completed his sixty-fifth year.

White has been charged with being unscholarly, that in fact both his spelling and grammar were defective. While this is doubtless fair criticism, the judgment may have been based partly upon his earlier work. It is probable that the editor of *Revenge* may make some reference to the MS. of this book. It may here be suggested, however, that some of its defects, it is reasonable to suppose, might have been remedied had the author revised his draft for the press. It can be said, too, that the letter written to his wife, previously referred to, and written in his thirties, is quite as well constructed as the average hastily-written letter of a man of moderate education. Moreover, in taking stock of his literary attainments, his lack of educational opportunities must be taken into consideration. He arrived in New Zealand as a nine-year-old boy five years before the signing of the Treaty, when, it is scarcely necessary to point out, facilities for book learning were meagre. It is probable that he was more familiar with the speech and caligraphy of the Maori than of his own tongue; it has in fact been remarked that he thought in both languages at the same time, and in writing could change from one to the other according to which enabled him to express himself better at the time. He must of necessity have been largely a self-taught man; and the wonder is, not that his spelling and grammar were defective, but that he should have succeeded in attaining some measure of success in the use of the pen.

John White's published works, according to Hocken, include the following:

Maori Superstitions. A Lecture delivered to the Auckland Y.M.C.A. on 20th June, 1856—he would then be about thirty years of age. An amended and enlarged edition, incorporating the substance of another lecture, was reprinted as a Parliamentary Paper in 1861, and later in Gudgeon's *History and Traditions of the Maoris*, 1885. It deals in a comprehensive way with the customs and traditions of the Maoris.

Te Rou: or the Maori at Home. In the manner of an earlier period of book production the title is encumbered with a lengthy appendage: *A Tale, exhibiting the social life, manners, habits and customs of the Maori Race in New Zealand prior to the introduction of civilisation amongst them*. The author is described as "Native Interpreter, Auckland; formerly Resident Magistrate at Whanganui, and Native Land Purchase Commissioner." This book, of over 350 pages and a map of the Hokianga River, was published by Sampson Low, London, 1874. It contains much information relating to Maori life in peace and war. It has been criticised as depicting too exclusively the savage side of Maori life, to the neglect of its more noble aspects. In the present work, however, another side of the picture will be found, and it must be remembered that the author intended his three novels to convey the complete cycle of Maori life and custom, rather than any one volume of the series.

The Ancient History of the Maori, His Mythology and Traditions. This monumental work harvested the fruits of half a century of diligent quest. It was sponsored by the Government, the first volume being published in 1887. Succeeding volumes appeared at intervals—Volume VI in 1890. In the following year there was issued, posthumously, a volume of illustrations, comprising 123 plates.

All of these published works of White are now out of print, and for some Of them high prices are asked. The complete set of *The Ancient History* is a rarity, a large proportion of Volume V having been destroyed by a fire in the Government printing Office in October, 1890.

Besides his printed books White left several unpublished works in manuscript. One of these is a Maori dictionary, for which the diligent compiler gathered many thousands of words, though opinions differ as to its merit.

Two other manuscripts remain to be mentioned, both novels.

Hani: or the New Zealand, Revenge, a book similar in design to *Te Rou*, and

Revenge: A Maori Love Story, some notes relating to which will be found in the editor's Preface.

For valued assistance in the preparation of this biographical sketch my thanks are due to the Misses Ada

and Elva White— John White's daughters—who have placed useful and important material at my disposal. I also wish to acknowledge my indebtedness to Mr. Johannes Andersen for use made of information contained in his *The Lure of New Zealand Book Collecting* .

Chapter One: Maro Introduces Himself

The young girls Puhi and Moho ask Maro to tell them the story of his love for his first wife, Rehu-tai. After consulting the omens in connection with the forthcoming visit of his grandson Ronaki, Maro begins with an account of the origin of his name.

It was springtime. The morning repast had been eaten, and all the people of the tribe had gone to their daily work. The old women were in the midst of the *kumara*

Sweet potato; one of the staple articles of diet in many parts of the country. *Ipomoea batatas*.

crops, carefully taking out the weeds that grew between the plants, while the men chopped down the undergrowth with their stone axes, preparatory to felling the larger growth for the future *taro*

Food plant with large leaves, the roots and stalks of which were eaten. It was not a staple article of diet, as was the *kumara*. *Colocasia antiquorum*.

crops in the low, swampy ground.

The day was clear, and from the top of the *pa*

Fortified village.

at Mount Eden the distant sea on the north could be seen, and the far-away island-like peaks of Cape Colville, like lonely cusps of distant cloud clasped in a haze of mist. The country to the south lay calm and quiet. There was no sign of human occupation on the distant Waikato hills, save an occasional plume of smoke curling up from the peaks and valleys. Near to Mount Eden, down on the flat land between the *pa* and Totara-i-ahua, could be heard a chorus of voices pealing out now and again as the men chanted some song used of old to encourage them in their work, and to warn any possible enemy that the workmen were there in force and could not be attacked with impunity.

In Mount Eden *pa* sat a man of many summers. His head was snowy white with uncut hair; his body was enveloped by an old mat dyed with red ochre; his beard was long and flowing; his head was full and sat erect on his shoulders; the sparkle of youth was not lost in his old eyes; his voice was that of a head chief, full and deep. He was looking down the northern side of the *pa* towards the road leading up from Wai-ariki. Sitting near to him were two girls who had seen not quite twenty summers. The eldest, who was named Puhi, turned to the old chief and said:

"When do you think they will arrive?"

"Maybe not to-day," said old Maro, "maybe not to-morrow."

"But what have they got to do to detain them at the Thames?"

"Oh," said Maro, "you girls do not think about the evils that may come on them on a journey. The *karakia* Incantations.

have to be repeated, and the omens questioned before they can leave."

"But why do our people act in such a way?" asked Puhi. "We are all one people and do not need to fear any enemy."

"Did your fathers or brothers ever speak about the people who owned this land before us?" the old man replied.

"Yes," said Puhi, "But some are now down in the north near Hokianga, and some up in the south near Katikati.

Lakes and harbours were frequently divided between different tribes, and the fishing rights in the agreed areas were strictly observed. Sometimes the boundaries were indicated by lines of stakes; in other cases the area was defined by its relation to prominent landmarks.

Why fear them?"

"Ah, you do not remember the proverb, 'You made the web and I put the border on'?"

"We did not make the web," said Puhi. "We did not commence the evil, and they did not put the border on, as they fled and did not even try to obtain revenge, so how can that apply to them?"

"No," Maro replied. "If men were like you girls, they would reason in your way; but as men abide their time, there may come a day when some of our people are off their guard, and then the border will be put on the mat with more colours than one."

"Who is Ronaki?" asked Puhi. "Why do you appear to expect so much pleasure from his visit?"

"I do not know that I anticipate so much pleasure from his visit," the old man answered, "but this I do know—that he will have the opportunity of hearing much of our ancient history from me when he comes."

"If he is your grandson, why have we not heard of him before?"

"Do you make little of him?" Maro asked sharply.

"No," said Puihi. "Chiefs do not need to be asked about, as all the world knows of them. But you never spoke to us girls of your grandson."

"I dream of him, and do not speak."

"But we are all of the same people, are we not?"

"You are not. He is descended from the people who lived in the Thames before Hotu-nui

Lakes and harbours were frequently divided between different tribes, and the fishing rights in the agreed areas were strictly observed. Sometimes the boundaries were indicated by lines of stakes; in other cases the area was defined by its relation to prominent landmarks.

took that land, and he is also of those people who are called Te Ngako

In his *Ancient History of the Maori*, Vol. VI., p. 246. White gives the descendants of Hotu-nui. His son Maru-tuahu had by his second wife (Hine-urunga) two sons, the first born being Te-ngako.

of evil hand'."

"Then he is able to tell us of the days of old, when Tainui came into the Thames and left her anchor between the mouths of the Piako and Waihou, and how his female ancestor came overland from the Thames to Otahuhu?"

"If he tells you, it will be in the words he has heard from me."

"Are we," asked Puihi, "of rank which would entitle us to hear that ancient history?"

"Maybe you will hear it some night in the *whare matoro*

The house specially set aside for social intercourse.

when the old people are sitting there."

"But you old men and women sit in that house in little groups and talk amongst yourselves in an undertone, while we young people are amusing you and ourselves with *haka*

Dance, or song accompanying a dance. More particularly a war-dance.

and *kanikani*."

Dance.

"Well, then," said Maro, "some of the young people who are coming with Ronaki are of the direct line from Hotu-nui, and if you ask them about our ancient history they will tell you girls, and I can listen to see if they tell the truth."

"But how shall we get them to tell us? I have not yet seen the man I love, and perhaps some of them may think that I wish them to tell me a love tale."

"I do not know what boys of these days think or sav, but I know what I did when I was a boy," said Maro.

Puihi laughed and said: "Why, you have many wives, O Maro, even now that you are old. Are not these the wives of your boyhood days?"

"Does the sun ever stand still?" asked Maro. "Does the moon ever die? Do the stars ever wink from behind the clouds? Then why should women live for ever? I have had many wives, but the first woman I ever fell in love with was to me like the heat of the sun to the frozen *tui*

Parson bird. *Prothemadera novaeseelandiae*. "The gayest and most aggressive bird in the forest, noted throughout the land for its extreme activity of movement, the gloss and sheeri of its plumage, the wild outburst of joyful notes, its general air of bustle, happiness and gaiety." —*New Zealand Forest Inhabiting Birds*.

on the branch of the tree where it has been kept prisoner by the frost."

"Was it a great love?" asked Puihi. "Had anyone else loved her before you?"

"Anyone?" Maro exclaimed. "Why, your own father was one of her lovers, and he was a great chief and fine-looking man. The *moko*

Tattooing.

on his face and body was more beautiful than mine."

"Tell me of that woman who was to have been my mother," said Puihi. "I have a right to know how it was that you took her love from my father."

"Ah," said Maro, "it is very fine for you to ask so much of me in so few words; but if I tell you all the tale of love with which it is connected you may not be able to sit long enough to hear it. Besides, I have a little matter of my own to enquire into."

Puihi was anxious to hear the story. "Tell me all," she pleaded, "so that when I am an old woman I may know if those of our tribe who may speak of the matter are telling the truth or not."

"Well," said Maro, "you two stay here till I go and see old Atua, and when I have had my talk with him I will return and tell the tale."

He left the spot where they were sitting. It was on the highest peak of the *pa* on the south rim of the crater, where there was a large *marae*

The communal meeting place.
which extended for about one-fourth of the circumference. On the west side of the *marae* stood the large house which the young people of that *hapu*

Sub-tribe or *clan*.

had as their *whare ma toro*, where they held all their games, and where they slept. Between this house and the higher ground on the eastern rim of the crater stood two other houses. One was the house where the old people assembled in the evening to talk over the news of the day and recount the deeds of their forefathers; the other was where visitors and strangers were entertained. The *whare korero*

Lit House for conversation, speech.

for the old people was that which occupied the east side of the *marae*, while the *whare matoro* of the young people was at the west end. The principal doorway of each house opened on to the *marae*, and all the space between was kept clean and free from weeds, and from anything that would in any way contaminate the *tapu*

A word conveying many shades of meaning, some of which will be exemplified later in the narrative.

Broadly speaking, *tapu* may be referred to as "sacred" or "ceremonial restriction."

"According to the laws of the New Zealand Tapu, certain persons and things were always sacred. These were: the bodies of chiefs and priests, and everything connected with these dignitaries, who had likewise the power of imposing the *tapu* on others; human flesh; dead bodies, and everything which touched the dead; persons engaged in planting sweet potatoes; food and seed-houses; sick persons; the first sweet potatoes dug up, and the first fish caught in the season; slaves attending on sacred persons; the sticks upon which priests kept memorial records of their ancestors; war parties; persons weaving nets; fishing expeditions; the wood of old houses; and food which has touched anything *tapu*.

"Various other things and persons were temporarily tapues for certain objects; such as trees likely to make good canoes, rivers, roads, particular tracts of country, fishing grounds, places where mutton birds lay their eggs, and sands abounding in edible shells; in short, it was in the power of the chiefs and the priests to tapu anything. As a general rule, whatever related to chiefs and priests was sacred, whatever related to food and cooking was unclean."—*The Story of New Zealand*, Vol. 1., pp. 101, 102. Arthur S. Thomson, M.D.

of the tribe. Round the south side of the *marae* on the edge of the hill stood a fence about the height of a man. This was made of *totara*

A wood particularly suited for exposed positions, noted for its durability. *Podocarpus totara*.
wood and laced with *torotoro*,

A climbing plant, with vines of tough fibre, used extensively for binding. *Metrosideros scandens*.
and was the outer fortification of the *pa*.

Old Maro rose from his mat and walked along the *marae* in a northerly direction. Coming to the end of the *marae*, he descended the brow of the hill, and, continuing on his way, he came to another outwork of the *pa* half-way between the highest peak and the lower level of the scoria ground. At this outwork lived Atua, the priest. Maro went into the hut and said: "What do the *toko*

Sticks used in the sacred rites of divination.

of Ronaki say to-day?"

Atua answered: "I have not looked at them yet. Come and we will see them now."

Atua rose, and, taking the downward road to the flat on the north side of the *pa*, he said: "Go with me, O Maro, and we will see in the *wahi tapu*

Sacred place.

what the gods say. The old man followed the winding road. Still descending, they passed the lowest fence and, turning to the east, they skirted the line of scoria stone

Mount Eden was an extinct volcano, and scoria is found for many miles around.

which lay heaped on the ground. They then followed a by-path leading due east to a swampy part of the flat. To the right of the path was a heap of large scoria boulders, in the ledges of which red ochre could be seen, patchy in some places, in others covering the whole of the blocks. These they left on their right hand, and, passing between some rocks full of shallow holes where the bones of the dead had been deposited, they entered a clump of *pukapuka*,

A broad-leaved shrub. *Brachyglottis repanda*.

ti

A shrub of the *Cordyline* species.

and other trees.

In the middle of this grove stood a large flat rock with a clear space all round. In this space stood spearlike sticks, each with a wisp of hair or piece of garment tied to it. This flat space was the *tuahu*,

Sacred place for the performance of divinatory rites.

and the sticks standing up all round it were the *toko* of each chief whose welfare was in the charge of old

Atua the priest. As the two old men entered the precincts of the *tuahu* they threw off their mats, leaving only their *maro*

An apron, or kilt, worn by both sexes. tied round their waists. With slow, measured steps and bowed heads they went up to the stone. Atua pointed with the forefinger of his right hand to one of the *toko*. This was the *toko a Ronaki*, on which Atua had tied a piece of mat which had been worn by Ronaki, and erected it in the *tuahu*. When about the length of a man from it, Atua motioned to Maro to stand still. After standing silent for some time, Atua said, "Put forth your hand."

Maro did so.

"One step forward and reach out the forefinger of your right hand and touch the mat on the *toko*."

Maro obeyed.

"What does it feel like?" asked Atua.

"It is warm."

"Turn towards me and stretch forth your hand."

Maro did so.

"Open your hand and look into the palm. What do you see? Is it wet or dry?"

"It is dry," said Maro.

"*E tnoe,*"

Sleep on.

said Atua, and, beckoning to Maro,

he turned round and left the *tuahu*.

Maro followed, and they both went on in silence till they had passed the cave of bones and the ochre-bedaubed rocks.

"Follow on," said Atua, as they passed a pool of water at the foot of a bank of scoria on the level ground far below the outpost of the *pa*. The track was overgrown with scrub, but presently they came out on to a small clearing, in the middle of which was a clear spring of water. Here Atua sat down, and drawing a calabash from his garments he ordered Maro to go to the spring and fill the vessel with water. Maro placed the calabash in the water, and returned with it to Atua. The priest rose and took a twig of *karamu*.

A shrub; a species of *Coprosma*.

He poured the water on it the while he held it over Maro's head, and repeated an incantation to take the *tapu* off him. He shook the twig vigorously, so that Maro was well sprinkled by the water. Maro then sat down with his chin on his knees and his hands clasped round his legs while Atua repeated the ceremony over himself. They both left the spot, and Atua threw the *karamu* branch back into the pool.

They met Puhi and her companion on the *marae* when they reached the *pa*. Atua leered at the girls and said: "How small must be your *kumara* plot if all the weeds have been taken out so soon in the day!"

Puhi tossed her head. "The sun will shine tomorrow," she said, "and as we have many days to come we will take out the weeds when we feel more inclined."

"I am an old man," said Atua, "and I have seen many things; I know the proverb that says, 'Poor food will not go to fine lady, but fine lady will go to poor food.'"

"Why should we work if our people will do it for us?" Puhi replied.

"It is all right to say so now," said Atua, "but you know that the grub is not always a grub, but that the butterfly comes from it. The white hair comes from the decay of the body. Maybe you will have white hair on your heads when you are called by the name of your father's mother."

"O, Atua, you are a man of great knowledge. You are powerful and feared by the tribes because you talk with the gods. If any of the learned men will teach us, why should we girls not try to gain some part of that power?"

"Puhi has asked me who my wife was," Maro interjected, "and I am going to tell her the tale of Rehu-tai, who was, as you know, a Thames woman. You will remember all the stir that was made by my love for her in those days."

"We are not as idle as you say," said Puhi before Atua had time to reply. "If our *kumara* crop does not grow, we can get Maro to repeat *karakia*. He is really the cause of our not having gone with our people to gather the weeds to-day."

"What does the *toko* say?" asked Maro of Atua. The girls bowed their heads as the old priest began to talk.

"O, Maro, the omens are good. The *toko* was warm—that is health and life. The *toko* was dry—there are no tears shed where your garden is."

Atua rose, scratched his head, and put his finders to his nostrils and sniffed them. He walked a short way from the others and stretched himself on the ground, as if he were going to sleep. "Tell the tale, O Maro, he said, "and as I am here, if you do not tell it truthfully I will stop you and tell the tale myself."

Maro glanced quickly at him and gave a little frown of distaste, "Yes," he said shortly, "you can teU all that

I may not be able to remember." He rose and went to the house where the old people assembled in the evening and brought out a floor mat. Putting it on the ground where he had been sitting, he spread it out and sat down on it. Then, taking the belt from his waist, he sat with his legs crossed before him, with his chest and arms bare, and said: "I was neither the oldest nor yet the youngest child my mother had."

"Yes," said Atua, "you must tell of the love of your deformed sister and how she was the most learned woman of our tribe, and that she did not live long enough to gain the love of the man for whom she wept so much."

"Maybe," said Maro, turning his head away. "My mother was a most determined woman, and not easily frightened, but she had some very curious dreams before I was born. She dreamed one night that a great owl came and sat on her shoulder, and with his big glaring eyes looked right down into her face. The dream was so real to her that in her sleep she aimed a blow at it. But it was a dream, and not the owl did she hit, but the face of my father, who was sleeping with his face not far from her fist. It came with such force against his nose that his eyes in the dark of the house saw more stars than any man had ever seen in the heavens. At the same moment my mother uttered such a yell that everyone in the *pa* heard it. My father added to the fright of the people by crying 'The enemy! The enemy!' He struggled to his feet and, with his nose running with blood, grasped his *mere*

A short, broad-bladed weapon for fighting at close quarters. The blood of a chief was sacred. and ran out of the house to fight the foe on the *marae*, so that he should not be killed like a young bird in its nest.

"The people of the *pa* hurried to the *whare matoro* of the young people, and it was soon packed with chattering women and armed warriors, all asking where the enemy was. My father was as much at a loss as the others to know what had caused the sacred blood

An ornament suspended from the throat. In this particular case White uses the term as an *ear-drop*. to flow, and who had given the pain he felt in eyes which never before had seen an enemy who had not fallen before him. The hum of voices was protracted so long that my mother wondered when the time would come to tell her dream.

"By midnight the people had quietened down, and many had gone to sleep again, but the warriors were still sitting in groups near the palisading of the outer *pa*, talking in subdued tones. Their sole topic of conversation was the origin of the panic.

"At length my father laid down to sleep. My mother had remained silent while he offered conjectures about the blow he had received from the unknown hand, and only replied in monosyllables. As he lay down, she said,

"I have a word to say. Will you listen to me, and not take heed of what the people are saying?"

"Yes," said my father.

"I dreamed a dream. A big owl came and sat on my shoulder and so frightened me with the glare of his eyes as he looked at me that I struck him. Then I awoke. Did you hear me make any noise?"

"Noise?" my father exclaimed. 'Do I hear a noise when the thunder peals? I did hear a noise! In all your speaking, if all you said in your life were put into one, the noise would not be as loud as that which I heard when I awoke.'

'How was I sitting when you awoke?'

"How could I see?" my father asked. 'My eyes were full* of stars, and my ears were booming like the seashore when the waves are thrashing it.'

"But did you see me in the house?" 'No. I could not see anything but a big fire in my heart for revenge.'

"I wonder what it was that hurt you. Is your nose very sore?"

"We will go to sleep," said my father abruptly; and as my mother did not like to make him admit that he had been struck in mistake for an owl, as that would be a curse, she said, 'Oh yes, we will sleep now and not speak of the owl again.'

"The next morning all the people in the *pa* were moving about here and there, before the morning meal was eaten, and the fright of the past night was again the subject of conversation."

"What owls they must have been!" said Puhi, breaking into Maro's narrative, and drawing herself up into a sitting position.

The two young women who were listening to the old man were very different in character and appearance. Puhi was tall and of slender figure, with bright, liquid eyes, rather fair in countenance, and a slight tinge of red could be seen to suffuse her cheeks when she was animated or spoke with determination. Her hair was not long, but curled in waves round her large brow, lending power to her dark eyebrows, and giving an expression of self-control, and the natural female assumption of superior rank to which she was entitled.

Her companion, Moho, was a brunette, of silent disposition, but her face gave an indication of her will-power. Her form was full but not stout, and her long, slightly curling hair fell over her shoulders and framed her face. Her eyes were those of a thoughtful girl who would not always tell all the thoughts in her mind.

In a moment or two the girls resumed their reclining posture. They lay at full length in front of Maro on a mat which Moho had taken out of the old people's council house.

Maro continued, "I was born some time after that night of alarm, and the first name I had given to me was Ruru.

Owl, or morepork, as it is usually called in New Zealand. *Ninox novae zealandiae*.

This name was given to me at my mother's persistent request, as she said my eyes were so full and big that I must be called her *ruru*. My father did not like to speak about an owl, but as he had no wish to dispute the point with her, Ruru I was called by all the tribe. But my father had another name by which he called me, and that was Maro. How true the tale is I do not know, as I never durst ask my father; but I have been told that he called me Maro because of the arm which was *maro*, or stretched out, and which had done more damage than the owner of the hand had ever durst attempt save in a dream."

Chapter Two: The Story Told by Maro's Mother

Maro begins the story told to him by his mother of Popo's excursion to Awhitu, and of his love for Ata-Rehia. Ata spurns Tiriwa, her Waikato lover. Tihe and Mapu bury Popo's mat, and he falls ill. The tribes assemble to discuss the bewitching of Popo, and Popo's eventual recovery is predicted. The young women discover Popo's mat, and Tihe and Mapu depart hurriedly for Otahuhu, where Tihe is terrified by the old tohunga Hake, and becomes ill.

"For most of my boyhood days I had lived at Waikato," said Maro, "but when I was a young man I came to Mount Eden to live, at a time when there was great stir and tumult over a young chief named Popo. In later years he became a great friend of mine, but as I had been living in the Waikato I did not know him at this time. It was after the days of which I speak that my mother told me about him. As she was related to his mother she knew him well, and this is the story she told me, which I will tell to you in her own words."

The Story of Popo as Told to Maro by His Mother

Popo was a handsome boy and liked by all our people. He was kind, even to the old men and women, and many a time I have seen him bring the food on his back for some old man or woman whom he overtook carrying a basket of cockles or *kumara* up to the cooking places. Oh, he was like an *atua*

Elsdon Best classified the Maori gods into four types:—

- (a) Io, the Supreme Being.
- (b) Departmental gods, widely known throughout the country.
- (c) Tribal gods.
- (d) Family gods; deified ancestors; cacodemons.

—*Maori Religion and Mythology* (Elsdon Best) The use of the word *atua* is here evidently that of Class D. ; he never thought of the *tapu* of his back or hands. If he saw any sow thistle or *nani*

Wild cabbage or turnip, *Brassica campestris*.

growing on a landslip when he was out in the forest, he would pick it and bring it to the old people. Maybe his neglect to observe the injunctions of the *tapu* gave power to the priest who wrought on him an act of revenge. It was sickness and love that made him insane.

On a fine summer day some of our people went down the Manuka

Centre post supporting the ridge pole.

harbour to pay a visit to a tribe which lived at Awhitu on the south side of the Manuka heads, opposite to the Puponga point. Popo went with them. His name was not then Popo, but Tiraki. He was called Tiraki by his father because he was born at the time when the *ti* root was piled up to dry— hence his name Ti, the root of the *ti*, and *raki*, to put it up to dry. Popo, or Tiraki, went with them. Now there was a daughter of the tribe, the Ngati-kahukahu who lived at that *pa* who, when she saw him, loved him. She was the daughter of Hau, who was the supreme chief of that tribe, but she was a *puhi*

Betrothed.

to a young chief of Waikato. She saw Popo, and to see him was more than the sunshine of the most beautiful summer day to her heart.

As the custom was, the people of the *pa* gave the usual *haka* and *kanikani* that night, and our people did the same the next evening. Popo could *haka* better than anyone in the *pa*, because he was so loved that those who could teach him taught him the very best way. Popo was not proud, but to see him he was like a god in beauty. He never spoke evil words which would bring pain to our people, and Ata-Rehia, the *puhi* maiden, loved him at once when she first saw him. Ata-Rehia was her name, but we all called her Rehia, as Popo liked that part of

her name best. She could not keep her love concealed from the people, and soon it was seen that Rehia liked Popo—and all the old women talked of it. Popo did not do as common men do. He loved Rehia, but as he had been told that she was a *puhi*, he did not speak. But he knew that he loved her, and whenever he met her he felt that love was a bitter thing. The eyes of Rehia shone brighter than the hot rays of a summer sun on Popo. He did not speak to her of his love, but he felt more than man can tell.

The day came when our people returned to Mount Eden. Popo acted as the other young men. He waved [his mat when they left Awhitu *pa*, and marched on down to the beach as if his heart were not like a stone in a net pulling it down into the depths to be drowned. The people of Awhitu waved them a *haere ra*

Lakes and harbours were frequently divided between different tribes, and the fishing rights in the agreed areas were strictly observed. Sometimes the boundaries were indicated by lines of stakes; in other cases the area was defined by its relation to prominent landmarks.

, and some of the young people even came as far as the beach where the high-water mark is. Rehia was amongst them, and she was seen by our people, who had by this time paddled away from the beach, to stagger and fall [into the arms of one of her female companions. But what could our people do? They were going home, and Rehia had all her friends with her. So our people came home, and for months we did not hear from Awhitu.

The months passed round. Our people owned certain fishing shoals

Lakes and harbours were frequently divided between different tribes, and the fishing rights in the agreed areas were strictly observed. Sometimes the boundaries were indicated by lines of stakes; in other cases the area was defined by its relation to prominent landmarks.

in the Manuka harbour, at one of which we fished for shark. We went there in the shark-fishing season. This fishing ground was a little inside the Puponga point, and anyone walking on the beach at Awhitu could be seen from our canoes. Many sharks had been caught, and it was past midday when a woman was seen coming along the beach at Awhitu, and waving her mat. As ours was the only canoe that could be seen from where she was standing, those in our canoe said, "It is for us she waves." One of them got up and waved his mat in return. The woman answered with another wave that was known to mean that she wanted our people to go to her. By the time evening came many fish had been taken. Popo was in the canoe, and he said, "Let us go and sleep with the people in the Awhitu *pa*, as the woman was no doubt sent to invite us there."

They lifted the stone anchor and pulled across and landed. A few of the people called a welcome to them and led them to a house where they could sleep the night. They were *tapu*, being on a fishing expedition, and could not join with the people of another tribe while in that condition.

After dark the food for the evening meal was cooked and brought by the Awhitu people for our men. As the baskets were put down in front of the house, a young woman brought a basket containing *taro* and some of the food that is eaten by chiefs alone. She put it down, and said, "For Tiraki. This is sent by Hau from Ata-Rehia." Popo did not even smile, but shook as though someone had given him a blow. Our people partook of the food, but though Popo offered his to all the other men, not one would eat any. They said that Popo alone was worthy of the honour put upon him by Hau. Our people now began to sing, and to *kanikani* as all young people will do, while the older ones sat and looked on, criticising the play or the voices of the singers. When the songs were nearly ended a young woman put her head in at the door of the hut and said, "Hau has sent me for Popo." Now Popo had one young man to whom he was greatly attached, and when Popo rose, he also got up and went with him. As the women have their *hoahoa*,

A woman friend, usually applied, in this connection, to wives of the same husband.

so have young men; yes, and even old men have those who are ever with them. Guided by the young woman, Popo and his friend went to the house of Hau. Popo was a chief of high rank and, as such, was entitled to sit on the right hand side of the house near the door. As he and his friend went in, Hau beckoned to him to sit in the place of a chief, and his friend sat at the foot of the *pou tokomanawa*.

Centre post supporting the ridge pole.

Hau had not offered to *hongiri*

Maori form of salutation, pressing noses.

with Popo. Rehia was lying on a mat, and Popo sat down without a word. Ata was quiet, and seemed depressed. She had not the joyous appearance she had when Popo first saw her, nor could she sit in an erect posture. She turned round and looked at Popo so languidly that he was shocked, and said afterwards that he felt her dark eyes look right into his chest and make his spirit start. Hau was sitting a little beyond his daughter with an old priest called Ha Kawau, who lived at Puketapu, halfway between the Manuka heads and Waiuku. It was on a hill a little way from the coast, at the head of a valley enclosed by hills. He was a priest of great fame, as a man who had many gods, and could command the winds, tides, life, death and love. The priest noticed the slight shock Popo felt, and showed it by his manner. When Ata looked at him, he gave a slight cough, and then turned to Hau, who had been looking only at his daughter.

Ha looked up and said, "Welcome, O young man of the tribe Nga-iwi. Welcome to this place where death

may soon come. You are the child of great men, Welcome to this place!"

Hau also welcomed him, but added, "We cannot say many words as our child has said that she is going in a few days to follow the sun.

In Maori belief, as with so many other peoples, the soul takes its departure for the spirit world down the pathway of the setting sun.

I alone can welcome you. My child has not life enough."

Ata lifted herself up on to her elbow, and, giving a slight cough, looked at Popo, and said, "I do not wish anyone to speak for me. I will tell all I have to say while my eyes are looking at this world. I will ask you, O Hau, who it was who gave me to the man who promised that I should be his wife. Am I not the child of a line of chiefs who have spoken, led in war, and dictated to our tribe for generations? Then, if such power was with them, am I, even though a girl, to be dictated to by you, O Hau? Or by you. O Ha? Why should I fear the face of death in war? I am now looking at death every day. I am the companion of death. I am not a coward. It is you who are cowards. You are afraid of that man and his war party who may come and kill you if I am so determined to have the husband of my own choice. You may fear death in your own bodies, but you do not fear to see me sink day by day into a shadow, and fight alone with a death I need not die."

She had become exhausted by the exertion required to make this speech. She turned round and looked at Popo for an instant. Then she wept aloud, singing as she wept a song of farewell to earth and all of whom she could think in kindness.

The old priest gave a loud cough, which startled Ata so that she ceased her weeping for a time. He said, "Yes, my child, you speak the words of your mother, who was not of a race of men who could be dictated to. If I were a girl and I loved anyone, all the gods and monsters could not make me take the man I might have been betrothed to as an infant if I did not care for him. Let your spirit rule you, O my child."

Hau said, "Listen, all of you. Listen, Popo. Let my words be the words you remember. I am old, and I know that if what Ha has said to Ata is acted on, Ha must lead the warriors to the battle which will take place as a result of his ill-advice."

Ha turned quickly to the chief. "I never had a wife, O Hau; I never had a child, and you must know more of love than I can even dream. But this I know. If I had a daughter, and she was kept alive only by such incantations as I can repeat over her, I would rather see all the trees which grow on our land rise into men than I would allow her to die as Ata must die if you persist in what you have said."

"O Ha, you know what the gods say. You know how to control death. You can make a man brave or a coward. You know what evil must come from your words. Act then, O priest, and yours be the word which shall rally our people to defend us when the betrothed husband of Ata comes to claim her, after she has become the wife of another man."

Ha laughed, and said, "It will not be the first time I have allowed my voice to be heard on the battle field. As you have spoken, O Hau, I will now speak to this young man. Let Ata also hear my words.

"Come, O Popo, and be our son. Old men have the eyes of children when love is to be seen. Our child loved you when you were here many moons ago, and we all could see that you did not say no. You left us and did not say you would ever come here again. Then the gods were not kind to Ata. She fell down by the blow of Te Po,

The Spirit-World. However, note the following remarks by Elsdon Best: "Inquiries and observation exercised by the present writer, including analyses of many ancient cosmogonic myths, tend to show that the general or wider meaning of the term is 'the unknown.'" *Maori Religion and Mythology*.

but her soul was the soul of a chief, and she did not die. I was sent for. I came and saw that her heart was dark. I told her my power. I left her here till you and your people were seen on the shark-fishing ground, for she had told me that death would not come till your tribe had been here again to get the shark as a delicacy to eat with the red *kutnara* of Tamaki. Her word was true.

"Come then, O Popo, and look at our child. I saw that your coming made her life stronger. It was Ha who went for you. Ata did not tell me to send. I know from the gods what she is talking about in her spirit, and you have heard what Hau and I have said. Take our child, O Popo, and if I do not stand in the battle, you may call me a priest unable to guide his tribe in battle, nor capable of winning the brow plumes of his enemies."

"I have heard your word, O Ha," said Popo. "I am but a boy. I do not know what gods or men may say. Who am I, that I should take the child of Hau as my wife? I have heard your words, O fathers, but I have not heard the words of the man who has a right by promise to Rehia as his wife."

Ata again rose to a half-erect position, and said, "Who told you to speak to Popo as you have spoken, O Ha and Hau? I am not a slave that I should fear the chief who calls me his. Go and get all the fish you can for your people, O Popo. Go, O god of your tribe. Go, O young man, spoken of in love by all who speak your name. When the *riroriro*

The Grey Warbler. *Pseudogerygone tgata*. "Mention of the Riroriro occurs in many stories songs and

proverbs of the Maori. When the Riroriro begins to sing is the time to begin planting, and the proverb, 'Where were you when the Riroriro began to sing?' is applied to a lazy man who has neglected his work." *New Zealand Birds* (W. R. B. Oliver).

cries again in spring, come and visit this *pa*."

The next morning Popo and his men sent all the shark they had caught on the previous day as a present to Hau, and spent the day on the shark-fishing shoal in the stream. The fishing season was nearly over, and Ata seemed to have regained her usual health. It was a calm summer morning, with the sea-breeze coming in with the flowing tide past Puponga. Suddenly a cry rose from the young people, "Canoes! Canoes!" At once the people in the Awhitu *pa* were on the alert, each man looking to his spear.

The previous evening Ata had sent one of her slaves up the Waikato to tell the people there that she wished Tiriwa, to whom she was betrothed, to come and receive some shark she had collected for him. She had spoken no word to her people of this message. The approaching canoes were those of Tiriwa and his party coming in answer to the invitation.

Tiriwa was the son of the chief of the Ngatipou who lived near the Waikare lake, and are the descendants of the noted warrior Pou-tu-teka. Tiriwa was a fine-looking man, neither old nor young. He had two wives who had come with him and his people. As the canoes came round the point and in sight of the *pa*, the people of Hau gave the usual cry of welcome. The Waikato people landed, and when food had been cooked and eaten, some of the young men of Awhitu rose and formally welcomed Tiriwa and his people. One of them said, "Come, O son of Pou-tu-teka, who; drinks the milk of your ancestors, come and see our place, where we do not see such things."

Immediately he had said this a loud cry of disapproval burst from the people, and Hau rose and said, "Our young men have welcomed our son, but we do not wish him to take the words just spoken by this stupid young man as a hint that we wish for some fresh water mussel." This he said as that shell-fish is called "The Milk of Pou-tu-teka."

Ha rose and said, "How is it that evil is never silent or lazy? Our child was not to live and now she is well, and you, O Tiriwa, have come to see her now that you cannot see death in her eyes. When evil was on her you did not come."

Ata rose and stood looking at Ha, who, when he saw her standing, sat down. She said, "I do not wish anyone to speak for me. Why do young men speak as they do? Why do they let words come from their lips like the sounds made by the wind in the crevices in the rocks. Each is a noise. The words the young men utter are only noise; the rocks do not pretend that they speak with the voice of gods."

"O Ata, do not speak so," exclaimed Ha. "I saw a young woman of the party of Tiriwa making love with her eyes to the young man who spoke so stupidly."

It is Tiriwa who has done the evil. Why did he bring girls here to make ovals of our young men?"

Hau stirred uneasily, and said, "Tiriwa has heard the insult we have offered to him by the voice of our young men, but he is not, as the proverb says, 'a Nga-tipaoa of their ears.' "

"No," said Ha, "he cannot be a Ngatipaoa or he would not want our bird when he has two of his own. Maybe a god spoke by the *pakewa*

To make a mistake in speech.

of the young man. Tiriwa has no doubt heard of the death of Ata, but he has not even one hand to collect the fresh-water mussel for his intended wife."

Ata remained standing while her father and the old priest Ha interrupted her speech. As soon as they had finished, she said, "O old men, I do not wish for the Milk of Pou-tu-teka. I did not even think of Tiriwa when death was near me. I can tell him that while he and his wives were living at his own place and eating the eels caught in the weirs at Rangi-riri, I was not in this world. My spirit had gone to another land, and there I saw the man I can love. You, O people, do not know that I sent my slave Taki to Tiriwa, that he may come and take the only property he will ever receive from me. O Tiriwa, you have come. On your return you can take all the shark you see hanging up on the *pataka*

An elevated store-house for keeping food.
on the beach where your canoe landed."

Tiriwa rose, and pacing up and down in front of Ha and Hau, he said, "I did not come to see you, old men; I came to receive my wife. I came at the command of her who now has the word."

Rehia replied, "I can give the word in answer. I was a child; I was nearly dead; my spirit went away from you and saw one who is to be my husband. am now a woman, and there is not anywhere a chief or priest who shall say who I am to be wife to. I have the word and the thought to guide myself. Go to your home, O Tiriwa, and let the birds that sing in the morning be the only singers in your house. You will not get me to be your early morning singing bird."

As if these words were the signal for departure the people all got up and went off to their daily occupations,

some to dig fern-root, some to weed the crops, and others to the fishing grounds to obtain a *kinaki*

Relish.

for their daily meal. When night came Tiriwa and his people slept in the assembly house, but as if to emphasise the slight to him, there was no *haka* or other amusement in the house that night.

At early dawn Tiriwa and his people, assisted by Hau's slaves, loaded their canoes with the dried shark given to them by Ata, and paddled out into the stream. Then Tiriwa stood up in the canoe, and in a great voice shouted, "O Ha, stay here with your gods. You live near the cave of the sea *taniwha*,

A fabulous monster—a denizen of deep water.

but you must be very dull if you do not remember our god who lives in the river which passes my *pa*. My god does not always stay in the Waikato!"

Ha answered cheerfully, "Go, O my son, but remember that it is not only the sun who blushes in the clouds. The faint heart may share its blush on the cheek. Repeat your power twice over ere you do what your god commands. I know a place where the dead were never buried! Go, O my son!"

Tiriwa and his people made no reply. They went up the river to Waiuku on their way to Waikato, dragging their canoes across the Punapuna portage, and so to their own home.

"What did Ha mean?" asked Puhi, breaking into Maro's narrative, "when he said there was a place where the dead are not buried?"

"Have you not heard of the sacred image at Puke-tapu?" enquired Maro, in a surprised tone. "It belonged to Ha. That image, or god, killed all who went that way when Ha repeated his incantations to it. If the image made a noise which sounded like a smothered laugh or cough, anyone who was going into the settlement would fall down and die. None who were killed in that way were buried, for as Ha was so sacred he could not touch the dead. And his people were so much afraid of him that they considered that if they were to touch the bodies they would die. You understand that those who were killed by the image were full of the *tapu of Ha*. Then the relations of the dead dared not take them away for very fear of Ha. It was only the fear of Ha that made Hau agree with the priest in what he said to Tiriwa about Ata. Hau was a sulky chief, and of a very determined temper when Ha did not control him."

Maro now continued the story told to him by his mother.

Popo and his people left the sharks they had caught on the first day of their fishing to Hau and his daughter Ata. Those were the shark which were given by Ata to Tiriwa. Some of the Awhitu people had told the people of Tiriwa how Ata had obtained the shark, and this did not make Tiriwa any more pleased with her; but as he knew he could make more use of the shark later on, he did not at this time put his thoughts into words.

The shark that Popo and his friends caught on the two following days they took to their people at Mount Eden. At night they slept on the east side of Puponga just inside the point, on a little rising ground on the south end of the sandy beach under some *pohu tukawa*

Trees that grow by the water and are noted for their vivid crimson blooms during December and January. *Metrosideros totnentosa*.

on the bank of a little stream. This was the place where, for generations, our people had stayed when they went to fish for shark. Whether it was bravado, or just forgetfulness, Popo and his friends did not look at all the wood they used for cooking. Some things there were *tapu*, as it was there that our ancestors used to propitiate a god who resides in a cave on the south side of Manuka heads. This god was a *taniwha*, who was called Kai whare. It is the custom of our old men to go to the place where Popo was staying. The old priests would make a small *whare* and put it on a raft. They put some of the best *kanae*

Rows or ranks.

into the house and then take the raft out into the stream and anchor it there all night. While on shore they repeat their incantations. Then, if the *kanae* is gone next morning when they visit the raft, the god is propitiated and the sick will recover. If it is a war party going to seek revenge, it is an omen of success.

Popo and the young men did not notice that they had used some of the sticks which formed a shed for some of our priests who had been there to offer food to Kai whare as firewood to cook their food.

They had fished for some time, and came here with the shark they had caught. We had a settlement near to the point that juts out from Onehunga towards Mangere. They landed and slept there that night. As is usual, some of our young people were there, and, of course, the young fishermen had a long tale to tell of what they did and saw and said while at Puponga. The young men of the fishing party had a *haka* that night with the young men and women who had gone down from Mount Eden to gather cockles. One of the Mount Eden party was sister to Tihe, a young relative of mine. Her father had a Taranaki slave called Mapu, a thick-set, surly old man. Tihe herself was a fine-looking woman, and her pride was very great. Her main delight was to hear that all the young men were in love with her, but her pride kept them all at a distance. Tihe's sister heard the news about Ata and Popo, and as soon as the day dawned she left Onehunga, and swiftly, without waiting to bring any cockles with her, she came here.

The other cockle-gatherers came on later with Popo, after they had helped to clean and hang the shark up on the *whata*

Elevated stage.

to dry. Tahau, the father of Popo, met his son as he entered the gate, and said, "I have had a dream about you. I saw you fishing out on the sea, and a large fish came up close to your canoe with a woman's head and the skull of a man between its teeth. Tell me, O Popo, have you been near any of the sacred places?"

"We have not," Popo replied.

Tahau appeared to be very sorrowful all that day. Popo, as usual, showed every kindness to our people, and no one appeared to take any particular notice of the news of the love shown to him by Ata.

Tihe and her family lived on the little hill below the *marae* towards the north, just beyond the sacred *kumara* pit. The pit was kept strictly *tapu* for the use of visitors, and each tribe put so much in it every season, from which those who cooked for strangers took the *kumara* they required. Tihe was not seen on the *marae* on the day that Popo returned, nor was she in the young people's assembly house that night. Someone said that old Mapu was going away for some days, and some of the girls reported that they had seen him searching for something near the spot where Popo had slept when he spent the night in the *whare matoro* of the young people. On being spoken to by one girl, Mapu had pointed to a mat hanging up in the house, and asked, "Is that Popo's mat?" The girl said, "Yes."

"I have not seen one like it before," Mapu replied, and he pulled out a string from it.

The following day Tihe and her slave said they were going to see some friends at the Rarotonga *pa*, near Otahuhu. They left the *pa* and passed the Tiko-puke *pa* and the level scoria ground between here and Otahuhu. But instead of continuing on their way when they arrived at the great spring of water that gushes out of the ground near the north-east side of Rarotonga, they left the path. Mapu sat down while Tihe dipped a piece of old mat into the spring. Then she gave it to Mapu, who tied it up with the string he had taken from Popo's mat, and, repeating a *karakia* all the while, placed it on the ground and covered it carefully with loose scoria and earth. Tihe stood watching him closely. When he had finished, Mapu returned to Mount Eden while Tihe went on to Rarotonga and stayed there with her friends for many days.

The day after his return to the *pa* from his visit to Awhitu, Popo told his father that he felt as though a god were pressing him down. For days he steadily grew worse, and, at the shining of the first moon, he was too ill to work or laugh or do anything he had done in former days.

His mother was of the line of head chiefs and knew the *karakia* which females are taught. It is said that she knew many sacred incantations which could ward off evil, and all of these she repeated over her son, but without avail.

There came an evening when the moon shone brightly on the sea beyond Rangitoto and all the stars shone like a myriad glow-worms in the forest. We had eaten our evening meal, and the young men were all laughing and talking by the *whare matoro*. Not a sound had been heard from the house of the old people. There were no visitors in the *pa* at this time, but some of the young men noticed several people in the house. One, more inquisitive than the rest, went up and looked inside. On the floor Tahau was laid at full-length, and someone was standing over him muttering in a low voice. As the young man watched, Tahau rose to his feet, and said, "Why should he die? What has he done? All must speak, or he will die."

There was another man sitting in the east corner of the house. He did not speak or move until he heard the word "die." "Die!" he repeated, as he stood up. "Who says he must die?" He strode out of the door with the step of a man who will do what he will do and let no one hinder him. As he passed the young man who had been looking in at the door, he pulled from beneath his mat a long *pu-tara*

A shell trumpet, usually with a wooden mouthpiece.

and going directly to the little hill between the strangers' and the old people's houses, he put the *pu* to his mouth and blew a long blast towards the south. Turning, he blew another blast to the east, then to the north, and then to the west. The note of the *pu* was a "ho ho hoho" which, in the calm, clear night air, could be heard from Takapuna to Wairaka and Otahuhu and Mangere. As soon as we heard it we knew that the blower of the trumpet must be Tata, the brother of Atua, who was then the priest of our tribe, and that on the morrow we should have a great meeting of all the tribes at Mount Eden.

We could not guess what the meeting was to be called for, as the *pu-tara* was never sounded in the night except when a meeting of all the people was called for a council of great moment. The young women said it must have something to do with love, as Popo was ill, and what could make him ill but love?

The next day dawned, and from all the *pa* crowds of people could be seen coming in long lines towards our *pa*. Ah! It was then that the proverb was true of us when it says, "When the son of the Kiripunai was alive men were numberless, but since his death evil has befallen the people." We could distinguish the chiefs as they came round each turn of the road by the *huia*

A bird notable for the fact that the bills of the male and female are different in shape. The tail-feathers, jet

black with a white tip, were greatly prized and worn in the hair as a sign of high rank. *Heterelocha acutirostris*. feathers which flaunted in the wind as they nodded their heads. As they came closer we could see their mats—the *kiwi*

A flightless, nocturnal bird, remarkable for the fact that it has no tail, rudimentary wings, and nostrils at the tip of its beak. Its feathers were greatly prized for the making of cloaks. *Apteryx mantelli*.
mat, the pigeon-

feather mat, the dog-skin mat, and the beautiful *kaitaka*

A mat made of finest flax, with an ornamental border.

—while here and there we saw the glitter of the *mere pounamu*,

A hand weapon made of greenstone. The badge of a chief, used to give emphasis when orating, as well as for fighting. Fine descriptions of the use and appearance of a *mere pounamu* will be found in *Plume of the Artrwas*, by F. O. V. Acheson.

like a flash of running water congealed in the hand of the chief who was carrying it.

From east and west, north and south, streams of our people came. We were a great people then. Then was our proverb true, that "Our *pa* could not be taken till the enemy attacking us were in number as great as the *ahuahu*."

Mounds for the kumara plants.

We had assembled on the *marae*, and as the people of each *pa* came up the road, our young people stood at the gate to welcome them.

When they had all arrived and were seated in family tribes as the custom is when any matter is to be discussed, there was silence for some time. Then Tahau rose in an old, dirty mat, with his head besmeared with dirt, and a piece of firewood in his hand. He stepped on to the *marae* and paced up and down from one end to the other. Then he turned to where the young men who had accompanied Popo to Puponga were sitting. Some of them were holding Popo in a sitting posture.

"I am looking to find something," said Tahau, "and you, O chiefs and priests, must assist me in my search." Then, addressing us, he said, "Rise, one of you young men, and tell us what you did, what you said, and what you saw when you were fishing for shark at Puponga."

A young man came on to the *marae*. He said, "O fathers, look towards the west. That is the land we were in when we were fishing for shark. Popo was with us. You can see Puponga and Awhitu now from the top of this *pa*. We had caught many shark when a woman came out on to the beach, which you can just see below the Tipitai point and bay, and waved to us. We had done our fishing for that day, so we paddled to Awhitu, where the people were kind to us. We had the food of chiefs sent to us, but the girl who brought a basket with *taro* and the food for great men said that Ata had sent it to Popo. We had finished our food, and none of us would eat of the food sent to Popo. In the evening a girl came and said that Ata had sent for Popo. I went with him. Ata was not like a woman, but a body without a spirit. Old Ha Kawau was there and Ata, who said we were welcome and that when the *riroriro* sang again this summer, we were to go there again with Popo. We were told then by the people that Ata was a *puhi* to Tiriwa of the Ngatipou of Waikato. But she will not have him. We young men could see that she loves Popo, and that he loves her. That is all I have to say."

As he sat down another young man rose, and said, "I will say a few words that have not been told. We slept one night at Awhitu, but after that we slept several nights at Puponga, and there we cooked our food on the spot ever occupied by our people when they stay there."

Tata, the brother of Atua, said, "Stand still! What firewood did you burn while you were there?"

"We burnt the sticks that were there. We had no need to collect wood as it was there all ready for us. Popo did not say it was *tapu*."

Tata motioned for him to sit down. "I will now ask Popo what he knows of Puponga. Did you, O Popo, have any fear in your heart when you were out fishing or when you were at Puponga?" Popo was too weak to speak aloud, but he whispered to one of the young men, who spoke for him, "No."

"What was the basket like which contained the food that Ata sent to Popo?"

"A new basket," said the young man.

"Was it made of the common flax or of *wharariki*?"

A poor quality flax. *Phormium Cookianum*.

"Of the common flax."

"What was in the basket?"

"*Taro, kanae*, dried shark and *nani*."

"Did you notice a knot on the end of the flax which bound up the *paro*

A small basket for holding cooked food.

where it is turned round to tie up the *upoko*?"

Upper part

"It was tied in the usual way," said the young man.

Atua stood up. (He was a young man then.) He said, "O Popo, did you ever tell any girl in this or any other of our *pa* that you loved them?"

The young man spoke for Popo again. "No," he said, after Popo had whispered to him.

"Has any young woman let you know in any way that she loves you?"

"I do not know what they may say to others, but I often think that they speak to me as they do—with their talk of liking me and giving me the best food they can cook—because it is the way they speak to many of the young men. I like to show my love to all the people, but if I were to take the kindness of the girls to me as meaning love, they might each and every one be a lover of mine. Even the old women might be the same to me."

"Did you tell Ata that you loved her, or did she say she loved you?"

"Ha Kawau told me that she loved me, but I did not say that I loved her. But I do love her more than I ever loved any young woman."

Atua turned to the people. "Where is the greenstone, the heirloom of our family?" he asked.

Tahau said, "The mother of Tihe has it"

"Bring it here and let us all look at it."

Tihe rose from the midst of a group of girls and brought the *hei*

An ornament suspended from the throat. In this particular case White uses the term as an *ear-drop* heirloom, and laid it down before Atua.

"Stay where you are, Tihe," ordered Atua.

"You have slaves, O Atua," answered the girl. "Order *them*" and with her head in the air she went back to her place.

Atua held the *hei* up before the people and said, "This is a sacred heirloom, and many a time has it spoken when asked if evil were coming to our tribe. It is a piece of the sacred block of stone called Whaka-rewa-tahuna. It has been worn in the ears of generations of chiefs and priests. O Tata, my elder brother, I will repeat the sacred words to it, and do you all see if this colour which is now clear becomes a little clouded."

Atua held it up to his mouth and muttered a few words to it which no one could hear, and then held it up to the gaze of the people. "If it becomes darker," he continued, "it is death. If it becomes lighter it is life, but Popo will have been bewitched."

The *hei* became clouded—we could see it changing colour as we watched.

Atua lowered it, and said, "Come, Tihe, and take your god."

Before Tihe could rise, Tata stepped forward quickly and held out his hand.

"No," said Tata, "I will wear it now for some moons, and then Tihe may have our heirloom and keep it in her charge once more. She can have it when I have finished with it."

Atua dropped the *hei* into his brother's hand.

"live, O Popo!" said Tata. "Live, O Popo. Let me talk with the gods and make them tell me who has done this evil towards you."

The Takapuna people were at this meeting, and the chief of that *pa* rose and said, "Did someone say that Popo's food was cooked with sticks collected at Pупonga without notice being taken whether they were the sticks which you, the priests, had used for your huts when you went to *karakia* to Kai-whare? Maybe the god Kai-whare is angry with Popo."

An old woman who had come from the Mangere *pa* said, "What do you all say to the *taro* and shark being put into one basket? Why did they put the food which we put into the hands of the dead with the child of Tangaroa?"

"When a person died, food was placed by his side, and some also with him in the grave, as it was supposed the spirit of the deceased fed on the spirit of the food given it. . . . At Taranaki, the child of a chief was buried in the *whare tapu*. . . . The child had a *taro* placed in each hand, so that if he descended into the Reinga, he might have food." *Te Ika a Maui* (Taylor).

According to Maori legend, Tangaroa, the god of the ocean, was the father of Ika-tere, the progenitor of fish. (See *The Legends of Maori-land: The Fish of Maoriland*. Reed.)

I wish to know if that basket of food was bewitched."

Popo's mother said, "I must say my words. I can see that my child is bewitched. I know he is, for he is wasting away. Within the last few days he has become quite thin. He does not eat. Someone has bewitched him."

"O people," said Tata, in a loud voice, addressing the whole assembly, "you have all heard what has been spoken. Say ye, is Popo bewitched? Or is it only the sickness to which we are all liable? Speak, O people, that we may take action."

Everyone, in a single voice, replied, "Popo has been bewitched."

"Whom do you, O people, say is the man or the tribe who has done this act? Was it the food that Ata gave to Popo? Was it what he ate at Puponga?"

The people said, "No, it was not then. He has been bewitched by someone not known to us."

"What must we do to save our child from death?"

There was a mumbling of voices, and then a chief cried, "Let someone go and ask Ha Kawau to repeat the powerful incantations."

"But what shall we give to the gods?" asked Tata. The hum of many voices rose, and then there was a stir and bustle as the girls and women and the men, both old and young, rose up from every part of the *marae*, and went to the various houses round the side of the *pa*. In a few moments they came back, half breathless, and each with a solemn, firm step went up to where Tata was standing, and in silence laid before him the garments and ornaments they most greatly prized. There were greenstone ear-drops, *tiki*,

"This anthropomorphic ornamental memento, when fashioned in jade, is, in general, the most highly prized of all the *taonga* (treasure) of the present-day Maori. Some of the ancient *mere* (jade clubs) have a higher material and local value, but sentimentally the *hei tiki* is the more widely esteemed.

"The word *hei* is the noun for neck, and, therefore, neck *tiki*, as distinct from the very large *tiki* of wood that formed an entrance way to a village or *pa*, and the smaller *tiki*, also of wood, that was used to mark a reserved, or *tapu*, place.

"In Maori mythology, Tiki was the first man, and it is assumed that the figures termed *tiki* are so-named in his honour. The *hei tiki* was made of jade or the bone of a human skull, also of whalebone; it is worn by men, women and children of standing in a tribe. In size it varied from about two and a half inches to eight inches in length, and even larger *tikis* were made of jade, but not for wearing on the neck." *The Maori Past and Present*. T. E. Donne. The author of this book has a most interesting and informative chapter (22) on *The Hei Tiki*, with information about the fashioning of these images, and theories of their origin, purpose and meaning.

huia feathers, fine mats of all descriptions, and some greenstone *mere*. Tata regarded them, carefully as they were laid before him. The people sat down again in silence, and Tata looked round him. He was deeply moved. "Great is your love for our child!" he exclaimed. "I will take these to the *tuahu*, and when the spirit of these has been taken by the gods, and the *tapu* has been taken off, then I will give them to you again, O people. Now I will see what message the gods may give of the death of Popo."

He threw off his mat, and keeping on only his *maro*, he laid all the offerings in a heap. Taking up the greenstone *hei*, he held it in his outstretched hand and repeated a *karakia* in a low voice. He waved the ear-drop over the heap of offerings and then laid it on top again. He stood erect and said, "I shall repeat a *karakia* over the *hei*. If it falls down Popo will die. If it does not drop down, then he will live."

In a tense and palpable silence, the words of the *karakia* were chanted by the priest. Every eye was riveted to the heap of offerings. The people all held their breath with suspense, and the only sound that could be heard anywhere was the laboured breathing of Popo. As they watched, the ear-drop began to move. It slid gently from the top of the pile and down the side. When it had gone about half-way down it suddenly checked, balanced a little unsteadily for a moment, and then settled firmly in its place.

By this time the whole crowd had risen into a half-erect posture, and, as the *hei* ceased its motion, the people put their hands on their knees as if resting after some great toil. A great cry of joy burst forth from them. It was like the gasp of a monster waking from death to life.

Tata now spoke with tears in his eyes. "O Popo, live! The gods say 'Live!' You have not half died yet. You are too good to die yet. Stay, O our bird of beauty and song! You who art the joy of all our eyes, O Popo, say that you will battle with death and stay with us!" Many of the people were now sobbing. With outstretched arms they approached Popo as he lay reclining by his friends, and waved their hands as if scratching something away from him. After a little while Popo said in a feeble voice, "I will try to live, O great people. Great is your love to me!"

The sun was setting behind the Titirangi forest,
and all the sky above Awhitu and Puponga was as red as *kokowai*.
Red ochre.

Popo was looking in that direction when his companions said, "We will go into the house—or do you prefer that we take you to the house of your mother?"

"Take me there," he said. They led him down the hill just below the food-store for strangers, and on to the little plot of ground where Popo and his sub-tribe lived. A road led from there to the Remu-wera and Tikopuke *pa*, and on to Otahuhu.

It was now twilight, and all the sub-tribes had gone to their homes. The offerings made, at Tata's request, for the propitiation of the gods still lay on the *marae*. As the moon rose over the Coromandel hills and with full face looked right down on the *pa*, the young men were ordered by Tata to take the offerings and go down the

road that led to his house. They passed it in due course and went on till they came to a plot of scoria, on which was a little green knoll covered with shrubs. Here they laid all the offerings they had brought. When they had finished, the ornaments were spread over the grass and they all lay down to sleep. Tata slept apart from the rest, and none of them ate food that night.

In the grey dawn Tata awoke, and taking twigs of *karamu* and *kawakawa*

A shrub frequently used in sacred ceremonies. *Piper excelsum*.

he went apart from the others and stuck the two branches in the ground. Then, with only his *maro* on, he squatted down in front of them and repeated incantations. This done, he called the young men. They rose, each clad only in a *maro* of leaves, and took the articles they had brought from the *marae* and followed Tata to the *tuahu*. They laid the offerings down about two paces from where Tata was standing and retired close to the swamp, where they all sat down. Tata repeated the incantations offering the gifts to the gods, and rubbed his hands at the conclusion of each *karakia*. Last of all, Tata passed from the *tuahu*, and at his call "*Haere taua*,"

"Let us depart."

the young men rose and preceded him back to the *pa*.

The sun was now high in the heavens. The people had partaken of their morning meal and were at their usual work in the *kumara* plantations. The previous evening some of the young girls who were of the family tribe of Popo had said that they would go the next morning and get some eels from the swamp to the east of the Rarotonga *pa*. Following the path from their house they descended to the flat between Remu-wera and Tikopuke, and, crossing the scoria ground, they arrived at the outflow of the Waiata-rua lake on the north-east of Rarotonga. Here the girls had a bathe in the fresh water flowing from that spring and left their mats on the rocks ready for their return. They caught a good many eels in the swamp, and then, turning to the spring, they lit a fire and cooked some of their catch. These girls were full of sport, and they challenged each other to see who could throw the heaviest stone. They had played for some time, when one of the girls lifted up a stone and discovered an old mat under it. She gave a cry, and the others gathered round her. The mat was quickly taken out of its hiding place and scanned by all. One of the girls who had seen it before exclaimed, "It is Popo's mat!" It was placed on one side, and when they had finished their game they returned and brought the mat with them and gave it to Popo, saying, "Is this your property?" Tata was sitting with Popo when the girls came in, and when he saw the dirt-encrusted mat, he took it and put it to his nose and gave a short grunt. The girls were afraid of the priest and retired hastily. Tata got up and tied the mat to the end of a stick and stuck it up outside at a little distance from the door of the house.

The girls took the eels and gave them to Popo's mother, saying, "We could not look at him and not try to bring him something he could eat as a *kinaki* with his *kumara*." The eels were cleaned, and five or six of them were put between the split halves of a stick. The top of the split stick was then tied with flax and the end stuck in the ground before a good fire. When the oil began to ooze from the fish the stick was turned so that every part might be cooked. When they were finished they were brought to Popo, who ate them with greater relish than anything he had touched for days.

All that afternoon Tata remained silent and motionless in the gloom of Tahau's house. When it grew dark he went outside and took the stick with Popo's mat, and, holding it at arm's length behind him, he walked over the knoll, past the sacred food store and down the hill, and stuck the stick up in the ground amongst the shrubs, where he and the young men had previously laid the offerings for Popo. At dawn the next day he took the mat, holding it as before, and went down the road past the *tuahu* till he reached the creek. Descending the steep bank, he followed the creek down towards Orakei Bay.

In a bend of the creek was a pool and a little sandy bank. On this bank he sat and collected a few pebbles. He put them near to the big toe of his right foot. With his hands he scraped the sand into a small mound and deposited the pebbles on the top of the mound. Then he took the stick with the mat still tied to it and stuck it into the pool as far as he could reach. He sat down again between the stick in the pool and the mound he had made, and repeated his *karakia*. After one incantation had been repeated he waved his hand over the mound and began to repeat another. Before he had finished this second *karakia* the sand on the top of the mound began to run down the sides and the pebbles to move from top to bottom. He had stripped a *kawakawa* twig of its leaves and had placed it on the mound. Now it fell over, towards Tata's left hand. He turned towards the mat on the stick in midstream, repeated a *karakia*, and then, holding the *kawakawa* twig in his right hand, he once more began another *karakia*. Ere he had finished there appeared the likeness of two faces in the water at the foot of the stick, on which the mat was tied.

Tata looked steadfastly at them, as though puzzled what to do next. A frown appeared on his forehead as he said in a low whisper, "And that slave Mapu was one!" Rubbing his eyes with the back of his left hand he looked again at the foot of the stick. "Tihē must have been in love with Popo," he muttered, "else why did she make Mapu bewitch him?" He frowned again. "Not I, but the gods kill them if they like," and with his right hand holding the *kawakawa* twig uplifted, he said aloud, "Let the evil you have sought to bring on Popo come

on you!" At the same time he hit the water where he had seen the face with the twig, and, like a flash, drew back his arm and slapped his forehead with his palm. Then, reaching over, he took the mat, still tied on the stick, and holding it behind him, he retired to the *tuahu* and there stuck the stick up in front of the flat stone, and returned to his house.

On the day that the girls had brought the eels for Popo, Tihe and all her family had been induced by old Mapu to go on a visit to the family tribe, who occupied the two *pa* beyond Otahuhu, at Manurewa and Matu-ku-rua. Old Mapu had said that Tihe did not appear to be so full of life as she had been before the great talk in the *pa*. There was a deformed priest at Matuku-rua called Hake, who could cure all diseases. At the time, therefore, that Tata had gone on his mission with the mat, Tihe and her relatives had left the *pa*, though some of the family, and the people of Tihe's father, had stayed to look after the *kumara* and *taro* cultivations. The sun had not set before the people had heard of the mat found by the eel-catchers, and that the mat belonged to Popo. This news was repeated by all the old women till it became one of the most notable pieces of gossip that had been heard for many moons.

Tihe and her relatives had not been long in the Matuku-rua *pa* when the news was brought to them by one of their people. When she heard that the mat had been found, Tihe became downcast, and seemed to be in constant trouble. No one knew why she had become so, but they remembered what Mapu had said, and, as he was a priest from Taranaki, though now a slave, no doubt the gods had told him. There was no doubt that Tihe was unwell. She almost appeared as if insane. Mapu said she was not to leave the *pa* until he had gone to Patumahoe for old Hake.

Now Hake was a man of rank and was related to the noted sorcerer, Tamure, of Waikato. In the days of his childhood he had laughed at Tamure, who had bewitched the boy in his anger. He did not intend to kill him, but instead he had made him as ugly as a child could be—humped in his back, crooked in his legs, his eyes as though he had red clay in them, and pis mouth all awry. At this time Hake was one of the ugliest men in all the land.

Mapu went to fetch Hake, but Hake was a most curious fellow. No one could be certain of his movements. He had a most amusing way of dressing his body at times. He thought it made him look prepossessing, but in actual fact he became more ugly still, and no one took any notice of him, save to gain his power as priest, when it was required to repeat the *karakia* for fishing, or bird or rat-catching, or on such as occasions as the present, when Tihe needed to be restored to health. Even then he would not come to those who waited for him until days after he was sent for.

The girls of Manurewa were making floor mats for the houses, and as the flax which they used grew on the road that leads from the Karaka *pa* to Patu-mahoe, on the Turorirori plain, they had to go there for it. After much persuasion they induced Tihe to accompany them to cut flax in the swamp there. They went from Manurewa to Karaka by canoe, and then walked some distance along the beach towards Te Toro and inland up Te Maire creek. Now it happened that the road from Patumahoe, where Mapu had gone, and which Hake would come by, was in this direction. The girls had dispersed to cut the flax, and Tihe wandered off by herself. She sat down at a little distance from the road and went to sleep. While she was sleeping Mapu had seen her, but had passed on without waking her. Hake had not been with him, for he had stayed to put fresh apparel on his body, and to make his head—as he said—look fine.

Tihe was still sleeping when Hake came along the road, and, as Mapu had done he, too, saw the sleeping girl. Not wishing to wake her, and having a whimsical idea in his head, he sat down at some distance from her, but in a position where she could see him in all his finery when she awoke. At last Tihe stretched herself and opened her eyes. She had been dreaming about lizards.

An omen of death.

and Hake heard her say something about them in her sleep. As she woke her first sight was of the deformed body of the priest Hake had his long hair tied in a heap in front of his face; his hump back was bare; he had a short *maro* tied round his waist, and a number of shells, which he had broken in the centre and strung on a piece of flax, tied round his legs and arms. He soon saw that the young woman was awake and had seen him. Although he had loved many girls, Hake had never been able to obtain a wife, but he was always hopeful. Now he began to move about and dance. The shells on his ankles and wrists clattered together, his hair flew up and down, and as it rose and fell, Tihe could see the moist, ugly, deformed mouth and lizard-like tongue. She gave a single loud shriek and fell back. Hake sat down again and for some time kept silent. The girl moved and looked up, and still seeing the ugly figure, she ran away, panic-stricken, not knowing where she was going, crashing through the thick undergrowth. In her blind terror she at last fell on to a ledge of rock at the bottom of the creek, and there she was found by her companions, who had been alarmed by her screams. She was unconscious and had to be carried to the *pa*, where she could be attended to by her mother.

Old Mapu had not got down to the crossing at Te Karaka when he heard Tihe's scream, and, fearing some evil, he crossed the creek and was ascending the north bank when he saw Hake return up the rising ground on

the way back to Patumahoe. Hake returned to his own place and said no word about the young woman who had fled from him in fright.

It was days before Tihe could speak in a rational manner. All the time she lay in a stupor she raved about a monster, crying continually to her mother to take the monster Kai-whare away from her. Mapu had done all he could by repeating his *karakia* to drive away the *atua* from his young protector, as Tihe was the only one of the family who treated him as though he were not a slave. At last the time came when she was able to converse with her mother, who then learned for the first time all that had driven her child over the steep bank of the creek. Tihe begged to be taken back to Mount Eden, and shortly after her recovery her family departed from Matuku-rua. When they got to the spring where the mat had been cursed, Mapu looked significantly at Tihe, and on some pretext left the party and went towards the spot where the mat had been hidden.

Tihe was taken to her home, and for a few days could not venture abroad as she was so feeble that someone had to help her even to move from side to side of the house. She did not speak to anyone save to ask for water to drink, but she listened intently to anyone who might happen to speak of Popo. But whenever Tata's name was mentioned she appeared to be uncomfortable. One day, she saw one of the girls who had obtained the eels for Popo, and wishing for something fresh in her diet, she said in the hearing of the girl, "Did Popo like the eels those girls got for him?"

"Oh, yes," said the girl. "We can get some more if you can eat them."

"Yes," said an old woman, who was listening, "you are the child of a chief. Your words say so. Only those of a great heart ever think of the sick."

But Tihe was not to be diverted from her subject. "Girls at times find fine mats where they did not think such things were kept?"

"Yes," the girl replied. "We found one of Popo's mats at the spring under some stones."

"And what did you do with it?" asked Tihe.

"We gave it to Popo."

"And he wore it again?" "No, he did not. Do you think he has so few mats that he would wear one that had been taken from him and put beneath the surface of the soil to rot?"

"Then he threw it away?"

"I do not know. I have heard it said that old Tata kept it."

"And now Tata wears it?"

"I do not know," the girl repeated. "I have not seen it on him. Well, now we will go and get some eels for you as you have been so ill. If you eat them you may get strong and be able to come to the *whare matoro* in the evenings as you used to do. Since Popo has been ill we have no one who can lead in the *haka* as he did. You know he is the best player we have. But what is there that Popo cannot do? He is the best swimmer, the best spear-man, the best singer, and the kindest man in our *pa*!"

"Is he ill now?" asked Tihe.

"Oh, no," said the girl. "He is quite strong compared with the day of the great meeting. Tata has pronounced *karakia* over him many times, and Ata has heard of his illness and has sent her greenstone *tiki* for him to wear."

Chapter Three: The Story Told by Maro's Mother

Mapu is forced to accompany Mount Eden girls to Otahuhu. They return with young people of Otahuhu pa and Mapu arranges a meeting between Mihi, the daughter of Rahi and Niho. Mapu presents a mat to Tohi, the son of Rahi, on behalf of his mistress. Rahi has forbidden the marriage of Mihi and Niho, so Mapu leads Mihi to Popo's house, and they formulate a plan to make Tohi agree to his sister's marriage with Niho. Mihi is disguised as a young chief.

After her conversation with Tihe, the girl returned to her own home. As she was one of the family tribe of Popo, she went into the house where Popo lived with his father, Tahau, and Reko, his mother. He was much better than he had been for some time, as he had eaten of the eels which the young women had obtained for him. As the girl went in she heard Reko say, "O Popo, you are like yourself again. You look as if you can soon meet the young people in the *whare matoro*. The eels have given you life again."

Popo said, "There is someone else who is sick, and should be thought of by those who are full of life."

"Who is it?" asked Reko.

"Who but Tihe?" Popo replied. "If I were well I would go and get some for her. Why do not some of the young who are so fond of looking at her go and get some for her? Young men do not stay young for ever."

Sickness will come and then they will wish for things that they never thought of giving to the sick until they were afflicted themselves."

The girl said, "I have just come from the house of Tihe, and have told her that we girls will go and get some for her."

"Yes," said Popo, "and some of the other young women will go with you. Maybe when you are sick you will not feel dark when you remember how kind you were to someone who was sick when you were young."

"I," said a girl, "and I," said another, who had just come in, "will go with you."

The sun was just up above the hills of the Thames when the three girls descended Mount Eden, crossed the path from Orakei to Onehunga, and made their way towards Otahuhu. When they arrived at the big spring at the side of the road, they prepared for their work by putting their *maro* round their waists and the *koka*

A rough cloak of undressed flax, used principally to keep off the rain.

over their shoulders. One of them paused as she was swinging the *koka* over her head, and said, "Someone has slept here last night. This is where he has had a fire. He feasted on eels, too, for here are the bones." The other girls stared at the embers. "Yes," said another, "and he did not have any *kinaki* with the eels, for I cannot see any husks of *karaka*,

The berry of the *karaka* tree. *Corynocarpus laevigata*.
rind of *taro* or skin of *kumara* anywhere."

Just as they were talking, old Mapu, the slave priest, came up from the swamp to the eastward. He did not see the girls at once, so they had time to put on their home garments and put away the eel-catching cloaks before the old man arrived. They sat down and watched him approaching. As he came up to them he threw down a large basket full of fat fresh-water eels.

"This is your fire?" asked one of the girls. "You slept here last night?"

"Yes," said Mapu.

"Have you been here ever since you left Matuku-rua with Tine and her party?"

"Yes."

"And I suppose you have been living as wild men do who have no place in which to live, for fear of those who may kill you?"

"Yes."

"Then you do not know that Tihe is dead? You may not live long; you may be killed to go with her to the *Reinga*."

The spirit-land. Slaves were frequently killed at the time of their owner's death. The greater the *mana* of the chief, the greater the number of slaves dispatched at his decease.

"Perhaps so," said Mapu.

"Who are the eels for?" asked one of the other girls.

"For Tihe."

"But we are going to catch some for her," said the first speaker, "and as she may not die till you get to our *pa* we will take yours when you have carried them there."

Mapu smiled. "If you have said all you wish to say that is not true, I will tell you something that is true."

"Oh!" one of the girls exclaimed. "You have been dreaming! Your dreams are not those of young men who can tell us what is worth listening to."

Mapu smiled again. "The ears are the caves where words sit," he said, "and the heart is the judge whether they are good or bad. How, then, can your hearts tell whether the words I am going to say are good or bad until you hear them?"

"Say on," said one of the girls.

"It is all very well for you to tell me to talk, but I do not know which to tell you—my dream, or the news I have to give you."

"Let us cook some of the eels while the old man is telling his tale," said one of the girls.

"Cook the eels if you like," said Mapu, "but wait for some time before you put them on the fire for fear you burn them. I know how girls like to hear about the young men of another family tribe!"

"Tell your tale then, you untattooed-faced old man," said the last of the three girls, who had not spoken till now, "and let us hear if you can ever talk sense to your kind lady, Tihe, who saved your life the time you were to be killed to go to the *Reinga* with the child who was burnt to death."

Mapu sat down and drew his cloak round him. "Have you young girls ever seen the cave" (pointing with his finger towards Rangitoto) "between us and the road that leads from Remu-wera to Waiata-rua lake? There is an *atua* there. I know, for I have seen him."

"It is daylight," said one of the girls. "We do not feel afraid of an *atua* in the sunshine."

"I slept there by myself last night," said Mapu, "and as my fire began to burn dim, I laid down to go to sleep. Just as my eyes closed I heard a noise like that of a rat making the sound that is the omen of death. I

looked out of the corner of my eye and saw a large thing standing just beyond where the embers of my fire were making a glow-worm-like flicker as the evening breeze blew on it. I did not move, but kept looking at the *atua*. I do not know what it was like, but I saw its two eyes. It came to the fire, but it did not seem to see my feet. I was lying, as we all do when sleeping in the open air, with my feet to the fire. The thing sat down, for I could see its eyes sinking nearer to the ground. It began to talk, and I listened to the words.

"Men and gods are warned by the sun. The moon does not make oil for the head of those it shines on; love, like a fire, often burns those who keep the nearest to it; death is good to some—death is not welcome to all, but some would like death better than life."

"How long it would have talked like this I do not know. The fire was nearly out, and my feet grew chilly, and all at once I sneezed."

"Yes," said the talkative girl, "and yours is a sneeze! I have heard it. If all your tribe sneeze like you, and if our husbands were to do so at the same time, it might be heard in Waikato."

"Ah," said Mapu, "it was such a noise that I made that the *atua* decamped at once, and after I had replenished the fire I fell asleep."

"It was your own *atua* who thus spoke to you, and not any of those who stay in the cave yonder with the dead," one of the girls interjected. "What an old stupid you must be to think your dream was a reality."

"Well," Mapu replied, "we shall see that the sun will not forget to rise, and when the moon comes and goes you will see whether this *atua* who talked to me was a dream or not."

"Why!" exclaimed one of the girls, who had taken the basket of eels and was beginning to untie it, "the old fellow has had some snipe. Here are the feathers." "You young women are so full of sneers," said Mapu, "and so impatient of any way other than your own, that you do not listen to those who could teach you great knowledge. I said I had news to tell you."

"Tell it, then," said one of them. "Let us be doing our work and not sitting here. We are not at our *kumara* plantations at Mount Eden."

"Listen," said Mapu. "I went from here this morning before the sun had risen. It was a cold, foggy dawn. As I got to the head of the salt-water creek I heard voices. I left my eels and went on and saw the men of the Otahuhu *pa* at the bird snares. They had put the snares for the snipe up on the flat where you say the canoe Tainui

The canoe of the great migration of the fourteenth century, which brought from Hawaiki the ancestors of the Waikato people. See *The Coming of the Maori to Ao-tea-Roa*. Reed.

was dragged overland from Tamaki to Onehunga. In their nets and snares, which had been set up on the portage, they had caught hundreds of snipe. I did not go near to them but kept on the scoria on this side of the creek till they called to me. I had some food with me and some of the feathers stuck to my mat. That is the reason for your having seen them in the basket."

"What has that to do with news?" asked one of the girls.

"What is news? When I was a boy I was told that life and death were news. Food is life—that is news. As snipe is food, that is news. And as the death of Tihe, of which you told me, was news to me, I can see life for her in what I have told you."

"Yes," said one of the girls. "You are an old man, and sometimes you can think. Let us go to Otahuhu *pa* and perhaps they will give us some birds for Tihe and Popo. That would be the food of the gods for those two sick ones."

"What made such an old man as you," said the girl who had said least of the three, "stay here by yourself when you came so far from Manurewa with Tihe and the others? You slept here in the cold, and old men like warmth. Why did you not come to our *pa* with them?"

"Why did you come here?" Mapu asked in reply.

"To catch eels for Tihe."

"And what else brought me here?" said Mapu. "I heard the young men saying that they had seen some of you at the great meeting in our *pa*, and that you were——" Here Mapu began to cough as though he had caught a cold.

"Go on!" said the girl. "The young men said we were——?"

"Yes," said Mapu, "you were just like——"

Again the old man coughed so much that he was unable to speak. At last he managed to gasp out that he would have to tell them just a word at a time, as the cough he had caught when he sneezed the *atua* away now prevented him from telling anything at once, as his breath had been given to him in pieces and not in a lump like other men. "But you ought to have——*cough*——allowed me——*cough*——to have said all——*cough*——I had to say——*cough*——and not——*cough*——put your words into my words——*cough*——my cough——*cough*——is worse." He wiped his eyes and looked like one half-strangled. Then he tried again. "Some girls are kind to others——*cough*. When they take a journey they can

make—Oh!" Mapu spluttered, "my cough is bad—can make love from a distance."

The talkative girl shrugged impatiently. "I think the old slave is mad. He spoke of the sun in his dreams.

He must have had his head cooked by the sun, and his words are all like himself, saved only by the coolness of the pity offered to him by our forbearance."

"Ah," Mapu replied, "I will go with you and will let you see the young men who spoke those words about you."

"Who asked you to do so?" asked the silent girl. "Who wants you to meddle in the words of chiefs?"

"Let us go!" said the talkative one.

They all rose and went on the road towards the crossing at the head of the creek, leaving Mapu to put his eel-basket on to a ledge where the dogs or rats could not meddle with it while they were away.

After the girls had passed the creek they loitered on the road until Mapu came up to them, as they wished to hear more about the people of Otahuhu *pa*.

"Now," said Mapu, "I do not intend to speak at all when we are welcomed by your people. You know I am but a slave. You are young women and there are many young women in the *pa* who will look at you and say all kinds of—" He broke off abruptly and pointed with his finger. "That is where the snipe snares were put up when I saw them taking the birds." As they went on Mapu took his place behind them. This was against all custom, as the slave should have gone in front to call the attention of the people of the *pa* to those who followed. But the old man was not afraid of girls, and by now they were so angry with him that they did not think of the slight cast upon them by his taking the place of a chief.

Soon they were seen by the people at the top of the *pa*, and a loud call was given. At once the young people of the *pa* came out of the western gate and waved their mats. Mapu had again developed one of his fits of coughing and came on at a slow pace. The young women had entered the *pa* ere he had got half-way up the hill. The girls were seated on mats in front of the meeting house on the *marae* when he got in.

The young people of the *pa* were eager to see the visitors and came and sat down by Mapu. A chief rose, and said, "Come, O children of our brothers, and see us at our place. We are glad to see you. Welcome!"

It was now the required custom for one of the visitors to get up and answer the welcome, but the young women looked at each other, and the talkative one, who had so much to say to Mapu, did not rise. The three girls remained silent so long that at last Mapu rose, and said, "Call to us, O chiefs! We are but children and young women and have not learned how to speak to an assembly. We young women can only talk to one person at a time." A smothered titter was heard from the young people. "We came here to ask for some *kinaki* for our sick ones left at our *pa*. Love sent us here" (again the smothered titter was heard), "and it is only that we expect to be sick some day and may want some nice food that we cannot get for ourselves that we have come here to-day." Mapu's cough seemed to trouble him again, and he sat down.

An old man of the *pa* said, "Come, my children, come and take the good things we have. Take them to our son Popo. We all love him. I speak for my own heart. I do not say there is not love in the heart of our young people for Popo only. You girls know best, but if I can see what colour the clouds are at sunset, and if I could see the same colour in your *pa* when our young men are at the great meeting, then I say take my love to Popo. But now let others say what they have to say."

Through sheer vexation at what Mapu had said, and which had given cause for this bantering speech of the old chief of Otahuhu, the silent girl rose, and said, "We are glad you have said we are welcome. The girls of our *pa* are welcome anywhere in this district. But our slave has not spoken our thoughts."

"No," said the old chief, "he has not. But I am sure that you will."

"Popo asked us to come to the foot of Rarotonga and get some eels for the sick girl, Tihe. We came and found the old man Mapu at the spring. It was he who proposed that we should come here, and as he had told us of an *atua* he had seen the night before, we thought we would come on and see whether it was a dream or not."

"I have had many dreams in my day," said the old chief. "Some were true and some were false. I once dreamed that I was loved by a girl when I was a young man. I told her of my love for her, and she burst into such a loud laugh that I awoke to see that all the people had been laughing at me. I had been walking in my sleep. Girls cannot dream like that. Never mind," said the old chief, "it is not slaves you wish to dream about but chiefs."

Food was now set before the girls, but, contrary to custom, the old chief sat down with the girls, while the people left the *marae* and went to other parts of the *pa*. Mapu had a basket of food set before him, and he ate alone. As he was eating, the old chief said, "I must eat out of the same basket as my daughters. What you said might have made a young man like me feel very angry when you taunted me with your talk of love."

"No," said the talkative girl, "you old men are like an old tree—the frost of a sneer or taunt does not wither your boughs as it does the young shrub or the grass that is just coming to life. We did not come here to see your people."

"I did not say so," replied the old man. "You did not come to see our people, but perhaps you came to see

one particular person in our *pa*."

When the repast was finished the people began to collect again, and some of the young women brought baskets of snipe and put them down on the *marae*. Not a word was said till the Mount Eden girls and old Mapu made ready to depart.

The old chief of Otahuhu rose with a stick in his hand, and with it he struck the baskets of birds, and said, "These are for my children Popo and Tihe. Who will take them?"

"I, I, I," said many voices. The young people were eager to go, but there was one young woman who did not join in the joyous outcry. She was the daughter of the old chief who had so much amused himself with his banter about love in front of the three girls. She had been sitting in silence for some time. Her father had taken the cue for his remarks from the manner in which Mapu had spoken for the girls. This old chief was a widower with three sons and one daughter. She had been sitting in the corner of the verandah of the *whare runanga*

Public meeting house.

and had been a keen observer of all that was said and done. Her brother was one of those who said he would go back with the three girls— not, of course, that he had said he would carry any of the birds for Popo or Tihe. No, he was not of those who can carry food on their backs. His sister looked at him when he said he would go, as she herself had a great desire to visit Mount Eden. But not a sign or a word came from her father or her elder brother.

Mapu had seen this young woman when he visited the tribe on their bird-catching expedition, and also at Mount Eden. He had learned more of her history than she knew, for Tihe had told him of her love for one of the young men who had been with Popo when they were at Awhitu. As the young people made preparations for their excursion to Mount Eden, Mapu came to her and said, "Where is your elder brother Tohi? I do not see him here." The old slave priest looked round carefully at the men engaged in taking the snipe out of the snares.

"I do not know," she said. "He is somewhere in the *pa*. I will go with you if you want to find him. You are the priest who talks with Tihe, are you not?"

"Yes," said Mapu, "and your name is Mihi. I have heard Niho speak of you."

Niho was the name of the young man at Mount Eden whom she loved, and the girl looked at Mapu closely as he pronounced her lover's name, but the old man's face was quite expressionless. "Come," she said, "and we shall find him."

They met Tohi going down the path towards the beach where the bird-catchers were at work. Tohi recognised Mapu and sat down to await the arrival of the old man and his sister. When they came up to him Mapu sat down on the opposite side of the road while Mihi passed straight on. The slave had beneath his mat a girdle worn by females. It was made of the sweet-scented grass called *karetu*.

Hierochloe redolens.

Without a word he drew it forth and gave it to Tohi, rose, and went down the path, and went to collect the eels he had caught before setting off home.

He had not gone far before he was seen by the girls, who called to him and made him go back to the Otahuhu *pa*. Here he saw Mihi again. She did not speak to him, but he went close up to the verandah where she was sitting, and said in a hurried whisper, "Niho is at Onehunga and will be there to-night. It is low water just as the moon rises." Mihi remained silent, but showed her consent to Mapu's suggestion by lifting her eyebrows slightly. Any further communication was interrupted by the young people, who were now all ready to set out for Mount Eden. Rahi, the old chief who had so confused the three girls with his talk, said, "Who will carry the birds?"

Three of the slaves volunteered to do this, and Tohi rose and left the *pa*, followed by Mapu. After them came a number of the young people, and lastly, the three slaves carrying two baskets of birds for Popo, and one for Tihe.

They had not gone far on the road when Mapu said to Tohi, "Let us sit down here as I wish to speak."

"No," said Tohi, "I must not follow food on the road."

The *tapu* regarding chiefs and food of any kind, especially cooked food, was very strictly observed. A chief who was *tapu* for any reason was not allowed to touch it, and had to be fed. Here we see an extreme example of the prohibition relating to this matter.

Tell me what you have to say as we walk on."

"Tihe told me to say that when you come to our *pa* you will see what you never thought to see, and words you never thought to hear, and that you will say words you never thought to say. Tihe sent that girdle for you. You must have seen it before, as it is the girdle worn only by those of high rank. It belonged to her mother and is very sacred, but as you are of the same tribe, you had better keep it as an heirloom in the future."

"Yes," Tohi replied, "I know that I am a man, and this year has been a year of plenty."

They had unconsciously slackened their pace as they talked, and by now the young people had come up to them, so they all went on together. Having arrived at the spring Mapu took the basket of eels on his back and

then took his place with the other slaves, who followed in the rear of the party.

The day was drawing to a close when they arrived at Mount Eden. The slaves had carried the birds to the cookhouse and had given them to Popo's slaves. Tohi had gone with the other young people of his party to the *whare matoro*, but Mapu had at once gone to his own people. He had put half of the basket of eels in their house, and half he had given to the slaves of Popo, and disappeared at once.

It was dusk, and the moon was just peeping over the hills near Papakura when the slight, tall form of a young woman advanced, in a hurried manner, but with a steady, determined step, along the bush track near the big spring to the east of Onehunga. She came on to the beach opposite to Mangere and then turned up and walked along the eastern rim of the cove to the point of scoria rock at the commencement of the shelly beach of Onehunga. On that rock, unseen by anyone, sat old Mapu. He had seen the girl coming towards him. It was Mihi, and when she came level with him she spoke in a low voice so as not to frighten her. "It is I, Mapu. I have seen Niho, and you are to go with me to our *pa* at Mount Eden. Niho says that he will meet you there where your elder brother Tohi is, and I can say you came up the road after us."

"Oh, no," said Mihi. "I will say all that is to be said. You must not speak. Better that I bear the wrath of my people than that you be killed. You do not know what my brother might do."

Mapu stood up, and, following the road from Onehunga, he accompanied Mihi to the house where Tihe and her people lived. When they had come up the steep bank of the *pa*, Mapu said, "Stay here till I go and someone." He left her sitting in a nook in the scoria on the right of the path. He was not away long. Then, reassuring his charge, he took her to the house of Popo and his mother and father. They all lived together now that Popo was ill.

Mihi went straight in, while Mapu sat down just outside the door of the *whare* House.

She *hong*i-ed with her three friends and sat down. Mapu gave a cough, and when Popo looked at him, he said, "I have only one word to say."

Popo said, "Say on, but come inside and be near me that I may look at you while you speak. I have heard more about you than you perhaps know. I like to see the face of anyone who is speaking, as there is a language in the eyes which comes from the heart. The language of the tongue is sometimes nothing but spoilt air. Come in."

Mapu went in and was pointed to a place on the opposite side of the house. "Speak!" said Popo. Mapu looked at Popo, and said, "My word is in regard to Mihi. Niho is at Onehunga, and you all know that Mihi's brother Tohi is in love with Tihe. Tohi is now in the council house. Why should I, a slave, speak? Yet it is said of my people that we can devise a line of action in an emergency. I say this because of the proverb 'South there are many lines of action; North there are few.' As Niho is a chief and Mihi is of the same rank, why should their love burn like a fire until it kills them or makes them die of grief? They may perhaps sing a song and jump over a cliff, causing great weeping and perhaps the death of many others in battle if their love burns hopelessly.

"Now I am a slave, but I know that when the last visitors from the north, of Nga-puhi, came here, some of them gave you a quantity of *paraheka wahi awa*, with which our young people tattoo their faces. I refer to the pigment with which they mark their faces as a sham *tnoko*, and which will not wash off for several days. This is my word. Get some of this pigment and let Mihi attire herself as a man. Let her hair be cut short and her face tattooed like that of a man. Niho will be here to-night. I will go to the *whare matoro* and by my talk get the young people there to send for you, O Popo. You can come this night and bring Mihi disguised as a young man. She will play the part of a man from the distant people of the north, who is deaf and dumb, but who can *kanikani* as well as, if not better than any of the young people here. I can talk, and you, O Popo, can talk. As Tohi has come here to make love to Tihe, I can make the talk embrace the love of his sister for Niho without letting the name of Niho be heard. O Popo, you can, if you will, make Tohi agree that his sister must have the one she loves, even as he wants Tihe, the woman he loves. Are my words the words of a slave?"

"No," Popo replied. "No, I can see by your face that your heart said all that your tongue said. Go and do your part, and I will be led by my father and mother to the house when I am sent for."

Mapu rose and went to the council house while Tahau went for the priest Tata. He came at once and marked Mihi with a *putanga* on one side of her face, and the *aro poureha*, with the *hong*i on each side of the nose, and one half of the *titi*. He cut her hair as short as that of a man's, and tied it up in a *pare kou-kou*,

An arrangement of the hair in which it is tied in a plumed knot on top of the head. into which he put some *toroa*

Albatross, *Diomedea exulans*. The feathers of these birds formed a favourite ornament for the ear, a bunch of them usually being inserted in an elongated hole in the lobe.

feathers, and suspended a large *mako*

Shark tooth.

in her right ear.

Chapter Four: The Story Told by Maro's Mother

Mihi, disguised, is in the whare matoro. The marriage of Mihi and Niho is foretold, and the cause of antagonism of their parents revealed. Tohi refuses consent until his father knows. The knowledge that he is cognizant of Tihe's bewitching him is revealed by Popo, and her assistance demanded. Kapu strengthens their hands by stating that she will marry Popo only on condition that he gives consent to the marriage of his daughter. The next morning, Tihe tells Popo that she will marry Tohi. Rahi arrives and is met by women. A pakuha is arranged for the following day.

Mapu was not long in the council house before he saw Niho and his party arrive. He left the house and came quietly to the door of Popo's *whare*, where he saw Tata and Mihi. Mihi was so much changed in her looks that at first he could not recognise her. She was now a fine-looking young chief.

Again Mapu returned to the council house and, after sitting down for a short time, he said to Niho, "Who is the fine-looking young chief who is with Tata in the house of Popo?—but never mind him. Let us see you and the young people of Otahuhu *pa* dance the *haka*. Tohi is not sleeping and I can go and fetch Tihe to come and look at you. She has not seen a *haka* since the last great meeting you had here."

Tohi, who was listening, said, "We can have a *haka* if you like, and as we are not many you and our party can join in together." "But," Niho said, "can you get the young chief you said was with Tata to come? Who is he? Perhaps he can show us some new *haka*?"

"No," Mapu replied, "let us ask Popo to come and! see the *haka*. He is neither well nor ill, but he can look on. Which of you girls," he called, raising his voice, "will go and ask Popo to come and see your *haka*? You would all try to please the son of Tahau."

"Yes," the girls replied, and a number of them went at once for Popo. As they gained the door of his house, Tata was saying that his friend the young chief was deaf and dumb, and that he had come from a distance—from Whangape to the north of Hokianga. He was descended from one of two sisters who had gone from Waikato as wives to a Nga-puhi chief. These sisters were called Reitu and Rupae, and this young chief was the son of Reitu. He had come all the way to see Tata to ask him about the ceremony of setting the *kumara*,

The rites and ceremonies in connection with the planting of the *kumara*, as with so many other actions, were strictly observed. In the setting of the *kumara* there was an invocation to the god Rongo. At the conclusion of the setting, the *kumara* field was *tapu* until the time of harvesting.

as their crops had been a failure in the last two seasons.

The girls looked with lively interest at the young chief. They sat in a group by the door, and there was much whispering, and admiring comments were passed among them. When Tahau had done speaking, one of the girls said, "We have come, O Popo, for you to go to the *whare matoro* to see a *haka*. Tohi and some of our people are taking part in it."

Tahau made signs with his hands to the young chief that he was to go with him, and Popo rose and, with the help of his father and mother, left the house, followed by Tata and the young chief.

As Tohi had not seen Popo since his arrival in the *pa*, he pressed noses with him. Popo then sat down at the further end of the house, while Tohi at once set himself in a line with the young people who had come with him. He called to the boys and girls of Mount Eden to form up in a line opposite to them. Someone said, "Will the young chief join us in the *haka*?"

"No," said Tahau, "let him see your mode of *haka* first."

For some time the young people had been amusing the older ones who had gathered in the house. When the young chief got up all eyes were fixed on him. He went across and patted Niho's head and, at the same time, by signs and gesticulations, made him understand that Niho was to sit opposite to him, and he would join in the *haka*.

The young people put forth all their energies in their efforts to win the praise of the older people, but everybody's attention was fixed on the young chief. When the *haka* was ended he went and sat down by Popo and, not wishing to look at strangers, laid himself down at full length on his mat.

Tahau said, "My friend is deaf and dumb, but he is of noble rank. He is descended from the Ngati-tama issue, and is a Nga-puhi by his father's side. His slave who came with him says that his master is a great priest and can, by looking at us, tell what is in our thoughts. They have the same gods as we have, but they are related to the Ngati-whatua

This is an interesting reference to the people of the land. The Maori visited Ao-tea-Roa from their Hawaiki for several hundreds of years, the Great Migration which took place in the Fourteenth Century marking the close of settlement from Hawaiki. Hawaiki was the Homeland, to which the departed spirits made their way. For an account of the migration, the populating and settlement of the country, see *The Coming of the Maori to*

Ao-tea-Roa. Reed.

who say they never came here in a canoe, but are the people of the land. Their mother—the woman who was the ancestor of the Ngati-whatua, was a *korakorako*,

Fairy. In native belief the fairies were white-skinned.

and as these people lived in the mist, the descendants know more than we who came from Hawaiki."

"Then if that is so," said Mapu sceptically, "let him tell me who and what I am!" Tata made signs to the young chief, but he could not answer him. Mapu said, "Can his slave come here and tell us what he says?" The slave was sent for, and proved to be a short, thickset and very dark young man. He was one of Tata's slaves who had made his face dark with *poporo*

A plant. *Solatum nigrum*.

juice and had tied his mat several times round his waist to make him look corpulent.

Tata went for the slave, and on his return Mapu again put his question. The dumb chief made various signs to his slave, who, in a girlish voice, said, "Mapu is said by the chief to be a Ngati-awa. He is now a slave, and was a kind fellow in his youth." Tihe had come in just at this moment. She had heard of the young chief, and though she had said she would not come to see the *haka*, her curiosity had compelled her to see the stranger. As soon as she heard Mapu's question and the reply, she saw that now was her opportunity to see what the future held for her. Before anyone else could speak, she asked, "Who am I in love with?"

The slave put the question in signs, and in signs got his reply. "You are in love with Tohi," he said, "and he loves you. It is right that those who are in love should have their loved ones if their love is requited." At this Tihe burst into a loud laugh. Again the chief made signs, and the slave said, "He says you know that your laugh is false. But false or not, you will not see the next moon before you are living at Otahuhu and are the wife of Tohi."

Tohi's face was a study in emotions. "Let him tell us why he says such things and who told him!"

Question and answer in dumb show were given again. The slave then replied, "He says that the gods saw the *karetu* girdle that Tihe sent to you. They saw that you came here to-day to see Tihe. They know that you are the one she can obtain as a husband. They know she will take you." The slave paid attention to his master again. "He says that you, O Tohi, and your brothers and father are not guided by the gods in what you say to your sister about her lover. The gods know that you will not let Niho have her as his wife. They know, too, what took place in your mother's mind in days of old."

"What did my mother say?" asked Tohi.

"Your mother has told you all about it. It is deceit which makes you ask that question."

"But what was the cause of my mother having such a dislike to Niho?"

"When you were a child there was a fishing party which went out into the Manuka to fish. Your father was there, and the mother of Niho was also of the party. And what was a very particular thing, your father caught common fish, but the mother of Niho caught nothing but gurnet. As you know gurnet is the fish which all married men allow their wives to have. When the fishers returned to the *pa*, your mother wanted all the gurnet. The mother of Niho gave two to her and two to the mother of Popo, and two each to some of the other chiefs' wives. But your mother was offended as she wished to have them all. As she would not do this your mother left this *pa* at Mount Eden and lived at Otahuhu until she died. On her death she told I you and your brothers and father not to forget the gurnet, and not to allow Niho to have your sister as his wife."

Popo said, "Can the dumb chief tell us when the mother of Tohi knew that Niho loved the sister of Tohi?"

The slave again spoke on behalf of his master. "Old people can see the young people who love each other as certainly as fish know the difference between land and water. Rahi, the father of Mihi, and Tohi knew that Niho loved Mihi and that she loved him in return; and Hotu, Rahi's wife, also knew this before she died."

Popo said, "What do the gods say about the revengeful spirits of those who *poroaki*

Leave instructions on departing.

on their death, and bring evil to the living?"

"Some gods are like bad men. They delight in evil; but other gods are like the chief who is the shade of his tribe. They will not listen to the evil council of the dying."

"Can the good gods preserve Mihi from the power of her father and brother if she takes Niho for her husband?"

"Yes. If such chiefs as Popo and Ha, the priest of the Awhitu people, are her friends. Ha could bewitch them if Rahi sought revenge when Niho took Mihi by force from her father."

The dumb chief now indicated by signs to his slave that he was tired and would go to the house of Tata, and that his slave must accompany him. They left the house, and Tihe said to Tohi, "What fine-looking men the men of the north must be! But, of course, they are the descendants of the fairies, or the children of the mist."

"Where is Niho?" asked Popo. "He was a hardworking young man when we were fishing for shark for you, O people of this *pa*"

"I am here," Niho replied, as he rose from the place where he had been sitting for some time listening attentively to the dumb priest's slave.

"Come and let us hear what Tohi has to say to you," said Popo.

"I have been here all the evening," Niho said, "and have heard all that has been said. I came from Onehunga this evening just as you, O Popo, came into the house."

Tohi stood up, and said, "I will not allow anyone to have my sister as wife until my father and brothers consent."

"As that is your word," Popo replied, "I will send for your sister and keep her here till you all consent! ,O Tohi, you are not a chief to impose your will on your sister in this way! The gods tell me that you are in love with a young woman. Perhaps I can get Ha to make her love someone else, and you will not then get the one you love. Why should the unsatisfied desire of your mother for the gurnet be revenged on your sister? It was the mother of Niho who was the cause of the anger in your mother's heart. Then why should your sister suffer for the kind act of Niho's mother? Niho is the son of a woman who was of a great heart, and if you, O Tohi, have a wife to keep your *kutnara* store for you, you may be called a great chief. Why should Mihi too not be satisfied in this matter of her heart? My word is that Niho be at once called the husband of Mihi. What do you young people say?"

One of the old men coughed, and as they all looked at him, he said, "O Popo, chief of all kind men, you will do everything that is right for those that are friendless; but will our people help you to save our cultivations from being plundered and trampled over by old Rahi when he comes to revenge this act of giving his child to Niho?"

"True, O Tatari!" said Popo. "But in my acts of kindness I do not act in the same way as men cultivating food. They set the crop of this year to keep them alive next year; and the man who has just eaten and satisfied his appetite often thinks of that which is to keep him on the morrow. If I do any act of kindness I do it because I cannot do otherwise. If evil comes, it will come, and cowards will flee, but not the brave. The courageous man would see that Mihi does not become the slave of her brothers when she is old enough to keep the food store of a chief. What do you young people say to this?" asked Popo again of the younger members who were there.

As with one voice, they replied, "You are right, O Popo. We will be your help if Rahi comes."

Popo was satisfied. "I will go to our house," he said, and looked at his father and mother. "As we have good food there for those who are like Tihe, she may come and stay at our house now if she likes, because the son of Rahi does not wish for the company of those who are not allowed to keep company with him."

Tihe said, "I will help you to say if the birds of Rahi are sweet, even though Niho may not like me to say so."

Niho looked round on the crowd. "Who has our family greenstone *hei*?" he asked. "It was taken from Tihe as she did not make right use of it, but Tata may let you have it back, O Tihe." Tihe followed Popo and his people, leaving Tohi and his young friends to make the other young people in the house as merry as they could with tales and riddles.

The three girls who had been at the large spring with Mapu were with Popo's people, and they had lighted a *hangi*

Native oven. A hole was scooped in the ground and a fire lit in it. Stones were placed on the fire and when the wood had been consumed the embers were raked out and a layer of ferns placed on the hot stones. The food was then laid on the fern and sprinkled with water, which percolated through to the hot stones and turned to steam. The food was quickly covered with another layer of greenstuff, and the oven covered with earth, which was stamped down hard and thus imprisoned the steam, so that the food would be cooked perfectly.

and cooked some of the birds and eels which they had brought for Popo. When he returned to the house, the food was ready for him.

When the moon had risen and everything in the *pa* could be seen distinctly in the clear light Popo was called by the girls to go out on to the *tnarae* to partake of the good food that Rahi had sent to him.

"I will go," said Popo, "but where is the man who caught the eels? As Tihe is here, go to him and tell him to come and eat with us."

One of the girls at once went for Mapu. He brought with him a basket containing some of the birds, *kumara* and eels, and put it before him. He sat by himself as he ate his food, but Tihe ate out of the same basket as Popo. When the meal was over and the baskets had been thrown away on to the heap on the east side of the *pa*, Popo spoke again. "I will sit in the verandah of our house, but you may stay where you are and talk as you sit in the moonlight.

"O Mapu, you are of the chiefs called Awa-nui-a-Rangi. Your ancestor, Awa, from whom you people are called Ngati-awa, was the son of the god Rangi,

The Sky Father. The seventy children of Rangi and Papa, the Earth Mother, comprised the highest class of *atua* known to the common people, and were tutelary beings, personifications of nature, and creative gods.

but his mother was the wife of Uenuku.

One of the offspring of Rangi and Papa, the god who is the personification of the rainbow.

What I say-took place at Hawaiki. Your people are very great and know all wisdom, but we who are descended from the chief Hotu-nui, who came here in the canoe Tainui can talk with the gods. Tihe and I are from that same ancestor. She is a woman and I am a man. Men can control the gods more than women.

"The gods stole a mat from me and hid it; they put it below the surface of the ground so that it might get damp and rot; and as it rotted I must have gradually weakened in body, until at last I should have died. O Mapu, you know what the priests know! But that mat was found before it had time to rot, and I am still alive."

"Your words are true, O Popo," said Mapu. "I am the descendant of Awa. You might also have said that the *pa* called Totara-i-ahua was given that name because the tree that was tied to Korokino

A *totara* seedling was planted on the top of what is now called One Tree Hill or Maungakiekie during the ceremonies connected with the birth of a child of high rank.. It was considered an omen of good luck. I always understood the child's name to be Koroki. He is said to have later distinguished himself as a warrior in Taranaki. The tying of the tree to him is probably a figurative expression. (A.G.S.)

on his birth, which also was planted as his *kawa*,

A young tree used in certain rites.

was a *totara* tree; and as the people *ahu*

To heap up.

the soil at the root of that *totara* tree, the *pa* was so named. It was called, 'The *totara* tree that was hilled up.' Hence I say, as our people once had possession of this district in the days of Tamatea-pokai-whenua, Captain of the Taki-tumu canoe.

I may speak to you on your *marae*. I am the slave of Tihe. Your gods are her gods, and who shall say that the gods may not do as you say they do? Tihe can talk to you of your own *tapu* and your own rites."

Tihe seemed nervous. "I do not know what Popo is talking about," she hastened to say, "but if the gods have told the truth they will have told him that I have often said that I cannot do as I wish."

"If I had an unfulfilled wish or revenge not completed," Popo replied, "I would get my priests to act for me; but if I were sorry for anyone, I would forget myself and try to help those who suffer on account of the evil that their ancestors have done. Tata has the mat I lost and I do not know what he may do with it. But, O Tihe, if you ask for it, so that you may take it, and if you take also the man who loves you, and thereby let Niho have the girl he loves, Tata will not then be able to affect us with evil. O Tihe, it is with you! You can do that which will save us from death!

"If Tohi is brave enough to go this night to Ota-huhu *pa* and get the consent of his brothers and of his father to the word of Niho, the power to do so must come from your word. I will see Tata while he is away and tell him to keep the mat for me till Tohi returns."

As he finished his speech Tihe's eyes blazed for a moment. Then she threw her mat impatiently over her shoulder and left the *marae* without a word.

In the house where the young people were amusing themselves there was a great deal of noise and confusion. Niho left after a while and looked in at the door of Popo's house. "Tohi has left and gone home already," he said. "He went past the sacred place where some of our dead have been left in the bright moonlight. Tihe came to our house and spoke to him and he got up in a rage and has gone off by himself." "Where is Tihe?" Popo asked.

"In her own house now. She told me to tell Mapu to go to her."

"Yes," said Popo, "Mapu knows what to say to her," and he looked steadily at the old priest, who had followed Popo when he went inside some time before. Mapu gave a grunt of consent and left the house in obedience to Tihe's summons.

As he went out of the door a fine, upstanding woman entered. It was Popo's aunt. She was still young, but she was a widow, and had the ornament of a widow

The *potae taua*, or cap of mourning, consisting of a plaited band worn on the head, with strings of seaweed or of some plant suspended from it.

on her head. Popo looked at her and then at his mother, as he could see the same determined expression on their faces. Kapu, for this was his aunt's name, had not been a widow for many moons. She and her husband had been to the Thames to see some of his relatives, and while he was there he joined a fishing excursion, and had been in the water all day with the net, as thousands of fish had been caught. He did not sleep well that night, and for many days he got worse, until he died. He had been brought here and was buried in the cave at Three Kings.

Kapu was still weeping for him, but now she broke her silence by saying, "O my child Popo, I hear that the son of Rahi has left the *pa* in a rage. His father may come here to see you. I have one word to say. There was a great meeting here not many days since and you were ill and I did not tell you then, but Rahi looked at me

every time he could at that meeting. As he left he came to where I was standing looking at the people departing from the *pa*, and said, 'Who am I that I may not tell you to come to our *pa*? I will make a feast for all our relatives so that they may have the opportunity of saying yes to your being my wife.' I did not say no as he has a right to marry me, and I like him as he was kind to his wife, who is dead. But I said he must ask you and your father as you had the word.

"'No,' he said, 'I cannot ask them, on account of Niho.' As Niho is my relative I said, 'Yes, yes, I remember that Mihi and he have loved each other since they were children, and you, O Rahi, have done all that you could to make your child throw herself over a cliff and die.' O Popo, I also said to him that I would never consent to be his wife while the word of his first wife was made so much of by him. I love Rahi, and if he will forgive the insults about the gurnets I will be his wife. That is all I have to say."

Without waiting to receive a reply from Popo she left the house and returned to her own hut, which she occupied alone since the death of her husband.

Mapu had left the house as Kapu entered, and went and sat at the door of Tihe's house. She came outside and sat down in the moonlight in a clear space not far from the house. Mapu took his seat beside her.

"Who told Popo all that he knows?" she asked.

"Is he not a chief, Tihe? Who do the priests teach but chiefs?"

"Yes, the priests teach them history, but who told him what he said to me about the mat?"

"I do not know; I am not a great priest; only the great priests can tell everything that is done."

Tihe stirred uneasily. "If you were not so ugly and so old I would have said you were in love with one of those three girls who went for the eels and you had told it to her."

Mapu passed over her words without remark.

"The gods know all! I had a dream when I met those girls. That dream made me believe that you are not to have Popo for your husband, but that soon you will take another one; that Popo is good, but he will not see all the sunshine of this world. That is what I dreamed when you left me at the spring."

"Who told you to go to Otahuhu? I wished you to see if the mat was at the spring. You have not told me that Tata the priest has it. You and the people here are not men! I will go and reside where there are chiefs and not slaves. Then you can see if you can find someone who will be as good to you, my slave, as I have been."

Early next morning a voice was heard crying out loud and clear from the flat land beyond the *pa*. The slaves and the young women and girls were out lighting the fires in the *hangi* to cook the morning meal, and they stopped their work to listen. These are the words of that voice:—

I am here to tell you, O Nga-iwi, that Rahi will meet you where I now stand! See who has the most powerful words! Let all your best men come to the fight! Let Rahi see the boy who tells him what he is to do with his child! The sun will not set to-day before Rahi has taught boys not to assume the power of warrior chiefs! Wait here, O Nga-iwi, till death comes to you!

Popo heard the voice when it first called the people to attend, and as the herald left he looked at his mother and laughed. She had not taken the least notice of what the herald had said, but took the web of a mat she was weaving and set to work till the morning repast was ready.

Tihe came and sat in the verandah of Popo's house, but as he had hid his head in his mat and laid down as though to sleep, and as his mother was sitting with her back to the door so that the light might fall on her work, Tihe was not seen until the slaves came to call Popo to the meal. He rose and came out on to the *marae* and, seeing Tihe, said, "You eat from my basket."

She saw his purpose, and said, "You do not need to show me any *aitua*

Omen.

to let me know your purpose that I should have a husband before you have a wife! I have made up my mind to have Tohi as my husband. All men are not true. They speak, but their actions belie their words."

Popo laughed, and said, "I never said I loved you nor have I ever said that I loved anyone save Ata, so my acts are not deceitful."

"I do not say you; but slaves are slaves and chiefs are not true chiefs who get slaves to tell them what their masters intend to do when they should be silent." "I have not spoken to slaves," Popo replied, "but I do speak to slaves if they are forced to do evil by those who could kill them if they did not obey. It was my gods, through Tata, who told me where my mat was and what had been done with it. Mapu did not tell me any word, nor did he tell anyone else who might have told me what you had done with my mat." Though he was still weak, Popo raised himself to his feet and looked down at the girl with some anger and resolution in his eyes. "If I hear that Mapu has died I will make you suffer for his death. Remember my word. He has not informed me of any of your evil ways when you tried to gain me as your husband. Death must not touch Mapu or evil will follow!"

Tihe tossed her head. "I would not touch the Taranaki dog," she said, scornfully. "I do not need him now for my slave as Tohi has people to provide for me all I want." She rose to her feet and went away without another word.

The Mount Eden people had not gone to their work that morning as they were expecting Rahi. Popo asked his father to call all the chiefs and those of the men who had wives. They came to the *marae* in front of Popo's house. His wishes had been carried out, so that there were no single men, women, girls or children among them.

When they had all assembled Popo addressed them. "I am quite a child. It is your kindness that has made me what I am. I wish to say what I would like you all to do. If any old chief feels the same in his mind as Rahi does towards me, and you do not wish a child to dictate to you, say so now and I will sit down."

The oldest chief in the assembly said, "No, O our child, you are the son of wisdom and kindness. It is that which makes a chief fit to be a leader of his people. Grey hairs and wisdom and kindness and the power to speak well do not always go together. Youth may at times teach old age, as you do. Speak on!" At his words the people gave a murmur of assent.

There was some animation in Popo's face as he continued. "Rahi is coming to do evil to our crops because of what I said to his son Tohi about his sister, and my word that she should be allowed to be the wife of Niho. I say, when Rahi comes, if he intends to damage some crops, that this will be in accordance with our custom, that he revenge himself in this way for my having dictated to him. He and his people will not come up here into the *pa*, but will stay on the flat. There they will do their work and return home. As I have said more than I ought to have said about his daughter Mihi, we must bear with this act of his and not retaliate. I wish you, O chiefs and people, so soon as Rahi and his men come in sight, to let your wives and daughters go to meet them. Do not let any man or boy go with them. Let my mother and her sister, Kapu, my widowed aunt, head the body of women. My mother and Kapu know what they will say to Rahi; and let your wives and daughters speak along the same line of thought as that spoken by my mother and her sister."

"We all will do as you say, O our bird of sweet song," they cried, and departed to instruct their women-folk in all that they were to do.

It was not quite midday when a cry from the highest point of the *pa* announced the coming of Rahi. Very soon after a crowd of women and girls made their way down the eastern slope of the *pa* and proceeded directly to the flat where the herald had stood to deliver Rahi's message. They had not gained the foot of the hill when Rahi was led by the herald to the place where he had delivered the message. Seeing the troop of women coming towards them waving their mats and carrying boughs of trees, the warriors sat down and waited for them to come up to them.

The two parties at last met and sat down on the grass in separate companies facing each other. As the visitors formed a war-party the women did not conceive it their duty to speak first. After a little silence Tohi got up and said, "Where is Tihe, my intended wife?"

Reko, the mother of Popo, answered, "Do you think we come here to bring your wife? Have you nothing else to say?"

This time it was Rahi who spoke. "Why do sucking children tell me what I am to do with my daughter? If a boy can get a wife for himself, that is all that his young thoughts can grasp."

"Why do you stay here?" Reko asked in reply. "Why do you meet us here? The *pa* is the place where the men live. It is only women who stay here to guard the crops. We are not the slaves of our husbands, but we came here to find out what you intend to do. If you are going to work, then work and let us see your power."

An old chief of Rahi's party said, "I did not come here to speak to women. It is about women that we came here to talk and act, but it is with your husbands that we must fight. They are the ones who have insulted our people."

A young woman named Moho asked the old chief to tell her whether he ever durst speak when his wife said he should not. "If you are so over-ruled at your *pa*," said Moho when the old chief remained silent at this thrust, "why should you come here and talk to us as you do? If our men have insulted Rahi, have you not done the same to us women?"

With an impatient wave of his hand, as if to dismiss the wrangling of children, Rahi said, "Let your brave men come here and look at us."

"No," Reko replied firmly. "We will not take your message. As you are a man without a wife you must accept our 'no' as meaning 'no.' As you have no wife to help you, we will stay here till you think of something else?"

"Where is Mihi?" he asked.

"Who knows?" Reko replied. "She is not our child. She is of your *pa*. You should have the word to teach her."

"Let Niho come here and I will tell him my word!" "No," said Reko. "It is Popo who has said the word that has angered you, and it is to Popo you should speak. But if you prefer, let there be other work which will amuse you and allay your anger. We will look on. We are the wives of chiefs. If they were to act as you are doing now we should say that they were not men. Men would wish to meet men in the open *marae*, not women in the midst of the cultivations. If you are so timid in your heart you will not gain another wife, O Rahi. You dare not

touch one hill of our *kumara* while we are here. Now go to your own *pa* and leave the young people who came with Tohi to be payment for the insult you have offered to us women." Reko turned to the other women, and said, "You can go back to our *pa*. Moho and I will stay here to fight these feeble men. You can sit by the ditch of the *pa* and look down and laugh at us. Do not tell the men what these people have said!"

The women rose in a body and left while Reko waved her mat to them in mock farewell. Kapu was the last to leave her, and as the other women preceded her they talked together, and the subject of their conversation was Kapu.

"Rahi has a great heart for fighting," said one of the women, "but he has a greater heart for Kapu."

"Yes," said another of the women, "did you see how Rahi sat looking at Kapu all the time we were there? I did not ever expect to see a man so feeble in words. He did not answer any of the points in Reko's speech."

A young woman said, "Why speak of the old man? We can see his stupidity without your drawing attention to it. It is best to let stupid people be stupid without giving them notoriety by speaking of them."

An old woman joined in. "I would not wonder if his people leave him in disgust and return to their own *pa* when they see that his heart is in his eyes and not in his arm." As this remark was being made Kapu caught up with the women. One of them said, "O Kapu, did you hear what has been said of Rahi?"

"No," said Kapu, "unless it is that the *moko* on his face is very beautiful."

"It is not that," said the woman. "It is not that. It has been said that Rahi is now very brave in love, but a most feeble man to attempt to take revenge for an insult offered to him by a boy."

"Yes," said another woman, "and I saw his lips talking to themselves when he was looking at one of our party. He did not listen, nor did he answer your sister, O Kapu. Why did he not answer her? Is this the man to keep his child from having a husband, and he such a coward as to forget an insult he has come to avenge when he is looking at a widow?"

"Who has said he looked at me?" Kapu asked fiercely.

"I did not say he looked at you. You are not the only widow in this party, so you need not get into a rage when we talk of a brave man in love and a coward in revenge."

"It is me that you mean," said Kapu, "and as I can command I will have my revenge for your chatter about me. Am I not the sister of the mother of Popo? Are we to be held on the tip of the tongue of anyone who may lisp our name in derision? Do as I bid you!"

Kapu looked a determined woman of unbroken will as she strode past her companions. When she reached the head of the straggling line she stood and looked round with flashing eyes, and said, with a wave of her arm, "Follow me!" On she went with the step of one who could act as well as speak until she reached the sacred *kumara* pit for strangers. Having arrived at the door of the pit, she ordered one of the women to open it. When this had been done she ordered others to fill six baskets with *kumara*, and stood by all the time to see that her orders were carried out.

Since Kapu's outburst the women had ceased to chatter, and had entered the *pa* in silence. The people there who were of an inquisitive turn of mind crowded round the *kumara* pit to hear the news, but Tihe was the only one who dared to break the silence. As she came up to Kapu, she said, "Are the people so hungry that you are taking food to them?"

"The body asks for food," Kapu replied, "but the tongue gives food to the ear. The *kumara* takes moons to grow, but evil words are planted and are ripe to the harvest in the same day."

"You are right, O Kapu," said Tihe. "I will go with you to take the food for Rahi so that he may be made strong to talk and make love to some of our widows. I can see that he is not so brave in war as he is in love. You do not like Rahi, so when he comes up into our *pa*, if you sit near me, I will laugh at my future father-in-law. I am going to make love to his son, but I intend to make love to the old man first."

"You can take the food yourself," Kapu said, "and I will go to the top of the hill in the *pa* where the strangers' house is, and look at you when you deliver the food to him."

"Who is 'him'?" asked Tihe. "There are many 'turns' in the party who came to fight us because of Popo's words."

"You are a child," said Kapu scornfully. "Children often talk to those who are older in such a way that only the *tapu* of their bodies saves them from more than words."

"But how stupid you must be if I am to have the son and you the father. You will be my mother, and talking to me as you do is enough to make me sing a song, shut my eyes, and jump off a cliff and go to Paerau."

One of the districts or places in Rarohenga, the underworld of departed spirits.

"You have always been the most impertinent child in our *pa*," Kapu said. "The young men have been stupid enough to look at you and repeat your name in your presence, and now you do not know how far your rank will allow you to go. There are more deaths than by killing or by suicide. I do not wish to talk to those who boast in public of their lovers. Men do not like daylight love which all people can see."

"Come," said Tihe softly, "Come, O Kapu, let me go with you, and we will make love in company."

Kapu gave a cry like a small clap of thunder. She leaped high in the air and came down with a thud in front of Tihe. Her eyes flashed with fury, and she cried, "If a man spoke to me like this I could act, but a child will make me forget I am a woman." She turned quickly to the women who were listening, enthralled with the conversation. "Haste ye!" she cried. "Are the baskets full of *kumara*? Have you tied them up?"

"Yes," said one of the women. "All is ready."

"Take them up, then. Let one basket be carried by two women, one at each side, and follow me."

Tihe had left Kapu when she spoke in such a loud voice, and had gone back to her people. In a hurried manner she ordered two small baskets of the best *taro* to be given to her.

Kapu went in front of the *kumara* carriers as they descended the hill. She had on all her widow's weeds. Her skull cap fitted closely to her head, and the rim encircling the brow was decorated with the black hair of the dog's tail. As it was blown with the wind, it kept crossing over her nose, giving her face a haggard and determined expression. She was in such a temper that the women, especially the girls, were afraid of her.

Tihe followed Kapu's party with two girls, who carried the baskets of taro. As they reached the level land they came up with the women, but they kept just behind them till they arrived at the spot occupied by Rahi and his men. Kapu went and sat down next to her sister without saying a word about the food, which she had ordered to be brought. Not so Tihe, who walked straight up to Rahi and beckoned to the girls to bring the *taro* and put it down.

"O chief of our tribe," said Tihe, "I have not forgotten that our people give the best to their great men. I must say with the proverb, 'There is the small basket of Mahore.' It is the food of priests, as it is the *taro* which only is eaten by them. I see that our people have brought food for your men, but as I love you, O my chief, I have not felt ashamed to tell you before this multitude. When I was a very little child your wife Hotu frequently spoke my name with that of your son Tohi. You, O Rahi, must say if your daughter is to have the man she loves as her husband. Your wife has said I must be the wife of her son; then, O Rahi, if your wife who is dead commanded me to take your son, why should Mihi not have Niho, whom she loves, as her husband? O my chief, do not be deaf to my words. I heard it said in our *pa* that some of you were looking at our widows instead of answering the words of our messenger Reko. Yes, O father, it was also said that you are brave in love, but your arm is weak in warfare. I have been told that you do not like the sun to shine on your love, but, O our chief, there are faces even now in our presence to whom the sunshine would be good.

"Come, O chief, and lift the cover that hides the face, so that the young people may look again on the face and on the eyes that say that lightning is not found in the sky alone. Come, O our father, and we will say yes to your word, whatever it may be. I do not say that, in your speech to the people, you are to address me and say that I can look at Tohi and he at me. You must talk about the men who have looked at our widows. Be sure to say to our chief that if our widows are to be made the keepers of your homes, your men will stay in their *pa*, or you may have to come here again with another war-party as dreadful as the one you are now leading. You are all brave, but your power is more in the sound, like thunder, than in the deed.

"There is one great chieftainness in our *pa* who says that she knows your secret thoughts. She says that you do not prefer the love of a woman that is like the bright sunlight that shines on all things and makes everything feel warm; but that you prefer love that is like a star which shines only on one. Come, O chief, come into our *pa* and I will show that woman to you. Our chiefs will see your noble face, for they seldom see the face of a great warrior."

At this moment the *pu-tara* was heard sounding forth from the *pa*. It gave a low, soft note that could not be heard at any great distance, but Rahi, who had been sitting with his head bowed while Tihe was speaking, heard it and looked up.

Tohi had also heard it, and cried, "That is the *pu-tara* of Popo's father. It says 'Come!' It is for us; rise, let us go."

As the men rose and looked at him, Tohi walked out into the road and stood waiting for his father. In the meantime, all the women had passed on before him and waved their mats and branches of thorns behind them as an invitation to Rahi and his men to follow them. As they drew level with the rim of the crater our people gave a cry of welcome to Rahi and his party, while the women who had preceded them went to the cook-house and lit the *hangi*.

The young people who had come with Tohi when he brought the birds for Popo and Tihe were sitting with our people, and with them sat Niho. Rahi looked at him, and the young man could tell that he expected to see someone who was not there.

The food was cooked and eaten, but neither Popo nor Tahau, his father, nor the priest Tata had made their appearance. As the food which had been cooked was the evening meal, all our people had partaken of it, but they did not eat with any of Rahi's war-party, although Tohi and his friends sat with our young people.

In the evening the young people went to the *whare matoro*, while Rahi and his party made their way to the house for strangers. An atmosphere of restraint weighed heavily on everybody. There were no games, nor any

loud talking, but everyone seemed to be on the tip-toe of expectation. Even in the *whare matoro* the young people could not form any *kapa*

Rows or ranks.

for a *haka*. At last, when the moon was shining brightly, a voice was heard crying, "We wish to hear the words of Rahi. We will meet in the house of the old people."

In a very short space of time the people, each one clad in his or her best mat, came up the paths leading to the highest point on the east of the *pa*, where the council house stood. They did not take long to settle down, and sat in two lines at each side of the house and across the upper end, leaving an open space from the top, or head, of the house all the way down the middle, and as far as the door. The seat of the chiefs was occupied by Rahi and his people, as shown to them by Tahau. In the middle of the house, between the posts with the carved and tattooed figures, torches were set up to give light to the house. Close to each torch sat a boy or girl whose duty it was to tap the torches now and then, to knock the charred part off so that they would continue to burn with a steady flame.

All the chiefs had taken their places, and for some time the only sound that could be heard was the *tap tap* of the torch guardians.

At last Rahi rose, and said, "Some of our people from Otahuhu were here, and one came back to me; but you, O chiefs, did not send any word by him to me. Great words were spoken in the presence of Tohi, but he did not reply to the words of a boy. I am not a child that you, O fathers, should sit in silence while a boy talks about me. Do the gods speak to children? Do children know from experience whence comes the good and evil of this world? Have the eyes of children seen what our eyes have seen in war and death? I do not know what to answer, for the words spoken to me by Tohi were not your words, O my fathers and elder brothers."

Tata said, "Speak, O father! Yours are not the words of a child. You are your own master now that Hotu is dead, and you can tell your children not to dictate to you; but we are not as you—we have not been ruled by our wives, and we have never said that our wives and children are always to be silent. We know that the boys will be men, and that they will be the chiefs of the people in the summers to come. We teach our boys who are full of thought to be able to speak in the sunshine. Some boys are never boys and some remain boys all their lives. We are not of a tribe of slaves. Some of our children are as wise as the old men. When we find a bird of sweet song we do not make a noise, as you do, and frighten it away, but we teach it, so that our ears may be delighted with its song.

"Why, O father, did you come to see us? We wish to know what your thoughts are."

When Rahi did not reply to Tata's question, Tohi rose in his stead, and said, "I do not answer for anyone. I will speak for myself. Rahi has said much in the years of his life, and yet the young women of these days talk to him as though he was so old that he cannot detect what is said in jest, what is said in truth, and what is intended as a sneer. Rahi may not say any word to the question put by Tata. There is one here who knows why I came back with Rahi, and if anyone has the word to forbid me to take that which my heart so long has wished for, let him now speak. That is all I have to say."

The people now expected Rahi to speak, but as he sat sullen and forbidding in his place, an old man, an uncle of Rahi's, was seen to move restlessly on his mat. At last he could restrain himself no longer, but stood up and adjusted his mat, and looked round at the people. He was an old man, fully tattooed, with a fair skin, on which the *moko* could clearly be seen. His head was as white as the peak of the Taranaki hill

Mount Egmont. Taranaki, the name of the mountain, is now applied to the whole province.

when seen on a cloudless day from the Waikato heads. He stood by the *pou tokomanawa* and leaned against the image made on it. Presently, he bowed his head and looked for a moment at the feet of the *tiki*. Then he raised his head again slowly and fixed his gaze on Tata. "O my son Tata, you know the proverb the old chief said, you know the proverb that says The waving of the *kakaho*

The stalks of the reed-grass. *Arundo conspicua*.

may be seen when the wind blows, but the corner of the heart cannot be seen.' You have asked what Rahi came here for. We came here to see who has the power to give the child of Rahi to Niho. Your boy Popo had said that Mihi might do as she liked. I can remember the words of her mother, Hotu, and Rahi has not said that these words are to remain unfulfilled. We have come here to see if Popo will be your leader, and whether you will carry his thoughts into effect. That, O Tata, is why we came here."

The old man lay down again, and as he did so, there was a slight movement near the door, and Kapu came up the clear space in the middle of the house to where Popo was sitting. When she reached him she took off her widow's cap, which, up to this time, had not been off her head, and laid it at his feet. She did not say anything, but went back to her place.

Another person rose, and all the people turned their heads to look at her. She had a fine *kaitaka* in her hand, and, as Kapu had done with her head-dress, she laid it at Popo's feet. This woman was Tihe, and when she sat down, the people looked at each other, wondering what was going to happen next.

They did not have long to wait. Tata left the house, saying, as he went down the opening in the middle, "Wait till I come back." The ensuing silence was almost painful. Not even the breathing of the people could be heard. Tata came back again with a companion, whose head was covered with a mat. Tata also had a mat in his hand, and this he laid at Popo's feet, while his companion went and laid down behind Popo. All eyes were now fixed on Popo, but he did not speak.

Tahau rose to his feet, and said, "I will now ask a few questions. We are men and not rats. We live in the daylight and need not, like rats, do our work when the sun cannot shine on it. I will ask you, O Rahi, have you in your possession the *hei* that was given to Tihe for her to keep?" "No," said Rahi, "I have not."

"Is that *hei* a very sacred heirloom?"

"Yes, it is."

"What is it called, and where did it get its name?"

"It is called Whakarewa tahuna, and it got its name because it was a chip of a large block of greenstone of that name. The block of greenstone is kept in this *pa* in a sacred place, and is the first greenstone obtained by our ancestors from the south island."

Greenstone is found only in the South Island, principally in the Arahura district. The first explorer of New Zealand, Kupe, brought back with him to Hawaiki a piece of greenstone and preserved *moa* flesh as the token of his discovery of the southern land.

"Has it ever been consulted in days when the hearts of the old men were *hopohopo*

Fearful.

or *awanga-nga*."

Undecided.

"Yes, it has been used to ascertain what the gods say."

"Who was the last person in whose possession you saw it?"

"You had it last. Before Hotu died I saw it with you at our *pa* when you and your people came to cry over me for the death I had felt."

"Was I wearing it?"

"No, but one of your people had it, and that was as good as if you were wearing it."

"I want you to say who had it in the days of your weeping for Hotu."

Rahi sat still for some time without speaking while Tahau stood with his head bowed. Then Rahi gave a cough and looked at Popo and said, pointing his finger at him, "It was in the ear of that child of yours."

"Is your family entitled to wear it?" asked Tahau.

"No, not by right of birth, but some of my female ancestors have worn it when married to men who had a right of temporary possession."

"Did you see it in the ear of anyone when you were at the great meeting lately when Popo was so ill, and the property was given as an offering for Popo to make the gods keep him from death?"

"I did not notice it then."

"Was Tihe near you at that meeting?"

"I do not remember."

"Was anyone else near you when you left to go to your own *pa*?"

Rahi did not reply, but the old, white-headed chief who had not been at that great meeting rose and said, "It is wrong for me to interrupt the speakers, but why do you question our chief, who is an old man, as though he were an evil-doer? It would seem that you are trying him to see if he has done some evil deed. Let me answer your questions, O Tahau. I am old and can answer all your questions."

"No," replied Tahau, "you do not know everything. That which you did not hear or see could not be known to you unless you had thousands of dreams and could tell what you saw in the spirit world as facts which have taken place where men live. O father, your speech just now shows that you came here with Rahi not knowing half of what he came for. It is good to offer to help him, but Rahi can answer for himself, and you may only listen."

The old man sat down, and Tahau turned to Rahi again.

"Did you speak to anyone when you went out of the east gate at the conclusion of the meeting?"

Rahi gave a little grunt and did not speak. Then Popo stood up, and said, "O Tahau, stand where you are. I am not going to make a speech." He waved his hand to the people who were between him and Rahi, and said, "Let me have space to go to our father, Rahi." The people shifted at once and made a clear space. Popo took up the widow's cap and went and laid it down at Rahi's feet, saying as he did so, "That is not my gift. Perhaps you know, perhaps your heart does not know the thought that is with you." Again, he returned to where he had been sitting and, taking up the mat Tihe had put before him, he went back to Rahi and laid it before him, saying, "That is the payment for your heart being so dark on account of the words said by a child."

A murmur was heard on the side where our people sat, and as Popo sat down again, the chiefs of our people

rose one by one and took mats and greenstone ornaments and laid them at the feet of Rahi. The last one, as he laid down his mat, said, "O father Rahi, our people are dark on account of your being so angry when our young bird of sweet song sang a tune that we all thought so right. Here is the property to make your heart live again."

When all was quiet Tahau spoke to Rahi again. "What is the omen for good when Whakarewa tells what the gods say?" "If it is clear," said Rahi, "it is well; if dull, evil."

"Do the gods tell lies, O Rahi?"

"Not when they have spoken by Whakarewa. I never knew evil to come when Whakarewa spoke for good."

"Let us look at you, O Mihi!" Tahau cried.

The veiled figure which had been lying behind Popo now rose. As the mat was removed the people saw that it was Mihi, and that the sacred *hei* was suspended from her ear.

"Come near to this torch," Tahau said.

Mihi stepped up to the torch and sat down.

"Look at the sacred *hei*, O people of Rahi," said Tahau, "and say what it looks like."

The old, white-haired chief was the first to look, and he was soon followed by the others.

"Say, O uncle of Rahi, what does Whakarewa say?"

"It is quite clear like flowing water rippled by the frost and made hard."

"Now, O old chief, since it shines so clear, say if it is in the ear of one who will have a right to it? And as Mihi has had the sacred stone put there by me, say if she is to take Niho for her husband as I intend her to do. And as Niho is next in order to wear the sacred stone, say if any evil will come to the family of Tihe who are next of kin, and who last had charge of it. Will evil come if Niho take Mihi as his wife?"

"No," said the old chief, "Whakarewa says that it is well, and no evil will rise."

"Then," declared Tahau, "we men have done all our work. If our father Rahi will keep that head-dress until to-morrow, he will hear the words of its wearer. We can have a *pakuha*,

A feast at which betrothals were made.

where the young people can speak. Answer you, O Rahi."

"As Whakarewa has spoken, I will not reply," said Rahi. "I do not say that I am greater than our heirloom, and it is only the head chief who speaks at the conclusion of any meeting."

The meeting broke up. Before they left, Popo, Tahau, Reko, Kapu and others went and pressed noses with Rahi. The Otahuhu chief became quite talkative to his own people when they were left alone in the strangers' house.

Chapter Five: The Story Told by Maro's Mother

The people of the various pa assemble for the pakuha and the speeches begin. Kapu's widow's cap causes consternation to an old chief, Rahi promises to marry Kapu, but she will not consent unless he assents to the marriage of Mihi and Niho. The oldest woman of Mount Eden, Te Manu o te Ata, denounces Rahi, and insists on the marriage of the young people.

The day dawned and the people were soon stirring. The young folk were all life and animation, while the old people came out into the verandahs of the houses and looked at the bustle and movement as the food was prepared for the feast.

All the best and fattest dogs were killed and dressed, all the dried shark and mussels were brought to the *pa* and given to those chiefs who were to order the arrangement of the piles of food for the different *hapu*. Hither and thither ran the girls and women taking the various good things to the *marae*, where they were placed in heaps. The smoke that rose from the *hangi* blotted out the sun.

Mihi had come and gone. No one except Mapu, Popo, and one or two others knew how she had come to the *pa*, nor where she had stayed, nor could they guess where she was at this time with the sacred *hei* in her ear. Tata had not said when the young chief from the north had returned to his own land, nor durst anyone ask, as to make inquiries about a chief is in most instances prompted by desire for revenge for ancient deeds of wrong. The house of Tata was sacred, as are all the houses and *marae* of priests, so that no one could tell whether the young chief was still there.

As the meeting had dispersed the previous night, Tata had sent a special messenger to the neighbouring *pa* with these words: *On the morrow come and see what will be said and done at Maunga-whau.* One young man had crossed over to Takapuna, another to Mangere, to Ihu-matao, to Manurewa and Matuku-rua. They had crossed in small canoes, and had amused themselves and beguiled the loneliness of the solitary trip in the moonlight by singing extempore songs to the rhythm of their paddle strokes, thus affording the young people of the *pa* as they approached in insight into their mission.

The smoke of the *hangi* had given place to the steam that was caused by sprinkling the hot stones with

water to wash any particles of soot that might have adhered to them. The ovens were covered over just as the canoes could be seen putting off from the shore at Takapuna. Eventually they landed on the Waipapa beach and came up the ridge that leads from Wai-ariki and down by the great spring where Tata had taken the water to make his friend *noa*

Free from *tapu*.

when he had been to the *tuahu* with the mats given for the recovery of Popo.

They came up the spur that leads by Tata's house to where we now sit. They had scarcely arrived when the people of Mangere and the Ihu-matao could be seen crossing in their canoes to Onehunga. At the same time the people of Totara-i-ahua, Remu-wera, Papanga-te-uira, Tikopuke and the adjoining *pa* could be seen coming out of the gates. In long lines they descended the hills, on which the *pa* were built, and in long, winding lines they came out on to the main road that leads to Otahuhu.

Soon they met the Mangere and Ihu-matao people, and, as they met, they danced a *haka*. The noise they made with the thud of their feet on the ground made us feel that our tribe was indeed a great body of warriors. The young folk of this *pa* became so excited at the sight that they ran to the foot of the outermost fence of the *pa* on the east, overlooking the advancing people, and joined in a war-dance. Ah, then could be seen the daring and agility of many of our future great men and warriors. As our young people chanted the words of the *hari*

The song which accompanies a dance.

the visitors stood still. When the dancing was over they gave a shout of applause, which could be heard all over the country.

As each party arrived they took their places on separate parts of the *marae*. Usually both visitors and hosts should sit in silence for some time until the old people had exchanged speeches of welcome, when each and all could do just as they wished without breaking any of the rules of our ancient etiquette. But on this occasion, as the common people in each party came first, followed by the ordinary imen, with the chiefs last, they all joked and laughed together, and called to acquaintances from other *pa*. The old chiefs joined in with their deep voices. We all felt proud of them in those days, for the voice of a chief is loud and deep like the voice of the sea when it speaks to the rocks and cliffs. A chief may be known by his full and commanding voice, as a common man may be known by his shrill, poor tone, like that of a *tui* when struck by the spear of a bird-killer. Ours was a tribe of chiefs in those days, when our women knew how to make good mats, and when all our men were tattooed. In those days you could not see one *mokau*

Not tattooed.

face, for all were brave enough to be fully tattooed.

The Maori fashion of tattooing was an extremely painful operation, for the *moko* was literally carved into the skin. It was not unknown for men to die under the operation or its after-effects. Only a little could be done at a time, so a number of years were likely to pass before a warrior could be described as fully tattooed.

As this meeting had been called in a hurry, the only question that was asked was, "What is the cause of our being sent for?" Popo and Tahau had not been seen by any of the newcomers, nor could any answer be given to their question. No speeches of welcome were given to our friends, nor could they obtain any clue as to what was to take place in this assembly of warriors.

When the food had been cooked it was placed in a long pile, which extended from the old people's meeting house all along the *marae* on the south bank close to the inner fence of the *pa*, and as far as the *whare matoro* of the young people.

The father of Popo rose when the food had been brought out. He had a long sapling in his hand as he paced up the *marae* in front of the food. When he had traversed the length of the pile, he stood still and called out, "O all ye people, listen!" With his sapling he struck the first division of the long pile, and called out slowly and distinctly, "This is for the people of Totara-i-ahua." The second division he struck and allotted to the people of another *pa*. Thus he apportioned the food, each *pa* receiving its due portion, and when he had distributed everything he sat down with our people. The men of each *pa* took the food which had been given to them and, placing it before their people, the feast was eaten. When everyone was satisfied the residue of the food was taken up by its owners and placed in heaps until they should all return home, when it would be carried away again.

While the feast was being eaten there was a constant hum of voices—laughing and joking and asking of questions. Old Rahi was there, but he did not seem to be participating in the general excitement. He appeared to be very observant, but said little.

At the east end of the *marae* a man came out from the door of the strangers' house. He had an old mat on his shoulder, a fine mat tied round his waist, and a *hani*

A carved wooden weapon, used principally by chiefs.

in his hand. He came on to the *marae* and bowed his head for some time, while all eyes were fixed on him. The noise was hushed, for everyone could now see that the meeting had commenced.

The chief was Tahau, the father of Popo. He raised his hand, and without moving, asked, "Who knows what I must say? Why have I been made to stand here and say what others do not like to repeat? Who can know what other people think? I only see what is in my own heart; I cannot say what others think. Let each speak for himself." He walked steadily to where Tihe was and sat down next to her.

An old, bald-headed chief who had come from the Mangere *pa* came on to the *marae*, the middle of which was clear. Our own people and the visitors were sitting in groups round it. This old chief had a cap made of the finest flax, which covered his head and hid his want of hair. He was ashamed of his baldness, as were all our ancestors whose hair had fallen out. No one, not even his wife and children, had seen his bald head. In his right hand he held a *mere poimamu*, which he waved to and fro as he passed up and down the *marae*.

"If we are to hear any news," he cried, "if we are to listen to any wrong, why do you not tell it to us? Even the trees speak in a storm, the water talks in a flood, the birds sing in the air, all things speak in their own way. Then why does not man possess the power to say what he thinks? The only time in my life when I could not speak was when I was near the girl I loved. That is all I have to say."

A chief from Otahuhu rose and said, "I will not speak from where I am sitting. The sun has not been warm enough to make its heat go through the hair of my head, so my thoughts will not jump about and leap out over my tongue. If our father who has a warm cap will let me have it for a short time, I will let him hear how I can speak—not only in the presence of those I love, but in the presence also of those to whom I must speak in anger."

Tohi had been sitting near to his father on the previous evening when Popo gave the widow's cap to Rahi. Tohi had kept the cap as something very amusing, for it was the first he had ever handled. It had, of course, been sacred, and had never previously been taken off the widow's head, for such caps are usually allowed to wear away in the course of time after the days of mourning were over. Tohi had kept it as something to look at, and hearing what the Otahuhu chief had said about the cap worn by the bald-headed chief, he jumped up, and in as great a hurry as etiquette would allow, he left the assembly and went to the place where he slept in the strangers' house and tucked the cap under his mat. As he returned he passed across the *marae* and dropped the cap at the feet of the chief who had just spoken.

As it was dropped, it was seen by everyone except the bald-headed chief, who at that moment was in the midst of one of his harangues, denouncing the chiefs who had sent for the people to eat, and then had not told them what the feast was given for. As he turned and came back at the conclusion of his speech, he saw the cap. He stopped as though he had been turned to stone, for it was in the very path he had gone over and over in making his speech. Recovering himself, he made a detour round it. His words were frozen, and when he reached the end of the *marae* and came back, still to his amazement, the head-dress lay there. This time he made a detour to the other side, for he durst not come near it. Thus he passed, sometimes on the right and sometimes on the left of the cap, but not one word did he utter from the time he had first seen it. At last he stood and looked round at the people. The younger folk had their heads in their mats, and some of the very young ones who had only one small mat round their waists hid behind their elders. Some of them could contain themselves no longer, and, fearful of shewing disrespect to their elders in council, they smothered their laughter, and rising from their places, they ran off in fear and shame. When they reached the shelter of the houses, they gave way to unrestrained amusement.

The old chief looked at the cap again, and at the people, but not being able to obtain any clue to its meaning, he said in a strained voice, "O Tohi, is this your cap?"

"No," said Tohi, "it is yours. You asked for a cap to make your thoughts warm to assist you in speaking; put that on your head and you will see what effect it will have." "I will," said the old chief, but he took up the cap in fear. He could not have been more frightened, even if it had been a lizard.

The lizard is the symbol and omen of death.

With trembling hands he put it on his head. The old man's face was only half tattooed; his *moko* was full on one side and not marked on the other at all. He was tattooed thus on account of an *uto*.

An enemy, on whom revenge is to be taken.

Only when his enemy was killed would he have the other half of his face tattooed. He put the cap on and the fringe of dog's hair hung down over his old face, making it unnaturally pale by contrast. By this time the young people who had been forced by their laughter to leave the assembly, had returned to their places. The old man walked up and down the *marae*, and as he went to and fro, all heads turned, following his every step. "O people, you have seen this cap on my head," he said at last, "but to whom does the cap belong? Why was it put before me?"

"You asked for it," Tohi replied.

"No," said the old chief, "I did not."

"Well, you asked for a cap, and that cap belongs to someone in this assembly."

"It does not," said a woman's voice. "It belongs to two people, and it is this cap which has brought us here

to talk. It belongs to Rahi." It was Mihi who had spoken, and hearing her, the old chief stuck his spear in the ground and put the cap on it, and went and sat down without another word.

A young man of the Mount Eden *pa* rose and walked on to the *marae* and said, "O old man, you need not fear evil—the cap has not been on the head of Rahi. It is not *tapu* from him, that you should fear now that you have put it on your head. You need not fear any evil." He turned to the old man, with his arms outstretched. "Why, O father, did you say you would speak great words? Why do you sit down when you could have told us why you have come here? You come from the *pa* of Rahi, and Rahi has not answered Tata's question. O father, do not be angry at the words of a child, but hearken to my words."

Before the old man could reply, another old chief who had come from the *pa* Takapuna rose and gave a hollow cough, as old men alone can do. All eyes were now turned to him as he shook the outer mat from his shoulders and, with a stick which he used as a staff, he walked out on to the *marae*. He leant on the stick and turned round slowly and looked at the assembly. "It may be good for you young people to conduct yourselves as you do in assembly," he said, "but if those who were boys when I was a boy; if those who were men when I was a man; if your fathers, the chiefs of old, were here, they would not know that you are their children! I do not think that my eyes or my ears can be telling me the truth. Perhaps you were never told how the men of old conducted themselves in a meeting of our people. The children of my day did not do as your children have done this day. The chiefs never called us together till the matter for consideration had all been arranged. You laugh. You interrupt each other. The speakers talk like men who have lost their senses, and all you do is as the work of the untaught. I shall go home to my *pa* and weep all the days that are left to me, for I am dark in my heart. Ah, that I might have gone with the setting sun before ever I saw this day!" He shook his head sorrowfully and hobbled back to his place.

Reko next rose and, with a beautiful light mat tied round her waist with a *karetu* belt, and with a fine *kiwi* mat thrown over her shoulder, and a *mere pou-namu* in her hand, stood erect in the middle of the *marae* and said, "O fathers, the word of our grandfather is true. But we young people are not at fault. We are not the children of slaves. We know what should be done at a meeting of our people. Is not this the great *pa* of our people? Is not this the *marae* where all our fathers have spoken? O grandfather, it is the fault of one of those chiefs of days gone past. Let Rahi speak, and we shall all know what we are called here to listen to. I am not a man or I would tell you what the men have said; but let the men say to you what they have said to us women and then you will all know why you are here."

An old chief of Totara-i-ahua, having paced up and down the *marae*, said, "The widow's cap has been woven by a woman. A woman will not wear a cap like that unless she is a widow. A widow is not a girl, or she would not have been old enough to wear such a cap. You, O people, have said that the cap I am looking at was given to Rahi. Rahi has no wife now, but widows wear the widow's cap until it is all worn away by being kept on the head. If this cap has been taken from the head of a widow and has been given to Rahi, Rahi must tell us what it is and how it was taken from the widow's head. Speak, O Rahi!"

Everybody looked at Rahi, expecting that he would rise and answer the last speaker. But Rahi neither moved nor gave any sign of having heard the challenge. After waiting for some time, a chief of Taka-puna asked, "Who has the words which will show us why we were called here to meet you? Are we to come and do nothing but eat? We eat to be strong in fight, not to be idle. We have food of our own which we eat in our own *pa*. We do not ask you for food. You give food to us that we may eat while we speak for the good of the people." Raising his voice, he said, "Speak, O man who will tell us what we will come here for!"

Tata the priest rose from where he was sitting, and said, "Our child Popo can tell you why you are here, yet it is not he who is the cause of your coming I spoke to our people last night, and now Popo will tell you, even though he is a child. It is Rahi who should have spoken."

Popo rose to his feet. He had an old mat tied round his-waist and a little *ngeri*

A rough cloak.

round his shoulders. As he went on to the *marae* he held the branch of a tree, from which he had broken the twigs, in his hand. He was not yet strong after his recent illness, and he spoke with difficulty. "O father, yours are the words of wisdom. I am a child and do not know what is good and what is evil. I have not lived in the days of the past, so I cannot tell from experience whether it is best for men to have a warm garment, a good house, a large cultivation, or to live in peace. You know more about these things than I. O father, I have spoken and am told that my words are the words of a child, and that if I continue to speak I will bring evil to you. My fathers, I am not afraid of you. I have a heart that does not fear death, but I do fear any wrong which our people commit against each other. O father, bear with my words, with the words of a child. I am old enough to love, and I know what pain love gives when it rests with one only. I can see the evil that will come to two of our young people when they love each other if the old people, like the frost in the Spring, nip the love at the tips of its growth, without killing the root. I, who am a child, said that the girl is the daughter of the woman who was angry because all the gurnet fish was not given to her. O fathers, you know who Niho is, and you know that the

daughter of Rahi is loved by Niho. The evil I have done was this—I said Rahi must say that Niho is to take Mihi as his wife. This is my evil. I am told by Rahi that I am a child, and Rahi came here to look at the boy who was so bold as to say this: if I have said more than I ought to have said, O people, say that I am wrong. As I have said my words, let Rahi now speak."

"No," said the old, white-headed and white-bearded chief who had spoken the previous night when Rahi would not answer Tata's question. "No, I must speak before him. Why did not Kapu tell us last night what Rahi had said to her? Why did she keep his words hid in her breast? I came here to tell Popo that he had done wrong in speaking of Mihi as he had, but I did not know till I came here that Rahi had made love to Kapu. O people, Kapu is a widow, and the mother of Popo is the sister of Kapu, therefore Tahau has the right to say who Kapu is to take as husband—that is if he does not take her in accordance with our custom as his second wife. Kapu has no brothers or cousins who might have given their consent to any husband Kapu might select. O people, you can say if Popo, as the *ariki*

Head or first-born chief.

of Kapu, has the word 'yes' or the word 'no' for Kapu."

"Yes," said all the people, "Popo is the *ariki* of Kapu. Let Rahi now speak."

Rahi rose, and said, "I do not speak to you all. I speak to the old men only." As he came on to the *marae* he looked at Popo and at Mihi, who was sitting near him. "I did speak to Kapu at the great meeting, but as Reko would not allow Tahau to have a second wife, I did not consider it necessary to ask Popo to say 'yes' to my word to Kapu. I spoke to Kapu, but not to Popo. Why should I speak to a boy? I will take Kapu to my *pa* and let her be my wife?"

Kapu rose quickly, and said, "I will now speak, O Rahi." She waited until he had sat down. "O father, it is time that Rahi did ask me to be his wife. I have not seen any evil in Rahi and could have said 'yes' to his word, but I heard the word of the people about Mihi and the words of Rahi about Niho. I did not say 'yes' to his word, nor shall I ever say 'yes' unless he says 'yes' to the word of my child Popo. Popo is the child of my sister and I love him because he is good to all our people. If Rahi says 'yes' to Niho and Mihi, I will say 'yes' before you all, O our people, to the word of Rahi. But if Mihi is not to be the wife of Niho, Kapu will not be the wife of Rahi. I love Rahi, but I also love Popo. Though Popo is only a boy, he has spoken good words and great to our people. I will not do anything that is not in accordance with what Popo wishes. Popo has not told me to say what I am saying, but I know that he has a great love for those who feel dark in their hearts on account of the acts of others. I will live a widow and die a widow if Mihi and I are not accepted as wives before all of you people in one day. This is the last word I will say; it is the word of my whole body."

Turning to the cap that had hung on the stick all this time, she put it on her head and said, "I gave this to Popo and he gave it to Rahi. If he wants it back he must take me with it; but Mihi must be the wife of Niho before Rahi can again call this cap his." As Kapu left the *marae* she looked at Rahi with a look that all could see said more than her words of determination.

For some time all was silent. No one moved or looked up, but all appeared to feel that there was something coming that might lead to a tribal quarrel.

Now at this meeting there was a very old woman, one who had seen the summers and winters of many years long past, the knowledge of which no one but herself had any conception. She was the oldest woman in all our *hapu*. She had been a noted beauty in her day, and it is said that more than one young man had killed himself because she would not love him and be his wife. She was not an evil woman, but one who spoke as she thought, and did as she said. She had loved but once, and had but one husband, and when he died she never could be persuaded to marry again. She had been a widow before the oldest of our chiefs who were at that meeting were born. She was called Te Manu o te Ata, "The Bird of the Morning." This name had been given to her on account of her early rising, for though our people were ever up with the sun, she was never known to be in her hut when the sun rose. She was a great worker, and had the largest *kumara*, *taro* and *hue*

Gourd. *Lagenaria vulgaris*.

plantations, and the finest of mats. Her baptismal name

The principal purpose of the baptismal rite (*tohi ariki*—the baptism of children of good birth) was consecration to the gods. At this ceremony the chosen name was given to the child by the chief priest (*tohunga tohi*). For a full description of this rite see *The Maori*, by Elsdon Best. Vol. 2, pp. 13-14.

was Mihi Rangī, "Wonder at Heaven," and Rahi and his wife had called their daughter after her. This old lady of high degree, who had all the knowledge of our tribe hid in her breast, had a fine mat on her shoulders, and round her body, kept in place by a band of flat plaited flax, was a mat woven with the feathers of the various birds of the forest.

With a steady step she came on to the *marae*, and said, "Am I to ask anyone if I am allowed to speak?"

Though her wrinkled brow and her thin, reedy voice spoke of great age, the flash of her eye, and the thin lips with the female tattooing on her chin told of a mind that could command. She looked round at Rahi. "I have

been at the meeting all this day. I have eaten of your feast of food, but, O Rahi, I see you are still what you ever were, a greedy man in your words. When you cannot get your own way, you visit the power of your evil heart on others. I was at the meeting last night when you would not tell us why you came here. One of your old chiefs who was a boy long after I had taken my husband Tatota said he came with you to take revenge of Popo for something that Popo had said. He did not! You made him believe this, but you came to get Kapu. Why do you try to deceive those of your own age by such acts? Your name now is Rahi, but you know that your name is Rahi nukarau.

Deceit.

You were not called this when your name was first given to you; you were called Te ite ra, 'Sit with the sun/ as your grandfather died at sunset. You hid that name, but your second name, nukarau, was given to you by your playmates, as you were the most deceitful boy in the tribe. Do you remember, O Rahi, that beautiful girl who threw herself off a cliff on account of your deceit and your lies about her when she would not have you as her husband? And do you remember the dog you killed, and the blame that fell on the son of a chief? It was not till that young man had died of shame for being so constantly pointed at as the son of a thief that it was known that you had done this evil. Kapu can have you, but none of those who know you as I do would have anything to do with you. O Rahi, why do you hide in your heart your secret revenge towards Niho? Is not Niho a son of that ancestor who made your father give up the property he had stolen and kept hidden for so many summers? I mean that *mere pounamu* that was said to have been lost out of the canoe that was upset in the Manuka waters. When your father pretended to find it, all of us knew that his word was false. Did not Niho's ancestor make your father give it to the proper owner?

"It was you, O Rahi, who wished to find some fault with Niho's mother, and you made Hotu ask for all the gurnet that Niho's mother had caught. Not till she had given all the fish away did Hotu ask for them, when they could not be given. We old people know that this was in revenge for the stolen *mere pounamu*, that you might have the power of making Niho miserable, for we could all see at that time that Niho and your child loved each other. There is a voice much louder than thine, O Rahi, and more powerful than that of one man, and a voice that must be obeyed. You know the proverb, 'the chief is not a chief who is without a tribe.' As you have not told us what you have to say about Mihi and Niho, you shall not speak now, but the big voice shall say what is to be done and you dare not act against it as there will be none to assist you."

Old Manu waved her right hand and turned to the people. "I ask you all, O people, what is Niho to do? You have heard at this meeting, and at the meeting last night, how Rahi has kept his tongue still, save in insult to Popo, whom he calls a boy. I say, let those who are not afraid speak. I will stand here and tell your word to Rahi and he shall obey you."

All the people said, "Let Niho have Mihi as his wife."

Manu turned again to Rahi. "I will tell you, O Rahi, that Mihi shall not go to your *pa* with you, but we shall have a feast at this *pa*, at which all those young people who are old enough to say whom they will take as husband or wife may speak fully in the presence of all the chiefs. You, O Rahi, can then say whom you will take."

Again old Manu asked, "O people, is that your word, or is it mine alone?"

The people, with a loud voice, shouted, "Oh no, it is your voice that says it, but it is our determination."

"Then let all the tribe be summoned," said Manu. "Blow the *pu-tara* and let me, before I die, see a meeting of all our tribe. Let me see how beautiful the young women and the young men can look, and how they can tell in a true word what they have to say about each other. Let no one be like old Rahi nukarau. Let none be afraid to say whom they love! I am here and can say if there is any good reason for saying 'no' when it ought to be 'yes' for am I not acquainted with more of the past than any of you? I will listen, and will hear everything that is said."

The meeting broke up, and again Rahi went to the strangers' house. The young people of the different *pa* amused themselves by playing games, the boys at *niti*,

Darts. "The dart was made from a straight fern frond, about three or more feet in length and, at the butt end, had a knob made by the winding of flax strips round the shaft. The base-line was usually in the form of a mound and the dart was thrown (under-arm) so as to strike the mound, glance off it and glide along the ground. He whose dart flew the furthest won the game." *The Games of Ao-tea-Roa*. Leslie Lockerbie, p. 26.

the girls at *poi*,

"This is the only ball game of the Maori. There are many forms, or movements in this dance, which is for girls and women only. The *poi* was very carefully made. A finely woven outer cover was made from flax fibre and was ornamented with attractive designs. It was then stuffed with soft material obtained from the bulrush. The game is played in both standing and sitting positions, and the *poi* is kept twirling while the body executes a swaying motion to the accompaniment of a rhythmical song." *Ibid.*, p. 12.

and others played at *ti rakau*,

"In this game, sticks are thrown (always in a vertical position) and caught. It was considered a most desirable exercise. The sticks (*toi*) used were about two or three feet in length, and an inch or more in thickness. They were often made from young *tawa* and were sometimes ornamented. In a game, mentioned by Mr. John White, the players stood in a circle facing inward, while a man occupying the centre (*putahi*) caught and returned the sticks thrown to him.' *Ibid.*, p. 4.

while the older ones had a *haka*. The young men made kites of the *toetoe-whatumanu*, Long grass or rushes, very light and therefore useful for this purpose. *Mariscus ustulatus*.

and on the east side of the *pa* many of them could be seen rising in the air sailing above the *pa* Remu-wera. Some of them sailed away, dragging the holding-stick at the end of the string through the bushes, and came to the ground at Orakei, at Tamaki, and even further away.

The night was very bright, for the moon was *rakannui*.

Full: sixteenth, seventeenth or eighteenth night of the moon. A careful note was taken of the progression of nights, each having its own name—though these varied somewhat in different districts. Agricultural employment was regulated by the phases of the moon.

Tahau, who was the best blower of the *pu-tara*, stood on the *marae* and sent a blast to the east and to the west, to the north and the south. Then he blew a long blast in the face of the slight wind from the west.

Later that night a flame was seen glowing in the Takapuna *pa*. At times it was stationary, but at others it moved from east to west. Again and again the distant torch was moved in this manner, and it was known that a grandson of Mihi Rangi and some of the Thames people had come there, and would arrive with the rest of the people on the morrow.

At sun-rise the sky was clear. The people of each *pa* could be seen at intervals coming from their homes. All our young people, together with those who had arrived to partake of the feast (to which the people had been invited by messengers), joined in parties, each lot occupying a different gate of the *pa*, and waving their garments to the newcomers. When everyone had arrived and the feast had been eaten, all the food kits were collected by the slaves and common people and put in the *wahi tapu*. The sub-tribes and families took their seats round the *marae*, each family sitting apart, and waiting for the chief speaker to say what the meeting was called for, and how it would be conducted. The old woman Manu, or Mihi, which ever you like to call her, rose and stood in the open space on the *marae*. She had a beautiful, clear green *pounamu* in her hand; her head was decorated with the *huia* and white crane feathers. In her ear dangled a very large *mako*, and on her neck hung an ancient and sacred *heir tiki*, while on her shoulders was a fine mat made of the white hair of the dog, and round her waist, reaching down nearly to the ground, hung a *kaitaka*. She said, "O my children, I do not stand here to speak of my own desire. There is a chief who ought to have spoken to our people, but who, since he was a boy, has never been known to act in a direct manner. Because of his prevarications I am compelled to speak to you. The chief to whom I refer wishes to take a widow as his wife. But she is the property of Popo, as the father of Popo took her sister to wife, and these two sisters have no brothers, cousins, father or mother alive. Popo has the right to say yes to anyone who asks Kapu to be his wife. Kapu will say yes to the word of Rahi, but Rahi will not say yes to the word of Niho who asks for Mihi, his daughter. Now, O people, I say that this night we will have a *pakuha* to let all the young people say whom they love. Then I shall see, ere I go with the setting sun, who are man and wife. Then I may see the children of those who were my playmates long ago married to each other. Now, my children, you know why you have been called here. It was I who made Tahau blow the *pu-tara*. You can now speak to each other."

Chapter Six: Maro's Story

Maro now speaks from his own recollection of the pakuha meeting. The Thames people come to Mount Eden, and among them Rehu-tai. The pakuha is begun. Tihi accepts Tohi only on condition that Mihi weds Niho. Kapu, annoyed at the continued silence of Rahi, promises herself to Tutu of Owairaka. The grandson of Manu claims Puihi. Tata gives Popo's mat back to Tihe. Maro claims Rehu, but she is forbidden him. He goes to Takapuna and there plights his troth with Rehu in secret.

Here Maro paused in his narrative and looked out over the Waitemata with a reminiscent twinkle in his old eyes. "I can tell you of the rest of that day from my own memory," he said. "I have told you the story my mother told me. I was at that *pakuha*, and I took part in it, as you shall see."

The Story Maro Told

The rest of the day was passed by the people in relating the gossip of each *pa*, whilst the grandson of Mihi told me of the people of the Thames. He had come up with some of the young people to Takapuna to see one of

their relatives who was the wife of the head chief there. I had seen these young people with Mihi's grandson when they came on to this *marae*. There were several young women in the party, and though I had liked many girls in my boyhood days, there was not one whom I had loved as much as one of these young women. I loved her on that very day when I first saw her. She was the sister of the woman who had married the Takapuna chief, and she had come in company with her younger sister, who, it was said, was very like the girl who was loved by Popo, who was called Ata, but whom Popo referred to as Rehia. As I had not seen Ata I could not say if it were true, but I knew I loved the elder girl. Her name was Rehu-tai, but we all called her Rehu. I played with the young people all that day, but I cannot say what we played at, as I could not see anyone but Rehu. All that was said was but a noise to me, and even the words spoken by Rehu sounded in my ears as the words of the spirits. I had heard that the people of Thames did not like our tribe, but I was not old enough to know the cause of their dislike. But this I did know, that I loved Rehu, and I was old enough to say so in a meeting.

We had been amusing ourselves with a *haka*, and as I was a talkative boy I said, "Let us boys decorate our faces for the *haka* with the tip of the leaf bud of the *ngaio*

Myoporum laetum.

tree; and let the girls get the leaf of the *wharawhara*

Astelia Banksii.

and decorate their faces with the lower end of the leaf with its black and white feathery part." As these were not easily obtained, I went with some of our young men down the north part of the *pa* and got the *wharawhara* roots. I helped Rehu to make a fire and roast the lower end of the leaves and then, by inserting a piece of wood between the outer skin and the pulp of the leaf, a thin, soft substance came off. The bottom of it is white and the top black. By putting the white part on the lips and wetting it, you can put it on your face and there it will cling for some time. This I helped Rehu to do her face. When all was done, we had our *haka*, and Rehu sat in the line of girls opposite me. Her face looked beautiful with the *wharawhara* decoration, but she laughed at me and said the *ngaio* leaf buds looked like smudges of soot on my face.

The grandson of Mihi had been talking to his ancestor and had not taken notice of us young people till we gave a loud laugh. He turned and saw me looking at Rehu. What I had said I do not know, but all the girls laughed at Rehu and the young men looked at me. Mihi's grandson said something to the old lady, and I overheard her reply, "It is only the talk of children."

When our *haka* had come to an end, Rehu went and sat beside old Manu. I had not left the place where I had been in the *haka*, but I could see Rehu looking at me several times while I was sitting there. I did not care what the meeting was for, nor did I care who might speak so long as I could say what I intended to say.

In the evening all the people assembled in the *whare matoro*. It had been cleaned and mats put all round the sides and along the inner end by the young people. Torches had been put up the middles in rows, and a fine mat put on the carved *tiki* on the centre post. Mats were also put on each of the other posts, but they were not of the same fineness as the one of the principal *tiki*, as that one was the figure representing our ancestor Hotu-roa.

Captain of the Tainui canoe.

The others were his son and grandson, and those of generations after them. The house looked very fine with all the young people in their best mats. The older chiefs and women sat on the right side of the house as we entered, and all the young people on the left, with the men and women of the tribe at the upper end.

Just before we went into the house Tata, the priest, had called the same young men who had taken the mats and offerings to the *tuahu* when the gods were propitiated for the recovery of Popo. He had called them just before it was dark, and now as we were assembling, they entered the house with the mats and other things which they had taken to the *marae*, and as each one followed Tahau into the house, he put down his burden at the feet of the Hotu-roa figure and left it there. Tahau sat near the foot of Hotu-roa. Old Manu was there in her rough mat sitting with the old people on the right side of the house in the *tapu* seat near the window. She did not look at anyone, but listened to all that was spoken.

Tahau rose and said, "I do not wish to speak; but when the time comes for me to act, you will see what I shall do! Speak, O young people. This is your *marae*. We are not like the *korimako*,

Bellbird. *Anthomis melanura*.

afraid to sing if the *karearea*

Bush-hawk. *Falco novaeseelandiae*.

is near. There is no hawk here. Let each sing his own song, and as we who are listening are old, we shall know the true song from the false. Sing, then, O young birds, sing your song of love."

As soon as the *pakuha* had been decided on by old Manu, Tohi and some of the young men who had come with him from Otahuhu proceeded from this *pa* to their own. As they were young and nimble, they did not take long to go and return. Just before Tahau sat down near the mats that had been brought from the *tuahu*, a slight noise was heard outside the door, and in came the young men, followed by Tohi. Each of them was dressed in a new mat. They all looked big men and very stout, for they had tied mat on mat over and round their bodies.

They took their places with the young people. Old Manu rose on her elbow and took a look at them. She gave a slight smile and laid down again without a word, but some of the young people would have laughed out in a boisterous manner, except, that the customs of old forbade it. The appearance of the young men covered with mats, who were known to be slim, was so amusing that they were forced to choke back their laughter and hide their heads to keep the old people from publicly making any remark to them.

A young man of this *pa* who had never been known to make love stepped up to where Tata was sitting. He looked round on all the people and said, "O Manu, I am glad you have called this meeting, as I can ask some questions of you. I want to know how I am to tell whether any of the girls here tonight will take me. O Manu, you are not only old—you are older than old age; you must know all the things of this world. I want to know how I am to speak to the one I love. I often wish to make love to her, but when I am going to speak my tongue becomes so lazy that it will not work for me and speak the words I have ready to put on it. How am I to act, O Manu?"

He sat down again/ while the people tittered. No one knew if he was in earnest or in play, as he was one of the most witty and lively young men in the *pa*. In actual fact, there were girls there who really loved him, but as he was so much liked by all for his good humour, he was no doubt perplexed to know which of the girls loved him, and who only liked him for his fun. He acted now in such a way as to test the love of the one who really loved him, as true love would speak openly and not be ashamed.

Old Manu spoke from her mat where she was lying and said, "A good heart makes a good face, and a happy heart makes light of difficulties, but wit and fun will not make the food to grow. Laugh and be happy when you are at work, for that will make the work light, but do not make love in fun. There is not much difference between the blunders of a fool and the wit of a great man, for each makes the crowd laugh. Kohe, you must not make love in the same manner as you have made your enquiry of me."

Kohe replied, "O Manu, you have not answered my question. I tell you all. The people of this *pa* know that I am not one of the idle boys. I could point now, if it were daylight, to the *kumara* hills I have made on the flat between our *pa* and Remu-wera. If there is any idling in the matter, it is the girls' fault when they come to weed the crop. They talk to me, and when I answer them, they laugh at what I say. I have been afraid that I should be called idle by the old people, for I have worked where girls have weeded the *mara*,

Ground under cultivation.

thinking that if I worked in the company of one at a time, I could find who would let me work and not laugh at me. But they all appeared to wish me to go and work at their *mara*. Now I say that there must be something about me that they like, but how am I to know who likes me best?"

He sat down, and a girl rose to her feet and stood out and said, "I wish to answer the word of Kohe. We girls have seen for many years that Taru has loved Kohe, and we will not say no to her love if her brothers and cousins say yes. Taru is the wife for Kohe."

Old Manu now rose and said, "I do not see any reason why Kohe should not take Taru as his wife. They are of the same rank. If anyone has the word no to this, I am here to answer the questions that may be asked."

There was silence for some time till old Manu said, "If my word in regard to Kohe and Taru is good to you, O people, let me hear it."

As the relatives of Taru were pleased with the arrangement, no one spoke, but some of them got up in the meeting and laid mats at the feet of Kohe. Then the relatives of Kohe laid mats at the feet of Taru, and all the people answered the questions put by old Manu, by saying it was good that these young people should be man and wife.

Tohi now said, "I have but one word, and that is Tihe.' That is all I have to say."

Popo said, "I wish to know what Rahi and your people say about Niho and Mihi before we can say yes to what you ask."

"I do not speak for my father," Tohi replied. "All I have to say is that Tihe loves me and we will be man and wife, whatever my father may do."

Tihe stood up and said, "O Tohi, I will hear an answer to the word of Popo before I say what I shall say to our people. Old Manu has said we need not fear to speak, as she is here to listen. Then why has Rahi kept so silent? I love Mihi, and I would like to see the word which was given to Niho, years ago, agreed to by our people. I will not have you, O Tohi, if Mihi is not to have Niho. Your word is great, but our tribe in this *pa* so love Popo that his word is greater than those of the chiefs of our whole tribe to us."

A chief from the Mangere *pa* now rose and said, "Why do you wait for the word of consent from Rahi? Am I not the brother of Hotu, and is not Mihi my niece? Why ask him? He is only the father. My sons and daughters will give their consent. What do I care for the foolish anger of my sister Hotu about the gurnet?"

He turned to his children and asked, "What do you say, elders of Mihi?"

With one voice they replied, "Let Mihi have Niho and we will see that Rahi does not take her away again."

"Do you all consent to the word of Niho in regard to Mihi?"

"Yes," said the people, so loudly that they could be heard all over the *pa*.

Tata now rose and lifted one of the mats which he had brought from the *tuahu*. These were the mats which had been given to the gods. "Mihi will have no reason to say that her taking of Niho was an act of poverty." He held up the mat and said, "Here is the mat given to the gods by . . ."

"Yes," said the owner. "Give it to Mihi."

Thus the priest lifted up each mat or other gift, repeating the name of the owner as he did so. As their names were called they invariably said, "Give it to Mihi." This done, the uncle of Mihi, together with his wife and children, laid a mat and other articles at the feet of Niho.

A chief who had come from Owairaka *pa* rose and went to where Tata was sitting and said, "I came here at your call. It is what I wanted to take place. I often wished that you would arrange a *pakuha*. I say that I love Kapu, and have done so for many years, even before she took her husband who is now dead, but I was afraid to tell her so as she is a woman of one word. If it is 'no' it is 'no' with her. I have lost my wife, and as Kapu is a widow, and I have no wife, I wish to say to her that I love her. If she will say 'yes' I know the word will be true."

"No," said Popo, "Rahi has said that he loves Kapu, and if he rises in the presence of all these tribes and tells Kapu that he will take her as his wife, the word will then be for Kapu to speak. The people have given the daughter of Rahi to Niho, and Kapu is her own mistress. She can take a husband for herself, and the people may not say 'no'."

For some time there was silence. Then as Rahi did not speak, Kapu rose and went on to the open space. Looking at Popo and Tata, she said, "The mats for Mihi are very beautiful—but Rahi did not give any of them. Frost can kill the crop when first it appears on the surface of the *ahuahu*. So can silent vindictiveness kill love! I did love you, O Rahi, when you were here at the great meeting for Popo, but your continued silence since then has proved one of two things, that you must be of a very vicious heart, or you are a stupid; and if you are either of these, you cannot be the man whom I will call my husband. The time for your love for me is past!"

She turned to the chief Tutu of Owairaka. "O Tutu, if all our people agree that I should go and live at your *pa* and will say so now, then, when the *kumara* crop is taken in, you may come here and I will go back with you. I must let the moon shine on the love I had for Rahi till then, when it will be dead, and I can love you. What do you say, O chiefs? Speak!"

"Yes," said the chiefs, "it is good, as you have said."

Tohi rose again and said, "What do you say, O people, to my word which Tihe referred to you? You have taken my sister from Rahi and have given her to Niho. Why should I not have the one I love?"

Reko, the mother of Popo, said, "Put the *pakuha* presents at the feet of Tihe and then see what the people say."

Tohi looked at the young men with the mats who looked so corpulent. One of them rose and walked to where Tihe was sitting and began to take the mats off one by one. At the same time he made wry faces at the young people. There was silence until he came to the last mat he had to give. This had been tied on with a flax band, but as he could not find where it was tied he tried to burst it. In so doing he had to bend forward, but with the force of his exertion it suddenly gave way and he fell forward on to some of the young men. Manu had been lying with her eyes closed, but when she heard the sudden burst of laughter she raised herself on her elbow, and, as soon as she saw the young man surrounded by discarded mats, she joined in the laugh. Each of the young men approached Tihe and went through such a variety of antics in taking off the mats that the people, having laughed aloud once, kept up a constant roar of laughter all the time. When all the mats had been put down, Tohi stepped forward and laid a beautiful *kiwi* feather mat and an eardrop of greenstone at Tihe's feet. Not one word was said all this time. When Tohi had taken his place again, Tihe's relatives presented him with mats. When they had given them they remained standing while Tihe's old slave priest, who had also given a mat to Tohi, said, "O Tata, I wish you to give a mat to me for Tohi. I ask for the mat now worn by Popo."

Tata went up to Popo and took hold of the mat which had been bewitched by this old priest. Popo lifted the mat and helped Tata to take it off his shoulders. It was then given to Tohi by Mapu, who said, "Do we, O our family, give Tihe to the son of Rahi as his wife?"

"Yes," said the relatives of Tihe, "we do."

"Then you, O Tohi, have now been answered. Your question is now not ours, but it is for you to say 'no' if you like."

The grandson of old Manu now rose and said, "O people, I have one word to say. I have not been here very long, but I have seen many of our tribes. I have seen the summers which make boys into men. I know what I think, and I now say, let your voice say 'yes' when I ask for your child Puhi."

This took the meeting by surprise, for no one had ever thought that a chief of the Thames would come here and ask for a girl of this *pa* when he had so many more to choose from. The Puhi I am telling you of was a most beautiful girl, and you, O Puhi, are called after her. Puhi had been a silent child, and was like Popo in

heart—she was kind to the old people and the slaves. She was loved by many of our young men, but she had never returned their love. As the Thames chief sat down, Puhī rose and said, "I have the word to your word. I have not yet seen the young man whom I can love. Do not go away and think that as you have said your word I will remember it, and that in some of the moons to come, your word will have grown in my heart, so that I will be ready to go with you to the Thames. No, I will not think of your word. Your grandmother Manu knows that I speak the true word of my heart. I will not be your wife."

I had listened to all that had been said, and now I made up my mind to speak boldly as I felt. As I stood up I felt as though all the people in the house were flying round and round me, and that they were all making faces at me. I staggered out on to the open space where Tata was sitting. Atua was there, and you, O Atua, did not laugh at me, though the others did. I [felt as though I had a fire in my head, but I said, "Hearken, all ye people! Listen, O Manu, to my words. I have not many words to say. I will have her for my wife. I will not care if big waves come between us, if mountains rise to keep her from me, I will have her.

Not even thunder and lightning and waterfalls shall stop me from following her till I take her as my wife. That is my resolute word, and it will last for ever. I will take Rehu as my wife."

I sat down at the feet of Tata, who at once said in a low voice, "You will not get Rehu for your wife; you will hear the reason why, so do not persist lest men's lives be the payment for your persistence."

The grandson of Manu said in a calm, determined manner, "Why do the boys of this *pa* ask for what they cannot have? O, old people, why do you forget to tell them that I have come here with my relatives to see you, and that we are going away in a few days? Then why should any of your children make sport of us? We did not come here to get husbands. There are fine young men in our tribe at the Thames. I will not answer your child; he is too young for me to speak to, but you, O his fathers, tell him that Rehu is to be the wife of one of our chiefs, and if he persists he will have to pay for his obstinacy."

I heard all that was said, but I did not see that there was any truth in it. I loved Rehu, and that is all I saw or knew or understood.

Old Manu now rose and said, "I will say the last word. All have spoken who wanted to speak, and all has been done by you, O people. I wish to say this to Rahi. You, O old man, came here to make love to Kapu, and you made your people believe you were angry with Popo; but as you are such a sulky man you have been paid for your own action. You came to obtain revenge, and you have revenged yourself. Did you see the mat that was on the shoulders of Popo, which was asked for by Tihe, and given to her? That mat was used to bewitch Popo, but it failed. If that had been the reason for your revenge, you might have done as you have. Look at yourself, O Rahi, and look at Popo. Who of the two is the child? Grey hairs are often seen on big children, and you are one of them. Let me tell you one word. Live in peace till you die. If you attempt to make war with our tribes, you will have all the people against you. You may perhaps forget, but there are evils you once did for which revenge has never been taken. Let me tell you that if you keep that sulky mind, the people will not bear it, and some day, when you least expect it, you will find a hand that is strong. I do not wish for war. We all wish for peace, but such silence as yours is louder in insult than the words the tongue utters. Go home, O Rahi, to your own *pa* and live in peace."

So ended the great *pakuha*, and all the people were let loose again like birds which have been kept in cages. They sang songs, played at *poi*, at *haka* and *ti rakau* till it was past midnight. Then they slept, but I could not sleep. I had only one desire, and that was to say some words to Rehu before she left the *pa* for Takapuna on her way to the Thames. But as soon as I was near her she looked away for the grandson of Manu and went to him. Her sister, who was so like Ata, laughed at me, and would not stand still for a moment for me to tell her my word for Rehu.

The next day, that is, the second day after the meeting, I was sitting near this *marae* when I heard someone talking in the old people's house. It was Manu and her grandson. He said they were going back that day, and as a canoe was at Wai-ariki they would cross before the ebb tide, as the sea breeze would make a ripple on the river. Ah, I thought, I will go down at once and sit in the canoe. I went down from the *marae* and passed the house where Atua now lives, past the big spring, and along the ridge of the hill till I got down to the canoe. It was one of the principal roads from this *pa*, as it still is for the fishermen and the women who collect cockles at the river.

When I got to the river I saw some of the young people who had come from the Thames. They asked if I would go to Hauraki with them and see the intended husband of Rehu.

"What is he like?" I asked.

"Like?" said one of them. "He has eyes like an owl, and if he looked at you with them you would run away."

"Who is he," I asked, "that I should be so much afraid of him?"

"Come with us and see. We cannot tell you what he is like, but he is a chief, and if you will go with us you will see him with your own eyes."

"I am young," I said, "and can live many summers. I may see him at some meeting. I am going in your canoe to Takapuna."

"If the grandson of Manu says you may go, you can get into our canoe, but if he says you may not, you must not."

"I will see," I said, and sat down to await the coming of Rehu. All the time I stayed there these boys and girls of the Thames made sport of my love for Rehu. They asked who I was, and who was my grandfather. I did not tell them then, but in after life I taught them in a way they did not expect.

In ages past my ancestors were of the same tribe to which these boys belonged, but some of our people were driven out of the Thames by the descendants of Hotu-roa. They left their home and land and went north to the Bay of Islands, and thence along the west coast to Maunگونui. This I had been taught by my grandfather, but on my grandmother's side I was descended from Hotu-roa. I felt angry with the chaffing of these young people, so when the rest of the Thames folk came, I was not in a humour to ask a favour of anyone.

One of the boys said to the rest of the party, "This boy says he is going across to Takapuna with us, as though he and his people have not enough canoes of their own to cross in."

I replied, "I did not ask you to paddle me across. I can obtain a canoe for myself. I am but a slave, but slaves have friends."

I left them, but just as I was going I looked round and saw Rehu looking at me. I could not help it, but stood still and looked at her till they had all entered the canoes.

Some of our people had a *pa* at Tauna-rua, so I went back over the ridge, crossed the Waipapa creek and got into Mata-harehau before the Thames canoe had paddled out. Here I got a *kopapa*,

A small canoe.

and taking one of our young men with me, paddled across the harbour and landed on the Takapuna beach before the other canoe. I knew some of the young women of Takapuna, and they had all heard of my love for Rehu, so I told them what had been said and done at the meeting, and the insults heaped on me by the young men from the Thames. One of the girls said, "Tell me your true word, and I will tell it to Rehu-tai. I do not fear the Thames people or the lover of Rehu who is at a distance."

I said, "If she loves me, let her still love me. I will not die soon, but live, and the day will come when I will be able to take her as my wife. I will not take another wife so long as she lives, even though I may be at a distance. I delay now only that I may make my arm strong to take her against all power in a future year."

I slept there that night, and on the morrow the girl told me that Rehu would always love me, though she was forced to take the husband to whom her parents had made her *puhi*. Still she would love only me, and wait till I could make my word true.

I saw Rehu and her sister and the people depart, and when they had passed Motu Korea, I returned to Kohi-marama in our canoe. The people of that place had returned from our Mount Eden *pa*. Old Rahi had not said a word to anyone when he left, but Mihi, his daughter, had stayed with her husband at Mount Eden. The had gone with her husband, the son of Rahi, to Otahuhu, and all was quiet again. The time had come for the weeding of the *kumara* plots.

Chapter Seven: Maro's Story

Maro stays at Orakei for a while. His friend, Kape, is marooned on an island in the harbour. Maro returns to Mount Eden. Rahi kills Hake. Matuku-rua people form an ohu to help Rahi, and then kill him to avenge! the death of Hake. Maro stays at Orakei for a time. Some of the Nga-puhi people are staying there, and one of the young women of rank chooses a husband from Tamaki. The Nga-puhi depart for the north and Maro accompanies them. Adventures by the way, including the catching of a shark.

I stayed at Orakei for some months till all the crops were gathered into the *rua*.

Store pits.

One day, soon after the *kumara* had been stored, there was a great fuss in the *pa*. A chief named Tara had taken to wife the sister of one of my playmates called Kape, and as it was a fine day Tara asked his brother-in-law to go out to the rock we now call Kapetaua. It has received its name from that boy.

Tara had for some time been annoyed by the tricks of the boy Kape, as he was always engaged in something which the old men called mischief, but which we boys thought was only fun. Kape was always the ring-leader in our sports, and one day he suggested that we should put the floats of the sea-net of Tara on the bottom, together with the sinkers, so that when it was set, it would be twisted into a bundle. We did this, and many similar tricks we played. Tara became annoyed and determined to take revenge on Kape and kill him if he could; but as the boy was a near relation of his he durst not kill him in the sight of others, so he concocted this fishing excursion to drown him.

They went out in a canoe together, and Tara put Kape on the rock at low water and left him to drown as the tide rose. When Tara came ashore without the boy, his mother asked for him. Tara said he had come ashore before him, but as the mother could not find him in the settlement, she went down to the beach and was just able to distinguish her son's voice, calling as if he were in the water. She took a canoe and paddled out, and there on the rock she found Kape with the water up to his neck. She rescued him and nothing more was done about it, save that the people called Tara many hard names for leaving the boy on the rock.

I came back to Mount Eden in the springtime. While I had been away nothing had been heard of Tihe or of Rahi, for his people were fully occupied with their work. In our *pa* in those days there were many quarrels among the people. The women would tell tales of each other, and the men would make more of what was said and done than there was need for.

On his return to Otahuhu, old Rahi had sent for the curious little deformed priest called Hake who lived at the Matuku-rua *pa*, and who had so frightened Tihe when she went to that *pa*.

Hake had come to Otahuhu at the request of Rahi and had lived there many moons. One day he went with Rahi to catch eels on the banks of the Tamaki. The mud was very soft and deep there, and from a canoe in the river the eel holes could be seen in the bank at low water. The people saw them go away together, but only Rahi came back, and it was said that the chief had killed the little priest. Many of the people had heard Rahi asking about the mat which Tine's priest had bewitched to kill Popo, and of the narrow escape of Tihe from death, which escape Rahi had been heard to say was the fault of Hake. If Tihe had been killed, Rahi's son would not have had a wife, nor would Mihi have married Niho. "You are not a priest," Rahi had said to Hake, "or you would have known how to make death take her, and not have me see day by day the girl who was the cause of my son getting a wife, and of Mihi being taken by Niho."

As these things were repeated it was suspected that Hake had been killed by Rahi. A search party went out in canoes to the place where Rahi and Hake had been seen in their canoes together, and at the same time of the tide as when they had gone. They found Hake sunk in the mud on the river edge. Though he was deformed, he was a chief, and all the people of Matuku-rua came and carried his body to their *pa*, and after crying over it, they put him to sleep with his ancestors in the sacred place a little beyond Tiki-raupo.

Nothing was said by his people till the spring came, when they sent a messenger to Otahuhu to say that they were coming as an *ohu*

A band of volunteer workers.

to help Rahi put in his *kumara* crops. On a certain day, which was the *rakau-nui* of the moon, they would appear, twice seventy

There is probably a good deal still unknown about the Maori system of numerology. In his account of the system (*The Maori*, Vol. 2, p. 173 *et seq.*) Elsdon Best says that there *is* no word for seventy (p. 176). Unfortunately White does not give the Maori rendering, but there seems to be some indication, by its form, that there may have been a specific word for seventy in use here.

of them, each with his *ko*

A digging implement, from six to nine feet in length, which, as will be seen, was sometimes used as a weapon.

and work one day and then return home.

Rahi had food collected for them, and when they came, all was ready for them. The *mara* was on the level ground to the north of the *pa*—that neck of level land from the Tamaki river to the head of the creek that runs down from Otahuhu to Onehunga. They had set this flat with *kumara* right from the Onehunga water to the Tamaki river. The Matuku-rua people had their *ko* made so that they could slip the *teka*

Step or projecting footpiece, used for forcing the *ko* into the ground.

up and over the upper end and use the *ko* as a spear. The men of Otahuhu took the east side of the *mara* on the Tamaki river bank, and the Matuku-rua people took the side on the west, and dug the ground up from the Manuka water so as to meet the Otahuhu people on the top of the ridge. Each party worked with spirit, vying with the other. As they approached the ridge they had their backs to each other. They could readily guess how far away they were from each other by the sound of the *tapatapa*

Incantation or chant

they sang while digging the ground. Some of the Matuku-rua people kept looking round to see in which part of his people old Rahi was, and now and then a low whisper was heard, "Let the brave man so-and-so be in a position to meet Rahi when we close our work." This was done, and as soon as the two working parties had met, just as the last few hills of *kumara* were being dug up, the Matuku-rua warrior who was next to Rahi slipped up the *teka* of his *ko*, and turning round quickly, with a heavy lunge he thrust the sharp point of his *ko* through Rahi's body. As he gave the thrust he said, "That is the last mound made for Hake." Then he and all his companions ran away to their *pa* at Matuku-rua.

Rahi's people did not pursue them. They carried the body of their chief to the *pa*, where the usual *tangi*

Wake; mourning or lamentation for the dead.
and ceremonies were performed, and Rahi was buried.

All the chiefs of our *pa* went to the *tangi*, and at the feast the chiefs, having heard of the former acts of Rahi and of the murder of Hake, cautioned his sons not to make war, as the people would not fight to avenge the death of such a sulky man. Thus the words of Manu about Rahi came true. Tihe did not cry. Mihi went to the feast, but Niho stayed at our *pa* as he said he did not know what *poroaki* the old man might have left.

Again I went to live at Orakei, but before I went there I wanted to see Tohi, the son of Rahi, so I went to Otahuhu. There I saw that the *mara* that had been dug up by the people at the time Rahi was killed was not set with *kumara*, for the blood of Rahi had made it *tapu*. While I was there news came that some of the Nga-puhi had arrived at Orakei, so I went to live with my friend Kape. We had not been long together before Kape said his heart was very dark on account of Tara leaving him as food for the fish. "Many summers might come and go," he said, "but still the fish would want feeding." However, I did not think much of what he said at that time. I met the strangers and often heard them talk of their land, and of the Ngati-pou, the people who had been driven out of the Thames, to whom I was related.

These people stayed many moons at Orakei, and one of the chiefs was loved very much by one of our women, but as she was a *puhi* she could not have him.

When they left I went with them, and I saw the woman throw her girdle into our canoe to the chief she loved, and heard her say, "When the morning bird sings I shall be at Tamaki." This act, as you will hear later, was to have some consequence to our people.

The first night we slept at Te Kawau, where, in the large bay on the west side of the island, we caught a great lot of fish by putting the branches of trees at the mouth of one of the creeks that comes into the bay. There were some bird-spears in the canoe, and with them I got some *tui*. In the evening we made torches and speared flatfish.

The next day we landed at Omaha. This was a beautiful little bay, and we stayed to dig fern-root for our voyage. The fern-root was good here, and we stayed a few days to dry it. Then we left and passed across the mouth of Whangarei, where, on the point that juts out on the north head, we went into a little bay with a sandy beach with a line of large *pohutukawa* growing there. Here we found a fine bed of *pohue*.

A creeping plant. *Calystegia septum*.

As we did not want to live on fern-root alone, we dug this and dried it, packing it in baskets.

We passed on to Tutukaka. I have seen the places on our Waitemata river, at Onewa, and at the Titirangi, where we catch the *kaka*

Nestor occidentalis. "Sprightly, social, noisy, the *kaka* is one of the most interesting . . . inhabitants of the bush. Few birds are so perfectly adapted to living and feeding exclusively in the forest. The peculiar formation of its feet enables it to climb with remarkable agility. Disturb it and it will hop among the branches with great dexterity, using its beak and wings to assist its awkward but none the less rapid progress. Once above the bush, it can fly well with a gay soaring and gliding which shows off its beautiful plumage. If the food supply fails in any particular district, parties of *kakas* may migrate to other parts. The method of flight now changes to a businesslike, methodical one designed to get the bird to the new feeding ground with as little waste of time as possible."—*N.Z. Forest Inhabiting Birds*.

, but I never saw so many of them as here. We killed as many in one day as would fill *six* big kits. These, with the fern and *pohue*, provided us with better food than we get at our *pa* here every day. Tutukaka obtains its name from this bird, as nearly every tree in the bay might be called *tutu*

A tree in which snares are set.

— hence its name, "The Kaka Perch."

We passed on and stayed at Kopua-whango for the night. This is a big bay with a sandy beach, but there is a ledge of rocks nearly at low water leading across the mouth of a creek that runs into the sea at the south end. As we had a longing for fish, we went and stood on the point of the rocks which, like a doorway, let the sea into the creek. Two of us stood on the rocks on each side, and with long spears caught sufficient *tamure*

Snapper. *Pagrus unicolor*.

to last us for several days. These too we dried in the sun. While we were there some of the men said that this was the place where the *mako* could be caught. They had brought their lines with them, as you know that in travelling you must take all that is needed to procure food.

The place was rocky and there were plenty of *putikete*

A small crab.

there—next to the *kanae* the best bait for the *mako*. We caught a basketful of these crabs and put out to sea. I had a line given to me, but as I had never fished for shark in my life I had to be guided by my friends. We pounded the crabs into a pulp, and then, with *muka*,

Flax fibre.

made a big ball of the pulp all round the hook. The hooks were very big, as large as my doubled arm. They had bare points and took about a dozen crabs to bait. We did not use sinkers but threw the line out as far as the weight of the hook would carry it from the canoe.

The canoe was allowed to drift with the wind or the tide. We had been out but a little time when we saw a big shark going round our canoe. All my friends pulled in their lines and threw them out to where he was, but as they pulled in the lines the shark disappeared. I sat holding my line carelessly. Just as the others threw the hooks out again, there came a sharp tug and the line I was holding ran through my hand. I held on to it and the others, seeing I had a fish, at once drew in their lines. One man ran to the opposite end of the canoe, and, with his paddle, headed it in the direction indicated by my line. One of the others tied my line to the *taumanu*

Thwart.

and then we sat still and let the shark pull us hither and thither. Sometimes we were pulled out to sea, and then into land again until at last the line became slack and one of the men pulled it in. As soon as the shark came near the canoe he made a splash and off he went again. This we did several times until the man steering the canoe called to one of the others to take the steering paddle and he would attend to the shark. He took the end of the line and made a running knot, and as soon as the shark was tired out he nulled it close up to the canoe and out the line over its head and under its fins. Then holdinsr the two lines, he drew the fish close up to the side of the canoe and with a stone flax beater he gave it a heaw blow on the nose. This stunned the shark and made it more easv to manage. Again and again he nulled it up to the canoe and struck its nose until finally the fish floated lifelessly in the water. We all then took our naddles and towed it ashore.

When those who had remained on land saw what we had obtained, they danced and called to us like mad-men. We carried the fish up on to the beach, but nothing was done to it until the chief had repeated the *karakia* so that the god Tangaroa

The god of the sea. One of the offspring of Rangi and Papa.

might not spoil the teeth. First the head was cut off, after the first *karakia* had been said. The chief took the head in his hands and while repeating another *karakia* he held it up as high as he could reach.

Offerings were frequently "waved" before the gods, in similar manner to the "wave-offerings" of the Israelites.

This done, the body was taken and a stage made in the branches of the *pohutukawa* on the beach. Another *karakia* was repeated and the body was placed on the stage. This was a gift offered to Tawhaki

A hero of Maori legend who ascended to the sky and became the god of lightning. In White's *Ancient History of the Maori*, Vol. One, p. 57. he says, "Tawhaki is a god, and now, from' the manner of counting practised by this blind woman," (Tawhaki's blind ancestress, from whom he stole nine of her ten *kumard*) "when offerings or sacrifices are made to him nine are again dealt with in the same way, and the ninth put on one side. They are divided into ten portions, his name is called aloud, and these ten portions are each, one by one, lifted up as they are counted from one to ten, and the tenth is put on the left side of the ministering priest. The nine are again dealt with in the same way, and the ninth is put on one side. This is repeated until all have been put on one side. And hence in the sacred mode of counting, the tenth is not called Te-kau (ten), but Nga-huru (collection, compact)."

and Maru,

The god of war. According to White, *ibid* p. 103, Maru was the ancestor of Tawhaki.

so that the teeth of the shark might be worn by man. The head was then put into a basket, with the leaves of the *kawakawa* filled in all round it to keep the *rango*

Blowfly.

from blowing its maggots on it. As Rango, the personification of the blowfly, is the god of death, the maggots would be a curse on the teeth, and they could not then be worn by living men, as the maggot is only of the dead. I asked them whv they did not cook the head.

"Oh, no," they said, "the teeth would be ruined by fire. They must be taken out when all the flesh has rotted."

"What," I asked, "will you do with the teeth? Are there many of them?"

"Yes," said the chief, "there are many teeth, but some are no good, as the points turn down. As you caught the fish, the two great teeth are yours."

"No," I replied, "I am a stranger with you, and the line and the canoe were yours."

"That is not the custom we follow. You caught the fish, and the two great teeth at the inner end of the jaw are yours."

I did not say what I thought at the time, but in my heart I said, "If I get them I will keep them hid away in my mat; and if ever I see Popo again, I will give him one; and if I get Rehu for my wife, the other shall be hers."

We continued to sail all day and slept ashore at night. We landed at Ngunguru and stayed there all night,

but did not get anything, as it was a poor place, just a hollow in the middle of a hill. The next day we passed Motu Kokako and landed on one of the islands in the Bay of Islands.

Chapter Eight: The Story Told by Maro's Mother

Maro repeats what his mother has told him. Mihi and Niho come to Mount Eden to live. Kapu spends one day with Tutu and then returns to Mount Eden. Tata and Popo talk of the future.

"Now you will remember," said Maro as he changed his position and stretched his cramped limbs, "that all I have said about Popo and his love up to the time of the *pakuha* was told to me by my mother. Then the events of that night and succeeding days I told you from my own memory, for I was there, and it was then I saw Rehu and loved her. I had seen Popo when I was a very little boy when I did not know how to remember. I could not hold in memory what was passing round me till the time I saw Rehu, and then was the first day of remembrance when I looked at people and listened to what they said, and kept in my head what I saw and heard.

"Now I must continue the story of Popo as it was told to me by my mother, for I was not at this time at Mount Eden."

The Story of Popo as Told to Maro by His Mother

The *tangi* for old Rahi was over, and all the *hapu* had gone to their own homes. Mihi had come back to this *pa* at Maunga-whau, and Niho was with her. They could not remain at Otahuhu lest Niho should be killed by some of the people of that *pa*, as all chiefs of rank leave a *poroaki* to be fulfilled, and he did not know what old Rahi might not have enjoined on his tribe. So Niho and Mihi lived at Mount Eden with our people.

Kapu, the sister of Popo's mother, had returned to her *pa* at Wai-raka with Tutu, so that her promise given to the chief might be ratified by her presence one day in the *pa*. Then she left Tutu and his people and returned here on the same day.

Tihe did not remain with us but went back with the people of Taka-runga on their return. She had lived here for many summers, even from the time that Popo had become a young man, but though she was of our tribe, she was not of our *hapu*. Tihe had left her relations for many summers and had become as one of our *hapu*, but now that she had taken Tohi as her husband, she did not stay here. We could all see that for many moons she had been in love with Popo, but that he had not loved her.

The mat which had been used as a charm in her attempt to bewitch and kill Popo, which had been taken from him by Tata the priest and given to Tihe, had been taken by her with her other *taunga*

Both Williams and Tregear give *taunga* the meaning of a bond of affection between families. Here it would seem to mean domestic possessions. (A.G.S.)

to the *pa* Taka-runga. Popo had done nothing about this mat, but he had thought about it a great deal.

One evening when the moon was full and everything lay calm and peaceful in the moonlight, Popo came out of his house and ascended the bank to the south. He went to the eastern part of the *pa* to the north of the *rua kumara* (which was kept sacred, and in which food was stored for strangers who might visit the *pa*), and having gained the most northerly bank of that outpost, he sat down and looked towards the *pa* Taka-runga. For some time he sat in silence until a young woman issued from a house nearby. He gave a slight cough, and she knew his voice and came towards him. Calling her by name, he said, "Go to the house of Tata and say you saw me sitting here looking towards the sea over which Tainui came here with our ancestors, and say I wish to talk with him."

He had not long to wait before Tata, clothed in one of his best new mats, came and sat down by his side. "I am here," said Tata. "I know that you wish to speak of our sacred things, so I have come in a mat which has not been in a house with cooked food, nor has it been worn by any human being before.

Great care had to be taken not to violate *tapu* by contact in any way with cooked food.

Speak, my child, and I will also talk."

"Yes," said Popo, "I have long been ill. I did not want food; I did not want kind words; I did not wish for sunshine; I did not want your love. All these things I have had from our own people. I had all your love —yes, more love than I can repay. My body was not ill but my head was sick. I had a great fear, and it is this which has for so long made me look like a dead man. I could walk with your assistance; I could look with my eyes; but the power to walk and to look were not of me. My soul was dark, but it was not on my own account. I felt sorry for one I could not love, and I was afraid her love would make her *whakamomori*.

Commit suicide.

This, O Tata, was the root and sole cause of my being so ill. I feel now that I can live, since that one whose love I could not return has taken Tohi as her husband;

but, O Tata, I want to know why the mat used by her to *makutu*
Bewitch.

me was taken by you and placed in her keeping. Did Tainui come by way of Otahuhu? And did our female ancestor Mahora cause the canoe to be held by her sacred incantations whilst crossing the portage, so that all the warrior sailors of that day could not move the canoe till she again repeated her sacred incantations and thus allowed the canoe to be dragged across the land?

An incident during the portage of Tainui from the Waitemata to the Manukau. In 1848 Bishop G. A. Selwyn wrote: "From Onehunga the creeks of Manukau stretch eastward like the fingers of a great hand, as if feeling for the neighbouring waters of the Tamaki on the opposite side of the island. A narrow neck of less than a mile in length, and rolled into a sloping surface of smooth turf by the passage of native canoes, is the only separation between the eastern and western waters, which flow up over flats of sand and mud, to our New Zealand Isthmus of Corinth."

What am I that a woman should repeat her incantations over me, so that I, like the canoe Tainui, should be held half-way between life and death? When I had the mat again I became well. Now that you have again given it to her, I am again held in the space between sea and sea; I do not see life; I do not see death; but I am held by a spell between the two, neither seeing, hearing nor feeling them. I do not like to be in this life as I am. I have no power to go and see the one I love. I have no promptings of heart to make me perform the deeds of a brave man in love—one who will dare the whole world and live or die to obtain the one who is loved by him. I love my people—I love each one, and for fear lest Tihe should kill herself I have not gone again to Awhitu to see Rehia. Why am I thus kept, half dead and half alive?"

"Speak on, my child," said Tata, "speak on, and let the moon hear your words. You know that our ancestors say that the moon never dies. Though it does appear at times and looks as though it were dead yet it comes up again as though newly born. You shall be like the moon! Now you are not as you wish, but the time will come when you will be the balm of our people in peace and in war, when you will act as all great chiefs do. Make your name great."

"This is the seventh month of the year," Popo replied. "Tihe has gone with her husband to the *pa* Taka-runga, and the eighth month is the season when the *karoro*
Seagull. *Larus dominicanus*.

lays its eggs on the Rangitoto reef outside Tihe's present house. In the ninth moon the *kaka* will come from the north and go south, alighting on the peak Ngutu-wera in their passage. In the tenth moon, when the summer fogs cover the bays and inlets at dawn of day, the *kuaka*

Godwit *Limosa novae zealandiae*.

will pass over the Whau portage. Shall I live to see the people gather the eggs of the *karoro*, kill the *kaka* and take the *kuaka*? Answer me, O priest!"

"Yes," said Tata, "you will see all this and more. You will see the gods of your fathers; you will be more intimate with them than with men. You are our great bird of song; you will even speak and sing things we cannot understand."

"I am not what I am," said Popo. "There is a cloud in my eyes, my heart does not see things as it did when I was a boy. I am here with you, but I feel in another world. Why is that?"

"Men and gods are not alike in body, but in spirit," the priest replied slowly. "When the *ariki* is as beloved by his people as you are, the *mana*

Prestige.

of his people is given to him and he is more god than man. That is why you feel as you do. Live your two lives—live as our chief and be nearer to the gods than we are."

"I do not want to be idle," Popo said. "I want to let our people see that I can work, but when I wish to work my thoughts are riven in two. I see things in two lights—part is of this world and part not. I feel as though I were two beings. My brain is filled with beings who chatter continually and I cannot drown the noise. I feel at war with myself. I want to act but cannot. I want to think, but my spirit is tossed hither and thither. I cannot even make myself believe that I am a man. Why is this?"

"Ah, boys of your rank are not like boys of the younger branch of the family. You are of the direct line of the male ancestors of your family, and as such you are in the direct line of the gods. Tiki was a god, and your family is directly descended from Tiki. Your people acknowledge you as their supreme chief, hence your double life, that of man and that of a god. It is from this that there comes the double feeling you have in your mind. Live, O Popo, and when the time comes to act we will call all the young people together and go to the seagulls' nests, stay the *kaka* in their migration, and at the dawn of day take the *kuaka* in their flight from the western sea. Live, O my son, and we shall see the days of just men, when you are again full of life, and are able

to do deeds that none can emulate. Live, and be our *ariki!*"

"It is now time to stop talking," said Maro. "My body is growing old and cannot do as much work as it could when I was a young man. My throat, too, is dry with telling this tale to you, so I must cease for to-day. I see our people coming from their work in the *kumara* plantations. Besides, the sun is beginning to sit down on the forest ranges of Titirangi, and the cold air from the sea, blowing over Rangitoto, is making me feel chilly. I will tell you the rest of the history some other day."

Rising, he stood and looked towards Te Whau and said, "There is a people living on the west coast of the *lana* you see up the Waitemata, who for years past have brought the fat *toheroa*

A succulent shellfish. *Mesodesma ventricosum*.

for our people from the sea beaches, and the fat *kanae* we enjoy from the Kaipara river at Kau-kapakapa. Of these people I will tell you at some future time. Do not speak of what I have told you until you have heard the whole story."

He turned and went to the house of the old chiefs. At the same time, Atua, the old priest, who had been listening to the tale, also rose and followed him, leaving the young women sitting on the *marae*.

Chapter Nine: The Mystery of Atua

Maro has broken off his story as night falls. A dispute arises in the whare matoro and Atua disappears. Tata mourns the loss of his brother and search is made for him, but in vain. A meeting of chiefs is called and after discussion they decide to leave the matter to the will of the gods. Offerings are made to the gods and the tapu removed. Maro tells Puhī some discreditable episodes of Atua's youth.

That night the young people had their evening's amusement in the *whare matoro*. The old people were occupied with a tale of some of the great chiefs of olden times, and a dispute arose about some point of ancient history, in which Atua took a leading part. As his version of the point in dispute was questioned by some of the older men, Atua got very angry and was heard to mutter to himself. Then he rose and left the house.

Day dawned and the morning meal was cooked. As each family and company of men sat down on the *marae* around the food which had been set out for them, it was noticed that Atua had not come to take the special food prepared for him. This food was always placed by itself at some distance from the others, and on the east end of the *marae*, so that he was a conspicuous figure, and his absence was noticed at once. When the people had eaten their repast, Atua's food remained untouched.

When Atua's absence was noticed, a profound silence fell on the people. Some of the old chiefs could be seen looking now and again at the *kai*

Food

placed for Atua.

As is the custom, the young women came to take the baskets out of which the people had eaten their food, so that they might throw them on the *tuahu*. As Atua's basket was untouched, none of the girls could muster up courage to handle it, but each, as she passed it, showed signs of dread, and dared not go too close, so it was left on the *marae*.

The sun had not ascended far above the Wairoa range, and it was time for those who attended to the *kumara* plantations to go to their work. Usually there was a great noise and bustle, each party collecting their implements and proceeding on the way to their work. Now they rose in silence and left the *marae* as if each was the only one there.

The old chiefs remained in silence, nor did any of them rise and speak, though they were the leaders of the people. They had the right to allot any portion of land occupied by the *kumara* to any family or *hapu*, but this day none of them gave orders. Now and then their eyes would turn to the gates of the *pa*, and to the roads which lead up to them, as if expecting someone to enter or be seen coming up the paths.

Atua had never taken a wife as he was of the *ariki* priests who have the power to make and stay war, and who cannot marry. There was no child or wife to ask for him, none who could speak of him as father or husband.

When the sun had set, and the *kakarauri*

Evening shadows.

came over the *pa* and hid the scenery from view, the smoke of the *hangi* did not as usual ascend to the sky. In the dim light of the moon the forms of some of the young people could be seen issuing from the *pa*, and directing their footsteps in different directions. The moon was shining full on the *pa* and the surrounding country when the messengers were seen coming back. As they came up the paths leading to the *marae*, they went and sat at some distance from the old chiefs. All was still; not a breeze fanned the leaves of the trees.

They had sat in silence for some time when Tata, the priest of Popo's family, and the younger brother of

Atua, was seen to rise. He coughed two or three times. Those who composed the audience—the old chiefs of the Mount Eden tribe and those who had been on the secret mission—did not move or look at him.

Tata looked at the moon for some time and, extending his two arms, he waved them to and fro in front of him. At the same time he began to weep. Between his sobs, he cried, "O moon! O moon! All our great men have looked at you, and all our people have seen Rona and his calabash and the *ngaio* tree on your face.

An account of this legend will be found on page 199. Rona, it should be noted, is usually described as a woman. As she was caught up by the moon she grasped a *ngaio* tree in her hand, but it was dragged out of the ground. The Maori could see Rona and her calabash and the *ngaio* tree all in the moon.

We have seen you come and go. Old men and women have sung their songs to you, and about you. O moon, you die and live again. Man, when he disappears on earth, is lost. You die in darkness but come back in light. Why does not man do the same?"

Then turning round and looking, first on the old people, and then on the men and women messengers, he said, "O Atua, where are you? I know the incantations which can cure the sick, heal the wounded, calm the sea, stay the storm, but who knows the ceremony which can tell as where to find Atua?"

Moving his left hand over his eyes, he dashed the tears from his face and said, "O you who have been sent, I will ask you each what you saw at the *pa* you visited."

As the moon slowly crossed the starlit sky, and the shadows lengthened and changed and moved silently across the *pa*, the messengers told the tale of their enquiry and search in the neighbouring *pa*. While they spoke, the chiefs listened, silent and motionless, and from the *whare* there came no sound of life. Only the occasional staccato demands and questions of Tata and the melodious tones of the messengers rose on the cool night air to break that all-pervading silence. When they had all spoken and no clue to the disappearance of Atua had been discovered, Tata came out into the middle of the *marae*. He wore a dirty, worn-out mat tied round his waist as a *maro*. Passing up and down the *marae*, he said, "These are my words, O chiefs; you have heard the words of the messengers. It is not my part to dictate to you. You are the *pukorero*

Orators; well-informed.

of our tribe. Not only is mine the pain for the absence of my brother, Atua, but the same darkness broods over you all. What am I that I should speak now? You know why Atua has gone away. Mine was not the knowledge to entitle me to contradict him disputing the traditions of our people. Let those who are the *pukorero* say why Atua is not here."

Tata was about to continue his speech when an old chief who had lost an eye in battle rose. This man, when a young chief, had taken a fine-looking young woman as his slave, intending to make her his wife. While in the act of holding her by the hand, she, being a powerful woman, had tipped him up, and while he was prostrate on the ground, she had gouged out his eye with her thumb. This had taken place while he was young, but it had not in any way made him less impulsive. On the contrary, since that day, not only had he rebelled against constraint of any kind, but he had married the woman who had robbed him of his eye, and had taken nine other wives.

Jumping up from where he was sitting, he came to where Tata was standing and said, "Sit down, young man! I have seen more die and live again than you have. Atua was your elder brother; your father and mother were his also; but in knowledge he was not our elder brother. If we know all that he knew, why should we hold our tongue in his presence when he is not rehearsing our history correctly? Look at my head, and then look at the heads of those chiefs who have sat all day waiting for your brother. Say if you can see, even in the light of the moon, the colour of old age on our heads. You know that we are the teachers of the young men of our *hapu*—that it is for us to teach the history of the past. Do ignorant people know how to act correctly? Does ignorance give men the power to discriminate between right and wrong if disputes arise in our *pa*? The knowledge of the past teaches us all whom we are and what rank we hold in relation to the gods; and all the power we wield is gained from being taught correctly by our learned fathers. Then why, if Atua has spoken what we do not admit to be the true history of our people, why, I ask, are we not to be allowed to correct him? Atua is a proud man. Then, for fear of hurting his pride, are we to allow our young people to learn incorrectly the history which in future will be their guide in the settlement of disputes? No, O Tata, no! We all know that if we, as the *pukorero*, teach what is not right, or we commit a *pakewa*, it is an omen of evil and of death to him who so far has lost his memory.

The recitation of *kamkia*, etc., must be repeated correctly, and without hesitation, or it is an evil omen.

Atua is not here. Why, I ask? It may be that he has been led by his *pakewa* to go to the other world! My words are ended."

A grandson of old Manu said, "Hearken, O fathers, to my words. As Atua is not here, let our old men be called, and let us hear what they say. Let us hear the point at dispute which so enraged Atua. You all know or have heard of the days when Popo was a young man, and of the trouble that was caused by the mat which was taken and, through Tihe's influence, used to cause his death. You must all remember how long Popo was a *moho-ao*

Wild bush man.

and what pain we all felt for him whilst he wandered in the woods at Titirangi. Cease, O Tata, to bring any cause of evil on your people. Let the words of my grandmother Mihi Rangi be the guide of your deliberations, and let the absence of Atua be spoken of in clear light. Let the men who have seen and who know the darkness of strife be those who shall speak to us. My word to you, O old men, is to let me send for the old men of the different *pa*, and let them only come here and listen to what has been said. Then they shall say if Atua, or those who contradicted him, are right. I will not say any more."

A whisper was heard amongst the old men, and then with one voice they said, "Yes, O child of Mihi, your word is the word of life to our people. Let messengers be sent by you to ask the very old chiefs of the various *pa* to come here. Let none but the very old men come, and we will be here to speak. Tata can be the *upoko* Head.

of the *pukorero*."

"Yes," said one of the oldest of them, "let them arrive, let not anyone *powhiri*

Wave, welcome.

to them. Let not any food be cooked in this *pa* on the day we hold our *runanga*

Council, assembly.

; and let those who come, and let those who are here, not eat till we have settled the question mooted by Tata."

The next evening, at midnight, one solitary person could have been seen standing in the middle of the *marae*. It was the grandson of Mihi Rangi. He called with a loud, deep voice, the voice of old age, hollow, yet deep and full. "We weep for those who die, we sorrow for those who are not here, yet we love those who are with us. How can man live unless he eat? We have sat in silence all this day. Even our children have forgotten their games. How can we say that we are brave if our children starve? We are only great in that degree to which we can see our *marae* filled with children. Birds are only beautiful by reason of the fine feathers they have; trees are only good by reason of the fruit they yield; and we are only great when our tribe is increasing in number. If we meet our enemies in battle, how are we to stem the tide of Tu

The god of war.

if our children are but a poor skeleton of puny men? Rise, I say, O you who cook food for the tribe, and let us eat. The full stomach has more to do with the power of a man's arm for war, and offers more light to the heart when in grief than all the tears and weeping, and all the cutting with *tuhua*

Obsidian.

that a whole tribe can do. Rise, I say, as our mother Mihi Rangi would have commanded if she were here, and cook food for the young and for the aged. If any of our people like to *whakatiki*,

Fast, keep short of food.

let them do so, but as no *tapu* has yet been put on our storehouses, open the doors and let us act. We shall hear and see enough when the sun shines again to make us sorrowful. Rise, I say, and cook the food."

"Yes, O people," Tata replied, "cook that which will keep us alive, but let the women and girls keep still. Let the men cook what we are to eat. We know not what has become of Atua; it may be evil, it may be good. Let the men cook the food that the gods may not contend against us. Man is of the line of elder brothers—he is of the gods, but woman is not.

The offspring of Rangi and Papa were all of the male sex, and when they wished to create mortal inhabitants for the earth, they had to seek the female element in the earth itself. The first woman was formed from the earth, but Tiki-te-po-mua, the first man, was created by the gods.

Let the men cook the food, as all food is of the offspring of the younger brother of the god of man."

Rehua, who lived in Tiritiri-o-Matangi, the eleventh heaven, was the god of food. Tape, the great god of nature, is the god of man. It was he who made Hine-ahu-One, the Earth-formed Maid, whence came the children of men.

The young men, together with a few of the older ones, came out of their houses, and the *hangi* were lit, but only fish and *nani* were cooked in them. Not a *kumara* was seen in all the *kauta*

Cooking sheds.

of the *pa*. As soon as the *hangi* containing the fish and *nani* were *poki*,

Covered oven.

other fires were lit and the young men sat round in a ring, each with a bundle of *roi*

Fern root; the rhizome of *Pteris aquilina*.

at his side. This *roi* had been dipped into water a little while before, so that when it had been roasted, the subsequent pounding would cause the mealy part to fly away. The *roi* was placed in the fire and turned over and over to cook it properly, and when it was cooked, it was laid on a round stone and pounded with the *paoi*.

Wooden beater.

When five or six pieces of *roi* had thus been cooked and beaten, they were put together and beaten into one, which made a cake about the size of a man's fist. As the fish and *nani* took some time to cook, and as there were ten or more fires at which the *roi* was being roasted with about forty young men to cook and pound it, the old men made flax baskets, in which the *roi* cakes were collected. As soon as the fish was done, sufficient *roi* had been cooked to afford a cake for everyone in the *pa*.

They assembled on the *marae*, and in silence received their portions of *roi* from the old men who, basket in hand, went round and laid before each one a cake. The fish and *nani* were placed here and there on the *marae*, so that four or more sat down before one basket to partake of the midnight repast. When the meal was over, the young men collected the *paro* and threw them on the *tuahu*.

Day was beginning to dawn when the grandson of Mihi Rangi lifted up his voice. He was the first to break the silence. "Come, O sun, and shine on all our people. You are kind to us all, we are warmed by you. Let me speak to our people while you are still below the *pae*,

Horizon.

so that when you look at us, our people may have your light to do their work. O our young men of swift feet, go to our *pa* and say, "The old chief of this *pa*, Maunga-whau, asks the head chief only of each *pa* to come here to-day. We wish them to hear our words which will be spoken on the night when the sun of this day has gone to the west. Go, O young men, go!"

In a little while a young man came out and, putting his hands to his lips, gave a shrill whistle which sounded the words, "*Kopere, kopere taua!*"

Hasten, hasten all!

The shrill sound of the notes had not died away before the young men, dressed in various kinds of mats, came out from the houses facing the *marae*. No one had more than one mat on his shoulders. As soon as the young man who had given the signal saw that there was a messenger for each of the *pa* to which, on a former occasion, Tata had sent a message, he turned and went out of the gate which leads towards the north and came down to the spring of water on the level ground. Here he stood and repeated to his companions the names of the *pa* they were to visit. As he named each *pa*, one of the young men would leave, until at last they had all departed.

None of the messengers held anything in his hand, and, save the mat thrown over his shoulder, carried no ornament of any description. On arrival at the various *pa*, they went at once to the middle of the *marae*, and called, "I come, I come. The word is from an old man of Maunga-whau. O old chief of this *pa*, you and you alone are to come this day to our *pa*. This night your word is to be heard in our *pa*." Each of the runners proclaimed the same message in the same words. As soon as he had spoken he left the *pa* without another word and came back to Maunga-whau, where he put off his mat, reclined himself in his ordinary garments, and associated with the people.

The house where the old people amused themselves in the evenings was cleared out by the young men, new fern spread over the floor and mats laid over the fern at the upper or west end of the house. All the doors of the *whare matoro*, the stranger's house, and the principal houses of the *pa* faced the east, and were built thus so that the verandahs could be used by those who came out at dawn to feel the warmth of the morning sun.

In the evening the young men made *kapara*

Torches made of resinous wood such as *rimu*, *kahikatea*, etc.

for the house where the old people were to assemble. Soon the old chiefs began to enter the *pa*. Some of them were very old men. They entered the *whare ariki* and, sitting on the mats placed there for them, they leaned their staffs against the side of the house, near where they were sitting. As they were the head chiefs and had come to the age when man needs a help on the road, nearly every one had a staff. It was the medium through which they consulted their gods. They placed them close to where they were resting as an indication of their presence and *tapu*, which none of the common people dared approach. These staffs were not made of the wood from which the ordinary weapons of war were fashioned, but of *rimu*,

Dacrydium Cupressinum.

koroi,

White pine. *Podocarpus dacrydioides*.

or even in some cases of *matai*,

Podocarpus spicatus.

and each had a knob at the top. Nor were they made straight like the *tao*

Spear.

but were cut so as to form a zigzag or serpentine form. As these were staffs of peace, the form was different to the straight *tao* of war, as also was the timber of which they were made.

Each chief sat in the *whare ariki*, and by dusk they had all arrived. Two of the *kapara* were lit, and Tata and the old chiefs of Mount Eden entered the house. The torches were stuck up in the spaces between the two

parties.

Mihi's grandson rose and said, "O fathers, welcome! You have come to talk over our darkness. Welcome!" He sat down, and silence reigned for some time. Again he rose and said, "O our old men, are all the chiefs here who were here on the night Atua left us?"

An old chief said, "Yes, we are all here."

"Then mine are the words to which the old men shall listen. Men have two ears and two eyes, yet only one heart. Let your ears and eyes hear and see what we shall hear and see this night; then say what you shall say. Hearken, O my fathers I Not many nights since, we were in this house talking, some about one part of our history and some about another. As we talked together in groups we could hear the voice of Atua rising above all the others. At last one of the chiefs said, '*Aheiha?*'

Yes, truly it is so.

At the same time four other chiefs who were in a group with him and Atua burst into a loud laugh. We all looked round, as Atua said loudly, This is my word. Tainui did not cross this portage.'

"Then," said one of the others, 'why do our older chiefs say that the *karaka* which now grow at Awhitu are the paddles of some of the crew of Tainui ?'

"Atua replied, 'How could Tainui pass over this portage at Otahuhu, seeing Manuka is a lake? Do you not see, and have you not seen in days gone by, the island which extends from Paratutau far out to sea, where our old men set the *kumara*? Where is the road for a canoe to pass out?'

"Yes," said another, 'true, if a canoe had not legs lent to it. If a canoe had to walk of its own accord! But our people who came over in Tainui dragged her over the sandbank at the island you speak about.'

"Atua again asked, Then what do our people say about Tohora-nui, the heap of stones on the coast beyond Tokenau, not far from Whangaroa, which were placed there by the sailors of Tainui? Those stones were put there so as to form a figure like to a *tohora*.

Right-whale.

If Tainui had come over the portage at Otahuhu, how could she have been at the mouth near to Manga-nui?'

"In the same way," said another chief, 'in which a canoe can go along the coast and then come back.'

"Yes," said all the other chiefs, 'you are right and Atua is wrong.'

"Atua rose and said, 'We shall see when we talk to the old men in the Reinga.' Having said this, he went out of the house. We have not seen him in this *pa* since, O our fathers. We have sent our messengers to ask if Atua was at any one of the *pa* you occupy, but he has not been seen. That is all I have to say."

One of the old chiefs asked, "Is that all you wish to say? If you tell us all, then we can tell you what our words are."

For some time no one answered. Then Tata was seen to move to and fro, and finally he lay down full-length on the ground. One of the nearby chiefs said, "If Tata wishes to speak, let us hear what his words are." Tata did not reply, so the last chief to speak said, "I was one of those who disputed the words of Atua. Why should I believe what Atua said? We all know that Tainui left her anchor near the mouth of the Piako in the Thames. As that anchor was brought from Hawaiki, would the people dare to go along the west coast without her sacred anchor? All things which come from Hawaiki are sacred, and having come from the land of the gods, that anchor would be better able to hold Tainui than any stone which might have been obtained in this land. Let my words cease here."

Another old man of the same party said, "I also laughed at the words of Atua. Atua was no older than I. I can remember when he was a boy. I was a young man then and sat in the *whare ariki* while he was still a boy. I had been there to knock the ashes off the *kapara*, as the two young men are doing here to-night. It was then I heard the history of our coming to this land, and I say, why should Atua turn sulky when we, who are older than he, dispute the knowledge of the past? I ask you, O old chiefs, did one of our ancestors who lived at Kawhia steal the *kumara* from the *rua* of his neighbour, and did the blame fall on the thief? Who does not know that Hotu-nui was blamed, and that he left Kawhia and came to the Thames? Did anyone call a meeting so that the thief might be known and punished? No, our ancestor was blamed though he was not the thief. He was so ashamed at the theft being blamed on him, that he left his wife and young child that was yet to be born and came to Hauraki. Who knows for certain to this day who stole the *kumara* for which Hotu-nui was blamed? Some chiefs tell this part of our history and say that our ancestor was the thief, others state that he was falsely blamed. Then why should we be silent in regard to where Tai-nui had sailed if we heard a different account from Atua's? But I say we did wrong to laugh at Atua, because he is our priest. Our laughing at his words was the evil of our conduct." The old man sat down.

Another chief rose and said, "I am as old as any of you. I am not a boy. The wrong version of our history did appear childish to me when Atua spoke about Tainui as he did. Yes, I forgot myself, and I did laugh. That was the harm we did Atua. But why should we be silent when we hear our history rehearsed incorrectly? Are we the first of the old men who have disputed about it?"

"I ask you, where did Paikea land when he first came to this country? Some say on the island of Ahu-ahu near Aotea island, others say he landed at the west coast near Arapaoa. Again it is said that there were two men of the name of Paikea. Which is true? I say, let each chief believe what his grandfathers taught him. So ends my word."

Another chief said, "I will not speak many words.

I will but say yes, we did wrong when we contradicted Atua. I ask you, O old men, what is the name of the land where Tura remained when he left the canoe he was in when he was passing swiftly along the shore? Answer me."

The old chief of the Maunga-kiekie *pa* said, "We cannot tell."

"Then I will ask you one other question. As you chiefs have come here to judge us, I will ask my question. Answer me as lies in your power. Was the Tura I have spoken of, and the Tura who landed on the South Island, the same man?"

"Some say he was, others say he was not"

"Then I will ask you one other question. Where was the battle of Te Rato-rua fought?"

"Some say in Hawaiki, others say on an island some distance from Hawaiki."

"Then I will speak. If we are not certain of all these little matters connected with our history, why should Atua think he is so great that he cannot brook our disputing what he says? We all know that Tainui did come here, and that we are the Tainui people. We all know that there was such a man as Paikea, and also Tura, but there are many accounts of them. This is but natural, for our fathers lived in many places, and there was no opportunity for them to compare their versions. I say, let us not be boys again, or be sulky because the words which we learned from our forefathers are disputed by the grandchildren of others' ancestors. Let us be men, not sulky boys. Let all my words end here."

Mihi's grandson said, "If Tata does not speak, then these are all the words we have to give you, O old men."

Tata rolled over as he lay on the mat, but did not speak. The old chief of Maunga-kiekie rose and said, "The evil you have done to Atua is in laughing at his words. As I am the oldest man here, I will say what we all think. O our fathers, these are our words to you. You live together in your own *pa* and see each other every day. All of you are *tapu* and the young people respect the *tapu* and do not come near you, but you have become so familiar with each other that you have forgotten you are the *kaupapa*

Medium.

of the gods; we say that Atua has through his nasty temper gone from this *pa*, and the gods may perhaps cause him in his evil temper to lose his power of correct thought, and he may die. For fear of this evil coming over many of you, for fear of this people becoming *porangi*,

Mad.

you must appease the gods.

"We also say that Atua was a child of great men. If he has allowed himself to be so enraged that he has caused the gods to cloud his mind, he and the gods alone must do that work. If he does not come back, he and the gods will know the cause. Live in peace, O children. Let no action be taken for Atua. Let all you do be done to appease the gods, and not to arouse the revenge of the heart of man. That is all we say to you, O our children."

He remained standing when he had spoken these words and said to the other chiefs who had come to Mount Eden, "*Ka haere taua.*" They all rose to their feet and followed him out of the house and down the hill until they arrived at the spring. Here they all sat in a line in front of the spring, and in the dark, as best he could, he broke off a branch of the *karamu* shrub and dipped it into the stream at a little distance from the spring. Then he repeated a *karakia* over them, and while saying the words of the *karakia*, he held the sprig of *karamu* over the head of each chief as he sat with his head bowed on his knees. Having ended this, they all rose and walked into the fern and slept till dawn of day. The sun had not shone over the face of the country before the chiefs dispersed to their own *pa*.

That morning two decrepit old women with matted and dishevelled hair, covered with old mats, came out of the hut near the old chief's council house. Walking with the aid of a *toko*

Staff or walking stick.

they descended from the highest point of the *pa* and took a northerly direction until they came to the knoll where the *tapu rua kai* for visitors was. There they waited for a short time as if looking for something. Then one of them gave a whistle, while the other called "*Moi-moi!*" A number of dogs collected round the two aged beings. With her left hand one of them pointed to a dog and called it to her. Then with a flax leaf she dexterously tied a knot round the neck of the dog. The other woman walked down the path leading to the *wahi tapu* on the flat on the north-east side of the *pa*, where on former occasions the rites of *tapu* were performed. The one leading and the other following with the dog, they arrived at the *tuahu*. Here they tied the legs of the dog, and lifting it on to the flat stone there, they placed it on its back. Taking a piece of wood of about the

length of a man's extended arms, they placed it across the dog's throat and pressed it down firmly. The old creatures held on to the stick until the dog was dead. Then they lifted the dog down on to the ground and watched for some time to see if the gods had accepted the sacrifice. As blood had not issued from the dog's nostrils, the gift had been accepted by the gods. The one who had lead the way to the *tuahu* took a piece of black *tuhua* from her girdle, and holding the dog on its back, she cut a hole in the left side at the end of the ribs. She put her hand into the cut and drew out the dog's heart. Holding it up and looking to the east, she said:

*There is now held up the Hau,
Offering.
The food for the gods.
There is the Hau, the Hau held up
From these Priests, from these Kaupapa,
The Hau, the Hau for the gods.
Let the evil omens cease,
Let the angry Heavens cease in their rage,
Let all the thousands above be appeased,
Let all the thousands below look on.
Let Tu, and Rongo and Tawhaki be appeased.
There, that is the Hau for the gods.*

She laid the reeking heart of the dog down on the *tuahu* and stood looking at her companion. The other old woman produced a *kauati*

The piece of wood placed on the ground in fire-making.
and *hika*

Used in this sense, evidently the friction stick. See note 35 below.

from her girdle and placing these before her, she knelt down, and rubbing the *hika* briskly on the *kauati*, a slight puff of smoke soon came from the dark brown powder-like dust on the *kauati*. When it was smouldering, she wrapped it in a bundle of dried *kiekie*

A climbing plant. *Trycinetia Banksii*. "A few days ago when I was in the woods with some of the girls, they found a very handsome white flower, like a huge magnolia, which they call *Kiekie*. They told me to eat it, which I did, and found the flavour very agreeable. The leaves look like those of a short species of New Zealand flax, and grow in good-sized tufts on the trunks of forest trees, up which the parasite *kiekie* climbs. . . . The leaves of the *kiekie* are used to make the best kinds of floor mats and baskets." *Further Maoriland Adventures of J. W. and E. Stack*. Reed.

leaves which the other woman had collected whilst the *hika*

The action of kindling fire by friction.

was being performed. She swung the little bundle round and round in her left hand as fast as she could till it burst into flame. While she as doing this, the other woman collected some sticks and placed them at the foot of the *tuahu*. When the flame was seen, it was placed on the *tuahu* and the sticks put on it so that the fire soon blazed up. The dog's heart was put on it and the wood replenished till the heart was consumed. Taking a *hara*.

A bent stick which indicated the place of death of a chief.

many of which were in the *wahi tapu*, they stuck it up so that it leaned against one of the scoria rocks near the *tuahu*. They placed the body of the dog on top of the *hara*, and without a word turned away from the *tuahu*, and went back towards the *pa*. Near the spring at the north of the *pa*, they were met by another old woman who had a calabash of water in her hand. As they met, the woman with the calabash asked,

"Is the Hau given?"

In concert they replied,

"The Hau is upraised."

Question: "Did the gods receive?"

Answer: "The omens are true."

Question: "Did the thousands above

And the many below

Accept the Hau ?"

Answer: "All are appeased."

Reply: "Return, return and rest in peace."

The two old women bowed their heads, and the woman with the water passed by them on their left and proceeded on the road towards the *tuahu*. Having arrived there, she stood and said to the others who had followed her,

*Come, O my children, come,
Come that I may wash with you,
Come that the tapu of your hands
May not remain to defile our tribes.*

The two old ladies stretched out their hands above the ashes of the fire where the dog's heart had been burnt, while the other woman poured water on them. After they had been washed clean they shook off the water to dry them. The *ipu*

Calabash.

was then dashed on the left side of the *tuahu* and she said, as the others remained with their hands outstretched,

*There is your sacred food,
Food for you, O gods.
We have lifted up the Hau,
We have given you food,
O you of the world above,
And to the world below,
We have ceased to be sacred now.*

Turning round on her left foot, she left the *tuahu* and the others followed her till they gained the principal *marae*. The calabash-carrier called in a loud voice:

*The Heavens are clear,
The gods now sleep.
Man can act and wake,
Evil has departed.
The gods are propitious.
Awake, O people, to life,
The curse is removed
And we are alive.*

As with trembling steps the three old folk sought their huts, a clamour of rejoicing could be heard all over the *pa*. The people came out of their *whare* and hastened to the *kauta* to light the *hangi* for the morning meal. Not one of them had eaten since the cake of *roi* and fish had been allowed, before the meeting of the old chiefs. And so there came animation and joy to them once more. There was talking and laughter, and the running about of children.

When the food had been cooked and placed on the *marae*, all had partaken of a substantial repast, and the three old women had been fed by one of the women. They sat at the points of a triangle with the women who was feeding them in the centre. Each was squatted on her knees with her hands behind her back. Then with a *tirau*

Hard wooden fork.

the feeder took a piece of flesh, bird, *kumara* or whatever was cooked and placed in their mouths, and each in turn was fed in this way till all the food on the *kono*

A small basket for cooked food.

was consumed.

The *kono* had been collected by those who cooked the food, and had been thrown on to the *tuahu* when the

priest of each senior branch of his family arose with his *toko* in his hand, and calling to the people of his *hapu*, left the *pa* and led the way towards the *kumara* plantations of which he had charge. When the priests arrived at the part that was to be weeded that day, they stuck their *toko* on the line where their people were to work, and sat down. The old people sat amongst the *kumara ahuahū* and pulled up the weeds, placing them in baskets made for the purpose. When they were partly full they were taken away by the women and the girls and boys. The men who were superintending the gathering of the weeds placed them in heaps called *moa* on the borders of the plantation.

At sunset the people returned to the *pa*. Maro was there, sitting in the place where he had told the first part of the history to Puhī and Moho. The evening *hangi* had been *poki* and *huke*,

Dug up.

the food had been eaten, and Maro remained where he had eaten his food. Puhī saw him as she crossed the *marae*, and going up to where he was, she sat down and gave a slight cough. Maro looked round and said, "I know why you have come to see me."

"No," said Puhī, "you do not. I am not so tiresome as to ask you to tell the tale of your history now that the sun is set. I want to ask you why Tata is not so full of Hfe as he was when Atua was alive."

"How can you ask such a question?" asked Maro. "Did you not hear, and have you forgotten that part of the tale I told you about the mat which was bewitched and hidden under the stone? I told you that when Tohi took Tihe as his wife, Tata gave the bewitched mat to Tihe, who has kept it in her family ever since. You must have seen, by what I told you, that Tihe was in love with Popo, but as he could not love her, and as she was obliged to take Tohi as her husband, she wished to kill Popo by witchcraft. It was for this reason that the mat was taken as the medium to kill him. Tihe has kept the mat in her family ever since, and as Tata was the chief who asked for it from Popo, and gave it to Tihe, there is no doubt he was cursed by the gods. But the gods do not always kill those who have committed the sin. Atua was here with us and listened to our talk, and he heard all the history I have told you. Being a priest, he ought not to have partaken any food after he left us till he had performed the *karakia whakanoa*

A *karakia* used to make a thing ordinary or free from *tapu*. (A.G.S.)

over himself. He went at once from where we sat and ate food in a house. This is the repayment of the evil that was done when Tata gave Popo's mat to Tihe. Atua's own sin has led him away."

"Ah," said Puhī, "men may be gods, yet they die as we women do. It is not only women who make evil by their disputes. Men sometimes forget when truth is truth. Why do they hide part and tell part in their own interests? Tohi, the lover of Tihe, was a near relative of Tata and Atua and Tihe has many people to set her crops. Tata and Atua could be her priests, and could command the workpeople of her family. Maybe this was the cause of the mat being given by Tata to Tihe."

"I do not know," said Maro. "I have my thoughts about that, but it is not well at all times to allow our thoughts to be born into the sound of the voice. Children sometimes do evil for which their parents are killed, but how much worse are the thoughts of the heart which, like evil children, become alive and are born as words into this world. I do not know. No. I do not know."

Puhī replied, "My friend Moho has gone over to the Taka-runga *pa* and will not be here again until all is quiet about Atua?"

"Why speak of Atua?" the old man asked. "I do not wish to remember him. Girls do not know, but I know why He is not here. When Moho comes back and you see me sitting here on this *marae* soon after the sun has come up in the east, I will continue the tale of the past and tell you all the history. I am not weary of talking to you. I know you will have a great chief as your husband, and if you have any children, you can tell them what I told you. Maybe they will cry and shed tears for me when I am no longer here.

"You asked me why I thought so much of my grandson, Ronaki. He and I are the only chiefs of our family alive. He has not taken a wife yet. and perhaps he may never do so, so that there will be no one to shed a tear for me when I am dead. Then perhaps your children will weep tears of sorrow for me. Ronaki is living with our relatives in the Thames, and I live here; the distance may kill his love for me. Even if he does have any children, his sons and daughters may love those of their mother's tribe, and not me. I only know that I love Ronaki." The old man was visibly affected. "Come another day, and I will tell you our history."

Several days passed before Maro had an opportunity to speak to Puhī and her friend. But he watched his chance, for the old man wanted to unburden his heart. Then one day Moho returned. Puhī met her as she came through the gate.

"What is the news of your *pa*?" she asked.

"Nothing but the talk of Atua going away," Moho replied.

At that moment Maro came close to the two young women and joined in the conversation. "Yes," he said, "Atua is gone, and to none better than himself is the reason known.

"This much I will tell you. Mihi Rangi had a son and he took a wife of our people. She was of high rank,

and Atua loved her, but she would not have him. It was Mihi Rangi's son whom she chose. These two young people lived together and loved each other a great deal. They had a daughter which lived until it could walk and speak. It could talk well as it was the child of an *ariki* and therefore had great knowledge. One day it was seen to play with a piece of *tawa*

Beilschmiedia tawa.

wood. The bark had been cut, so that it looked as if it were carved all over. You know the *tawa* bark is black and the wood is white, and as this branch looked pretty, the child had picked it up and was playing with it. Some of the old people asked her where she had obtained the *tawa* branch, and she replied that she had picked it up on the *marae*.

"Her mother did not say anything, but she knew that wood carved in that manner was used by our priests in their sacred ceremonies, so she took the piece of *tawa* and threw it away. The child cried, and some of our people made a fuss because the child of an *ariki* had been so treated. At that time Atua had gone to live with the people at Rarotonga, and did not see the child play with the piece of wood, but as the father of Atua was a great priest and had used such carved wood, Atua had learned the art from him.

"Days passed by and the little girl became ill. She ceased to eat but was ever talking; her little body was like a fire, and at last she became *porangi*. In her delirium she forever talked of the carved wood and of Atua. Then she died and we all wept. As Atua was one of the priests whose duty it was to carry the corpses to the cave at Te Tatua, he came back to our *pa*, but all the time he did not speak one word.

"Old Mihi Rangi was of the priest line by birth, and in order to learn who had killed the child, she went to the spring and there repeated the *karakia*. Soon she saw reflected in the water the face of Atua. When she told her son and his wife, they were so afraid of being dealt with by *makutu* by Atua, that they left our people and have not been seen since."

Maro rolled his eyes and glared at the girls from beneath his brows. "Why should I make much ado about his going away?" he cried. "He has gone the road he caused others to go before him. Sharp teeth do not always chew the soft flesh of their enemies; at times they are broken by unexpected bones; and sometimes even the very flesh over which they gloat in revenge has in it some disease which is not of immediate effect, but at last causes the same trouble to come on them as they brought on others. Enough! I could talk for days of such things, but what good would come to you if I were to tell you of the evil there is in the midst of our people? The great grief of my heart is that I shall be taken to the cave unwept, and not a child or grand-child of mine will sit before my corpse and weep over me."

He turned to Moho. "What does my *auwahine*

Sister-in-law.

say?"

"She is very old now," Moho replied. "She repeats the same words as you. She often sings songs of the olden times, and then she says, 'I am alone—all my children are dead—and there is but one grand-child of Maro to cry over Maro and me!' She told me what a beautiful girl Rehu-tai was, and that Atua was a man of evil, that it was he who caused the death of all her children, and many more of our tribe, so that the people could not weep for him nor send anyone to seek for lum."

"Yes," said Maro, "I know all that and more. But now I think that you two girls will ask me to continue my tale. You are like the sun on a stormy day. The clouds roll in great heaps before the sun and hide his rays for a time. But soon there comes a space between the dark clouds and the sun shines from that spot on to the earth, and looks to see if he can make the dark earth light up, and teach the grass and trees which are bowed down by the storm to rise up and look full of life. Yes, you girls are like that! When evil comes to us men, you women wait and watch and see if there is an opportunity to direct our thoughts from the darkness that beclouds our minds, and to speak some words which by the sunshine of life may again lift up our minds to light and action. Yes, you girls and women are like that! I, an old man, have been filling your ears with words of evil omen, and have told you our evil deeds. Do not heed my words, nor let them roll over your minds like black clouds over the face of the sun on a stormy summer day. Let us now sit here and I will tell you of the days when I was young and full of bold love to my beautiful song-bird of day-dawn, Rehu-tai."

Chapter Ten: The Story Told by Maro's Mother

Maro resumes the story he heard from his mother. The egg-gathering expedition to Rangitoto. Popo is still unwell and it given a steam bath. Popo accompanies the Ngutu-wera people and stories are told of Rona and the Moon, and of the origin of the rocks at Te Whau, and of Pupuha Kiekie. Popo asks questions about the west coast district

The old man went to his hut and brought a *tapau*

Floor mat.

and laid it down and sat on it. "Sit in front of me," he said, "and let us look to the north. Let us look at the *pa* Taka-runga, and to Ngutu-wera or Onewa *pa*, and to Wai-raka, because the history I am about to tell you took place at those *pa*."

The Story Told to Maro by His Mother

I have told you what Tata said to Popo, and what Popo said of himself. I have told you how Tata spoke of the eggs which at the correct season were taken from the reef to the west of Rangitoto. Large parties went out to collect the eggs of the sea-gulls.

It was not many days after Popo and Tata had talked to each other that Popo asked me to go to the people of the *pa* Taka-runga and ask if it was time to look at the Rangitoto reef for eggs. I went, and some of the young men of that *pa* came back with me. Popo and Tata met and talked with those young men, who returned that day to their own *pa*.

It was a clear, bright morning when we saw a cloud of smoke rise from the Takapuna point. Three times the smoke ascended like a ball. Popo, Tata and about thirty of the young people, men and women, left this *pa* and went down the path that leads to Wai-ariki. We found three canoes which had come across from Takapuna waiting for us. We paddled across and went round the point and landed in the sandy bay beyond Takapuna.

As we landed we were greeted by a host of young and old people from the Taka-runga *pa*. Among them were Tihe and her husband. The canoes in which they were to embark were drawn up on the beach near ours. As soon as we landed, the people of the Taka-runga *pa* who had come across for us left our canoes and joined their own people. An old chief wearing a rough mat stood on the beach and said, "I will go across first, and when I have got half-way to the rocks where the gulls have their nest, let the canoes of Popo and his party follow me. Let our people follow them."

The old man was a priest, and he paddled off from the beach in a small *kopapa*. He had tied his *ngeri* round his waist as a *maro*, his head was besmeared with *kokowai*, and his body was glistening with shark oil. By the time our canoes pushed off from the shore, he had gained the centre of the channel, so our young people pulled briskly. As he landed on the rocks, a flock of gulls rose and flew hovering and screaming above his head. He did not take any notice of them, but took an *egg* out of the first nest he saw. He held it up in his left hand, and as our young people ceased paddling, he looked toward the east and repeated an incantation:

Tane,

The god of nature.

O Tane, there is the offering,

The offering we left to thee,

The offering of these priests,

The offering of these tauira.

Scholars.

There if the offering now given.

Tane, O Tane, make plentiful,

Give abundance to these thy sons,

Accept the gifts of these ancients.

Coming back to his *kopapa* he paddled to a little sandy beach on Rangitoto and waved his hand to us to follow. Then he landed and sat down. All the canoes landed and we of this *pa* sat apart from the Taka-runga people, higher up on the beach, and nearer to the high-water mark. The others sat neatf the water's edge. The old priest now came and sat between the two parties and said, "All face towards the east." We all turned. He lifted up the egg in his right hand and said:

Tane, O Tane,

Here is thy child.

Gently let us possess,

Let pleasure gently come,

Let us possess

The much longed for,

*Let the hand possess,
Delight the hand of man
In giving that which
We strain our powers
To seek, Tane, O Tane.*

We all sat still, and he rose and broke a branch of a *pohutukawa* growing on the beach, and taking it with him, he went to the water's edge and waded into the sea until he was up to his knees. He dipped the branch into the water and, looking at the rocks where the sea-fowl nests were, he waved the dripping branch of the *pohutukawa* towards the rocks, singing as he dashed the water off it:

*Tane, O Tane,
Untie, untie thy power
From these thy sons.
Let the omens be propitious,
Let the hosts above
And the hosts below
Be propitious,
Let the sun and stars
Be propitious,
Let the winds and dew
And Tawhiri-matea
 The god of wind and rain.
be propitious,
Let thunder and lightning
And the pa be propitious
To these thy sons.
Tane, O Tawhiri-matea,
Take the tapu from
These sons.*

Again he went into the water up to his knees, and dipping the branch into the sea, he lifted it up above his head with his left hand, and shook it so that a shower of drops fell on to his head and body. While he was shaking the branch and sprinkling himself, he said:

*Accept the gift,
The gift of Tu.
The breath we breathe,
The breath of Tu.
The power we wield,
The power of Tu.
Let the sin of old,
The sins of Tu,
Tane and Tangaroa,
Come,
Tawhiri and Tawhiaki,
Come,
Rongo*

*The god of peace and agriculture.
and Haumia,*

The god or personification of the aruhe, the edible rhizome of the bracken. Haumia and Rongo are coupled together in the arts of peace.

Come,

*Come to the mana
Of Tu.
The sun shines,
The sea is calm,
The winds now sleep.
Sleep, ye ancient powers.
Let Rongo rule
And meet Haumia,
That these thy sons
May abundance have.*

He came on shore again, and as we all sat in the same place and in the same position, resting on our heels with our hands before our faces and our eyes shut, he walked along the line and at the end he turned and gave a loud cough. Then he went along the line again till he came to the person nearest the sea. He looked up the line and coughed again, and said, "The omens are propitious. You are all in a straight line. Rise!" At his word of command we all jumped up together and stood erect. Taking the branch of the *pohutukawa*, he walked up to the tree from which he had broken it, and throwing it near the exposed roots, he said:

*Wait, O mana of the gods,
Stay thou here till I and
My children go yonder.*

He then collected a lot of leaves and the dead branches which were strewn over the beach. Returning to his canoe, he took from a bundle of dry *kiekie* leaves his *kauati* and *hika*. Coming up some distance above high water mark, he sat down, and with one end of the *kauati* placed under a stone, he took the *hika* between his two hands, allowing the lower end of the *hika* to project a little distance beyond his little finger.

Then he briskly rubbed the *hika* into a groove on the *kauati*. A dark dust accumulated near the end of the *kauati* as the *hika* was rubbed to and fro. A wisp of smoke arose. As soon as he began to rub the *hika*, he repeated this *karakia*:

*I hika, I hika, a fire
For Tone and for me.
There is the fire, O Tane,
The fire of life.
Let us, O Tane,
Each be warm,
Let the sacred fire
Of Mahuika*

The goddess of fire from whom Maui stole fire. Mahuika pursued him, but Maui called the rain to his aid, and in self-preservation Mahuika was forced to various trees for shelter. The wood of these trees is used in the generation of fire, and particularly the kaikomako, which is frequently utilised for the kauati burn.

*All the tapu
From these thy sons,
I hika, our sacred
Fire, O Tane,
For thee and for me.*

Taking the ball of dust from the *kauati* he placed it in the middle of the dry *kiekie* leaf and swung it round and round in his left hand till it burst into flame. This he laid on the beach and placed the brushwood on it and made a fire. When the fire had burned down to embers he took the egg, and holding it in his left hand he struck one end of it with a pebble so that the shell was broken. With the broken end of the shell uppermost, he placed it in the midst of the embers where it was soon cooked. Then with his left hand he took it out of the embers and walked up to the *pohutukawa* tree and placed it in a hollow among the roots. This was the tree to which all such

offerings of eggs were taken, and had been so used for generations by the people in our *pa*. He took the egg and placed it in the hollow, saying as he did so:

*There is your food,
The food for the
Thousands above.
There is your food,
The food for the
Thousands below.
The food, the food
For your thousands
And for your myriads.*

Stepping a few paces from the tree, he walked backwards with his hands outstretched before him and said:

*Now is Tu great,
Now Tu can eat,
Tu has appeased the wananga,
Sacred lore
Tu can take his food now.
Steep we—all sleep
In quiet.
Matarik*

*The Pleiades, the Little Eyes. The festival of the new year was held at the time of the rising of the Pleiades.
has risen,
The harbinger of the year;
And plenty accept,
And take thy food, O Tu.*

The old priest went to his canoe and took a mat and tied it round his loins and came back. Standing before as all, he said:

*The day is clear,
Evil is gone,
Man can work,
The gods are great.*

Turning again to the *pohutukawa* tree, he held out his left hand and spitting

The use of saliva in connection with ritual performance, and particularly in securing good fortune in hunting, fishing, etc., is well known.

into it, he slapped the hand and spittle on to the left side of his head, saying at the same time:

*The gods are sleeping now,
And man can work.
The mana of Tu is great,
His power is high.
The younger owns
The elder's power.*

He walked down to the beach, stepped into his canoe and sat down. Then, taking his paddle in his hand, he called, "You can all come now."

We got into our canoes and paddled after the old chief, who had pulled towards the rocks, which are a little way out in the sea. When close to the rocks the old chief waited for us and told us to land so that the females might go first, then the boys, and then the men. As we landed we were to collect the eggs from the nests. We

were to go in a line and were not to pass in front of each other. As each canoe landed, the people did as they were told by the priest. The women and girls collected the eggs and went on in front in a line. The boys and men followed with baskets made of the bark of the *totara* tree. These baskets were made of the bark so that the eggs would not be broken, as would inevitably have happened if they had been put in a common basket. As each basket was filled, it was brought and placed in one of the canoes. By the time it was high water and the sun was *tikaka*

At the zenith, noon. (Note: John White.)

we had obtained many thousands of eggs. We did not want to paddle through a rough sea, and soon the sea breeze would raise the waves as the tide went out against the wind. The canoes were all laden with eggs, so we paddled across at once and landed on the sandy beach whence we had departed. As the Taka-runga people carried their eggs on shore we noticed that Tihe was wearing the mat that had been *makutu*-ed by her priest and had been hidden near the spring at the Raro-tonga *pa*. When Tata saw that Tihe had donned the mat, he was angry and at once exclaimed, "Give the mat to me, O woman. We came here to-day to obtain food, and you wear a half-rotten mat! Give it to me!" Tihe gave him the mat at once, and the Taka-runga people carried the eggs they had obtained up to their *pa*.

We waited till the tide had reached low water, and at flood tide left in our canoes, crossed the river and landed at Wai-ariki. Popo had not spoken once since he saw the mat on Tihe, till we landed at Wai-ariki. Then he said, "O Tata, as you have the mat, you must be the last one to come up to the *pa*. Let those who carry the eggs go before, and you and your mat come up last. Come by yourself, be the last of our party to enter the *pa*."

That evening our people had a feast. The eggs were cooked and eaten with the *panahi*¹² root and the *porotawa*.

A fungus which grows on rotten timber, especially on the *tawa* tree.

The next day Popo was not able to walk. He was hot and perspired greatly. He did not eat much food, but could talk and laugh as he was wont to do, but his legs were too weak to let him move about.

The *kumara* crops had been taken up and all the *rua kumara* were filled with food. It was spring again and the sun was becoming hot. The *pipiwharau*

The shining cuckoo, *Chalcococcyx lucidus*. "The call of the shining cuckoo, harbinger of spring" is the wording, translated, of an old Maori proverbial saying. The clearness and peculiar quality of the call notes of this little migrant singled it out for his special notice. ... A number arrive in New Zealand from overseas in September. Such birds are sometimes found in the Auckland district in an exhausted state, as if after a long flight, but otherwise in good condition. . . . Being comparatively small they are more often heard than seen, but may sometimes be detected on account of a habit of flying from one tree to another after whistling. *New Zealand Forest Inhabiting Birds*.

had been heard to sing, and the *kaka* had begun to pass over our *pa* in twos and threes, on their way to the colder part of these islands.

Popo had not been able to go with any of the parties who went to fish or kill rats. He was not well and he was not ill. His body was like that of a man who forever talked to himself but said nothing to those around him. He lived in his own heart; he talked to himself and answered himself; he never said one angry word; he never blamed anyone, but was kind to all. If he did speak it was to ask someone who was quarrelling to cease.

It was nearly time to set the *kumara* crop again, when the people were looking at their *ko*, and tying the *teka* tight, so that they could use it and the *teka* not *pahuhu*.

Slip off.

One fine morning an old man and several younger ones arrived from the Ngutu-wera *pa*. They had come to ask Popo and any others who could go to meet them at Ngutu-wera on the following day, when they would *papaki*

Decoy.

the *kaka*.

The old chief who came with the young men was a relative of Popo's and was much practised in the use of herbs to cure diseases. Seeing Popo so much like a half-dead man, he at once ordered the people to go with him near to the spring on the north side of the *pa*. They dug a hole about twice the length of Popo's body. This hole was partly filled with wood, covered with large stones. Then a fire was put to the wood, which soon blazed up and heated the stones.

Whilst the *umu*

Oven.

was being heated, the old chief sent some of the young men to Puke-kawa to collect the shrubs *korokio*, *kawakawa*

Veronica Salicifolia or *Corokia Buddleoides*.

and *karamu*, while other young men collected the *uruuruwhenua*,

A tree-fern. *Dicksonia squarrosa*.

tutae-kuri

A grass.

and grapes. When the *umu* was sufficiently heated, the smouldering embers were taken out and the *kawakawa* branches were laid in a thick layer on the hot Stones. On top of these were placed the branches of the *korokio*, and next the *karamu*, each in a thick layer. While this was being done, Popo was brought in a litter by four strong men. When all the shrubs had been placed in the *umu*, a calabash of water was poured on the heap to put out any embers that might still be alight. Rough mats were placed on this heap, and on these Popo was laid, with mats on top of him, except for his head, which was kept free. Now and then the old chief ordered some of the young men to pour water round the sides of the *umu*. This was done by lifting up the corners of the mats and pouring water on to the shrubs. A gentle steam rose beneath Popo, and in a little time he began to perspire. While this part of the chief's orders was being carried out, he ordered a fire to be kindled, and on it were placed the grapes collected by the young men. When the grapes had been burnt to powder, the ashes were collected and put into a calabash of oil extracted from the roe of the *kanae*. The calabash was then stirred by a young man holding a short stick in his hand, until he had made the oil and powder into an ointment. After Popo had been some time on the *umu*, and, with perspiring so much, had become rather weak, he was taken out. The ointment was rubbed all over his body, and he was taken in the *kauhoa*

Litter.

to his own dwelling in the *pa*. When the sun had set, the ointment was wiped from his body, except from his knees downwards, and he was made to perspire again by piling mats on top of him.

When the day dawned, he was able to sit up, and by the time the morning meal had been cooked, he was able to walk on to the *marae* without assistance.

Ten days after the old chief had come to the *pa*, he announced that Popo was strong enough to join his party, and that, on the morrow, they would start from the *pa* occupied by the fishermen at Te To. He proposed that some of the people should accompany Popo at once and sleep at the *pa* that night.

The evening meal had been eaten, but it was still daylight when Popo and many others left this *pa* and went down the road to Te To. The old chief walked behind Popo all the way, and talked to him as he went. "You will sleep with me to-night," he said, "so that I may see what *hui*

Twitch. It was from the involuntary movements of the sleeper that omens were discerned.

you have, that I may know if you will be a strong man again."

"I only want to live to see Ata again," Popo replied, "and to tell her why I have not been to her *pa*."

"Yes," said the old man, "all young men speak as you do. I did so when I was a young man, but now I find there is more to do in life than to love a wife. We have to attend to *pakipaki kaka*

Decoy hunt.

now, so that you can think of that for a few days, and later of Ata. Love is good, but it is only the food of the eyes. There is another hunger—that of the stomach. To obtain that which will satisfy that craving is the great duty of man."

Popo slept in a *wharau*

Temporary house or shed for travellers and others.

outside the *pa* that night. At midnight he awoke with a gurgling in his throat. He slept again, and drew his right leg inwards, and at the same time, with a shout of triumph, he kicked out his left leg. The old priest did not speak, but kept silent till day began to break. When he could see Popo's face he sat up and said, 'I have been thinking of what I saw last night, but I cannot tell what your *hui* means. First you slept, and I heard a gurgling in your throat. This is death! But then I heard you draw a long breath, and the gurgling ceased and you awoke. The long breath means life! I do not know why you should have the omen of half-death and half-life. But we shall watch the *kaka* birds you take. After you have, as you may think, killed them, and any of them fly away, that will be the meaning of your *hui*.'

"But then, in your sleep, you drew your right leg up to your body. This is the sign of a coward. The right side of man is sacred to Tu. I know that you are a man of peace, and maybe it is that you will not allow war in your day. Then your left leg, after you had uttered a cry as do those who are victors on the field of battle, was kicked out with a strong jerk. This, truly, is an omen of much food. The left side of man is sacred to Pani,

God of food, particularly of the *kumara*.

so we shall take flocks of *kaka*. But I do not know, O Popo, what your *hui* means. There is evil before you, but you will not die. If it is war, you will not be killed, but will obtain your wish. There is death in your path; you will be partly overcome by it, but the power of the god Pani will save you, and you will be a chief of your people. Evil will overcome you, and there will be great weeping for you. But the gurgling in your throat says that the weeping of the tribes will end in joy. Even as you shouted the shout of triumph, so will your evil roll from you, and you will not die in sorrow."

The next morning, they all took their places in the canoes. Popo and the old chief were in a small canoe. As they pushed off from the beach, the old chief said, "Let not anyone pass this canoe. Let each one follow the other. Popo and I will go first." As soon as they had passed from the shore, with Popo in the *riu* Bilge.

of the canoe and the old chief paddling at the stern, he said, "Do you see the rocks which rise in the water like a fence? They extend from the shore across the river nearly to the Ngutu-wera point."

"Yes," said Popo.

"Did anyone ever tell you how they came here?"

"I have never asked, or no doubt I should have been told."

"The gods lived in these islands before men came," the old chief replied. "Some of them were travelling from the south, and they had come round by Papakura and over the portage at Te Whau. When they came to this part of the Waitemata they could not cross it as it was so deep, so they collected stones and tried to make a causeway. Day dawned before their work was finished, and as they could not work in the sunlight, but only in the darkness, the work was left unfinished. That is the origin of that fence of stones."

"Ah," Popo replied, "I have heard how the island of Rangitoto was made to stand in its present position. Maybe the gods of which you speak were the same as those who made Rangitoto."

"Say on," his friend answered, "say on and let me see if you have been informed correctly by your elders."

Popo settled himself more comfortably in the canoe. "Yes, the gods had to flee away at the coming of the sun. Perhaps they hid themselves in the Titirangi ranges, because I have been told that there were gods who once lived on the west coast near the Kare Kare stream. There was a peaked hill of rough stones on the coast in that district, and as the gods were boasting one day of what they could do, one of them said, 'I will pull up that pointed hill by the roots and carry it away and place it as an island on the east coast.' He was laughed at by the other gods, so he rose, bent himself over the pointed hill, embraced the rough mountain and, clasping his arms tightly, he straightened himself, and up came the hill by the roots. He threw it on to his shoulder and carried it across the forest ranges of Titirangi. He was a giant of a god! He intended to wade out to sea half-way between Aotea and this river, but as he stepped out further and further, the water became so deep that he was up to his waist. He was not bold enough to go further, so he threw the load from his shoulder, and thus was Rangitoto formed."

The old chief grunted, "Was that all they told you of the history of our district?"

"No. Say on, and I will now look at the words you utter and see if you have been taught correctly by your teachers. You may perhaps allude to Tara-mai-nuku?"

"Yes, I do."

"Say on then, and I will listen. I was taught by old Mihi Rangi te Manu o te Ata."

"Yes," the old chief assented, "Mihi Rangi is an old woman who has spoken to the people of ancient times. She is our *pukeroro* and can tell the history correctly. What I know was taught by our old men in the *whare matoro*.

"Tara-mai-nuku was a priest of olden times. Soon after Te Arawa and her crew passed the islands near Moe-hau, he was a priest of Tangaroa, and could command the fish of the sea. We all know that if a whale is seen near Rangitoto, that whale will surely come on shore somewhere in Hauraki.

"Tara-mai-nuku wished for a great many fish for a feast he was preparing for his people, so he ordered his men to make a net which was to reach from Whangarei heads to Moe-hau. The net was finished and was placed in the canoes which were to take it to the points I have named. He had placed the posts to which the ends of the net were to be fastened, and had put the Whangarei end of the net in the water. When he came to the Moe-hau end, he had some dispute with the chief in charge of the canoe in which that end of the net was contained. As this chief would not obey his orders, he was, for his disobedience, turned into a rock which can still be seen standing up in mid-channel between the Aotea island and the Moe-hau point. To this very day those gods who were with Tara-mai-nuku are the cause of evil to anyone who breaks their orders."

"What were the days of those deeds?" Popo inquired. "Were Manaia and his family the owners of the land at the Whangarei point of the net of Tara-mai-nuku?"

"Yes, and Manaia also felt the power of the gods. Manaia had a wife called Maunga-kiekie—the same name as that of one of our *pa*. He had two daughters and a slave called Paeko, and they all lived on the south bank of the Whangarei river, close to the heads. We all like fish, and the water at the heads of that river is shallow on the south side, where they lived, so the eldest daughter got blocks of stone and built a wharf into deep water, from which she could *matira*.

Fish with a rod.

She built the wharf during the day, but the gods of Tara-mai-nuku did not like their domain being used by a woman until a *karakia* had been repeated and an offering given to them. This was not done by the girl. She was a woman and did not know how to act with the gods.

As the offering was not made, nor the *karakia* repeated, the work this girl did in the daytime was undone by the gods at night, until at last the girl gave up the work in despair.

"Soon after this, Manaia and all his family were on a journey from Whangarei to the Bay of Islands. They all went—Manaia, his wife, the two daughters and Paeko. The slave carried a calabash in each hand and was accompanied by his dog. Manaia quarrelled with his wife as they were starting. They crossed the river and had ascended the rugged mountain on the north bank, and at the summit of that mountain, had sat down to rest. Here the dispute between Manaia and his wife was resumed. Manaia was so angry that he kicked his wife. Paeko interceded for her, and Manaia kicked her down the hill. The gods of Tara-mai-nuku had witnessed Manaia's act. His wife was of equal rank with himself. To punish them all, the gods turned them into stones, and on the hill now called Manaia. on the south heads of Whangarei, these four people may be seen standing—Manaia, his wife, and their two daughters, while half-way down the hill you can see Paeko and two round stones which are her calabashes, and her dog. It was because of this evil that all these people were turned to stone."

The old chief ceased, and Popo, who had been listening intently to his tale, said, "To-night I will ask you some questions about Rona."

By this time they had reached a little sandy beach to the eastward of Ngutu-wera. Leaving the canoe, the two ascended the cliff by a road winding round its face, and entered the *pa*. It was occupied by a portion of the *hapu* which usually lived at Waireka, and who, at this season of the year, took the *kaka* as they migrated south. As they entered the *pa* the women and girls waved their mats to welcome Popo. He went and sat down at once in the *whare manuwhiri*.

Guest house.

At dusk the old chief was heard to call from the *marae* of the *pa*, "let our people meet in the *whare korero* to-night. Let no one come with mats, but let each woman make for herself a *maro* of grass, and the men of *ti* leaves. Let no one who has been out to catch fish this year come to the meeting." Some of the boys made *kapara*, and had lit them in the *whare korero*. When all who had been invited assembled, the chief rose and said, "Popo has come to be one of us in the work of *papaki kaka*. Who are to be the *tutai*

Watcher.

to go to the mountains and light the signal fires to tell us when the flocks of *kaka* are seen to collect in the north?"

Presently a voice said, "I will go to Tamahua."

"And I," said another, "will go to Pitoitoi."

"I will go to Kau-kapakapa."

"And I will go to Mataia."

"And I to Maunga-whau."

"Enough," said the old chief, "enough, my children. Sleep here, and on the morrow proceed to these mountains. Take food for your journey, but do not tarry on the road to take birds, or to catch fish. Let your eyes be open, and when you see the *kaka* flocks coming south, light your signal fires that we may be ready. Enough. You can go to your houses and sleep."

The people dispersed, but Popo and the old chief and some of the other old men stayed in the house and slept there that night.

Popo now appeared to be much stronger than he was before he had been placed in the *umu*. He could walk and talk in his usual manner. As they were speaking of the *papaki kaka*, he asked, "when is the time for the *kaka* to come?"

"Since I was a boy," one of the old chiefs replied, "I have noticed that about one moon after the *pipi-wharauoa* has sung its song on its return to this land, the *kaka* migrates south."

"But why should the *kaka* go south when there is so much food for it in the north? There is the *miro* *Podocarpus ferrugineus*.

berry which is so full of oil for it to feed upon, and the *hinau*

Elaeocarpus dentatus.

berry so full of soft pith? These trees have plenty of fruit in summer. Then there are the *poti kete*

Small crabs.

which they eat."

"Ah," said the old man, "the food you mention is good, but the hot summer weather makes the *kaka* lean, and then they are annoyed by lice. A lean bird always has lice, 'the *kaka* does not live on berries altogether. It eats flesh when it can get it. It lives on the tops of the young fern stalk as it comes up on the plains; it eats grubs which it finds in decayed trees. Better to be fat and live on these things in the south than to be lean and be annoyed by lice."

"When does it have its young?"

"In the fourth month of the year

August

when the *karaka* and the *hou*

Panax arboreum.

are in flower, then the *kaka* lays its eggs. Some of the *kaka* make nests in the holes in the rocks, and in holes in cliffs. These are the *kaka* of the common flock and are all alike. But some of them make nests in the *puriri*

Vitex lucens.

in the hollows caused by the *moko-roa*.

A large white grub.

They are not the colour of the usual *kaka* but are a little lighter, and are called the *kaka korako*.

Some build in the hollows in the *hinau*. These are spotted light and dark; that is, they have dark feathers here and there on them, which are darker than the usual colour of the *kaka*, and these are the *kaka pipi-wharauoa*. Some have their nests in the hollows of the *tanekaha*.

Phyllocladus Trichomanoides.

These are the *kaka kura* so prized by us. Some build in the hollows of the *pukatea*.

Laurelia novae-zealandiae.

Some of these are spotted with light feathers and are called the *kaka kereru*. These are matured enough to fly south with the old birds in the sixth month, the moon when the *kohoperoa*

Long-tailed cuckoo. *Urodynmnis taitetuis*. "The call of the Long-tailed Cuckoo is easily distinguished from that of other birds. It is a loud shrill whistle or screech and is to be heard at all hours of the night as well as during the day." *New Zealand Birds*. W. R. B. Oliver, p. 426.

is heard singing its spring notes. But," said the old man, "the *kaka* does not only live on seeds or the kernels of seeds and on insects, it also eats the sweet water of the blossom of the trees, and the children of *Kupe*

The famous voyager who discovered Ao-tea-Roa and visited Te Wai Pounamu (South Island).

say there are such at the south."

It was now late in the night, but a woman's voice was heard at the door of the house saying, "Come, O our child, and eat with your fathers. The boys have made a fire on the *marae*."

The old men rose, followed by Popo, and went outside to where a plentiful feast of fish, birds, *roi*, *kumara*, *panahi* and *toheroa* were placed in *kono*. Two chiefs sat down before each *kono*, and Popo sat with his friend. When they had all eaten and returned to the house, Popo said, "When I was a child, old Mihi Rangi told me of Rona in the moon, and that there was some place in Kaipara where he used to live."

"Yes," said the old chief who had spoken about the *kaka*, "the words of Mihi are true. I have seen the place. I have talked with some of the sons of Tama-tea-pokai-whenua who live in that land. I have also seen and spoken to the children of those who came in the canoe Mahuhu who landed on the Taporapora mainland,, where they built a *whare kura*."

The house where *karakia* and other knowledge of a similar kind was taught.

"When will the messengers light their signal fires ? And when shall we *papaki* the *kaka*?" asked Popo.

"It may be in one day, and it may be in one moon."

"Then let us hear the talk of our father. Let us spend our days in talking of old times," Popo said, "so that I may lie here and listen to your teaching. So will I be able to gain strength to kill the birds."

"Yes," said the old chief, "I will tell you first the tale of Rona as I promised when we were coming across the river. In days long ago, there lived a man and wife and three children in the Kaipara. They lived on the flat opposite the landing place in the Awa-roa, a tittle way from the *pa* which stands on the first elevated point on the left hand as you go up the river. The man's name was Rona. They lived on the flat damp land near to a warm spring that bubbles up on the flat land some distance from the bank of the river. Rona and his wife had quarrelled, and she had left him. She had gone to live with some of her own people who lived near the lakes in the Pae-roa sand hills.

"Rona, being a man, did not know how to provide all that his family required for their use, and one night when it was very dark and the children were crying for water, there was none there. Rona had forgotten to provide it while it was daylight. The children kept on crying, 'O Rona, some water!' till the father became quite weary. He took a calabash in each hand, but like a stupid man he did not take a fire-brand to wave about and shed light on the road. In the dark he struck his foot against the roots of the trees which grew in the path and hurt himself. A second time he struck his foot. He sat down to recover from the pain, and as he sat there he could still hear his children saying, 'O Rona, some water !' He looked up into the sky and saw some stars, but they did not shine brightly enough to show the road.

"He was now very angry with pain, and said, 'Cooked head moon! Where are you now, that I am left in the dark to go on this road and kill my feet with stumps and stones? Cooked head moon, for not showing light to

me!

"He rose and went on, but the moon had heard his curse,

The head was especially *tapu*, and to use such a form of words was the deadliest insult a Maori could offer. and came down and took hold of him. Rona was taken up into the sky, but just as he was lifted off the earth, he put the two calabashes in his left hand and with his right grasped the thick bough of a *ngaio* to hold him to the earth. But the moon was in a rage and dragged him on, and as Rona held fast, the *ngaio* was pulled up by the roots.

"The children still kept crying for water, and even at that great distance Rona could hear them. Parched with thirst, they came out of the house and called, 'O Rona, where are you? Where are you? You are long away for the water!'

"Rona called from the moon, 'Here I am up here, with the stars and with the moon. No water here! Here I am, up above.'

"The children were afraid to go and get water for themselves, and on the morrow they went to seek their mother, and told her how their father had cursed the moon and was now up in the sky where he would ever remain, and not come to earth again. The mother came back with her children to the old home, and took another husband; but she never said one angry word to him, for fear that Rona and the moon would come some night and take her away also. When she lived with her new husband she would not go out of the house in the nights of the moon, especially at the time of *rakaunui*, as Rona and his calabashes and the *ngaio* could then be seen distinctly in the moon."

"Your words are correct," said another. "Those are the words I have heard from the old people when I was a boy."

"It is late now and I feel rather tired," said Popo. "I will sleep," and so saying, he laid down and pulled his mat over his head and slept. The old men talked for some time, and then one by one they, too, laid down and slept.

The next morning at breakfast, Popo asked, "Where shall we see the signal fire?"

"We must ascend to the peak of Ngutu-wera, and this we will do as soon as we have eaten our meal."

The chiefs accompanied Popo to the top of Ngutu-wera and sat down. It was a fine day and the river to the south of them lay calm and peaceful. The isthmus lay in front of them, dividing the sea on the west coast from that on the east. The distant hills of the Waikato were seen clearly in the distance over Waiuku, and the *pa* of Mount Eden, Mount Albert, Three Kings and Takapuna stood up from the flat country as though they claimed to be of more god-like origin than the surrounding country. The ridge of rocks which lay in a long, narrow line from Te Whau looked like a big rope stretched over the mud-flat.

After a long silence, one of the chiefs said, "I hope it will not be long before our people see the *pokai* Flock.

kaka and light the signal fires; but, while we are waiting, let us go back to the *kainga*

Village, settlement An unfortified place, as distinct from a *pa*, which is a fortified village.

and take a canoe and go out fishing. Our young people can watch for the signal fires."

They all returned and took a canoe and went out opposite to Ngutu-wera, on to the old fishing grounds where their fathers had for ages fished before them. Old Reko, one of the chiefs, had a hook on which was some human bone, and he was the first to catch a fish. "Ah," said he, "my hook is still the same lucky thing it ever was. Old Pupuha has not lost his witchery. He ever carries the sorcery to take fish."

Popo asked him, "Who was old Pupuha, and what was his history? What did he do? Did he die? Was he killed in battle, or was he murdered?"

"Ah, you may well ask about such a man. He was really a god of evil. As you have asked so many questions about him, I will give a history of his life till my father killed him.

"I must go back for years before you were born. As he still has relatives alive, you will not have learnt anything about him. Only we old men who are not with you have any knowledge of the man, and we do not speak of him to the people, because some of his relatives might try to obtain revenge for his death. I do not say in the presence of everyone what I have said today, but as I knew who were here, I could not refrain from expressing my feelings as I did. It was Pupuha who murdered my uncle.

"We, that is my father and mother and all our family, lived with the greater part of our Tainui tribe, with all our leading chiefs, in the Mount Eden *pa*. With them lived a high chief called Kokiri, and his wife. This man was a noted warrior and of high birth and of considerable command in our tribe. As his wife had not given birth to a child, she went to Kawhia to utter incantations and present offerings to Ue-nuku,

A greenstone ornament.

the block of stone in the Awa-roa creek. This block of stone was once a man who turned into stone and became the god to which childless women uttered incantations to give them fertility. She went and performed her ceremonies and chanted her incantations and came back, and some time after she returned it was said she

expected a child. At that time we had (I say 'we' because I am now telling you what I heard from my father) a meeting of guests at Mount Eden *pa* from the surrounding *pa*, and many dogs were killed. Ahi, the wife of Kokiri, saw the blood of a dog and asked for it. She got it and drank it, and a few moons after this gave birth to a son. The old women of those days said it was not like any child they had ever seen. It was a boy and seldom or never opened its eyes. He was very fair and had light hair. When old enough, he was baptised Pupuha Kiekie from the fact that he kept his head covered with the mat he wore, and made puffing noises with his mouth, so that we sometimes called him 'Puff-in-the-dark.'

"When he was old enough to play with the children of the *pa*, he could not see as well as they, as his eyes were light coloured, and he had to keep his hand over his forehead to shade them. But when the shades of evening came he could see better than all his companions, and we often called him a god when I was a boy, as he could see in the dark as if it were daylight.

"He never ate cooked food if he could obtain it raw, and blood was the greatest delicacy he could obtain. When he went with anyone to catch fish he invariably had a good feast of raw fish, so that when he came back to the *pa*, he went to sleep while the people cooked the fish.

"When he was old enough to take a wife, none of our young women would accept him as a husband, but spurned his love with loathing. This, my father said, made him sour in his conduct, and he eventually left Mount Eden and went to live in a cave at the Three Kings. As he was the son of a high chief, we did not object, though the bones of some of our dead had been deposited there. Of course, none of our people would enter the cave, and we did not know how he lived or how he procured food, nor what food his was. Our people looked on him as partially deranged, so that whenever he appeared at any of our *pa* he was welcome to any food that had been prepared for the people, but food was given to him in a separate basket as he was *tapu*, having lived in a cave with the bones of the dead.

"Our people were told that Pupuha had paid a visit to the people at Waiuku, and that a child had been lost about that time. Then news came that he had been seen at Wairoa near the Thames, and an old man had disappeared. Then news came that he had been to see some of our people who lived at Mahu-rangi, and had lived there for some moons, and a boy and a girl had been lost there.

"At this time he accompanied some of our people to obtain *kanae* on the west coast near Wai-takere. One day, one of the people there was reported missing.

Great enquiry was made over the lost one, and as our people had not obtained sufficient cured *kanae*, they went to the coast near Muri-wai. Once again a young woman was lost by the tribe there. Pupuha did not sleep with our people, but made night his day and slept at the time our people were fishing.

"When our people had come home with the fish they had caught, Pupuha went to his cave home and stayed there. None of our people ever saw smoke rise from the cave, but this they did not notice, as he always ate his food raw.

"After a time some of our people intended to go to Manuka to fish for shark. My father and mother went, and my uncle, who was an invalid, said he would go with them to eat some of the freshly caught sharks' eggs, as he had a desire for them. He accompanied them to the beach at Onehunga, but being fatigued, he stayed there, intending to return to Mount Eden in the evening when the sun was not too hot. He became lost, and no one knew what had become of him. Our people did not know that he had been lost until the shark fishers had come back to Mount Eden, which was not for two moons. When the news of his disappearance was known, the tribe sought for him all over the district, and some went to the more distant places. It was then they heard of the loss of those I have told you of at Waiuku, Wairoa and Mahu-rangi.

"The head chiefs of the tribe called a meeting of all our people to be held at Te Whau, just opposite to us now on the left bank of the creek. The meeting was to be held in the season when the *kumara* crop was taken up. The night before the meeting took place, a slave from the *pa* at Mount Eden was going to Mount Albert, but as he did not come back next day, a search was made. Someone went to the cave and saw some human bones there, but as he could not say if they were the bones of the dead deposited there or of those of someone killed, no notice was taken of it. Howbeit, the slave was never seen again.

"The meeting took place. As we had to wait some days for our guests to arrive, our people spent their time in wrestling, spearing and canoe-racing. Pupuha was there, and one of our young men received a wound in a spearing match, which Pupuha wished to suck. This so disgusted our people for his daring to suck the blood of our sacred men that some of them wished to kiU him. But as he was of such high rank, there were not many of our tribe who could be allowed to take his life, so instead he was made to leave the meeting.

"When the meeting was at last held, the head chief of Mount Eden said, 'This meeting has been called to hear what the people say regarding their friends who have been lost. It would not be right to allow some enemy to lie in our midst without our trying to discover who he is.'

"Those who had lost friends or relations told their tale of sorrow, and what they supposed had become of them. Our people, remembering the loss of those who were missed on the west coast at Wai-takere and

Muri-wai, did not speak, but some of them went in a body to Three Kings cave. There they found the head of my uncle and the body of the lost slave, with bones which were known to be those of people recently killed, and not of the dead deposited there by our tribe. Those who had gone to the cave made Pupuha come to the meeting with them, and they brought also the head of my uncle. The brains had been taken out and the skin had dried, and thus preserved the head.

"The prisoner and the head were placed in the midst of the meeting, and for some time perfect silence reigned. Then the females began to cry in a low tone. One by one, each family who had lost relatives joined in the weeping. At last my father rose and said, 'I do not wish to say many words, but I am of equal rank with Pupuha. We have proof of the acts of this man who makes day night, and night day. If I am not to do what I shall do, you must speak at once, or you may be too late to stay my hand.'

"The head chiefs said, 'Do as you intend.'

"My father walked to where Pupuha was held by those who had led him from the cave of the Three Kings, and struck him on the temple with his *mere pounamu* and killed him. My father then turned to the father and mother of Pupuha and said, 'You must do as you wish with your son.'

"All the people were taken by surprise, and each looked at the other as if waiting for some fearful act to transpire. The weeping women ceased to wail, and for some time there was silence, nor did anyone in that great crowd move; even the girls and boys sat in awe-stricken silence.

"An old grey-headed priest who had come from Mahu-rangi with his tribe rose. All eyes were fixed on him. He had been a man of tall stature and strong in limb in his young days. He had in his time been a warrior of whom his enemies were afraid. He was now bowed with age, and held a staff in his right hand by which he helped to keep himself erect. His hair was grey and his large beard flowing, but it was now covered with red ochre and whale oil which had come from the crown of his head. His hair was tied in a knot on the top of his head, and in it were stuck the feathers of a *huia's* tail. From his right ear was suspended a *kurukuru*,

A greenstone ornament.

and from the left ear a large shark's tooth. On his breast was a greenstone *heitiki*, and over his shoulders and down to his knees was a dogskin mat, the upper part of which was composed of a fringe of long dog-hair, and round his waist and reaching to his feet was a fine *kaitaka*. He rose in a calm, deliberate manner, and with a slow and deliberate tread, he walked to the centre of the crowd. His voice was not loud or shrill, but, as a chief's should be, of a low, deep tone. He looked round for some time, and then said, 'I am of the days of old, and my words shall be the last spoken at this meeting. I seldom speak, but when I do, mine are the concluding words. We all know that ours is a tribe of chiefs; but if anyone here can prove his rank to be higher than mine, let him speak when I am done. Hearken, O my people, to the words I shall utter. You all know the history of our tribe, and the origin of our gods. The gods eat each other. There was a god who could not be beaten by his brothers, and his brothers turned into fish, insects, fern root, *kumara* and other things. These were eaten by their brother gods, and so do we eat the bodies of our enemies when slain in battle. You also remember that our people had, for want of bread, to eat some of the crew of one of the canoes which came from Hawaiki to this land. But it was want and not revenge that made him do that evil. What evil have we seen in our midst to-day? Do I say that the one I now see dead has been murdered? Does man murder himself? Yes! Man does kill himself! His acts are so vile, and so against the ties of his blood, that for his evil he must be killed lest the people become distracted, and lest insanity take possession of the tribe and they become lost to bravery, honour or self-preservation and sink to less than the dogs we take the *kiwi* with, and at last die out as a people. I say Pupuha has killed himself by the hand of a chief of equal rank, so that justice has been given to him for his deeds. I will stand here and see what the father and mother and relatives of Pupuha will do after you have all left.'

"The men and women rose to their feet and went to their own *pa*. The guests who had come from a distance went to their canoes, and as they left not a word was spoken, nor did anyone look back.

"When they had all gone the old chief stood till the parents and relatives of Pupuha went to the corpse and made a litter of stalks. They tied it together with flax, placed the body on it and carried it to the bank of the Whau creek. They took it across in a canoe and carried it towards Titirangi, and were at last lost to sight over the fern hills of Kopu-paka. The old chief then went to the shore of the Waitemata, and on the mud-flat you can see to the north of us got into the canoe of his people and left for Mahu-rangi.

"Years after that I was born, and when I was a young man, as I was out here fishing with my father, he told me the tale. Years later, after I had been tattooed, some of our people went over to the west coast to the Ara-whata to catch young seagulls. On our return we were ascending a boulder-filled gorge on the south side of the Ara-whata creek. We were thirsty, and seeing a fall of water coming over a steep boulder hill, two of us went in that direction. Having slaked our thirst, we saw a cave not more than a man's span to the south of us. My friend was afraid, and so was I, but I said, 'Stay where you are and I will go and see what I can see.' I found a lot of white hair—that is, not the hair of an old person, but flax-white hair. I at once thought of Pupuha, and in my hatred towards the man, I sought for the bones and took those of one of his arms. These I hid in my

clothing, and this is part of one of those bones with which I caught the first fish to-day. I use it to revenge my uncle who was murdered and eaten by Pupuha."

"That is a good tale," said Popo, "and it is true. But as I have not been on the west coast, I cannot think what sort of cave it was in which you found the bones of your enemy. Tell me what sort of place it is, so that I may know it if ever I am there and see it."

"I have been on the west coast many times," Reko replied. "Some of my relatives live there. They are the descendants of Maki, and are called Te Kawe-rau.

Kawe = carry; *rau* = leaves.

Their ancestor Maki stole some *kumara*, and made a rope of the *nikau*

The New Zealand palm. *Rhopalostylis sapida*.

leaves to carry them, hence the name of the tribe. They are not over-scrupulous of the sanctity of their neighbour's property, nor will they hesitate to kill anyone who offends them. Still, they are of the Tainui people, and are from the same ancestors as we.

"They occupy the district between the Muri-wai and Manuka mouths. They have five *pa*. One is built on posts in the midst of the Wai-takere bog. This is the strongest of their homes, where they collect when evil news has been heard. Another *pa* is a small island on the sea-coast to the north of the Wai-takere river mouth. The island stands in the surf and is surrounded at high tide, but at low water the mainland side of the island is dry. It is not very large, but though surrounded by the salt sea and high above the water, there is a spring of clear fresh water at the top of the *pa*. There is only one path by which it can be entered, and one man could hold off a crowd of men if armed with a spear, as an enemy would have to use both his hands in order to be able to climb up the cliff. This *pa* has withstood many a siege and has never been captured.

"Then on the beach at Piha there stands a high island. It towers up high in the air, and is very steep on all sides. This is also a *pa*, and has been attacked many times, but has never been taken. A creek of fresh water runs by the island on the south side. Though the attacking party could see those in the *pa*, the occupants would be safe even from stones, as the sides of the island are so high.

"Then they have another *pa* on the north side of the Kare Kare creek, which stands on the edge of the cavity, out of which Rangitoto was drawn. The western foot of this *pa* is washed by the surf.

"Still another *pa* they have about half-way between Piha and the little island *pa*. This is where their fishermen reside in summer when they are taking fish for the tribe. The land is good and grows much *kumara*, *taro*, *hue*, *roi* and *pohue*. The sea yields much fish, and the forest rats and birds, so that whenever you go into that district, you can have good food, amusement in fishing and hunting, and security by night from an enemy."

"I will go there in summer if I am strong," Popo said. "But some of you must go with me to take me to every place of importance."

"We will go on shore now," Reko declared, "as we have caught sufficient fish."

They landed and partook of the evening meal. Popo, being fatigued, lay down to rest while the old people sat round the fire and talked.

Chapter Eleven: The Story Told by Maro's Mother

The great kaka catching expedition. A kaka kura is caught and presented to Popo. The birds are distributed.

As they sat by the fire, one of the old chiefs said, "I wonder if the young men have put up the little *wharau* under which those who *papaki* the *kaka* have to sit when the flocks have alighted? We ought to have known before now."

While he was speaking a young chief came in and said, "The signal fire is to be seen on the peak of the hill above Kau-kapakapa."

Reko asked, "Have you seen whether the ground where the *kaka* will alight is clear of everything that might frighten the flock away?"

"Yes. 'Since the middle of summer, when we burnt off the fern, we have removed every bush or stump that might frighten the *kaka*."

"And have the *wharau* been made?"

"Yes. We saw smoke on some of the Kaipara hills this morning, and immediately all the young men of our tribe went and obtained the leaves of the *ponga*

Tree fern. *Cyathea dealbata*.

and made a large number of *wharau*. In fact, we made so many that the top of the Ngutu-wera hill is

covered with them, and there are many more on the sides. They are about six or eight spans of a man's extended arms apart."

"And how high is the fern? Is it high enough to hide the *kaka* when he is walking on the ground?"

"Yes. It is about twice as high as a *kaka*, even when he lifts his head up to look round."

"But have you trampled down the fern when you erected the *wharau*?"

"No. In walking about we used our feet as we do when eel fishing or flatfish hunting—in bringing down our feet we pointed the toes straight down, and so not a single fern stalk was broken."

"You have done well," Reko replied. "The whole tribe must be ready before dawn of day to assist in the work. Our old priest Koma will give the orders. Go you and tell him that we are now waiting to hear his commands."

Koma lived by himself in a shed in a little valley to the eastward of the Ngutu-wera. The young chief had to find his way there as best he could with the aid of a brand he took out of the fire. Popo had woken up as the young man had entered the house, and he heard all that was said by him and by Reko.

The young chief waved the firebrand before him as he went along the path. Having reached the shed where Koma lived, he found the old man asleep. He sat down for some time, and then gave a cough. The priest awoke and said, "Who is this?"

"It is I, Tipa. I have come to tell you that the signal fire has been seen, and Popo and the older chiefs are waiting for you at the house of Reko. I have a firebrand to light you on the road. Let us go there."

The old man followed Tipa, and as he entered the house he asked, "Has any cooked food been in this house?" "No," Reko replied in surprise. "What makes you ask such a question? You know I am a priest, and would not allow it to be where I sleep lest the gods should kill me."

Koma shook his head. "Since Popo has been here I thought you might have forgotten the custom, as he is a chief of such supreme rank, and is not as strong as we are. With boyish thoughtlessness he might have eaten in this house."

"This signal fire has been seen," said Reko, changing the subject abruptly. "What are your orders?"

"Let the people cook our morning meal," Koma replied. "Let them cook it before the break of day, and let us have it all eaten before the sun is seen in the east. Let all but Popo stay here, and he and I will go and perform the ceremonies and chant the incantations on the top of Ngutu-wera. We will be there before the sun shines on us. I will sleep here to-night and watch the *hui* of Popo."

Tipa left the house to carry the counsel of Koma to the people, and Popo laid down to sleep. Koma, sitting by the fire, was the only one in the house who remained awake. Popo had not slept long before his legs twitched inwards and his arms were jerked towards his chest. Koma wakened Reko and said, "We shall have a good flock and shall kill many *kaka*. The *hui* of Popo are good. His legs were jerked up to his chest, and his arms also were clasped towards his chest. These are the signs of a great flock, and many will be taken. Now let us sleep."

Before dawn a low murmuring was heard outside the house, and Tipa looked in at the door and said, "Come out to the *marae*." They all rose at once, and by the light of a firebrand waved about by a young woman were led to where some *paro* of food were placed.

When they had all partaken of the morning meal, Koma said to Popo, "Follow me." He led the way up Ngutu-wera. When he reached the top, he sat down with his face towards the east, while Popo sat at a little distance from him on his right and looking in the same direction. Before long there was a flush of red in the sky. It became brighter and brighter, and then a vivid glow lit up the clouds. The two men rose, still facing the east. As the first gleam of the sun's face was seen, Koma began his incantation, accompanied by Popo, in a low chant:

Light, light the sacred fire to Tiki

According to one account collected, by White, Tane produced Tiki-tohua, who was the progenitor of birds.

It is probable that in this invocation, Tiki may be identified with Tane.

It burns on the sacred day,

Give, O give, O Tiki, the fat of birds,

The fat of the pigeon,

The fat of the kaka,

The fat from the spring,

The spring of what placet

The fountain in the sky

The spring at Rangī-riri

"Fountain of fish." *Ancient History of the Maori. Vol. One. John White, p. 48.*

That we may be able
To pour it out
As an offering to thee.

As they repeated the last word of the chant, they let their hands, which had been outstretched towards the east, drop gently to their sides.

They sat down again and turned westward to look for the expected flock of *kaka*. They saw them coming and heard the distant screaming of the birds, so they hurried into their *wharau* on the peak of the hill. No sooner had they entered than a number of men, each with a tame decoy *kaka* held on a long perch, came up the hill towards the other sheds, into one of which each man entered, sticking the perch of his bird in front of the *wharau*.

The flock was now near the Ngutu-wera hill, and each of the hunters threw a few scraps of cooked fern root to his bird. As the bird attempted to take it, it was touched with a long, thin stick and the fern root pushed away. This made the bird utter a loud scream, and as there were a good number of these decoys, the noise they made could be heard at a great distance. The approaching flock heard the screaming of the tame birds and were attracted to the hill, and in a short time they had all alighted on Ngutu-wera.

The flock was a large one. The *kaka* kept up a continuous screaming as they ran here and there in the fern, like rats in search of food.

The bird killers sat as still as death in their sheds, not even daring to wink their eyes. Nothing moved but the long wand each bird killer held on the ground with his left hand. It was used to convey food to the decoy birds, and the men did this by pulling the wand along the ground until the end was near to their feet. On it they placed a small piece of cooked fern root cake, and then pushed it out to the decoy.

Each bird killer sat in his *ponga* shed. The ends of the fronds were stuck in the ground in a circle, so that a man could just sit in it with his back and elbows touching the sides. The tops were tied together, but a small space was left open so that the bird killer could see his decoy bird, and from it could, with a dart of his right hand, catch any *kaka* which might pass close to it. The decoy bird was kept on a perch about twice the length of a man's arm. To the foot or leg was attached a string of sufficient length to allow the bird to get to the upper end of his perch, and to this string a bone of oval shape was attached. The foot of the bird was inserted through a hole in the bone, so that he was a prisoner to his perch. The end of the perch was stuck into the ground on one side of the opening in the shed so that the decoy could see the wild birds. When the bird killer put a piece of *roi* cake at the foot of the perch the decoy would at once descend and, in eating it, would make that peculiar noise made by *kaka* when they are eating anything of which they are particularly fond.

The wild birds heard this noise as they ran about in the fern. The bird killers' faces were hidden by the *ponga* fronds, and they sat with their right hands outstretched above their heads. When a wild bird came to partake of the decoy's delicacy and turned his back to the killer, the uplifted hand swooped down on the unsuspecting bird and pulled it into the *wharau*. Before it had time to make a sound its neck would be broken, and the *kaka* pushed back through the shed to the rear of the killer. Thus each man caught and killed the *kaka* that morning.

With most of the great flocks of *kaka* there is a bird which is quite red. This bird is the leader of the flock, and our chiefs are proud to possess such birds. They are wild and suspicious and shy, and are seldom caught, and therefore it is the aim of every bird killer to capture such birds. They are always keeping a careful watch for the *kaka kura*, and if it advances to any one of the sheds, the occupant does not capture any one of the common birds but allows them to come and hustle each other, while he again and again puts out the *roi* with his rod.

In this instance it was near mid-day, and many hundreds of birds had been killed when the *kaka kura* was seen by Tipa coming towards his shed.

He fed his decoy bird at once, and a crowd of birds congregated in front of his shed, each hustling the other to obtain the *roi* cake, till at last the red bird was so near the opening that he was within arm's length of Tipa. He waited till the back of the bird was towards him and then brought his hand down and closed his fingers firmly round its neck.

The previous night Tipa had had a dream. He dreamed that he was out fishing and had caught a red snapper. When he woke that morning he did not mention his dream to anyone, but he took two mats with him, one to wear round him, and the other to sit on. He had no doubt but that the red snapper of his dream was to be a red *kaka*, the leader of the flock, which he would be the one to catch. It was for this reason that he brought the second mat, that he might keep the red *kaka* in it.

When Tipa had caught the red *kaka*, he put it beneath his mat, and kept it there a prisoner till the flock

should rise on the wing and fly south. In its fear, the captured bird screamed louder than it had ever done in its life, and Tipa placed it in the mat as close as he could to the opening in the shed. This attracted the other birds, and hearing the cries of one of their companions, they came to see what was the cause. This gave Tipa the opportunity to capture the birds as fast as he could kill them and put them behind him.

By the time the sun had reached the meridian the flock began to lessen in number and appeared to be disquieted and on the move. At last a universal scream was heard, and the remnant of the birds took flight and went southward. Now and then they hovered in the air in answer to the scream of the red bird which Tipa had caught, but eventually went on their migration and were lost in the distance.

Popo and the old priest had now come from the sheds they had occupied. The priest went at once and took the bird which was first killed, and looking towards the east, held it up in his right hand, with Popo standing at his left side. Together they chanted:

*Start my medium on my pillow
Start my medium on my bed
Throw my medium aside
Hard medium.
Thy eye that looks behind
And your eye, which is out,
And can see plenty.
Give my property to me
My property that was planted
That was planted in land
That was planted near the sea
And set in the east,
And let females tremble with laughter
And let men tremble with laughter
And can see plenty.
Give my property to me
The god of war who art satisfied
And thou hidden god.*

Having chanted this to the gods, he gave the bird to Popo, and at once they went back to the settlement. Popo stayed some distance from the people till the priest had been to his shed and had returned to where he gave the bird to Popo. Then he tied it to a stake and stuck the stake up on the top of the ridge.

The people of the settlement now went to meet the bird killers, who had kept in their sheds all this time. Tipa, with his red *kaka*, was the first to come out of the *wharau*. His wild bird was in such fear that it made the decoy birds flutter and scream, to the no small annoyance of their keepers. When the bird killers had got to the *kainga*, Tipa went over to Popo and said, "O our young lord, here is a red *kaka* for you. As you are to our tribe what a red *kaka* is to his flock, it is right that you two should be lord and slave."

An old woman at once came to Tipa and took the bird, saying, "I will keep it for our young lord."

Those who had gone to collect the birds had by this time tied them in bundles of ten and had sent a messenger to the tribe to come and carry them to the settlement. Men, women and children at once rushed up the hill and came back heavily laden. In their joy they sang:

*It is Tu
It is Rongo
And Paia
And Ngongotahi
Heaps, heaps of
Food have come
To the earth.*

The people then took the birds and began to pluck them, while they talked and laughed and amused each other by letting the wind blow the feathers over them. As the day was warm and they were heated with their work, the feathers stuck to them, so that they looked like huge *kaka*.

The old woman who had taken charge of the *kaka kura* for Popo made a fire on the *marae*. She placed on it

some *manuka*

The "tea-tree" shrub. *Leptospermum scoparium*.

branches and some of *karamu* and *kawakawa*. She confined the red *kaka* in a basket made of the thick *aka* that is found climbing up the trees of the forest. She picked it up and swung it to and fro in the smoke, and at the same time held a conversation with the bird. "You have bitten me, but now you are in a cage you will have to learn to do as all birds that have become full-grown before they are taken. You shall swing here till you sneeze a few times, and then you will be tamed. The smoke in your stomach will take the wild and angry spirit out of you." She kept swinging the cage to and fro in the smoke until she was weary. At last the bird began to sneeze. "Ah, you will not bite me again. You will eat the food I give you and sit like a tame bird on a perch with a *poria*

Bone ring.

on your leg. The bird had sneezed many times and was now half-suffocated by the smoke. It had dropped down from the perch in the cage and was nodding its head in a half-stifled manner. The old woman went to one side and looked at the bird, and said, "Ah, your brain is not as strong as it was. You will be tame now." She opened the door of the cage and took the bird out, put its beak up to her mouth, opened the beak and breathed into it, until the bird's breast heaved with the breath she breathed into its lungs. It had hung its head down, but now it lifted it and gave a loud scream. The woman again breathed down its throat, and said, "So I have tamed you, have I? You must not bite me again." She placed the *poria* on its leg, and tied one end of a string to a perch, and the other end to the *poria*. Thus placed, the bird held the perch tightly with its feet as the old woman swung the perch to and fro. "Ah," she said, "you will be a pet for Popo and all the tribe at Mount Eden. Be quiet and do not scream or bite those who touch you." So saying, she stuck the perch in the ground in front of the hut in which she lived, and sat and watched her new pet.

The bird pluckers had finished all the birds and had tied them in bundles of ten and put them all in a heap. One of the old men rose and called to Tipa, and said, "O Tipa, all the work is done. What are we to do with the birds?"

Tipa answered, "Let one of the young men go for Koma and tell him that Reko wishes to speak to him."

Koma came and said, "Do not preserve them in their own fat, but let them be sent to our *pa* as they are. We have many old people who will relish them as they are much more than if they were preserved in the usual manner."

"But to which *pa* are we to send them first? You are the oldest man amongst us and are better able to remember the rules of etiquette and rank."

"Send them in the order I shall name. Mount Eden, Takapuna, Wairaka, Te Tatu, Remu-wera, Totara-i-ahua, Mangere, Tikopuke, Papanga-te-uira, Rarotonga, Otahuhu, Manurewa, Matuku-rua, Ihu-matao, and Wai-takere. Let the portions for Mount Eden, Takapuna and Totara-i-ahua be a little more than you send to the others. How many birds have you?"

"A few more than five hundred twice told, and they are tied up ten in a bundle."

Well, that will be at the rate of six bundles to each *pa*, but the surplus you can divide equally and give to the three *pa* I have named."

Popo's relatives rose and said, "O young people of our *pa*, this is the word. Take the raw birds as Koma has ordered and let your paddles be strong to deliver them all this day. Let those of you who are able to pull swiftly go on this errand. Let the canoes leave the *pa* in the order that Koma has named. Let one party of you go to each *pa*, and when you arrive, say as you place the birds on the *marae*, 'We come from Koma and his children.' Then return at once."

The messengers took the birds as they were ordered, and the people of Ngutu-wera had a feast that day of the birds they retained. Popo stayed with them for some time longer, and was attended to by the old priest Koma.

Chapter Twelve: The Story Told by Maro's Mother

Popo returns to Mount Eden and is invited to Awhitu. A young chief tells how Tiriwa has been discomfited by the Awhitu people, thus removing the objection to Rehia's betrothal to Popo. It is decided that Popo will visit Awhitu after the next kuaka catching expedition. Popo's kaka kura is sent as a gift to Rehia.

Popo was now under the treatment of Koma, who put him into steam baths and rubbed him each day with the oil obtained from the *titoki*

A tree. *Alectryon excelsum*.

berry. This had a good effect upon him, and he soon became convalescent, and regained his appetite, so that

he wished to return to Mount Eden. One day Koma, Reko and his elderly relative went with Popo in a canoe and landed at Te To and proceeded up the ridge leading to Mount Eden. As soon as they were seen descending to the spring at which the people of Mount Eden obtained their water, the people in the *pa* waved their garments and loudly welcomed Popo. When he had gained the *marae* he sat down, and all the people assembled, and wept over him for joy that he had recovered from his illness, and a feast was made.

In the assembly were some of the Tipitai people who had come to learn why we had not been to fish for shark at Puponga. Rehia had sent a message to Popo to say that if he cared to go to Tipitai, there was a lot of dried shark for his tribe. We listened to the message, and at once the young men, and some of the young women, whispered to each other and said they would go if Popo wished to go.

One young man rose and said, "O Popo, do not think we are unable to take you to Awhitu if you like. You have been at a *papaki kaka*, and if you can go to that, surely a journey to Awhitu will not be a greater labour. That is all I wish to say."

An older chief said, "Why should our son go to the place where there is one who has already been given to a chief of Waikato? Why go there, if you cannot obtain the gift that is worth many sharks. Can our relatives say if Tiriwa has been to Awhitu of late? If he has, what was said, and what was done? When we hear this, then we shall know how to act."

An old man of the Tipitai party now rose. His face was only half tattooed from the fact that, as he was undergoing the process in order to please the girl who had consented to marry him, she died. He would not be tattooed any more, and had not, in all his life, made love to any other girl. He said, "You all know that I am descended from a younger branch of the family than the young men who accompanied me here. But on account of my age, I am the head or leader of our party. Yet I must allow my senior in rank to answer the questions we have been asked. I will sit down."

Now a fine young man stood up. He had some *huia* feathers in his hair, a dog-skin mat over his shoulders and a *mere* in his hand, and a large *mako* tooth in his right ear. He said, "Fathers, chiefs and people, young men do not speak in the presence of the old men. But in this instance, as we came to bring the message of Ata-Rehia to you, and our father and priest who is with your tribe has asked us to answer certain questions, and as I am known to you all, you will expect me to reply.

"We are asked if Tiriwa has been to Awhitu of late. He has not been there in person since a short time after Popo and his friends were there. At that time he came in answer to a message sent by Ata to him to come and fetch some dried shark which had been kept for him. He came and demanded Ata, but she refused to go with him to Waikato, and said she would never be his wife. Her father was very angry with her, but she defied him and would not accept: Tiriwa as her husband. Our great priest Ha Kawau agreed with what Ata-Rehia had said, and as Tiriwa was about to leave he threatened that he would come with a war-party and take her by force, as she had been betrothed to him years ago. Ha Kawau answered him in the same defiant spirit.

"Tiriwa went to his home, and one day just at dawn, many moons after he had left, a large party of women headed by the mother of Tiriwa rushed with their weapons into our settlement at Tipitai, and entered the house of Ata's father. But Ata was not there. The women stormed and danced and made threats of the evil that would come to our tribe if we did not give Ata up to them. As they were women, we all sat in silence, not daring to fight with women, especially as they were of very high rank. Tiriwa's mother became so enraged that she ordered her people to take away our best *kanae* net from the stage on which it was kept. This they did, and left our settlement and, as we supposed, went to their home. We did nothing to regain the net, nor did we say where Ata-Rehia was.

"Not many moons passed before a messenger came for the father of Ata-Rehia to go to Puketapu to see Ha Kawau. He left us, but did not ask anyone to accompany him. As we all know, there is a pit in which lives a *taniwha* on the road leading from the beach on the Manuka to the Puketapu *pa*. As soon as Hau had left the *pa* and was out of sight, a number of our young chiefs, of whom I was one, followed him. We went on till we could see the top of the dividing range and sat down to see the chief pass it. He went over it and we hastened on and saw him near Puketapu, when suddenly we heard a loud sound of weeping. We continued on and got near the *pa* and went round to the north and into the shade of a clump of trees. From the edge of this forest we could see the foot of the *pa*, and in particular that part which is gained by anyone coming from the west coast. At some distance towards the sea a number of men were sitting, amongst whom we could detect Tiriwa. They were crouching down and waving their hands to and fro and weeping in chorus. In front of them and nearer to the *pa* were the bodies of men who appeared to be dead. They were right in front of the gateway to the *pa*.

"This gateway was in the form of a large, tattooed or carved figure of a man, and to enter the *pa*, it was necessary to pass between the legs of this great *puhi*

An object set up for purposes of *makutu* or witchcraft.

figure. The bodies were lying with their heads towards the *puhi* as if they had fallen forward and died. Hau had passed through the legs of the *puhi* and was in the *pa*.

"Tiriwa and his companions wept loud and long, but at last Tiriwa looked up, wiped the tears from his eyes, and stood up and said, 'Cease to weep and let me speak. Death is near to us, but Ha Kawau may not be so fierce as we suppose. I will call to him.' He then called in a loud voice, 'Ha Kawau, O Ha Kawau, let me see your body.' Ha Kawau came and stood between the legs of his *puhi* god. Then he bowed down, put his hand up over his eyes and looked towards the dead and then towards Tiriwa. The wooden *puhi* god gave a loud moan. Tiriwa said, 'How may I get back to my home? I have chanted all the sacred incantations, but I have no power to walk. Let me go home and you can bury the dead. They are your relatives as well as mine.'

"Ha Kawau rose and stood erect, and said, 'The gods know best. You came here by the power of your gods, and now you ask me to let you return. I am an old man, but I have heard the threats of younger men, and I have seen them cry in terror. You can go home. I will not keep you. I will chant my spells till you arrive at the seashore. But listen to my word. When you get home, tell those women who came to take Rehia from Awhitu to come here at once. Come with them that you may take your dead to the cave where chiefs are laid, or bury them in the sandhills. Do as I tell you and let these women come here. They were bold and daring enough to attempt to take my daughter. Now let them show their bravery in handling the dead who have been killed by the gods.'

"Tiriwa and his followers rose and went southward, descending the sandy valley to the coast. As it was low tide they were able to pass along the sea-coast to the Waikato heads, where they embarked in their canoes and went up the river with flood tide to their home at Tuakau.

"Some days before the women had gone to Awhitu to take Rehia, our old priest Ha Kawau had come down from Puketapu and had taken Rehia to that *pa*. There she lived in his charge. She had become like a skeleton, and Ha Kawau was attending to her. She has lived there ever since.

"Soon after the women had left Awhitu, one of the Wai-uku people came to our *pa* at Tipitai and told us of some women who had been seen at Te Maioro, but as they had not visited Wai-uku, the tribe could not imagine where they had gone to, or what they were seeking, or to what *pa* they were going. He had been sent to us to ask about them. We related what those women had done, and the object of their visit, and of the manner in which they had been defeated. 'Yes,' said the messenger, 'we had spies out in all directions, and they were seen passing the foot of Titi and going on towards Waikato. We have also seen a war party of men in our district who suddenly disappeared. It was not till yesterday that we saw some men push off in canoes from the north side of the Waikato river and paddle in a hurry up the river with flood tide.'

" 'Yes,' our people replied, 'they are the people of whom Tiriwa is leader. You will see a party of women pass your home in a day or two. Do not speak to them. They are coming to bury their dead at Puketapu. Tiriwa made a *taua*

War party.

on Ha Kawau's *pa* and his god killed some of the men, and Tiriwa and his people had to go home weeping. Rehia is at Puketapu and is to stay there until Tiriwa has ended his stupid acts against Ha Kawau.'

"Two days passed, and at dawn the voice of a woman was heard outside Puketapu. She cried, 'O Ha Kawau, O Ha Kawau, we are here. Let us hear your voice and tell us what we are to do.'

"Ha Kawau went to the gate of his *pa* and looked out between the extended legs of the statue. He saw ten women and Tiriwa standing, robed in old, tattered mats. He called to them, 'Come and take your dead from my sight. They came here of their own accord, and you and your relatives must take them out of my presence. How many of your people are lying there now?' The women said, 'Four.' 'Then,' said Ha Kawau, 'you can take away two corpses at a time. Where are you going to bury them?'

" 'In the sand-hill before your *pa*,' Tiriwa replied.

" 'Do so,' said old Ha Kawau, 'but when the time comes for the *hahunga*

The disinterring of the bones of the dead before they are put in their final resting-place.

you must come and carry the bones to your own caves. I will not allow anyone to be buried on my land lest their descendants claim the land. Bury your dead and go home.'

"Tiriwa and the ten women dug four holes in the sand with their hands. Four of the women took hold of the dead bodies while Tiriwa raised their heads, and in silence laid them in the pits and covered them over and went home. Tiriwa and his female companions had got as far as Pehiakura when they were met by a young chief from Puketapu, who stood on the beach between the high and low water mark. As they came up to him he waved his hand to make them sit down, and said, 'I come from Ha Kawau and his tribe to say that if you are seen in our district again we shall think you want to make war on us. We are one tribe, but Tiriwa has acted like a coward in sending women to our *pa* to take the girl who was once betrothed to him. We do not fight with women. If he and his warriors had come as those women came, Tiriwa could have demanded some payment—maybe a greenstone *mere*—for not getting Rehia. But as he treated us as if we were all old women, you must not come to Awhitu again unless we invite you, nor is Tiriwa to look on Rehia as his future wife. She is to be the wife of another chief. We will send for you when you can come and take the bones of your people

home. That is all I have to say. Go home to your place.'

"Now, O people of this Mount Eden *pa*, that is all the news I have to tell you. It is some moons since Tiriwa was in our district, and yet we have not seen any of you on the fishing grounds."

Koma the priest said, "O young men, welcome to you, our children at Awhitu. Your words are good. We have heard the news, but my son Popo is not yet a strong man—he cannot travel any distance. I will repeat my incantations over him, and after we have been to kill the *kuaka* at Te Whau this year, we will come to see you and stay some days with you. Now I want to know where Rehia lives. Is she at Puketapu or at Tipitai? I knew of the power of Ha Kawau's statue. It holds the power of life and death. The young people are not so acquainted with its power as we old men. When we come to see you this summer, after the foggy days are passed, we will come to Awhitu. But that Rehia may see that Popo is still alive, our young men will carry some of the *kaka* we have taken at Ngutu-wera to your canoe and you can take them home to her. That is all I have to say."

The young man who had spoken before said to his companions, "We will go. There is just sufficient time for us to get home before the night falls. Stay, O people, at our *pa*."

As they rose to depart, all our people gathered round and cried and waved their garments, saying, "Go to your home." Then they, and the young women who carried the gift of *kaka* for Rehia, went towards Onehunga.

Some time later, on a fine moonlight night, all the Mount Eden people were out on the *marae*, some talking, some telling tales of olden time, while the older people sat in groups singing the songs of ancient days. As some song was sung, an old man or woman would ask, "Do you know a song beginning with the words . . ." and would repeat the first few of the song. If it were known to the rest, the one who knew it would sing it and then explain the history of the song and its origin. In other parts of the *pa* the voices of the young people could be heard as they exclaimed at tales of ghosts or fairies which were being related by their older companions. Popo sat near Koma in perfect silence till Tipa, the young chief from Ngutu-wera, came up and said, "You two sit as if you were old men. How is it, O Popo, that you do not join some of the groups and listen to songs and the tales of ancient days?"

Popo replied, "I have been thinking of the red *kaka*."

"You might have sent it to Rehia," Koma said reflectively.

"But I did not speak to the messengers. It was you old men who spoke all the words in reply to her message."

"But you can send the *kaka kura* by some of the young men, and I can say that the bird is called 'Ko Koe anake.'

You only.

The Rehia will feed it and keep it till we see her."

"Yes, we can do as you say," Popo said.

As the people began to move to their houses, Koma went to a spot in the *marae* where two poles were placed firmly in the ground. There was a thick cross bar at the top of the poles, and from this was suspended a large slab of greenstone. The slab, which was as long as two men could span with their arms, was used to let the people know that a meeting of all the tribe was to take place on the day following. Koma took a piece of *matai* about the same length as the gong, and struck the greenstone a few blows, the sound of which was heard at some distance. Then he returned to his house.

At dawn all those who had to prepare the morning meal were up and actively setting about their duties. The food was eaten, and everyone sat on the *marae* eagerly waiting for the news that was to be brought to them. Koma said, "I struck the gong which we call Whakarewa-tahuna last night and I have two words to say to you, O young men and women. My first word is that six of you young men go to Awhitu to-day and take the *kaka kura* that belongs to Popo and give it to Rehia and say that Popo has sent it to her and that its name is Ko Koe anake, and that she is to keep it until Popo and I go to see her. We shall be at her *pa* soon after the *kuaka* has left our land and gone to its home over the sea.

"And this is the second of my words to you. All the young men and women must this day go and collect the leaves of the *whanake*.

"Cabbage tree." *Cordyline australis*.

Where you collect them in the swampy ground to the west of the *pa*, you are to light a fire and singe the leaves. Then bring them here and split them into large threads and make a noose out of each leaf, with which to snare the *kuaka*. Then let some of the most able young men go to the forest at the Titirangi ranges and cut straight young saplings of about one fathom and a half in length and bring them to the mouth of the Whau creek. Let there be a great many poles taken to that place. I will see when the propitious days are to be here, and then I will tell you what else you are to do."

Chapter Thirteen: The Story Told by Maro's

Mother

Kapu organises the kuaka expedition. The visit to Awhitu is reported. Rehia's dream. The kuaka catching expedition. Popo leaves the party under cover of darkness. They search for him without success. Grief amongst all the people. Kapu prophesies that he will return and summons Rehia and the kaka kura to Mount Eden. On the way they meet a party of Nga-puhi people, amongst whom is Maro.

The red *kaka* had been taken to Rehia and the messengers had returned. The *whanake* leaves and the poles had been collected as ordered, and it was again a moonlight night. The people, old and young, were engaging in games of various kinds, and at the time all were about to retire, the gong Whakarewa-tahuna gave a loud boom. It was Kapu, the aunt of Popo, who had struck the gong this time and was to be the spokeswoman next day.

At dawn, when the *marae* had been cleared of every taint of the cooked food that had been eaten, Kapu rose and said, "Do you wonder that I struck the greenstone gong? I was the person who made bold to teach our god to talk. Why should I, a woman, be ashamed to make the god speak, seeing that it is not war that is proclaimed? It is to talk of that which not only gives life to a warrior, but makes even the young girls and the old women smile and be glad. O people, I say let the men of our tribe and those who occupy my *pa* at Wairaka bring their men together to-day and go with me, and I will show them where to place the poles now lying at the mouth of the Whau creek. I have been watching ever since Koma spoke to you about the *whanake* and the poles. We will go to-day and you men will stick the poles firmly in the sand at the mouth of the Whau. After the birds have seen the poles for some days and have become accustomed to them, we will let those who are skilled at tying the *whanake* nooses on the poles do their work. Follow me, O ye strong men!"

She went down the road from the *marae* and took the path that led westward towards Wairaka. Having got near her own *pa* she halted, and in a loud voice called to her people, "O ye men, we are here. Come, and we will all go in a body, that the gods may see we are not like children, but are men and are certain in our own minds that we can do our work."

She had not ended her commands before a body of men came from the *pa* down to the flat where Kapu and the other men were waiting. They all followed her as she went towards the mouth of the Whau creek and along the isthmus made by the harbour and the creek, till they arrived at the end of the dry land. Here they collected the poles which had been laid there. Each man took four poles and carried them on his left shoulder. Kapu, still preceding the men, came to a spot which was to all appearances well trodden down by the feet of the birds. Here she said, "Let each man on this ground stick the poles he has well into the sand. Let the poles be about three fathoms apart, so that the space covered by them may be as large as a *kumara* plantation." When this was done and Kapu had approved the work, she said, "O men of Mount Eden, you can return to your *pa* and we will go to ours. Koma will tell us when we should meet again." By the time the Mount Eden people had got back to the *pa* it was evening. Presently, Koma said, "The moon is now full so we cannot take the *kuaka*, as they see so well in the moonlight. When the moon does not rise until midnight, you, O people, the men of this *pa*, gather the ropes and the nooses ready to tie on the poles you have erected to-day. Let the ropes from which the nooses hang be strong. And now, as we have not heard what the messengers who went to Awhitu have to say, let them speak now."

One of the young men, he who was of the highest rank of the party, rose. He took a *tao* in his hand, and said, "O fathers, mothers, and all our people, the day was fine when we left you. We went down with the ebb tide from Onehunga and were soon at Puponga; but as we crossed from our side of the Manuka to Tipi-tai, a heavy shower wet us. Our mats were dripping, but we did not tremble, whereat we were pleased, for we knew that the shower was not an evil omen. As we landed we were welcomed by the people, who waved their garments and conducted us to the *pa*."

"The people collected, and as we sat down I stuck the perch of the red *kaka* in the ground in front of me, so that the bird might not be alarmed by the young people who came to look at it. It gave a loud scream and flapped its wings as if it would like to fly away. Then it sat as if it were sulky. I was watching it closely lest anyone should come too near to it, when old Tohi, the priestess mother of Ha Kawau, rose and looked at us. She waved her hands as all old people do, just as though she were weeping for the dead. She had on a *ngeri*, and underneath this a fine *kaitaka*, while she held a *mere pounamu* in her hand. 'Welcome, O my children from Mount Eden,' she said, 'welcome! Come to see me in my home. I am old, and the gods come to speak to me sometimes. But I am not yet so old that I cannot receive the words of the gods. Welcome to my home, that you may listen to what I have to tell you. Rehia lived at our *pa* at Puketapu for many moons and she came back here a few days ago. I felt lonely without her, she is such a good talker and is so kind to old people like me, and she does not ignore the power of the *tapu*, nor the *mana* of the old people. I felt lonely, and yesterday I made up my mind that I would come here to see her.'

" Last night I slept and had a dream. I thought I had started from the *pa* at Puketapu and was on my way here. I had got as far as the road on the top of the hill which leads down to the coast on the Manuka side of the range. I sat down opposite the *kauri*

A tree. *Agathis australis*.

forest in the valley on the right, and as I sat I saw a red *kaka* which was calling loudly and being pursued by a *kaeaea*.

Sparrow-hawk. *Nesierax novae-zealandiae*. "Its food is for the most part birds, all species being attacked. ... In the forest all the commoner species including tuis, pigeons, kakas and parrakeets are its prey. It flies low over the surface of the ground or forest, pouncing with lightning-like suddenness on any hapless bird that fails to see it soon enough, and relentlessly pursues those that seek safety in flight." W. R. B Oliver. *New Zealand Birds*.

The birds were flying as swiftly as they could and had got quite close to me when the *kaka* made a swoop down into the forest, and gave a triumphant yell at its escape. The *kaeaea* sailed about the tops of the trees, when a flock of *kaka* appeared, led by another red *kaka*. They were so bold that they attacked the *kaeaea* and drove him away. Then, although they called loudly, the red *kaka* which had gone into the forest did not appear. They flew down into the trees and made a loud noise, and at last he came out. Then they all went away together towards this *pa*, and I lost sight of them.

" I awoke this morning and felt in doubt as to the meaning of my dream, so I came on here to find that you have brought a red *kaka* with you from Mount Eden. Welcome, O my children, welcome to my home.'

"When the food was cooked we had a feast of shark and *kumara*, and when they had been eaten, the marae was cleared, and I rose and said, 'Salutations to you, O our younger fathers. We come from Popo and Koma, who have sent this *kaka kura* for Rehia. The bird was caught at Ngutu-wera by Tipa and given to Popo, who sends it to Rehia that she may keep it and feed it till Popo is brought to this *pa*. This he will do as soon as our people have taken a flock of *kuaka* at Te Whau. That is all we have to say.'

"Ha Kawau rose and said, 'Welcome, O young man from our fathers at Mount Eden. Welcome to Popo with the red bird you have brought from him for Rehia. We will feed the bird and keep it as a pet, and use it as a decoy to take the wild birds next year. That is all I have to say to you on that subject.

" I will now say what I have to tell you of in regard to what Tohi has said. I am not the only learned man in our tribe. There are priests and priestesses in the midst of our tribe, but I do not like the omen given in the dream of my mother. She is one of high rank and the gods still tell her what will take place in the future. Listen to what I shall say. Do the gods wish us to unravel the meaning of this dream? Of course they do, or they would not have shown it to Tohi. Hearken! The red *kaka* seen in the dream is one of our supreme chiefs, and the hawk is evil, it is death or affliction. The *kaka* which came to the rescue are men, whether a war party or friends I do not know, but they are men who will not meddle with members of our tribe. They came from the north, as they returned there, and the red *kaka* followed by the hawk is one of our chiefs as it was flying towards this *pa*. Rehia and I and some people came to this *pa*. We came as soon as we knew that Tiriwa had buried the dead, who were killed by my god. They were killed because they came like slaves and did not chant incantations to the god. They also came as men of War to take Rehia from us. It was for their deceit and their attitude towards the god that they were killed; but it was no weapon of man that destroyed them. The *mana* of my god did this. When I heard that Tiriwa had buried his dead and that he had said he would not come into the district again until I invited him, Rehia and I came here, as she had not seen any of you for so long. Welcome, O my children from our fathers and people at Mount Eden.'

"Rehia now rose. She wore several fine mats, and many feathers in her hair, but she was not strong. She held in her hand the greenstone *mere* Kaho-tea, but she did not wave it about. On her head she wore a widow's cap of seaweed which had been made by Tohi, who had said that if she would wear it, it would keep evil away not only from herself, but also from Popo. She said, 'I have not spoken to you, O our tribe, for many moons, nor am I yet strong enough to be able to make a speech. I welcome you, O young people from the home of Popo, and am glad that you have brought something that he has handled, as I can look at it and feed it as I think of him. Welcome, O young people.

"I must speak now about the dreams of Tohi. What I say is this. If there is evil to come, the *kaka* which Popo has sent to me will tell. As long as this bird lives, so long will Popo live, and I shall see him in future years. I will ever think of him, and I know that he will ever look on me as one who will honour our tribe with my conduct. Tiriwa was not of my choosing, nor will I allow my father or priests or people to dictate to me in the choice of a husband. Welcome, O young people. I cannot say more as I am not full of life. But I will not die. No! I will live till I see Popo again, even if it be in the future years. Welcome, O young people of Mount Eden. Tell Popo what I have said.'

"That, O Koma, is what we saw and heard."

Old Koma rose and said, "Your words are good, O young men. We have all heard your account of Rehia.

Let our daughter live till we have been to the *kuaka* preserve, and then we will go and see her.

"Now I shall tell you what I wish you to do. You all know that we shall require a great number of torches when we catch the *kuaka*, so you must go out and get much dry brushwood and make it into torches. Let them be as thick as a man's hands can span with outstretched fingers, and let them be about half a fathom in length. They must be ready by the time the dark nights come. Let them be taken to the place where we shall require them, but build a *wharau* to keep them from the damp."

Everything was done as the old priest had ordered. and the young men waited impatiently for the dark nights, when the tide should be full in soon after dark.

In the afternoon of the day when the *kuaka* were at last to be taken, Popo and old Koma were sitting on the *marae* talking of days gone by, and of old-time wars. Popo said, "I had a dream last night. I was in a dense fog when I heard a loud noise, and heard the voices of men calling as though they were in the forest. I could not see anyone. I felt a pain in my head, and put my hand up to feel if there was anything on it, and, to my horror, I felt the cold skin of a lizard. It gave me such a fright that I awoke. I often dream now, and I sleep so little that I but rarely take notice of my dreams."

"The amusement we will have tonight will cause you to sleep," Koma replied. "But you must not weary yourself lest you become over-tired. You might be so ill that I should have to repeat my incantations over you, and cause you to be *tapu*, which would delay our visit to Rehia."

At sunset all the ropes and nooses were ready, and Koma and Popo went with the men to the place where the poles had been erected. They did not take long to get to the Whau creek. The tide was about half in, and at once they began to tie the ropes from pole to pole with the nooses dangling from them, till the whole area was one roof of nooses. When they were all in place, Koma went to inspect them, and in some places he got the men to put in still more of the nooses. These nooses were about the height of a man from the ground.

Along the south side of this area and about two hundred fathoms away was a long line of rushes. Koma ordered each man to take a torch and hide amongst the rushes. On the bank of the creek a house had been built, in which a fire was kept going, so that they could light their torches when the time came.

It was now very dark, and the chattering of the *kuaka* could be heard as they were driven up by the tide to the bank where the nooses were placed. Nearer and nearer they came. When the water touched the rushes where the men were concealed, Tipa, who had caught the *kaka kura* for Popo, rose from where he had been concealed and went into the house. Koma told him to get the men to light their torches. The men, who were nude save for an apron of brushwood tied round their waists, came and lit their torches from the fire. Then, at a signal from Tipa, they all rushed out, and with a loud noise ran to the place where the *kuaka* were, right under the nooses. The men waved their torches as they ran, and the startled birds rose straight up from where they were sitting and became entangled in the nooses. The men stuck the torches in the sand, and began at once to take the birds out of the nooses and kill them and put them in baskets. This did not take long, as fifty men were busily employed. When all the birds had been taken, they were carried to the house where the torches had been kindled, and there the first bird that had been taken was given to Koma. He split a stick and put the neck of the bird into the cleft. Then he put the end of the stick in the ground and left the bird in front of the house as an offering to the gods. Koma and Popo then led the way back to Mount Eden.

Popo had been sitting in the house all the time the men were catching the birds, and though he had been spoken to by Koma, he did not answer, so that Koma was rather downcast. As Popo was a chief of high rank, he had to go with Koma in front of those who carried the birds, as anything that was to be eaten by the people must not precede a chief on a journey. Popo did not speak until they got near to the Wairaka *pa*. Then, all at once, he left old Koma and asked one of the bird catchers to let him carry one of the baskets. The bird carriers were astonished, and their comments were heard by Koma. He stopped at once and called, "No, Popo must not touch the birds!"

Popo took offence, and he left the party, but the men assumed that he had gone on with Koma, and it was not until they arrived at the *pa* that it was discovered that Popo was missing.

When the birds had been taken to the place where the food is kept at the *kauta*, Koma called to the men who had carried them, "Where is Popo?"

They answered, "We thought he had come on with you when we obeyed your orders not to allow him to carry a basket of birds. We could not let him have the basket, and he left us to come with you."

A great hue and cry ensued. All the men and most of the women collected dry brushwood and made it into torches, and soon they could be seen threading their way through the darkness everywhere. Some went to the various *pa* nearby, while others went to where the birds had been taken. Some went to the cave to see if he were there, but there was no sign of him anywhere. When the sun rose every creek was searched, but all in vain.

The night he had left them he was wearing an old mat which Koma had given to him. This was a sacred mat, which was not worn at home but only when he was out fishing or bird-hunting. This mat was usually left in the *tuahu* hut in the *pa*. This was sought for, as it was thought that perhaps he had left it at some place near

where he might be found.

All that day men of the Mount Eden *pa* were out searching for Popo. Some went as far as the forest on the Titirangi ranges, at the mountains of Wai-takere. That night some of the men slept near the Titirangi forest and lit a fire. About midnight they heard a voice as of a man calling in the forest and saying, "Who, who shall carry the basket of *kuaka* for Rehia? They would not give any birds to me for her. She will die of hunger." The men were so frightened that they came back to Mount Eden that night. They were afraid that it was Popo whom they had heard crying in the darkness, for, as they said, he must have gone mad.

The following day all the people of Mount Eden went to the forest to seek Popo, but in vain. For days and moons they explored the forest. At times they could hear twigs breaking in the woods, and some say they saw a man like Popo, but none could take him. At last the hearts of the people were so dead within them that they did not continue the search. All were bowed down with sorrow. Neither work nor play was thought of, and even the young people were grief-stricken, while the elders sat on the *marae* and wept.

At the west end sat all the women and girls. They sang songs of olden times and looked towards the west where they could see the Titirangi mountains in the distance. Not as in the days of mirth were they clothed, not in their best mats, nor with the *huia* feather nor with albatross feathers in their hair they sat, but with old mats covering their bodies and with dishevelled hair. Here and there some of the old women cut their faces and arms and breasts with pieces of *tuhua* till the blood flowed down their limbs and bodies.

One of the oldest women rose to her feet, and looking towards Titirangi, with waving hands she began this ancient chant:

*How the lightnings flash on Kapiti's peak,
O gloomy omen, these of death.
And thou, O Popo, thou of kindly face,
Go with our best beloved, beloved as was
The prow of our far-famed Tainui,
Fast receding to the south.
The rainbow spans the sky
And earthquakes shake the world
And tremble all thy tribes below.
And who shall follow thee,
Since thou hast riven earth
And sky apart, and yawn the
Shattered in gaping gulfs?
Press onward, then, O our beloved,
And open wide the gate above
That thou mayest onward go;
And in the presence of these gods
Who smote thy frame with death
And doomed us here to shed our blood
And weep and wail for thee our child,
Speak for thy female ancestor
And chant the deeds of Tutunui,*

*A reference to a well-known legend. A version will be found in Sir George Grey's Polynesian Mythology, "The Legend of Kae's Theft of the Whale." Tutunui was a whale which was subservient to the commands of Tinirau (the son of Tangaroa, and progenitor of fish), and was killed by Kae. This act was avenged by Tinirau. And point to that doomed house
In which befell the wrath of those
Whose fierce revenge slaked gloating o'er
The death of those, who without cause
Killed the sacred fish of Tinirau.
But, Oh, we will our witching power
Call forth with swift and sudden
Irresistible force, let loose on those
Who blighted thy young life,
And women's voices shall their
Song of triumph sing, the victory*

*Of our full revenge for loss
Of our prized but loved lost one.*

The whole tribe sat in silence while the old woman chanted the song, but now and then a sob could be heard, first from one part and then from another of the people. When the chant was over, a number of young women got up and formed a ring in the middle of the *marae*, with one of their number standing in the centre. She commenced to chant an ancient song, while those who formed the ring joined in, with bowed heads and with their arms extended towards the leader. She waved her hands up and down, and at each emphatic word of the song bowed her head to the west in the direction of the Titirangi range, where Popo was supposed to be. As she waved her hands to and fro she kept time for the others. This was the song they sang:

*How like yon distant flashing star
My thoughts burst forth
And overcome my soul
As here I sing in sorrow;
But, O my sons, think not
That I am stricken to the earth.
I sleep as sleeps the dozing bird,
And as the giver of light
Tells of the coming sun at dawn,
Yet still I weep as widows weep,
And look in vain for help
Of kindred hands now lost to me.
My heart is hot, but when the power
To me shall come, to aid in war,
I feel as scorched by fire;
But ample scented oil
Now pour upon my sorrowing frame,
And though the blow of weapons
Fall on me, though not a man,
I'll bravely fight, nor yield one jot
Till face to face I see my foe
Who drank the blood of Kaka-tuwhera.*

As they sang, the people gradually joined in the song.

Presently all was silent. From the east end of the *marae* an old, decrepit woman, clothed in a tattered garment, came towards the assembly. Her head was as white as the shells on the seashore, and her garment was smeared with red ochre. She hobbled along with the aid of two sticks. She sobbed as she approached, but when she got near the circle of young women, she attempted to stand erect. Looking round at the people, she said, "Woe is me, O my children. I am the oldest of all our people now in this world. I have seen all your fathers and mothers when they were children, and now I must weep for my lost one. I have been in battle. I have seen great men die. I have seen the moons of years die and live again; but will our child Popo ever come to us again? I must chant my song for him. I learned it when I was a girl, when our fathers talked of the home of our people in Hawaiki. If any of you old chiefs know my chant, join in with me, that we may sing it to our child Popo."

She bowed her head and wept as her old, quivering voice uttered these words:

*Send the messenger to Tuatara,
And ask the grandson of Ue-nuku*

*The ariki at Hawaiki, to whom the responsibility of the great migration to Ao-tea-Roa was largely due.
To come from sacred peak of Rarotonga
And meet me here.
And thou, my child,
Look to the plains of Owkata,*

And mountains towering high around that plain,
And know that all I
Hold of value here on earth
Has gone from me.
I call in vain, and ask
My sons to meet, and hold
The spear of war,
Or voyage in war canoe,
To answer call of those
Whose hearts are reft
With grief, and blighted now.

As the old woman began her chant, some of the old men and women rose from the crowd and went and sat in front of the old Mihi Rangi (for she it was) and joined in the song, keeping perfect time with her in the tune and the utterance of the words. Not another voice was heard, nor did a sob escape from the crowd, till they had ended the chant, when a great cry of grief arose from everyone.

When all was quiet again, Kapu, the aunt of Popo, who still remained a widow, was seen to rise from the midst of the people. She had a sea-weed cap on her head as mourning for her dead one, and she held a greenstone *mere* in her hand, while in her ear was a piece of the white down of an albatross.

"What is your sorrow?" she cried. "Do you weep for the dead? Do I wear the albatross down in my ear without meaning?"

"I dreamed, and in my dream I saw Popo as n days of old. He had a wife, and that wife was Ata. But then he vanished, and she sought for him. He had gone to war, or his enemy had come to him. Again I dreamed. I saw the war party of the north on the west coast, and Popo was like a *kiwi* in the forest ranges; nor did he live with his people. The war was evil, men were killed, and some came from it to this our *pa* and went back to the west coast. Popo saw them, and followed them till he was recognised by some of our people.

"Do I tell a tale of fiction? I will chant a son? for him, so that when he stands, as he will do, on this *marae* again, it shall not be said that his aunt did not weep for him. You all know my song. Let us sing it in chorus, and then I will tell you what you are to do.

How yearns my love for him my child,
And at the eventide I lonely sit
In silence in my house;
But, O my daughters, look and see
And watch the bird that comes to you.
'Tis not my bird, my bird was rare,
And beauteous feathers were its plume,
And, O my Popo, lost—
Does he now search for food,
Or thistle pluck to eat at night?
I start in sleep and gaze around,
And hear my voice repeated
From the mountain's peak,
But 'tis not his.
I turn and look for him
But see him not, I sigh
And hear my sigh
Repeated in his name.

"You know that the chant we have just sung is of old, but the name Popo has been used instead of that of the young man for whom the girl who composed the song so often sighed. I am glad you all joined in with your voices. I have not heard so loud a chant, or so great a sound of voices on this *marae* since I was a child. Truly ours is a tribe which can chant! And ours the people who can join in perfect chorus, as the voice of one chanter!

"I will now tell you my commands. I am not a girl. I am not a stranger to Popo. His mother was my sister, and I can order as if he gave the command. I order that you all cease to weep for him. Send some of our young

men and women to Awhitu to bring the loved one of Popo here. Let her bring the red *kaka* that was sent to her by Popo, and while they are away let our experts make the poles to strike the *kuaka* on the Whau portage, so that when the young people come back with Te Ata, you can go, now that it is spring and there is a mist in the morning, and kill the *kuaka* on the portage. I have said my words."

The people began to cook their food, looking as if a load had been taken from their shoulders. The old people talked together and the children resumed their games. When the meal was ready everyone partook of it with a new relish. Presently Kapu stood up and said, "It is not long until dusk, but some of the young people can go to Onehunga. As the tide is at high water, they can go with the ebb to Awhitu and do as I have ordered."

About ten of the young men and women rose and went out of the east gate and down the path leading towards Onehunga. Having arrived there, they took a canoe seating about twenty-five people and pulled down the harbour. Long before dawn they arrived at Puponga. As they crossed the river, day dawned, and they were seen by the people of Awhitu.

The shout, "A canoe, a canoe from Mount Eden," was heard, and the whole tribe were on the *marae* as soon as the visitors. The older ones sat in the mats they had slept in, and nearly everyone was silent, as are those who have risen out of deep sleep. The young people alone were awake and active, and ready for anything that might happen. For some time the visitors sat in silence, until at last Ha Kawau gave a cough, whereat all but one sat down. The one who remained standing was the oldest of the young men. He looked round him and said, "I am here, my ancestors and fathers and mothers, I am here with you. We came to bring one very small word to you all. It is not a word of much worth, but Kapu ordered us to come and say that she and all our people at Mount Eden wish to see Ata there to-day. We are to take her back with us on the flood tide, and the red *kaka* is to come, too. That is all we have to say, O our ancestors."

Ha Kawau rose as the young chief sat down. "Welcome, O children from our parents at Mount Eden, welcome with your word from Kapu. We are all fully awake, and we do not wish to make the darkness of the cloud which lowers over your *pa* more black than it is now. Welcome to your own people, who have a word to say to you."

As Ha Kawau sat down, Ata got to her feet. She held a short *tao* in her right hand. She passed to and fro before the people, and as she went she changed the spear over to her left hand and waved her right hand above her head. "Men speak in times of war," she cried, "and women weep in times of sorrow, and children dance at feast times; but why should I utter many words in answer to the order of Kapu? I will go back with you and will take the red *kaka* with me. I do not know why Kapu has ordered the *kaka* to come, unless it is that red is the sacred colour of gods and priests. As Popo is away from his own place, and with the owl in the home of Tane, maybe the red bird will be an omen of good.

"We will start at once without waiting for food to be cooked for us. It is said, 'Men war and women cook,' but now it shall be, 'Old people order and young people defy hunger.' Rise. We go." She lifted the spear and put it in her right hand again, and walked out of the *pa*. At the same time one of her attendants took the *kaka* and its perch and followed her, saying, "*Kopere tatou.*"

We dart away.

The young people who had come from Mount Eden rose together, bidding a hasty farewell to those of Awhitu as left the *pa* and embarked in their canoe.

Early the same morning Kapu, with a number of young people, both male and female, left the Mount Eden *pa* and went westward in the direction of the Titirangi ranges, in the forest of which each one of the company obtained a sapling of the thickness of a man's wrist. They cut them down with stone axes and brought them back to the ridge which is the water-shed between the Manuka and the Whau creek. There they were left, and the young people went back to Mount Eden to rest and sleep.

Fifty of the men went down to meet the canoe from Awhitu a little later, which they did about midway between Onehunga and Te Whau. The canoe was hauled up high and dry, fires were lit and fish and fern-root cooked and eaten. Then they slept. Ata did as she was told, and slept apart from the others with her red *kaka*. At midnight the oldest man in the company went over to the *kaka kura*. Holding a rod in his hand, he sat on the west side of the bird and pointed to it, and sang this incantation to the god of Tu-nui-a-rangi:

*It is Tu-nui-a-rangi,
It is Tu-nui-a-mata,
Tu-rama, Tu-ara and Tu-wairua,
Search for the battle field,
The face of the dead are elongated;
Seek, seek in night,*

*O son of the day,
And let me see
By the combative spirit,
By thy screaming spirit.*

(Here he touched the *kaka kura* with his wand, and it gave a great scream, which was a good omen,)

*So timidly standing
Before this, this evil man,
'Tis a flash, a crash,
And lightning, and death
Is in the darkest night,
Death in the supreme blackness.
Let me see, O Tuawhiti,
Let me see, O Tu-rama,
That we called Maiaia
And Whaka-rua-rua
And Rongo-mai-huia,
And stretch forth to the night
And lay hold of death.*

He touched the bird again with his wand as it uttered a scream, at which he rose. All the people had been wakened by the screams of the bird, so he called to them, "We go to the ridge of the land," and walked off in the dark to the place where the poles were laid.

When they reached the place, they stood in a long line. For a little space the oldest man looked towards the east. At last he said, "The day will soon dawn. I see the light in the eastern sky, and the tide is half in on the Waitemata side. The *kuaka* will soon rise there and come over to the Manuka side. Let each of the men take a pole and sit down with it on the ridge of the hill and wait for the birds to come. If there are too many poles for the men, let the women take the spare ones, and act as the men.

The poles were quickly taken up, and the people sat along the ridge in a line extending about a hundred fathoms. They had not sat there long before a slight mist crept up from the Waitemata and covered the ridge. The day dawned, and soon a confused noise of the voices of birds could be heard on the Waitemata side. The word was passed from one to another along the line, and they stood up holding the poles aloft. Those who were without poles lay down on the ground and listened to the noise of the approaching birds.

Soon the flock were seen dimly through the mist, flying leisurely towards the ridge. As soon as they were overhead, the men and women who were holding up the poles struck at them savagely. Short branches had been left protruding from the poles, and the birds were beaten down in great numbers. They flew in a long line, so the killers were fully occupied. Those whose hands were free gathered up the dead birds and tied them up, six in a bundle, and suspended them from their necks.

By the time the flock had passed over, sufficient of the *kuaka* had been killed to burden all the carriers, so the whole party proceeded to the mouth of the Whau. Ata had not taken any part in the killing, and had sat at some distance from the others. Now she went before the others, carrying her red *kaka* on its perch. When they reached the Whau it was full day, but the fog had settled down over the creek. As the bird killers arrived there they could see some people wrapping their mats round their heads and preparing to swim the creek. As Ata was in front of the others, she was the first to see these people. She at once stood still till some of the men of her party had come up to her, when she pointed to the strangers. At once they put their hands down on the ground and looked round at those who were behind them, and then sat down and waited.

The oldest man of the bird killing party threw off all but one of his mats and crept silently through the scrub towards the other party. His companions were prepared to fight, and to use their poles as weapons. Then the voice of one of the strangers was heard clearly, "Is this the road to Maunga-whau?" The reply came in the voice of one of Maro's companions when he went to visit the Nga-puhi, "Yes, that is the road." Having heard the voice, and knowing the man who uttered it, the bird killers at once stood up. They called the name of the man whose voice they had recognised, and at once the strangers crouched in the scrub in an attitude of war. But when the man's name was repeated, another of the strangers stood up so that everyone could see him. At once the Mount Eden people began to weep, while the women stood and waved their arms to and fro and wept.

At this point Maro paused impressively. "Now, my young friends, I was that man. Yes, it was me. Maro was my name. And now I can tell you the last of the story of Popo and of his love for Rehia."

Chapter Fourteen: Maro's Story

Maro now finishes the story from his own knowledge. He tells how Popo has been found by them as he recovers from his period of insanity. Popo returns to Mount Eden and a great meeting is held, to which all the tribes are invited. There is great rejoicing that Popo has been safely restored to them, and many valuable presents are given to him and to Rehia, with many speeches from the older people. Maro tells of his adventures with the Nga-puhi people, and their expedition to the south. Peace is made with these people, and Popo takes his place, with Rehia, as leader of his people. The Thames people arrive. Maro claims Rehu-tai as his wife, and so happiness comes at last to the young couples.

When the weeping had ceased, we all sat down save one of the bird killers, who related the loss, and how it occurred, of Popo, and where they thought he might be. As this was taking place, a canoe with people from Wairaka *pa*, who were going up the creek on an eel catching expedition to Te Tatura, came near. The paddlers stopped to listen to the conversation. One of those in the canoe asked the bird killing party if they were going to Mount Eden, and offered to put them across the creek. This offer was accepted at once, and the whole party crossed in the canoe, and proceeded at once with their birds, and in company with our party from the west coast, to Mount Eden.

As there was only one man who had come from Mount Eden with me when I left, silence was maintained until we reached the *marae*. As we went up the road on the west side of the *pa*, a messenger was sent ahead to give the news of Ata's arrival, of the success of the snipe killing expedition, and of my arrival with the people from the west coast. The people of the *pa* were therefore prepared. When we came in sight of them they were standing on the parapets waving their garments and calling to us.

Ata, with her red *kaka*, was the last in the line of march, and as all her fellow-travellers had sat down before she entered the *pa*, she went straight on to the *marae* and stuck the perch of the *kaka* in the ground. As she did this, the women and girls stood up and wept, and swayed their bodies, and cleft the air with their hands, and chanted this song in mournful tones:

*O daughters, hearken now
To the slander spoken
In their midst and in
Their council house.
They cease not, no,
They never cease to
Slander, or let the
Base, untruthful charge
Die out or be forgot
They beat to fragments
All that sacred was
In days of ancient past,
And speak of him
As one whose origin
Was from the misty ocean spray.
O evil lips, to make
The false report, and
Charge on him the servile
Act of cowardice,
As though he were
Of birth less noble.*

The chant ceased, and everyone sat down save Kapu, who remained standing with her *mere* in her hand and a mat bound round her waist "Welcome, O Ata," she said. "You see us as we are. Our loved one is not here. We call you; we give you the welcome which the grief-stricken alone can give. Welcome, O people of Nga-puhi, who have come to our *pa* with Maro, welcome! But, alas! we are covered with wornout mats to-day. Our supreme chief has been taken from us. You heard the chant we sang for him just now. Yes, there is no doubt

that jealousy was the cause of slander, and, because of slander, he was the object of witchcraft. He was of noble birth, but those who hated him because he was noble, great and good, treated him as if he were the descendant of a wave of the sea.

Maui-tikitiki-a-taranga, the puckish demi-god of the Maori, was washed ashore after having been abandoned, as a baby, to the waves of the sea, and was ridiculed by his elder brothers for his obscure parentage. Welcome, O Nga-puhi. Come to the home of grief."

Ata took her place as she ceased. "I am here, O people of Mount Eden. I came at your wish. I have come to fill the place of him who is not here. I have brought the red *kaka* he gave me for you to look at, so that you may see what his hands have handled. I have had dreams of him. The dreams were not evil. I have seen him in life again, but his hair was long, he had big eyes that looked at me as though he had never seen me before. I know that this is a good omen. Yes, I am with you. Because he loved me and I loved him, I am here." She sat down and wept.

It was my turn to speak. I got to my feet and said, "Welcome me and my Nga-puhi friends. Welcome them. They have not come to the *pa* as spies. This party of Nga-puhi has come from Tai-a-mai to bring the weapons of war to obtain satisfaction for the pain of mind they have felt on account of the deeds that some Nga-puhi wrought on other Nga-puhi. We came by way of Kaipara. We have seen the people at Hoteo, Wai-takere, at Piha, and Kare Kare. We have been there for some time. We are here now. But the main body are still at Wai-takere. It will be for you to ask them to come here. I have said all that I have to say."

Kapu said, "I will speak for our people, but I will first say this. If I send for your tribe of Nga-puhi, you will have to come over a land that is sacred on account of my lord having been lost there. He left us because he was deranged, we think through witchcraft, and if he is alive, he is sacred in the state he is in. If he is dead, still the land is sacred where his body lies buried. I will send a welcome to these people to come and see my people at our *pa* here."

A Nga-puhi chief rose and said, "Welcome, O woman of correct language, welcome with your words of kindness and nobility. We come from your people of the west coast. We come to bring some of our people who felt grieved at the loss of one of their children, a girl, who had been given to a man of lower rank. We come to bring her relatives to a distant land to express their grief. Then we will go back. Maro has a word which he has not yet spoken. Welcome, O tribe."

I rose again and said, "Yes, I have one word which I kept back because, as Kapu said, it is sacred on account of him who is sacred to you since he left this *pa*. He is not dead. He can walk. But he does not speak much. The priests are feeding him and are chanting all the sacred incantations over him. He is now at Wai-takere. That is all I have to say."

Kapu stood up again, her eyes shining. "O people, I told you Popo would not die. I sent for the red *kaka* he gave to Ata, and now it is here. Rise at once, some of you young men, and take the *kaka kura* with you and go to Wai-takere. Give the red bird to Popo, and say that Ata is here. Tell the Nga-puhi to conduct my child back to me, to his own *pa*. Rise and depart."

She waved her hands to and fro and began to weep, and all the women, taking up the words of the song that Kapu had begun to chant, wept in chorus as they sang. At the same time all the young chiefs of high rank rose to their feet and passed out of the *pa*, clad in the garments they were wearing, and went in a line down the path that led to the west and along the road which the bird catchers had traversed that morning.

The young men swam the creek at the Whau with their mats tied on their heads and went by way of Puke-Whakatanetane, and down to the Wai-takere river, and at the point on the south bank where the sand begins, they entered a *pa* of the west coast people unperceived. It was twilight when they arrived, and the evening meal was being eaten. They saw Popo sitting at one end of the *pa* eating out of a *paro* of fish, *kumara*, *pohue* and eel.

After they had been welcomed by the people, one of them walked on to the *marae* and said, "Hearken! This is the word sent by Kapu from all the people of Tainui in the Mount Eden and all the surrounding *pa*. We were sent here, O Popo, to welcome your face in life, and also to say that all the Nga-puhi people who are here are asked to come and see our people in Waitemata. You, O people of the west coast, are also to accompany the Nga-puhi overland to our *pa* at Mount Eden with Popo. There you will meet the female *ariki* of the Kahu-Koka, Ata-Rehia, at our *pa*. There you will hear words from Popo and from Ata, if they wish to speak. Welcome, O peoples, to our feast."

As soon as the messengers had left, Kapu said, "O people of Maunga-whau, hearken. Go in a canoe, O you young people, to Awhitu, and tell the news that Maro has brought from Wai-takere. Ask the tribe to come at once to welcome Popo from death, and the Nga-puhi to our *pa*."

At dawn the tide in the Manuka was full in, and canoes were landing at Onehunga and people were trooping along from the landing place towards the Mount Eden *pa*. As signal fires had been lit on the *marae* the night before, all the inhabitants of the surrounding *pa* were converging upon Mount Eden. As they arrived, they

were welcomed by the inhabitants of the fort. Smoke was rising from the *hangi*, which had been lit early in the morning. Sheds were being put up against the palisading of the fort for the guests to sleep in.

The tribe from Awhitu had arrived, together with those from Taka-runga and Takapuna, and from all the forts on the isthmus. They had been welcomed in the usual manner, and were now looking over the low land at the Whau to see the Nga-puhi coming with Popo from the west coast. Canoes had been sent to the crossing place there, and now a moving mass could be seen coming down the road from Kopu-paka. The people were greatly excited. Popo was coming back after having been lost in the Titirangi ranges! Kapu was weeping, laughing, and scarcely able to contain herself.

A loud shout was heard from the Wairaka *pa*, and all its people rushed out and joined the crowd which was coming towards Mount Eden. They then came on in silence until they began the ascent on the western side of the mountain. All the people on the hill gave a tremendous shout, like warriors who have been victorious in battle, and their cry was echoed by the oncoming tribes. On their arrival within the palisades, the combined tribes gave another prodigious yell and sat down, after which there was a prolonged silence.

Ha Kawau of Awhitu at last stood up and waved his hands towards Popo, and wept, the tears streaming down his face. He did not utter a word, nor did he move his body, but stood with his head bowed upon his breast and sobbed as though he were half-suffocated. As he stood, others rose in different parts of the *marae*, from every tribe and from every *pa*, and wept aloud, waving their hands, till at last all the people had risen to their feet and sobbed and wept bitterly, the women chanting songs as they wept. The sobbing at last died away, and the people sat down again. No word was spoken, nor had Popo been seen save by those who sat near him.

All was now quiet; every head was covered with the mat of its wearer, and everyone's eyes closed as at midnight. Even the children and infants crouched down, not daring to utter a sound, nor even to open their eyes. At last a voice so feeble and mild, commanding yet not harsh, was heard to say, "Welcome, welcome to our *pa*!" It was Popo who had spoken, and was standing. All eyes were opened at once, and as they saw him, the people greeted him with a sob, which was the only way they could give utterance to their feelings. "Welcome back into daylight, O people! O mothers! O fathers! O children!" he continued. "Welcome back to correct thoughts! Welcome back to that which is man-like! I love you all. I have not one evil thought against any human being. If I have been less than a man, the gods are responsible for that. Enough for me. I live, I see, I love as I did in the days of my youth. O my people, my fathers, my brothers, I love you as I did long ago. That is all I wish to live for. It is for Ata I command you, O my tribe. She shall speak."

Ata was sitting at some distance from Popo. She came towards him, and when about ten paces from him, she lifted the red *kaka* which she carried on its perch. Looking at the bird, she said, "Listen, O people, all of you listen. You, O Nga-puhi, too, hearken to what I have to say. I do not speak as I have been taught by others. I speak on my own account. The gods have done as they have seen right. I have not murmured. I was smitten before I had time to strike a blow. I did not ask the gods for a gift, yet what I did possess they took away from me. I had a beautiful bird and I called it mine. It fled I know not where. I knew the place where it had last been seen, but I could not hear its voice. Yet I had a red bird, the bird so prized by the priests, and I kept it for the sake of the giver. I loved it for his sake. I fed it with the best food and watched its every movement so that I might divine if my loved one were still alive. Oh, how often have I seen my beautiful red bird open and flap its wings and look from our *pa* at Awhitu towards the hills of Titirangi, where I longed to go alone in the forest and be one of the owls of the gloaming, if I could but catch a glimpse of him I ever loved. Yes, O people, I have a word for you all. I was with the men of this tribe at Mount Eden at the Whau, and we caught fifty baskets of snipe, and my red *kaka* told me by signs that we should see a day of joy. As we chanted the incantation to ensure that a goodly number of birds would be killed, it gave a cry of victory—it was the scream of an exultant warrior as he smites his foe and death passes him by. I knew from that shout that I should soon see Popo again. The birds we caught, the fish and shark my people have collected this summer, and the eatables you people of the surrounding *pa* have collected this year, shall be given as a feast to the Nga-puhi people at the time that our people eat the *pakuha* when I take Popo as my husband. I have spoken the word. We sleep tonight, but tomorrow we shall hold our feast"

By midnight most of the occupants of the *pa* had laid down to sleep on beds made of fern collected from the open land of the plain. Others, who were older, had the leaves of the *raupo*

Reed, bulrush. *Typha augustifolia*.

laid down, and others the leaves and young twigs of trees. Thus they all slept, but in the *whare kura* the old people gathered together to discuss the programme for the feast to be given at the *pakuha* of Popo and Ata. As the tribe had long thought that Popo might be brought back to them, the old women had been making mats. Those who were of a roving disposition had been out to the distant forests of the Waikato collecting the mosses and grass and shrubs to add scent to the oil which was kept in the small calabashes. Others had been out to sea and had taken the *mako*.

All that the old people had discussed had been arranged, and at the time of night when the *toutouwai*

North Island robin. *Miro longpipes*. "It has a beautiful whistle, heard first with the earliest streak of dawn and last as the twilight closes on the bush." *New Zealand Forest Inhabiting Birds*.
heralds the dawn of day, an old warrior came from the *whare kura* and went on to the *marae* and called aloud to all the people. "Listen, then, O people! Our old men say that we are to be guided by the customs of old. These, then, shall be the actions you are to perform.

"As soon as the light is seen in the east, those who cook food for the tribe shall rise and prepare it. As soon as we have partaken of it, those who have gifts to make to Popo shall bring them to the south side, and those for Ata to the north side of the *marae*. You will lay them as you think fit. Then our own chiefs may speak as they like, and at midday we shall hold the feast of *pakuha*, at which any of our young people may speak.

"As soon as we heard that Popo was alive, a messenger was sent to the Thames people of the Tainui tribe to come to our feast. To these people Maro may speak, after which he can claim Rehu-tai of the Thames as his wife. These are the words of our old chiefs."

When the morning repast had been eaten, and the *kono* thrown on the refuse heaps by the cooks, all the tribes assembled in a ring round the *marae*. After a little silence a young woman rose with a pleasant smile on her face and walked to the north side of the *marae* and laid a new mat down on the ground, and retired. She was one of the Kahu Koka people from the tribe of Ata, and from Awhitu *pa*. An old woman from the same tribe took a bunch of albatross down and laid it on the mat. Then an old chief of the same tribe took a *papa huia*

A carved box made specially to hold the prized feathers of the *huia*. Many of these treasure chests were beautiful examples of the art of the wood carver.

filled with the tail feathers of the *huia* and laid it on the mat.

A young man from the Taka-runga *pa* took a dogskin mat and laid it on the south side of the *marae*, and was followed by a young woman of the same *pa* who laid a *kurukuru* on the mat. Then followed an old man of the same tribe with a *mako* which had been an heirloom for many years. When he had laid it down he turned to Popo and said, "O my child, this *mako*, which we call Toi-ora,

"Summit of life." (Note: John White.)

must be for you. We see you in life again, O child; live to be the life of your people."

He was followed by an old woman who walked to the mat and laid a *heitiki* on it. She said, "O Popo, you are the heir to this *tiki*. It was of the family of which you are now the head. We call it Whaiao.

"Daylight"

Keep it, O my child, and give it to your heir."

An old chief of the Mangere *pa* next laid a mat on the north side of the *marae*, and was followed by a young girl of the same tribe who laid a calabash of scented oil on the mat. Then a young man put down a female *maro* on the opposite heap, and said, "I do not make this *maro* my gift. I put it here as a gift of my sister Taitua. She is *tapu* now, having cooked food for Popo, so I give it in her stead."

A chief from Otahuhu put a *mere* on the heap on the south side, and was followed by an old woman with a *kaitaka*. A chief of the Rarotonga *pa* laid a *taiaha kura*

"A weapon of hard wood, about five feet long, having one end (the *arero*) carved in the shape of a tongue with a face on each side and adorned with a fillet of hair or feathers, the other end being a flat, smooth blade (*rau*) about three inches wide." Williams's *Maori Dictionary*. A *Taiaha kura* was one in which the red feathers were used as ornament.

on the heap at the south and said, "I do not know of anyone who can hold this *taiaha* with more *mana* than our son."

He was followed by a young girl who said, "I do not know if I am right, but a *mako* is a gift that is liked by chiefs. I give this *mako*. You all know it was my mother's gift to me, and as we are of the same family as Popo, he is the next heir to it."

An old woman of the Wairaka *pa* laid a *kahu-kiwi*

A cape covered with the feathers of the *kiwi*.

on the heap at the south of the *marae* and said, "This mat has been worn by all our supreme chiefs, and as I am a woman and it was the gift of my husband to me on his death, I will now give it to our supreme chief Popo."

A young girl of the same *pa* laid a *toha*

Congealed lump.

of scented oil on the northern heap and said, "This oil was scented by herbs and moss taken in the Titirangi range by those of old."

A young man of the Totara-i-ahua *pa* now rose and took a black and white dogskin mat to the south side of the *marae*. He was followed by a young woman with a greenstone *heitiki*, a *mere pounamu* and a *wahaika*.

A striking weapon made either of wood or bone.

The woman said, "I do not know why I should be looked at by the people because I speak and my husband

does not. As I am by birth senior to my husband, I say to Popo:—Come, O bird of beautiful plumage, and adorn our home once more."

A young man of the Remu-wera *pa* laid a striped black and white dogskin mat on the south side, and he was followed by a number of young boys and girls who each carried a *pohoi*,

A bundle of feathers used as an ear ornament.

plume or calabash of scented oil. They walked in a line, following each other, and as they laid down their gifts they turned to the right and came back in a line to the place where they had been sitting.

Next came a chief of Papanga-te-uira who carried a *mere* in his right hand. When he had placed it on the rapidly growing pile on the south, he said, "Mine is an heirloom of old. Every chief who has lived in this *pa* has carried this in his hand. As you, O son, are the head chief, you must carry it now."

A young girl laid on the mat a carved flute and said, "O Popo, this is the flute of your ancestor who played on it so well. By its voice it has gained many a wife; but as you can play well on the flute, and Ata is your wife, you must keep this for your people. When those who are afraid to declare their love ask for it, let them have it."

A number of chiefs and priests now rose, and taking up a slab of greenstone called Whakarewa-tohuru, they laid it down on the south side of the *marae*. The oldest of them said, "O people, as the south side is the upper part of the world, and as the north is the lower part, so it is with men and women. Man is the warrior to fight, he is the upper part of manly life. A woman is the preparer of food, she is the lower part. This is the reason for the gifts for Popo being placed in the south, as he is our chief. Those for Ata are in the north, as she is our *tapairu*,

First-born female in a family of high rank.

the one to order feasts and entertain guests.

When the gifts had all been laid down, Kapu rose and went to the heap of presents intended for Ata. Looking round at the people, she waved her *mere pounamu* and said, "Why do I speak? It is my place to speak and give these presents of our people to my daughter, Ata. Our customs demand that I act, even though Tahu the father, and Reko the mother, of Popo are here. Look, then, O Ata, at these things. Our people give them to you. We are one people and you are our child. Take this property which our tribes have given to you on the day that you take Popo as your husband." So saying, she went and sat down near Ata.

Ha Kawau rose and said, "I am of the tribe of Ata, and it is for me to act. O Popo, look at this heap of property. Accept these from our tribe as a gift of love to you on the day that our daughter is taken by you as your wife." As he ceased to speak, a number of females came on to the *marae* from the west, following each other in line with kits of *kao*

Kumara which has been grated, cooked and dried in the sun.

on their backs. They piled them up in a heap and sat down near the palisades. They were followed by a body of men with bundles of dried shark, which they laid on top of the baskets of *kao*, and sat down near the girls. Then came a body of women with baskets of dried cockles, mussels, *haliotis*, *toheroa* and *inanga*.

Whitebait. The fry of *Retropinna richardsoni* and *Galaxias attenuatus*.

These they placed on the heap of *kao* and shark and sat down. Next came a number of young men carrying a number of baskets of the best fern root. These they put in front of the other heap. Then followed men with baskets of dried convolvulus roots.

Thus were the different kinds of food brought in for the feast and laid in heaps until each tribe had added its quota to the stock of food. Kapu then rose with a number of fern stalks in her hand and went to the stacks of food, and after looking at them for some time, she called some of the young men, and by their aid divided the provisions into lots, and placed a fern-stalk upright in each division. The people were sitting together in tribes, and they watched her closely. When her preparations were complete, she waved her *mere* and said, "Listen, O people. This is the word of our old men." She touched the first lot of food with her *mere* and cried, "This is for our guests, the Nga-puhi." She touched the next lot. "For the Kahu-koka," and so she continued to call out the names of the tribes of the family in Waikato and other parts of the country. When all the food had been allotted, Kapu sat down, while the people of each tribe went and took the viands allotted to them, and the cooks began to prepare for the feast.

When the food had all been taken away, a chief of the Kahu-koka rose and said, as he walked to and fro on the *marae*, "Yes, yes, we are here to look on the face of our child. Yes, yes, go, O Ata, and live with Popo.

Never say anything that may cause anger to rise between you. That is all I have to say."

A priest of the Taka-runga *pa* said, "I see that our son Popo is still alive. We feel love for him and for Ata. I will not say more."

A chief from Mangere said, "Who thinks we are a tribe of little power, or of few people? Look at us now. We are of noble origin. We are of the Tainui.

O Popo, live and be our leader, and be the *mana* of our chiefs. We are glad that you are here with us now. Ata will keep you from evil and from the hate of the gods. That is all I have to say."

An old chief from the Otahuhu *pa* said, "I do not know that any of our people have a greater right to take

Ata as wife than Popo. O people, do I speak the truth?" With one voice came the reply, "True, true."

As the old chief sat down, another of the Rarotonga *pa* rose and said, "I have seen battles, fishing parties and murders, hut this is the most notable meeting I have ever seen. O Popo, love your wife, and O Ata, love Popo. Let our people see how the great ones can behave. That is all my speech."

The chief of the Wairaka *pa* said, "We are a people of many tribes, yet we are one people. We all feel that it is good that you, O Popo, have taken Ata.

I say no more."

The chief of Totara-i-ahua said. "I will not tell of the great feasts of my days. This feast is great, not of food, but rather of good deeds and great acts. You, O Popo, have done right to take Ata. All our disputes will now end. for there will be no more quarrels about our rights to the fishing banks of the Manuka. Good, O Popo, good, and right, O Ata, right. Those are my words, O people." A decrepit old chief of the Remu-wera *pa* said, "Come, O days of delight. I have seen days of evil. I have seen days of hunger and cold, but this is the beginning of days of good and kindness. Yes, O Popo and Ata, let love rule all your actions, and let your people live in peace. These are my words."

The chief of Tikopuke rose and looked round. He walked on to the *marae* and coughed and shook his mat and said, "Do you speak of war? Do you praise peace? What do we live for? Does cultivating food and fishing and catching birds and having a wife make up all that a man lives for? Man lives to make men happy, but our people do not act in this way. You, O Popo and Ata, show us how to live. My grey hairs say these words."

The chief of the *pa* Papanga-te-uira rose and went on to the *marae* and bowed his head and looked at the people, and said, "Who were good when they were young? Who did as they were told in the days when they were children? Who were kind to the old and who now feed the sick? The good do not cause evil, but as the crop is tended, so will the harvest be. Look at Popo. Who caused him to wander? No, it was not the act of some evil person. But good has prevailed, and he is here again. We love you, O Popo, and we are glad you and Ata are to be man and wife. Yes, yes, yes!"

An old woman who was greatest in rank of the people of Orakei rose and said, "We all know what evil is, and we all know the delight of good. Who has done the most evil? Let those who will be leaders of the people say if they like us more than they like themselves. Our old proverb says, 'The tribe makes the chief/ And another proverb says, 'A chief is of no repute without a people'—and this, I say, is true.

"Then, O Popo and Ata, as you are descended from the great, let all your actions be for the good of your people. That is all I say."

"O people," said another old man, "we have the words of most of our old chiefs. They say that we are people of evil repute. But if we are a quarrelsome people, we have the opportunity now to change our character, and Popo will teach us how to act to gain a good name. I am old. I have seen good and evil men, and I say that to act with kindness is good for my tribe. Listen, O people, to the words of Popo, because I know from his past life that he will lead you in the path of peace. I say no more."

An old woman of the Tatua *pa* said, "True, true, O people. Love is the greatest power to guide our people. We all love Popo. We all know what he has done, and we all love him. It is right that Ata is to be your wife, O Popo. Teach our chiefs to act with kindness. I was a girl once and I know what the women say of you, O men. Act as you wish, but remember that we are not all girls, and that not only will we speak. We will act if you men do that which is not right. I will now sit down."

The chief of the Ngutu-wera *pa* said, "We also are here. We do not stay at our home when our eyes may look once more on our boy. Welcome back, O son, to your own people. We are glad that Ata has come to this portion of our people, and we shall call her our *tapairu ariki*. Live with us, O Popo, and we will provide all that you require in this life. I now sit down."

The chief, who was the leader of the people in the Manurewa *pa*, said, "We are of the Waikato part of our people, but we feel great joy in seeing Popo to-day. As we are on the road to Wai-uku, we will live in the protection of Ata and Popo. Most of our people are old, and we shall not see you two for many summers more, so we will say we are yours, and love you now as our fathers did your father. That is all we have to say."

A chief of the Matuku-rua *pa* said, "We all see you, O Popo and Ata, and our eyes feed our souls, a we see in you the leaders of our people. We are glad that you are man and wife. We are all your people, and we are the power you are to use for the good or evil of the land. We know that yours is a good soul, and that we shall see the clear light of the sun while you live, and not clouds and tempest. That is what our people have to say."

As the old man finished, a crowd of men and women and children entered the *pa* and came on to the *marae* chanting the feast song. The food carriers placed their burdens on a different part of the *marae* The members of each family then went and sat down before the *paro* containing the cooked food, and there, four or five in front of each basket, they sat and partook of the food.

Everyone enjoyed the feast. When it was over and the *marae* had been cleaned of all that might pollute the sacred ones, a Nga-puhi chief rose. He was clothed in a mat made of the red *kaka* feathers. He was an *ariki* of

the Nga-puhi who occupied the Kai-kohe district. With a *mere* in his hand he paced over the *marae* from the east to the west, and back again with out speaking a word. The Tainui people watched his every gesture and step. At last he stopped and looked at Popo and Ata. "We, the children of those who were driven from the Hauraki district, have come back' to look at you, the children of those who drove our parents from this part of the country. We were grieved that one of our daughters should have taken a common man as her husband, and as we did not wish to take our revenge on our own people, we came to the west coast and attacked the thievish sons of Maki. What we have done is known to you. We received your messenger, and we heard of your pain on account of your child Popo. As we have obtained revenge for the act of our daughter by the attack we made on the west coast people, and as you were giving a *pakuha* feast, we determined to join you. Now we take this opportunity to make peace with you and those whose tribes we attacked. There is no evil in our act, though we are the offspring of a younger son. We were daring enough to come and attack our fathers and elder brothers, but now we make peace with you. O Popo, accept this *mere* and keep it. If ever ypu need assistance in war, send it back to me and I will come with it and aid you, and my people with me."

Old Mihi Rangi rose and said, "Your words, O Nga-puhi, are good, but you are not of the Nga-puhi. You are of the Tainui. You are an interloper in the Nga-puhi district. You will not gain any power in coming to kill and eat your relatives, you will die of consumption. But you know this, and you have dared the gods, so let evil come on you of your own seeking. You know what you like best. You are of the migration that left Hauraki at the time that Hotu-roa

After Ngatoro-i-rangi was captured by Tama-tea of the Arawa canoe, it was Hotu-roa who assumed the command of the Tainui.

conquered the people of the district, and you are of the same people who now occupy the Tauranga district. Go back to your new home and do as you like. If the Nga-puhi treat you as your acts deserve, you may send to me and I will come to your aid. We make peace with you. Take this ear ornament I have worn." She took a *kurukuru* from her ear and threw it to the Nga-puhi chief and said, "That is for you to send to me when you want my assistance in war.

"I will speak now of another matter, O Nga-puhi. You have been kind to my son Maro, who has been at your home, and I see him here with us. As he has not been killed, you must have been kind to him. That is why I now make peace with you, as our proverb is, 'Eat each with each other, and things are agreeable.' As you have been kind to him, we will be kind to you and make peace. I am not a girl. I speak of knowledge I have received from my years. Go home, O Nga-puhi, and I will not follow in your path."

When all the speakers had finished, I rose and gave a loud cough and looked round. Then I pulled a *mako* of great size out of a small basket and walked up to where Popo sat and laid it down at his feet. "I do not need to tell you all that I have done, nor where I have been," I said, turning to the people. "But to make things clear, I must begin at the time I left you and tell you what I have seen and done. As some of our people—the descendants of those who were driven out of the Thames—were about to visit their relatives, and as I could not get the girl from the Thames whom I wanted as my wife, I was in a pet, and went with those people to the Nga-puhi.

"On our way to the Bay of Islands I caught a *mako*, O Popo. I have given you one of the teeth I obtained from it. The other I still have, for there is someone else for whom I am saving it. I went on with this party and landed in the Bay at the *pa* of the Haruru people, and stayed there for some time. Then we went on to the *pa* at Puke-tona, and one to the south of Te Wai-mate and stayed there until a party of the Nga-puhi of Hokianga came to the Kai-kohe *pa*. We were all invited to go there to a meeting of chiefs and people of all the *pa* in the district. We went and had a great feast of *kumara* and shark. For some time the speakers at that meeting spoke of the deeds of the past, and what our great men did in the days of old, till at last one of the Hokianga chiefs said, 'I am not a boy. I must speak of that for which I came. Are we to allow one of our young women to be the wife of a Tamaki slave? That is all I wish to talk about.'

"An old chief of Kaipara said, 'I do not know that we shall be able to say what we shall do, but if I were to act, I would go at once to the Tai-nui tribe on the west coast and attack them, and so rid my heart of the anger I feel, on account of the Tamaki slave being the husband of our young chieftainess. She is of the supreme rank and a descendant of the gods, and so she is her own law. To do as I say is the only way you can rid your hearts of anger.'

"I rose and said, 'O people of the descendants of those who were driven out of Hauraki, do not act in a thoughtless way. The Tainui are a great people, and if you attack them you may not come back. The tribes who live on the west coast at Wai-takere are of the Tainui, as also are those of Waikato and Thames. If these are attacked you may rue the day. Think well before you make the attack which your old chief suggests.'

"A Hokianga chief said, 'We have had many meetings and have discussed the subject in every way. Our old priests have thrown the *niu*,

Small sticks used in divination. They were thrown down, and from the position they assumed, the *tohunga*

was able to read the omens.

and it has been said that we shall obtain revenge and come back unharmed. Why do we halt? Why do we waver when our priests will go with us, and have charge of the gods to assist us in all our actions? Rise, O people, and let us go to rid ourselves of the insult put on us by this slave of Tamaki.'

"For long the discussion raged, and many were the speakers. Those who were young wished to go to war, and those who were old were cautious. At last a very old chief of the Nga-puhi rose and said, 'You have spoken, O people. As the young people wish to see what you have seen in war, and enjoy what you have enjoyed, I say you may go to the south if you like, to obtain what you can. If you are beaten—so let it be; and if you come back, you will see us here. That is the end of our words.'

"This old priest went and threw the *niu* and told us that the omens were propitious, and that we should have an expedition that would succeed. So the descendants of those who were driven out of Hauraki collected from all the different *pa* in which they were living and had a war-dance, in which, once again, the omens were propitious. Not one of the people in the *kapa* of the dances were out of line,

A good omen.

and all danced in time, and at the challenge they turned simultaneously to the right. As they were going to my home, I joined the war-party, and we came from Kai-kohe to Whanga-rei, and by Maunga-tu-rotu and on by Manga-whai and Wai-pu, where we were on friendly terms with the tribes we met. We went by way of the We-iti and over to Kau-kapakapa, where we killed an old man, who was taken in a creek where he had been catching eels. His body was offered to the gods.

"The fish of Tu"—the first man to be slain in battle, or on the way to battle, and offered to the god of war.

We went on to Te Muri-wai, where we surprised some people collecting *karaka* berries in a clump of trees at the south end of the Rangatura beach. Some of these we cooked and ate, and others we hung up in the trees as gifts to the gods. We then went on to the Wai-takere river, but as some of the Muri-wai had escaped from us and had warned the Wai-takere people of our expedition, they closed the gates of their *pa*.

"The *pa* was situated in a bog of *raupo*, and had been built on *totara* posts. The fence had been built on a stage made of pieces of split wood tied with *torotoro* and was very strong. The fencing was continued all round the stage and down into the water as far as the ground so that no enemy could dive under the *pa* and set fire to it.

"The first day of our arrival in the district we took a good look at this *pa*, but what really occupied our thoughts was a little *pa* on a small mound on the north side of the sand at the spot where the Wai-takere river washes out into the sea. The north head of this river was a bold headland, from which we could look down into this *pa*. The island or mound had a spring of water on it, though it was like a big ball standing on the sand, and, at high water, entirely surrounded by breakers. The inhabitants could not be starved out, so we attacked the stage *pa* in the bog, but could not gain an entrance. Some of our people swam out to it at midnight and tried to scale the fence, but they were speared by the defenders.

"Then we attacked the *pa* on the island by throwing firesticks tied to stones from the headland. We could not throw them far enough, so we made a stage and tried to scale the *pa*, but several of our men were speared.

"Then we went on to the Ara-whata caves, which we found empty, the inhabitants having fled to a *pa* at Kare Kare. This *pa* was on a round hill of rough stones, which seemed to be piled up in a heap. We attacked, and took it, but some of the inhabitants lowered themselves down the cliff into the sea and escaped by swimming round the coast, and landed on the shore a little north of the Manuka heads, and escaped to the forest country at the back.

"We stayed here some time and lived on the crop which had been collected in the *pa* and allowed the friends of this vanquished people from Hoteo to bury their dead. Afterwards we came back to Ara-whata, where we had heard that a priest of superior knowledge was living.

"There was much food at this place, so we stayed for some time and learned that a man of daring lived up in the forest at the head of the Ara-whata creek. As we were in enemy country, and as our young men liked adventure, a party of us went to see this strange man in the forest. I accompanied them, for in some strange fashion I thought he might be Popo.

"We took our *tao* with us, and our bird spears and went up the bed of the stream. The water was not deep, so we killed all the eels. We came to a high precipice, at the bottom of which was a cave, and in this we saw the bed and clothing of some human being. A fire was still burning in the cave, and the feathers of *kiwi*, pigeons and *kaka* were scattered about.

"When we ventured into the inner part of the cave we saw there a man who had in his time been good-looking. Now he was a most forlorn-looking being. His hair had grown down his shoulders, his eyes were sunk in his head as if he had been starved, and his limbs were mere bones covered with skin. When he saw us he got up and said, 'Welcome to my home/ I knew the voice, and cried, 'O Popo, is it you? We came to ask you to go with us to the seashore to see your younger relatives, the people of Tai-a-mai, who are waiting to attend

you to Mount Eden.'

"He said, 'You must take my property and then I will go.' He collected his mats and fishing lines and sinkers and spears, and we returned by the same path.

"When we arrived near the entrance of the Ara-whata creek, we came to a cave on the bank. Popo said, 'Wait till I come back.' He left us, but soon returned with a lot of dried mussels and cured birds. These we took and carried for him. We went by the road that leads up south from the creek to the *pa* at the north end of the Piha beach, and there we met all our people, and Popo was welcomed by them all. He did not say anything to us, nor has he spoken to any of us since. Perhaps when I have finished he will tell you his tale. He stayed at that *pa* for some time, and then came on to the Wai-takere river, where we met the people of the stage *pa* and made peace with them. Then your messengers came and we accepted your invitation to come here. Welcome, O our fathers, we are here again with Popo."

The old priest of Kahu-Koka rose and said, "I do not wish that all the people should speak, but Popo may tell us what he knows of the life he led in the Titi-rangi ranges, what he saw in the forest and whom he met, and how he got food to live."

Popo stood up. He was very feeble, and his voice was weak. He stood still as he spoke, and at his feet sat Ata looking up into his face. His hair was still long and fell over his shoulders like tangled flax, but there was a kindly smile on his face, and his eyes shone. "Welcome, O our tribe," he said. "I see daylight once more. I am quite feeble. I do not know how I left you. I do remember going with you to catch *kuaka* at the Whau, but it was night then, and as we came back a darker night fell on me and I fled to seek for daylight. But I did not know what I pursued. I did not want to see or hear anyone of my own kind. I do not know how I lived. I did not fear anything—the only dread I had was of the night or darkness that pressed on me all the time. Wherever I went that darkness surrounded me. At times I woke from a sleep, and for a moment I saw the trees and the birds. Then the gloom came on me again and I was in the night.

"I lived, but how I lived I do not know. I do not remember having fled from my home, but I do know the feeling of dread I felt when I saw the cloud of blackness that hung over me, and I ran away from it in a frenzy. How long I have been away from you I do not know.

"Not many days ago I awoke in a cave at the Ara-whata and saw that I had been living on birds. I saw that I had made bird-spears, and out of the birds' feathers I had attempted to make mats."

" 'Yes,' I said, 'here is one,' and I held it up for the people to see." A low wail came from Ata.

"Yes," said Popo, "I had made mats for myself and had collected food and had lived as I could. I hated the sight of my fellow men so much that no one else but myself could have made or collected these things for me. Then I awoke and the cloud had gone. It was daylight and I saw the cave in which I had lived. That day I rested as would one who was weary after a long journey. I cooked some birds and *roi* which I found in the cave, and was lying on my bed when Maro and his friends came. I could see clearly then, and when Maro spoke, I knew him.

"I am still feeble, and must have been starving for many moons. Now, O people, I accept your love-gift to us. Now that Ata and I are to be man and wife, let the young people of our tribe take the goods you have given to the house we are to occupy. I accept them as your *mana* to me."

Old Manu or, as she was called, Mihi Rangi, rose and said, "It is my right to say the last words at this feast of *pakuha*. I am the oldest one here, I know more than you all, and it is for me to welcome our boy back into daylight. Come then, O child, and with the *mana* of your ancestors lead us as a people. Look to our power as a tribe and teach us to be brave in the face of our enemies and do as those of the past have done. Go to war only in defence, not to attack or oppress those that are at peace with us. Come, O our child, and sit on the mat of your father."

When she had finished the young women rose in a body and collected all the gifts and took them to the house which had been prepared for Popo and Ata.

The *marae* was again filled with those who brought baskets of cooked food for the people. Before the baskets from which the food had been eaten had been collected, a cry arose, "The Thames people are coming!" Food was hastily prepared for them, and by the time the food was cooked, the Thames people had landed at Wai-ariki and had come up the ridge.

After they had eaten, one of them rose and said, "We came to see you, O Maro, because you have been to see the children of those who fled from the Thames. Welcome back to your home, O Maro. We have brought Rehu-tai with us. She has been weeping for you ever since you went away."

I rose and said, "Yes, I have seen those who fled before the son of Manu-tuahu, but they are a noble people, and some of them are here in this *pa*. They are now looking at you." A Nga-puhi chief said, "We accept your words of kindness, O people of the Thames. We are the children of those who were driven out by you. We came here to act so that the sorrows of our hearts on account of our daughter Miro taking a Tamaki slave should be assuaged."

"Cease to speak," the Thames chief replied, "and come back with us to see the home of your fathers, and so let us make peace."

"Yes," interjected a chief of Mount Eden, "and some of us will go with you. Rehu-tai and Maro can stay here with Popo and Ata. What do you say, O people?"

The people cried "Yes," together in a loud voice. And so the speech-making was over, and the people dispersed to sleep.

On the following day at dawn, food was cooked and canoes were manned by their people and went on their way to the Thames. Popo and Ata sat on the *marae* looking at each other tenderly. As Rehu-tai and I sat together looking over the palisades towards the Waitemata, Rehu-tai said, "I did not like to see you go off as you did. I loved you then, but I was ashamed to own it. When you had gone I was jealous lest one of the girls of the Ngatipou should take you as her husband."

I looked at her and said, "I loved you so much that no one else should ever have had me. If I could not have had you, I would have lived and died an unmarried man."

* * * *

The old man's eyes were fixed on the distant horizon. The clouds floated like islands of light in the golden glow of the setting sun and the sea came up to meet them, so that sky and water were blended in radiant glory. But the glow on Maro's wrinkled, deeply-carved face did not only come from the rays of the setting sun.

He sighed, and rose slowly from his mat. A chill breeze had sprung up from the west, and he looked old and tired and the glow faded from his face. He lifted his mat and walked away to his *whare* in the shadows, leaving the two girls sitting in the afterglow, which lingered upon the hill-top.

Appendix A: Glossary

aheiha: certainly, 163.

ahu: to heap up, 76.

ahuahu: mounds for *kumara* plants, 33.

aitua: omen, 81.

aka: climbing plant.

ariki: head or first-born chief, 111.

atua: god, 16.

auwahine; sister-in-law, 177.

awanganga: undecided, 95.

e moe: sleep on! 8.

haere ra: farewell! 17.

haere taua: let us depart, 41.

hahunga: the disinterring of the bones of the dead before they are placed in their final resting place, 230.

haka: dance; song accompanying a dance, 4.

hangi: cooking oven, 75.

hani: carved wooden weapon, used principally by chiefs, 104.

hapu: sub-tribe or clan, 6.

hara: bent stick indicating the place where a chief has met his death, 170.

hari: song which accompanies a dance, 102.

hau: offering, 169.

HAUMIA : personification of the edible bracken rhizome, 182.

hei: neck-ornament, 36.

hika: kindle fire by friction, 169.

hinau: a tree, 197.

hoahoa: spouse; female companion, 19.

hongiri: nose pressing—a salutation, 19.

hopohopo: fearful, 95.

HOTU-NUI : A Chief of the Tainui canoe, 3.

HOTU-ROA : Captain of the Tainui canoe, 121:273.

hou: a tree, 197.

hue: gourd, 113.

hui: twitch, 190.

huia: bird, 32. *huke*: dig up, 172.

inanga: whitebait, 268. *ipu*: calabash, 171.

kaeaea: sparrow-hawk, 237.

kahu-kiwi: a cape covered with feathers of the *kiwi*, 265.
kai: food, 153.
kainga: village, 202.
kaitaka: a fine mat, 33.
kaka: a bird, 140.
(*Kaka kereru*), 198.
(*Kaka korako*), 197.
(*Kaka kura*), 198.
(*Kaka pipiwharauoa*), 198.
kakaho: stalk of the reed grass, 94.
kakarauri: evening shadows, 153.
kanae: mullet, 28.
kanikani: dance, 4.
kao: *kumara*, grated, cooked and dried, 267.
kapa: row or rank, 91.
kapara: torch, 161.
karaka: tree, and berry, 51.
karakia: incantation, 2.
karamu: shrub, 9.
karearea: bush hawk, 122.
karetu: a sweet-scented grass, 61.
karoro: seagull, 149.
kauati and *hika*: fire-making apparatus, 169.
kauhoa: litter, 189.
kaupapa: medium, 167.
kauri: tree, 237.
kauta: cooking shed, 159.
kawa: a sapling, used in certain ceremonies, 76.
kawakawa: shrub, 41
kawe: carry, 210.
kiekie: a climbing plant, 169.
kinaki: relish, 26.
kiwi: a wingless bird, 32.
ko: digging implement, 138.
kohoperoa: long-tailed cuckoo, 198.
koka: a rough cloak of undressed flax, 51.
kokopu: fresh-water fish.
kokowai: red ochre, 40.
kono: small basket for cooked food, 172.
kopapa: a small canoe, 133.
kopere, *kopere taua*: hasten, hasten all, 160.
kopere tatou: we dart away, 251.
korakorako: fairy, 70.
korimako: bellbird, 122.
koroi: white pine, 162.
korokio: a shrub, 189.
kuaka: godwit, 149.
kumara: sweet potato, 1.
KUPE: famous voyager, 198.
kurukuru: greenstone ornament, 208.
MAHUIKA : the goddess of fire, 184.
mako: shark.
shark's tooth, 66.
makutu: bewitch, 148.
mana: prestige; authority, 149.
manuka: "tea-tree" shrub, 220.
mora: ground under cultivation, 124.
marae: communal meeting place, 5.

maro: kilt, 8.
MARU : god of war, 143.
matai: tree, 162.
MATARIKI : the Pleiades, 185.
matira: fish with a rod, 194.
mere: weapon, 12.
mere pounamu: greenstone weapon, 33.
miro: tree, 197.
moa: heap or raised bed.
moho-ao: wild bush-man, 157.
mokau: plain, not tattooed, 103.
tnoko: tattoo, 5.
mokoroa: a grub, 197.
muka: flax fibre, 141.
ngaio: a tree, 120.
ngeri: a rough cloak, 110.
nani: wild cabbage, or turnip, 16.
nikau: New Zealand palm, 210.
niti: darts, 116.
niu: small sticks used in divination, 275.
noa: free from *tapu*, 101.
nukarau: deceit, 114.
ohu: band of volunteer workers, 137.
pa: fortified village, 1.
pae: horizon, 160.
PAERAU : a place in the underworld, 88.
pahuhu: slip off, 188.
pakewa: to make a mistake in speech, 25.
pakipaki: decoy hunt, 190.
pakuha: betrothal or bridal feast, 98.
panahi: a small red-skinned *kumara*, 187.
PANI: god of good, particularly of the *kumara*, 191.
paoi: wooden beater, 159.
papa huia: carved box to hold *huia* feathers, 264.
papaki: decoy, 188.
pare koukou: method of hair-dressing, 66.
paro: a small food basket, 35.
pataka: storehouse, 25.
pipiwharau: the shining cuckoo, 187.
PO, TE: the Spirit-world, 22.
pohoi: ear ornaments of feathers, 266.
pohue: an edible creeping plant, 140.
pohutukazva: a tree, 28.
pot: a ball game, 116.
pokai: flock, 202.
poki: cover over, 159.
ponga: tree fern, 212.
poporo: a plant, 70.
porangi: mad; delirious, 167.
porta: bone ring, 221.
poroaki: leave instructions on departing, 72.
porotawa: a fungus, 187.
potae taua: widow's chaplet of mourning, 78.
potikete: small crabs, 141.
pou tokomanawa: centre support of the *whare*, 19.
powhiri: wave; welcome, 157.
puhi: betrothed, 16. An object set up for the purposes of witchcraft, 227.
pukapuka: a shrub, 8.

pukatea: a tree, 198.
pukorero: orator; well-informed, 155.
puriri: a tree, 197.
pu-tara: shell trumpet, 32.
rakaunui: full moon; 16th, 17th or 18th day of the month, 117.
raki: dry, 16.
RANGI: the Sky Father, 75.
rango: blowfly, 143.
rau: leaf, 210.
raupo: reed, bulrush, 263.
REINGA: the Spirit-land, 52.
rimu: a tree, 162.
riroriro: the grey warbler, 23.
riu: bilge of a canoe, 192.
roi: fern-root, 159.
RONA : man or woman, in the moon, 154; 199.
RONGO: god of peace and of agriculture, 182.
rua: store pit, 135.
runanga: council; assembly, 158.
tutu: owl, 14.
taiaha kura: a long wooden weapon ornamented with red feathers, 265.
TAMATEA-POKAI-WHENUA: Captain of the Taki-tumu canoe, 76.
tamure: fish; snapper, 141.
TANE: god of nature, 181.
tanekaha: a tree, 198.
TANGAROA : the sea god, 37.
tangi: wake; mourning and lamentation for the dead, 139.
taniwha: a fabulous denizen of deep water, 26.
too: spear, 162.
tapairu: first-born female in a family of high rank, 267.
tapatapa: incantation; chant, 138.
tapau: floor mat, 179.
tapu: sacred; ceremonial restriction, 6.
taro: food plant, 1.
taua: war-party, 229.
tauirā: scholar, 181.
taumanu: canoe thwart, 142.
taunga: domestic possessions, 146.
tawa: a tree, 175.
TAWHAKI: god of lightning, 143.
TAWHIRI-MATEA : god of wind and rain, 182.
teka: projecting foot-piece of *ko*, 138.
ti: a shrub, 8.
tikaka: at the zenith (of the sun); noon, 186.
tiki: greenstone amulet; a figure carved on the posts of a house, 38.
TINIRAU: progenitor of fish,
ti rakau: stick game, 116.
tirau: hard wooden fork, 172.
titoki: a tree, 224.
toetoe whatu-manu: light grass or rushes, 117.
toha: congealed lump, 265.
toheroa: shellfish, 151.
tohora: right whale, 163.
toko: stick used in sacred rites of divination; staff or walking stick, 7.
toroa: albatross or molly-mawk, 66.
torotoro: climbing plant, 7.
totara: forest tree, 7.
toutouwai: North Island robin, 263.

TU: god of war, 158.
tuahu: sacred place, 8.
tuhua: obsidian, 158.
tui: bird, 5.
tutae-kuri: a grass, 189.
tutai: watcher, 196.
tutu: tree in which bird snares are set, 141.
 TUTUNUI: a legendary whale, 245
 UENUKU: rainbow god; 76. *ariki* of Hawaiki, 247.
umu: oven, 188.
upoko: upper part; head, 35.
uruuruwhenua: tree fern, 189.
uto: enemy, 107.
wahaika: a weapon, 266.
wahi tapu: sacred place, 7.
wananga: sacred lore, 185.
whakamomori: commit suicide, 147.
whakanoa: make free from *tapu*, 173.
whakatiki: fast; keep short of food, 158.
whtanake: "cabbage-tree/ 233.
wharariki: poor quality flax, 35.
wharau: temporary hut, 190.
wharawhara: a plant, 120.
whare: house, 64.
whare korero: house where speeches are made, 6.
whare kura: house of knowledge, 199.
whare manuwhiri: guest house, 196.
whare matoro: house for social intercourse, 4.
whare runanga: public meeting house, 60.
whata: elevated stage, 29.

Appendix 2: Auckland Place Names

TOTARA-I-AHUA : Ceremonial *totara* tree on One Tree Hill.
 WAI-ARIKI : Waters of the *ariki* (head chief) or waters having a curative value. Probably a spring of water so reputed hereabouts. Formerly Official Bay.
 RAROTONGA: Mt. Smart, a *pa* near Otahuhu.
 WAIATA-RUA: Lake St. John —now drained.
 MATUKU-RUA: An old *pa*.
 PATUMAHOE: Franklin County, about 30 miles S. of Auckland.
 KARAKA: District west of Papakura, on shores of Manukau.
 OWAIRAKA: Mt. Albert.
 TAURA-RUA: Parnell Park.
 TAKA-RUNGA : Mt. Victoria, Devonport.
 WAIPAPA: A tidal creek, formerly flowing down Stanley Street to Mechanics Bay.
 MAUNGA-KIEKIE : One Tree Hill.
 NGUTU-WERA : Soldiers' Bay, Waitemata Harbour.
 TE TATUA: Three Kings.
 PUKE-KAWA: Hill and old *pa*, Auckland Domain.
 TE TO: A point just west of Victoria Park. Probably where the gasworks now stands. The canoe portage at Otahuhu was called Te-To-Waka.
 KAREKARE: West Coast, just N. of Manukau Heads.
 TIKOPUKE: Perhaps Titiko-puke, Mt. St. John, which is between Mt. Eden and Rarotonga.
 (A.G.S.)