

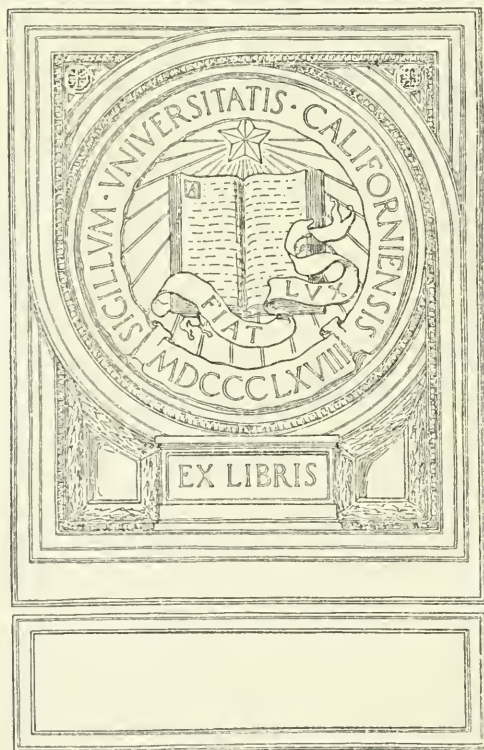
NEW ZEALAND

THE DEAR OLD
MAORI LAND



By "GIPSY"
(F.B.L.)

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES



EX LIBRIS

2020

6/6

T.

P. C. D. LUCKIE

NEW ZEALAND:
"THE DEAR OLD MAORI LAND"

NEW ZEALAND

THE DEAR OLD MAORI LAND

BY

FRANCES BREWER LYSNAR, F.R.G.S.
AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND



ALL RIGHTS
RESERVED

AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND: THE
BRETT PRINTING AND PUBLISHING
CO., LTD. SHORTLAND STREET

1915

DU

411

W 99 m

DEDICATED

TO

MY FRIENDS EAST AND WEST



"We sleep, but the loom of life never stops
and the pattern which was weaving when the
sun went down is weaving when it comes up
to-morrow."

v

494155
LIB SETS

NEW ZEALAND BADGE

A Hawk, bearing shield with Southern Cross on breast, and Maori spear ("Taiaha") and battleaxe ("Tewha tewha") in claws.



MOTTO

“ Te Kaahu Mataara ”

(The hawk ever vigilant and ready to strike)

CONTENTS

	PAGE
OLD LEGEND OF THE ARRIVAL OF THE MAORIS	3
THE DEAR OLD MAORI LAND	4
GIANT FORESTS	7
THE KAURI TREE	11
A BEAUTY ALL ITS OWN	14
THE SOUTH ISLAND	15
THE POLYNESIAN RACE	19
THE MAORIS	20
STONE AGE	26
MAORI TRADITION	28
ACROSS THE OCEAN	32
TRADITION ONLY	37
ANCIENT MAORI MYTHOLOGY	40
ANCIENT FABULOUS LEGEND	41
FIRE LEGEND	45
THE THREE FINGERS	47
ORATORS	50
SKILFUL CARVERS	57
GREENSTONE ORNAMENTS	59
WAR CANOES	63
TAINUI PLANT	60
MOKO, OR TATTOOING	70
THE TURNED HEADS	75
GREAT DITCHES	76
HILL FORTS	77
FLAX WEAVING	78

	PAGE
OLD MAORI CUSTOMS	79
EARTH OVENS	81
HAPPINESS IS TRANSITORY	82
CARVED TEMPLES	84
RELIGIOUS CUSTOMS OF THE OLDEN MAORI	87
POWER OF TAPU	90
"THE TOHUNGA"	91
THE HAKA DANCE	95
THE LAST HAKA	95
THE MOA, OR MONSTER BIRD	96
THE CHASE OF THE MOA	100
THE KIWIS	101
THE TUI, OR PARSON BIRD	103
VEGETABLE CATERPILLAR	105
THE HUIA	106
MAORI MARRIAGE CUSTOMS	109
WHERE THE FLAX BUSH NODS AND RUSTLES	111
ANCIENT MAORI CHANT	114
THE MAGIC SHELL	115
EXPLORATION	117
THE DISCOVERER OF THE PACIFIC	120
THE GREAT PACIFIC OCEAN	123
THE PANAMA CANAL	124
SAN FRANCISCO	126
A GIANT SEA BIRD	129
OUR NAVIGATOR	131
WHITE GODS	136
WHALE HUNTING	137
BENEATH THE SOUTHERN CROSS	140
COLONISATION	147
THE TREATY OF WAITANGI	151
"KA WHAWHAI ! AKE ! AKE ! AKE !"	154
SIR GEORGE GREY	160
THE BRAVE OLD PIONEERS	166
AUCKLAND	167

CONTENTS

ix

	PAGE
"OF NO MEAN CITY"	175
BISHOP SELWYN AND ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE	175
ENGLAND AND HER COLONIES	190
GISBORNE, POVERTY BAY	190
A MAORI TEMPLE	194
TE KŌOTI	199
THE MARCH OF TE KŌOTI	201
THE ATTACK	204
"THE CHASE OF THE ISLAND"	208
MAJOR ROPATA	210
THE HOT LAKES DISTRICT	211
ROTORUA	213
"THE VALLEY OF SPARKLING WATERS"	217
BRIGHT COLOURS	222
THE PINK AND WHITE TERRACES	226
SOPHIA	232
THE BONE SCRAPER	237
THE BLUE AND GREEN LAKES	240
WAITOMO CAVES &c.	242
MAORI HOSPITALITY	244
THE "POI" GAME OR DANCE	240
THE QUEEN OF THE WATERS: HINEMOA, THE MAORI HEROINE	253
THE LOVES OF TAKARANGI AND RŪA-MAHORA	261
THE LEGEND OF TONGARIRO	265
A CHIEF'S FUNERAL	267

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

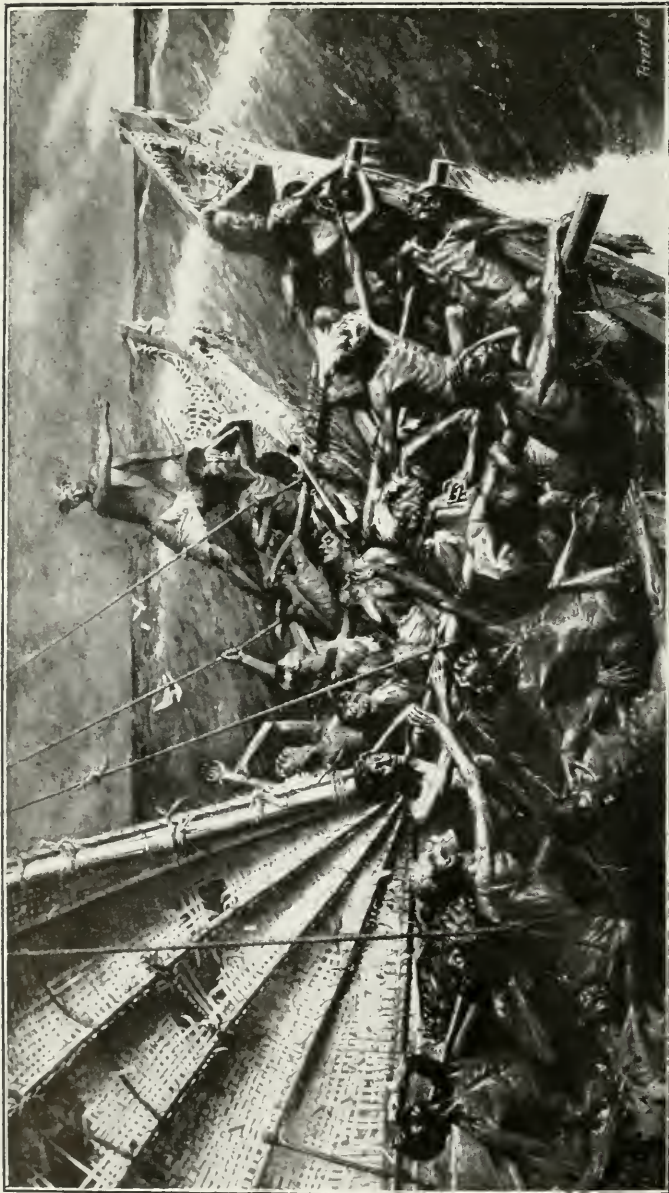
	PAGE
THE ARRIVAL OF THE MAORIS IN NEW ZEALAND	2
TUATARA, OR KUMI	5
TYPICAL NEW ZEALAND SCENERY	8
TREE FERNS	10
THE DEATH OF THE KAURI TREE	12
THE REMARKABLES, LAKE WHAKATIPU	16
MT. COOK, SOUTHERN ALPS	18
MAORI MOTHER AND CHILD	21
THE SOUTHERN CROSS GROUP	23
YOUNG MAORI MAN	25
THE DEPARTURE OF THE SIX CANOES FROM RAROTONGA FOR NEW ZEALAND, A.D. 1350	27
THE ARRIVAL OF THE MAORI FLEET FROM RAROTONGA	29
PETROGLYPHS ON ROCKS AT RAGLAN, NEW ZEALAND	35
MAORI CARVERS AT WORK	42
MAKING SACRED FIRE	46
THE LITTLE RED IMAGE, OR KUMARA GOD	48
THE THREE FINGERS	49
MYTHOLOGICAL CARVING: MAN ATTACKED BY EVIL SPIRITS	51
MAORI MAN CARVING	56
CARVING BOUGHT BY THE FAMOUS ACTRESS, MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT	58
A COLLECTION OF MAORI BATTLE-AXES, TIKIS, AND EAR ORNAMENTS	60
THE TIKI	61
WAR CANOE	64
WAR CANOE RACE	67
TATTOOED CHIEF	71

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

xi

	PAGE
MOKOED OR TATTOOED CHIEF	74
MAORIS EATING SHELL-FISH	80
CARVED MAORI TEMPLE	83
INTERIOR OF CARVED TEMPLE	85
THE DEFIANCE TONGUE	86
GREAT MAORI HAKA PERFORMED BEFORE THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK	94
AFTER THE HAKA	97
THE GIGANTIC MOA BIRD	99
THE KIWI	101
THE TUI, OR PARSON BIRD	102
HUIA BIRDS	107
PIPIRIKI HOUSE, WANGANUI RIVER	108
THE HOUSEBOAT, "MARAHEOWAI," WANGANUI RIVER AS CAPTAIN COOK FOUND THE MAORIS	110
LANDING OF THE REV. SAMUEL MARSDEN	128
MARSDEN CROSS, BAY OF ISLANDS, NEW ZEALAND	142
REV. HENRY WILLIAMS	144
HONGI HEKE, HIS WIFE AND FATHER (KAWHITI)	148
WELLINGTON, THE EMPIRE CITY OF NEW ZEALAND	152
THE GREAT CHIEF, REWI	155
SIR GEORGE GREY	161
KING TAWHIAO, WHO VISITED ENGLAND	165
AUCKLAND HARBOUR—R.M.S. "NIAGARA" LEAVING FOR VANCOUVER	168
THE AMERICAN FLEET IN THE AUCKLAND HARBOUR	171
AUCKLAND, THE QUEEN CITY OF NEW ZEALAND	172
THE ALBERT PARK, AUCKLAND	174
QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND	176
BISHOP SELWYN	178
ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, AUCKLAND	180
GISBORNE, POVERTY BAY	191
TE KOOTI	198
MAORI "PAH," OR VILLAGE	200
GATHERING FIREWOOD	203
DRIVING SHEEP ACROSS A RIVER	207

	PAGE
LAKE ROTORUA, FROM OHINEMUTU	212
THE NEW BATH-HOUSE, GOVERNMENT SANATORIUM GROUNDS, ROTORUA	215
THE TEA HOUSE AND TROOPERS' MEMORIAL IN THE SANATORIUM GROUNDS, ROTORUA	216
GEYSER AT WHAKAREWAREWA, ROTORUA	218
WAIROA GEYSER IN ACTION, WHAKAREWAREWA	220
THE BRAIN POT, WHAKAREWAREWA	221
MAORI WOMEN WASHING BY THE BANKS OF LAKE ROTORUA	223
NATURE'S STEAM HOLES CONVERTED INTO SQUARE WOODEN "POTS," IN WHICH THE MAORIS COOK THEIR FOOD	225
ONE OF NATURE'S STEAM HOLES	227
MAORI BOYS AND GIRLS BATHING IN THE WARM WATER	228
THE LOST PINK TERRACE, ROTOMAHANA	230
THE LOST WHITE TERRACE, ROTOMAHANA	231
THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK AT ROTORUA	233
GREAT GATHERING OF MAORIS AT ROTORUA	234
THE ROYAL TOKI	236
THE BLUE LAKE (TIKITAPU)	239
THE FAMOUS BLANKET, WAITOMO CAVES	241
A NATIVE GATHERING	243
"TE HONGI"	245
THE KUMARA MAN	247
THE KUMARA HARVEST	248
THE ARRIVAL OF THE POI DANCERS	250
POI GIRLS	252
WASHING DAY	255
HINEMOA'S BATH, MOKOIA ISLAND, ROTORUA	259
GLORIOUS NEW ZEALAND BUSH, THE HOME OF THE TUI	264



THE ARRIVAL OF THE MAORIS IN NEW ZEALAND.
From the picture in Art Gallery, Auckland, N.Z., by C. F. Goldie and L. J. Steele.

NEW ZEALAND:

"THE DEAR OLD MAORI LAND"

"Where white-tipped breakers
ever lash the shores."

OLD LEGEND OF THE ARRIVAL OF THE MAORIS.

Can you picture the finding of New Zealand, "The Dear Old Maori Land," and what it looked like before the foot of human being trod its golden beaches or scaled its lofty mountains?

Steering their canoes towards the rising of the Southern Cross, and coming slowly across the mighty ocean, like a bird with golden pinions, moving forward, ever nearer, until the prow of two large war canoes lashed together, filled with warriors, women and children, all gaunt and weak with thirst and hunger, grazed on the gravel of a glistening, sandy beach. Thus, after weeks of weary tossing, having no doubt been driven forth by cruel foemen from some far distant island, did the Maoris land on the shores of fair New Zealand.

Time was when these lovely islands, cherished jewels of their Creator, held no eyes to love their beauties, bore no sons to track their forests. Paradise in all its glory "'Neath the sun had basked for ages."

NEW ZEALAND:

“THE DEAR OLD MAORI LAND.”

“The Mother of all saved three islands
from her ancient sunken lands, three
lonely isles in a lonely sea, far from
the clamour of the busy world.”

New Zealand's geographical position is almost at the antipodes of England. She is the most remote from the centre of the Empire of all the Dependencies, and lies in the Southern Hemisphere, far away from all the nations, situated in the widest ocean of the world, stretching for more than a thousand miles below the Equator, and consists of a group of three islands, North Island and the Middle Island, or South Island, and as a pendant to the latter there is the small, rugged, forest-clad Stewart Island in the extreme south.

These islands are widely different from Australia in character. Far away in the north-west, 1,200 miles across the ocean, the wide, rolling downs and grey yellow plains, with their dust and drought, dazzling blue skies, wide, almost measureless landscape and vast table-lands, are very different to the narrow sea-girt islands of New Zealand, with their deep bays and steep peninsulas, great lakes and foaming rivers, snow-capped mountains and steaming volcanoes. They have an area of 100,000 square miles; altogether they correspond nearly in area and climate with Great Britain, although contrary to it in times and seasons. It is an emerald gem of south-western seas, where civilisation exists in its most developed form, where the English language is universally spoken, and where barbarism has given way to

advanced civilisation. It is supposed that at one time these islands were connected with the outlying ones, such as the Chathams, Auckland, Bounty and Kermadec Islands, and must have formed one large land mass, which probably was united to an Antarctic Continent.

Since many New Zealand plants are identical with, or closely



TUATARA, OR KUMI.

One of the oldest creatures that inhabit the earth.

allied to, South American forms, and there are also some striking resemblances in bird and other forms of animal life, it is thought that this Antarctic Continent probably formed a bridge at one time between New Zealand and South America. By this route, in all likelihood, came the Tuatara, or Kumi, one of the oldest creatures that inhabit the earth; also the now extinct Moas, the gigantic birds, or their ancestral forms. It is a high mountainous

country, with chains running mostly north and south. Un-counted millions of years ago, these long mountain ridges, it is supposed, were but the backbone of the vast submerged old continent, now affording different aspects, with their gigantic summits and shoulders clothed with successive belts of majestic forests, and some capped with snow. Nevertheless there are also large plains in both the North and South Islands, and numerous lakes and rivers.

The most interesting and remarkable feature of the North Island is the wonderful and unique geyser land of Rotorua. Nature has been specially painstaking with these regions, and has adorned them with a beauty and solemnity all their own. She has scattered in wonderful profusion her marvels of boiling geysers, which are some of the greatest natural wonders in the world. To describe them to perfection would need the pen of a genius. Well may the spectator, overcome by the awe-inspiring might and majesty of these marvels of boiling, steaming and bubbling cauldrons, ineffable and marvellous works of the great Architect, exclaim, "Many, O Lord my God, are Thy wonderful works which Thou hast done, which doeth great things and unsearchable, marvellous things without number." These wondrous glories must be seen to be appreciated and admired. No one living could do justice to them, and all the writer can do is to awaken and inspire interest. The varied character of the magnificent scenery of New Zealand, and the surpassing grandeur of the mountain ranges, make these interesting and lovely islands of the Southern Pacific Ocean a constant delight.

GIANT FORESTS

The great kauri and totara forests of New Zealand have a charm entirely their own, and, stretching in every direction as far as the eye can reach, resemble in their grand panorama a sea of mountains. Great, glorious billows roll, their green waves dipping and rising, and dipping again, with their brown and golden crests waving over range after range thick with virgin forest, to the highest blue peaks and the deepest ravines between, and are lost in the far-off distant purpling mists of the horizon.

Charmingly fresh and green all the year round, alike in summer as in winter, they are the pride and glory of the land and the natural home of many rare and lovely birds. The whole bush teems with glorious life and colour, and the air is laden with a faint but pleasant perfume, flowers and birds of richest plumage being always within sight and hearing. Down the mountain side you see peak on peak, valley on valley, with the white line of the road winding like a serpent, till you lose it in the distance, with its rapid interchange of cliff, and glen, and plain. There is a power and a charm in the landscape you instinctively recognise.

There rise the fern-clad hills, throwing their cool shadows over the lovely wooded valleys, brightened by the glorious sun, where some splendid specimens of the pohutukawas, rata and kauri trees rear their heads skyward, and over all the enchanted scene the cloudless heaven with its arch of serenest blue. In the bush the tree fern, with its umbrella top on its massive stem, hung round with a brown garment, is always present; the ground is carpeted with beautiful ferns, and overhead is a perfect network of nikau palms.

The rata, a rope-like vine, is a beautiful and curious plant, finding its origin and support in another tree, which at last it



GOVERNMENT PHOTO, N.Z.

TYPICAL NEW ZEALAND SCENERY.

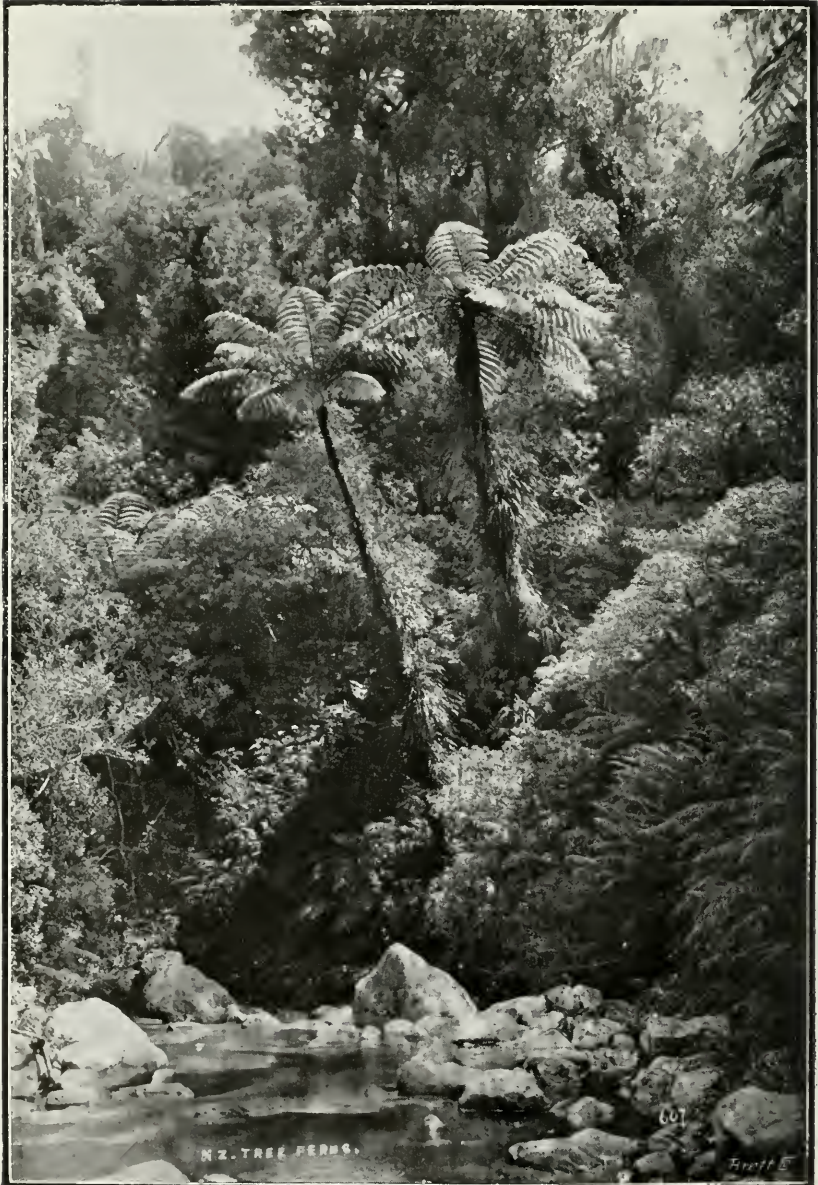
presses to death, and itself becomes a strong and sturdy tree, bearing beautiful scarlet blossoms.

The New Zealand cabbage-trees are by no means the most insignificant of the palms that add grace to these wonderful islands. The vegetation is of great scientific importance. The most beautiful of the New Zealand flowers, with but few exceptions, belong to the mountain flora. There are to be found the great buttercups, white and yellow, the flowered marguerite, and the sweet-perfumed star-eyed clematis, the dainty eye-brights, forget-me-nots of the tenderest, delicate harebell—blue deepening to violet—arum lilies, and many other exquisite flowering plants.

When we consider that of one thousand four hundred (1,400) flowering plants of New Zealand, three-fourths are found nowhere else, and that the remainder belong to families scattered over Australia, Malay, Melanesia, and South America, it will be seen how wide is the field.

The charm of the bush is the rapid change from one season to another. In the autumn months, when the berries of various trees have ripened, they are swarming with pigeons. In the winter they are deserted, and you may travel for days without seeing or hearing a bird of any kind. This lifeless season is very short, and is followed by the gladness of the early spring time. The bush is then decked out with the beautiful star-like clematis, hanging in garlands round the trees, festooned in clumps among the lower bushes, displaying its snowy-white petals in great profusion, closely studded or spangled with the pure white flowers like innumerable luminous stars on a cloth of vivid green; and the tree deadly-nightshade grows in wild luxuriance, its pale blue bells having a pretty effect against the sombre foliage.

In the summer the whole scene is changed. The hanging festoons of the clematis have disappeared, and in their place may be seen bunches of green, silky, silvery tassels containing the seed-vessels of this graceful and exquisite plant, possessing a characteristic beauty of its own.



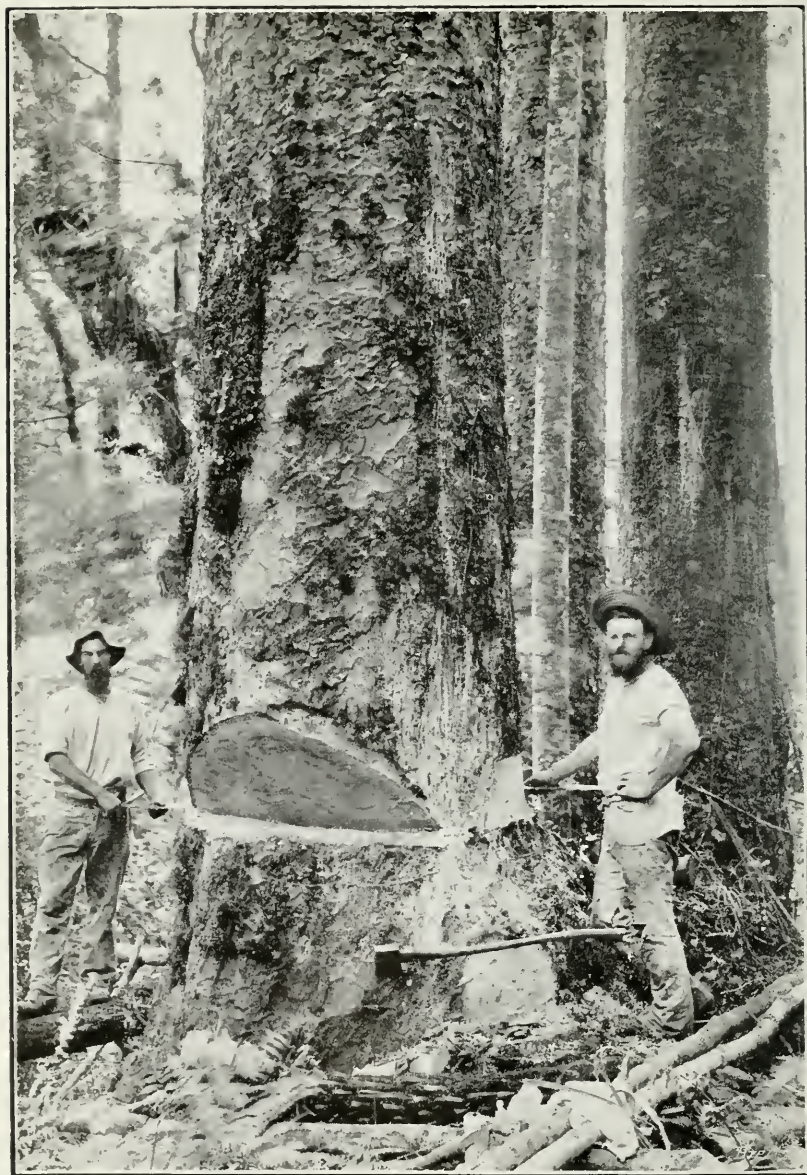
TREE FERNS.

THE KAURI TREE

The gigantic kauri, the king of the New Zealand forest, and the most valuable tree in the land, is confined to the northern and the middle portions of the North Island, and although it is being cut down and converted into houses for the people, or exported to other lands at the rate of nearly half a million pounds' worth per annum, there is still sufficient left to make the forests of North Auckland the most interesting in the country. All these forests are exceedingly dense, and not only are the large trees very close together, but among them grow smaller ones of great variety, interlaced by the ever-present supplejack.

Many centuries ago, a kauri forest containing trees of fabulous size existed some twenty miles from Auckland, in the Papakura Valley. In certain low-lying parts of this valley, many feet below the surface, and buried beneath the accumulation of centuries, lie the vast trunks and mighty limbs of this old-time kauri forest. Where the buried trees now lie, the settlers found swamps with a heavy growth of rimu and kahikatea, but all these have been cleared, and as the land is drained and dried, the extensive nature of the deposits of timber beneath the surface is realised.

All manner of theories are advanced to explain what it was that ages ago levelled these large trees to the ground. Some people contend that it must have been a cyclone of terrific power which tore these immense trees from the ground and hurled them right and left. Some of the trunks are twelve, fifteen, and one giant is actually twenty-one feet nine inches in diameter, and one can hardly imagine a storm of sufficient strength to level



J. MARTIN, PHOTO., AUCKLAND.

THE DEATH OF THE KAURI TREE.

them. Then, again, they lie in all directions, and not, as has been sometimes stated, with their butts all one way. Others contend that a fire, originating from some adjacent volcano, was the cause. The soil in the vicinity is composed of many feet of partially rotted vegetable matter, light and fibrous, and after prolonged dry weather it will smoulder for months, burning away to a depth of several feet, and leaving a thick layer of white ash. This, they contend, was the method by which these great kauris fell, after being gradually undermined by the action of slowly smouldering fires in the mass of rotting vegetation in which they were rooted. In some parts, at a depth of several feet, a layer of what appears to be white ash a foot or more in thickness can be seen; it is supposed that the fires burned deep into the ground in those far-off years, when so many phenomena now so difficult of explanation must have occurred to change the face of the country. Others declare that some large disturbance must have occurred to cause a sudden sinking of the earth's crust, which completely altered the face of the earth, and brought the forest crashing down on all sides. Here the great trees lay until the slowly growing mass of rotting vegetation had placed anything from five to fifty feet of ground above them, and in time a new forest has taken root and grown.

Kauri gum has been dug out at a depth of about one hundred and fifty feet; while making a bore for a well, the drill passed through a seven-foot kauri log at a depth of fifty feet. The trees are often found in two or three layers, the trunks piled one on top of the other, and as the soil is cleared away it is noticed that often the bark is intact, and even the leaves and cones are found, though they crumble away on being handled. This whole district has been one of the richest gumfields in the Dominion, and thousands of pounds' worth of gum have been obtained from it, first by the surface digger, and latterly by the industrious

Austrian. Thousands of feet of this splendid timber find their way to many parts of the world. It may be truly said that this country is rich in minerals. As yet, much of this source of New Zealand's wealth no doubt remains undiscovered.

A BEAUTY ALL ITS OWN

"The climate's delicate, the
air most sweet."

No country affords more that will interest in beautiful and sublime scenery, and also in some historic and romantic events. It also provides an almost virgin field of research for the scientist. Being isolated by wide seas, New Zealand was never overrun by wild beasts. Fearlessly the wanderer may walk through the thickest bush, the darkest tangle of scrub and undergrowth. There is not even a snake to give him alarm. Few countries in the world have such diversity of climate as New Zealand, the sky in the North Island having the blue of Italy and the brilliance of a sea-shell, and at their best all these islands possess a remarkably exhilarating atmosphere, being also compared to that of Naples, Sicily and Venice. The islands well deserve their Dutch name—Sea-land. The ocean is never very far away; from most of the hills on a clear day the sea is in sight, and the sun has none of the fierceness of the Tropics. It never shines strong enough to parch up the crops or to cause a drought, nor does it ever leave us in winter time a prey to snow and driving sleet, or hide itself for days together behind a leaden sky or a threatening array of dark stormy clouds. Even in the coldest day of July it will often shine upon us from a sky of the purest blue, melting the frost upon the ground and seeming to tell us that Spring is at hand.

This is the land where the brown, straight-limbed, haughty and warlike race—the Maori—lived, loved and fought—fought for fighting's sake, for the love and pride of it. The rivers and forests of New Zealand were the theatre of action of these heroic people and the roving and adventurous white man. All over the country, even in the most inaccessible parts, there are the ruins of ancient, fortified paha, or Maori villages, which remind the passer-by that here was once a busy village. There stand the ruins of the fortress, with its great totara palisade posts, silently bearing witness to the history of the past. These tell a story of a time in which human passion and pathos played their parts in the history of the vanished past.

THE SOUTH ISLAND

The silence and the sunshine creep with soft caress
O'er billowy plain and mountain steep and wilderness;
A velvet touch, a subtle breath,
As sweet as love, as calm as death,
On earth, on air, so soft, so fine,
Till all the soul a spell divine o'ershadoweth.

The South or Middle Island of New Zealand is a land of beautiful rivers, lakes and forests, "The land of the mountain and the flood," and its lakes are sometimes called the Cold Lakes, in order to distinguish them from the Hot Lakes in the North Island. The magnificent scenery of the Southern Lakes, with their unequalled fiords, and the solemn grandeur of the Southern Alps, with their majestic Alpine scenery, matchless glaciers, and pyramids of rocks and ice, are of the most rugged and awe-inspiring description. New Zealand's loftiest peak, Mt. Cook, or Aorangi (the cloud-piercer), 12,349 feet high, is the king of

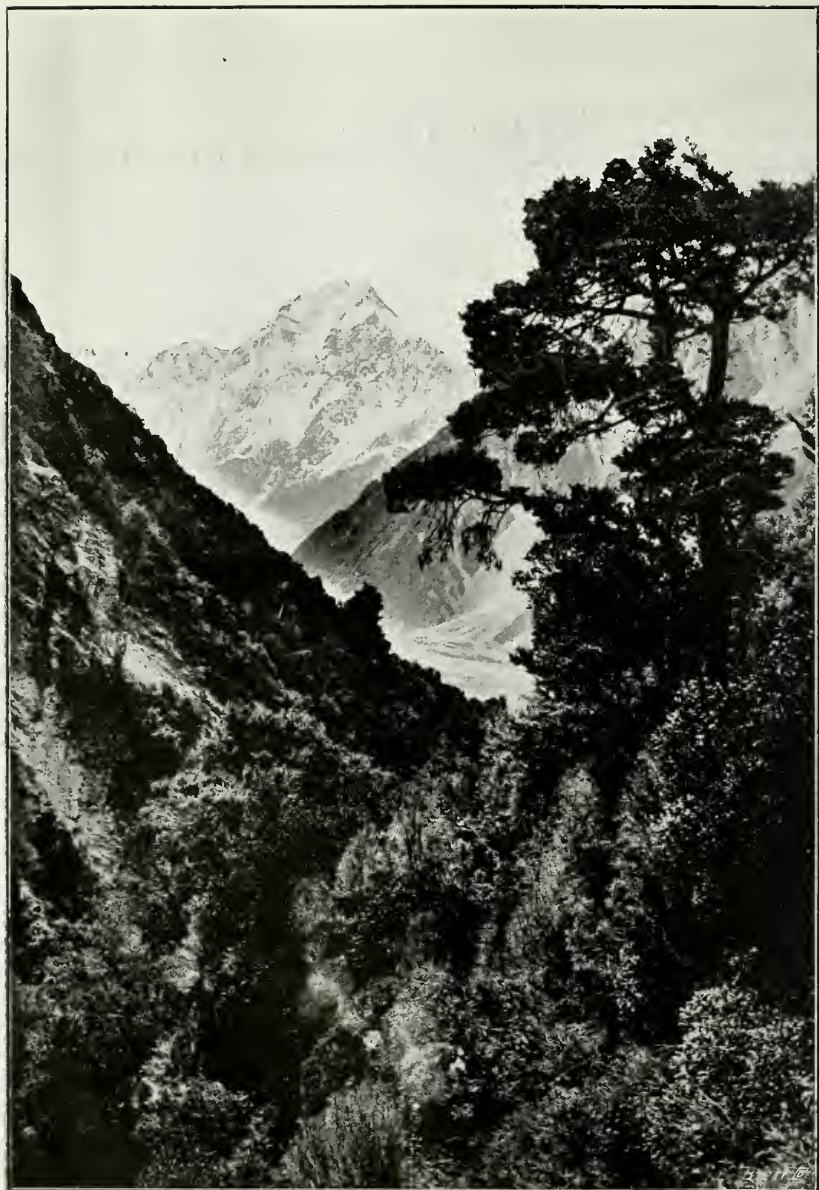


THE REMARKABLES, LAKE WHAKATIPU, SOUTH ISLAND, N.Z. GOVERNMENT PHOTO.

all New Zealand mountains, towering above them all, and is the ruling spirit of this romantic region, and an everlasting memorial to the work of the great explorer of the seas, and stands in the range of the Southern Alps. Its slopes and jutting peaks form other mountains, many of them 10,000 feet in height. Mt. Sefton is 10,350 feet, Malte Brun peak 10,241 feet, the Footstool 9,073 feet, Hutton 9,297. There are hundreds of others of less height.

The Milford Sound district is considered by New Zealanders beyond comparison, and the most beautiful in the world. Lake Manapouri is one of the most charming of these lakes. Mountains tower on every side; this lake is 1,000 feet above sea-level, and 1,458 feet deep. Seven miles from it is Lake Te Anau, the largest of the Cold Lakes. This is thirty-eight miles long. When your imagination depicts to you this lake of blue, with high mountains clothed in greenest fern and bush, and surmounted with everlasting snow, you have a conception of the beauty of the scene. From the head of Lake Te Anau to Milford Sound is thirty-three miles over a well-defined track. This trip can be made on foot. The track is through a country famous for its scenery. The mountains are of varied beauty. There are many glaciers in the west Middle Island. There are mountains constantly covered with ice, which invite the bravest mountain climbers. The Tasman Glacier is eighteen miles long, an average of one mile and fourteen chains wide, and contains 13,664 acres. The famous Aletsch Glacier in Switzerland, according to the "Alpine Guide," has an average width of one mile. It is not so wide or so long as the Tasman Glacier. Among the many other places of interest in the Middle Island are the Buller and Otira Gorges. They are deep natural cuts through high mountains, with rivers rushing through them, and foliage dense and green on the cliffs.

Another special feature of interest is the wonderful colours produced by the rising and setting sun on the slopes of the vast



GOVERNMENT PHOTO., N.Z.

MT. COOK, SOUTHERN ALPS.

Alps and on the silent domes of the mountains under frequently recurring atmospherical conditions. The gradations of colour have been compared to "Streams of Rainbow" and "the painted windows of a vast cathedral on which the moonlight shone." When these effects are accompanied with the sound of roaring cataracts, some faint idea can be formed of their singular and exquisite beauty. Some parts have been compared to the Grand Canyon of Colorado in America. Scientists tell us that high among these peaks and glaciers of Mt. Cook are still going on the powers by which the country was formed, frost, sunshine, torrent, avalanche and glacier being incessantly at work. "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."

THE POLYNESIAN RACE

The Polynesian race includes all the natives of the great mass of the islands in the Eastern Pacific, from New Zealand to the Hawaiian and Samoan Islands, including Easter Island. They are all brown-skinned, with long, smooth or curly black hair, having a broad flat nose and perfect teeth. The muscular development of some of the men is magnificent; they might pose as models for statues which would rival the famous Hercules. The women are quite equal to the men, some of them being possessed with a beauty and grace of manner quite as charming as any other nation, and their easy and dignified bearing might do credit to a grand dame of the Court of Louis XIV. They are essentially an emotional people—sorrow, bereavement, happiness, even a pathetic intlection of the voice, anything of a romantic nature, appeals to their sympathies. They are hospitable to a degree, and needed not to be taught hospitality and

politeness, these being inborn in them. They are very quick and intelligent, and have a decided poetical tendency; but, unfortunately, they are not fond of work, and, owing to their old custom of communism, they seldom keep busy. They are very passionate, and when injured seek every opportunity for revenge. Nevertheless they are a brave, merry, happy people, easily approached, and very friendly. Their languages have much in common, the difference being only a point of dialect; their customs and manners are closely alike. They have arts, commerce and navigation. Each island has its own peculiar charm—mat-making, fan-making, etc.—each has something special of its own. At some of the Society Islands the natives built houses 300 feet in length. Many canoes had masts and triangular sails. They were astronomers, and had names for many of the principal stars, and they directed their navigation by them. Their year had thirteen months, commencing and closing with the moon.

THE MAORIS

Physically the Maoris are true Polynesians, tall, well-built, with straight or slightly curved noses, high foreheads, and oval faces. Their colour is usually a darker brown than that of their kinsfolk of the Eastern Pacific, but light-complexioned Maoris, almost European in features, are met with. Their hair is black and straight or wavy, scarcely ever curly.

Tribal wars were incessant. Their weapons were wooden spears, clubs, and stone tomahawks. Cannibalism, which earned them in earlier years a terrible name, was generally restricted to the bloodthirsty banquets which always followed a victory. Ferocious as they were in war, the Maoris are generally hospitable and affectionate in their home life, and a pleasant characteristic is their respect and care for the old. The Maoris buried



MAORI MOTHER AND CHILD.
Showing how they carry their babies.

their dead, the cemeteries being ornamented with carved posts. Their religion was a Nature worship, intimately connected with the veneration of ancestors. There was a belief in the soul, which was supposed to dwell in the left eye. They had no doubt as to a future state, but no definite idea of a Supreme Being. They had places of worship, and though they had sacred wooden figures, there is no reason to consider that they were idolators in the strict sense of the word. Their ancestral images were supposed to be the intermittent abodes of the spirits of the dead—not believed to represent or be the abode of a superhuman personality. The Maori of old counted time by nights, not by days. Throughout the islands the natives believed in the immortality of the soul, many burying spears with their dead to enable them to fight and provide for themselves when they rose from the dead. The tapu (or taboo) system obtained in all, and their traditions are the same. The people of the Malay Archipelago resemble these people greatly.

Some authorities believe that the Polynesians came originally from the south-west of Asia, as the remnant of a similar race of people, dark-skinned, average stature, and broad-nosed, are said to exist in Southern India; they are described as the microscopic remnant of a once more numerous and dominant race. Their traditions and barbarous mythological systems by no means diminish their importance as regards their influence upon the human race. It is believed that the religious system of Ancient Mexico was probably to some extent connected with them. They have been believed in and obeyed by millions of the human race, and it is still more melancholy to reflect that they were based upon a system of human sacrifice to their gods, and this has existed throughout the whole extent of the numerous islands of the Pacific.

The Maoris of New Zealand are a noble race, vastly superior in understanding, and in many respects the most remarkable and



FRANK J. DENTON, |

THE SOUTHERN CROSS GROUP.

[PHOTO., WANGANUI

On account of the arrangement of the heads.

perhaps one of the most interesting of the dark-skinned races which inhabit the world. Fifty years ago cannibalistic feasts, at which the flesh of their fallen enemies was served, were not uncommon. To-day several members of the race are members of the New Zealand Parliament, and Maori women exercise the right to vote, just the same as their white sisters throughout the Dominion. When the English first occupied the islands, in the early part of the nineteenth century, it was estimated that there were about one hundred thousand (100,000) Maoris; now they number about forty-five thousand (45,000). They were divided into tribes, each tribe having its own unwritten laws regarding land cultivation and other social matters. The tribes were constantly fighting. The English found that they had a genius for war, showing unusual ability in building, fortifying and defending stockades, as they experienced considerable difficulty in subduing them.

A knowledge of the customs of the country is necessary to properly realise the manner in which the natives should be governed and treated. It is only possible in a small effort like this to touch the "fringe" of some of these important attractions and customs of this unique and greatly interesting Maori land and people.

Someone has said, "There is nothing in the end which is not in the beginning," and an unbroken continuity can be traced between most of the customs of our forefathers, who in their turn received them from their savage ancestors. Existing savages are only belated stragglers in the race of life, and that is why we consider that their customs are not curiosities to be gaped at or held to scorn, since for us, as well as for them, they are full of importance.



ARTHUR J. ILES,

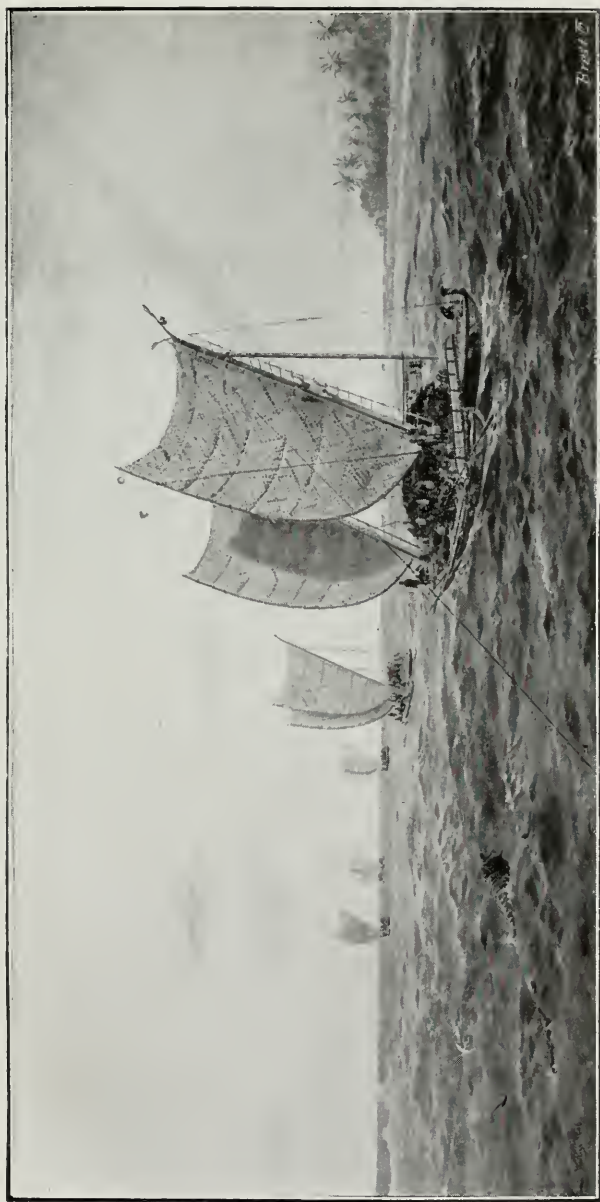
YOUNG MAORI MAN.

PHOTO., ROTORUA.

STONE AGE

Few subjects contain a greater element of interest. A people living in the Stone Age, and untouched by foreign culture—the Maori had lived such a life in New Zealand for at least four centuries prior to the arrival of the white man, and here, cut off by the broad ocean from the other divisions of his race, he lived and fought, and strove, crude-minded, to solve the mysteries of Nature and of human life. Savage, cruel and cannibal as he was, endowed with a mind saturated with superstition, yet the ancient Maori composed some thousands of chants which, for beauty and expression, can scarcely be surpassed.

Far away in the dim past, away beyond the birth-time of the Vedas and the great Aryan separation, the ancestor of the Maori lived in the cradle of the world, and knew not his destiny. Far and wide over the surface of the earth has he wandered, and many lands have known him, from Africa's eastern isle, across the great ocean to the shores of America, ever urged on by love of adventure and maritime daring, by want and war, to fulfil his allotted task in making history. Verily their feeble hands already grasp the sacred pohutukawa by which the spirit of the Maori descends to the World of Darkness. The collecting of their most interesting ancient legends must be done quickly. It must be done to-day, for behold! the dawn of the coming day of their departure is already breaking across the Eastern skies, and the old, old plea, "Yet a little while, and it will be too late." Another generation will look in vain for the Maori of the past. The New Zealand Maori, even in his ignorance, was called "the prince of savages": but now that he has been civilized by Christianity his race will probably become one of the most powerful of all the Polynesian tribes of the South Seas.



THE DEPARTURE OF THE SIX CANOES FROM RAROTONGA FOR NEW ZEALAND, A.D. 1350.

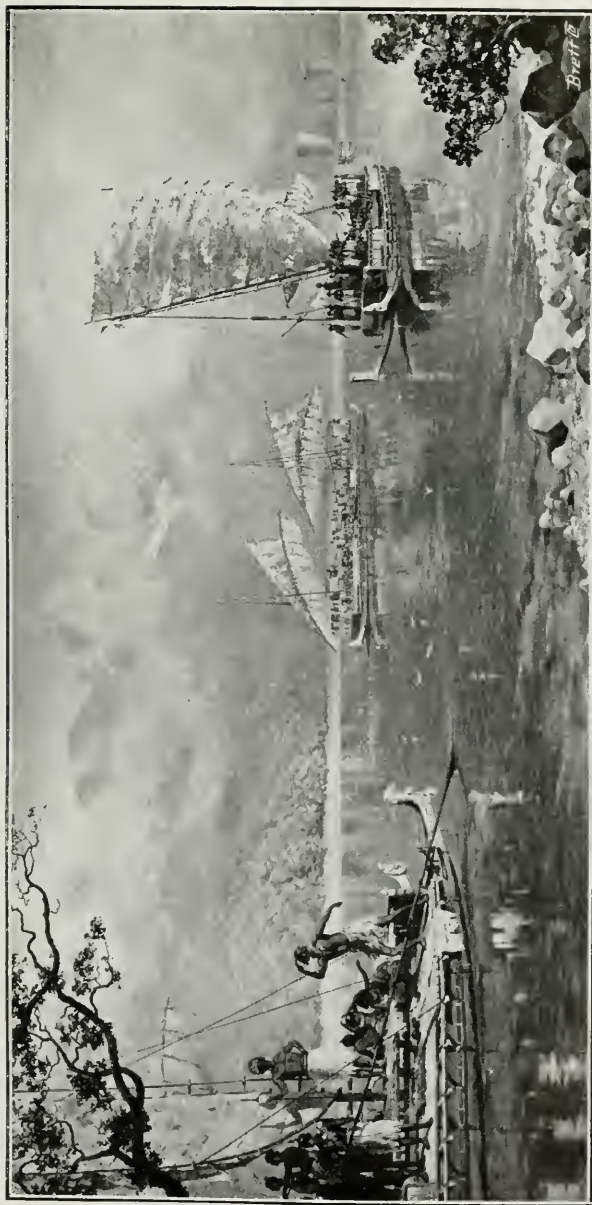
Art Gallery, Auckland, N.Z.

By Kenneth Watkins.

MAORI TRADITION

THE GREAT MIGRATION ABOUT A.D. 1350

According to Maori tradition, generations ago there was a great war among the Maoris living in a country named Hawaiki, and a chief named Ngahue escaped from the island. His enemies were looking for him to kill him, so he got into his canoe and sailed away to the south. The people thought he was lost, and soon forgot him. One day, after many months, some Maoris saw a canoe coming across the sea, and in it was Ngahue. They were very much surprised. At first they thought he had risen from the dead, and they were afraid of him; but after a time they listened to him, and this is what he told them. He said he had sailed away southward for many days, and that at last he reached a lovely country. The trees and plants in the woods were beautiful, and there were many birds in the forests fit for food. Eels and fish abounded in the rivers, and he had returned to tell his tribe, and to lead them to the land he had discovered. "Here," he said, "our enemies will kill and eat us, but if we go to this new country no one will be able to do us harm." When the people heard Ngahue, and saw the things he had brought to show that what he said was true, they wished very much to go. He had brought them some greenstone, and the bones of a moa which he had killed in New Zealand, for this was the land that Ngahue had found. So all his tribe agreed to go with him, and they built many large canoes for the voyage. When everything



LEGEND OF THE VOYAGE TO NEW ZEALAND.

The arrival of the Maori fleet from Rarotonga. "Red ornaments for the head are more plentiful than in Hawaiki. I will throw my head-dress into the sea."

By Kenneth Watkins.

Art Gallery, Auckland, N.Z.

was ready they set out. Into the canoes they put kumaras, sweet potatoes, dogs, pukekos (a kind of wild fowl), and many useful things. The canoes started all together, filled with the Maoris. The remaining people stood on the shore to watch them depart. One old chief cried out after the canoes, "Depart in peace! Leave war and strife behind you!"

It was a long time before they reached New Zealand, and they quarrelled a great deal on the way, in spite of what the old chief had said. They stopped at several islands, but Ngahue persuaded them to go on; they followed his advice, and at last they came to New Zealand. It was summer time when they arrived. The chief, upon seeing the crimson pohutukawa and rata in bloom, exclaimed, "See, there! Red ornaments for the head are much more plentiful in this country than in Hawaiki. I will throw my head-dress into the sea." They must have been delighted by the appearance of the country after their long voyage. It would be hard to tell exactly where they first landed, for many tribes have different accounts, but we are sure it must have been in the North Island. The Maoris still preserve the names of the eight great war canoes in which their journey across the Pacific Ocean to New Zealand was accomplished, the two principal canoes, the "Tainui" and the "Arawa," being lashed together. They were large double canoes, probably carrying about 100 persons. Each tribe agrees in its account of the doings of the people of the principal canoes after their arrival in New Zealand, and from those Maoris are descended all the various tribes inhabiting the Dominion at the present day.

Quite recently, at Rotorua, a Maori chief, Te Kiwi Amohau, without any hesitation, sat down and wrote the following genealogy of his descent from the Arawa Whaka (canoe) tribe:—

EIGHT TRADITIONAL CANOES.

- | | | |
|----|-------------------|---|
| 1. | Tainui | |
| 2. | Te Arawa | Te Arawa Whaka |
| 3. | Matatua | KO Tamate Kapua te Tangata nona taua waka |
| 4. | Kurahaupo | .. Kahu mata momoe |
| 5. | Tokomaru | .. Tawake moe Tahauga |
| 6. | Takitimu | .. Uenuku mai Rarotonga |
| 7. | Aotea | .. Rangitili |
| 8. | Totarakaria | .. Tubourangi |
| | | .. Uenaka kopako |
| | | .. Whakaue |
| | | .. Tutanekai |
| | | .. Whatumairangi |
| | | .. Ari ari te rangi |
| | | .. Tuuohopu |
| | | .. Tunaeke |
| | | .. Te Tiwha |
| | | ----- |
| | .. Pango | Ihutarera |
| | .. Rangimoewaho | Amohau |
| | .. Kauohakapaepae | Paora Amohau |
| | .. Raiha | Kiwi Amohau (Licensed
Lay Reader, Rotorua) |
| | .. Peneti | |
- (Rev. F. Bennett, Rotorua)

TRADITIONAL CANOES.

- Aote-aroa (long daylight), North Island of New Zealand.
 Koro-uta (the racer).
 Tokomaru (shade of the south).
 Tainui (great tide).
 Kurahaupo (storm cloud).
 Mata-atua (face of a god).
 Tairea (fair tide).
 Moto-motu-ahi (fire-stick).
 Taha-hina (gliding eel).
 Arai-te-uru (steady west wind).
 Takitunui (rising chief).

Toroa (seabird, the albatross).
 Mata-hau-roa (grey weather).
 Rangī-ua-mutu (bright sky).
 Whaka-ringa-ringā (waving hands).
 Kurua-te-ko (thrasher of the night).
 Hotunui (great sob).
 Hotu-papa (sob of the earth).
 Marama (light).

The following lines were written on the death of a chieftainess of the Arawa and Ngaiterangi tribes; aged 97 years. She was a direct descendant of Ko Tamate Kapua, the chief of the Arawa canoe, which crossed the Pacific Ocean to New Zealand:

“Traces of a being on shore may be discovered,
 Those on the ocean never,
 The thrust of a spear shaft may be parried,
 That of death, never.”

—*Translated from the Maori.*

ACROSS THE OCEAN

Their genealogical sticks, carved by the old warriors, show that they must have arrived about twenty-one generations ago from Hawaiki, which is only a variation of the word Hawaii (in the Sandwich Islands). It would appear, unless they were driven away by their enemies, that an earthquake, tidal wave, or some other great convulsion of Nature obliged them to leave their old home to seek a fresh abiding place. The marvel is how such a journey could have been made across such a vast stretch of ocean in open boats, the distance being not less than 4,000 miles; but it is an accepted fact that Islanders have frequently accomplished voyages of from one thousand miles in their native vessels, and in courage and endurance the Maoris yield to none.

If we accept this theory that New Zealand was peopled from

Hawaii, then the Maoris must have undertaken this voyage across the Pacific Ocean, the first half over an expanse of ocean where few islands are to be found as halting-places by the way. Another tradition points to Samoa, Hawaiki, or Savii, one of the Navigators' Islands, as the original home of the Maoris. Bougainville, the explorer, named the Samoan Islands the Navigators' Islands on account of the skilful seamanship of the inhabitants there.

The Hawaiians were not supposed to be the great navigators that the Samoans were. Of late years these islands were made famous by the residence there of Robert Louis Stevenson. Hundreds of thousands learned to love the bright and kindly spirit that gave so much of itself in everything he wrote. From Samoa to New Zealand the distance is about 1,500 miles, and there are numerous islands on the way which form convenient stopping-places. Leaving Samoa, the various islands of the Tonga group form, as it were, natural stepping-stones by the way, so that the voyage from Samoa to New Zealand would not be so great to a race of hardy navigators. It may be asked how the Maoris managed to find their way across the trackless expanse of ocean, as they were quite ignorant of the use of the compass. The want of nautical appliances, however, does not seem to have troubled them much. A fleet of eight large war canoes, with high masts and sails, advancing in an extended formation, would be visible for some miles. They could not pretend to steer with mathematical certainty like a modern vessel provided with the latest nautical appliances, but the stars at night, and the sun at midday, would serve them as a guide. It was no doubt in this way that the Maori navigators and explorers scoured the ocean.

In the tropical Pacific, violent storms, and even cyclones, presented no great difficulty to such skilful navigators, who were also expert swimmers—almost amphibious, in fact. The canoes

carried an ample supply of provisions, which would be supplemented by fish caught on the way, or by touching at some island where water and fruit were plentiful. Then, again, others believe "Hawaiki" to be an unknown island in the Pacific; while we are told they came from Tahiti or the Rarotonga Islands. "Tahiti" in the Maori or Polynesian tongue literally means "transplanted from the east." This suggests a clue to the origin of the race, it probably being Malaysia, which is supposed in the early ages of the world to have formed a part of what is now a submerged continent. There are some who affirm that the Tahitians were originally Jews. Of late years discoveries have been made which render it probable that their original home was Easter Island. This island lies alone in the South Pacific, over 2,000 miles from the coast of South America, is about eleven miles long and four wide, and is famous for its wonderful archaeological remains. Here are found immense platforms, built of large cut stones fitted together without cement. Great numbers of huge statues are still to be seen there, the names of which correspond with those of the ancient gods of the Maoris of New Zealand. On some of the platforms there are upwards of a dozen images, now thrown from their pedestals, and lying in all directions. Their usual height is from 14 feet to 16 feet, but the largest are 37 feet, while some are only about 4 feet. The only ancient implement discovered on the island is a kind of stone chisel, but it seems impossible that such large and numerous works could have been executed with such a tool. The present inhabitants of the island know nothing of the construction of these remarkable works, and the entire subject of their existence in this remote island is a mystery. In the northern part of the North Island of New Zealand there are masses of rock covered with hieroglyphics, said to be the ruins of a temple or city of a long since vanished race of sun worshippers.

Quite recently a steamer from San Francisco bound for Chili was wrecked on this island. After abandoning their boat, the captain and several volunteers sailed in a lifeboat from Easter Island for Tahiti, nearly 2,400 miles away, leaving the others to await a rescue. With the single exception of the strange symbolic characters of the Easter Island tablets, no sign



PETROGLYPHS ON ROCKS AT RAGLAN, N.Z.

Photographed by Clement L. Wragge, F.R.G.S., and most carefully chalked over to enable them to appear in detail on the photograph.

of a written language is met with in the vast extent of the island system lying between Celebes, in the East Indies, and America. If the Maori passed through these lettered peoples on his eastward course, he either forced his way through as a barbarian, scorning the advantages of writing, or he has lost the art through his adventurous migrations from isle to isle on his way to New Zealand.

A race living in a state of letterless barbarism, not yet relying on a written character to preserve the memory of past events and achievements, retains and transmits orally the most lengthy traditions, poems, and genealogies with singular facility and precision. Preserved in such a manner were the poems of Homer, the Indian Vedas, the *Kalevala* of the Finnish race, that great epic poem of 22,000 verses.

Whatever source the Maori may have sprung from, the fact shines clear to those who study their mythology and traditions—the plain evidence of their having originally known a higher state of general culture, a culture that has gradually fallen from them during many centuries of wandering over the vast Pacific. We find that the Maoris were an unsettled race, wanting the stationary interval necessary to develop a system of written symbolic speech.

When Cortez landed in Central South America, the Aztec Emperor, Montezuma, sent an embassy to interview the stranger, and Cortez observed members of that deputation diligently drawing various figures on sheets of parchment; he supposed them to be artists parading their proficiency, instead of which these were secretaries recording in symbols all they saw and thought, to be carried to their Sovereign to inform him of their expedition. So Egypt, China, Japan, all old well-established nations, cultivated symbolic counterparts and speech, though none were superior in intellect to our Maori. No ancient race's mythologies were less ridiculous or intricate than the Maori's! Yet without one written record to refer to or refresh his memory with, he preserved his vast and miscellaneous cosmogony and theism in his brain, and taught it entire to every generation down the mystic file of years! His memory was so trained and practised that he required no symbols to perpetuate his history.

TRADITION ONLY

At what time the discovery of these islands was made by the Maoris, or from what place they came, are matters of tradition only, and much has been lost in the obscurity enveloping the history of a people without letters. There is very little on record respecting the origin of the Maori people themselves, beyond the general tradition of the Polynesian race, which seems to show a series of successive migrations from west to east, probably by way of Malaysia to the Pacific. Little more can now be gathered from their traditions than that they were immigrants, and that they probably found inhabitants on the East Coast of the North Island of New Zealand belonging to the same race as themselves, the descendants of a prior immigration whose history is lost. The traditions of the last migration across the mysterious Pacific are that they came from a great distance, from the very distant place, the home of their ancestors far away to "Great Hawaiki."

That it was on or near the shores of the Persian Gulf and of Arabia that the ancestors of the Maori Polynesian lived; that they had racial affinities with the ancient Chaldeans, from whom they gained most of their astronomical knowledge; that they also were blood relations of the Phoenicians, who were the most adventurous of ancient mariners; that they had affinity with the Egyptians, some of whose religious traditions they absorbed. They have several curious images carved in stone which they have deified, such as the Hawk of the ancient people of Ceylon, with every feather beautifully delineated; also the Egyptian Eagle-headed Serpent. The Tanawha, or sea serpent, was supposed to keep away the evil spirits.

One of the most remarkable inscriptions on the tombs at Thebes is the Balance Scene, which is laid in the World of Spirits. Osiris, the chief god of the Egyptians, is seated on a throne of judgment, with Isis, his consort, by his side. A Soul is conducted into his presence. Anubis, painted with the head of a jackal, superintends the balance in which the good and bad actions of the Soul are laid, and Thoth, a kind of recording angel, having the "head of a hawk," stands by, with a tablet and pen in hand, to record the judgment given. These ancient symbols of their ancestors are identical with those of Egypt and on the shores of the Red Sea. Those voyagers of the Pacific, who were the first human beings to land on the shores of New Zealand, must have been a very primitive people indeed, for, as has been pointed out by learned scientists, they not only belonged to the race which, because of the strange stone monuments which it raised, has been called megalithic, but they were even palaeolithic in their lack of knowledge of pottery. They knew, it would seem, nothing of the bow; they certainly knew nothing of metals; they knew nothing of the art of weaving; they knew nothing of fermented liquor.

Some scientists have clearly shown that those first immigrants of New Zealand were of schools of that extraordinary race which, having its birthplace on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, migrated in a north-easterly direction across Central Asia to Lake Baikal, thence to Korea and Japan, and so by a chain of islands to the islands inhabited by the Polynesian race, as is shewn by the vast megalithic monuments which they have left at every stage of their remarkable migration. This extremely primitive people lived before the Iron Age, before the Bronze Age, before the use of metals had been discovered. This takes us back some ten thousand years, to the Neolithic Age, the age when men polished their implements and weapons of stone.

But the truly wonderful fact that the mythology and folk

lore of the Maoris are certainly in many of their features identical with the mythology and the legends of the ancient Egyptians, and also of the Greeks, and of other people of Aryan stock, at once transfers the negative indication of the race's antiquity into positive proof. And there is also another extraordinary feature of the race's history which those positive indications bring into prominence; they prove the absolute isolation of the race during the thousands on thousands of years which elapsed between the time when pottery and metals were unknown till the Pakeha or white man came to New Zealand, a little more than a hundred years ago.

The royal plume-like insignia of the Hawaiian kings much resembled the royal insignias of Rome and the Egyptian Pharaohs. They are about twenty feet high, with massive and rich staffs surmounted by black feathers mixed with orange or crimson. These were placed so as to tower over the throne, over which was thrown a feather cloak made of very minute yellow feathers, two or three only being produced by a single bird called the "Oo." With great skill these were worked to a fine net or gauze, so as to form a brilliant and even garment resembling somewhat delicate and malleable plates of fine gold. It took eight generations of kings to complete it. Feather capes of scarcely less beauty were worn by the young chiefs attending on the king. The feathers, and time and labour consumed in making a cloak, have been estimated as amounting to hundreds and thousands of pounds.

The British Museum at Honolulu has the most complete collection of Hawaiian and Polynesian antiquities in the world, besides ten thousand species of shells, and a beautiful collection of birds and fishes.

ANCIENT MAORI MYTHOLOGY

HOW THE MAORI PRESERVED HIS KNOWLEDGE OF THE PAST

The mythological and legendary beliefs throughout the islands have been related by the old people usually in the ceremonial houses, and always at night by the dim light of a small flickering fire. They constitute the religious history of the people, and from time immemorial have been handed down, to be repeated to generation after generation.

In some of the ancient records the mythology goes back to the "First People," curious beings who inhabited the earth for a long period before man was created. They tell of the doings of these strange people, of their search for fire, including battles with giants and miraculous escapes from death, of their personal attributes, including selfishness and jealousy, and their consequences. The creation of people by a divinity called the "Great Spirit," and finally the transformation of the "First People" into animals and other objects of Nature, is told in their mythology. Some explain the origin of thunder, lightning, the rainbow, and other natural phenomena; some tell of a flood, when only the tops of the highest mountains broke the waves; others of a cheerless period of cold and darkness before the acquisition of the coveted heat and light-giving substance, which finally was stolen and brought home to the people.

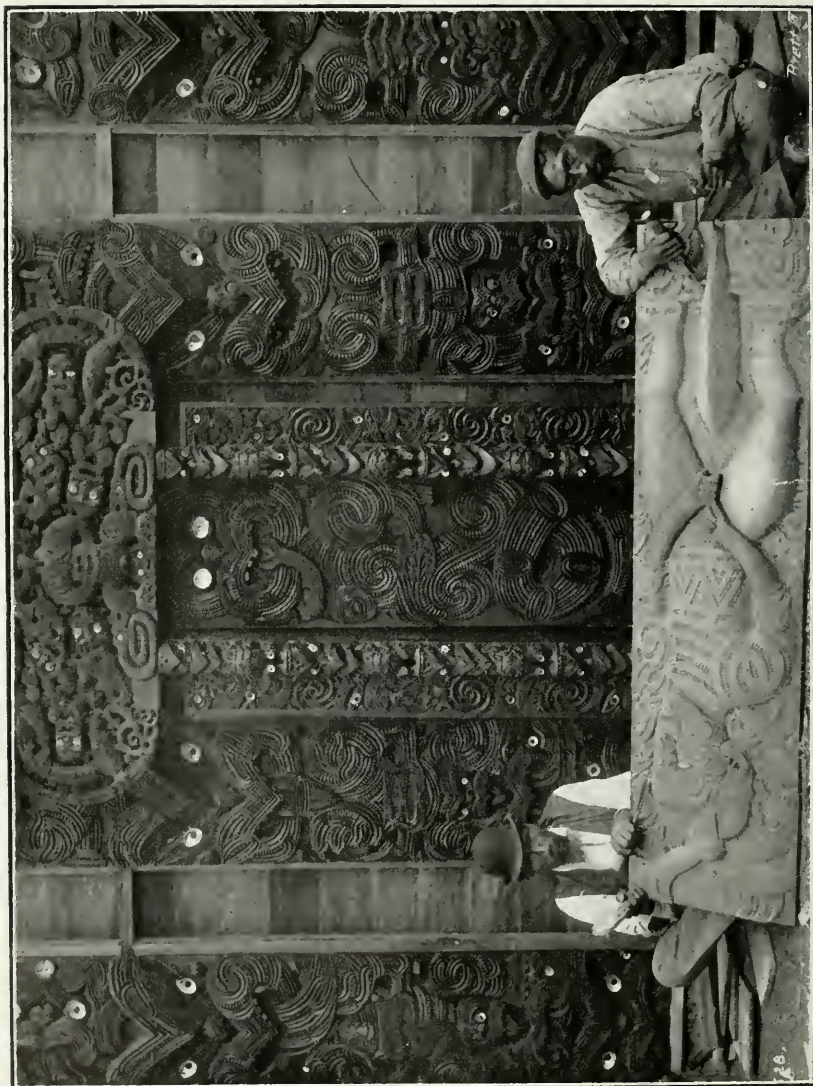
The unique and entertaining character of the New Zealand Maori mythology, and their legends concerning these forces of Nature, and the early history of the inhabitants of the islands, in some instances do not differ so greatly from our own or the mythologies of foreign lands. The difficulty is to distinguish

between the ancient Maori mythology and their historical traditions. Being very acute observers of Nature, many of their legends, though perhaps inclined to be absurd, are very poetical. They are possessed with a rich fancy and a very high imagination, which gives to their legends the true ring of poetry, and to their oratory the fire of earnestness.

ANCIENT FABULOUS LEGEND

The Maoris enshrined dryads and fairies in their legends so full of mysticism. The shadowy depths of the bush, the tall silent columns like spirit chieftains with their heads in the sky, the sudden sharp cries of the birds and the damp cool fragrance which pervades the bush, would leave a strong impression on these highly imaginative, primitive people. They have stories of strange persons transformed into trees and rocks. Some of them, like the stories of old, resemble that of Daphne, who, fleeing from Apollo, was suddenly changed into a laurel tree; and that of the Heliades who became poplars, and their tears were turned into amber.

There is an ancient fabulous Maori legend told of a great chief named Maui, who made a fishhook out of his grandmother's jawbone, and hid it away under his mat for some time. Then one day he told his brothers to get the canoe and sail far out to sea, for he wanted to fish in deep water. At first they would not obey him, but they were really afraid of Maui, and when he again said angrily, "Go out far to sea," they sailed out a long distance at his bidding. Then Maui told them to put their lines in the deep waters, and before they could sink far a great number of fish came to the hook, even up to the canoe, which was soon



MAORI CARVERS AT WORK.

The subject is the God Maui hauling up the sacred "Fish" which became New Zealand.

J. MARTIN, PHOTO, AUCKLAND.

filled with them. Then Maui said, "Now, see what I can do!" But his brothers only laughed, saying, "What can you do with no fishhook?" Maui only laughed, and drew from under his mat his line with the magical fishhook ornamented with shell pearl, which shone beautifully as it flashed in the moonlight. The brothers watched him wonderingly as he smeared the hook with blood from his finger for bait, for they would not give him any of theirs. Then Maui let his line down into the deep sea, singing:—

"O gentle north-east breeze,
O gentle south-east breeze,
Come play upon my line,
Sweet tremulous song to make,
As swift to ocean caves
It runneth to and fro,
Let nothing roughly sweep
Across my line to break,
Oÿ mar my sport this night
In the dark depths below."

So sang Maui, and soon the line was roughly pulled, the waters were violently agitated, the canoe was shaken and twisted about, and as Maui held on firmly to the jerking line his brothers called out, "Let go, Maui! You have brought us out here to drown us!" But Maui continued pulling hard and singing. The mighty waves boiled, and at last Maui called out to his frightened brothers, "See, this is the fish which I came to catch," and, with many struggles, he pulled up a mighty fish indeed—a large surface of land, even Te-ika-a-Maui (the fish of Maui), or the North Island of New Zealand. Their canoe lay high and dry upon it. Then Maui said to his brothers, "Do not meddle with this fish until I come back: I go to offer the first fruits of this earth to the gods, so that they may scrape with shells the evil spirits who tempted us to transgress their laws and take this sacred fish out of the deep pit below the sea. When I return,

we will divide the fish—even this land.” But no sooner was Maui out of sight than they began to quarrel, and commenced cutting it up with their knives. The fish wriggled with its head and tail and fins, and writhed while the brothers hacked at it.

Thus were formed the mountains and gullies and the rough cliffs of the North Island of New Zealand which Maui fished up. When Maui returned he was very angry with his brothers for what they had done, and said, “If it had not been for your great greed and quarrelling, my land would have been beautifully level.”

This great hero-god of New Zealand (and other Pacific Islands) seemed to possess the powers of exalted deity at times, and then again to be a mere mortal, full of fun and frolic, cunning and mischief.

The Maori mind revels in the story of Maui’s deeds; the high achievements and the trivial details are alike full of human interest and sympathy. He was of miraculous birth, and being thrown into the ocean, was nourished by the sea-gods. Arriving at his mother’s house, he lived as a youth among his brothers and sisters. He visited the wood fairies in the form of a tiny bird, and in that shape, while perched on the crutch of a digging-stick, he taught the fairies their planting song. Changing himself into the form of a dove, he visited the Under World, and there it was prophesied by his mother that he would be the great Deliverer, and win immortality for man; but his father foretold ultimate failure and disaster, because a mistake was made by him when performing the baptismal ceremony over his son, and the anger of the gods had been awakened. Armed with his grandmother’s jawbone, Maui captured the sun, who at that time made his daily journey through the heavens too quick for mortals to be able to do their work, and, by beatings and threats, he induced the sun to travel at his present speed. On a wet day, or in a mist at sunset, can be often seen faint streaks running

from the sun to the earth. We call them sunbeams, but the Maoris say they are the ropes with which Maui chained the sun, thus giving longer days in which to work.

Maui was so pleased with his success with the fishhook made of his grandmother's jawbone, he was called the "Hercules of the Pacific." At length he fell into the jaws of death, and hence their proverb says, "Man may have many victories, but Hine (Death) the Goddess is stronger than all."

Another old Maori legend says that Maui, the demi-god, when he strove to bind the swift-rushing sun, could not prevail till he made a rope of his sister Ina's hair. This line Maui fastened to the sun, and the sun helped to pull the island out of the sea. A bird is supposed to have helped him by flying up into the air with the line in its beak.

The North Island is called by the Maoris Te Ika a Maui, a name which means "The fish of Maui." Another name given to the North Island is Aotea-roa, "Long white cloud."

WARNING

High in the heavens
I saw the moon this morning,
Albeit the sun shone bright.
Unto my soul it spoke in words of warning,
"Remember night!"

FIRE LEGEND

They say in the Tonga Islands that the god of the earthquakes is likewise the god of fire. It is told that the great Maui went down to hell, where he surprised the secret of making fire by rubbing two pieces of wood together.

The Maoris tell the tale differently. They say that Maui had the fire given to him by his old blind grandmother, Mahuika.



J. MARTIN, PHOTO, AUCLAND.

MAKING SACRED FIRE.

"Fire-makers" making new (or sacred) fire by friction of wood. A woman helps to steady the under piece of wood.

who drew it from the nails of her hands. Wishing to have a stronger one, he pretended that it had gone out, and so he obtained fire from her great toe. It was so fierce that everything melted before the glow; even Maui and the grandmother herself were already burning, when a deluge, sent from heaven, saved the hero and the perishing world, but before the waters extinguished all the blaze Mahuika shut a few sparks into some trees, and thence men draw it now. The Maoris have also the legend that thunder is the noise of Tawhaki's footsteps, and that lightnings flash from his armpits.

North American legends narrate how the great buffalo, careering through the plains, makes sparks flit in the night, and sets the prairie ablaze by his hoofs hitting the rocks. We meet the same idea in the Hindu mythology, which conceives thunder to have been, among many other things, the clatter of the solar horses on the Akmon, or hard pavement of the sky.

THE THREE FINGERS

The Three Fingers, the little red image or kumara god, and the double spiral curves, are the oldest religious symbols that are known among the Maoris. The Three Finger sign, representing the Trinity, or emblem of man created in three parts, possessing three natures, spiritual, intellectual and physical, is of profound interest. There is a strong affinity between the primitive or ancient form of the double spiral and the three fingers. All the very oldest Maori figure carvings are marked with the three fingers, and the scroll or spiral design curved or winding upwards, deeply excavated, with a snake-like body and the head of a bird with feet and claws, sometimes described as a Tanawha, or sea-serpent, supposed to keep away evil spirits. The oldest cults in Egypt and India were the snake and sun worshippers.

The little red image preserved the three fingers; it was also used as the kumara god, and was planted out when they planted the kumaras to ensure a prolific crop. This three-fingered symbol



THE LITTLE, RED IMAGE, OR KUMARA GOD.

comes down from the ancient Hindoo religion. In the picture (p. 49) will be seen the Hindoo priest holding up his three fingers, explaining or making the sign or salutation. They have an old design on some of the barge boards across the front of



4. MARTIN. PHOTO., AUCKLAND.

THE THREE FINGERS.

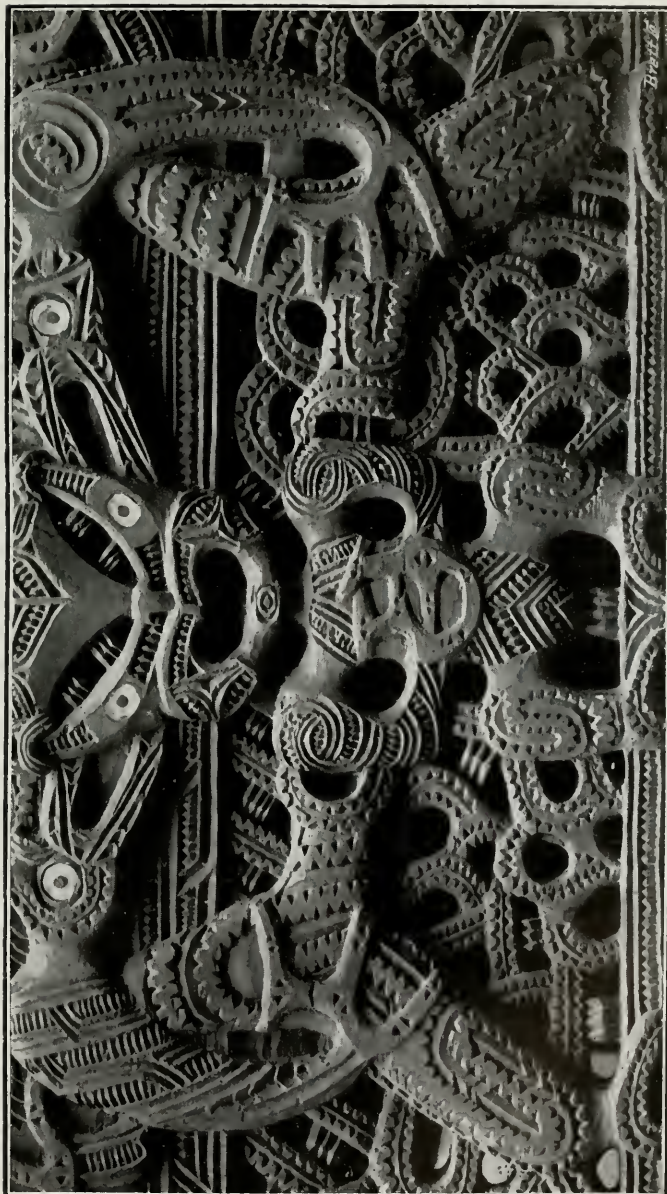
The Hindoo priest holding up his three fingers explaining or making the sign of salutation.

the house representing man attacked by evil spirits, and those who have studied the subject say it is a wonderful symbolical representation of the Temptation in the Garden of Eden.

The Maoris in the olden times worshipped a Supreme Being whose name was held to be so sacred that none but the priest might utter it at certain times and places. The name was "Io." The oldest Maori prayers were those addressed to the sacred "Io." "Io" (God) was the Creator, and he sang the universe into being.

ORATORS

The Maoris are wonderful orators. The old Maori of fifty years ago was the most charming recounter it would be possible to meet. No detail, it was said, was ever omitted. In picturesque and forcible language the narrative poured forth "like running water," as the Maoris themselves say, and aroused in the listeners an intense interest, often the greatest excitement. They discussed all tribal and public matters either in the open air or in their large meeting-houses, which are erected in their villages (or pabs) for that purpose. They prefer the open air. A Maori, when speaking, rushes forward, shouting out what he wishes to say, and then turns round and walks slowly back for a few yards, composing his next sentence as he goes, which he then delivers while again rushing forward. When he becomes excited, he will brandish his greenstone club or spear while shouting out his words, especially if the discussion involves a quarrel, or a question of peace or war. Many of them utter their speeches in a sort of blank verse set to a wild chant, the refrain of which is taken up by the audience, and such speeches are the most



J. MARTIN, PHOTO, AUCKLAND.

MYTHOLOGICAL CARVING: MAN ATTACKED BY EVIL SPIRITS.

admired. Except when joining in this refrain, the audience sits quite quietly, or only expresses assent or dissent by a grunted "ai" or "kao" in a low tone. To interrupt a speaker would be a great breach of etiquette. Anyone differing from him waits silently until he has finished, and then rises to express his views in his turn. On important matters, one or two leading chiefs begin the discussion, which is afterwards taken up by all who wish to speak upon it, after which some old man rises and puts the question to the vote. A Maori meeting to discuss an important subject, such as relations between the Government and themselves, often lasts for several days.

An interesting account is told of a gentleman who once had an exceptionally intelligent young Maori for a fellow traveller who had been over the road before, and he anticipated an enjoyable two days' ride with him. The young Maori knew the district through which they passed, the owners of the land, whether Maori or European, the names of places, mountain ranges, rivers, distances—he knew them all. He was amused at the number of innocent questions the gentleman asked, but, like a good-natured fellow, he willingly answered them. Beyond this nothing appeared to interest him; in fact, so dull and commonplace were the questions that he found it necessary to yawn in the intervals of one set of questions and the next! As they neared the end of their journey the young Maori's replies became jerky and disjointed, accompanied by impatient digs into his horse's ribs, as if he would widen the space between himself and his tormentor, and a far-away glazed eye fixed itself on the distance ahead. Remembering to whom he was speaking, the gentleman moderated his inquiries, and began to speculate what the young man would find in the eventless ride to entertain his friends with. Yet that same young man kept them awake until two o'clock in the morning, and the wonder is how did he do it? By an almost verbatim repetition of the questions the gentleman

had asked, the manner of asking, the intonation, his answers, his surprise, his satisfaction, the pleasure his answers seemed to give, his oft-time weariness at the gentleman's questions, all these reconstructed, ornamented, and, as he told it, nothing unimportant. To while away the time, the gentleman had narrated to the young Maori the fables of the Fox and the Grapes and the Fox and the Crow. When he retold these stories they did not seem to be the same—they were epics, they were poems, enriched with appropriate local colouring, wherein the play of fancy sparkled. They were no longer allegories; they were living, passionate realities, feeling, pain and pathos, whose inner soul was dissected with keen skill and intricate reasonings. They were moral, dramatic—each section rounded off, each detail interwoven with the next, supremely, attractively complete. The gentleman was amazed. He envied him. He had thought him uninterested and bored, with only one aim—to get over the journey. Yet the young Maori flattered the gentleman with this compliment: "Had it not been for the entertainment of my companion I would have perished of weariness."

And what of his listeners? They were entranced.*

"Sit closer, my son, and I will tell you; silence then; this is the truth; ready with attention!

"One evening a ship anchored in our bay; on the morrow, then, to our joy, a boat came to the shore. As custom ordained in other parts, so here, the captain ordered ways and usages for trade. Kumara kits were ranged in lines. On each kit, if tobacco was desired, a plug was laid. Were an axe the thing desired, two large kits were stationed side by side, so that blade and handle rested upon each. If a length of print was desired, a row of small baskets the length of the piece must cover all the

* This and the following unique and interesting account of the Maoris' first acquaintance with written speech are translations by W. Baucke, the author of "Where the White Man Treads."

kits, not tightly stretched nor yet too slack, and that which lay beneath was the payment. And when the sale was ended the captain cut off an extra piece and gave it to the chief's daughter, or the next maid he liked best. Thus all too soon the day was spent, and when Patoto arrived from inland and saw his brother carrying away a three-legged pot, he instantly asked for one. The captain took out a book and scratched upon a leaf, tore it out, and called, 'Here, you send one of your men on board in a canoe, and give this to my mate.' So the man rolled it up and stuck it in his ear-lobe pendant-hole, and went off to the ship with it. Then Patoto cried, 'The pot.' 'Never you mind about the pot, it is on the way,' said the captain to Patoto. So we waited until someone said, 'Maybe the captain lies'; but when the man returned he brought the pot. The message for the pot—who heard it? No one heard. Then we wondered; eyes swelled the fullest size the sockets would permit; but the captain, ignorant of our distress, and in his jovial way, clapped the pot mouth down upon the head of Patoto. 'There be your pot!' In an instant all was changed. The shy nipped up their legs and fled; others stood in anguish waiting for calamities. A pot in which food is cooked to be basely set upon the head, the sacred part of a man! Huh! also Aue-e he aitua! (an evil omen). And Patoto flung the pot in horror on the rocks, and when it fell, smashed, we said, 'What need to prove that evil follows sacrilege?' For we knew not that pot-metal is brittle and must be treated with a kindly hand. Then the captain became angry; but his Maori sailorman interpreter explained how that if food or food utensils touch the head of men in joke or play there will follow many troubles, and sometimes instant death. But the captain laughed, and cried, 'Never mind; here, send your man to fetch another,' and again the book came out, and the previous acts were repeated. Some dared to crowd in close to verify their doubts. For never before was seen or heard of kupu-kopaki

(words wrapped in parcels). No. But silence! when the man returned, we pushed to the front with lengthened neck, and held our breath. Ha! what? Yes; again a pot! and the silent look was passed around, as who should say, "Titiro!" (behold!). Then we mobbed the man. Tell us, how was it done? And the man, as is our Maori way, took in his worth, and told of his experience—how that when he stuck the messenger into his ear-lobe, he listened, expecting to hear, it might be words, it might be this, it might be that, it might be only stir. But no! How then? he thought. They lie in snug, just as their master placed them. How, when he climbed on board, he passed the karere (messenger) along, shaping his hand in preparation that if they escaped, or the mate was done with them, he might by luck arrest their flight and keep them for a talisman! But no; he crept close to hear the kind of speech; so close he crept that a suspicious sailorman, mistaking curiosity for a desire to steal the sheath-knife suspended from the head mate's belt, cuffed his head and so misused his person that he fled to his canoe until his errand was performed—and that was all. Silence then!

"That is how we first saw the speech of man made into similes, scratched on paper with a pene-wai-waha (mouth-moistened pen), a name the Maori gave the lead pencil upon seeing the pakeha place its point in his mouth to moisten and intensify its black colour—a message to remain asleep until in after years it awakes when spoken to, and he who wrote his thoughts shall be dead."

The Maoris have always loved talking and telling stories, and while sitting round their fires at night they sing and try which can tell the longest tales. They are fond of music, and readily learn to play and sing.



J. MARTIN, PHOTO., AUCKLAND.

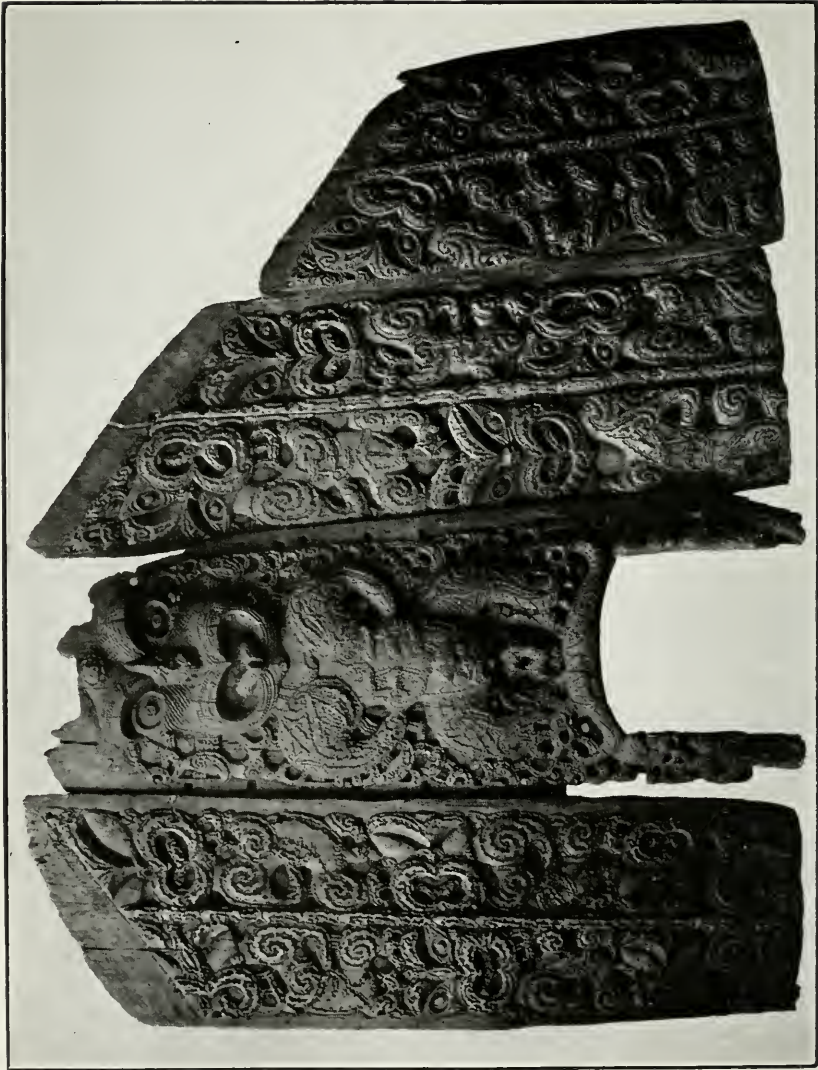
MAORI MAN CARVING.

SKILFUL CARVERS

The Maoris were also skilled in several arts. They learned to till the soil with great care, and were skilful carvers and decorators in wood, without using metal tools, being unrivalled in the Oceanic world. They had a preference for scroll designs, with which their houses and canoes were ornamented, as also were their sacred enclosures. It is a remarkable design, and a favourite means of ornamentation, being found in the art of all prehistoric people. In Europe it was used to ornament shields and helmets, arm-bangles, etc. In some of their figures they approached very close to Nature, using the curved lines of the waves of the sea and the delicate tendrils of the fern fronds. Some explain it as being imitated from the spider web.

The line work of the Maori holds a beauty of its own, being worked with patient and loving care. Many of their figures may seem grotesque caricatures, senseless distortions; but as conventional designs they are very effective, for not only have they strength and vigour, but they are also full of grace and movement. The beautiful arabesque patterns might commend themselves to art students and designers, as well as to students of ethnology and folk lore, for the Maori artist must be entitled to the credit of great originality and taste in his patterns, and his skill was such as to class him among the world's artists. There are few carvers amongst the Maoris nowadays.

The finest piece of Maori carving ever found in New Zealand was bought by the famous actress, Madam Sarah Bernhardt, for one hundred and twenty-five pounds. She now has it in her collection in Paris. It was found about twenty-five years ago at



SIGVARD J. DANNEBERG, PHOTO., ROTORUA.

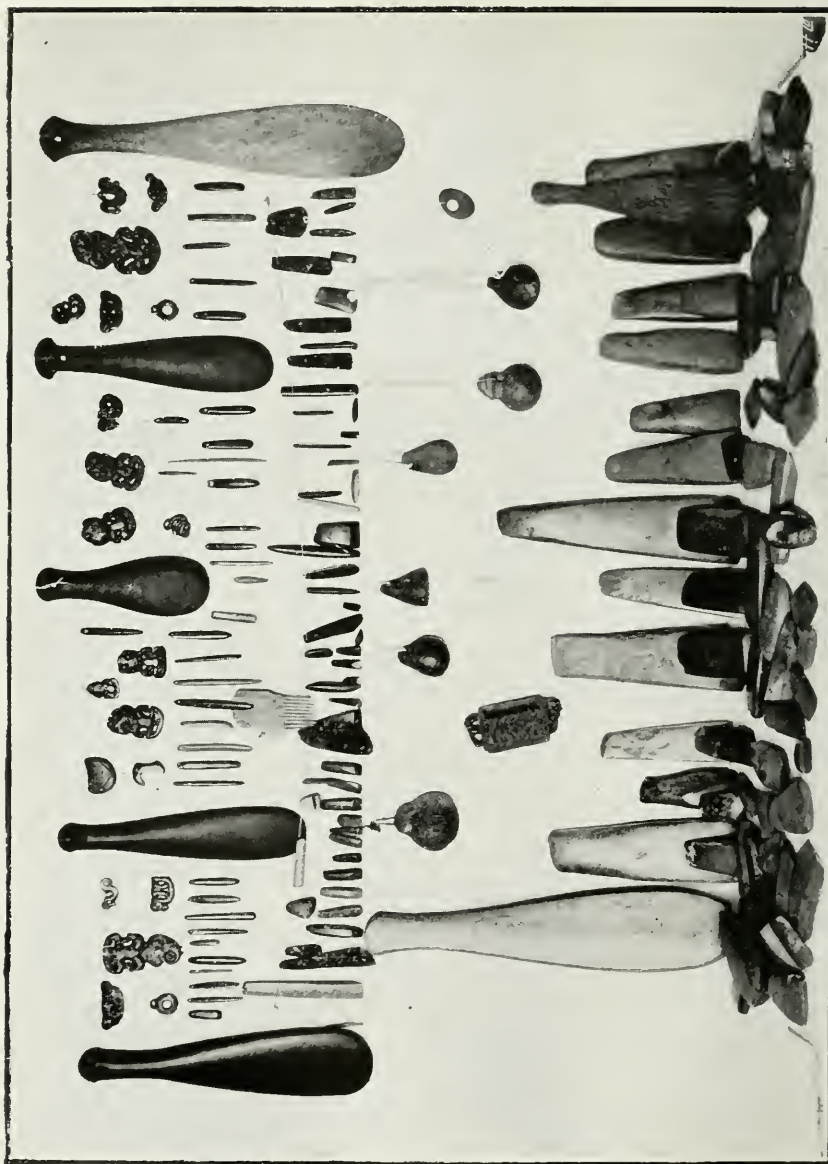
This piece of Maori carving was bought by the famous actress, Madame Sarah Bernhardt, for one hundred and twenty-five pounds. She now has it in her collection in Paris.

Miranda, in the Gulf of the Thames. The Maori tradition is that about two hundred and fifty years ago the Bay of Islands Maoris came down to fight the Miranda Maoris. As their enemies were approaching, they threw all their valuables into the swamp. A fierce battle took place, and most of the Miranda Maoris were killed. This wonderful piece of carving was found seven feet below the surface, lying on shell, with seven feet of black loam on it. To old colonists these pictures of the old-time Maoris, their customs, implements and dress, will be a realistic reminder of long ago.

GREENSTONE ORNAMENTS

The Maoris used the greenstone jade, found buried beneath the surface of the ground throughout New Zealand. It is a remarkably tough stone, of an olive-green colour passing into grey or greenish-white. It is not very heavy, and feels rather soapy. Very cleverly they made out of this greenstone their battle-axes and neck and ear ornaments. It is a favourite stone throughout the Islands, as also it is in the East, especially among the Chinese, who also make it into an infinite variety of grotesque objects, and many that are useful.

In the Middle Ages this stone was used as an amulet, and worn to prevent disease. Their most widely known and characteristic personal greenstone neck ornament is the Heitiki, or Tiki, a representation of the first man. It has been noticed and described by all the early visitors to New Zealand, and is undoubtedly one of the Maoris' most prized possessions, nearly all having become connected with the past history of their ancestors, and become family heirlooms. The skill displayed in cutting and grinding the hard greenstone into the required figure is only



A. L. SOUTHWOOD, PHOTOGRAPHER, KAITIAKI, N.Z.

A COLLECTION OF MAORI BATTLE-AXES, TIKIS, AND EAR ORNAMENTS.

equalled by the patience and industry which must have been required before the work was finished. They are by no means connected with any of their superstitions, nor are they, as it has



THE TIKI.

been imagined, representations of gods whom they might worship.

The latter idea was conceived from the heitiki being taken off the neck, laid down in the presence of a few friends meeting

together, and then wept or sung over. But this is only done to bring more vividly to the recollection of those present the person to whom the tiki belonged. It is kept and worn about the neck as a remembrance of departed friends, not only of him who last departed, but in remembrance of others also by whom it has been worn. The image is suspended by means of a plaited cord, one end of which has a loop, and the other end has a piece of bird-bone, about three inches long, generally albatross, fixed to it by the cord passing through a hole in the middle of the piece of bone, where it is secured by a knot. This bone is then passed through the loop, and forms a very practical fastening. The eyes of the tiki were filled with rings cut from the parva, or mother-of-pearl, but recently this has been quite superseded by the charm of red sealing-wax.

Although the majority of heitiki are made from greenstone, there are some made of the more easily worked bone from a whale, and, in rare instances, from the human skull. It will be found on examining a large series of specimens that the lower edge of a tiki is frequently bevelled off like the cutting portion of an axe; the position of the hands and the character of the tongue are also interesting points. Some controversy has occurred as to the signification of the word "heitiki," but there is little doubt as to the true meaning. "Hei" is a neck ornament of any kind; "tiki" is the form of a man, or the first created man.

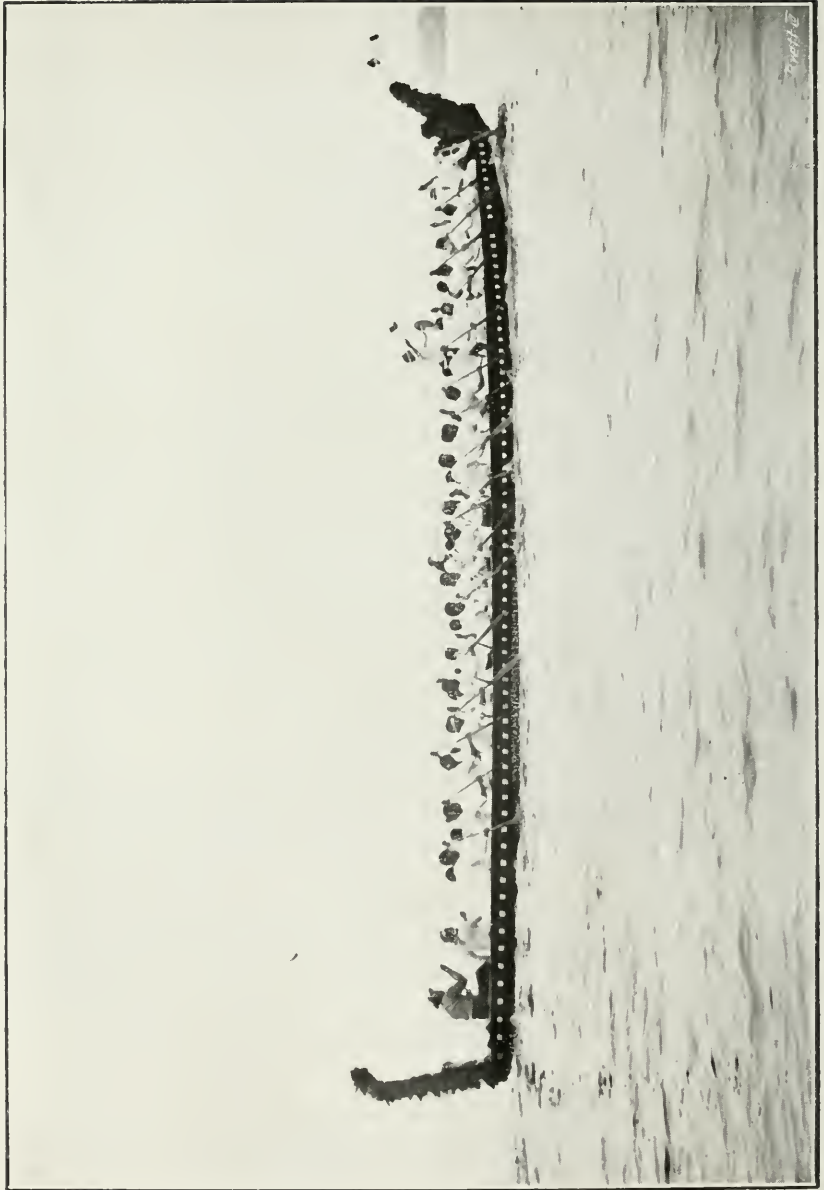
Gold, silver, and other minerals have been found in large quantities both in the North and South Islands. Greenstone is found throughout the islands, but much more in the South. The Maoris, finding it useful for their neck ornaments, hatchets and weapons of war, valued it highly. They called the South Island "Te Wahi Pounamu," which means the place of greenstone. The Maoris of the North Island went across the water to the South Island for the sake of the greenstone, and had numerous quarrels over it. A New Zealand lady travelling through Italy visited

the Ponte Vecchio, or Jewellers' Bridge, at Florence. One of the workers of inlaid stone showed her a piece of jade, which, to his great surprise, she recognised as some of New Zealand's greenstone. He had only a very small piece, and admired the rich colouring very much, but complained that the stone was exceedingly hard to cut.

WAR CANOES

Among the early occupants of New Zealand, canoes were made entirely of the bulrush, one of these vessels of older time being nearly sixty feet in length, and capable of holding as many persons. They were remarkably thick, formed entirely of rushes, except the cross pieces, and resembled the model of a canoe in every particular. They were remarkably light, like the coracles of the ancient Britons; many bundles of rushes must have been used in forming them, and they were propelled at a great pace with light paddles, with much velocity. In the early voyages double canoes were made, with a platform from vessel to vessel, suitable for long voyages. Maori tradition says that the Arawa had a platform connecting the two hulls and a house on the top, and that this canoe had three masts.

The large kauris and pines of the North Island enabled canoes of great size to be made. The Maoris, with their rude and blunt greenstone axes, felled the giant kauris—toughest of pines—and the great totara trees, and from them, in process of time, at an expense of labour, perseverance and ingenuity perfectly astounding to those who know what it really was, produced—carved, painted and inlaid with mother-of-pearl shell—a masterpiece of art and an object of beauty—a war canoe capable of carrying a



Tea

H. WINSELMANN, PHOTO, AUCKLAND.

WAR CANOE.

hundred men on a distant expedition through the boisterous seas surrounding their island.

Few savage races were greater adepts in the art of canoe-building than the Maoris. A tree having been selected to form the hull, it was first laboriously cut down by relays of men armed with no better tools than stone axes. Once prostrate on the ground, the trunk was cleared of its branches and hollowed out, partly by the aid of fire, and partly by dubbing it down with stone axes. The hull having been completed, the top sides had to be cut from two trees very nearly as large as that from which the hull was made. The shaping of these and the fitting of them to the hull was always a tedious work, especially if they were carved from end to end, as is the case with the Toki-a-tapiri. Next the holes had to be bored through the top sides and hull to admit the lashings which bind them together. This had to be slowly and painfully done with a wooden drill armed with a sharp piece of quartz. Then came the carving of the figure-head and stern-post. As these were carved out of solid pieces of totara timber, and as only a small portion could be done at one time lest the wood should split, years were often consumed before they were completed. The cross thwarts had also to be prepared and lashed to the gunwale on each side, and the top sides and carvings had to be safely lashed to the hull. The work of preparing the flax fibre for this purpose was always done by the women. Lastly, the seams and holes through which the lashings pass were carefully caulked with the down surrounding the seeds of the raupo, or bulrush, and the canoe was painted with a paint prepared by burning a red clay, powdering it, and mixing with fat. The canoe was then ready for sea.

It is on record that remains of a single canoe could be seen at Hauraki, which measured one hundred and ten feet in length. Their war canoes were elaborately decorated. The large ornamented prow and stern piece had to be carved from the solid log.

requiring a log about four feet in diameter by about five or six feet in length. These logs had to be gradually worked down to the required shape, and then carved with elaborate conventional patterns, coil or scroll work representing the young fronds of the fern tree.

All the large war canoes had special names, as the "Arawa," the "Tainui," and the "Aotea." They had carved heads ornamented with bunches of brown feathers, and a double-pronged fork projected, on which the heart of their slain enemy was fixed. The prow was sometimes decorated with two long curving wands resembling the antennae of a butterfly, elaborately ornamented with albatross feathers tied in small bunches at intervals of about a foot, then painted the fine red colour, made of red ochre or oxide of iron mixed with shark oil. In the northern part of the island they were generally painted black. The Maoris are greatly impressed with outward show, and the advancing fleet of the war canoes must have made a very striking appearance. The canoes upset very easily, but this does not trouble them, as they swim like fishes, and can cleverly turn the canoe over above the water, empty it out, and settle in again quite unconcernedly.

A fleet of these canoes rounding the great capes which lie between the Bay of Islands and the Bay of Plenty may be better imagined than described, each canoe painted to represent the lightnings of "Tu," the God of Battles, stern and stem decorated with red and black plumes, added to which was the demoniacal war-cry borne upon the wind, which sound they voluminously increased when approaching hostile territory. For the Maoris were masters of such tricks of threat, and had a blood-curdling repertoire like no other savage before or since their time. What thrill it gave those who saw that masterpiece of his marine when urged by well-trained athletes at their racing stroke, the fury and the



R. B. WALTON, PHOTO. AUCKLAND.

WAR CANOE RACE.

foam, or again, as beaching, they flung their hundred paddles in forward shower, shouting their defiance as they leaped on shore! What incident can better picture ancient Polynesia when sparkling with such pageant, warlike, barbarous and fantastic as it was naval?

One could not wish for anything finer than a really good war canoe race, with the big red canoes, eighty or a hundred feet in length, each one hollowed from a single tree trunk, and carrying from a hundred to two hundred men. As they come slowly paddling to the starting-post, using their paddles as bailers, they throw the water out over the side with a quick peculiar movement, and soon have their boats fit for the race. In a short time all is ready, and off they start. The double row of pointed paddles clip the water simultaneously. End on, they look like huge centipedes. The men bend to their task and pull with a will, their brown skins shining in the light, and the fight begins. As they row they sing snatches of old boat chants, as—

“Behold my paddle
Held close to the canoe side.
Now 'tis raised on high—the paddle.
Ready for the plunge—the paddle.
Now we spring forward.
Now it leaps and flashes—the paddle.
It quivers like a bird's wing.
This paddle of mine.”

Their brown backs lean forward, and every muscle is strained to the utmost. The Maori is stamped on every face, happiness sparkles in every eye. The wet sides of the canoe and the bright paddles glance in the sunlight. The canoe, as though alive, leaps forward, and from each bow the water parts in silver curls, which, ever widening, flow to the shore, causing a small commotion among the lilies and drooping willow tips which are floating there. On they come! Yards are reduced to

feet, and all is excitement. Inch by inch one canoe draws away from the rest. The winning-post draws nearer, and with a great shout the canoe flies by like a streak of lightning. A broad, pleased grin sits on the face of each stalwart paddler. It is a sight never to be forgotten.

[The canoe-pulling song was used in dragging heavy timber or canoes out of the forest, and took the place which the sailors' "chanty" does with us.]

TAINUI PLANT

There is a plant the Maoris call "Tainui." It is interesting because of its association with a tradition that a specimen in the North Island sprang from green timber used in the building of the "Tainui," a canoe which brought some of the Maori immigrants to New Zealand between five and six hundred years ago. This plant is strangely distributed. It has never been recorded from the South Island, and it is rare in the North Island. It resembles a clump of apple trees. The tradition is that this peculiar tree was found growing on the place where their ancestors first camped when they abandoned the "Tainui" canoe, in which they came from Hawaiki, and that this tree had sprung from the rollers, or skids, and the green boughs used as flooring for the great canoe. It is a small shrubby tree, twenty feet high—it is seldom taller—with numerous irregular branches and smooth, brownish-grey bark. The leaves are from two to three inches long. It is identical with the *Pomaderris Apetala* of Australia.

MOKO, OR TATTOOING

The Maoris were noted for their remarkable art of "Moko," or tattooing, which was designed to clothe as well as decorate the body. The great chiefs had their faces and parts of their bodies covered with the scroll lines. The face patterns were infinitely varied and especially marked by the beauty and delicacy of their detail and the grace of their general effect, the natural furrows, the movements of the countenance, the play of the muscles—everything was made to enhance the charm of the design. Their great object was to excite fear amongst their enemies, and become terrible in war when fighting at close quarters; also to appear more distinguished and attractive to their women. A face unmarked with tattoo rendered a man liable to the term of plain-face; anyhow, he was looked upon as a poor nobody. For the operation they used bone needles made out of sharks' teeth. Some were made of stones or hard wood, usually worked down to a fine edge or point, and the dye or ink was made by rubbing a piece of charcoal upon a stone, and mixing a little water with the black powder, which produced a thick liquid. They then dipped into it their instrument, having a sharp edge like a chisel and shaped like a garden hoe, and immediately applied it to the skin, striking it two or three times with a small piece of wood. Sometimes the dye was made of burnt and powdered resin of the kauri pine. This was said to give the finest tint to the tattoo of a "blue-black." Even gun-powder has been used, leaving a blue mark which time can never wholly efface.

The religious character of these observances was that all who were under the operating hands of the tattooer were under



TATTOOED CHIEF.

ARTHUR J. ILES, PHOTO., ROTORI A.

the "sacred" law of Tapu. On account of the blood during the time of the operation, he could not be touched by anyone, nor even put his own hand to his head; he was either fed by another who was appointed for the purpose, or took up his food with his mouth from a small stage, with his hands behind him, or by a fern stalk, and thus conveyed it to his mouth. In drinking water, the water was poured in a very expert manner from an elaborately carved wooden funnel or calabash so that he should not touch the vessel, which otherwise could not have been used again. This was a dignified and courageous operation, and their heads swelled to an enormous size with the pain and torture of being covered with their ornamental designs. During the operation the priests sang songs to cheer and exhort them to be patient and endure the torture, in order that all women and his foes may know him as a brave and fearless chief. For the young women this ornamentation was limited to the lips, and the name "blue-lips" was given to them by the English. Red lips were looked upon as a reproach or disfigurement.

Some writers see in the Maori "Moko," or tattoo, a complete analogy to European heraldry, but with this difference, that whereas the coat of arms attests the merits of ancestors, the Maori Moko, or tattoo, illustrates the merits of the person decorated with it. A chief once called attention with great pride to some curious designs cut on his forehead, and when he was asked what there was remarkable about them, he answered, only his family had the right to bear those signs; no other chief, no matter how powerful, could adopt them. One day a Maori chief was examining an English officer's seal with his arms engraved on it, and asked him if the design was the Moko of his family. It has been used as a method of communication. The Maoris used a kind of hieroglyphic or symbolical way of communication. Thus a chief inviting another to join in a war party sent a tattooed potato and a fig of tobacco bound up together, which

was interpreted to mean by the tattoo that the enemy was a Maori and not European, and by the tobacco that it represented smoke; the other chief, on receiving the missive, roasted the one (the potato) and ate it, and smoked the other (the tobacco), to show he accepted the invitation and would join him with his guns and powder. It is said that the tattooing on the bodies was for the purpose of identification in case the head was cut off by the enemy in battle.

Tattooing is common in most of the Islands. In some of these both men and women are tattooed. In some islands special tattoo patterns are used as tribal marks, while in others distinctive designs are tattooed upon men as marks of honour. Some of the tattooings of the Polynesians seem to be a reminiscence of garments or body coverings; the Easter Island women, and some of the men of some other islands, have an imitation of stockings and sandals or mocassins, which looks as if in immigrating from a colder climate to a warmer the body coverings were discarded and tattooed imitations were substituted.

Nose-boring and ear-piercing are also common to both men and women throughout the Islands. Many scientific men who have studied this interesting race have failed to determine when, where, and how the custom of tattooing originated; some assert that it originated in the natural love of these people for the weird and horrible, as exhibited in their hakas (dances) when stripped for battle, the idea being to frighten their enemies by their faces, demeanour and speeches. Others again assert that the custom was originated by the leaders of the various tribes to prove their position and rank, and also their power of endurance under such torture.

It was on the faces of the warriors that the finest art of the race was concentrated. This may have been due to the custom of preserving the heads of friends to mourn over. The artist knew that his works would have enduring fame; the faces he



ARTHUR J. ILES, PHOTO., ROTORA.

"MOKOED" OR TATTOOED CHIEF.

had done would touch the hearts of generation after generation, for the heads would be preserved as heirlooms in a family, like the portraits of ancestors in Europe done by great painters. That the Maoris still continue to tattoo other parts shows their tropical origin, and their habits of stripping for war and for work, that had followed them even into the bracing climate of New Zealand. Many dried Maori heads, wonderfully tattooed, are preserved in the British and other museums; also carved images that they brought from Hawaiki, made of tree trunks, and heads carved in pumice stone.

THE TURNED HEADS

The victorious war party, on their return to their homes, took with them the preserved heads of the great chiefs whom they had killed.

Just on the borders of their own territory they dug a small hole for each head, then all the people turn round towards the country from which they came, and the priests, each taking a head, repeat a song, to which all the warriors dance, and every time they leap from the ground the priests lift up the heads, and this ceremony is called *whakata hurihuri* (a turning round, a causing to look backwards, and, as it were, a farewell from the heads to their own land, and a challenge to the defeated tribe to follow). The words of the song are these:—

“Turn then, look back, look back,
And with a farewell glance
Look on the road thou wast brought
From all that once was thine,
Turn then, look back, look back!”

These places were kept sacred. The Maoris would never live near them, for were they to do so the spirits of their slaughtered

enemies would be sure to visit their impiety with death. When the fighting men left the camp, all who remained behind were obliged to fast while the warriors were fighting. These war customs, as well as other forms of the tapu, are evidently derived from a very ancient religion, and did not take their rise in this country. Human sacrifices were made to the war demons. An instance is related in which a tribe was surrounded by an overwhelming force of their enemies, and had nothing but extermination before them; the war chief cut out the heart of his own son as an offering for victory, and then he and his tribe, with the fury of fanatics, rushed upon the enemy and defeated them with terrific slaughter, and the war demon had great praise, and many men were eaten.

GREAT DITCHES

Great ditches were dug so deep that many fell in, and, on account of their great depth, they could not get out again. Some who attempted to climb up the bank, and partly succeeded, were pulled back by others in their endeavours to escape. Some tried to jump across the ditch, and, failing in the attempt, but catching hold of the opposite bank with their hands, hung down with their legs dangling in the ditch, when those below seized hold of them as a means of aiding their own escape, thus bringing down those who had nearly succeeded. Many in the ditch, seeing their relatives escaping, cried out to them for help, but the fear was so great that all relationship was forgotten in the dread that they, too, should be dragged into the trench. Fathers and mothers called in vain to their relatives. The ditch soon became full, and those underneath were trodden to death or smothered by the others.

HILL FORTS

The Maoris say they were much more numerous in former times than they are now, and that such is the case for the following reasons:—The old hill forts are, many of them, so large that an amount of labour must have been expended in trenching, terracing and fencing them, and all without iron tools, which increased the labour and difficulty a hundred-fold, which must have required a vastly greater population to accomplish than can be now found in the surrounding districts. The natives always slept in these hill forts with closed gates, bridges over trenches removed, and ladders of terraces drawn up. From the top of one of these pointed, trenched and terraced hills the remains of twenty others of equally large dimensions could be seen, all within a distance of fifteen to twenty miles. Tradition affirms that each of these hills was the stronghold of a separate tribe, bearing its distinctive name. There is also evidence of vast tracts of country which have lain wild for years, but were once fully cultivated.

The ditches and large pits in which the kumaras were once stored are found in the centre of great open tracts of uncultivated country; also the remains of four flat stones sunk on their edges, used in those days as a fireplace, and from their position and number prove that the houses were built in rows and very close together. These little fireplaces and the terraced hills are the only marks the Maoris of ancient times have left of their existence.

FLAX WEAVING

The Maoris used the common flax fibre for weaving and making their cloth and mats. This interesting plant, with its sword-shaped leaves as much as ten feet long, is found growing throughout both the islands, and especially on the rocky coasts, and is frequently seen by the roadsides and in the ditches asserting its right of notice. Being a hardy plant, when once located it spreads quickly. Its lofty spikes of red-brown flowers, full of honey, are more decorative than beautiful. History tells us that this species has from time immemorial been cultivated for its tenacious fibre, it being one of those plants which the wants of man early taught him to use. The Bible affords us ample proof of the antiquity of the use of flax as a material for weaving cloth. It has been proved that the cloth used by the ancient Egyptians for wrapping round mummies was made of flax. The plant was also cultivated by the early Romans, and formed an article of commerce between the ancient Egyptians and Greeks. The fibre is so strong, a horse has been known to throw himself in his attempt to break away when tied to a knot of flax blades. Besides the fibre, its oily seeds, known as linseed, are a useful article.

The Maoris gathered the long, green, sword-shaped leaves, stripped and scraped them with a shell, then beat them with a stone beater, dried the fibre in the sun until it became soft enough to use, and then it could be easily woven into cloth or mats. Some of their mats are beautifully decorated with feathers, which are woven in on the upper surface. It is a matter of great regret that this, like other of their ancient arts, is dying out. A few old men and women are still adepts at it, but the

rising generation learn neither carving nor mat-weaving. They now wear European clothes, but many of their ways and thoughts are those of the primitive Maori. Superstition is very strong within their hearts, and many and weird are their ancient beliefs.

OLD MAORI CUSTOMS

Some of their old customs still survive in the interior of the North Island among the Maoris of the King Country, such as the practice of bird-catching by means of cunningly devised snares.

These hardy hunters are expert in the capture of the "wing-flapping children of the gods" without the aid of guns, although the young men prefer the powder and shot; but the older men still practise the old art of bird-snaring. They are often seen returning from the chase with their fierce-looking dogs, great-limbed men, wearing the Maori kilt or shawl (a piece of coloured blanket or flax mat wrapped round their loins), with wild pigs strapped across their shoulders, and carrying the spoil of the bush, such as pigeons and other wild birds, with twisted snaring tackle, made of plaited flax fibre, wound around their waists. They had a way of preserving the birds in fat, and thought them delicious. They learned the art of making fishing nets, and it is interesting to notice that the mesh used by the Maoris when making their nets was the same as that of the primitive lake-dwellers of the Stone Age in Europe. They were very clever with their nets, catching eels and fish, which were very plentiful in the rivers. They used to dry a great many eels by hanging them up in the sun, or in smoke, to preserve them. The women



A. J. NORTHWOOD, PHOTO, RAUVAU, N.Z.

MAORIS EATING SHELL-FISH (PIPIES).

worked hard, and collected shell-fish in large quantities. Fern-root was a food they liked very much; it still grows all over the country. In some good soils the roots grow very thick, and, when roasted, it is almost as useful to them as bread is to us. They had sweet potatoes of different kinds, and gourds, and they also gathered berries.

EARTH OVENS

Their way of cooking their food was very curious, but very simple, and quite common all over the Polynesian Islands. They first dug a hole in the ground, and then filled it up with wood and stones: fire being applied, the stones became sufficiently heated, and, after being sprinkled with water, causing the steam to rise, the meat and potatoes were carefully wrapped in folds of green leaves and placed on the hot steaming stones. At the same time they were covered over with earth so as to exclude the atmosphere. In this way, after a certain time, the meat, or whatever it might be, was baked to perfection in this strange oven.

Such were some of the customs, laws, and arts of the Maoris. They contemplated Nature, and lived the simple life before the white man came in contact with them for the first time. As the English grass now spreads over the land, and the daisies and clover take the place of the native plants, as pheasants from England multiply in the bush where the old birds die away, so the Maori is disappearing, like his forests and their inhabitants.

The old Maori customs are difficult to put aside; they are not a mere clinging to the past, they are their soul, their "punga" (anchor). "Cut us adrift from them," they say, "and we

are like the canoe of which the paddles have ceased rowing. We can only drift, God knows where to! You cry and find fault with us; we grope; we put out our hands in the darkness, never sure, never certain. But our hands, the hands that one time groped so pitifully, are folded on our breasts, and the everlasting silence takes us in its arms. The old, old plea—we are dying fast, and want you to show us how to live, so that we may not all go down to the grave."

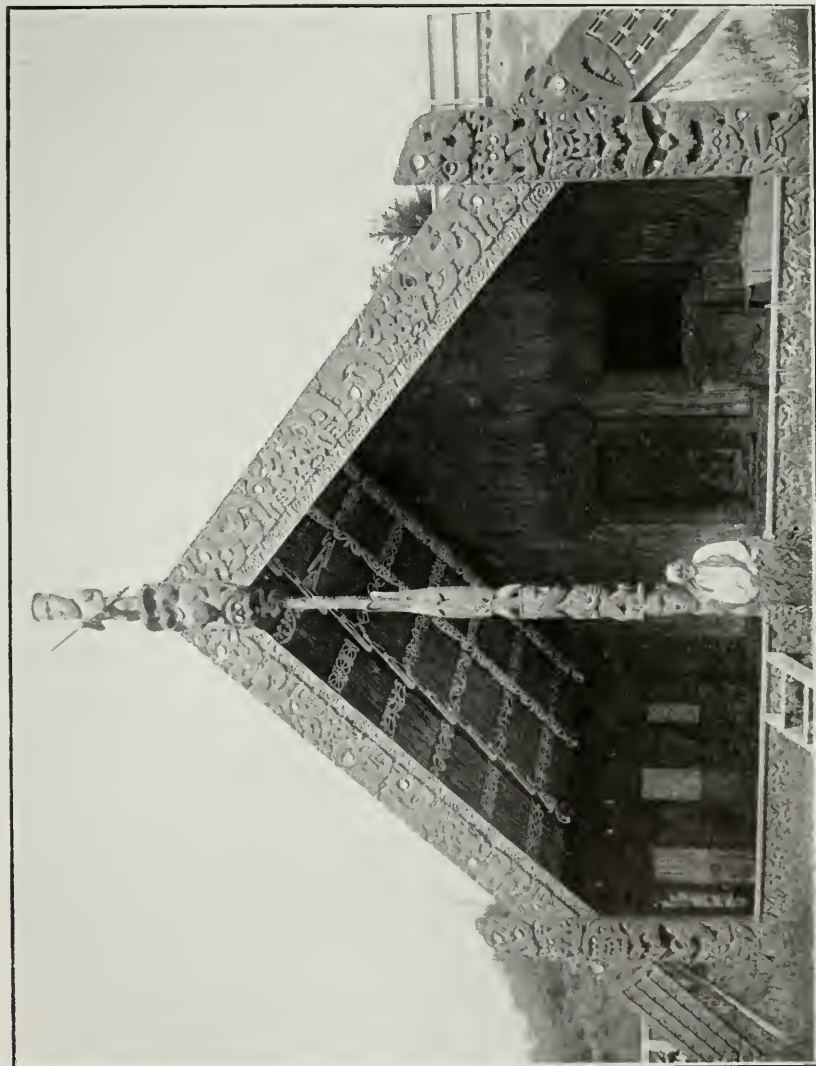
One of their old proverbs says, "The old net must be put on one side, and the new net must go fishing to-day."

HAPPINESS IS TRANSITORY

"Simple were their ways and humble,
 Few their wants and few their pleasures.
 So they lived a life primeval,
 Tilled the land and ate its products,
 Trolled the lakes and sea for fishes,
 Noble in their isolation.

"Quite content to dwell for ever
 By themselves and unmolested;
 But, alas! in mortal matters
 Happiness is transitory,
 Like a dream it comes, then leaves us,
 Flashes like a glowing meteor
 In the sky of man's existence,
 Then is lost and gone for ever.

"Ere the years have rolled much longer,
 Nearly all the marks and traces
 Of the old land and its people
 Will be quite obliterated.
 Nothing left but mere tradition
 Of the Maori in his own land."



J. MARTIN, PHOTO, AUCKLAND.

CARVED MAORI TEMPLE.

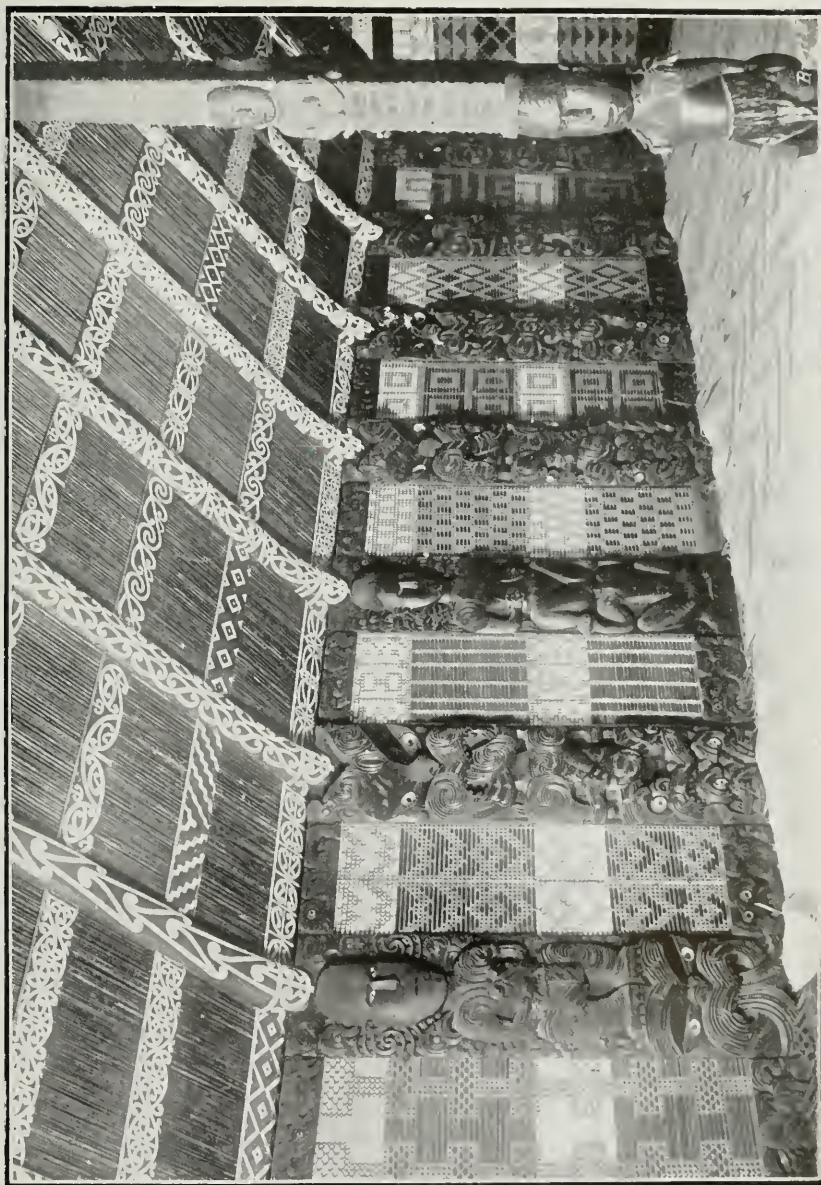
CARVED TEMPLES

In every Maori village there stood a temple, or quaintly carved meeting-house. The porch of the interior was rich with carved effigies of ancestral heroes, cut out of solid slabs of totara. The doors outside, the ceilings, and the panels of the walls inside, were ornamented with hideous carved monsters, brightly painted with red ochre; grouped around the walls were stern figures, grotesquely fearful with their huge red-painted heads, enormous gaping mouths, from which projected long, outstretched, red-painted tongues (the defiance tongue) grinning hideously, and eyes made or inlaid with mother-of-pearl shell; three-fingered hands gripping stone weapons in attitudes of defiance, with faces tattooed. These figures represented warrior chiefs who were the leading braves of a hundred years ago.

Some of the wall slabs were carved with figures representing some of their mythical creatures known as the "Water monsters," with bird-like beaks and snaky tails, all coiled in endless spirals. Even the inside rafters were decorated with handsome black and red scroll work and rude paintings of trees and birds, and bird-spearing. This "kōrero" (or talking) building was where the Maoris often met in the evenings for amusement, or to talk over their war exploits, and tell their ancient tales or sing their ancient chants.

"Be patient and brave and strong,
"O my people, that ye may live."
"Listen, O my braves,
"Listen unto the words of your chief."

These were the words with which the chiefs in times of war would speak to their people.



INTERIOR OF CARVED TEMPLE.

J. MARTELL, PHOTOGRAPHER, AUCKLAND.

Near the priest's house, or Whare Tohunga, long slabs of totara were stuck in the ground, and miniature houses were built and placed on the top of them. These totara slabs were carved with the grotesque figures, and painted with red, white and black



THE DEFIANCE TONGUE.

scroll designs. Food was placed on the ledge in front of the little house on the top of the slab, which was supposed to feed the spirits or gods. Only the birds were ever seen eating it. This custom of feeding the spirits is very like the custom of the Chinese. Carved store or food houses were always elevated

above the ground on one or more posts, to preserve the contents from the destructive attacks of the native rat, which was once extremely plentiful throughout the country. They were usually richly decorated or ornamented with carvings and feathers, and more care was taken in their construction and decoration than the majority of buildings in a Maori pah or village.

RELIGIOUS CUSTOMS OF THE OLDEN MAORI

The Tapu is the most interesting of the many ancient customs, beliefs, and laws of the ancient Polynesian. The belief in the sacred institution of the Tapu, which has not even yet fallen into disuse, is said to have been more perfected in the Hawaiian Islands. It may be briefly translated by the word "sacred," but the Maori tapu has a host of various and peculiar applications which it would take many pages to describe. There was a personal tapu, and a local tapu. This strange "sacred" system may be termed the law of Maoriland, for its shadow fell upon all things; were the law of tapu disregarded by an unfortunate person, he was afflicted by the gods, and if he wished to retain life he must go to the priests, who alone might save him, and the olden Maori found it very hard to escape their myriad ramifications. Priests, or tohungas, were imbued with the mysterious essences of the tapu, because of their knowledge of ancient and potent karakias (incantations), religious ceremonies, and their office as supposed mediums of communication with the dread atuas (gods). All high chiefs also had a strong personal tapu, which prevented any common person eating out of the same food-basket, or using anything belonging to the chief, the tribal ariki. The remains of the dead and all connected therewith were, and are, extremely tapu, and certain places, such as

wahi tapu (burial grounds) are similarly sacred. The association of food with anything tapu is exceedingly objectionable in the Maori eye, and it is in connection with food and the act of eating that the full operation of this mysterious unwritten law is seen. It was a dreadful thing for a person under the sway of the severer forms of tapu to eat food with his or her own hands, for it was considered that the shadowy atua and the malignant spirits of the tapu would slay the careless person. Therefore a man who had handled the remains of the sacred dead, or in any other way become infected with a specially malignant case of the tapu, could not dare to touch the food with his hands, which, being infected with shadowy sacredness, would communicate the same to the food, and render it, if consumed, most surely fatal to the eater.

Another but minor consequence would be that any vessel, utensil, etc., used or touched by the tangata tapu would also become sacred, and consequently useless to anyone else. The old tohunga priest, kneeling on his mat in front of an old whare, receives his food in the manner prescribed by the strict law of tapu.

It was tapu in the Hawaiian Islands, and also in New Zealand, for men and women to eat together; they might not even use the same oven. The chapel for the family idols and the men's eating houses might not be entered by the women under penalty of death. Bananas, cocoanuts, pork, turtles, and certain kinds of fish were forbidden to women. Death was the penalty for breaking this tapu, lest they should become like men. This outward form of religion found its exponent in the charms and spells of priests, in observing the forms of tapu, in reverence and devotion to sacred objects. They worshipped in temples, in which they held very elaborate services. The many prayers had been handed down from generation to generation. During some of these perfect silence reigned, as they supposed that any noise

would break the charm: at a given signal during some prayers the congregation would rise and hold their hands towards heaven for a given time, often half an hour. The supreme act of their worship was the human sacrifice. These victims were prisoners of war or breakers of the tapu. Women do not seem to have been offered up in sacrifice, and one or more men have suffered at times in their stead in cases of broken tapu. One compensation, at any rate, for their enforced abstinence from good things.

The following interesting anecdote is told of the breaking up of tapu at the Hawaiian Islands:—

Kapiolani, one of the Royal Princesses, a very daring and heroic woman, who had been bold enough to tread on enchanted ground and venture into the tapued crater of the Goddess Pele, resolved to taste the banana and risk the consequences if detected. Another girl was with her, of equal rank and years. They concealed the fruit as well as they could with the palm of the hand and thumb, and rushed into the sea to bathe and to eat the forbidden fruit. An eagle-eyed priest discovered them; they were tried for the ungodly deed, and condemned to suffer the penalty, which was poverty, loss of rank, and to remain unmarried. This they must suffer unless suitable payment could be made. The priest suggested the sacrifice of a little boy, a favourite page of Kapiolani, as a suitable offering. He was immediately seized and carried to the sacred enclosure at Huanau, and was seen no more. Some years after this Kapiolani called for the same old priest to come and sit by her, and say what he now thought of these proceedings. "Oh," said he, "those were dark days, though we priests knew better all the time. It was power we sought over the minds of the people, in order to influence and control them." Kapiolani asked him what he did with the boy. "He was strangled on the altar," said he. She hid her face in her hands and wept, saying, "Oh, why did not Christians come sooner and teach us better things!"

POWER OF TAPU

Various natural objects, such as mountains, trees, houses, stones, lakes, etc., which the priests were pleased to call "tapu," were supposed to be endowed with human faculties and emotions. They possessed a certain amount of supernatural power, and would punish any rash being who approached them without performing the proper rite or ceremony.

The *tohungas*, or priests, were supposed to be entered by their god when giving oracular utterances, and great faith was placed in such manifestations. Probably the priest would produce or cause a form of hallucination by means of much thought and brooding over a subject, repeating his enchantments and incantations in the presence of his tribe, in order to recover or retain his power. The Maori belief in regard to the spirit of man is one which is widespread, and much resembles that of the ancient Egyptian; but, unlike the latter, the spirit leaves the body at death and descends to "Hades," the realm of darkness.

It appears, however, to possess the power of returning to this world, the principal object of such appearing being apparently to frighten the living. The education of young men for the priesthood by the elder priests was conducted under strict rules of "tapu." When the young priest had completed his course of learning he was required to exercise his acquired powers. There were several ways in which this might be done. One of these was for him to cause a stone to be fractured by the power of his magic charms or incantations; another was to slay a person by means of such spells. Sometimes he was told to slay a near relative in this manner, his own father perhaps being selected.

If his priestly tutor were an old man, he would perhaps instruct his pupil to turn his dread powers against himself, i.e., the tutor. After this rite was successfully carried out the incantations of the young priest would ever be effective, or for so long as he conducted himself properly.

"THE TOHUNGA"

The belief in the power of the "Tohunga" was very strong; some of their predictions were most daring, and often happened to turn out perfectly successful. They were sometimes given in terms which could be given a double meaning, and so secure the character of the tohunga, or priest, no matter how the event turned out. They did not pretend to divine future events by any knowledge or power existing in themselves, but professed to be for the time inspired by the familiar spirit, or passive in his hands. This spirit entered into them, and, on their being questioned, they would give a response in a sort of half-whistling, half-articulate voice, supposed to be the proper language of spirits; and if any mistake was made the blame would be laid on the "tricky" spirit, who had purposely spoken false for certain good and sufficient spiritual reasons. Sometimes the Maoris paid Te Rua and his assistants large sums of money to perform miracles for them. Amongst the fading customs and beliefs of the old Maoris the tohunga still holds ground, and is often consulted, though not so openly as was done years ago. Under the powers granted by the Maori Council Act, Te Rua was forbidden to carry on this tohunga practice.

The natives know that the English people laugh at their belief in these things; they would rather they were angry, for

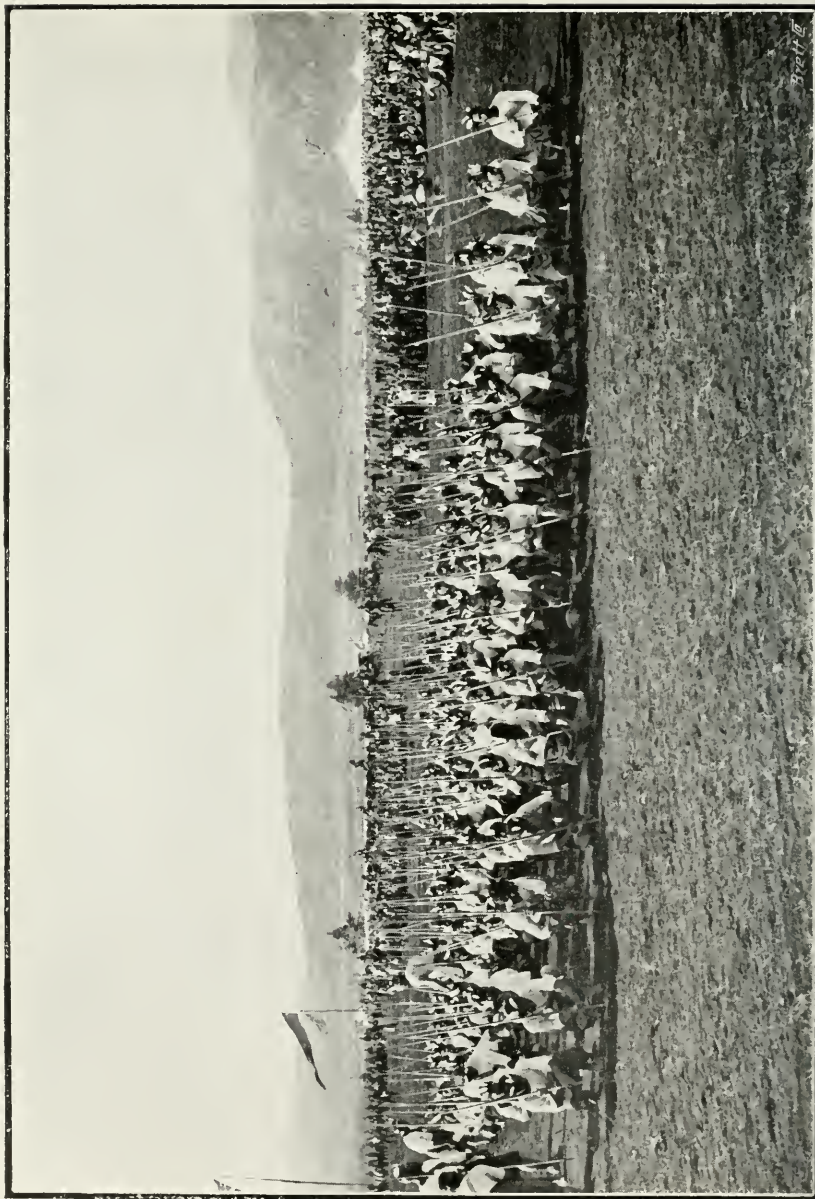
then they would defy them, but the English simply laugh at their credulity. The natives do all they can to conceal it, but nevertheless the chiefs continue to consult the Maori oracle on all matters of importance. Some of their predictions have been recorded. The two following are well known, and were rather unique in their results:—

A Maori chief belonging to a small village had a serious quarrel with his relations, so he left his tribe and went to a distant part of the country, saying that "he cast them off, and would never return." After a time the relations became uneasy at his absence and sorry for the disagreement; they therefore inquired of the oracle if he would return to them. At night the oracle consulted with the Spirit. He became inspired, and in a sort of hollow whistle came the words of fate, "He will return, but yet not return." This answer was given several times, then the spirit departed; but no one could understand the answer, the tohunga himself saying he could make nothing of it. Now the end of this instance is rather extraordinary. Some time after this several of the chief's relations went to offer reconciliation and persuade him to return home. Six months afterwards they returned, bringing him along with them, dead. They found him dying, and carried his body home. Then they all knew the meaning of the oracle's words, "He will return, but yet not return."

The following is the second instance:—The captain of a large trading ship ran away with a pretty Maori girl. The relations became very angry, and, making as much noise as possible, off they set to the tohunga and demanded active assistance. The ship had gone to sea loaded for a long voyage; the fugitives had fairly escaped, and what they wanted the tohunga to do was to bring back the ship into port, so that they might have an opportunity to recover the lost member of their family. The tohunga hummed and hawed. He did not know, could not say.

Then he said, "We shall hear what the 'boy' would say," "He would do what he liked," "They could not compel him," and so forth. At night a meeting was held in the meeting-house where the tohungas usually performed. All was expectation: at midnight the spirit saluted the guests, and they saluted him. They gravely requested that he would "drive back" the ship which had stolen the girl. The response, after a short time, came in the hollow and whistling tone, "The ship's nose I will batter out on the great sea." This answer was repeated several times, and then the spirit departed. The rest of the night was spent in wondering what could be the meaning of these words. All agreed that there must be more in them than met the ear, but no one could say it was a clear answer to the request made. As for the tohunga, he also could not understand it, and said that the spirit was a "great rogue." Now the end of the affair was that about ten days after this, in comes the ship. She had been "battered" with a vengeance. She had met a terrible gale when a couple of days off the land, and had sprung a leak in the bow. The bow in Maori is called the "ihu" (nose). The vessel had been in great danger, actually forced to run for the nearest port, which happened to be the one she had left.

After such a coincidence, we can hardly wonder that the ignorant and superstitious Maoris believed so strongly in their oracle. But when towards the end of these strange utterances the spirit said, "Give my large tame pig and my double-barrel gun to the priest," the delusion vanished. The marvel was how the priests continued to carry on by their powers of ventriloquism and spiritualism such deception so perfectly.



GREAT MAORI HAKA.

Performed before the Duke and Duchess of York at Rotorua.

THE HAKA DANCE

To perform the haka, or war-dance, the Maoris, men and women, place themselves in two rows. While they are dancing they have a peculiar way of upturning their eyes and rolling them completely round, so that only the whites are seen, which gives a fierce and horrible look to the face; this is considered a very necessary accomplishment in dancing the haka dance. The leader beats the time or cadence of the dance with a bone "mere," and they all follow, keeping time with wonderful accuracy and precision, rolling their heads constantly, thrusting out their tongues, with much distortion of the features that shows up the blue lines of the tattoo, forming a quivering network over the face. They move their hands backwards and forwards with a quivering motion in front of them, smite their breasts and thighs with the palm of the left hand, singing and shouting in a wild frenzy of excitement, and all with perfect time and simultaneous sound and action that is simply wonderful. The men and women look more or less like infuriated demons. "The Last Haka," by Alfred Domett, is a most vivid poetical description of the Maori war-dance.

THE LAST HAKA

And then they danced their last war-dance to gain
The physical fever of the blood and brain.

The leaping, dense, conglomerate mass of men,
Now altogether off the ground—in air—
Like some vast bird a moment's space—and then
Down, with a single ponderous shock, again.

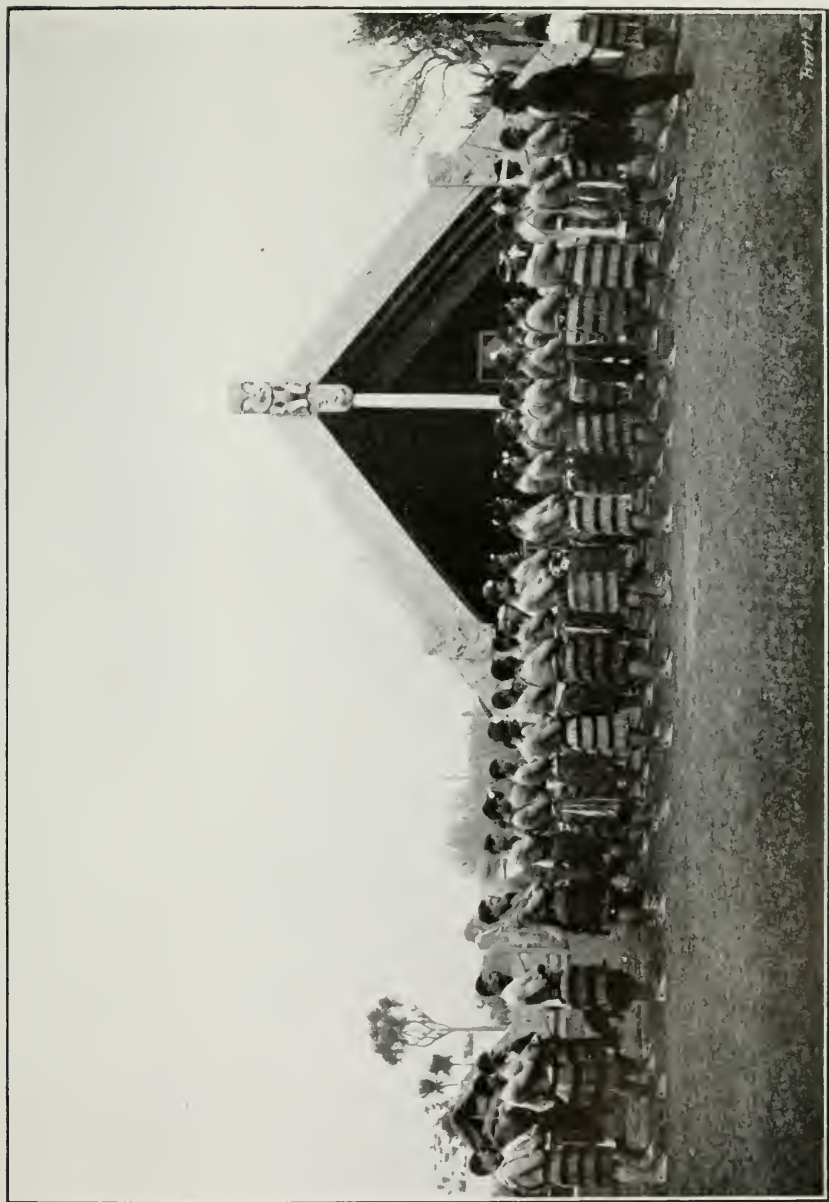
And every gesture fury could devise
 And practice regulate was rampant there,
 The loud slaps sounding on five hundred thighs,
 Five hundred hideous faces drawn aside,
 Distorted with one paroxysm wide;
 Five hundred tongues like one, protruding red,
 Thrust straining out to taunt, defy, deride;
 And the cold glitter of a thousand eyes
 Upturning white far back into the head.

With such convulsive energy the while,
 Thus—and with grinding, gnashing teeth, and fierce
 Explosions deep in oft-narrated style,
 In myriad-ringing unison—they lash
 Their maddened souls to madder desperation.

—*Alfred Domett.*

THE MOA, OR MONSTER BIRD

New Zealand was formerly inhabited by a gigantic race of birds called "Moas," some species of which considerably exceeded in size the modern ostriches. The situation and state of preservation of the abundant skeletons and remains which have been found indicate that they existed down to quite comparatively recent times, and were probably exterminated by the present Maori inhabitants of the islands. Feathers which have been found associated with the bones show the presence of a large shaft, as in the emus and cassowaries, but some of the species at least resemble the kiwis (remarkable wingless birds alone existing of the Ratitae species). The wings of the moa were quite small, if not altogether absent; but as this bird had three toes, it ran instead of flying. The feathers were very long and narrow, of a very fine delicate texture, and in colour a yellow ochre slightly tipped with sienna brown, some of them shading



FRANK J. DEXTON, PHOTO., WANGANUI.

AFTER THE HAKA.

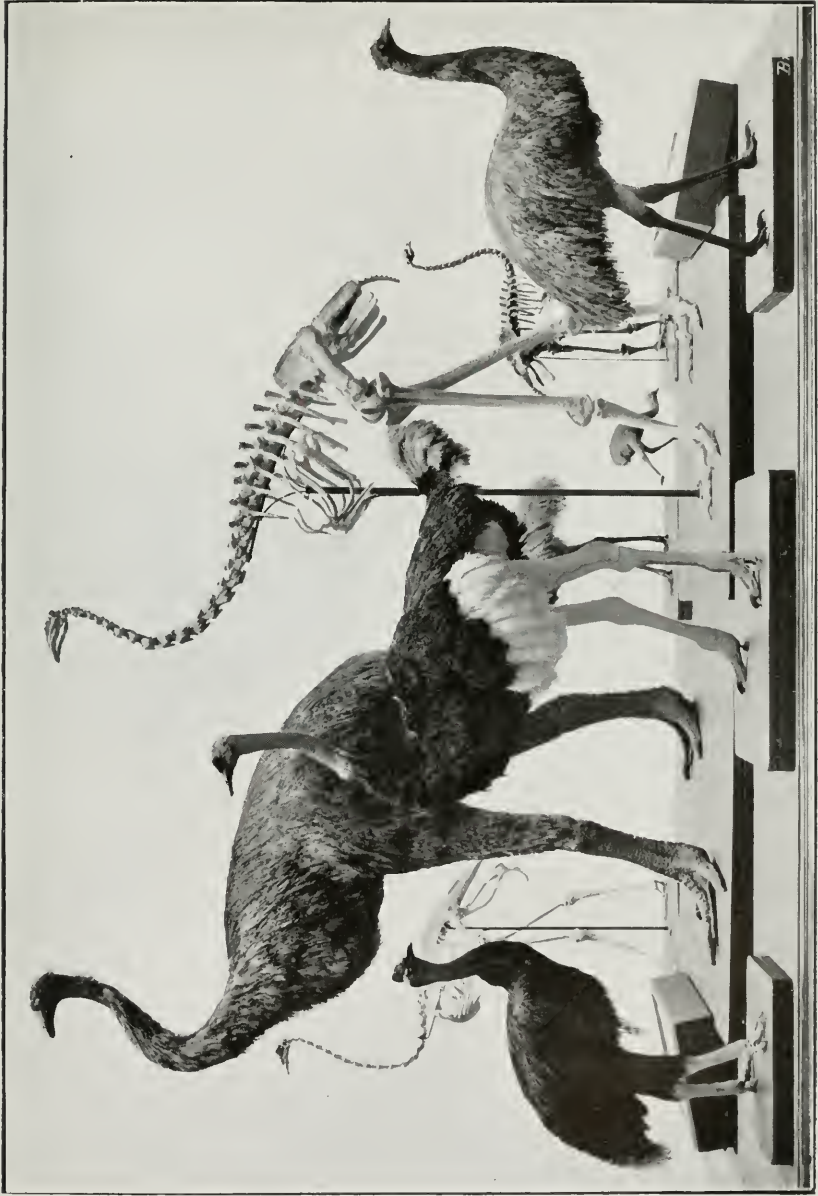
A weird and terrifying dance practised in the early days by Maori warriors.

to black, the after shaft being almost as long as the feather itself. Bones of the limbs have been found measuring five feet ten inches, and represent a bird probably ten feet in total height. Their eggs measured 2 feet 9 inches in length, the girth being two feet five inches. The eggs are so large that one of them would hold as much as one hundred and forty-eight hens' eggs.

The first moa bone, six inches in length, was offered for sale at the Royal College of Surgeons in London by an individual who stated that he had obtained it in New Zealand from a Maori, who told him that it was the bone of a great "eagle." After examination it was classified with the emu and the ostrich, its stature far surpassing that of the latter. The only other part of the world they have been found in is the Island of Madagascar, where some fossil remains of extinct species of this great wingless bird were found about the year 1852.

Skeletons of the moa may be seen in various museums. As the avifauna of New Zealand has probably been longer isolated than that of any other part of the globe, there is possibly no other country in the world more interesting to ornithologists.

Controversy has raged for some years among experts as to the time when the moa disappeared as a living creature. It seems almost impossible to reconcile the statements of the students of natural history and anthropology in this matter. Bones of the birds have been found on the surface of the ground and in positions in which it seems certain that their owners perished within a few years of the present day.



THE GIGANTIC MOA BIRD, CLASSIFIED WITH THE OSTRICH AND EMU.
J. MURLIN, PHOTOS, AUCKLAND.
Auckland Museum.

THE CHASE OF THE MOA.

Practised in the art of warfare,
Skilled in all device of hunting,
Up they started from their slumbers
Ere the sun o'er the horizon
Flooded all the fields with crimson,
Bathed the hills in gold and crimson.

Then a band of youthful warriors,
Armed with lances swift and deadly,
Forth would go unto their hunting,
Forth to chase the mighty moa
Through the marsh and o'er the meadow.

Crouched the warriors in the thicket,
Waited for the feathered monster,
For the great lord of the flax swamp,
Soon the monster bird came stalking
Proudly through the waving flaxes,
Little recking of the danger
Lurking in the tufted bushes,
Till at length into the open
Forth emerged the feathered monarch.

Then the deadly hissing weapon
Through the air with aim unerring
Rushed, and struck the forest giant.
Down he fell amongst the flaxes,
Never more to strut triumphant
Through his former flaxy kingdoms.

Then the warriors in their triumph
Dragged him homeward to their dwellings,
Drew him on with great rejoicing
To their whares in the forest;
And the women—the wahines—
In their straw-built reed-roofed houses,
In their whares thatched with raupe,
Plaited baskets, mats and vessels,
Drinking vessels for the warriors,
When they came back tired with hunting,
Tired with chasing the great moa.

—*Stuart Prize Poem.*

THE KIWI

The Kiwi birds are the smallest of the Ratitae (or raft-shaped breast-bone), and differ from all the existing forms of the group in possessing a small hind toe, and in the length of the bill, the nostrils of which are placed near the tip, instead of at the base, as in most birds. The feathers have no after shaft.



THE KIWI.

The wings are so small as to be completely concealed by the general body clothing, and there is no visible tail. The legs and feet are very stout, and the claws are long, curved, and sharp-pointed.

The kiwis are inhabitants of New Zealand exclusively. They are completely nocturnal in their habits, and feed mainly on worms and insects. Their eggs are white, very few in number, and remarkable for their great size in proportion to those of other birds. As in other Ratitae, it is the male that hatches them.

At one time the kiwis were very plentiful. Through not being able to fly, and having to feed on the ground, these little birds were exceedingly gentle and tame, which made them fall an easy prey to the gum-digger, and especially to his stray cats and dogs, which often wandered away from the camps and



THE TUI, OR PARSON BIRD.

regaled themselves on the choice game of the bush. These, combined with the felling and burning away of the New Zealand bush, and in consequence the destruction of the supply of honey-producing flowers, will account to some extent for the present scarcity of the kiwi and other rare and lovely birds belonging to the dear old Maori land.

In the Waitakere Ranges, near Auckland, there are thousands of acres of heavy kauri bush, which must have taken thousands

of years to attain its present perfection, and, once destroyed, can never be replaced. The supply of water in Auckland is derived entirely from the Waitakeres, and if the bush is cleared away the supply is sure to fail. This, apart from the loss of natural beauty, ought to arouse public indignation against any proposal to destroy more of the native forest on the Waitakere Ranges.

THE TUI, OR PARSON BIRD

The Tui, or Parson Bird, is larger and more shapely than the blackbird, and is sometimes called the mocking bird. Its plumage is lustrous black, irradiated with green hues—pencilled with silver grey. It can sing, but seldom will, as it preserves its voice for mocking others. Darting through some low scrub to the topmost twig of the tallest tree, it commences roaring forth a variety of strange notes, with such changes of voice and volume of tone as to claim the instant attention of the forest. It received the name of Parson Bird from the early colonists on account of the peculiar little tufts of curly white feathers that stick out and hang from under its throat, contrasting with its dark plumage, and their fancied resemblance to the clerical bands. This name is very appropriate, for when indulging in its strain of wild notes it displays these bands and gesticulates in a manner forcibly suggestive of preaching, while sitting on the branch of a tree as in a pulpit. He shakes his head, bending first to one side and then to the other, as if he remarked to this one and to that one: once and again, with pent-up vehemence, contracting his muscles and drawing himself together, his voice waxes louder and louder in a manner to awaken sleepers to their senses.

The Maoris share in the almost universal superstition regarding Ruru, the "Owl," these mysterious little night birds, whose cry of "More pork" makes them known to every New Zealander as "Moreporks." As the sun goes down and the shadows of the evening darken, the owl comes out of its hiding-place, and the glow-worms shine on the damp mossy banks, twinkling in millions like the stars in the sky.

The Katipo spider is the only very venomous creature to be found in the whole Dominion of New Zealand. There are hundreds of kinds of spiders, and some of them can give painful bites; but the katipo is the only one whose bite is very poisonous and dangerous. This spider is a handsome creature, having a very striking appearance. In colour it is jet black, and looks like a large shot that has been carefully polished; but its real beauty lies in a coloured red band that extends from its head all the way down its back.

In the Nelson and Picton waters of Cook Straits is to be seen a remarkable white fish, known as "Pelorus Jack." It is the only fish in the world protected by Act of Parliament. Jack is estimated to be from twelve to fourteen feet in length. He accompanies for several miles all steamers passing through the French Pass on the Nelson-Picton run, and is always alone.

"This fish, it seems, is a white whale, and nobody knows how old. He takes no notice of any vessels but steamers, and he has his favourites amongst these. An attempt was made some time ago to harpoon him from one of the steamers, and he has carefully avoided that one ever since, never going near her. But he remains faithful to his favourites, goes out to meet them, speeds them on their departure, capering in front of the bows, and turning somersaults, to the great delight of the passengers."

Lately he has disappeared from his usual haunts. It is well known that this happened once before, but he came back again.

The presence on a calm day of a flock of the snow-white

playful sea-gulls coming inland to rest themselves in the fields and pastures is a sure indication that a storm is brewing at sea, although there may be no actual appearance of it at the time. As the result of the protective legislation, the number of sea-gulls frequenting the bays and harbours has greatly increased. Eager crowds of these sea-birds hover over floating objects in the water, filling the air with their cries and with the rapid flutterings of their wings, the pearly whiteness of their plumage contrasting finely with the black of the upper parts, especially in the strong sunlight of the morning.

VEGETABLE CATERPILLAR

Amongst the most remarkable productions on the border line between the vegetable and animal kingdoms is the "Vegetable Caterpillar." This plant is a native of New Zealand. The caterpillar, burrowing in the vegetable soil, gets a spore of a fungus between the folds of its neck, and, unable to free itself, the insect's body nourishes the fungus, which vegetates, and occasions the death of the caterpillar by exactly filling the interior of the body with its roots, always preserving its perfect form. The stem grows up like a little bulrush, six to ten inches in height; after being dried, it is burnt into a coal, giving an excellent black pigment, which the Maoris use to mark the blue tattoo designs, which time can never wholly efface.

THE HUIA

The Huia is a rare and handsome bird, a little larger than the Tui, or Parson Bird, which at one time frequented the bush in the Ruahine Mountains. Their plumage is black, with a green metallic gloss, and the tail has a broad terminal band of white. They utter a soft, clear whistle, at first prolonged, then short and quickly repeated, both birds joining in it, and when excited or hungry they raise their whistling note to a very high pitch. The Maoris prized their feathers very highly, and they carved wooden boxes in which to keep these rare and sacred treasures. The feathers of the Huia birds are worn only by those of high rank, such as the chiefs. Governor Onslow's little son was named after this bird "Huia." At a gathering of the tribesmen of the Huia tribe, one of their leading men, in the picturesque language of his race, demanded that the Huia bird, from which the tribe had received its name, should be protected from people who were shooting it. "There, yonder," he said, pointing to a great mountain, "is the snow-clad Ruahine Range, the home of our favourite bird. We ask you, O Governor, to restrain the Europeans from shooting it, so that when your boy grows up he may see the beautiful bird which bears his name." The Huia was accordingly protected under an Act of Parliament, and, in order that other native birds of New Zealand might also be protected, a sanctuary was established on the Little Barrier Island. It lies fifteen miles off the eastern coast of the Province of Auckland. Although it is only four and a-half miles long and three and three-quarter miles wide, no human being has ever crossed it. This is accounted for by its extremely rough, rugged and wooded character, which, of course, adds to its suitability as a bird

sanctuary. In a few years many of the native species will probably have become extinct, and the opportunity of observing their habits will be lost for ever.

It is very delightful on a summer's day to rest in some cool shady place in the bush and inhale its sweet fragrance. All is still and quiet, save for the hum of bees in the air and the loud chirp of the locust as it clings to the bark overhead. Then there falls upon the ear the well-known cry of the Bellbird, like liquid chimings as of golden bells struck with golden clappers, that



HUIA BIRDS.

seem to set the very leaves trembling with the rapture of the tolling music; and the white-breasted pigeon flies on gentle wing from tree to tree, ku-kuing softly to its mate. The Tui from a neighbouring tree whistles its full rich note at short intervals, like the slow tolling of a silver bell, calling to its mate to come and seek repose while the sun is high in the heavens. Then all is still again, and nothing is heard but the soft murmur of insects in the air, except when broken by the little Fantail as it flits around with full spread wings and tail, and dances from bough to bough. All speak in a language of their own, caressing, appealing, tender and pure.



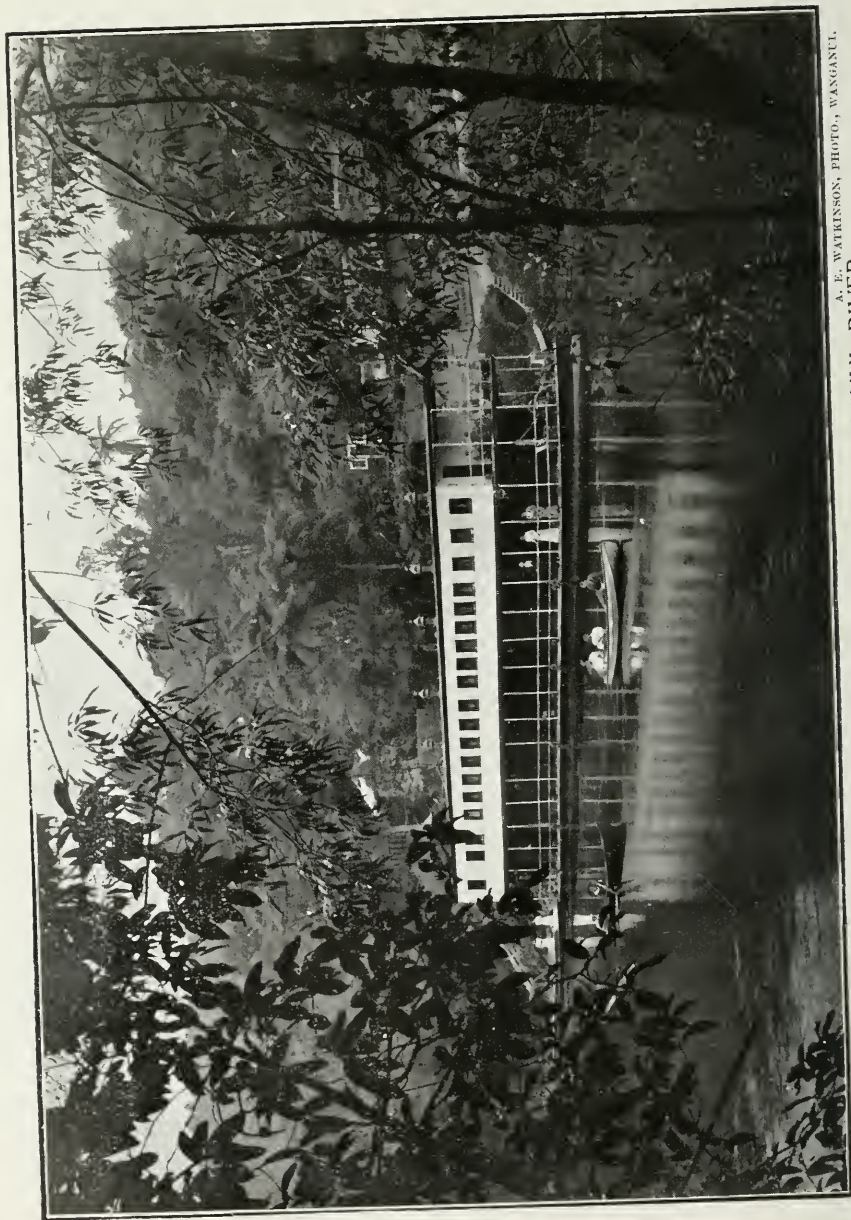
A. E. WATKINSON, PHOTO., WANGANUI.
PIPIRIKI HOUSE (THROUGH THE WILLOWS), WANGANUI RIVER.

MAORI MARRIAGE CUSTOMS

Many statements have been made that the Maoris had no marriage rite, but that a couple simply agreed to live together, and that was all there was about it. But if a marriage between two young people was not a matter deliberately arranged by their elders, or by the tribe, then such a union was much looked down upon and condemned. They were very particular about their marriage rites or ceremonies.

In order to understand the Maori marriage system, it is necessary to have a clear idea of the tribal organisation and their system of relationship. To marry anyone of closer kinship than a third cousin was deemed criminal, and a great exception was taken to such unions. They were severely condemned. Practically all rites performed by the priest of old were executed either at a sacred fire, or by the waterside, and nearly always at dawn or dusk, not in the daytime. They used charms and gave gifts, and performed dances of various kinds, and played games of skill, in order to make themselves attractive, much the same as other races.

It sometimes occurred that the people of a family group or clan would demand a girl of another village as a wife for one of their young men; a party of them would go to the place and ask for the girl. If she was a single woman, she might be handed over without any trouble, providing she was agreeable to marry the young man. If not, she would be held and protected by her people. Sometimes they would try to take her by force, and very stormy scenes would follow, and each party would strive to gain possession of the girl. Fatal consequences would at times



A. E. WATKINSON, PHOTO, WANGANUI.

THE HOUSEBOAT, "MARAHOWHAI," WANGANUI RIVER.

attend these wild scenes, which were by no means rare in Maori-land, and yet women occupied among the Maori people a much better position than among most barbarous races.

It was considerably in advance of the systems of many peoples who in general culture occupied a higher plane of civilisation. During this time of wooing they used a sort of love-charm, in order to influence the person of their affection. If the rite was properly performed, it would cause a woman to come to her lover, however distant it might be, or however much her friends might try to prevent her from going. He would note carefully the wind. If it was blowing in the direction of the home of the woman he desired, he would take a feather, being careful to seize it with his left hand, and pass it under his left leg, after which, holding the feather upright in his extended left hand, he recited a charm, calling upon the wind to bear his love to her. He then tossed the feather into the air for the wind to carry away. Before long she would arrive!

WHERE THE FLAX BUSH NODS AND RUSTLES

"Soft eyes looked love to eyes
which spake again."—*Goëthe*.

The chiefs had generally several wives, though one was always regarded as the wife proper. To have a large number of wives was a mark of dignity and greatness. They had no distinctive name for marriage. One ancient way was to carry her by force, or pretended force. The following romantic story is told of a noted chief and the marvellous way in which he captured his wife proper:—

After a long day's hunting, Renata, a fine young Maori man, being utterly worn out, threw himself down in the middle of a

large flax bush, and the circles of high, upstanding green leaves so completely enveloped him that he could see nothing but the stars above his head. At last, tired and weary, he fell into a deep sleep. Some hours later he was awakened by the sound of music, softer and sweeter than any he had ever heard. Was he dreaming? He rubbed his eyes; he saw the clustering stars above, and the moon, which was high in the sky. The music still went on, and it seemed clearer and nearer than before. "Am I indeed awake?" said Renata. He pinched himself to find out, and still the music continued. Then Renata rose and peeped out from his shelter of leaves on the water, which was close to where he lay, and right in the pathway of the moon he saw numbers of tiny canoes filled with people. They were singing as they paddled nearer to the shore, and when they pulled up their canoes they began to run about and dance on the sands. Renata noticed that they were drawing something through the water, and this gradually unfolded as they neared the shore. It was a net, and as they pulled their burden to the shore he saw swarms of great and small fish enclosed, jumping and leaping in the shallow water, their bright scales glittering in the moonlight.

Renata parted the flax leaves cautiously as he gazed from his hiding-place. As the net was drawn up higher and the fish leaped about more frantically, soft peals of laughter arose from the natives as they caught at the slippery, gleaming captives, and threw them at each other or into their canoes.

All at once a pretty young native woman, with a basket on her arm, chased by a lad, ran out from the rest. Her laugh rang on the air like silver bells as she ran up the sands and went swiftly over the sand hills; then, turning, she gained the shadow of the flax bushes, and threw herself, unseen to her pursuer, close to the very place in which Renata was hidden.

"What a pretty, bright little thing she looks, panting and

smiling in the soft light," thought Renata, as he gazed at her dark hair, gleaming eyes, and limbs all wet and shining with the spray. He dared not move, he dared scarcely breathe, for fear she would see him and be frightened away. He could see her merry face through the leaves as she lay there watching the scene on the sands.

How entrancing was the night. The whole bay seemed filled with laughter and delight. The brightest moonlight made yet more beautiful the sparkling sands, sparkling water, and the rainbow colours glistening on the fishes' scales. Beyond was the sea, with its innumerable voices; above were the white-orbed moon and the trembling stars; and around all the immensity of the quiet night.

But above all other charms was the charm of that bright presence so near to him. His eyes kept wandering from the scene on the shore to the maiden lying close under his flax bush. As he gazed on her, he longed to speak to her.

Now that night two natives had followed some little distance behind Renata, and, coming suddenly around the far point, they were astonished at the sight on the sea-shore, and walked towards the place where the net, with all its freight, had been drawn up. At the sight of the natives coming towards them the Maoris were filled with terror, and ran with shrill screams up the beach. Some of them seized the net, and, in their alarm and haste, ran right around the flax bush where Renata and the native girl were hiding, but they saw neither of them. The two natives followed, and the Maoris, getting more and more excited on finding themselves pursued, dropped the net, and, with wild gesticulations and cries, ran round and round, in and out of the shadowy masses of the dark green flax bushes, back to their canoes.

At the sound of alarm, and at the sight of the two natives, the lovely maiden had risen in order to run away, but suddenly

perceiving Renata so near to her, she shrank back to the ground again, trembling with fear. Springing up again, she made frantic efforts to escape, but she found herself so encircled in the net and entangled in its meshes, that the more she struggled to get out the firmer she was held.

"Help! help!" she cried; but her people were already half-way down the beach, and did not hear her cries. "The net! The net!" she called frantically. "I am caught in the net!"

"The net!" echoed Renata, and, stepping out, he lifted the trembling maiden in his arms, and drew her out of the tangled net into the flax bush where he had been hiding.

"Stay with me, maiden, stay!" At the sound of his gentle voice she looked up into the dark-browed young man's face, and love for him seizing her heart, she stood still.

The natives paddled swiftly out of sight beyond the pathway of the moon, and disappeared in the far distance. Renata heard no more of their music, only the sound of a sweet voice within the shelter of his flax bush. The two natives standing near went away silently across the sand-hills, so Renata took back to his village a young, fair wife, who taught his people how to make nets.

ANCIENT MAORI CHANT

O hand of mine!
'Twas not of me, but from the ancients,
Came the fable,
I but repeat it now,
And tell it to the world.

THE MAGIC SHELL

The Maori had great faith in the efficacy of charms, especially those which governed his love affairs. Their belief is that a "Tohunga" with sufficient ability and power can make any man love any woman, and vice versa.

A pretty story is told of a young chief named "Tish," who loved a very beautiful Maori girl whose name was Putaputa. They belonged to different tribes, and, unfortunately for them, both these tribes were very unfriendly; in consequence, it was very difficult for the young chief to tell Putaputa how much he loved her. However, as he was determined to tell her of his affection for her, he had to use the ancient charm; so he went to the priest, or tohunga, and asked him to help him. The priest got a large sea-shell and breathed over it certain incantations, which caused a spirit to enter into it. He gave it to Tish, and told him to throw it into the sea, at the same time using these words, "Speed thee as a messenger to my love. Be not dismayed at the raging sea or breaking waves, for thou art the messenger of a chieftain's love. Let the south wind speed thee and the north wind favour thee. Depart to my beloved."

Now it was the duty of the Maori women to gather the shell-fish from the rocks and sandy bays along the beach when the tide was low. They loved to wander with their flax kits along the sands in the early morning or late in the afternoon, when the sun spread his colours on the still waters of the shining puddles with all manner of reds and purples and shimmering greens. Low tide at sunrise or sunset, or at dawn, was a fitting time, for the "old earth" was at peace, and its waters stilled or just waking. At either time could be seen and enjoyed the unapproachable colouring of the great Painter.

The hot noon was no time for gathering the shell-fish; the glare on the water and the heat of the noon-day sun would beat down upon them, the beach was just sand, and no beauty could be seen anywhere at that time. The pleasantest and happiest time to hunt for the sea-shells was at sunrise or sunset.

As Putaputa wandered along the beach, the western sky shining upon her, its light turning from yellow and red to violet and green, she looked very beautiful with her woven mat hanging from her shoulders. Her companions were engaged in the same occupation, when they noticed an exceedingly fine shell lying on the sandy beach.

Each of the women in turn picked it up, examined it, and threw it away. At last Putaputa handled the shell, and she, too, threw it away from her; but in whatever direction she turned, there it was, facing her.

The other women had finished gathering shell-fish, and were preparing to return home. Putaputa's kit was empty. She had not gathered any pippies; all she had found was the empty shell. "Alas!" she said, "I am haunted by a mischievous spirit," and she again picked up the shell and hung it round her neck, to keep it out of sight. By this means she was able to see and gather other shell-fish. But the spirit of the shell haunted the girl; she became very restless, and experienced a great longing for something, she knew not what.

That night, however, the object of her desire was revealed to her, for in her dreams she saw the young chief "Tish," and from that moment he was ever present in her thoughts. At last, so strong was the desire, she ran away from her tribe, and travelled alone through forests and over mountains, until she reached the place where she found her lover. She became his wife, and the ancestress of all the people on the East Coast of New Zealand.

EXPLORATION

"Of all inventions, the alphabet and printing press alone excepted, those which abridge distance have done the most for civilisation."

—*Macaulay.*

Men of old, full of the spirit of adventure, set out over unknown seas and lands in search of new countries; later, other men followed to explore these unknown regions, and whether they travelled by sea or on land, by foot or on camel-back, they required great fortitude and great faith. It was faith that led Stanley through "Darkest Africa," as he called it, hundreds of miles south of the Sahara. Never in his most dismal hour did that great leader lose his trust in a Divine Being who watched over him. A remarkable incident is related of him. While in Starvation Camp, in the desolate Kilonga Land, his men were reduced to mere skeletons. One of the party asked Stanley if ever he had been so hard beset before in any of his travels. "No," he replied; "I have suffered, but not to such an extreme. The age of miracles is past, but why should it be? Elijah was fed by ravens; Jesus Christ was ministered unto by angels; I wonder if anyone will minister unto us." Just then there was a whirring in the air, and little Randy, Stanley's fox terrier, lifted up a foot and gazed inquiringly. "We turned our heads to see," says Stanley, "and that second a fine fat guinea-fowl dropped beneath the paws of Randy, who snapped at the prize, and held it fast as in a vice of iron." Stanley's religious soul took this as a sign. Travelling a few miles farther, the party came to a native camp, where there was food in plenty. It took Stanley one hundred and four days to make that journey from the coast

of Africa to Victoria Nyanza, whereas it can now be made by rail in comfort within three days.

About twenty years ago, in Uganda, the only avenues of communication were footpaths. Now broad roads, on which the Governor is able to use his motor-car, intersect the country in every direction, over 5,000 miles of telegraph being in operation. A modern postal service is extending in every principal division of the interior of Africa.

Bishop Tucker has pointed out that when he first reached Uganda they were obliged to wait eight or nine months for a Home mail, but now there is a weekly service. At the time of Livingstone's journeys there were no schools, now there are thousands. In Uganda alone there are in these schools over 30,000 boys and girls.

The tragic end of such heroes as Captain Robert Scott and his companions has again directed the attention of the world to the dangers, hardships, and privations which these explorers, of undaunted courage, are exposed to in desolate regions of the earth. The question naturally is asked, "Is the Pole worth the quest?" What benefits are to be derived from polar explorations? Scientific men agree that great discoveries are possible, not the mere reaching of a geographical point being their only object. Minerals that might be of the greatest use to man might be discovered, knowledge of polar plants, animals and birds would be increased, and the study of magnetic conditions would be of great service to mariners. A study of the land would throw considerable light upon the story of its past history, and its probable connection with New Zealand, Australia, and South America. Furthermore, a knowledge of the weather conditions would greatly help New Zealand and Australia to foretell the weather, and would thus be of much assistance to farmers. When Captain Scott's expedition was spoken of, eight hundred men offered themselves; out of these fifty-five were chosen, and

all they were to receive was a shilling a month, or twelve shillings a year! The shilling was not pay; it was merely to bind the agreement between the men and the Captain.

Surely the spirit of adventure was not dead when men were prepared to face risks and undergo hardships under such circumstances. No matter how great the physical stamina of the men, no matter how great their enthusiasm for the work they were undertaking, the sudden change from the temperate climate of England, or the tropical climate of India, from the comforts of civilisation to the hardships and rigorous cold of the Antarctic regions, must have a depressing effect upon the strongest constitutions. Nansen's and Amundsen's success in their Polar work was due in a small measure to the fact that their party consisted in each case of hardy Norsemen, who were used by long experience to all the hardships and all the rigours of life and work in Arctic regions.

It has been said that an Arctic explorer should never starve so long as he has his clothes to eat. It is, indeed, recorded by Franklin that, on one of his Arctic journeys, he and his companions, Dr. Richardson and George Back, maintained life by eating "an old pair of leather trousers, a gun cover, and a pair of old shoes." Such are the terrible straits to which Arctic explorers are at times reduced. The testimony of these explorers is valuable. Much important work has yet to be done.

A thorough magnetic survey of the seas of the world has yet to be made. Now that the South Pole has been finally reached, it is probable that the work of future exploration will be attended with fewer risks. Other nations besides the British have joined in this heroic work—the Americans, the Germans, the Norwegians, and the Japanese are all sending out expeditions.

There are still blank places to be seen on the map to-day, needing men of undaunted courage and faith to go forth.

Adventure is wilder, and just as possible now as at any time; more romantic, more interesting, more inspiring, and lastly, what is of greatest importance, it is more useful than ever before. In the vast jungles of the Upper Amazon men carved their initials on the trunks of ebony trees, and then died of beri-beri, or black fever. The adventurers of the scientific world to-day have found a new universe beneath the lens of the microscope; men just as courageous in their exploring as the navigators and explorers of the world, facing death in the war against monsters more terrible than the beasts of the forest and jungle or the fables of old, which exist by the million upon the point of a needle; men who have watered the desert and drained the swamps, and added to the wealth and comfort of humanity, and are still searching for the answer to the eternal mystery in the down on a butterfly's wing, and believe that even in the minutest particle of atom it is just as discoverable there as in the farthest reaches of the universe.

Romance and adventure go hand in hand. They are not dead, they are not even sleeping.

THE DISCOVERER OF THE PACIFIC

Ever, ever to westward!
There must the coast be discovered.
Trust to the God that leads thee,
And follow the sea that is silent.

As we glance back over the history of the great navigators of the Pacific Ocean, it is impossible for any man who achieved greatness to have commenced under more depressing and apparently hopeless circumstances than the great discoverer of the Pacific Ocean, Vasco Nunez de Bolboa, who, in 1513, from the Isthmus of Panama, was the first European to look upon the Pacific Ocean.

Four hundred years ago, two great expeditions had been sent from Spain and St. Domingo to form colonies on the coast from Carthagena to Veragua. Both were mismanaged, their leaders were dead, survivors were scattered along the coast, dying of fevers and starvation; the miserable remnant in the fort at the Gulf of Darien came away in a rickety, leaking craft, but were sent back. The problem was to turn this disastrous mess into a thriving colony without outside help. Few would attempt it; much fewer could succeed; and who was the coming man? A penniless fugitive, with no authority, no official appointment of any kind, one who was in Encisco's ship, who made his first appearance upon the stage of history by emerging from a cask, or, as some writers say, from the folds of a sail or tarpaulin in which he had stowed himself away to escape his creditors! Thus we first hear of Vasco Nunez de Bolboa. Encisco landed him among the forlorn people at the fort in the Gulf of Darien, and then departed. Bolboa was recognised at once as a born leader. He had a magnetic influence over men, who were led to feel confidence in him. The first care of Vasco Nunez de Bolboa was to gather together the scattered remnants of the former expedition, some at the fort, others along the coasts living with Indians. He fed the hungry, nursed the sick, allotted lands, and helped to build huts for them, but the supply of food was the great difficulty. It was in those days, while visiting and collecting information from the friendly chiefs of Darien, that Vasco Nunez received the startling news from a son of one of the chiefs that on the other side of the mountains there was a vast, illimitable ocean. Then, with a few followers, and guided by his native friends, the great discoverer forced his way through the dense forest, and climbed the heights, until the wide expanse of ocean burst upon his astonished gaze.

The poet Keats records a kindred feeling to that "of stout Nunez, when with eagle eyes he stared at the Pacific, and all

his men looked at each other with a wild surmise, silent upon a peak in Darien." There are moments, moments when words fail to utterly express the thoughts. Such a moment was this. They were "silent" upon a peak in Darien. Were those men thinking of who would race first across the newly-discovered ocean, get most praise, and make most money, when they were "silent" upon a peak in Darien?

We think not. Their thoughts were far enough from that. They could not turn them into words, but we cannot doubt that they vaguely dwelt on the mighty consequences of the discovery. The story tells how Vasco Nunez de Bolboa descended the western slopes and rushed into the sea, waving the flags of Castille and Aragon over his head, declaring the Pacific Ocean and all the shores that bound it the possession of the Kings of Spain for ever.

From that time until his death, the aim of the discoverer's life was to navigate the Pacific Ocean. He devoted his remaining years of life to the construction of ships that he might sail on the ocean of his discovery. The name Pacific Ocean is due to the young son of the chief who gave Vasco Nunez information of its existence. He said that the other great ocean was always smooth, and never rough like the Caribbean Sea. This was one of the greatest achievements, at least in its consequences, that was made and done in that age of history. The great difficulties of navigating the Pacific Ocean were overcome by men like himself, undaunted, and full of faith and courage.

But all the famous Pacific navigators, first Spanish and later chiefly English, have combined in building up a history which has enthralled us, and will continue to interest many generations yet to come. It is to these consequences, these results, that a great discovery owes its importance to mankind, and the makers of them rightly share reflected glory from the genius of the first discoverer.

THE GREAT PACIFIC OCEAN

"Where broad Pacific's crested waves
Invade the shores and ocean caves."

The great Pacific Ocean, forming with its unnumbered islands, as it were, an ocean world, extending from the Philip-pines and Celebes Islands, New Guinea and Australia, to San Francisco, Easter Island, Society Islands, Papeete, South America West Coast and Central America—embracing the Hawaiian, Samoan, Fijian and New Zealand islands—so many that they are called Polynesia, from the Greek words which mean "many islands." In the forties of the nineteenth century, this island world was but half known and little visited.

The opening up of the two great waterways of the world will enable many people to visit these islands of the Pacific, and build up a wonderful and delightful experience that will never be forgotten. When the Panama-Pacific is completed and the American continents are severed at last, the tide of ocean traffic will rush in upon the peaceful solitude of these Pacific islands, and will change many things—the old familiar scenes will pass away, and with them the poetry and charm of the present day. The magic of these islands is not to be caught with the point of a pen, or secured by a camera lens. They must, like all the islands of the wide Pacific Ocean, be felt to be understood. The luxurious growth of tropical trees is seen everywhere. Beautiful palms of different kinds wave against the clear blue sky; the royal palm, cocoanut and date are the most prominent. Trees everywhere are more or less covered with blossoms: the scarlet hibiscus grows to perfection, hedges of it, and such a variety, single and double, dark red and pink. The oleander also grows

in profusion. The banyan and bamboo, bananas, pineapples, oranges, sugar-cane and rice plantations; also cocoa and coffee, bread-fruit and mangoes.

The water in the harbours and bays of these islands is of the purest blue, so transparent that the variegated colours of the coral grottoes, fathoms below, can be distinctly seen; also the bright-hued fish darting here and there in shoals. Over all is the blue sky, the royal roof of the islands.

No words can give, no pictures can convey, the dreamy tropical atmosphere that throws its veil over these islands, making the sunshine more glorious, the moonlight more romantic, and giving a splendour to sunsets and sunrises that may not be found except in the tropical regions of this great Pacific Ocean. And the people are like their islands, hospitable, sunny, generous—taking no thought for the morrow, because they have few causes for care—kindly and affectionate, winning their place in the heart of every visitor to their beloved, enchanted isles. "He who eats of the Islands' fruits," says the proverb, "must return to the Islands."

THE PANAMA CANAL.

The Panama Canal, towards the close of 1914, was opened for navigation, and the passage of the first vessel from ocean to ocean through its locks and placid waters signalled the successful completion of the world's greatest engineering feat, linking the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

The Panama Canal, fifty and a-quarter miles long from deep water in the Atlantic to deep water in the Pacific, is indeed a tremendous work, dwarfing all other undertakings of human

skill and labour. It links the oceans that have been hitherto communicable one with the other only at the expense of weeks of time and a mint of money. Time is the essence of all business movements nowadays—now more than ever before—and the time that will be saved daily in transit between the great trading centres by the opening of the Canal is of almost inestimable value.

The United States Government selected a Universal Exposition and located it at San Francisco as the best medium for celebrating its completion, and have so planned it that all nations and peoples of the earth may participate and display their choicest products to demonstrate by examples understandable, regardless of language, the mental, moral, and material condition of the world in 1915, four hundred years after Vasco Nunez de Bolboa discovered the Pacific Ocean.

Thus the Panama Canal and the Panama Pacific International Exposition are linked together, the former a tangible and continuingly useful monument to accomplishment, the latter a concourse where the people of the earth may exchange thought, form connections for trade development, and compete in friendly rivalry for the highest honours in commercial, industrial and educational achievements. The facilities for trade and travel created by the new waterway connecting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans will create a better understanding among men which must result and make for universal peace, goodwill, and triumphant progress of humanity.

SAN FRANCISCO

"And in that black, deserted zone
They built a city, stone on stone;
A city that, on history's page,
Is crowned the marvel of its age."

San Francisco—"The City Loved Around the World"—is the most cosmopolitan city in the world. The forty-niner crossing the plains by ox team walked its unpaved streets, and the Spanish Padres, conquering the burning deserts to the South, established a mission and dreamed their dreams of conquest. Here, in the early days, from around the Horn and across an unknown ocean, with snow-white sails all set, swung through the Golden Gate the peoples and products of other lands to anchor in the spacious bay. These early settlers brought with them energy, courage and devotion that, as the years rolled by, has become in character a city that in its very origin was cosmopolitan.

To-day it is difficult to believe that in 1906 San Francisco was in ruins. The dawn of Wednesday, 18th April, was as beautifully calm as a thousand others that had heralded delightful days in the city to thousands of souls, when at 5.13 o'clock, with subterranean roar, the tremblor racked and rent the trembling earth. Buildings swayed and were tumbled into heaps of ruins—the graves of hundreds. In three minutes after the shock the city was ablaze in a dozen parts. The rending of the earth had broken the water-mains in innumerable places, and there was no hope; the city was doomed. In an hour a hundred structures were blazing furnaces; the city was under martial law, the streets were patrolled by cavalry and infantry regiments. In desperation, dynamite was freely used in attempts, at many

points, to conquer the fire, and hundreds of beautiful and costly buildings were blown to atoms; but it was of little avail, and flames leaped from building to building, from street to street; no conflagration at all comparable with this had ever occurred in the world before. Its principal business, theatre, hotel and residential sections were destroyed.

The present city, built on the ruins, evidences a magnificent hope and courage, coupled with determination and an indomitable spirit, heritage of the pioneers of '49, showing energy and resourcefulness which demand admiration and inspire confidence. Men who faced calamity, saw their homes and properties to the value of 700,000,000 dollars disappear in flames, but who, never faltering, brought order out of chaos, and then built a city better, safer, and more commodious than before, may safely be counted upon to construct and operate an exposition which will worthily celebrate the completion of the Panama Canal, and in which all peoples may participate with full confidence that the management will be honest, able and efficient.

A glance at the map will show anyone the advantages of the San Francisco route for reaching quickly these marvellous clusters of islands, which lie just in the track of ocean travel between the Panama-Pacific and the City of the Golden Gate, and the ever-growing colonies of Australia and New Zealand.



AS CAPTAIN COOK FOUND THE MAORIS.

A GIANT SEA-BIRD.

"Coming like a giant sea-bird
Swooping down upon the Maoris,
Till it reached convenient shelter
From the roaring winds and billows."

The Dutch explorer, Abel Tasman, gives an account of his meeting with the natives when he discovered New Zealand, nearly one hundred and forty years before Captain Cook visited the islands. It will be seen that the character of the New Zealand natives was then very much the same as when they came under the observation of our own great navigator, Captain James Cook. Tasman says he found himself in $42^{\circ}10'$ south latitude and 173° longitude, and discovered a high mountainous country, which he named Staaten Land (Land of the States), since called New Zealand. He anchored in a fine bay. "Here," he says, "we found abundance of inhabitants. They had very hoarse voices, and were very large-made people. They durst not approach the ship nearer than a stone's throw, and we often observed them playing on a kind of trumpet, to which we answered with the instruments that were on board our vessel.

"These people were of a colour between brown and yellow, their hair long, and almost as thick as that of the Japanese, combed up and fixed on the top of their heads with a quill or some such thing, that was thickest in the middle, in the very same manner in which the Japanese fasten their hair behind their heads. They cover the middle of their bodies, some with a kind of mat, others with a sort of woollen cloth; but for their upper and lower parts, they leave them altogether naked.

"After a time these savages began to grow a little bolder, inasmuch that they at last ventured on board in order to trade

with those in the vessel. As soon as I perceived it I sent my shallop with seven men to put the people on their guard, and to direct them not to place any confidence in those people. My seven men, being without arms, were attacked by these savages, who killed three of them, and forced the other four to swim for their lives; this occasioned my giving that bay the name of the Bay of Murderers. Our ship's company would undoubtedly have taken a severe revenge if the rough weather had not hindered them. From this bay we bore away east, having the land, in a manner, all around us. The gale continued, and after sailing for several days and steering our course northward, we saw a high mountain, which at first we took to be an island, but found it was part of the mainland, and that the coast extended north and south. Arriving about noon, several of the ship's men put water-casks in two boats and rowed towards the land. In the evening they returned and reported that they had been in a safe, small bay, where fresh water came in abundance from a high mountain, but that there was a great surf on the shore, which would make watering there troublesome and dangerous. They rowed farther round about this island to look if there was any more convenient place. Upon the mountain they saw tall men standing in different places with long staves, like pikes, in their hands, who called to them in a strong, rough voice; when they walked they took very large strides. Near the fresh water there were some square plots of ground, green and very pleasant; they saw no trees. Two canoes were drawn up on the shore. There was much surf at the watering-place, which made landing difficult, and between a point of the island and another very high cliff the current ran so strong against the boats that they could scarcely stem it; for which reasons the officers held council together, and not being willing to expose the boats and the people, they returned to the ship. This island we named Three Kings Island, on account of it being the Day of Epiphany."

"Three Kings"—a mediæval festival held on Twelfth Night, and designed to commemorate the visit of the three Maji, or wise men, of the East. The three kings appeared crowned, on three great horses richly habited, surrounded by pages, bodyguards, and innumerable retinue. A golden star was exhibited in the sky going before them. They proceeded to the Pillars of St. Laurence, where King Herod was represented with his scribes and wise men.

The three kings asked Herod where Christ should be born, and his wise men, having consulted their books, answered, "At Bethlehem"; on which, the three kings, with their golden crowns, having in their hands golden cups filled with frankincense, myrrh and gold, the star going before, marched to the Church of St. Eustorgius, with all their attendants, preceded by trumpets, horns, asses, baboons, and a great variety of animals. In the church, on one side of the high altar, there was a manger with an ox and an ass, and in it the infant Christ in the arms of his mother. Here the three kings offered him their gifts. The concourse of people, of knights, ladies and ecclesiastics was often exceptionally numerous.

OUR NAVIGATOR

Tasman left New Zealand without even setting foot on shore, and without having an opportunity for finding out the true character of the inhabitants. For a long time New Zealand seems to have been forgotten, and not until over a hundred years after Tasman's departure, when Captain Cook paid his first visit, is there any record that Europeans touched our shores.

Following in Tasman's track, and early in the spring of the

year 1769, came our great, undaunted, and courageous navigator, Captain James Cook, inspired of God, and carried, as it were, upon the wings of the wind.

Pleasant seemed this fair New Zealand when standing on the deck of a quaint old vessel called the "Endeavour." Surrounded by a group of bronzed and sturdy sailors gathered on the deck, there stood the famous Captain himself, looking curiously and eagerly over the waters at the sight before them. His opinion, and also that of his crew, was that this might be another Mexico or Peru. Almost becalmed, they approached the land slowly, seeing ranges of hills rising one over the other, and over all a chain of mountains, which appeared to be of immense height. Approaching nearer still, they saw some native huts, which were small, but neat, and close to one of them a number of people. They could also see light and regular fences, which enclosed the whole top of a hill, and these became the subject of much speculation. Some supposed it to be an enclosure for cattle or sheep, while others were of the opinion that it was built for fortification.

On the land the Maoris were watching the ship, at first taking it for a large bird, so huge compared with their biggest war canoes, that they believed the Captain and his men to be white gods. They were of such courage that they were eager to fight these strange people from the unknown land, and resisted their landing. At length, through the interpretation of other natives from the Tahiti Islands whom Captain Cook had with him, and whose speech so closely resembled that of the Maoris that they could make themselves understood, some information was obtained.

Captain Cook began to offer ornaments in exchange for food and water, but they disdainfully refused all his gentle persuasions, and tried to seize the muskets and swords. Finding that neither patience nor courtesy were of any avail, the interview

became so strained that the sailors opened fire, and a few Maoris were killed. Captain Cook became discouraged, and sailed out of the bay to the south, disheartened at being no nearer to the discovery of the wonders of the place. Because of this reception, and being unable to obtain the food he had hoped for, Captain Cook gave it the unhappy name of "Poverty Bay." Nicholas Young (Young Nick), a cabin-boy on the vessel, caught the first glimpse of New Zealand, "The White Cliffs," a remarkable headland near Poverty Bay, and his name is perpetuated in "Young Nick's Head." This bold landmark can be seen across the bay from the town of Gisborne, on the east coast of the North Island.

In Captain Cook's journal of his first voyage, we read the following account of his landing at Poverty Bay, in the North Island of New Zealand:—"Gentle breeze and clear weather. Stood into the bay and anchored on the N.E. side, before the entrance of a small river. [Tauranganui, the township of Gisborne, is now situated on its eastern bank.] I went ashore with a party of men in the pinnace and yawl, accompanied by Mr. Banks and Dr. Solander, and landed on the east side of the river; but seeing some of the natives on the other side of the river, whom I was desirous of speaking with, and finding that we could not ford the river, I ordered the yawl in to carry us over, and the pinnace to lay at the entrance. In the meantime the Indians made off. However, we went as far as their huts, which lay about three hundred yards from the waterside, leaving four boys to take care of the yawl, which we had no sooner left than four men came out of the woods on the other side of the river, and would certainly have cut her off had not the people of the pinnace discovered them and called to her to drop down the stream, which they did, being closely pursued by the Indians. The coxswain of the pinnace, who had charge of the boats, seeing this, fired two musquets over their heads; the first made them stop and look round them, but the second they took no notice of,

upon which a third was fired, and killed one of them upon the spot just as he was going to dart his spear at the boat.

"At this the other three stood motionless for a minute or two, seemingly quite surprised, wondering, no doubt, what it was that had thus killed their comrade; but as soon as they recovered themselves they made off, dragging the dead body a little way, and then left it. Upon our hearing the report of the musquets, we immediately repaired to the boats, and, after viewing the dead body, we returned on board.

"In the morning, seeing a number of the natives at the same place where we saw them last night, I went on shore with the boats manned and armed, and landed on the opposite side of the river. Mr. Banks, Dr. Solander, and myself only landed at first, and went to the side of the river, the natives being got together on the opposite side. We called to them in the George's Island language, but they answered us by flourishing their weapons over their heads, and dancing, as we supposed, the war-dance. Upon this we retired until the marines were landed, which I ordered to be drawn up about 200 yards behind us as we went again to the riverside, having Tupia with us. Tupia spoke to them in his own language, and it was an agreeable surprise to us to find that they perfectly understood him. After some little conversation had passed, one of them swam over to us, and after him twenty or thirty more; these last brought their arms, which the first man did not. We made them every one presents, but this did not satisfy them; they wanted everything we had about us, particularly our arms, and made several attempts to snatch them out of our hands.

"Tupia told us several times, as soon as they came over, to take care of ourselves, for they were not our friends; and this we very soon found, for one of them snatched a hanger from one of the party and would not give it up. This encouraged the rest to be more insolent, and, seeing others coming over to join

them, I ordered the man who had taken the hanger to be fired at, which was accordingly done, and he was wounded in such a manner that he died soon after. Finding nothing was to be done with the people on this side, and the water in the river being salt, I embarked with an intent to row round the head of the bay in search of fresh water, and, if possible, by good treatment and presents, endeavour to gain their friendship with this view. After this I rowed round the head of the bay, but could find no place to land on account of the great surf which beat everywhere upon the shore.

"On Wednesday, 11th, at 6 a.m., we weighed, and stood out of the bay, which I have named Poverty Bay, because it afforded us no one thing we wanted. It is in the form of a horseshoe, and is known by an island lying close under the N.E. point. The two points which form the entrance are high, with steep white cliffs, and lay a league and a-half or two leagues from each other. The depth of water in this way is from 12 to 6 and 5 fathoms, a sandy bottom and good anchorage. Boats can go in and out of the river at any time of tide in fine weather; but there is a bar at the entrance, on which the sea sometimes runs so high that no boat can either get in or out, which happened while we laid there. The shore of this bay, from a little within each entrance, is a low, flat sand; but this is only a narrow strip, for the face of the country appears with a variety of hills and valleys, all clothed with woods and verdure, and to all appearance well inhabited, especially in the vallies leading up from the bay, where we daily saw smoke at a great distance inland, and far back in the country are very high mountains."

WHITE GODS

During the continuation of this voyage further south, Captain Cook gives an interesting account of an interview with these warlike people. He observed "that one man had a skin thrown over him somewhat resembling that of a dog or bear, and being desirous to know what animal was its first owner," he says, "I offered him a piece of red baize for it, and he seemed greatly pleased with the bargain, immediately pulling off the skin and holding it up in the boat. He would not, however, part with it till he had the cloth in his possession. As there could be no transfer of property without equal caution, I had insisted on the same condition. I ordered the cloth to be handed down to him, upon which, with amazing coolness, instead of sending up the skin, he began to pack up both that and the baize in the basket without paying the least regard to my demands or remonstrances, and soon after put off from the ship with the fishing boats. For not delivering the coat when equivalent was given him, he was shot."

Captain Cook supposed that the cloak was made of dog-skin—an unlikely contingency, looking to the fact that dog-skin mats were of considerable value, and were only worn by chiefs on great occasions. It was very probably a *Tatara*, a species of cloak made from the leaves of the common flax, which at a short distance would present the same appearance as the skin of a shaggy animal like a dog or a bear.

The Maoris told the white visitors in after times how they were struck with astonishment at seeing the large ship with its sails unfurled. They at first supposed it to be a gigantic bird, the sails being regarded as its great white wings, which seemed

to fly along the surface of the water, and the small boats as its unfledged little ones.

When, however, they saw that a number of parti-coloured beings in human shape descended into the boats, they regarded them as white gods. At the discharge of the firearms they were struck with awe, and they began to whisper to each other that the visitors were equipped with thunder and lightning as weapons.

These inhospitable shores became a dread to mariners, the Maoris being regarded as savage and cruel cannibals, and for many years the Maoris of New Zealand saw nothing more of the "White Gods."

WHALE HUNTING

At last, after Captain Cook visited these islands, men came from Sydney and other parts of the world to hunt the whale. They found that the New Zealand waters were a favourite haunt of the whale, and that the land produced flax in abundant quantities. They traded with old muskets, or with less useful articles. The Maoris soon recognised the advantage of having guns, and they made slaves of themselves to procure flax in order to get a supply of them. The whalers were a more attractive people to the Maoris than the traders. They took a great interest in this occupation; when not at their wars any excitement was welcome, and they were glad to take a hand and help in the whaling.

In those days no other occupation except the killing of one another was so stirring as harpooning, playing and landing a whale, there being a large amount of danger in it, and often very substantial profit. For some years this was carried on, and,

when looking over the waters at the present time, it is interesting to imagine the old scenes—the fight between man and the spouting sea-monster, the whaleboat being dragged at lightning speed by the harpooned whale, and the man on the lookout!

This early account of capturing a whale in Poverty Bay will be interesting to fishermen:—

“The chase now becomes animating. This last manoeuvre has cut off a considerable angle described by the whale; her course and that of the boats almost cross each other, and the crisis seems approaching. The headman urges his rowers to exertion by encouraging descriptions of the animal’s appearance. ‘There she breaches!’ shouts he, ‘and there goes the calf. Give way, my lads; sharp and strong’s the word! There she spouts again! Give way in the hull! Make her spin through it! George! ain’t two boats’ length ahead of us! Hurrah! Now she feels it; pull while the squall lasts. Pull! Go along, my boys! Each oar bends in a curve; the foam flies from her bows as a tide ripple is passed, and both boats gain perceptibly on the whale. ‘And there she goes!’ continues the headman, as the huge animal makes a bound half out of the water, and shows its broad tail as it plunges again head first into the sea. ‘Send us along, my lads! Now give way! Hurrah! There goes the calf again! Three or four strokes more and she’ll come up under our nose. Stand up, Bill!’ The boat-steerer peaks his oar, places one leg in the round notch in the front of the boat, and poises the harpoon with line attached over his head. A new hand pulling one of the oars begins to look frightened and flags at his work, looking over his shoulder. A volley of oaths from the headman accompanies a threat to ‘break every bone in his body if he funks now,’ and, beginning to fear the man more than the fish, he hardens his heart and pulls steadily on. ‘Pull two, back three!’ A sudden turn, and she rises a few yards in front of the boat. The headman cries in rapid succession, ‘Look out!

All clear? Give it her!" and the harpoon flies true and straight into the black mass. The line whistles over the bow; a turn is taken round the loggerhead to check the rapidity with which the line runs out, and the boat positively flies through the water, forming ridges of foam high above the sides. The men sit still with folded arms, the boat-steerer with a small hatchet in his hand to cut the line should any entanglement occur.

"Now is shown the skill of the headman—the boat going at tremendous speed—in watching every motion of the frightened whale. She soon becomes exhausted with her efforts, and rises more frequently to the surface. At last the lucky moment arrives, as the whale stops to rest. 'Down oars! Give way!' are the orders given in sharp clear tones, and as the whale slowly rolls one fin out of the water, the lance flies a good foot into the spot below where the 'life' is said to be. 'Lay off!' The quick obedience to orders of 'Lay off!' saves the boat from annihilation as the whale swings round its huge tail out of the water and brings it down with a tremendous report, leaps and plunges in every direction. This is the exciting time, as she wriggles and plunges and twists more furiously than ever, splashing the boat's crew. After these fierce struggles the spout of blood is thrown into the air, and the monster fish is a sure prize. The headman chuckles as he makes her fast, and tells the novice that he must treat the party to a gallon when they land, in order to pay his footing on killing his first fish."

BENEATH THE SOUTHERN CROSS

Whalers and traders came and went chiefly from Australia, and occasionally they were accompanied on their return to Sydney by Maoris, some of whom were notable chiefs.

The first man who cared for the moral and spiritual welfare of the New Zealand Maoris was the Rev. Samuel Marsden, a New South Wales chaplain. He met two young Maoris, who had made their way in a ship across to Sydney. He took a great interest in them, and invited them to his own home at Parramatta, fifteen miles inland from Sydney, and put up huts in his garden for them to live in, and taught them a little English. Finding that they did not know anything about the true God, he determined to go and teach them. Through his influence a small company of missionaries went with him to New Zealand. The two young men were the sons of chiefs occupying the country round the Bay of Islands. New Zealand was reached on 24th December, 1814; the two young chiefs went on shore to communicate with their tribes, and to make preparation for the landing of their English friends on the morrow. Arrangements were made with the people to receive the missionaries, and protection promised. The party landed on Christmas Day, and the work was commenced by holding a service, at which, after reading the prayers, Mr. Marsden preached to one of the strangest congregations ever addressed by a Christian minister from the Christmas text, "Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people," one of the young chiefs interpreting as best he could to the old men, women and children, who crowded round to witness the new and mysterious proceedings. Rough dwellings were built and the stores landed, and all

.

done that could be to secure the goodwill of the natives towards the mission party through the influence of the young chiefs with their relations and friends.

Mr. Marsden's journal is wonderfully interesting:—"We were literally at the ends of the earth with relation to our native land," he wrote, "surrounded with cannibals whom we knew to



LANDING OF THE REV. SAMUEL MARSDEN,
BAY OF ISLANDS, N.Z., DECEMBER 25TH, 1814.

have eaten human flesh, and wholly in their power, and yet our minds free from fear of danger." Like Xavier, he feared God, and he feared nothing else. His quiet confidence and unfailing courage greatly impressed the Maoris.

Mr. Marsden sailed away in the ship which had brought them, to return to New South Wales. By means of repeated visits he kept an oversight over the work. His seventh and last visit was in 1837, at the age of 72, when his infirmities of body

obliged him to be carried on a litter from station to station. He returned to New South Wales, where he died the following year, and the little band of missionaries were left alone and utterly unprotected among these savage people. Few situations could have been more trying or more fraught with danger than those



THE MARSDEN CROSS,
BAY OF ISLANDS, NEW ZEALAND.

in which this first band of Apostles to New Zealand were placed. They were utterly without the means of escape when their ship sailed away. Communications even with New South Wales could only be made when a whale-ship or man-of-war touched at the islands for water, and they depended day by day for safety and life (humanly speaking) on the uncertain goodwill of a tribe of cannibals. But the good hand of that God in Whose Name and

service they had ventured to come was over them, and through long years of lonely labour they lived amid scenes of bloodshed, which must often have made their hearts sink and their courage fail. One of them, describing the return of a war-party to their settlement, wrote:—

"The canoes lay at a short distance from the shore while the young warriors landed to perform a war-dance, which they did with much shouting, brandishing of weapons, and tossing human heads in the air like balls. The canoes then slowly approached the shore, when the women whose relatives had been killed in the fight rushed down and commenced beating the bows in a frantic rage. They then pulled out some of the prisoners and beat them to death in the water. The widow of one of the chiefs who had fallen rushed to another canoe, dragged out a female captive, and beat out her brains with a club. Nine prisoners in all were killed, and in the evening the chiefs and people of the tribe feasted on the flesh of their enemies."

This will show the state of the New Zealanders when first Christian efforts among them were commenced. All these difficulties they had to meet and conquer, while living day by day exposed to risk and danger. We admire the courage and perseverance of a traveller who pushes his way through strange and savage lands in spite of risk and danger; but in the midst of all he is looking forward to the hope of completing his journey in a few weeks or months, and reaching a safe and civilised land, where he may recount his deeds and receive his just and well-earned share of welcome and praise. But if the courage and patience shown by travellers win our admiration, surely men and women like the pioneers of Christianity and civilisation in New Zealand may equally claim a share when we see how they exhibited the same qualities in an equal and even higher degree, not for weeks or months merely, but for years, and that, too, with no hope or prospect that what they were doing would pave the

way to fame. By the wonderful power of the Spirit of God, these faithful people were the instruments of adding another Christian people to the Church of God. They made the Maoris turn from the horrors of continued tribal wars and cruellest



REV. HENRY WILLIAMS
(AFTERWARDS ARCHDEACON OF WAIMATE).

heathen and cannibalistic feasts. The superstition and cruelty of the Maoris was very great. Maori women were killed and eaten for stealing potatoes!

The Maoris treated the missionaries with kindness and respect, but it was many years before they believed what was

taught them. For the first ten years scarcely any were converted, and the missionaries were beginning almost to despair of success. After that time, however, a few believed, and then great numbers became Christians. Those who had already learned taught their friends, and the Christian religion spread with wonderful rapidity. About this time the Rev. Henry Williams, afterwards Archdeacon Williams, with his family, came to the Bay of Islands. Three years later his brother, the Rev. William Williams, who became the first Bishop of Waiapu, joined him. They founded schools and taught the children how to read and write, and they translated the New Testament into Maori. Mr. Henry Williams built a fifty-ton vessel to enable him to visit different parts of New Zealand to preach. The Maoris were delighted at the size of the little ship, which was so much larger than their largest canoes. But they tried to cause trouble even over this. They thought that the boat could not be launched except by main force, and so they arranged among themselves that they would not take any part in this work—which seemed quite impossible to them without their aid—unless they were paid very highly for their services. But, to their astonishment, instead of being forced to make a bargain and accept their terms, Mr. Williams walked up to the vessel and named her "Herald." Then the shores were knocked away, and she glided into the water, while the builders did nothing but give three hearty cheers.

In the "Herald" Mr. Williams did an immense amount of hard travelling round our dangerous coast. When the "Herald" was wrecked, another vessel soon took her place. His life was often in danger from the sea as well as from the Maoris; he was a hard and successful worker, and by his preaching and teaching, and, above all, his own life, he won the Maoris to the Christian faith. He was an able man, far-seeing and shrewd, and this made him see what a wonderful future there might be for people in

this beautiful land. Many are the stories told of the way he went between contending lines of Maoris, and while others fell from the rain of bullets, he passed un hurt. The day of his death was the occasion of the last tribal war; it broke out between two northern tribes, and in a short time the whole district was drawn into the fighting ranks of one side or other. The day was fixed for the battle. Many of the leading people tried to make peace, but their efforts were of no avail. The eve of the battle-day arrived, and the great Peacemaker, a worn, sick man, no longer able to raise himself and walk between the contending lines of savage Maoris, quietly died, and when the news of his death was taken to the camps of the angry tribes they at once threw down their arms, and they never fought again. This noble evangelist to the Maoris was in his life and at his death "a man brave to make peace." In the churchyard at Paibia stands a monument which the Maoris erected at a cost of £200.

A Maori, Wi Hau, said: "This island was a very hard stone, and it was Archdeacon Williams who broke it." His one great moving principle which brought him to these islands was the Word of God, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

Such was the faith and exalted belief of those good missionaries who first invaded these shores, to light with their own lives on the altar of Maoriland the sacred fire that never dies. The story of their faith in the conquest of evil by the good seems incredible to those who demand a map of all their future before they take a step. For these people knew no questioning. The Master's message was at once their guarantee and their command. The Bible was to them in very truth divine. What immeasurable and increasing influence that one book has wielded over the minds of men and the destiny of the world! If it be the Word of God, as we profoundly believe, surely it comes to human ears with all the dignity and peace and power that His

Word should command. If it be the word of man, then even the doubter must admit that the ancient Hebrews had miraculous skill to cast a spell across millenniums, which, strengthening with the years, spreads wider to-day than ever, and embraces the future as far as ever the eye of imagination can behold. Not all inventions, or all statesmanship, or all of literature, have so touched and bettered human life as this one book. It was the Bible that gave strength and hope and inspiration to the missionaries. The character of the Lord Jesus Christ, the "hero" of this wonderful book, lives in the memory of the world; strong and tender, stern and gentle, magnificent in its loneliness, it embraces all that is noblest and best in man, and unites in itself the prevailing qualities of East and West.

COLONISATION

When colonisation commenced, the elevating spirit of Christianity taught by the missionaries and spread among the Maoris made it possible for white people to live here, for previous to that the dread of the Maori was so great that, with the exception of these few traders and whalers, no white man dared enter the country. Yet the heroic missionaries came and did noble work. The Protestant Missions in New Zealand date back as early as 1814. The success was very slow at first, owing to the land trouble between the natives and white people. The first baptism did not take place until 1825, and five years passed before any others could be reported. By degrees many of the chiefs of various tribes became interested. One of the most famous amongst them was Hongi Heke, a very clever and remarkable man, whose name was the terror of the Maori tribes from the



J. MARTIN, PHOTO., AUCKLAND.

HONGI HEKE, HIS WIFE, AND FATHER (KAWHITI).

North Cape to Poverty Bay. Hongi, the man of many wars, appears largely in New Zealand history as the friend of the great and good missionary, Samuel Marsden.

Even in his worst days he was still the protector of the men Mr. Marsden sent to preach Christianity. So highly was Hongi thought of in Sydney that when magistrates were first appointed to New Zealand he was one of them. With his nephew and friend, the noble Ruatara, he had been Mr. Marsden's guest in Sydney. Ruatara's first meeting with Mr. Marsden was on board a whaling ship. Mr. Marsden's story of this chief's strange adventures while acting as a common sailor contains a most life-like description of the character of the sealing and early whaling intercourse between the Europeans and the Native race, an intercourse difficult to realise and almost impossible to portray. On returning to Sydney from England in 1809, Mr. Marsden observed on the fore-castle of the ship among the sailors a man whose dark skin and forlorn condition appealed to his sympathy, that was ever active towards the destitute and sick. He was wrapped in an old greatcoat, racked with a violent cough, bleeding from the lungs; sick and weak, he seemed to have but a few days to live, though still young. He was a New Zealander of high rank.

Mr. Marsden showed him much kindness, taking him to his own home at Parramatta and caring for him. Ruatara never forgot the kindness he had received from Mr. Marsden. He took the lead in gathering together the Maoris who heard the first sermon in New Zealand preached on Christmas Day, 1814. It was Ruatara, too, who translated into the Maori language those words of peace and goodwill, so strange to the minds of his friends.

Hongi was that day a listener; he was then a slightly built but handsome man. At all times, except in war, he was noted for his mild and pleasing manner, and for his affection towards

his family and children. Though a chief of wealth and high birth, he never thrust himself forward in company. He was a good speaker and a very clever carver. Hongi saw that the old day of the Maori, with his axe and spear, was gone; guns meant power, and guns he would have, for he wished to be a very great man among his people. With this idea in his mind he went to England, accompanied by another Maori chief named Waikato. Although they were chiefs of the highest rank, their unassuming manner and dignity impressed all with whom they came in contact with the sense of their strong personality.

King George IV. granted them an audience; they received many gifts and presents from the King and others, who took a great interest in them. Hongi Heke stayed in England for some time, and learned all he could. On his return to New Zealand the ship called at Sydney, and while there Hongi Heke heard that during his absence his enemies had attacked his tribe and killed his son-in-law, Ruatara. When Hongi heard this he was very angry, and at once determined on revenge. He sold all the presents except a coat of mail which the King had given him, and with the money he bought about three hundred muskets and ammunition, a proceeding which proved to be most disastrous. Immediately on his arrival in New Zealand he commenced to fight. His enemies fought in their old way, with clubs and spears, so that Hongi had much the advantage of them, as the native weapons were no match for his firearms. A dreadful battle was fought. On his return with about eight hundred men they burned five hundred villages, and seventy heads were brought in one canoe.

It is said that his fleet was composed of about fifty canoes, many of them seventy to eighty feet long. Their prows, sides, and stern-posts were handsomely carved and ornamented with a profusion of feathers, and they generally carried two sails, made of straw matting. They were filled with warriors, who

stood up and shouted as they passed other boats, and held up human heads as trophies of their success. Two tribes were utterly exterminated. The coat of mail which the King of England gave him he kept; it was regarded with fear and admiration all over the North Island.

After Hongi died very few knew where the armour was, but some time ago it was brought to light, and is now in the Museum at Wellington. These wars were disastrous to the colonisation of the country, and a feeling of insecurity and depression was felt everywhere.

THE TREATY OF WAITANGI

As yet much more has been related about the North Island of New Zealand than the South or Middle Island; the reason of this is that in those early days so many more people settled in the North Island, and few, except whalers, took up their abode in the South and Stewart Islands. The first attempt at colonisation was made in 1825 by a company formed in London.

An expedition was sent out under the command of a captain, who bought two islands in the Hauraki Gulf and a strip of land at Hokianga. The attempt, however, was a failure, owing to the savage character of the natives. Later on, in 1838, another company was formed, and this proved a more successful venture. In England much was done to encourage emigration to New Zealand. Many thousands of people arrived, and in a short time purchased large tracts of land from the Maoris.

Finding in Cook Straits a splendid harbour, capable of receiving the largest ships afloat, the Company founded the town of Wellington, which is now proudly termed "The Empire City of New Zealand," with the finest wharves in the Dominion, or



WELLINGTON, THE EMPIRE CITY OF NEW ZEALAND.

probably in Australasia. The early settlers had many difficulties to contend with—disputes arose between them and the Maoris about the land they had bought. As so many people of different nations lived here, and they had no fixed code of laws, no judges or magistrates to see that peace was kept, some of these people did not behave very well. For a long time everyone did just as he liked, and there were many quarrels, both between Maoris and Europeans and among the settlers. At last one of the most important transactions occurred in the history of New Zealand.

A large meeting of the principal Maori chiefs was held at Waitangi, a beautiful spot in the Bay of Islands. Here a treaty was signed, known as the Treaty of Waitangi. In this treaty the chiefs agreed to acknowledge Queen Victoria as Sovereign of New Zealand, and to obey the English laws; in return for which the Great White Queen promised to protect the New Zealanders from foreign enemies, and to consider them as her subjects. No less than 512 chiefs signed this compact, and the Queen of England's sovereignty was proclaimed all over the North and South Islands, all territorial rights being secured to the chiefs and their tribes. They were guaranteed the possession of their lands so long as they wished to keep them. At this time 30,000 Maoris were attendants at public worship. New Zealand was then constituted a dependency of the Colony of New South Wales, but a few months later it was proclaimed a separate colony. The seat of Government was established at Auckland, around which a settlement had grown.

The Maoris were sending great quantities of produce to Auckland, nearly 2,000 canoes yearly entering the port. A writer at that time stated that "Never, perhaps, is the port seen to such advantage as when a chief with his tribe pays Auckland a visit in their fleet of forty well-manned canoes. The neighbourhood of their encampment presents the appearance of a fair. Pigs and potatoes, wheat, maize, melons, geese, ducks, fowls, and firewood

are exposed for sale in great abundance. But the money they receive does not leave the town, and at last, their 'shopping' ended, they take their departure with the first fair wind, laden with spades, blankets, ironware, and clothing of various kinds, their fleet departing homeward bound in a body, as it came, the canoes extending over the surface of the harbour, with their many-shaped sails of mat and canvas spread to catch the western breeze."

During the year these fleets would bring as many as 200 tons of potatoes, 1,400 baskets of onions, 1,700 of maize, 1,200 kits of peaches, 1,200 tons of firewood, 45 tons of fish, 1,300 pigs, besides flax, poultry, vegetables, etc. There were no port charges, harbour dues, or taxes levied on shipping. House rents were not excessive, as the report states. Raupoed houses were built by the natives for the settlers, and tastefully lined with reeds, which, when divided into apartments and furnished with floors, doors and windows, are extremely comfortable. Their price varied from thirty shillings to £5 (five pounds). Good weather-boarded cottages of kauri containing two rooms were built for £50 (fifty pounds).

"KA WHAWHAI! AKE! AKE! AKE!"

"We will fight! for ever! for ever! for ever!"

The swarthy rebels answered, with a fierce, defiant shout.

For some years, owing to serious misunderstandings resulting from land claims between the settlers and the Maoris, the latter had been getting more and more dissatisfied at the manner in which their ancestral lands, their one great possession, had been passing away. They probably did not in the least understand what they were doing parting with large tracts of country for a



J. MARTIN, PHOTO., AUCKLAND.

THE GREAT CHIEF REWI.
Ake! Ake! Ake!

few muskets, fishhooks, tobacco, hatchets, Jew's harps, looking-glasses, red nightcaps, sticks of red sealing-wax, and similar trifles.

After they had ceded their islands to Great Britain and acknowledged Queen Victoria as their Sovereign—though, as private owners, they still continued to hold land—at first they were delighted, but later on they awoke to the fact that they had made a very bad bargain. Then they determined to set up a head. Potatau was accordingly made King, and many tribes gave the keeping of their bodies and their lands into his hands. As is well known, this led to fighting, first at Taranaki, then in the Waikato and the East Coast. After many fights, in which the Europeans were generally successful, for they had numbers and other advantages on their side, whereas the Maoris were foolish, one of them said: "Oh, foolish people, to dare to strive against the white man, the offspring of 'Tiki,' the heaven-born sons of giants."

The following account is an admirable one of the most famous incident in the Maori war, when Rewi, a great chief at Orakau (in the Waikato District, near Kihikihi), answered the challenge to surrender, sent by General Cameron through Major Mair, who was chosen to bear the message to the Maoris asking them to surrender when all hope of success was gone from them, and when there seemed no prospect that any person could escape alive from the "pah." Major Mair carried that message at considerable risk to himself. There were dangers from a stray shot, and, although the Maoris are a chivalrous people as a rule, there was no security that some native, half demented by the excitement of the fight, and in despair at all retreat being cut off, might not take a shot at the European who stood so temptingly before him. As Major Mair approached, the Maoris were in rows, the nearest row being only a few yards away. Their dust-stained faces, blood-shot eyes, and shaggy heads was a sight never to be

forgotten. The muzzles of their guns rested on the edge of the ditch in front of them. One old man aimed steadily at the messenger all the time (his name was Wereta).

Then Major Mair said: "Friends, listen; this is the word of the General. Great is his admiration of your bravery! Stop! Let the fighting cease! Come out to us, that your bodies may be saved."

The Maoris inclined their heads towards each other in consultation, and in a few minutes came the answer, in a clear, firm voice: "Friend, I will fight against you, for ever, for ever, for ever!"

Then Major Mair said: "That is well for you men, but it is not right that the women and children should die. Let them come out."

Then someone said: "How did you know there were women here?" and he answered, "We heard the lamentations for the dead in the night."

There was a short deliberation. Then up rose Ahumai amongst the women and said, "If our husbands and brothers are to die, of what profit is it to us that we should live? Let us die with the men." Seeing that the women were all of one mind, Rewi said, "Ka Whawhai! Ake! Ake! Ake!" ("We will fight on for ever, for ever, for ever!") The people repeated these words with a great shout.

Then Major Mair knew it was over, for there was no disposition on the part of the Maoris to parley; so he said, "It is well; the word is ended," and then turned to leave, when Wereta fired at him. The bullet just tipped his right shoulder, cutting his revolver strap and tearing a hole in his coat.

A subaltern told Major Mair afterwards that from his right he saw Wereta's action, and was covering him, too, but he did not get his shot in quick enough. Anyhow, Wereta did not long survive his treachery, for he was killed by a hand-grenade soon after.

Rewi grew bolder and determined to force the fighting. When the English commenced firing upon the pah from a heavy gun, Rewi had long bundles of fern cut and bound with flax, until an enormous mass of yielding fern received the now helpless cannon balls, and guarded the earthworks. He also had flank defences, deep ditches, posts and rails, and his forces were shielded behind flax bushes, peach trees, and high fern, among the pleasant acacia and peach groves at Orakau, where he said he would strike a decisive blow against the invading pakeha (white man) or find his grave. It is said he was wounded in the retreat, and very few of the Maoris escaped.

Perhaps the most remarkable and pathetic incident was Ahimai's reply, "If our husbands and brothers are to die, of what profit is it to us that we should live? Let us die with the men!" There is no grander historical saying than that.

After the dead were buried the captain went to look for a man that he saw drop in a clump of fern. Sure enough, there was the old fellow, coiled up with a broken thigh. A stretcher was procured, and he was carried away to the camp. The captain took great interest in him, because he had fired at him. He was called the "Captain's patient." He was named Te Wiremi, and he was a cantankerous old chap, for he would tear off the bandages because he wanted to die, to show his contempt for the pakeha. The captain reasoned with him, but he resented it, saying, "You are strange people! First you try to kill me outright, and don't succeed; now, when I want to die, you won't leave me alone."

The Maoris of to-day are law-abiding and peaceable, and there is every reason to look forward to the future with hope and confidence. They have been called the "Britons of the South," and their courage in defending their country, and their intelligence, amply justify the compliment. By the New Zealander they are cordially liked.

In the record of the Parliamentary debates will be found flights of eloquence that are not second to the best oratory of Europe, showing how New Zealand's statesmen struggled to preserve the Maoris. One short extract from the closing words of one statesman may be quoted. It was in favour of equal rights to the Maoris:—"That this House will assent to no laws which do not recognise the rights of all Her Majesty's subjects, of whatever race, within this colony, to a full and equal enjoyment of civil and political privileges." Further, he said: "I know that evil days may come when the sacred inheritance of light and truth which God has given to a nation to hold and transmit may only be saved by an appeal to the last ordeal of nations, the trial by war; but I know, too, how great the crime which rests on the souls of those who, for any less vital cause, or for any less dire necessity, precipitate that fatal issue. I grudge not the glory of those who have achieved the deliverance of a people or the triumph of a cause by any sacrifice of human life or human happiness; but I claim a higher glory for those who, in reliance on a law more powerful than that of force, and wishing spells more mighty than the sword, have led the nation, by paths of peaceful prosperity, to the fruition of an enduring civilisation. I claim a higher glory for those who, standing on the pinnacle of human powers, have striven to imitate the government of Him who 'taketh up the simple out of the dust and lifteth the poor out of the mire,' and I claim the highest glory of all for that man who has most thoroughly penetrated that deepest and loftiest mystery in the art of human government—the gentleness that maketh great.' I have stood beside a lonely mound, in which lies buried the last remnant of a tribe which fell—men, women and children—before the tomahawks of their ancient foes, and I sometimes shudder to think that my son, too, may stand beside a similar monument, the work of our hands, and blush with the ignominy of feeling that, after all, the memorial of the Christian

law-giver is but copied from that of the cannibal and savage. I appeal to-night to the House to inaugurate a policy of courageous and munificent justice. I have a right to appeal to you as citizens of that nation which, deaf to the predictions of the sordid and the timid, dared to give liberty to her slaves. I appeal to you to-night in your sphere to perform an act of kindred greatness. I appeal to you, not only on behalf of that ancient race whose destinies are hanging in the balance, but on behalf of your own sons and your sons' sons; for I venture to predict that, in virtue of that mysterious law of our being by which great deeds once done become incorporated into the life and soul of a people, enriching the source from whence flows through all the ages the inspiration to noble thoughts and the incitement to generous action, I venture to predict that, among the traditions of that great nation which will one day rule these islands, and the foundations of which we are now laying, the most cherished and the most honoured will be that wise, bold and generous policy which gave Magna Charta of their liberties to the Maori people."

SIR GEORGE GREY

"THE KNIGHT OF KAWAU"

"He passes, but his memory is power;
Behind him lives the good that none may stay;
His name remains a beacon light, a tower,
By which all lesser lights may guide their way."

Sir George Grey, the great pro-Consul, was one of the most distinguished men of the Victorian era, and the greatest statesman ever in New Zealand. He was first an intrepid explorer, was Governor of South Australia, of the Cape, and twice occupied a similar position in New Zealand. He was appointed Governor



J. MARTIN, PHOTO., AUCKLAND.

SIR GEORGE GREY.

of New Zealand because of his great experience among the natives of Australia. "When staying as a child with a relative of his father, a banker in London, whose place of business was in 'Change Alley, his attention was often attracted to the tropical fruits exposed for sale by an aged woman who kept her stall at the entrance of the Alley. The child's imagination wandered away to the lands from whence the pineapples, the bananas, the oranges, and the cocoanuts had come, and he silently resolved that when he became a man he would travel to those distant regions which produced such treasures."

Sir George Grey stands out a giant in sympathy, intellect, and courage—one of the truly great pro-consuls of the British Empire—a soldier, scholar, seer and statesman. His personal success with the Maoris was astonishing, even in the most delicate times of the New Zealand wars.

He learned and loved their language, and translated many of their poems and legends; they revered and trusted him in return. Although knowledge of the subject has since spread, nothing has been written better than his books on the beautiful Polynesian mythology. He also collected and published many of their best songs.

Those who have heard the Maoris recite their legends in their flowing, picturesque, and poetical language, will have had a glimpse of the imagery and rhetoric which entranced Sir George Grey's romantic nature. Most of the difficulties with which a Governor has to contend when called upon to administer the affairs of two races so essentially different arise from misunderstanding. The Maoris were good speakers, but they had a peculiar habit of expressing their will indirectly by reference to well-known songs, or by allusion to ancient story. It was not easy for any European to follow the suggestion. One of Sir George Grey's earliest mistakes arose from an inaccurate interpretation of a speech delivered by Tamati Waka-Nene on the

alienation of tribal lands. "I soon perceived," he wrote, "that I could neither successfully govern, nor hope to conciliate, a numerous and turbulent people, with whose language and manners, customs, religion, and modes of thought I was quite unacquainted." He therefore applied himself sedulously to those studies, which resulted in the publication of the *Polynesian Mythology and Ancient Traditional History of the New Zealand Race*, also a *Collection of Maori Sayings and Proverbs*.

The record of Sir George Grey's personal influence over the natives is above criticism, and it must ever remain one of the brightest traditions in the history of the British Empire. The pity which he felt for the condition of the Maoris made the pursuit of their happiness and welfare a perpetual delight. He moved freely amongst them, learnt their language in order that he might understand them the better, and took infinite pains in the collection of material by which their history might be studied and known. In return they trusted him, and their trust brought out all that was noblest and most chivalrous in his nature; these children of Nature, who trusted him with their most sacred relics, and called him "father."

One of the most valuable literary possessions of the Southern Hemisphere is Sir George Grey's collection of books, pamphlets, and reports on the native tribes in Australasia and South Africa, and his book on *Polynesian Mythology* is still the standard work on the subject.

Sir George Grey sometimes lived in quiet retirement at Kawau, a small island about nine miles from Auckland, one of the many lovely little islands in the Hauraki Gulf. Kawau is one mass of low hills, and stretching far and wide are to be seen beautiful views of the Pacific Ocean, clear and blue as the sapphire skies above.

"The Mansions," a dwelling-house replete with every comfort and many luxuries, is sheltered in a small bay. Round the

house, in gardens, orchards and plantations, were the most varied and most complete collection of trees in the world. From every part of the earth Sir George Grey had obtained choice specimens of trees and plants. It was unrivalled. Travellers coming from distant regions saw with surprise and delight the familiar foliage, flowers and fruits of home, growing with more than native vigour upon this little far-off island. Within the mansion the same rule pervaded. The panelled walls were hung with pictures by great masters; in the entrance hall and upon the stairways were clustered the weapons and the ornaments of a hundred islands in the Southern Ocean. Books rare and precious, of all ages, and in many tongues, adorned the shelves. The windows looked down upon a sea so calm that its waves seldom raised their tones above a whispered song. All that gilds life with refinement, all that could inspire the human soul with love for the beautiful and true in nature and in art, was found in that lonely paradise. In that calm and secluded corner of the earth, where the fierce din of conflict was unheard, and the roar of worldly tumult was softened to a drowsy murmur, life's tide swept calmly by.

For many years this was one of the happiest and most lovely spots upon the earth. It was at Kawan that Sir George welcomed Prince Alfred on his voyage in the "Galatea," and renewed the friendship commenced in England and South Africa. It was there that the Maori King, Tawhiao, who was about to visit England, came to ask Sir George Grey's advice as to his conduct, when Sir George, knowing the weakness of the savage prince, became a total abstainer in order to prevail upon Tawhiao to do the same. With tears the Maori King pledged his word to the ex-Governor, and that word was royally kept. Never once upon his trip to England did Tawhiao touch spirituous liquors.

Sir George Grey was a strong advocate of a union of the Anglo-Saxon speaking peoples for the preservation of the peace



J. MARTIN, PHOTO., AUCKLAND.

KING TAWHIAO, WHO VISITED ENGLAND.

of the world. How large a section of those who visited New Zealand went to Kawau to see him it is impossible to say. Their name is legion, for they were many.

It would have seemed appropriate that at Kawau Sir George Grey should end his days, but circumstances ultimately drew him from his delightful retirement into the busy arena of political strife. He left Auckland to attend the meeting of the Federal Convention of Australasia. On the way to Sydney the boat called at the Bay of Islands. Many years had elapsed since his last visit to this historic spot. Directly he landed Sir George Grey gathered a number of ferns, and, carrying them in his hands, walked to the little graveyard where so many gallant officers and men were laid to sleep. His gift was destined for the grave of his old friend, Tamati Waka-Nene. Planting the delicate ferns on that hallowed spot of earth, he spoke to some of the Maoris who had assembled of the loyalty, bravery, and true heart of the friendly chief. Some time he paused there, with many pictures rising in his memory, and then, having left instructions that the grave should be attended to, he went back to the steamer and pursued his way to Australia. He returned to England, where he died, and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, in London.

THE BRAVE OLD PIONEERS

Into the abyss of the past
Time checks each passing year;
But while life lasts we'll ne'er forget
To honour the Pioneers.

They bade farewell to Britain's shore,
Home, friends and kindred dear,
To settle 'neath bright southern skies,
These brave old Pioneers.

With steadfast faith and strenuous toil,
 And hearts that knew no fear,
 They fought old Nature's untamed wilds,
 Those brave old Pioneers.

And soon, o'er savage hills and dales,
 A wondrous change appears:
 Bright waving fields and happy homes
 Of the brave old Pioneers.

But Father Time, on restless wing,
 Ne'er stays his swift career,
 While grim old Death has taken toll
 Of the brave old Pioneers.

Yet, tho' they're passing one by one,
 Their memory we'll revere,
 And blazon on the scroll of Fame
 The deeds of the Pioneers.

—A.H'.

AUCKLAND

Auckland is one of the cities in the Southern Hemisphere which must have a great future before it. Its position as a sea-port assures that. It is one of the oldest settlements in the North Island, and lies deeply embayed behind the inlets of the Hauraki Gulf. Nature has been busy with her scissors clipping out bays and inlets on both sides of the island, till at this particular spot she has almost cut it in two. The isthmus on which the City of Auckland stands is but seven miles wide. On the east side is the Hauraki Gulf, and on the west the Manukau Harbour. The approach through the Gulf is very beautiful, and small islands are spread along the shore. Those furthest towards the ocean are high, with serrated mountainous outlines; those nearest are recently extinct volcanoes, so recent that on one of



H. WISSELMANN, PHOTO, AUCKLAND.

AUCKLAND HARBOUR.—R.M.S. "NIAGARA" LEAVING FOR VANCOUVER.

the largest the cinders on the slopes are not yet decomposed, and though it is covered with trees, it is so rough that it is very difficult to ascend.

Auckland is very beautifully situated on the southern shore of Waitemata (Shining Water) Harbour, which is one of the finest sheets of water in the world, and gives great pleasure to yachtsmen. One of the grandest sights ever witnessed in the Auckland Harbour was the arrival of the sixteen battleships of the American Fleet. The city is built on a series of sloping hills rising gradually from the water's edge, and is like a queen as she sits aloft, receiving the homage of her subjects. All New Zealand lies stretched out at her feet, and she commands alike the commerce of the east and of the west, being rich also beyond any other New Zealand city in historical association, having the web of savage and stirring romance woven about her volcanic hills as no other can claim. Her early history is, to a great extent, the history of the Dominion.

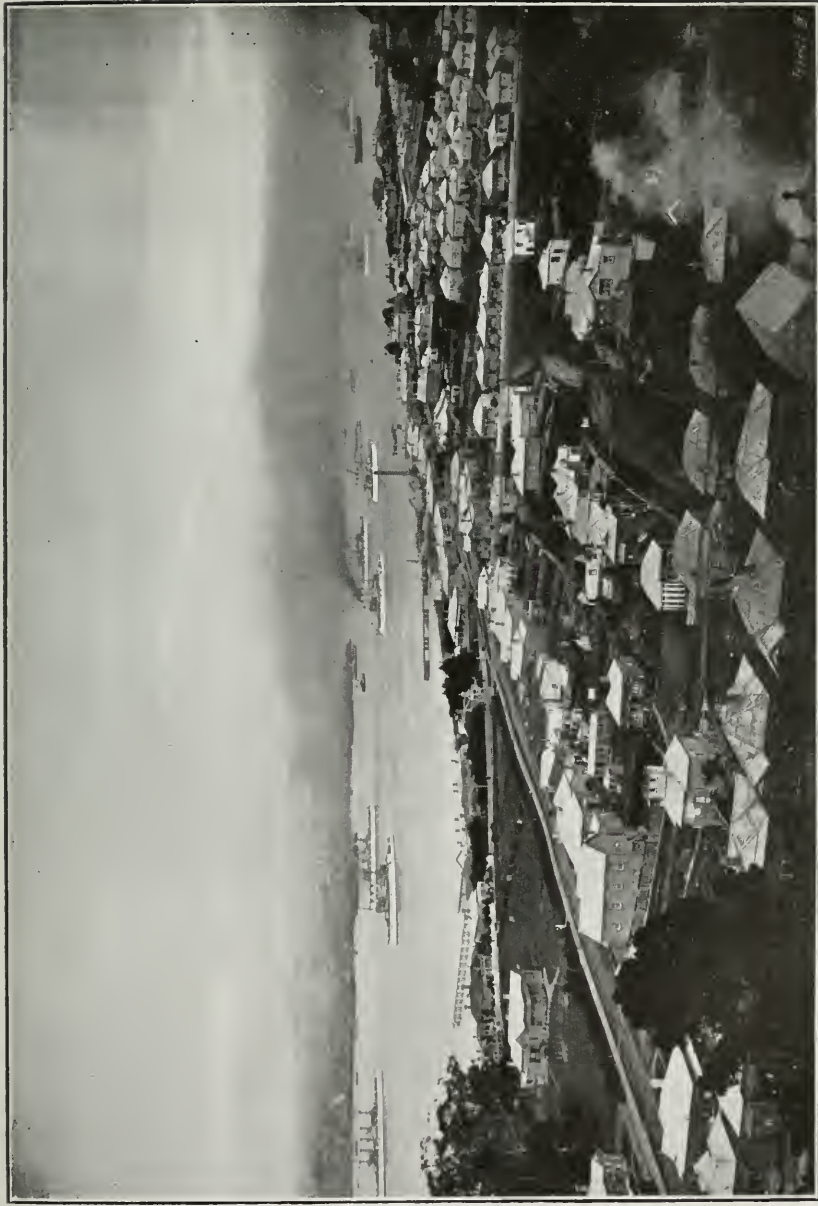
It was in Auckland that the first Maori emigrants from "Hawaiki" landed; in days long past it was the scene of terrible tribal wars, and to this day Mount Eden and other cones show traces of their occupations in their terraced and pitted sides.

The British flag was first set up in Auckland, and the site on which the city stands was chosen by the first Governor for the capital of New Zealand. It was a scene of bustle and excitement in the early days of the Waikato wars, and the first citadel and parade ground of the regiments that came over the sea to fight the battles of the settlers with the Maoris. Then the citizens lived in daily expectation of an attack, and settlers from the suburbs and outlying districts crowded into the town for safety.

Three miles from the wharf is Mount Eden, an extinct volcano, and one of the most distinguished features of the landscape; it has witnessed scenes of ferocious and desperate combat

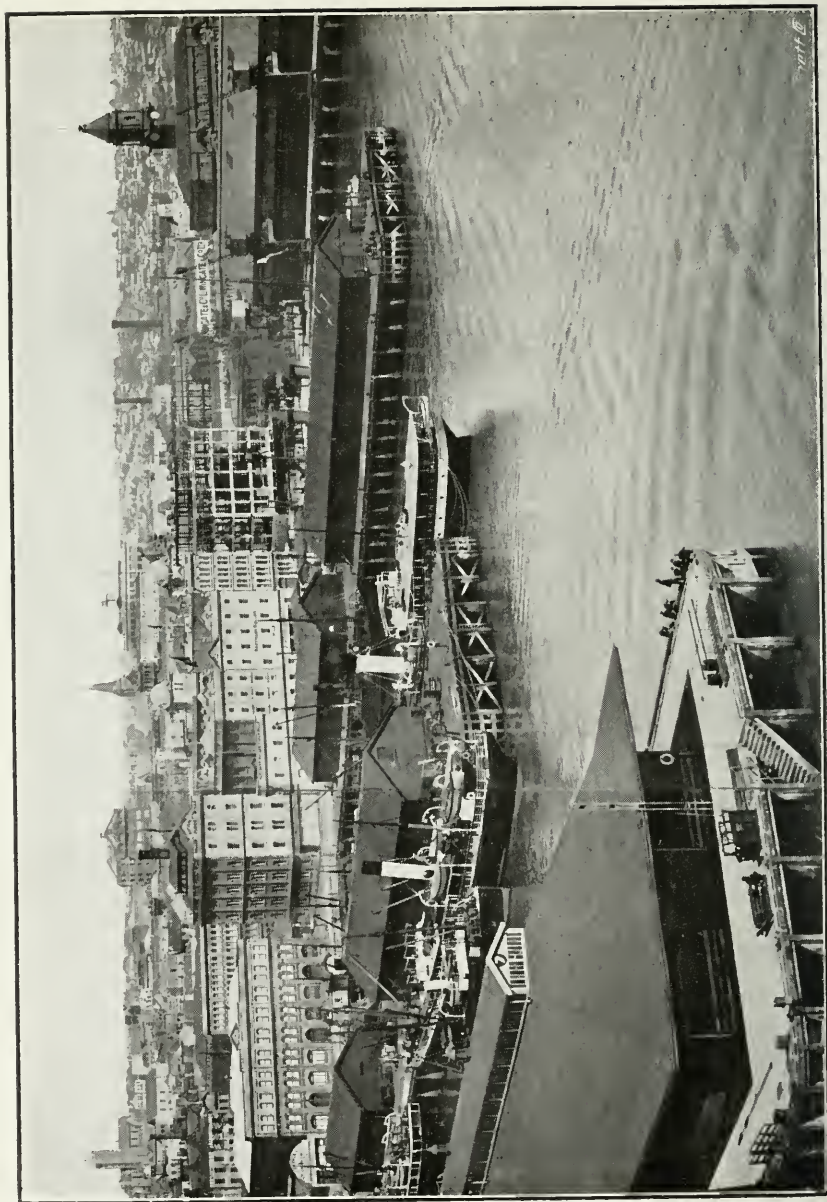
that none unacquainted with the Maori in the old days can conjure up with any approach to reality. Here, after one of the fiercest fights in the history of Auckland, over a thousand men, women and children were ruthlessly massacred. From the top can be seen a wonderful view of the surrounding country; on the west the broad waters of the Manukau making their way to the sea, hedged in on one side by hills and forests, and on the other by a great stretch of undulating and fertile land, while at the head of the inlet nestles the town of Onehunga; on the east the great Hauraki Gulf, studded with numerous islands and peninsulas, the horizon marked at one point by the bold peaks of the Great Barrier Island, at another by the hills of Coromandel and the Thames, while close at hand, forming one side of the channel that leads to the harbour, rises the dark, mysterious-looking island of Rangitoto (the Mountain of the Crimson Sky), which is a very prominent island in the harbour. It is circular in shape, with a diameter of three and a-half miles, and it rises gradually to a height of nine hundred and twenty feet. In its centre is a perfect crater, one hundred and fifty feet deep. It is crowned by three curious-looking peaks, which enables it to be recognised from anywhere, for one of the many peculiar features of Rangitoto Island is that, taken from any point of view, it presents the same appearance.

Whoever has once stood on the top of Mount Eden on a sunny day and let his eye rove over the landscape, will never forget the scene. Below are the great, broad undulations of the land, green grass as far as the eye can reach, with hedges of broom and gorse glowing with golden yellow blooms, and rows of dark pines and cypresses, with the low grey walls of lava stone dividing the land into fields, where sheep and cattle graze. There is such breadth and grandeur, and yet such a delicate charm in this beautiful picture. Who can blame us for being so proud of our dear old Maori land?



W. BEATTIE, PHOTO, AUCKLAND.

THE AMERICAN FLEET IN THE AUCKLAND HARBOUR.
From the North Shore.



H. WINGELMANN, PHOTO., AUCKLAND.

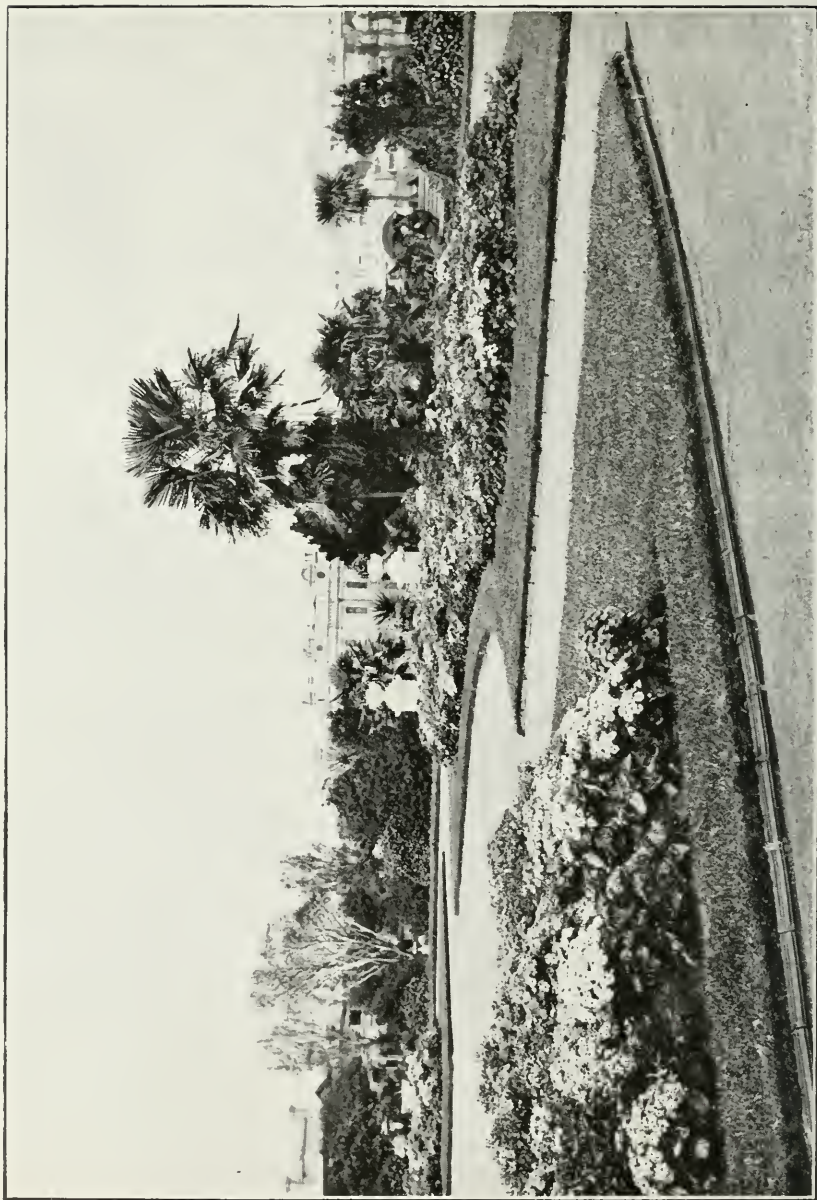
AUCKLAND, THE QUEEN CITY OF N.Z.

New Zealand has often been called a show country, and certainly the sights and scenes within the length and breadth of these islands are, with their wild and romantic scenery, so unique and various that they will soon take a leading place in the world.

Fifty years ago the "country" was looked upon as a mystic sort of territory, where the Maori tribes lived undisturbed on grassy alluvial flats, by the rivers, on the shores of the mighty lakes, or in clearings, amid dense and unexplored forests. So wonderfully rapid has been the process of breaking down this isolation, and so sudden the influx of Europeans, that within a score of years the districts have been completely changed.

The Government opened up a good deal of land for settlement, the sections being of various sizes, according to their quality, and these were offered for sale. The most of those adjoining the tracks were taken up, and the settlers soon got on to them, doing a little clearing and building primitive homes. The bush was very heavy and dense, which, though indicative of good land, was a drawback, as, after felling and burning, the blackened logs in large numbers encumbered the ground. Bridle tracks were often blocked for weeks together, trees falling across them, or slips coming down and filling them up. The country was alive with wild dogs, which destroyed hundreds of sheep.

It would be quite impossible within the limit of these pages to trace the growth of settlement all over the country—towns, townships, schools, factories, sawmills, farms, homesteads innumerable are now found in every part of the country. It was, however, when the Main Trunk railway line was pushed forward that the great influx of population began to take place. Transit facilities are still greatly lacking through the country, but these are gradually being provided by the Government. Where the Maori village nestled in the rustling flax and ti-tree, with its blue smoke curling up among the palm tree tops, now stand huge cities, with the buzz and roar of workshops; and where the Maori once hunted the moa (the monster bird), the trains, with their thunder and shrieking, now fill the land with noise and din.



THE ALBERT PARK, AUCKLAND.

"OF NO MEAN CITY"

From the deck of the liner to-day, as she rounds North Head from the Rangitoto Channel and enters the harbour proper, the sub-tropical charm of the city makes an irresistible appeal. The congestion of buildings in the vicinity of the wharves and along the principal thoroughfares is much as one sees in other modern towns, but quickly the eye wanders from point to point and climbing eminence, where east and west spreads the fairy-like prospect of the waterfront suburbs. On the right, or northern shore, lies the pretty and popular marine suburb of Devonport, dominated by yet another old volcano, Mount Victoria, on the summit of which the signal flags announcing the vessel's arrival flutter in the wind. The visitor sees on his right hand as he enters Queen Street the Ferry Buildings, and many other fine and handsome blocks of stone buildings, which make Auckland worthy of its world-famed situation.

BISHOP SELWYN AND ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE

In the same year as the Treaty of Waitangi was signed, George Augustus Selwyn, the first Bishop of the English Church in New Zealand, arrived. He was a great and good man, very active, and worked extremely hard, walking and riding over the country to see the people and to instruct them. Every year he went to the Norfolk Islands, in Melanesia, and brought over native boys, whom he sent to school at a college which he founded in Auckland, and called St. John's College, a two-storied stone building commanding a splendid view of the harbour and



J. MARTIN, PHOTO, AUCKLAND.

QUEEN STREET, AUCKLAND.

Rangitoto Island. Its interesting story is interwoven with the beginning of the colony, and from its centre a strong helpful influence has gone out into all parts of the Islands.

The following recollections of the early days of St. John's College experienced by a student were not unusual at that time among New Zealand settlers:—

"My acquaintance with the school began in 1846, when I came up to it from my home at the East Cape in a little cutter of 15 tons, loaded with pigs and potatoes; and I can still recall, after a lapse of fifty years, the unpleasant sensations I experienced in the tiny, ill-ventilated cabin in which I was forced, by the rough state of the weather, to pass most of the time. It was with a sense of great relief that I heard from the captain early one morning that the voyage was over, and that we were anchored in port. By his advice I went on deck and had a good wash in a bucket of salt water, which he drew for me. Shortly afterwards he took me on shore and handed me over to the College agent, to whom I was consigned. There was not much about Auckland City at that time to interest even a child from the backwoods. A few houses scattered here and there along the newly-formed streets were all that could be seen outside the agent's store, and within all goods were hidden away in bales and boxes, and nothing more interesting could be discovered by the most inquisitive eyes than bundles of spades and rows of grindstones. I was not sorry, therefore, when I was told by a good-natured looking young giant who had brought a bullock dray down that morning from the College for stores, that he was ready to return, and that I was to get up alongside my baggage, which was already in the dray. The drive from Auckland was very tedious, as the tall growth of fern and scrub shut out every pleasing prospect, and the slow pace at which we moved made the rough road seem interminable, and it was not till towards evening that we reached our destination.

"The College buildings, which stood on a ridge facing Mount Rangitoto and overlooking the beautiful Harbour of Auckland and the Gulf of Hauraki, presented an imposing appearance to



BISHOP SELWYN.

my inexperienced eyes. They consisted of two large structures built of dark scoria stone, and a number of wooden buildings. I presented my letters of introduction to the Headmaster, the Rev. William Cotton, the most kindly and genial of men (well known at Oxford in his day as 'Bee Cotton,' and afterwards as the

beloved Vicar of Frodsham, in Cheshire). He was so brimful of fun and good humour that he dispersed in the course of a few minutes the nervous fears which, since leaving home, had troubled me about the new life I was entering upon. There was something so genuine about the man that, child though I was, I felt that I could trust him, and time confirmed the correctness of that impression. He took me into the Bishop's apartments, which adjoined his own, and introduced me to Mrs. Selwyn, then a young and beautiful woman, with a very vivacious manner, who told me that the Bishop was away from home, but that he knew of my coming, and would be pleased to hear of my safe arrival. Her cordial and gracious behaviour helped still further to reconcile me to my new surroundings, and prepared me for the ordeal which still awaited me in the schoolroom, to which I was next taken by Mr. Cotton, and handed over to the charge of a prefect. There were about forty boys in the room, ranging from ten to eighteen years of age. As it was Saturday evening, they were allowed to amuse themselves till prayers. The strict discipline which prevailed at all other times was then relaxed, and the most uproarious mirth permitted.

"Thanks to the number of big, good-hearted fellows, there was no bullying in the school. Once only were my sympathies aroused on behalf of a fellow-pupil, who owned a most pronounced Roman nose, which he had the misfortune to break one Friday afternoon on the dining-hall door-steps. The extraordinary development of the organ which followed the accident drew everyone's attention to the unfortunate child, and the following evening, when the merry mood was on, the temptation to have some fun out of him proved too strong to be resisted, and he was placed upon a table in the middle of the room and forced to sing the words, 'It was nutmegs and cloves, that's what gave me this jolly red nose,' which he did in such a ludicrous manner as to provoke shrieks of laughter.



J. MARTIN, PHOTO., AUCKLAND.

ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, AUCKLAND.

"The prayer-bell at nine, which was followed by the entry of the Bishop (if at home) or the Headmaster, was the signal for instant silence, and no more noise or shouting inside the building was allowed till Saturday came round again. Prayers consisted of shortened Evensong. The Psalms were chanted without the aid of any instrument, one of the masters, with a tuning-fork, leading off. Prayers over, we retired to the dormitories, which adjoined the masters' rooms. The doors between them were never closed, and woe betide any youngster who dared to utter a sound after the lights were extinguished.

"The day began with early service in the chapel, during which the boys were catechised. That was followed by breakfast in the hall, where everyone belonging to the College, except the servants, took their meals together. The Bishop and his family occupied a raised platform at the end of the hall, which was screened off with glass shutters. The food we received was of the plainest kind; junks of bread and butter and mugs of tea formed the morning and evening meal, while dinner consisted of pork and potatoes, followed by rice and sugar, or a simple form of plum pudding. Our meat diet was confined to pork because that was the only kind procurable at a reasonable price, for though we count our sheep by millions now, and export them by hundreds of thousands annually, the animals were almost unknown in this country in 1846; and cattle were not numerous enough to prevent beef being regarded as a luxury.

"Before meals the whole school, attended by the masters in cap and gown, paraded in front of the Bishop's quarters and awaited his coming, which was never delayed a second beyond the appointed time. While we were waiting, his little son, a child of three, sometimes appeared in the doorway, looking like a miniature edition of his father. The little fellow was a great favourite, and every kind of coaxing epithet was employed on such occasions to induce him to come out to us. The stir he

caused was only stayed when the rustling sound of the Bishop's gown warned us of his approach, when everyone stood at attention, ready for the order, 'Right face: quick march!' When we had filed into our places in the Common Hall, a Latin grace was sung, and, after all were seated, the Bishop was the first to be helped from our tables, as he never partook of the daintier food provided for his family and guests, and the knowledge that he shared our poor fare made us less dissatisfied with it. The truth was that the fees for tuition and board were too small to cover the cost of our maintenance, which was greater than had been anticipated; and the garden and farm, in spite of their being worked without expense by the inmates of the institution, failed to make up the deficiency.

"The school opened daily shortly after breakfast. Those of the students whose services were not required for outdoor work retired to their studies, while the boys went into the upper and lower schoolrooms. I was placed in the lower school, under the charge of Mr. D., who was a gloomy, cross-grained man, very fond of the flute, which he played during every spare moment he could find; but its dulcet tones failed to mollify his temper or 'soothe his savage breast.' His partiality for the exact letter of the Eton Latin Grammar, and our very imperfect rendering of it, caused constant ebullitions of temper, which found vent in such a free use of the cane that his stock of them was soon exhausted. To our dismay, he discovered a more severe instrument of punishment in a rod of supple quince; but as he did not keep a stock of these, the happy thought occurred to one of our number, who had good reason to expect the application of it shortly to his own person, to secrete it during the master's temporary absence from the room; but the lad gained nothing by doing so, for Mr. D. was a man of ready resource, and not finding his rod to hand when he wanted to use it, and getting no answer to his inquiry about what had become of it, he leaned back in his chair

and drew from the fireplace behind him a narrow billet of wood, with which he rapped the shins of the offending scholar every time he failed to give the right answer as he hunted him through the moods and tenses of the regular and irregular Latin verbs. But the youngster had his revenge in the afternoon, when he succeeded in withdrawing Mr. D.'s chair just as he was sitting down on it, causing him to fall heavily on to the floor, to the secret satisfaction of everyone in the room but himself.

"When twelve o'clock struck, instead of adjourning to the playground, every boy had to shoulder some garden tool, which he found on a rack in the passage, and proceed with the master of his class to some part of the grounds, where he was set to work. Some had to dig drains through the swamps which filled every gully on the estate; others to clear off the fern and grub the tutu and manuka roots out of the ground; others to attend to the planting and weeding of the vegetable garden. While the boys were employed in this manner, the students were engaged in a variety of occupations. Some were ploughing or fencing on the farm, others were grinding wheat for our bread in a large steel mill, or working in the carpenters' shop, or at the printing press. Everyone at the College was encouraged to learn some handicraft, as the Bishop thought that in a new country, where there was so much to be done, every person ought to be prepared to lend a helping hand whenever and wherever it was needed. Like St. Paul, he set a high value on manual labour, and taught all about him never to be ashamed of any honest calling, and always to remember that it was the man who gave dignity to the calling, and not the calling to the man. The 'working holiday' was one of our warden's institutions, and it was very popular, as it afforded some relaxation from the strict discipline of the place, which was very irksome to lads who had never been subjected to any restraint before entering the college. I can well remember the joy caused by the announcement made one summer

morning when we were conning over lessons and eyeing wistfully the bright sunshine out of doors, that the Bishop had proclaimed a 'working holiday,' as he required our services at Purewa to unload a small vessel which had arrived from Coromandel with sawn timber. Off we scampered, a joyous crowd, glad to escape from the constraints of the schoolroom. We found the Bishop awaiting us on the beach, and received our instructions from him. He promised that if the craft was unloaded in time to get away by the next tide, he would allow us to employ the remainder of the day as we pleased. This promise ensured our setting to work with a will. The vessel was about twenty yards from the shore, and stuck fast in the mud. Through this we had to wade knee deep till we reached its side, when we got a plank and carried it for about a hundred yards to the place where the drays could load up. The Bishop took his full share of the work, wading through the mud and seeming to enjoy the lark as much as the youngest of us, amusing us all with his droll remarks and astonishing us by his display of strength. There was many a barked shin and sore shoulder amongst us that day, but our bruises and fatigue were all forgotten when the cutter sailed away, and we were free to plunge and swim to our hearts' content in the rising tide.

"Great attention was paid to the teaching of singing, and if anyone could have instilled a love of his art into his pupils, it would have been our amiable and accomplished master, the Rev. Dr. Purchas. He was warmly supported in his efforts to instruct us by an old Etonian friend of the Bishop, Mr. Hugh Carlton, who was particularly fond of part-songs, and who, whenever he came to the College, got everyone he could to practise them with him.

"We so seldom saw any persons besides the College officials and employees that the arrival of a visitor always attracted a good deal of attention. On one occasion an up-country acquaint-

ance of the Bishop, who had received an invitation to dine with him, arrived at the hall door just as grace was being sung. He was a corpulent little man, with a terrible squint, and 'I-hope-I-don't-intrude' expression of face. He wore a black dress coat, white waistcoat, and check trousers, and carried in his hand a new beaver hat. He stepped into the hall, looking wildly from side to side, and, not recognising anyone, stood irresolutely for a few seconds, and then seemed to regard the unaccustomed headgear which he was carrying as something to be got rid of, and he made a dart for the nearest window and placed it on the sill. It fell immediately; not noticing that the ledge was too narrow for his purpose, he put it again in the same place, when it fell a second time and went bounding along the hall floor, and he after it. When he caught it he looked so comical that if one of the masters had not advanced from his place and piloted him up to the Bishop there must have been an unseemly explosion of mirth at his expense.

"Games occupied a very small space in our school life at St. John's. Football was unknown, and only a few of the older boys played cricket. The want of interest in games was partly due to the fact that, except on Saturday afternoons, there was very little time to devote to play, and partly to the fact that the majority of the boys had been brought up in isolated places where playmates did not exist, and where they had learnt to amuse themselves without help from others. Bathing and walking were favourite pastimes, and, when opportunity offered, the more adventurous spirits would make their way across the rough fern-covered country and explore the volcanic cones and caves in the neighbourhood, which, in addition to their natural attractions, possessed some historical interest from having been occupied in time past by the ancient inhabitants of the country. In one cave we found a great quantity of human skeletons of all sizes heaped together. These proved to be the remains of a small

tribe of Maoris who had taken refuge there after being defeated in battle; but their enemies, having discovered their hiding-place, suffocated them by burning brushwood at the entrance of the cave.

"The Europeans who were driven from the Bay of Islands by Hone Heke's attack upon Korarareka were naturally disposed to distrust the loyalty of the Maoris wherever they afterwards encountered them, and as the natives frequented the town of Auckland in large numbers, the refugees grew suspicious of their intentions, and were inclined to put a hostile construction on whatever they said and did. The consequence was that the European community was kept in a constant state of agitation by groundless rumours of war. But these fears were not shared by the inmates of St. John's, who possessed more reliable sources of information owing to Bishop Selwyn's position as head of the Church to which the majority of the Maoris belonged. Once only were we roused from our sense of security by the threatening attitude of some natives who objected to a road which passed near the College being carried on into the interior; but, thanks to the judicious way in which Governor Grey treated their objection, the peace remained unbroken. While the war scare lasted, conversation amongst the boys ran a good deal upon the subject of their own or their friends' experience during the late outbreak at the Bay of Islands, and then it was I heard for the first time from Nelson Hector's brother of his brave conduct in refusing to seek shelter on board the man-of-war in the harbour as long as his father remained in a position of danger, and of the good service which he rendered to the defenders of the fort at Korarareka during the Maori attack upon it.

"Sunday was one of our easy days, as we had few lessons and no manual work, and much leisure. We attended the services at St. Thomas', then the parish church of the Tamaki, which was situated half-a-mile from the College, on the road to

Kohimarama. It was a stone church, built with loopholed walls and tower, to serve as a place of defence for the settlers in the event of their being attacked by the Maoris. It was Bishop Selwyn's practice, when he preached there, to stand in front of the Communion table, but as he warmed to his subject he would step forward and get half-way down the church before he realised that he had moved from his place. Then he would slowly retrace his steps till his back touched the Communion rails; but in a few minutes he would move forward again, his handsome face all aglow with the enthusiasm which filled his soul. No one who ever heard Bishop Selwyn's voice in the old church can ever forget its charm, or the thrilling effect produced by his impassioned utterances." He remained in New Zealand for some years, when he was appointed Bishop of Lichfield, in England, where he died. The interests of New Zealand were dear to Bishop Selwyn to his death, and the apostasy of the Maoris always an intense grief. As he lay on his deathbed, the Bishop was heard to say, referring to the Maoris' resolve to have nothing more to do with the missionaries, "They will all come back," and already many have come back.

The outward appearance of the little chapel at St. John's is very plain—a small wooden building, which seats about 70 persons, with high-pitched roof, projecting eaves, and exterior cross beams, but the interior is unique in New Zealand, and most devotional. The shape is cruciform, with semicircular apses at the eastern and western ends. The chancel is raised only one step, and is without rails; on its northern wall are the arms of the Diocese of New Zealand surmounted by the mitre. The handsome stone font stands in the western apse. The only entrance is through an open porch near the south-western angle of the nave, and directly opposite to the small vestry, which is on the northern side. The windows are small, and are all filled with stained glass representations of Christ, Apostles, Saints,

and Prophets, while there are many memorial brasses on the walls.

Here, on window or on brass, are recorded the names of the founder, George Augustus Selwyn, with the inscription, "The Kings of Tharsis and of the Isles shall give presents," and of the first missionary Bishop of Melanesia, John Coleridge Patteson, who was killed at Nukapu; also many others less known to men, yet of the Saints of God, who worshipped within its walls.

Few chapels of like age have such a roll of honour. The richest historic associations of the College are focussed in that little sanctuary, to uplift and inspire each generation; no church building in New Zealand is worthy of more jealous care and preservation.

The first College bell was made from metal of certain bells originally belonging to York Minster; it became cracked, and was replaced by a bell presented as a thank-offering for the recovery of a boy from fever. This in its turn became cracked, and the two injured bells were sent to England, metalled down, and re-cast in the form of the present chapel bell.

The first Melanesian priest, Sarawia, who was the constant companion of Bishop Patteson in the early days of the Mission, tells how the white man first landed at Vanualaua in his huge canoe, that moved so quickly without paddles. Surely, he thought, it is animated by some spirit; and the sailors with oilskin legs filled him with alarm. He was persuaded to go on board the ship, and sat with bones "shaking like an earthquake while the Bishop read prayers with the sailors." He thought they were planning to kill him, and when they replied "Amen" flesh and blood could stand it no longer, and Sarawia fled out of the saloon. Eight months later the ship came back, and Sarawia was taken to school at Tifu. At Tifu he quite failed to be moved by what he heard. "His heart was dark and his ears were closed, and he himself asleep." But he learnt some-

thing of the great heart of Bishop Patteson. One day he asked Sarawia, "Who made the sun and the moon and the stars?" "Gat," he said. "Not Gat, but God," replied the Bishop. Then he thought that Gat is called God by the white people. After three months he returned to his old life and took part in a village fight; but he told his people that the Bishop was gentle and kind and loved the natives. Later on he came to New Zealand for a short time, and attended St. John's College. But he was only half-hearted, and could not understand what it all meant. He came a second time, and on the way he saw how brave the Bishop was when in danger. He began to realise that the Bishop was not only his teacher, but had a message for all the natives of Melanesia. Now he began to understand. The Book spoke to him as a friend; the words of his teachers became full of meaning. He gave himself "hot-hearted" to learning, and applying what he learnt. At last he was prepared for Holy Baptism, and, with five others, was baptised. "The first-fruits of Melanesia," he says. New light broke in upon him. "I thank my Father in Heaven, for He has had mercy upon me, and has brought me out of darkness into light." He found real joy in worship and prayer, especially when he realised he could intercede for the heathen in the Islands. On his return he had a new message for his people, "the goodness of God," rather than the kindness of the Bishop. He was ordained Deacon at Norfolk Island, and Priest at Auckland in 1873, on St. Barnabas' Day. He worked on Mota, but all the school people of the Islands knew him and loved him. He has probably exerted greater influence than any native in Melanesia. His last words are still remembered: "All is finished; I start out on a journey, and the wind is fair. There is no return for me; but righteousness and peace will still remain. Follow after them."

ENGLAND AND HER COLONIES

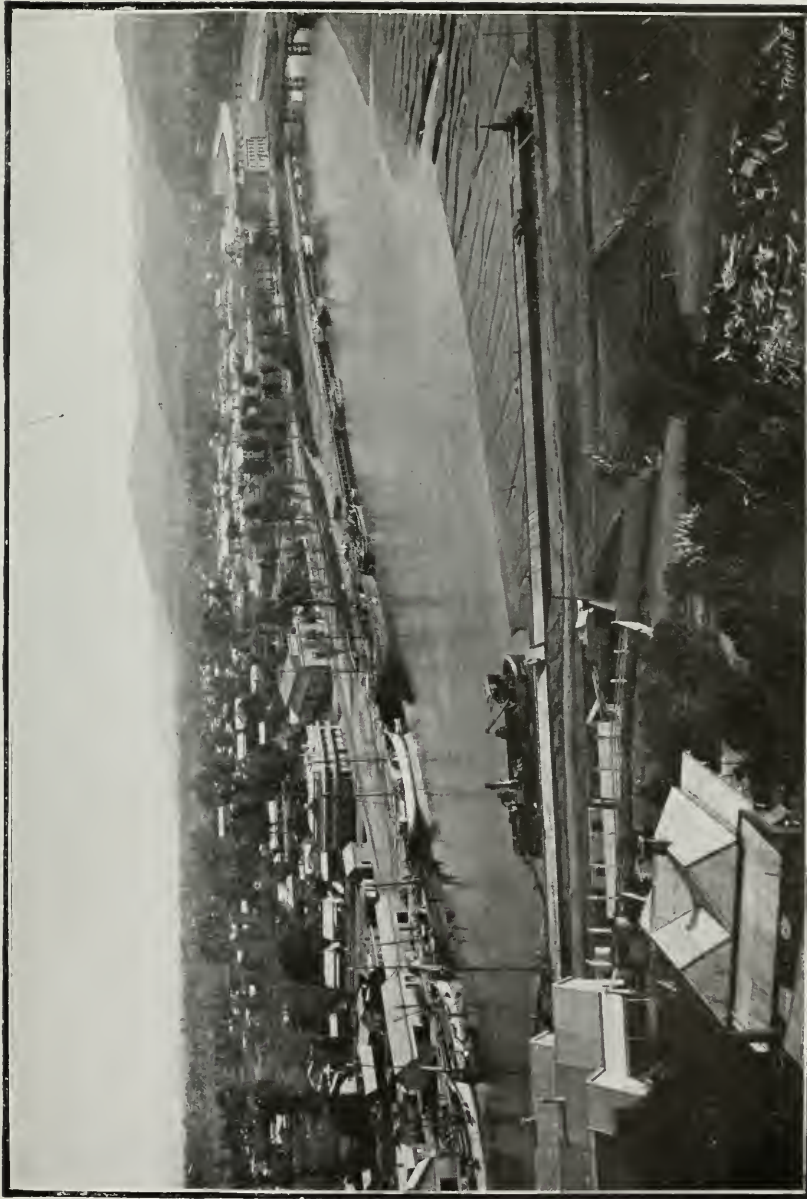
She stands, a thousand-wintered tree,
 By countless morns impearled;
 Her broad roots coil beneath the sea,
 Her branches sweep the world;
 Her seeds, by careless winds conveyed,
 Clothe the remotest strand
 With forests from her scatterings made—
 New nations fostered in her shade,
 And linking land with land.

O ye by wandering tempest sown
 'Neath every alien star,
 Forget not whence the breath was blown
 That wafted you afar.
 For ye are still her ancient seed
 On younger soil let fall—
 Children of Britain's island-breed,
 To whom the mother in her need
 Perchance may one day call.

—*William Watson.*

GISBORNE, POVERTY BAY

A bird's-eye view of Poverty Bay reveals a very picturesque scene. In the distance, rolling hills, fairly high peaks further back, a thickly-wooded country, and an ample watercourse spread before the view. Because of its isolated position and the difficulty of access by land, Poverty Bay was one of the last of the older settlements in New Zealand; and although nearly the whole of the North Island had been at one time or another in the throes of war, Poverty Bay was, up to this time, comparatively as quiet and still as a mill pond.



H. WINRELIASS, PHOTO, ATU BLAND.

GISBORNE, POVERTY BAY.

As already shown, the traders and whalers became the first land owners. Many stories are told by the old pioneers of the bartering for land in exchange for great lots of blankets, spirits, tomahawks, tobacco, spades and axes. In return, all the purchaser had to show was a dirty piece of paper with all their marks on it. The terms of transfer were written in English by the purchaser. They cultivated small plots of ground, and introduced cattle and sheep. The Maoris were taught something of the European art of cultivation, planting fruit trees and vegetables.

The white people were scattered over a fairly wide area, their homes being in very lonely situations. One could easily imagine this scene at Poverty Bay. The small town of Gisborne, situated at the mouth of the Turanganui River; a few stores and houses, at various points the Maori villages, and occasionally a trading vessel or the boats of whalers were to be seen in the bay. On the fertile flats of Makaraka, and in the direction of Matawhero, here and there among the ti-tree bush, and near the Waipaoa River, could be seen the houses and flocks of settlers scattered about. At Makaraka a few houses and a shop. It was all very quiet and pastoral. A few miles out of Gisborne, about the Matawhero and Patutahi district, were many homesteads of the outlying settlers. Here also were the headquarters of the British forces. The remoteness of the settlements, and the distance that the few settlers lived from each other, made them comparatively easy prey.

Auckland and Taranaki had periods of unrest and dreadful bloodshed, but Poverty Bay people as yet little suspected that their part of the country would be the theatre of a murderous attack more terrible than any in the colony. It all began, as far as Poverty Bay was concerned, with the origin of the "Hauhau" sect, which was as grotesque a religion as was ever conceived.

Hauhauism was founded by Te Rua, a fanatic chief. While

tied up as a prisoner he is said to have dreamed a wonderful dream, that an angel came to him and gave him power to burst his fetters. As with Buddah, sitting beneath the banyan tree, "the light," or inspiration, entered into him. He was to found a new religion with a new god called "Hau," a strange mixture of Christianity and every religion with which they had come in contact, together with the worst features of the old Maori rites and customs. Many Maoris were foolish enough to believe and listen to his teaching. He taught them to dance round a pole, singing some foolish words over and over again, making a noise like the barking of dogs. From the strange and terrible sounds they made they took the name of Hauhaus. The meaning of this word "Hauhau" probably referred to the wind; the angels or spirits were always spoken of as "Hau anihera," wind angels. They burned all their Bibles, and gave up the Christian customs they had been taught. They said their gods told them to kill all the missionaries.

At first not much notice was taken of the Hauhaus, but as they increased in number it was seen that the movement was more serious than had at first been thought. The symbol of their faith was Pai Marire, which may be interpreted, if each word is taken separately, as good and peaceful; but the sentence must have had a very different meaning to the Hauhaus, if judged by their actions, wherein very little that is good or peaceful can be found.

Up to this period Te Rua and his converts had behaved in a peaceable and well-disposed manner, but the former must either have changed his mind or been unable to control his zealous followers, for a fanatical and murderous spirit was soon shown, and the creed took that form of hostility to the pakeha which is shown in the following events.

A MAORI TEMPLE

One evening a great Maori temple, or meeting-house, was packed with Maoris. The scene was passing weird, the only light being a fire of glowing charcoal on the earth floor; just at the foot of the central house pillar a carved, semi-deified ancestor or chief stared forth with majestic, scornful visage, beautifully scrolled with blue lines of tattoo.

Strange shadows came and went with the flickerings of the fire, and the carved effigies of their ancestral heroes grouped around the walls seemed alive and ready to start forth on the war-path. Above the carved images on the latticed walls hung weapons of war and implements of the chase, rifles and shot-guns, glittering greenstone clubs and bone-handled tomahawks; also a bundle of long, slender, smoke-blackened bird spears, tipped with sharp stone and iron barbs.

Te Rua, the priest, wearing the loin and shoulder mats of his tribe, rose and led the meeting of the Tohunga. There were no books of ritual; the people knew the long chants by heart, and there was a wild beauty in the droning of the tunes, sung by many earnest voices to the air of ancient pagan rhythm, rising into the old fanatic fervour. "Matua pai mariri! rire, rire, hou!" (Father of spirits, good and gracious).

To this chant the Hauhaus were wont to march into battle, with uplifted hands making mystic passes, and ending in the loudly-barked "Hau!" This was considered to be a spell which was so powerful that it warded off the white man's bullets, and they believed it was a man's own fault if he were killed after reciting this incantation.

The singing of these chants was often followed by long speeches, and would finally end with the war or haka dance. The tattooed chief, Te Rua, standing up among his followers, would suddenly throw off his upper garment and grasp his spear-headed weapon. Then he would cry, "Haere-mai! Haere-mai! Come to the father of the rocks, the offspring of Rangi and Papa, gods of Heaven and Earth. Welcome to the great Forest god, 'Tane.' From him also we came, and to him and to Papa, our great earth mother, we return. Come to us, for it is well you should see our faces before we pass away into the all-swallowing night, the night from which we shall return no more!"

Long after midnight some of the old Maoris could be heard still droning in the shadowy corners of the meeting-house. These meeting-houses were also used for the great tangis, or times of mourning. The chiefs or relations who died were laid out with elaborate ceremony inside the entrance porch of the meeting-house, and the old custom of lamenting for the dead was performed.

The Maoris came from far and near, gathered round the body, and lifted up their voices with strong crying and "real" tears. They kept up this wailing and crying in a most mournful tone, and for what seemed an endless length of time, it continuing even for weeks after the object of their grief had been buried on the top of a mountain or in some sacred spot on a rocky fortress which had been the scene of many fierce conflicts in olden times.

To appease the dead, all kinds of mats, meres and spears were often buried with them, or, as frequently happened, the bodies were wrapped in them, great feasts being indulged in as long as the food lasted. A sort of mausoleum, beautifully carved, was sometimes erected over the grave of a Maori chief.

The Maoris had a belief that the highest chiefs became gods after death, and that their eyes became stars, and that they were

able to punish those who did wrong, so they made many prayers to them. They knew more than many other heathen nations, for they believed that they had souls which never died, and that the gods were pleased if they were brave and kind. They also believed that the souls of their friends often took the form of lizards and returned to the earth, so they were very much afraid of these creatures. The bravest people would run away from a lizard; they could not bear even to hear one spoken about.

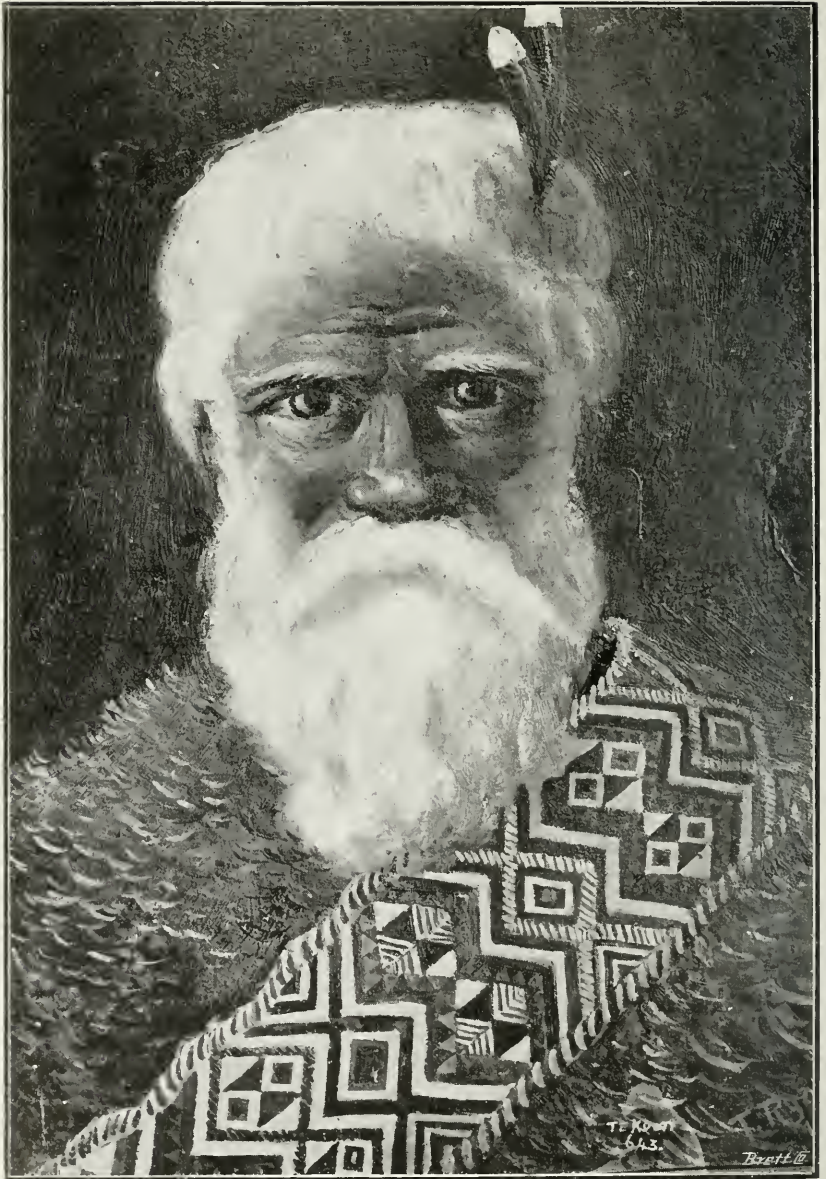
For several years New Zealand was in the turmoil of war. The Hauhaus committed murders, erected fortifications, and friendly natives and Europeans were forced to apply to the Government for help. The Hauhaus attacked a "pah," or fortified village, at Tokomaru Bay, a few miles up the coast from Poverty Bay; but a few young women, with the help of some old men and two young ones, armed only with five guns, repelled them with most stirring courage and bravery.

About nine miles out of Gisborne is the old Waerenga-a-hika Mission Station, a two-storied gabled house, which was occupied by the first Bishop of Waiapu. Here a notable fight took place between the Hauhaus and the European forces; many holes can be seen on the outside of the building, where damage was done by the Maoris firing and attacking the place.

The Missionaries gained a powerful influence over the natives. There was something heroic in their labours, for they frequently ran fearful risks. Some were murdered, and many died unknown to the world from hardship and exposure. Their persistent and obscure labours in remote parts, the sacrifice of self and high aim, must arouse the warmest admiration. The Maoris molested them less than the most primitive races, and through their old appreciation of anyone showing courage, combined with their intuitive respect for justice and self-sacrifice, the missionaries at length won their confidence and support by their possession of all these qualities.

Some two thousand Maoris were strongly entrenched at Waerenga-a-hika, and the Bishop and his people had to vacate the mission station. All the white settlers feared the worst. Ropata, a Maori chief, as brave a leader of men as ever lived, was sent to assist the Europeans. An advance was made on Waerenga-a-hika, the united forces arriving in time to see the Hauhaus stripping the Bishop's residence. Then, with Ropata leading the friendly natives, an attack was made on the pah, or Maori village. The Hauhaus were at their religious services, and, though a strong fire was levelled upon them, they did not discontinue until all the observances were completed. Then they rushed to their trenches and responded to the British fire. For seven days the latter besieged the place, great bravery being shown by both sides, many of the rebels and the British being killed. Eventually the pah was taken, together with three hundred Maoris, who were sent to the Chatham Islands; among them was the famous Te Kooti, who will ever be remembered in the history of New Zealand.

The action at Waerenga-a-hika quelled the Poverty Bay disturbance for some time, but it was always believed that there was to be a limit to the peace. During this fight Te Kooti was on the European side, but on suspicion of playing the spy he was placed under arrest. The suspicions were proved untrue, but the man was considered so dangerous that he was sent with the other prisoners to the Chatham Islands, or Prison Isles.



TE KOOHI.

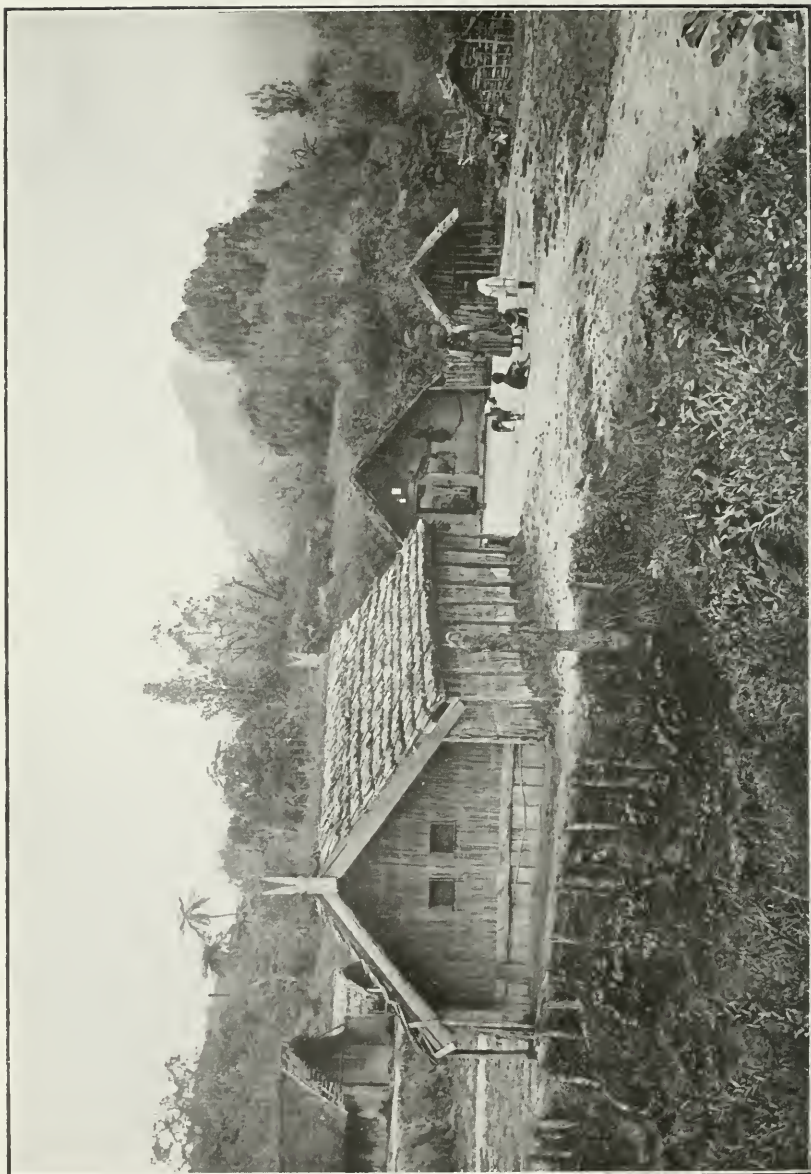
TE KOOTI

Te Kooti was a bold and strong warrior, a firebrand among his fellows, and by thieving, coveting his neighbour's wife, or by arranging and carrying out adventures more or less daring, was always in trouble. He was possessed of great capacity, endurance and ingenuity, and no hole was so tight that he did not find a means of getting out of it. At the Chatham Islands he was the leader among the three hundred prisoners. He never forgot that he was wrongly used, and he vowed vengeance. Two years later, in a cunning and mysterious way, he managed, with some of his companions, to escape by getting on board a trading vessel called the "Rifleman," which was leaving the Chatham Islands for New Zealand. They stole out of their hiding-place one night, massacred the captain and crew, and took possession of the boat, eventually anchoring in Poverty Bay.

The anchoring of a vessel of any size in a port of New Zealand in those days was an event of no small importance, and accordingly, from the shore, hundreds of natives in their war-canoes, like little brown caterpillars, soon swarmed over the water. All were in a state of great excitement, shouting as they rowed, while hundreds ran along the beach with spears and clubs in their hands.

The news that Te Kooti was back again soon reached the Maori pah. All became uproar and confusion: messengers were running in all directions to call the Maoris together, and the women were carrying firewood and food into the fortress of the pah.

In the meantime a feast was prepared, and soon the young and middle-aged women of the tribe came with a half-dancing



MAORI "PAH," OR VILLAGE.

and half-hopping sort of step, to the time of a wild but not unmusical chant. Each woman held high in both hands a smoking basket filled with some kind of Maori food, all hot from the Maori copper (or oven), consisting of kumaras (sweet potatoes), taro, and on the top of each basket of kumaras was placed dried shark, mullet, or pork, all steaming hot. The women placed the baskets on the ground before the hungry men, and in a very short time the feast disappeared, the empty baskets, made of fresh green flax, being flung in heaps to one side on the ground.

THE MARCH OF TE KOOTI

One night, when the Maoris had assembled in the meeting-house, they danced the great haka, or war-dance, to a loud chorus, and the long lines of warriors, tongues protruding, eyes rolling, bodies swaying to and fro as they brandished their spears aloft, jumped and stamped with uniform and furious gesticulations. Te Kooti, the war chief, the leader of the Poverty Bay Hauhaus, danced with more strength and agility than any of the others.

When the night was far spent he went out, wrapped himself up in his feather mat, and lay down near the door, and fell asleep. The haka still went on. After a while Te Kooti jumped up suddenly, and cried, "We must go! We must go!" Calling his followers around him, he said, "Follow me!" Such was the noise and excitement of the dancers, that they did not heed his words. At last, great was their consternation when Te Kooti suddenly stood in the midst of them, his eyes rolling till only the whites were seen. He thrust out a long snaky tongue and grimaced

fearfully, shaking a wooden spear in his hand, which he suddenly cast aside on the ground, and seizing his rifle from the wall, uttered a horrible yell.

All at once his followers jumped high in the air, with their feet doubled under them like deer, and with one voice literally barked out a thundering chorus, halting abruptly with an earth-shaking thud. The warriors gathered round Te Kooti. "Follow me! Follow me!" he said again.

At last they set out eagerly. Te Kooti passed on, and the warriors followed him, all armed with rifles and prepared to do their worst. They left behind them the forest, with its birds and berries and tender palm shoots; even the curled fern fronds began to be scarce. On, on they went, until they came to the river, and, crossing it at a narrow part, they came to a long sandy waste, with hillocks covered with long sapless grass stretching before them. But at last they knew they must be near the end of the sandy waste, for they could hear the waves breaking on the shore. They walked on, following Te Kooti over the sand hills, till at last before them lay the great sea; long curling lines of foam raced along the sands. They had reached the curve of the beach where the road turned inland, and, turning to look at the sea, they held their heads high in pride as they gazed around. Alas! all was silent and solitary, there not being even the screech of wild fowl or the gleam of a white wing in the starlight.



GATHERING FIREWOOD.

J. MARTIN, PHOTO., AUCKLAND.

THE ATTACK

At Poverty Bay the British forces had erected fortifications round Matawhero, where they might retire if hard pressed, and at the same time obtain reinforcements from Napier. Major Biggs, the officer in charge, had been warned to be on the lookout, as Te Kooti had come back and the Maoris were dancing the war-dance. Major Biggs rode into Gisborne and made arrangements for a small force of mounted volunteers to go with him the next day to the Maori settlement at Te Arai and demand the surrender of Te Kooti. That night Te Kooti, with his men, marched nearer and nearer to the Matawhero homesteads. Quietly and cunningly he prepared for his attack. Breaking up his force into small parties, he sent some of them to Repongaere and some to other homesteads, himself with the remainder going to Matawhero, where a further separation was made. A few men were sent to each house, and told by Te Kooti to murder the people and set fire to their houses.

About eleven o'clock that night Major Biggs was sitting alone at the table in his office with a candle alight, his wife having retired. Hearing some one knock at the door, he waited a moment and listened; again the knock sounded, a little louder than before. Getting no response, the midnight visitor became impatient, and suddenly burst the door open. Major Biggs seized his revolver, but was instantly shot down and killed by Te Kooti. Mrs. Biggs, hearing the noise, rushed out with a child in her arms, and was also shot down and killed. The house was plundered and set fire to. When this dreadful deed was done the Maoris rushed off in the direction of another homestead, where they surprised and quickly killed the inmates. A boy on horse-

back had seen the Maoris, and he rode off to warn the people at the next farm. The family there ran away at once towards a creek, where there was a boat, the elders carrying the younger children. Yet so little time had they before the Maoris came that they were on one side of a thick hedge while the Maoris ran past on the other. Crouching down, and bidding the children keep quite quiet, the parents waited in awful fear till the Maoris had reached and entered the house, where the lamp was still alight; then the fugitives crept away towards the creek. Other settlers were also massacred during that terrible night.

Captain Wilson, who had been alarmed by the sound of firearms at Major Biggs' residence, made some resistance; but he eventually surrendered upon the promise that he and his family would be spared. When being led away over the river they were shot down. Captain Wilson was killed, but his wife and son were found alive, but severely wounded, in the ti-tree scrub, where they had crawled for safety. The boy, a lad of nine years of age, very bravely crept out of his hiding-place and searched for eggs to feed his mother and himself. When found by the volunteers, Mrs. Wilson was carefully taken, with her son, to Gisborne, after which she was removed to Napier, where she died within a few weeks.

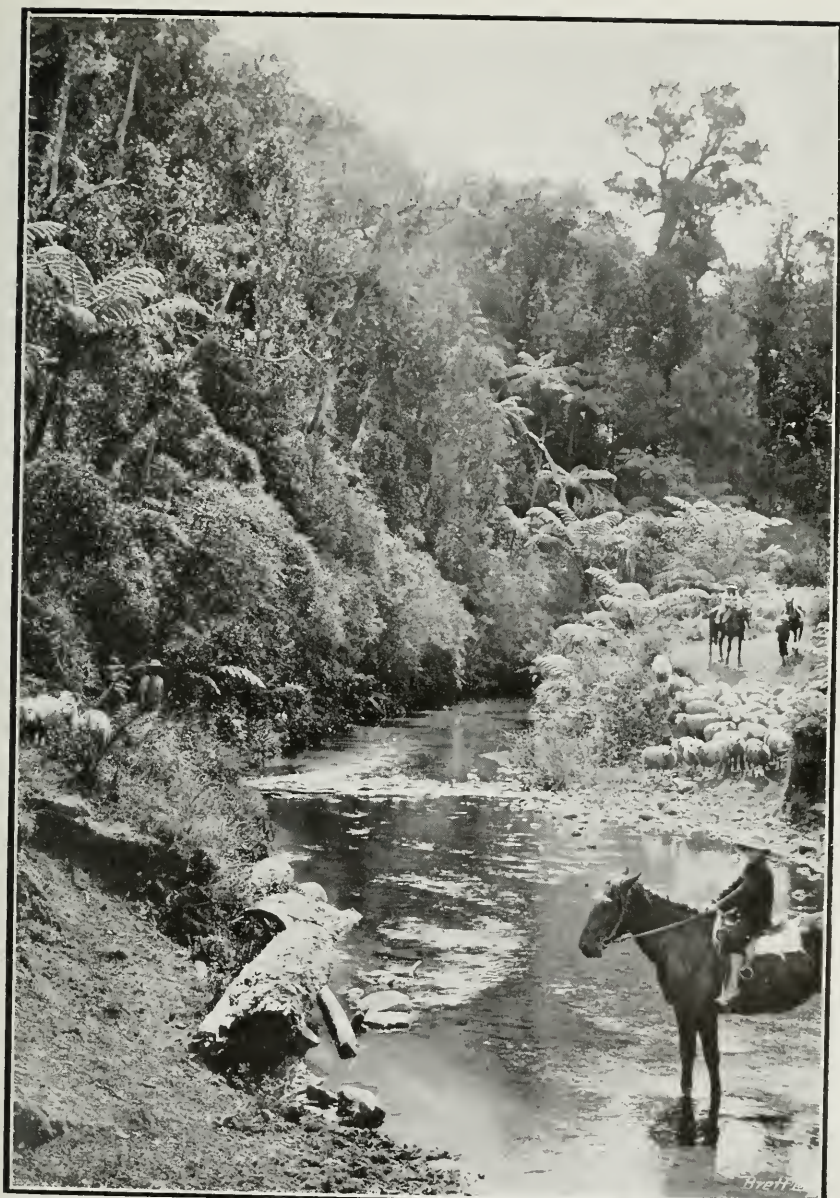
Quite a number of European settlers escaped in marvellous ways, some by hiding in the ti-tree scrub, and others by running along to the beach. Some had only their night-clothes on; being awakened so suddenly, they had no time to dress. Carrying little children on their backs, these poor people journeyed in haste along the beach, reaching the town of Gisborne at daybreak in a most exhausted and distressed condition; others got away in the direction of the Mahia. One vessel carried between thirty and forty women and children to Napier. The Maoris, after burning the houses, withdrew to the hills, carrying with them their plunder.

The first news of this terrible affair was brought to Auckland by the steamer "Lord Ashley," Captain Worsp being in command. At this date Mr. Henry Brett (now the present proprietor of the "Auckland Star") was marine reporter for the "New Zealand Herald," and upon his boat approaching the steamer in the harbour, Mr. Moss, the purser, who had prepared a written account of the massacre, handed the report to Mr. Brett, and advised him to pull for his life, the result being that the "Herald" scored by issuing a special edition before the reporters of the "Southern Cross" reached the shore.

For years throughout New Zealand and in the outer world the name of Poverty Bay was connected with the memory of this dreadful massacre, when the homes of the early settlers were destroyed by the rebel Te Kooti, and many lives lost. In the pretty little Gisborne cemetery, quite near the side of the river, is a large monument, erected in memory of those who were killed at that time, and upon it are inscribed their names.

To-day the flats of Poverty Bay are plentifully decked with trees, and the rivers are lined with willows. Here and there are beautiful clumps of gum trees, rows of poplars, sprinkled with pines, and wild briar and hawthorn hedges. The sight of the farms, with their crops of maize, oats and pumpkins, their herds of dairy cows and their flocks of sheep, looks decidedly picturesque. The opportunities for energy and capital in clearing bush and forming grazing stations are very numerous.

Poverty Bay is proud of the distinction of being the first place in New Zealand at which Captain Cook called, the site of his landing near the foot of Kaiti Hill being marked by a large obelisk of Aberdeen granite. From where the steamers anchor can be seen "Young Nick's Head," the first land sighted by Captain Cook when he discovered these islands.



A. J. NORTHWOOD, PHOTO., KAIFATA, N.Z.

DRIVING SHEEP ACROSS A RIVER.

"THE CHASE OF THE ISLAND"

(So named in allusion to the long pursuit of Te Kooti by the Government soldiers.)

For years Te Kooti was hunted from place to place, his forces being defeated, but he always managed to extricate himself from the most awkward situations. Strong forces were organised; Major Ropata and others distinguished themselves in the various fights that ensued. After the dispersal of his warriors, Te Kooti would organise another party, make raids on unprotected settlers, and then retire to his strongholds. This went on for years, and the people were constantly being alarmed by reports that the Hauhaus were coming.

"Ngatapa," the first of Te Kooti's hill forts, and probably his strongest one, was besieged by Colonel Whitmore with a force of volunteers from the South Island, all the force available in Poverty Bay, and Ropata with his friendly natives. Te Kooti was defeated and scores of his men killed, while in this and subsequent battles numbers of well-known officers and settlers lost their lives.

In the various parts of the country in which severe actions were fought great trouble was taken in trying to stop the spread of Hauhausism. Te Kooti raided Tolago Bay, and the field of action again moved to the King Country; thus did this determined fanatic carry on his atrocious campaign.

The account of these wars supplies some of the most interesting and inspiring pages in the history of New Zealand, when Britishers and loyal Maoris accomplished deeds of daring courage, not the least being the heroic marches undertaken by them. About this time the Governor held a meeting with a large number of friendly natives. His Excellency expressed a

desire for the two races to be at peace, and promised generous treatment to the natives-in-arms in case of surrender. The friendly natives promised to try and persuade the tribes fighting against the British troops to give up their arms and surrender, but it was all to no purpose.

The pursuit of Te Kooti was carried into the King Country, where for years he wandered about with his tribe, being clever enough to evade the law and escape the hand of justice. Large rewards were offered by the Government again and again, but all to no purpose.

Hundreds of natives were caught and imprisoned at various times, many of them being Hauhaus. Many tales are told of Te Kooti's hair-breadth escapes from the Government forces, who relentlessly chased him through the King Country; of the storming of forts, and the daily ambushades which were laid for the white soldiers.

Regarding one of these encounters, a story is told of a young Maori named Tarotoa. At the risk of his life he succeeded in eluding the British troops. He filled his calabash with water, stealthily made his way back again to the Gate Pah, and, climbing over the palisading, put the water within the reach of a dying officer of the 43rd British Regiment, who was mortally wounded in leading the assault against the Maoris. This brave act has been remembered by one of our missionary Bishops, who had a stained glass window erected in his church at Lichfield, with the words, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink."

Te Kooti escaped capture, and was eventually left in peace. Years passed away, and early in the year 1880 the first portion of Maori prisoners were released by the New Zealand Government; later on, in the same year, all native prisoners were set free and pardoned. Consequently the news of Te Kooti's pardon caused much excitement and comment; opinions differed, but

no doubt the British Government acted as wisely as possible under the circumstances.

At that time the rights of the Maoris in their lands were safeguarded by the Treaty of Waitangi, and the Government insisted on colonists paying honestly for the land which they occupied. The British policy was to treat the Maori as a man and a brother, and give him all the rights of a civilised man whenever it was possible to do so; and, when not possible, to consider and make due allowance for the fact of his being uncivilised, and to guide and lead him to become so by just and generous treatment.

Some years after Te Kooti's pardon he proposed to return to Poverty Bay, but there was such a storm of dissent among the Gisborne people, who threatened the most terrible vengeance, that the Government decided to arrest him. A force under Colonel Porter and Major Ropata took him prisoner at Opotiki, but the might of his influence being broken, he was eventually pardoned, and died a free subject.

MAJOR ROPATA

Major Ropata was ever loyal to the Queen and to the Government, and the brave deeds he performed during the war will never be forgotten. It was in fighting the hostile natives in Hawke's Bay and Poverty Bay districts that he rendered special service to the colonists. He especially distinguished himself in checking the spread of Hauhauism and in pursuing Te Kōoti. He never shirked danger in pursuing his enemies, or when meeting them face to face. It was all rough work, requiring unswerving loyalty and boundless personal courage. Without his

help colonisation could not have proceeded, and therefore New Zealanders must ever hold in grateful remembrance the distinguished deeds of this notable fighting Maori chief, famous not only for his personal courage, but for his unwavering friendliness to the British colonists. For his valour he received the decoration of the New Zealand Cross, and his great services to the British were recognised by our late beloved Queen Victoria by her presenting him with a sword of honour.

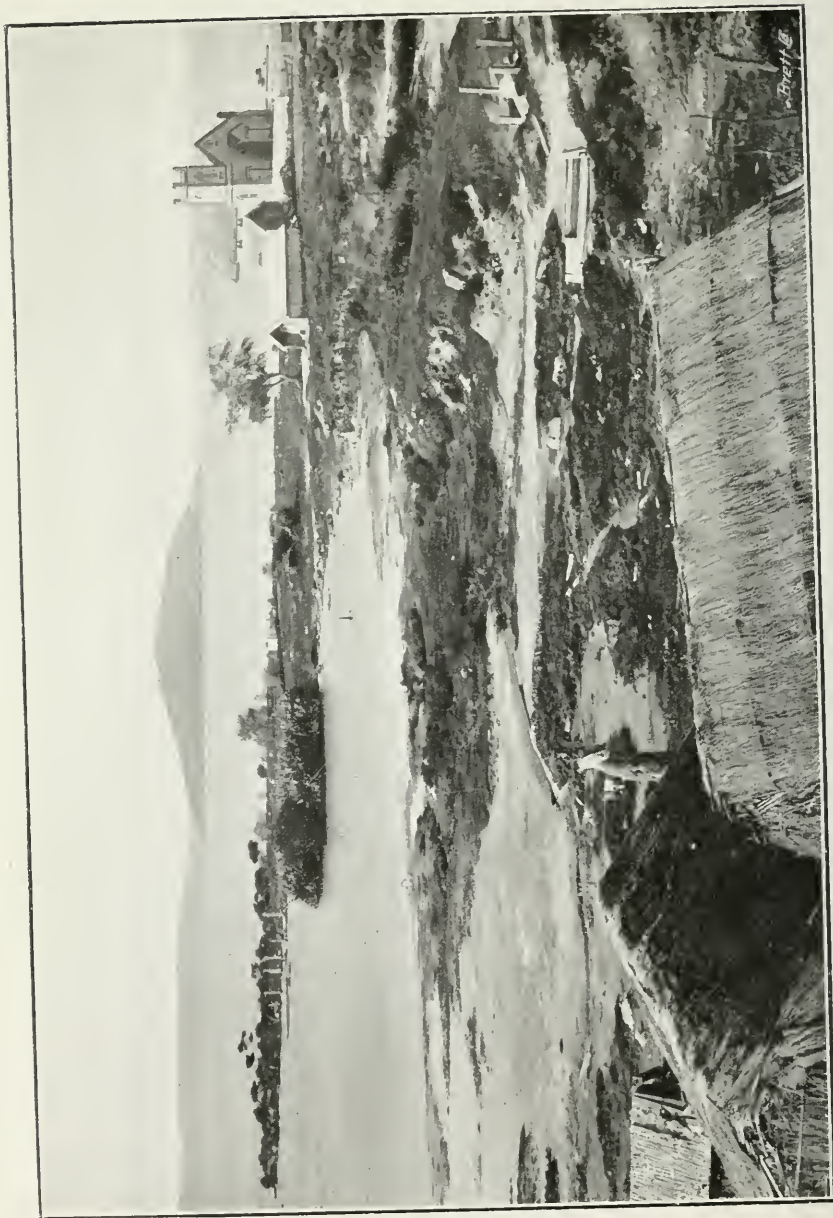
The following is the Maori for "He's a Jolly Good Fellow," etc.:—

"Tenei te tangata pai rawa tu
Tenei te tangata pai rawa tu
Tenei te tangata pai rawa tu
E ki ana matou katoa."

THE HOT LAKES DISTRICT

In the middle of the North Island of New Zealand is the Hot Lakes District. This astonishing district is aptly named "The Wonderland of the World."

In the centre is Lake Taupo, from which flows the swift Waikato River, "Taupo" signifying a place where night and darkness reign, which makes us think of ejections of ashes from the Tongariro volcano obscuring the sky, and causing that name. The natives, however, also designate a scenery of dark, obsidian-like rock at the north coast as Taupo, and they say that the lake got its name from those rocks. The view of this lake from the mountains is magnificent. It presents a vast surface with several long inlets, and with a group of mountains at the head; lying between this lake and the eastern coast is the wonderful Hot



LAKE ROTORUA, FROM OHINEMUTU.

Lakes District, or King Country. It is a country of warm lakes and boiling springs.

The large and beautiful Lake Rotorua lies a little to the north. Rotorua is a favourite place and home of the Maori, many native villages being found scattered over this part of the country. Here the great warrior Te Kooti lived for years at the village of Ohinemutu, on the farther side of Lake Rotorua. This place is interesting also as being the headquarters of the Arawa tribe, which is one of the most important and oldest of the Maori tribes in New Zealand. It owed its origin doubtless to these hot springs, not from any superstitious reason, but for the practical use to which the Maoris could apply them. All over this lake district there are innumerable hot springs and pools of boiling water. There are also hundreds of clear streams which flow into the rivers and lakes throughout the country, all the waters of which swarm with trout, chiefly the Californian rainbow and the English brown trout. These afford splendid fishing in the season and endless pleasure to sportsmen, and without doubt here is the anglers' paradise.

ROTORUA

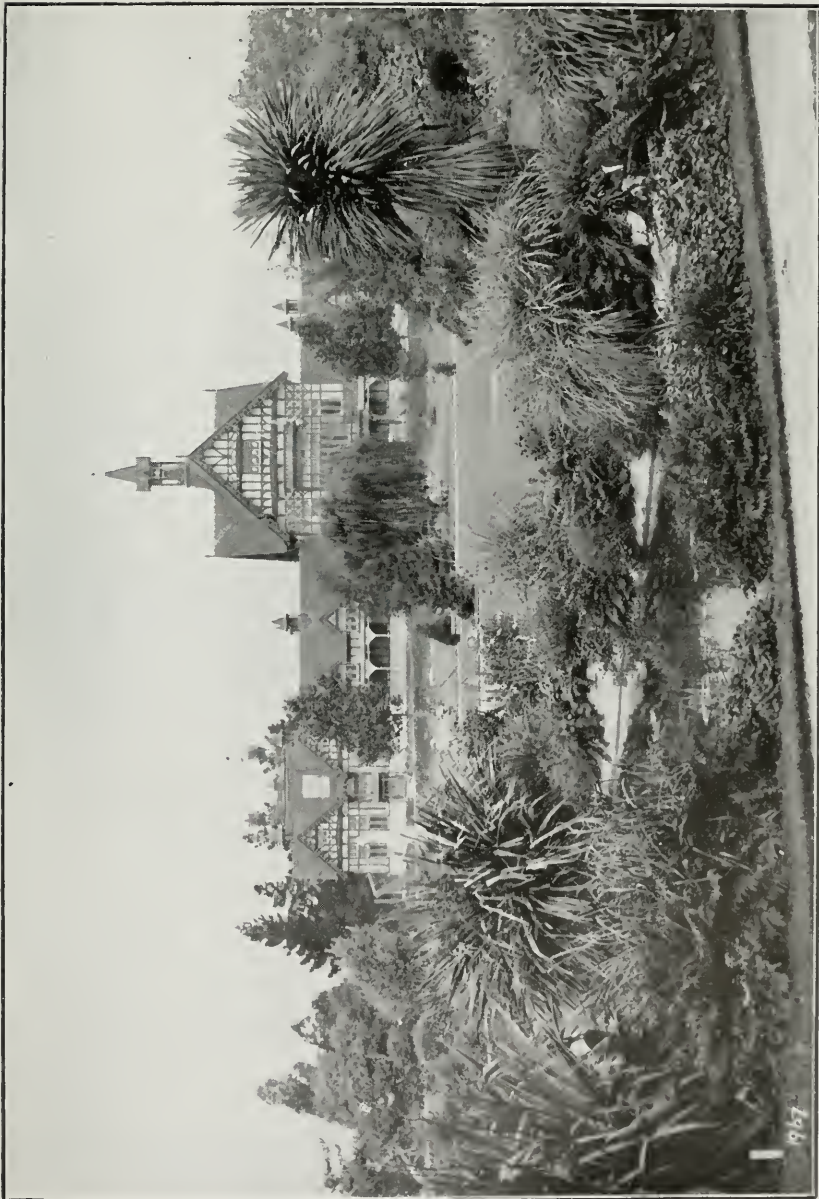
Rotorua is the chief centre of the Hot Lakes District, which includes the Maori villages of Ohinemutu and Whakarewarewa. It is beautifully situated beside the lake, and is the centre of attraction to tourists and others. The Wonderland of the Pacific! A few years ago it was considered practically inaccessible, but now that it can be reached daily by train from Auckland, it is the most accessible of all the places, and is a very favourite resort. It has a delightful climate, and affords novel opportunities for observing the life and customs of the Maori race. The luxurious delight of its delicious baths, and its thousand healing

springs, with their marvellous virtues, have a world-wide reputation. In addition to the mineral baths, there are many varieties of hot mud baths, which are used in the same manner as the famous baths of Italy, France and Germany.

The Government Sanatorium, or new bath-house, at Rotorua is a splendidly-equipped, picturesque place, with its beautiful public gardens very tastefully laid out and carefully cultivated; with playing fountains, bowling greens, tennis and croquet lawns, arbours, shrubberies, and pleasant shady walks, they present a very attractive appearance. In these gardens there are also groups of artificial geysers, known as "Malfroy's geysers," which may be regulated to work at will, these rising to a height of from 6ft. to 25ft. The bath-house is splendidly equipped with every kind of mineral bath, sumptuously fitted up, and opening into equally luxurious dressing-rooms provided with every comfort. The electrical and massage departments are remarkably complete, and comprise, amongst other things, the X-Ray, High Frequency, Vacuum, Vibration, and Hot Air treatments, with all forms of electric water baths, and a very fine "Electric Light Bath" of the latest pattern. There is a magnificent entrance hall, where visitors can gather and enjoy the music of the orchestra. The numerous lakes, geysers, and hot springs, the latter of which possess remarkable curative properties for certain complaints, are all very attractive.

The world-wide importance of keeping this region as a sanatorium for all time has been recognised by the New Zealand Government. They are determined to make it one of the best health resorts of the world, and it is now dedicated by Act of Parliament for that purpose. By reason of its varied interest and exhilarating climate, Rotorua attracts great numbers of visitors from all parts of the world.

Near the little church at Ohinemutu stands a statuette of our late beloved Queen Victoria—a loyal tribute of the Maoris.



THE NEW BATH-HOUSE, GOVERNMENT SANATORIUM GROUNDS, ROTORUA.

GOVERNMENT PHOTO.



THE TEA-HOUSE AND TROOPERS' MEMORIAL IN THE SANATORIUM GROUNDS, ROTORUA.

"THE VALLEY OF SPARKLING WATERS"

"Sulphurous fumes that spout and blow
Columns and cones of boiling snow."

"And simmering, lazy, bubbling pools
Of spluttering mud that never cools."

The valley of Whakarewarewa (a startling name, which means very hot water) is a weird and wonderful place, full of geysers of unique and absorbing interest. All around are jets of steam and boiling springs. There are many seats arranged in delightfully cool and shady places high up on the sides of the hills, from which can be seen the play of some of these marvels. "The Prince of Wales' Feathers," which consist of two geysers throwing up beautiful sprays of showery rainbow plumes, are not the least of them.

When drawing near to this district a visitor would imagine that it was all on fire; columns of what appears to be smoke issue out of the ti-tree bush, and from the shore of the lake, and the ditches by the road side. The water of the lake is lukewarm, and the smoke is the steam rising from the boiling springs. One day you walk over firm ground, and on the next day you may find it a bubbling hole, into which, if you step, the guide will tell you "there is no return ticket"; if you do escape, your foot may be of no further use to you, as a result of its immersion.

These springs extend for many miles. It is said that a Scotchman went to look at them, and gazed breathless for a moment or two; when he found his voice, he exclaimed, "By God, I will never swear again!"

The uncanny suggestions of the place do not detract from its loveliness. The mysterious thuds and noises underground



Fryer & Co.

GOVERNMENT PHOTO

GEYSER AT WHAKAREWAREWA, ROTORUA.

impress one with the idea that some tremendous work is going on below the earth.

The display of some of the geysers is exceedingly fine, there being many varieties of them. Wairoa (a high column of water) is the name of one of the most famous of these geysers; when in action it sends up a mass of boiling water and steam from sixty to a hundred feet high. Pohutu (the splasher) is very like Wairoa, but plays oftener and not so grandly.

The "Brain Pot" is an empty crater quite near Pohutu. It is said that Te Tikutuku, an old Maori chief, and his daughter hid in a cave and remained in safety there for two years, when trying to escape from his enemies; on being discovered he was caught and beheaded, his brains were taken out and cooked in the "Brain Pot," and then eaten by his enemies.

Along the bank of the river running through Whakarewarewa for a stretch of about five hundred yards, there are innumerable steam-holes, geysers, boiling cauldrons, and mud volcanoes. You must pick your way with the greatest care, or you may at any moment tumble into boiling water. In large hollows in the earth, mud of the colour and consistency of "porridge" boils and seethes incessantly, and on the surface bubbles rise and fall with a whizz, buzz, flop! sort of sound. The name "Porridge Pot" is, in fact, an exact description of them. Some are called "Frog Pools," on account of the mud leaping as it bubbles up; others form most wonderful shapes of lilies and roses, cat's eyes, and scroll designs. There is a geyser which is called the "Pig's Grunt," for very obvious reasons.

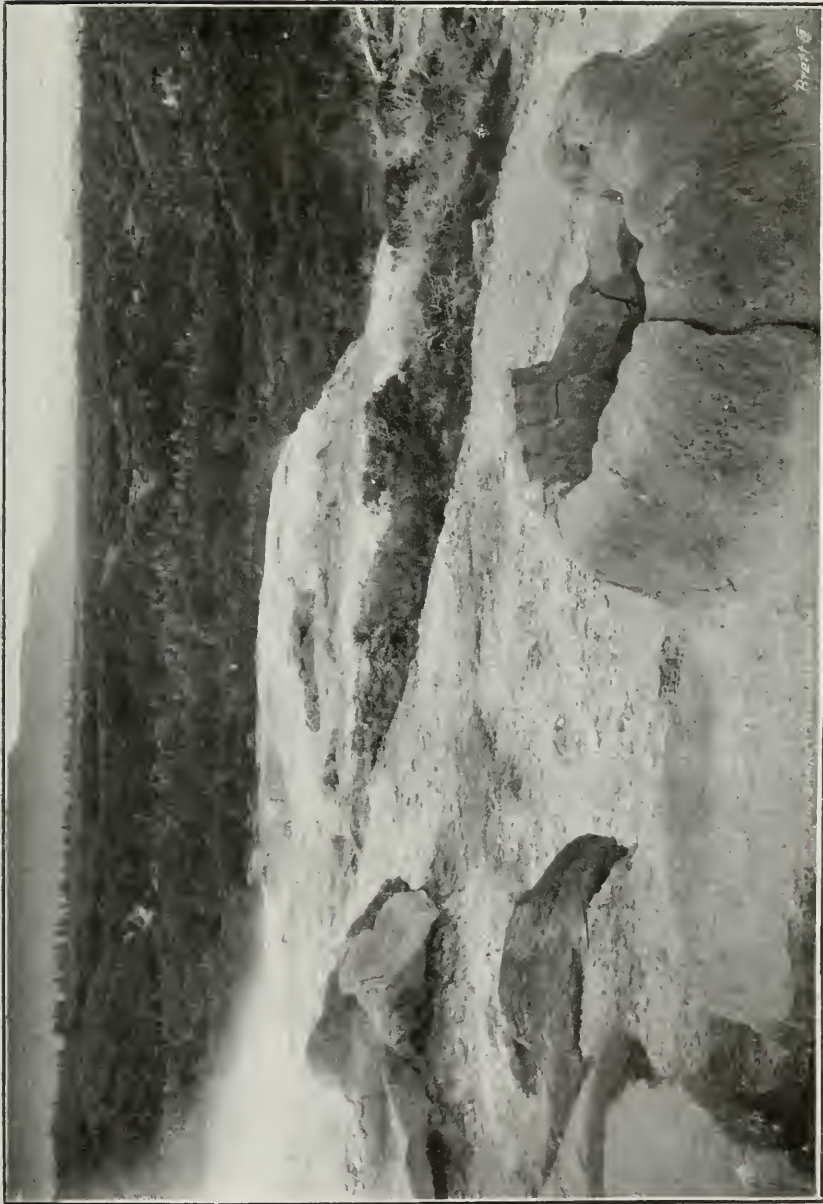
Some of the pools are beautifully clear, and simmer in chalk-white basins of great depth. An extremely beautiful basin of boiling water is aptly known as "The Opal Pool," and from its blue surface rise dense clouds of steam; another is called the "Champagne Pool," on account of its clear, fizzing appearance. It is an enormous, boiling, steaming, glistening, bubbling pool, and, viewed from a distance, is truly a sight of sparkling beauty.



J. MARTIN, PHOTO, AUCKLAND.

WAIROA GEYSER IN ACTION, WHAKAREWAREWA.

The result of "soaping."



J. MARTIN. PHOTO, AUCKLAND.

THE BRAIN POT, WHAKAREWAREWA.

On approaching the geysers you soon become aware of their vicinity by the strong odour of sulphur. After viewing these marvels—for marvels indeed they are to one who is brought face to face with volcanic phenomena for the first time—it seems a series of revelations.

The scene is beyond description; although accounts are written of these wonders of Rotorua and Whakarewarewa, they utterly fail to convey to the mind the weird and marvellous uncanny beauty of these boiling eruptions.

The memory of them will never be effaced; even the dullest intellect must be quickened with awe and reverence when brought face to face with these ominous forces of Nature, which seem as though they might at any time burst forth and convulse the world. Even the coldest and most practical mind must be warmed into enthusiasm by the charm of this enchanted ground.

BRIGHT COLOURS

At Whakarewarewa there are many native men and women to be seen sitting about smoking in front of their whares, and chattering in quiet guttural tones, with grave and wise-looking faces, which are often brightened by the strong sense of humour which is a noted characteristic of the Maori. Others are to be seen moving about near the warm pools, cooking their food and washing their clothes; very bright and quaint they look in their gaily flowered or striped skirts and loose jackets of various colours. Their loose jackets and full skirts seem to be the greatest luxury of the Maori women, and as they choose only the brightest colours—red, green, magenta, purple, blue; in fact, all the colours of the rainbow—the effect is often startling and picturesque. No German aniline dye is too bright for them, and



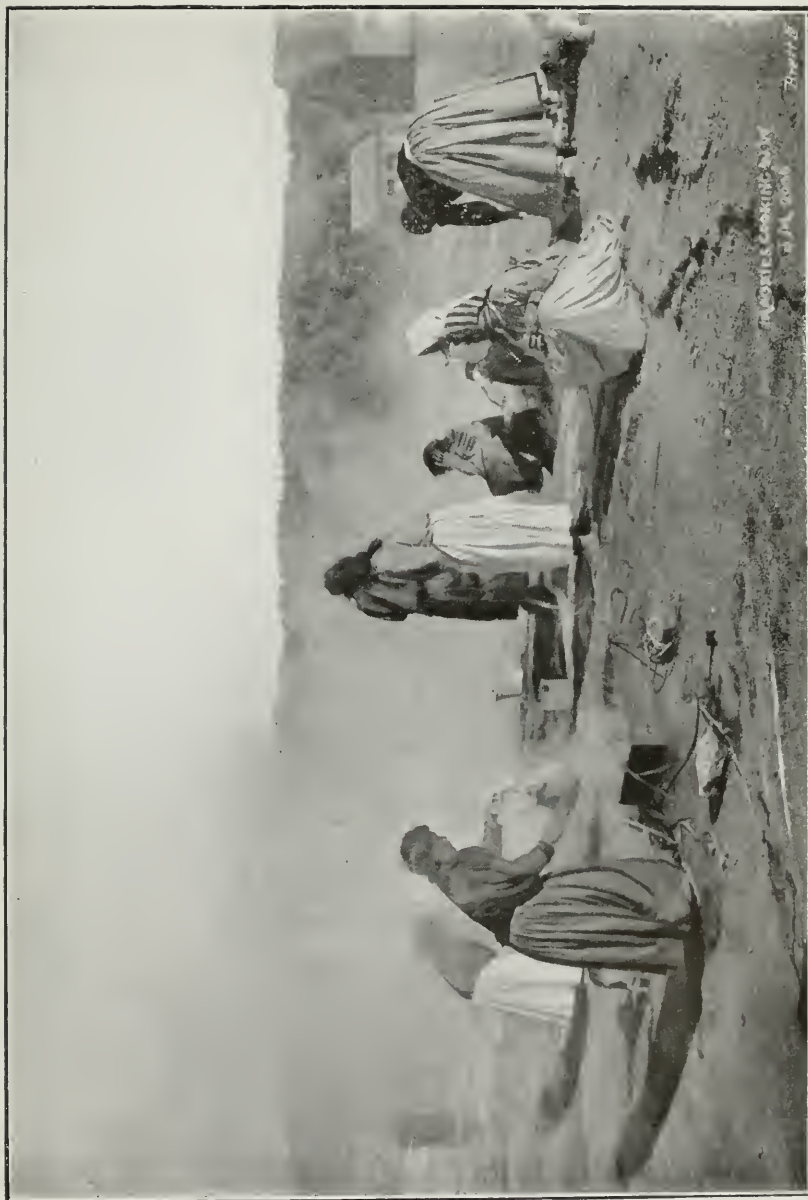
MAORI WOMEN WASHING BY THE BANKS OF LAKE ROTORUA.

This pool is a naturally hot one.

they present an appearance brilliant as any tulip bed. Their dark hair hangs in thick plaits or loose ringlets on each side of their brown faces, and in one ear is to be seen a short clay pipe, while hanging from the other is a long, well-polished greenstone pendant, tied with narrow black ribbon. With a peculiar movement of their hands they gather their skirts at the back of their knees, and sit down on the ground as gracefully as any English lady would seat herself on her drawing-room lounge. They carry their babies strapped across their backs within their shawls or mats.

The Maoris never need to light a fire at Whakarewarewa or Ohinemutu, for in the hot cauldrons they cook their crayfish, potatoes, and pork, etc., and use them also for washing their clothes and bathing themselves. Each Maori sits in comfort near the fumes of his own cooking-pot, and in the holes near the shore of the lake, where the temperature of the water permits it, they are seen sitting up to their necks in the warm baths, enjoying their smoke and the grateful heat.

These hot pools vary very greatly in their temperatures, from degrees delightful to bathe in to boiling point, which enables the Maoris to cook their food and boil their clothes. The steam constantly escaping from the pools carries away all odours, and these pools, many of them fifty feet in diameter, and of a depth unknown and untouched, are boiling, ever boiling, the same to-day as centuries ago, and as doubtless they will boil for centuries to come. There is no artificial heat in the whares (huts), and the meats, fish and vegetables are boiled in these pools. A flexible basket is made of the wild flax by the women, the food is placed in it, and it is then thrust into the boiling water, and the rope holding the basket is tied to a nail driven in a board, or fastened to a stone. The food is soon cooked and ready to be served. At other times a small boiling pool is covered with an old kerosene or powder can, the can covered with cloth or sacking to retain the heat, and the food is speedily cooked.



NATURE'S STEAM-HOLES CONVERTED INTO SQUARE WOODEN "POTS," IN WHICH THE MAORIS COOK THEIR FOOD.

Scores of happy little brown picaninnies (Maori children) paddle about in the water all day long. They love to dive for pennies, and with great glee they show them to you and ask for more.

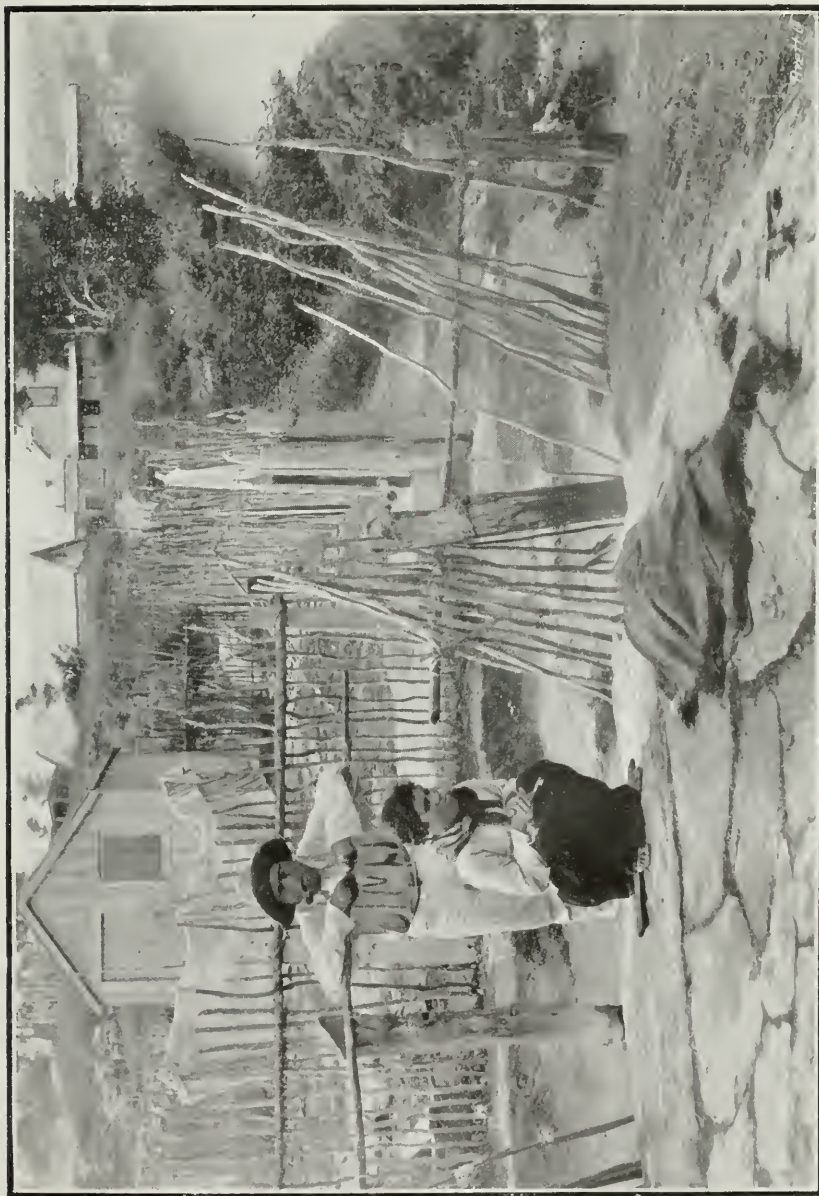
An amusing story is told of an old Maori man. One wet day a gentleman was passing, and saw the Maori bathing in a warm pool with a pipe in his mouth and an umbrella over his head to keep the rain off. Here and there are deep holes, from which every now and again bursts a huge column of boiling water and steam, driven high up into the air by the volcanic force below, and falling like giant fountains into natural stone basins. These geysers are very grand and numerous, being surpassed only by those discovered in the Yellow Stone Park regions of the mountains of America.

Thousands of tourists from all over the world visit these hot springs, some for amusement and curiosity, while others come suffering from rheumatism and other complaints, and hoping to be cured by bathing in these natural warm waters.

THE PINK AND WHITE TERRACES

How beautiful! How wonderful! How strange!
They paddle past—for on the right
Another cataract comes in sight,
Another broader, grander flight!

Chief among the wonders of the New Zealand volcanic country were the beautiful Pink and White Terraces, formed by mineral deposits, which coated these huge "staircases" with a crystal substance, and painted their delicate carvings with the loveliest colours imaginable.



ONE OF NATURE'S STEAM-HOLES, IN WHICH THE MAORIS COOK THEIR FOOD.
Empty flour sacks take the place of a lid.



J. MARTIN, PHOTOGRAPHER, AUCKLAND.

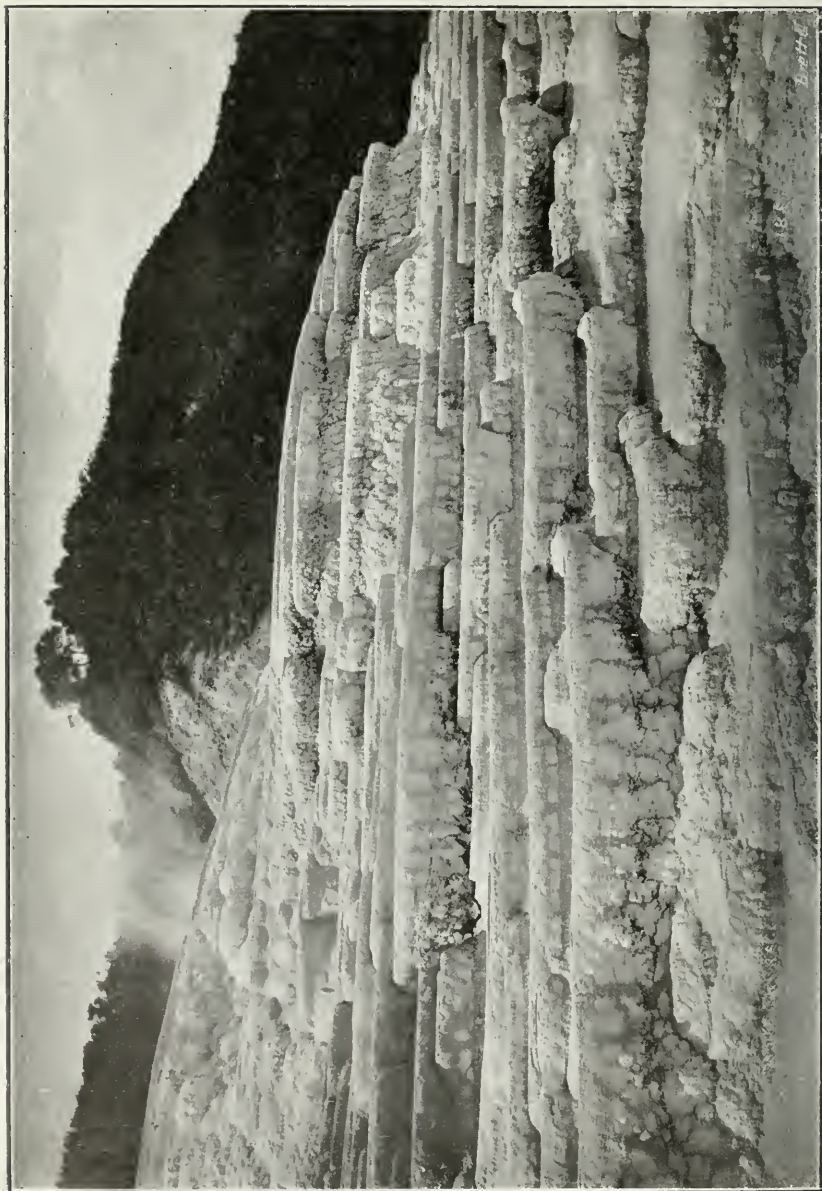
MAORI BOYS AND GIRLS BATHING IN THE WARM WATER AT WHAKAREWAREWA, ROTORUA.

The following highly poetical, but not by any means over-coloured picture, was given of these terraces by one who had the good fortune to visit them:—

"The terraces at a distance appear the colour of ashes of roses, but near at hand show a metallic grey, with pink and yellow margin of the utmost delicacy. Being constantly wet, the colours are brilliant beyond description. Sloping gently from the rim of the crater in successive terraces, they form little bathing pools, with margins of silica the colour of silver, the cavities being of irregular shape, constantly full of hot water, and precipitating delicate coral-like beads of a slight saffron. These cavities are also fringed with porcelain rockwork around the edges, in meshes as delicate as the finest lace. The deposits are apparently as delicate as the down on the butterfly's wing, both in texture and colouring. Those who have seen the stage representation of Aladdin's cave, or any other gorgeous Christmas pantomime, can form an idea of the wonderful colouring, but not of the intricate frost-work, of this fairy-like scene, growing up amid clouds of steam and showers of boiling water.

"As seen through this marvellous play of colour, the decorations on the sides of the basins are lighted up with a wild, weird beauty, which wafts one at once into the land of enchantment. All the brilliant feats of fairies and genii in the 'Arabian Nights' are forgotten in the actual presence of such marvellous beauty; life becomes a privilege and a blessing after one has seen and thoroughly felt its cunning skill."

These terraces were formed in a number of semicircular stages, of which it is said that no two were of the same height. Some were two to three, while others were four to six feet in height. Each of these stages had a small raised margin, from which slender stalactites hung down upon the lower stages, and encircled on its platform one or more basins resplendent with the most beautiful coloured water. These water basins represented



THE LOST PINK TERRACE, ROTOMAHANA.

Destroyed by the eruption of Mt. Tarawera, June, 1886.

J. MARTIN, PHOTO, AUCKLAND.



J. MARTIN, PHOTO., AUCKLAND.

THE LOST WHITE TERRACE, ROTOMAHANA.

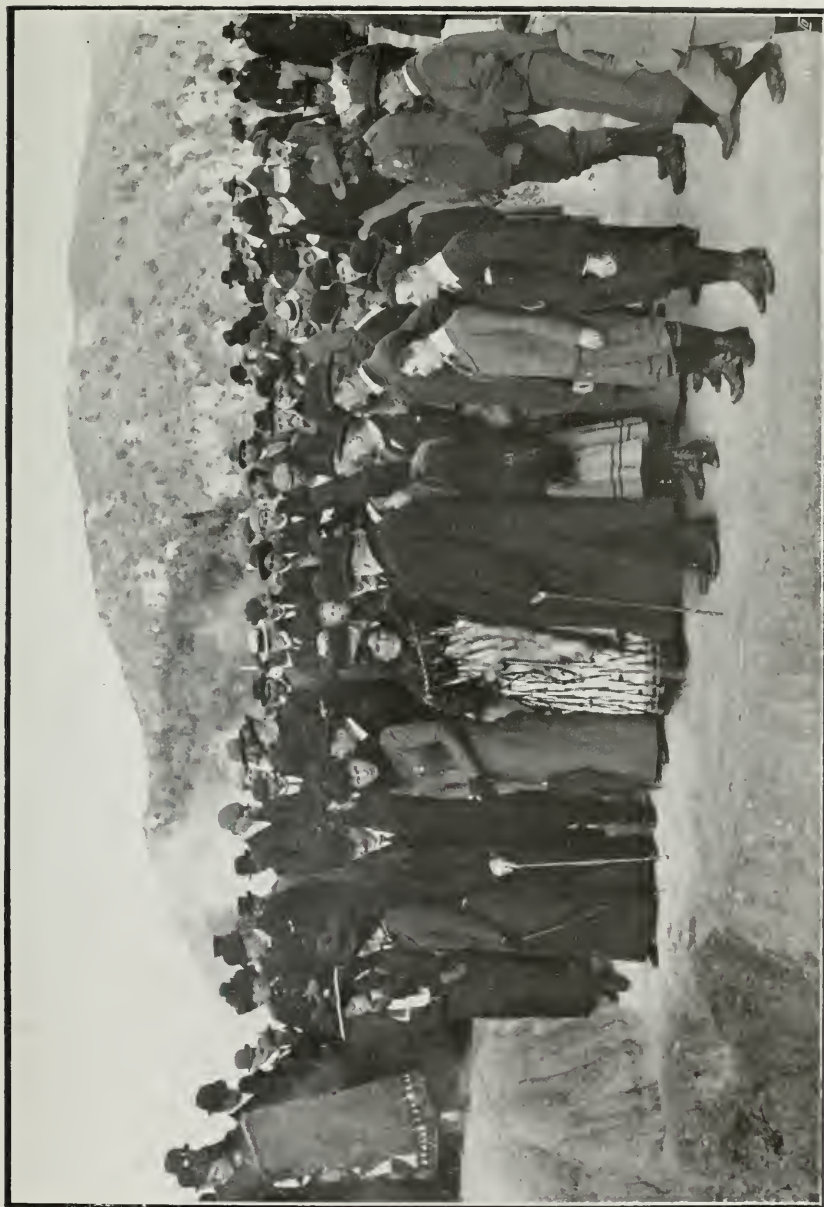
Destroyed by the eruption of Mt. Tarawera, June, 1886.

natural baths which the most refined luxury could not have prepared in a more splendid and commodious style. These basins were of different sizes and of every variety of temperature, as those upon the higher stages contained warmer water than those upon the lower ones. Some were so large and so deep that one could easily swim about in them; others so small that they represented cups of hot water.

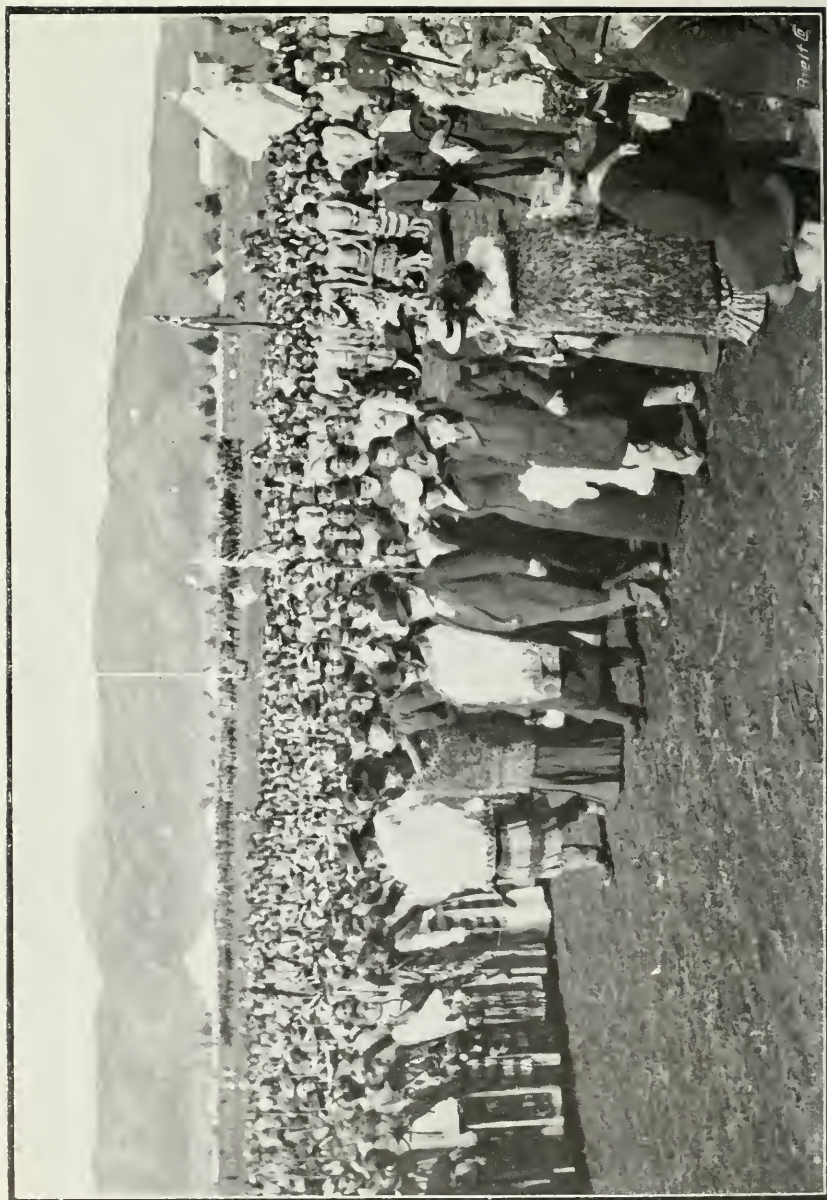
Natural treasures were these Pink and White Terraces, and a great attraction to the country on account of their unique and unrivalled beauty. They were destroyed during the terrible eruption of Mount Tarawera in 1886, and are a great loss to New Zealand.

SOPHIA

About nine miles from Rotorua was the little Maori village of Wairoa, where Sophia, a half-caste Maori woman, once lived. A most intelligent, pleasant woman, gentle mannered and soft-voiced, was this famous Rotorua guide, and remarkable for her courage in times of danger. The first notable visitor to whom she explained the wonders of the Thermal District was the Duke of Edinburgh, the second son of our late beloved Queen Victoria. She also guided the Duke and Duchess of York (our present Sovereigns, King George V. and Queen Mary) during their visit to Rotorua. On this occasion the Maoris presented to their Highnesses some very interesting and unique Maori weapons, a fine woven cloak made of native flax and covered with the delicate kiwi feathers, a royal Toki—the rarest axe they have made—of greenstone jade with a carved wooden handle; also some war-clubs made of greenstone jade, and others of whalebone;



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK AT ROTORUA.
Famous Guide Sophia in the centre with Maori mat on.



GREAT GATHERING OF MAORIS AT ROTORUA RECEIVING THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK.

also fishhooks made of wood, bone and pearl-shell, beautifully carved; ear and neck ornaments of greenstone jade, and a perfect model of a carved Maori house.

An interesting story is told of Sophia seeing a "phantom canoe" on Lake Tarawera a few days before the great eruption occurred. On her return to Wairoa from guiding some visitors to the Pink and White Terraces, it is said that she met the landlord of the hotel there.

"What is the matter with you, Sophia?" he asked. "You seem down in the mouth."

"I shall never go back to the Terraces," she said; "something is going to happen."

He laughed. "Come, come," said he. "What makes you think that?"

"Listen," replied Sophia. "When I was crossing Tarawera to-day on my way back, I looked behind me and saw a war canoe, such as our people used in the old days, full of warriors. It was going swiftly, as if pursued by the enemy, and as I looked it faded out of sight. It is an omen, and I feel that the vision was sent to warn me that I shall nevermore go back to the Terraces."

The landlord looked at Sophia. "It is nothing," he said. "Your imagination is playing tricks with you."

She did not reply, but only shook her head sadly, and proceeded to her little whare.

A few days later the forces of Nature broke out with irresistible fury. The Tarawera Mountain was rent in twain, Lake Rotomahiana was blown up, and the beautiful Terraces were shattered into ten million fragments. Vision or no vision, Sophia's strange premonition came true.

When this great outburst of Tarawera took place the little village of Wairoa was overwhelmed, and during this time Sophia acted with wonderful courage, saving the lives of some forty

natives and several Europeans by guiding them to refuge in her whare, a good specimen of the better class of native house, with stout walls and high-pitched roof covered with wiwi grass.

Sophia and some of the Maori survivors of that dreadful visitation afterwards settled at Whakarewarewa; there she became one of the principal guides, and lived to a great age. She



THE ROYAL TOKI.

A Maori chief's axe. The rarest they have.

worked hard, and endured her full share of privation and hardship, yet she always looked bright, and was always a great favourite.

As we look around and hear the story of that fatal and terrible night, we try to picture to ourselves what that scene was like; we hear the thunder roaring and see the flashing of lightning, and feel the earth shaking as though its foundations were

giving way, while the terrific storm rages without a moment's cessation.

Constant, uncanny, rumbling noises can be heard, then suddenly a frightful explosion, and the heavens are lighted by a burst of flame that rushes in fury far above and over the hills; then crash after crash, as fresh large volumes of hot ash and red hot stone fall down the rocky sides of the mountain, destroying many precious lives and covering up some of the fairest spots on earth.

There still remain countless lakes, rivers, cascades, pools, and springs of hot water, kept always filled by the volcanic kettle underground.

THE BONE SCRAPER

Visitors to Rotorua who have spent part of the time at Whakarewarewa will probably remember a certain "old identity" who made for himself a name and reputation throughout the district.

While most Maoris are shy and reserved with strangers, this "Old Boy" was never known to be bashful. He would come forth to meet the stranger with a most ferocious grin. This ancient Maori was rather short of stature and very grizzled. His occupation was chiefly in connection with the ceremonies of the "Tangi" performed for the dead.

Among civilised people, it is customary for the nearest relatives of the deceased to perform these ceremonies. In Maoriland the ceremonies of the "Tangi" are performed by the old men, and if they come into personal contact, the Maoris consider that they are "tapu" as well as the old men. On these occasions the slightest

contact dooms the innocent to a long period of tapu. Thus the old men are left to perform the protracted ceremonies with such help as they can procure.

Patera's chief recommendation to the stranger was the elaborate "Moko," or tattoo, which made his natural ugliness more strongly marked. As soon as he heard of the arrival of visitors, he would go forth to meet them, presenting his "mokoed" face to be photographed with the groups collected for the purpose of taking snapshots. He would make no effort to speak, but expressed himself by signs, like a "deaf mute," opening his mouth and pointing down his capacious throat.

"Here," he would say (by his dumb motions), "is a fine specimen of a Maori chief, who would like to join the company in a drink." "I must get him," the visitor would say, and his camera was immediately produced. The "old man" was soon posed, a grey blanket as background, a Maori mat as costume, and a taiaha spear as a club. All indicated the ancient cannibal, and a few exposures made the picture complete.

The second act in the pantomime followed immediately, and expressive grimaces indicated the perpetual thirst, and the need of a drink which was claimed as payment for services rendered, without any "credit" being allowed for promiscuous "tips."

A few shillings would be offered him, but not enough to satisfy his demand. The impecunious old veteran would persist in his importunity, and the visitor would be induced to continue the administration and watch the effect, only to be "had," for it was currently reported that no one had ever been found to satisfy the old "tippler."

One day old Patera made a curious mistake. He came forward with a very old garment on, once to be recognised as a coat. As this was falling to pieces, he had picked up a scrap of blue material, which he used to tie his tattered old coat together. The daily gathering of visitors were astonished, and laughed at



THE BLUE LAKE (TIKITAPU), ON THE ROAD TO WAIROA.

his usual claim for drink, and said Patera had joined the Blue Ribbon, and called him a Blue Ribboner. He became very indignant, and exclaimed, "No Pure Ribbon! No Pure Ribbon!" When he found the fun was turned against himself, he tore off his badge, and tried again with the next group.

THE BLUE AND GREEN LAKES

(TIKITAPU AND ROTOKAKAHI)

Leaving Rotorua, the road to Wairoa leads over some wooded hills, and then runs along the shores of the pretty Green and Blue Lakes. As the coach suddenly emerges from the bush, the Blue Lake bursts into view in all its splendour and glory, presenting a most enchanting scene. There is a path leading from the road near the lake to the top of some low hills, which obstruct a view of the lakes simultaneously, but from this summit the distinct colours of each can be easily seen. They form a beautiful contrast, Tikitapu being a glorious sapphire blue, while Rotokakahi is a clear sparkling emerald green. The names are derived from the intense colours of the waters.

At the noted village of Wairoa, just a short distance past these lakes, are still to be seen the half-buried wrecks of the old water-mill, the two hotels, and the remains of Sophia's whare, where, during the Tarawera eruption, she saved about sixty persons.

Another very interesting place in the district is Te Aroha (Mountain of Love), also famous for its hot springs, which are remarkable for their curative properties for various complaints. The township is prettily situated on the banks of the river, and from the top of Mt. Te Aroha (3,000 feet high) a splendid view of the country around can be seen.



C. TOMLINSON, PHOTO, CHRISTCHURCH.

THE FAMOUS BLANKET, WAITOMO CAVES.

WAITOMO CAVES

Not far from Auckland are the Waitomo and Ruakuri Caves, admitted to contain some of the finest stalactites, stalagmites, and grottos in the world—Nature's underground wonders in New Zealand. These caves are close upon a mile in extent, and are shown by means of magnesium lights. The various passages are filled with beautiful stalactites and stalagmites, caused by the water percolating through the earth above. A river runs through the caves, and adds greatly to their natural beauty.

There are wonderful representations of catacombs, miniature pink and white terraces, the famous blanket and exquisite shawl-pattern stalactites, with their folds shining and reflecting different colours under magnesium light. Vaults close on seventy feet in height, with the underground river running at the bottom, and with their magnificent growth of stalactites and stalagmites, are indeed a wonderful sight. When the lights are turned out, the chamber is almost sufficiently lighted by means of the glow-worms, which look like myriads of coloured electric lights in miniature, festooning the roof and walls, and these are reflected in the water below. It is said by visitors that the Waitomo Caves compare more than favourably with the celebrated Jenolan Caves of Australia.

The Maoris have a legend that some of their race, when hunting for birds, found two dogs in the vaults, and from this they have taken the name "Ruakuri," which means a dog's hole. The approach to them is down a lovely river gorge, with some very fine bush scenery.



A NATIVE GATHERING.
Art Gallery, Auckland, N.Z.

By Walter Wright.

MAORI HOSPITALITY

“Haere-mai! Haere-mai!
Greetings, greetings to you, strangers,
Strangers from the far horizon,
From the bounds of earth and heaven,
Where the sky and water meet.
From the very distant places,
Welcome ye, oh come, oh come!”

Among the Maoris, as among most uncivilised or partially civilised races, hospitality prevails to an extent that would hardly be credited in European lands. Their cheery cry of welcome, “Haere-mai! haere-mai” (Come! come!) is raised as soon as friends, or even strangers, are seen approaching the pah or village. If a meal is ready, or as soon as food is cooked by the women, a shout of “Nau mai e kai!” (Come and eat) is the invitation. It is the women who chiefly raise these cries; the men, sitting in dignified silence, await the arrival of the guests, and during the meal they do not converse. The conversation which goes on around a European dinner-table would be regarded by the Maoris as a great breach of etiquette, as they consider it interrupts the enjoyment of the food.

As the friends are seen approaching on the other side of the river, some of the lads or younger men of the village hurry across with canoes to ferry the visitors over the water. The dogs, of course, welcome them, too, by keeping up a chorus of barking—whether of welcome or threatening is not easy to tell. Their owners, however, generally seem to regard it as the latter, as they mix with the cries of welcome the shouts of “Hu, hu,” to stop the noise of the dogs, and this produces an amusing effect.



J. MARTIN, PHOTO, AUCKLAND.

"TE HONGI."
Maori way of salutation.

The food is served in small flax baskets, which are placed on the ground.

The "Hongi," or salutation, is unique. When the Maoris meet, they press or rub their noses together, at the same time holding each others' hands, and murmuring or droning like a bee a loving greeting or welcome, "Naumai haeremai, haeremai" (Be welcome, thrice welcome).

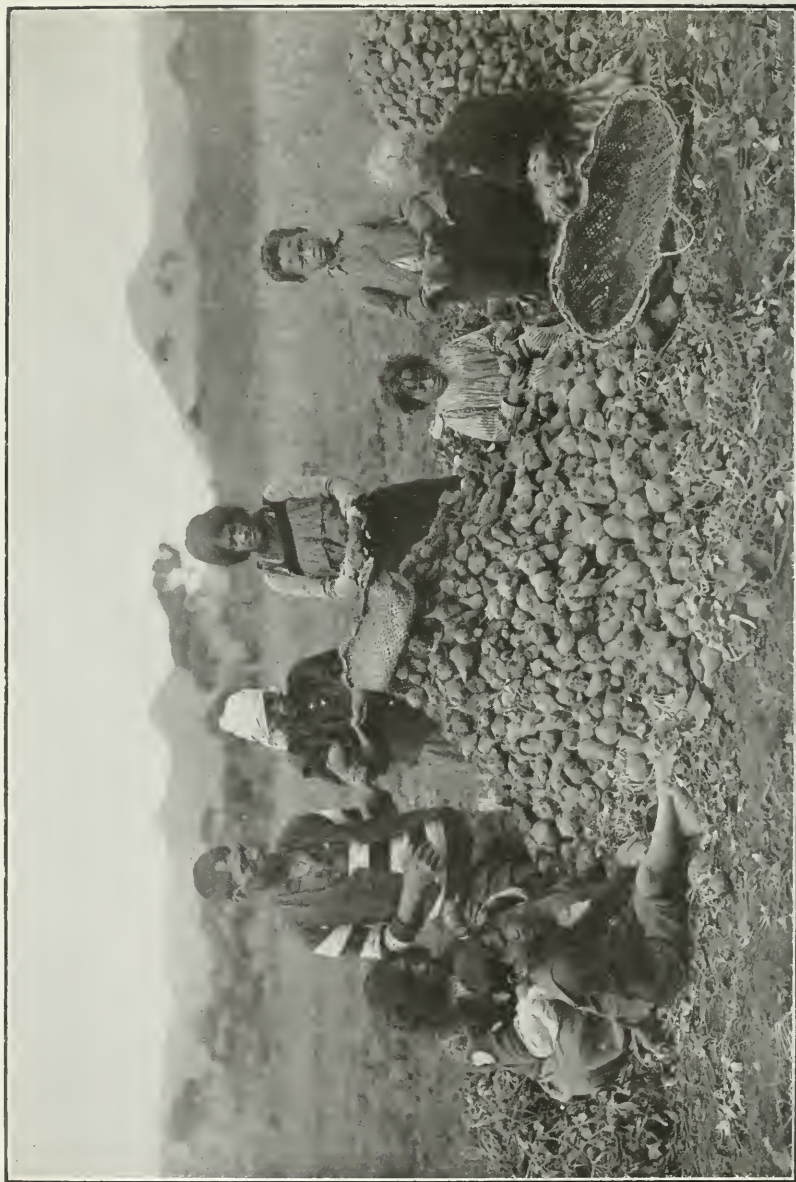
"Tena koe?" (How are you?) is a familiar greeting.

Once a gentleman was riding through from Rotorua to Tauranga; he mistook the road, and, on looking round, he saw a native "pah" not far away. On going up to the fence he saw a Maori girl, shoeless and hatless, digging up potatoes in the paddock by the roadside. She looked rather intelligent, so he thought that by the aid of signs and a little gibberish he might make her follow his meaning. He went up to her and said, "Haeremai," and then said to her in broken English, "You makey tell me road to Tauranga?" She didn't answer him, and her face assumed a peculiar expression, not unlike contempt. He thought that the look meant she was puzzled. He tried again, with more signs: "You makey tell me road to Tauranga?" This time there was no mistaking the expression on her face. After "taking his measure," she said, "I beg your pardon, but don't you think you had better speak English?" This was too much for the gentleman. He burst into a loud peal of laughter, and has never been guilty of the same mistake since.



A. J. NORTHWOOD, PHOTO., KAIHIA, N.Z.

THE KUMARA MAN.



A. J. NORTHWOOD, PHOTO, RAUWAI, N.Z.

THE KUMARA HARVEST.

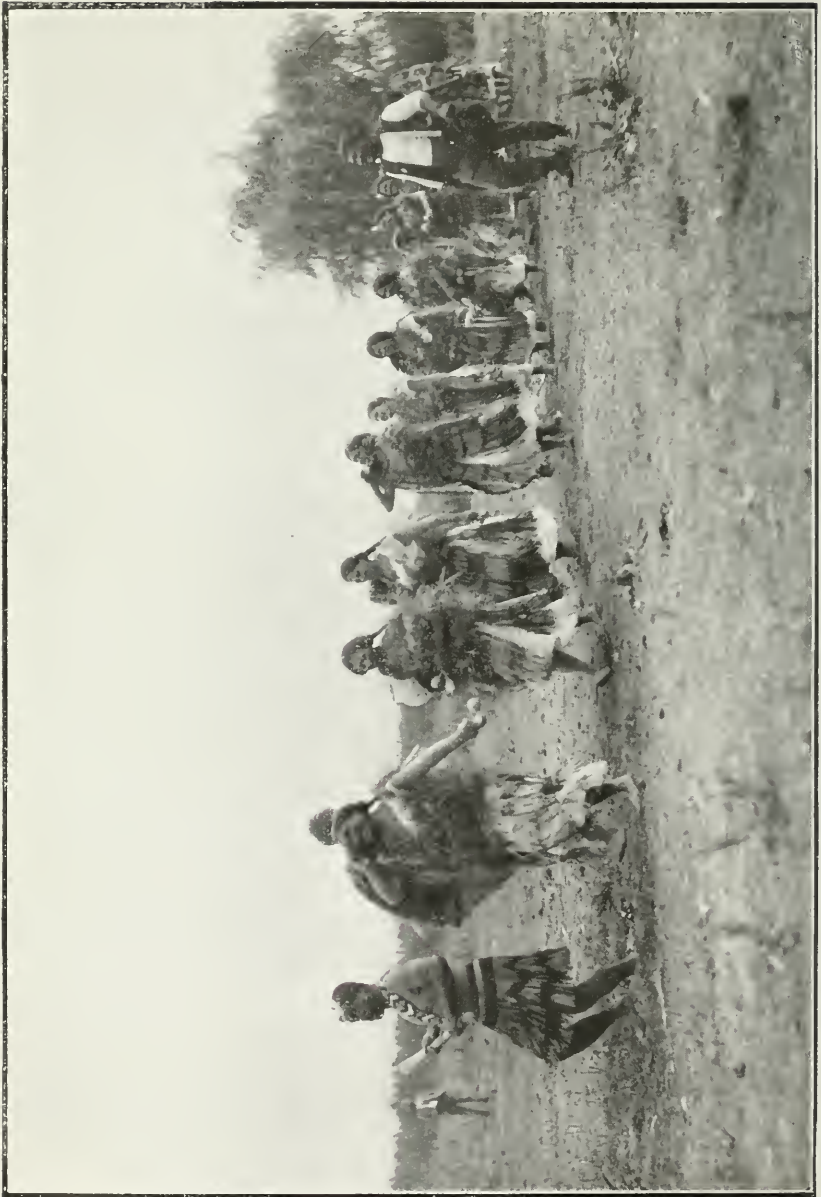
THE "POI" GAME OR DANCE

In the olden days one of the principal sources of amusement in almost every village was the "Poi" game, or dance, which was, and still is, an intricate and bewildering exhibition of a remarkably picturesque and delicate example of the poetry of motion. A happy, smiling group of dancing Poi girls move gracefully into the opening of the village, dressed in their loose crimson and various-coloured short skirts and jackets of gorgeously flowered prints, their brows bound about with red handkerchiefs, which hold in place the black and white feathers of the rare "Huia" bird, their cheeks daubed with red ochre paint, and greenstone and sharks' teeth pendants hang from their ears.

Barefooted, and with heads held high, they place their hands on their hips, at the same time holding their poi-balls, which are attached to tiny flax strings. These poi-balls, being made of rapu, are very light, and are quickly spun in the fingers in accompaniment to every movement of the body. An old tattooed, white-haired Maori woman comes forward and leads the chant for the dance.

As the dancers give themselves up to the rhythm of the music, their dark eyes flash, and their long black hair floats in the air. Their bodies sway from side to side, and quiver and jerk in strange contortions, while with every movement they sing in rhythmic time to the chant of the old Maori woman.

The same old, old dance of the Venus gods, the Hulahula of the Hawaiians, and the Siva of the Samoans. The kanikani (dance) grows faster and wilder, and the eyes of the girls roll



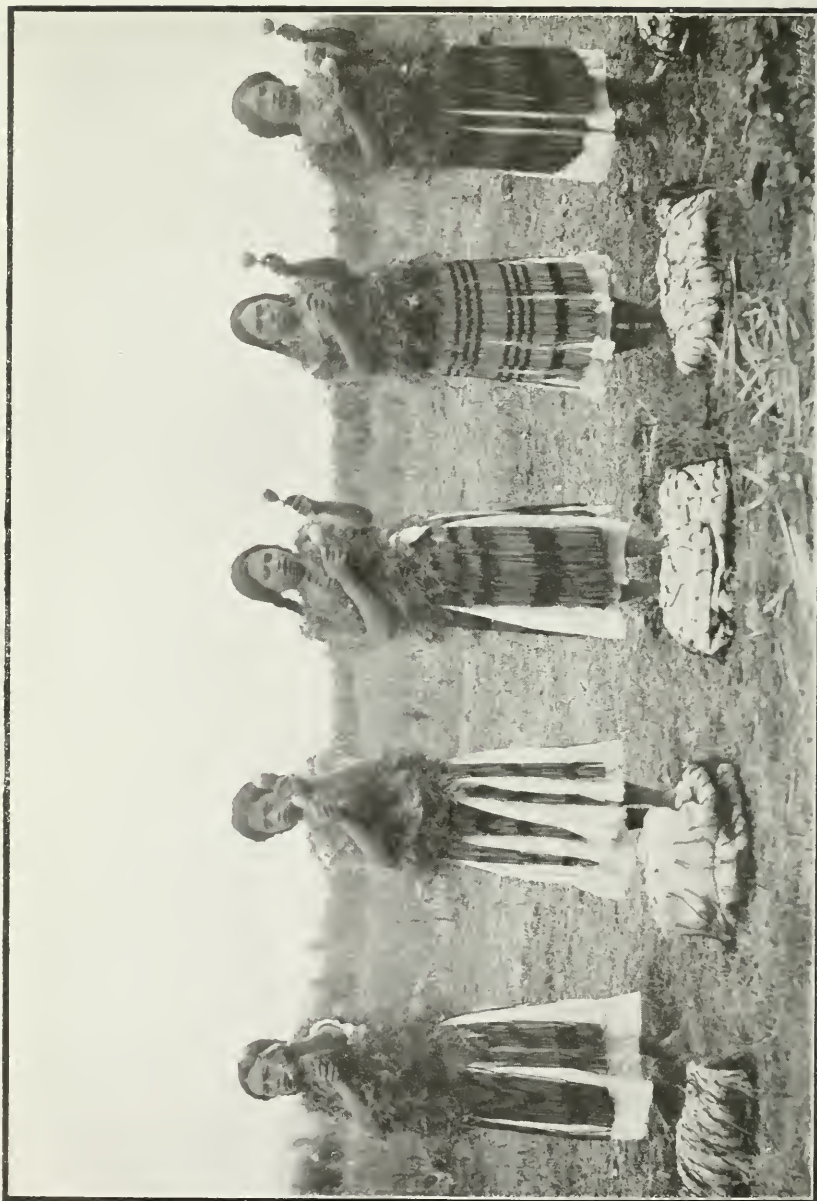
THE ARRIVAL OF THE POI DANCERS.

until only the whites are seen; then all at once the chant ends on an unexpected high note, and the girls stop, breathless and glowing with their emotions. Then, with a peal of merry laughter, they run off and disappear into the houses.

Another amusement was the "Moari" or native swing, which was constructed of a long pole—usually a rewa rewa tree, varying in length from 30 feet to 80 feet, terminating with a carved head at the top. There were generally a number of ropes suspended from the top of the pole, with loops at the bottom, and also about four feet or five feet up, so that the swingers could either put a foot in one, or hang on by the arms alone.

The most popular place for the "Moari" was on the lake shore, or over a deep pool in a river. On a summer day it was a most enjoyable sight to see the village lads and girls whirling round in mid air to a rousing chorus, and when the chorus ended all would let go, and fall unceremoniously into the water, amid the boisterous laughter of the onlookers. Very often the amusement was varied by the swingers plaiting their respective ropes into one thick, solid rope, much the same as in the Maypole.

Another ancient game was the "catch" game, played by two persons, the object being to induce your opponent to follow your movements. The game taught quickness of hand and eye. Another of much the same kind was played with sticks passed round a circle of players.



POI GIRLS.

A graceful dance requiring great skill in the quick manipulation of the poi balls, which each dancer holds in her hand.

THE QUEEN OF THE WATERS

HINEMOA, THE MAORI HEROINE

"Love rules the court, the camp, the grove."

In the centre of Lake Rotorua, about three miles from the shore, is the beautiful little island called Mokoia. Low, wooded cliffs, fringed with ferns and the long plumes of the graceful toi-grass, jut out here into the clear waters; undulating slopes, thickly covered with many-coloured bracken, stretch to the edge of the bright sandy beach. In the spring, sprays of starry white clematis blossoms, with their shining, bright green leaves, hang in graceful groups among the dark green of the bush.

Fern-clad and fertile, this delightful little island lies like a green gem on the waters of the lake—a lake made famous by the very pretty and romantic Maori legend of Hinemoa, the lovely, high-born maiden of Rotorua.

As a Maori tribe live on the Island of Mokoia, while others live upon the mainland, many native canoes may now, as in days gone by, be seen passing backwards and forwards between the different villages. Hot springs rise out of the shore at the south end of the lake, and bubble and steam amidst the clumps of bushes, forming, as of old, luxuriant bathing places of varied heat for these happy people, who sit in them for hours together.

A long time ago there lived at Rotorua a beautiful young Maori girl called Hinemoa, who belonged to the tribe living on the mainland. She was more beautiful than any maiden far or near, and her wooers were many, the fame of her loveliness having spread from Rotorua even unto the North Cape.

One day there was a large gathering of the various branches of the Arawa tribe at Ohinemutu, the village on the Rotorua

side of the lake. Hinemoa's many suitors came from far and near, clad in fine mats, and bringing costly presents to lay at her feet. Never before had the shores of Lake Rotorua witnessed such an array of rank and beauty. It was the custom in those days of old, on great occasions, for the young and old to join together in song and dance.

Among the visitors assembled was a fine young man named Tutanekai, whose father was Tuwharetoa, and whose mother was the wife of Whakaue, the chief of Mokoia Island. He greatly admired the lovely maiden, but owing to his birth stain he dared not aspire to the hand of such a high and noble maiden as Hinemoa. However, for months past, Tutanekai had practised the "haka" dance in secret with his friend Tiki. Soon after the arrival of the guests at the assembly, the natives, as was their custom, began to dance the haka in honour of their host.

The Rotorua Maoris, with Hinemoa at their head, were watching the dance, when suddenly Tutanekai sprang forward into the front rank: with every nerve quivering with the joy of life, he danced up and down from one end of the line to the other, and many of the dancers caught some of his wild enthusiasm. Hinemoa became greatly impressed with his grace and noble bearing, and the proud citadel of her heart was captured by this clever attack of Tutanekai.

When the meeting was over and all the farewell speeches were made, the chiefs and visitors returned to their own homes and waited to hear the result of Hinemoa's choice, each one fondly imagining that he had won the love of the lovely maiden of Rotorua. After returning with his father and brothers to their own village on the Island of Mokoia, Tutanekai and his friend Tiki built a high look-out on the slope of the hill, with a fine view of the lake. Tutanekai used to sit there in the evenings with his friend Tiki. They were both fond of music, and played the pipe and flute.



Brett ©

WASHING DAY.

A. J. NORTHWOOD, PHOTO., KAITIAKI, N.Z.

In the calm evenings, when the starry eyes of the Southern Cross were hidden behind drifting clouds, the sound of their music was wafted by the gentle breeze across the lake to the village of Ohinemutu, where dwelt Hinemoa, the beautiful maiden, with her dusky skin and dark eyes. As she wandered up and down the sandy beach of Rotorua with her sister Wahiao, she could hear the sweet-sounding music played by Tutanekai and his dear friend Tiki. This gladdened her heart, and every night the two sisters walked up and down in the bright moonlight, while every night the two friends played on their instruments. Hinemoa said to herself again and again, "Ah, that is the sweet music of Tutanekai that I hear!"

Although Hinemoa was prized so much by her own people, they had not yet betrothed her to any chief. She had often met Tutanekai on the occasions when all the Maoris of Rotorua met together in those great assemblies. They often glanced at each other, and to the heart of each of them the other appeared pleasing and worthy of love, so that there grew up a secret love for each other.

Tutanekai was at first afraid to venture too near, but, however, one day he sent a messenger to Hinemoa to tell her of his love. When Hinemoa had heard the message she said, "Have we indeed then each loved alike?" According to the custom of her people, she sent her handmaid to tell the messenger that she would be pleased to see Tutanekai.

Hinemoa hastened to tell her father of her love for Tutanekai. The old chief was very angry, and said she had chosen a man who would disgrace his untarnished name, and vowed never to allow him to set foot on their shores again. But Hinemoa was not discouraged. Her choice was fixed. What if her father had dared not to allow Tutanekai to set foot on their shores again!

Some little time after this Tutanekai and his brothers were

together one evening in the large warm house of assembly. Now, each of his elder brothers greatly desired to have Hinemoa as a wife. The elder one said, "Which of us has by signs or by pressure of the hand received proofs of the love of Hinemoa?" One brother answered, "It is I who have!" while the other said, "No, but it is I!" Then they questioned Tutanekai, and he said, "I have pressed the hand of Hinemoa, and she pressed mine in return." But his elder brother said, "No such thing. Do you think she would take any notice of such a low-born fellow as you are?"

Tutanekai then told his reputed father, Whakaue, that he really had received proofs of Hinemoa's love, and that they had sworn eternal love for each other. They had even then, he said, actually arranged between them that Hinemoa should run away to him.

Hinemoa had said to Tutanekai, "What shall be the sign by which I shall know that I should then run to you?" He answered, "A flute will be heard sounding every night; it will be I who will sound it, beloved; paddle then in your canoe to that place." So Whakaue kept in his mind the confession that Tutanekai had made him. Thinking that Hinemoa might row across to the island, her father ordered all the canoes to be pulled high up from the waters' edge—far beyond the beach.

At last the night came when Hinemoa went down to the beach to row across the lake to her lover. Finding all the canoes high up on the shore, she was greatly troubled, knowing by this that her father had ordered it to be done as he suspected her of rowing across to the Island of Mokoia. She sat down upon the ground for a moment, beneath the swaying nikau palms. The moon hung like a golden lamp high up in the sky, and shone brightly on the blue unrippled waters of the lake and on the bush-clad Island of Mokoia. As its light fell on Hinemoa's troubled face, the sweet music of Tutanekai's flute reached her

ears. This made her heart rejoice again, and she determined that as there was no canoe she would brave the dangers of the deep waters and swim across the lake to her lover.

Taking two large, dry, empty gourds as floats, she went out upon a rock, and, throwing off her garment, she cast herself into the water. After swimming for some distance, she reached the stump of a sunken tree which used to stand in the lake, and clung to it with her hands. She rested to take breath, and after a little while she swam on again: whenever she became exhausted she floated with the current of the lake, supported by the gourds, and, after recovering strength, she swam on again. But she could not distinguish in which direction she should go because of the darkness of the night. Her only guide was the soft strain of music from the flute of Tutanekai, and by that sign she swam on, very slowly now, for her strength was failing fast. Very far away seemed the note of the flute. At last she reached the Island of Mokoia. Her heart was filled with great joy when her feet touched the sand of the shore. Wearily she sat down on the island at last.

After resting a while, she got up, wondering how she would find her lover. Into whatever house she entered the owner (according to Maori law) could claim her as his own. At this moment Tutanekai unconsciously came to the rescue.

At the place where Hinemoa landed there is a hot spring, which is separated from the lake by only a narrow ledge of rock. Hinemoa hid herself in the hot spring under the overhanging rock, for she was trembling all over, partly from the cold after her long swim, and partly also from modesty at the thought of meeting Tutanekai under such circumstances. While she was warming herself in the hot spring, Tutanekai happened to feel thirsty, and said to his friend Tiki, "Bring me a little water." So Tiki went to fetch water for him, and drew it in a calabash from the lake close to the pool in which Hinemoa was sitting.



HINEMOA'S BATH, MOKOIA ISLAND, ROTORUA.

She became very frightened at seeing a man coming near her, and called out to Tiki in a gruff voice like that of one of his own sex, "Whom is that water for?" Tiki told her that it was for Tutanekai. Hinemoa then asked Tiki for a drink (according to Maori custom they must not refuse a drink of water to anyone who asks for it), so he handed her the calabash, thinking that Hinemoa was a man and a chief. She took a drink, and then, with a swift stroke, broke the calabash against the rock. Tiki returned and got another calabash, which he also filled with water. Again Hinemoa, in her assumed voice, ordered Tiki to give her the calabash, and, according to their custom, he gave it to her.

Hinemoa then broke the second calabash, and ordered Tiki to tell his friend what had happened. When Tutanekai heard the story of this strange man's conduct, he said, "How did the rascal dare to break my calabash?"

Seizing his spear, he went with Tiki to avenge the insult. On reaching the place where Hinemoa was hiding, he called out, "Where's that fellow that broke my calabash?" So he went feeling about all along the banks of the hot spring, searching everywhere, while Hinemoa lay coyly hidden under the ledge of the rock, peeping out of her warm bath, and wondering when she would be discovered.

At last he caught hold of a hand, and cried out, "Hallo, who's this?" And Hinemoa answered, "It is I, Tutanekai."

Then he said, "But who are you?" "Who's I?" Then she spoke louder, and said, "It is I; 'tis Hinemoa!"

Tutanekai was so overjoyed that he immediately caught hold of her hands, saying, "Can such, in very truth, be the case?"

She answered "Yes," and she rose up in the water, as beautiful as the wild white hawk, and stepped upon the edge of the bath as graceful as the shy white crane.

Tutanekai removed his feather cloak, and wrapping the

lovely form of Hinemoa in its folds, took her to his own house, which, according to the ancient laws of the Maoris, made them man and wife.

Soon after this Tutanekai appeared coming from his house, with Hinemoa following him. His elder brothers saw that it was indeed Hinemoa, and they said, "It is true! It is a fact!"

THE LOVES OF TAKARANGI AND RUA-MAHORA

Te Puni, one of the great chiefs of the Ngatiawa tribe, and a steady friend and adherent of the Europeans, embraced Christianity and was baptized in the Maori Church at Pepitea, when Sir George Grey and many others were present. Connected with this ceremony an interesting incident, illustrative of the simplicity of the old chief's character, is related. When asked by what Scripture name he would be baptized (this being the usual practice), he said he was not worthy to be called by any Scripture name, but would take the name of the lowest servant in the Governor's household. This being Johnson (Honiana), he was so named, because, as he said, it asserted nothing; whereas his heathen name, Te Puni (The Camp) was given him for saving his pah from the enemy. He was a man of great influence, not only with his own tribe, but also with the Ngatitoo, with whose assistance he and his people had conquered the country round Wellington, from which they expelled the Ngatikahungunu, its former possessors. The Ngatiawa claim descent from Manaia, one of the traditional Maori immigrants from Hawaiki, the branch of the tribe over which Te Puni was chief.

A story is told of an ancestor of Te Puni named Rangiarunga, a chief of the Taranaki tribe. His pah was called Whakarewa; it was a large pah, and renowned for the strength of its fortifications. This chief had a very beautiful daughter, whose name was Rua-mahora; she was so celebrated for her beauty that the fame of it had reached all parts of these islands, and had, therefore, come to the ears of Te Rangi-Apitirua, a chief of the Ngatiawa tribes, to whom belonged the pah of Puke-Ariki, on the hill where the Governor's house stood in New Plymouth. This chief had a son named Takarangī; he was the hero of his tribe. He, too, naturally, heard of the beauty of Rua-mahora, and it may be that his heart sometimes dwelt long on the thought of such great loveliness.

Now, in those days long past, there arose a war between the tribes of Te Rangi-Apitirua and of the father of Rua-mahora, and the army of the Ngatiawa tribes marched to Taranaki to attack the pah of Rangiarunga, and the army invested that fortress and sat before it night and day, yet they could not take it. They continued, nevertheless, constantly to make assaults upon it, and to attack the garrison of the fortress, so that its inhabitants became worn out from want of provisions and water, and many of them were near dying. At last the old chief of the pah, Rangiarunga, overcome by thirst, stood on the top of the defences of the pah and cried out to the men of the enemy's camp, "I pray you to give me one drop of water." Some of his enemies, pitying the aged man, said "Yes," and one of them ran with a calabash to give him water; but the majority, being more hard-hearted, were angry at this, and broke the calabash in his hands, so that not a drop of water reached the poor old man, and this was done several times whilst his enemies continued disputing amongst themselves. The old chief still stood on the top of the earthen wall of the fortress, and he saw the leader of the hostile force with the symbols of his rank fastened

on his head. He wore a long white comb, made from the bone of a whale, and a plume of the long downy feathers of the white heron, the emblems of his chieftainship. Then was heard by all the voice of the aged man, as he shouted to him from the top of the wall, "Who art thou?" And the other chief cried out to him, "Lo, he who stands here before you is Takarangi"; and the aged chief of the pah called down to him, "Young warrior, art thou able to still the wrathful surge which foams on the hidden rocks of the shoal of O-rongo-mai-ta-kupe?" meaning, "Hast thou, although a chief, power to calm the wrath of these fierce men?" Then proudly replied to him the young chief, "The wrathful surge shall be stilled; this arm of mine is one which no dog dares to bite," meaning that no plebeian hand dared touch his arm, made sacred by his deeds and rank, or dispute his will. But what Takarangi was really thinking in his heart was, "That dying old man is the father of Rua-mahora, of that so lovely maid. Oh, how I should grieve if one so young and innocent should die tormented with the want of water!" Then he arose and slowly went to bring water for that aged man and for his youthful daughter, and he filled a calabash, dipping it up from the cool spring which gushes up from the earth, and is named Fount Oringi. No word was spoken, or movement made, by the crowd of fierce and angry men, but all, resting upon their arms, looked on in wonder and in silence. Calm lay the sea that was before so troubled, all timid and respectful in the lowly hero's presence, and the water was taken by Takarangi, and by him was held up to the aged chief. Then was heard by all the voice of Takarangi, as he cried aloud to him, "There, said I not to you no dog would dare bite this hand of mine! Behold the water for you and for that young girl." Then they drank, both of them, and Takarangi gazed eagerly at the young girl, and she, too, looked eagerly at Takarangi. Long time they gazed, each one at the other; and as the warriors of the army of Takarangi looked



J. MARTIN, PHOTO, AUCKLAND.

GLORIOUS NEW ZEALAND BUSH.

The home of the Tui.

on, lo! he had climbed up and was sitting at the young maiden's side, and they said amongst themselves, "O, comrades, our lord Takarangi loves war, but one would think he likes Rua-mahora almost as well!" At last a sudden thought struck the heart of the aged chief, of the father of Rua-mahora, so he said to his daughter, "O, my child, would it be pleasing to you to have this young chief for a husband?" and the young girl said, "I like him." Then the old man consented that his daughter should be given as a bride to Takarangi, and he took her as his wife. Thence was that war brought to an end, and the army of Takarangi dispersed, and they returned each man to his own village, and they came back no more to make war against the tribe of Taranaki; for ever were ended their wars against them; and the descendants of Takarangi and Rua-mahora dwell near Wellington.

LEGEND OF TONGARIRO

A pretty touch of the Maori imagination is told in the legend of "Tongariro" (the burning mountain).

Tongariro, a beautiful maiden, was beloved by two young men named Ruapehu and Taranaki, who lived near the mountain. They vied with each other in their devotions, and she liked them both; but the gentle Taranaki touched her heart more than the stern and masterful Ruapehu, so to him she gave her love. One night, under the star-lit sky, these two told their tale of love, but they were afraid of the anger of the vengeful rival, Ruapehu.

A wicked mountain named Karangahape learned their secret, and told it to Ruapehu. Great and fierce was his anger, and

from his crater he took the largest rock and hurled it at his rival. It hit the mark, but bounced off into the lake, where it lies to this day, as the Island of Motutaiki.

The gentle-natured Taranaki trembled in fear, and drawing his snowy mantle over his head, fled from the scene of his love to the far west; and as he fled he wept, and his tears are the waters of the broad Wanganui. When he arrived at the western shore the mighty ocean stopped his flight, and there he stands to this day, in solitary grandeur.

Ruapehu's vengeance did him no good, and he still frowns coldly in sullen wrath, while Tongariro sends out her warm breath towards the banished lover, Taranaki (Mt. Egmont).

The following Maori legend, bearing on the origin of thermal activity on White Island, will be read with interest:—
“Ngatoroirangi, the high priest, who accompanied the migration from Hawaiki to New Zealand, was prevented by the duties of his office, when the canoe Arawa was drawn up at Maketu, from going with the rest of the occupants to claim a piece of the new country for himself. His slave told him he had seen far off a high mountain, and if he went to the top of it he would see far more country than could be seen from the lower hills. So they went together to the top of Tongariro, and from there Ngatoroirangi took possession of a vast estate, giving names to the peaks and forests and rivers which bounded it. On turning to his slave, he found he was frozen to death. Feeling his own legs growing stiff, he got on his dog's back and rode a little way, when the dog was frozen. In despair he called to his sister in Hawaiki, a great sorceress. She heard him, and seizing a blazing brand from her sacred fire, plunged into the sea and made for New Zealand. She came up near land in the Bay of Plenty, and then dived again, leaving the spot alight where she first emerged (now

White Island). On reaching the mainland she went under ground till she reached the top of Tongariro in time to save her brother's life. The sparks from her brand caused the hot springs and the volcano of Tongariro."

A CHIEF'S FUNERAL

Some years ago the village of Te Rapa was overwhelmed by an avalanche of mud, in which the great chief Te Heuheu perished. He is said to have been a giant, of nearly seven feet in height, and had silvery hair. He was buried alive with his six wives and fifty-four natives during this awful catastrophe, the landslip being connected with a flood which occurred during the night time. His brother Iwikau had his dead body exhumed from the entombed village, and accorded him a solemn interment.

Te Heuheu being a great chief, his remains were disinterred after some years (according to Maori custom), laid upon a kind of bed of state, and preserved in a magnificently carved coffin.

The sacred remains were intended to be then conveyed to the summit of the Tongariro Mountain, for the deep crater of the volcano was intended to be the final grave of the hero of the tribe, and the heaven-ascending pyramid of scoria and ashes its monument. But the grand idea was but half carried out. As the bearers were approaching the top of the ever-steaming cone, a subterraneous roaring noise became audible, and, awestruck, they deposited their heavy load upon a projecting rock. There the remains were left. After this, however, the mountain was most strictly tapu, and nobody was allowed to ascend it.

The natives of his tribe erected to his memory a mausoleum (wahi-tapu), which is said to have been a masterpiece of Maori architecture. Under picturesque groups of karaka and kowhai trees were the remains of several beautifully carved posts, with most noteworthy representations, which had reference, no doubt, to the inexhaustible manly vigour of the departed hero, and to his numerous wives.



