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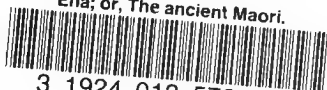
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EN A,  
OR THE ANCIENT MAORI.



E N A,

OR

*THE ANCIENT MAORI.*

BY

GEORGE H. WILSON.

LONDON:

SMITH, ELDER & CO., 15, WATERLOO PLACE.

1874.

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E.V.

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JT



## P R E F A C E.



THE following pages were written among the hills, ravines, and forest wilds of a portion of the writer's adopted country. Years have passed since he first saw from the deck of the barque "Ann Wilson" the lovely scenery of Port Nicholson, during which he has observed the native New Zealanders under their own genial skies, and in daily intercourse with some few of the Maori race. The writer therefore hopes that this not altogether fictitious story will be acceptable to many who desire to know something of those distant islanders, many of whose lives present a continuous tragedy from the cradle to the grave.

He also desires to acknowledge his obligations to the pathetic story of a New Zealand *Iphigenia*, as

narrated in the poem of "Ranolf and Amohia" by Mr. ALFRED DOMETT—a work which is an enduring monument to the Maori of a bygone time. To the truthfulness and classic beauty of that noble gift to New Zealand the writer of the following pages begs to bear his humble testimony.

Native Reserve,  
Te Aro pah, Wellington,  
New Zealand.

*Dec. 1872.*

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# EN A, OR THE ANCIENT MAORI.



## CHAPTER I.

### INTRODUCTORY.

“A tale of the times of old.”—*Ossian*.

THE axe of the bushman has swept the hills bare, the forest has disappeared, and where once the Maori roamed under the tenebrous branches of his ancestral trees the *Pakeha* now guides the plough: the aboriginal is giving place to the stranger; the colonizing and aggressively civilizing energies of the latter have quite supplanted the retrogressive customs of the former. Such may be the reflection of some who, like myself, may find themselves led by business or pleasure to explore the fine tracts of country that occasionally border the west coast of the North Island.

A few dilapidated enclosures crowning the summit of a hill, a few midden-heaps on the sea-shore, are among the scant memorials by which we discover that, somewhere near, the Maori once had a "local habitation and a name": those small enclosures mark the place where the native laid his dead in times when the presence of the stranger brought comparative security to his humble home, or later in accordance with a more civilized form of burial, imitated from his new preceptors; the high westerly winds and the cattle of the colonist have broken down the rude woodwork of the tombs, and in a few years hence no relics will remain to preserve the sacredness of the place: the humble earth-cairns will be smoothed for ever. So it is with the war-pahs of the Maori; what the hand of Time would have spared for years, the ruthlessness of enemies of their own race has destroyed: in our museums alone may now be seen a few memorials of an unusually interesting people. Ere oblivion slowly consigns to the past the poetic phases of the ancient Maori in his sorrow and in his joy, and ere the dim reminiscences of them are quite effaced by his unromantic descendant of to-day, I have attempted to depict, with such skill as I am master of, the defeat and exile of a portion of a once powerful tribe by the aggression of a more warlike people than themselves.

At a point on the western shores of the Bay of Porirua the yellow sands have been carried by the winds over many remains of the Maori ; the traveller at the head of the bay passes Ration-point, occupied by the British army during a late war ; he next passes a place called Motukaraka (or, the isolated Karaka-grove), though the trees are no longer to be seen, and here, on a slight eminence overlooking the bay, the trench of a small military fort is still discernible ; passing on under the shadow of a range of hills on the right hand, the classic ground of the ancient Maori is before the traveller.

Paramatta Point (the yellow point of the hydrographer), which is at the inner entrance to the bay from Cook's Strait, is next passed ; and here stands the ruin of a stone building used as a military barrack in the war before mentioned. The tourist observes with increasing attention, not quite free from painful associations, that here was once an extensive graveyard : the memorabilia of mortality are strewn in profusion on the barren stretches of the sand-drifts ; the surgeon's saw has been busy on many of the crownless skulls, and the ends or sides of the rough wooden coffins that protrude from the ground bear melancholy witness that the faithless sand-dunes have betrayed their trust. If the song of a passing

native is heard, as he paddles his canoe whilst proceeding to or returning from his fishing grounds, the dirge-like wail has a strange and mournful effect on the mind, especially if one chances at the time to be among the unsepulchred bones that are left to whiten in the blast.

Leaving Paramatta behind, the tourist by a well-worn pathway passes upwards on the ridge of a series of richly-turfed hills, having on his left Cook's Strait, and on his right Taupo Swamp, the scene of stirring incidents during the rule of one of the country's ablest English governors. After passing this place the country spreads out before the traveller in the form of an amphitheatre of vast dimensions ; a tract of land of great value to the colonist for pastoral and agricultural purposes : mile after mile is passed under the over-arching branches of the forest trees, or along open glades of unrivalled beauty, where small streams of pure water cross every low-lying path. The trees in most places are young, evidently showing that formerly this entire locality was cultivated by its native owners ; and the crops now grown here are celebrated for their yield and quality.

Ascending a gradually sloping champaign, the pedestrian finds himself after an hour's walk at the base of an abruptly terminal ridge, known as



Wairauki; crossing a deep gully of easy passage, the ridge is ascended and the crest is gained, whereon a few years since stood the ruin of an extensive war-pah; the principal timbers had been burnt down or removed, only the posts of black tree-fern remained which had formed part of the principal wharis in the enclosure: the double lines of palisades with their ditches were not discernible, yet sufficient existed to prove to the inquirer that the position was one well chosen for a look-out, being of great strength and extremely difficult either to invest or surprise.

The cattle of the settler are now folded on the site of the ancient war-pah, and only a few hazy traditions linger among the farmers as to whom those lands originally belonged; a stone flax-beater or a flint adze-head is perchance picked up by the solitary shepherd; but the uses of the decaying posts that beacon the hills are almost unknown, and the terraced hill fronts are unnoticed, the practical pursuits of the colonist leaving him neither time nor inclination to indulge in romance.

Several dismantled canoes were lying on the beaches below the foot of the steep, rocky precipices; and, scattered under some remarkably fine gnaio trees (the only remains of the primeval forest), were a few elaborately-carved stern-posts of the most ancient

form of the war-canoe. The sea and the distant shores of the Middle Island were the same at the time of my visit as they were more than sixty years ago, when the actors in my story, in their final struggles for freedom, here lived and loved, suffered and passed away.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE SHIPWRECK.

“ The sea darkly tumbled beneath the blast  
The roaring waves climbed against the rocks.  
The lightning came often and showed the blasted fern.”

—*Ossian.*

THE third morning of a storm long memorable had dawned with unaltered signs of its continuing for at least another day : the wind still blew a heavy gale, making a very plaything of the sea, ploughing the water into furrows of tremendous depth, and mantling the summits of the dark green ridges with a crisp white foam : the thundering billows lashed each other with a magnificent action, which once seen is never forgotten.

On the summit of steep piled crags and frowning precipices stood, many years ago, a Maori war-pah ; its site overlooked the sea, and toward the land its defences presented a series of earthworks and palisades constructed with skill, and evincing military tactics of

a high order : on either hand, deep ravines cut off from the adjacent ridge all communication with the pah ; thus isolated, the inmates felt no common degree of security and safety from surprise, or attack, by their hostile neighbours. Primitive forest clothed the landscape toward every point, and on the morning on which our tale opens many of the trees crashed and broke beneath the might of the gale : no signs of forest life were visible ; occasional glimpses of an island lying to the north-west of the pah could be seen as the sunbeams struggled through fissures in the dark brown clouds : below, upon the white beach, the war-canoes of the pah were dragged above high-water line, so as to secure them from the fury of the waves.

As the morning wore on, eager and observant glances were cast on the awful scene from the low-built whari doors of the pah. From a commanding position above the sea, a wide sweep of the horizon came under the ken of the sentinel who, posted on a stage which was above the palisades, there kept his constant watch : the varying phases of the seascape engrossed his attention :—well he knew that seaward no danger threatened from mortal foe ; but superstitions vague and terrifying were ever presenting complex disasters to his fancy : at times he thought

•

he saw a war-canoe far out at sea, riding on the billows; but it would disappear. Closely and patiently he watched; again he thought that he saw it more clearly than before, but, owing to the tumultuous state of the elements, long intervals of time elapsed ere he could identify the strange appearance with the form of any vessel with which he was acquainted. After a considerable length of time, the object hove in sight; immediately the sentinel gave warning to the inhabitants of the pah that a strange vessel was approaching. Terrified at the intelligence, dusky warriors, spear in hand and clad in mats, swarmed to the palisades that overhung the sea; women, whose glossy black hair fell in folds on their shoulders, ran up to the front to look out for the much dreaded invaders, followed by strings of clamorous children: the unexpected alarm caused the warriors to omit all order, so carefully attended to on other and similar occasions.

As the sun approached the meridian the gale increased in strength, thunder pealed along the sky and re-echoed among the gulleys around; the lightning flashed with awe-inspiring rapidity, momentarily depriving the warriors of the power of sight, and increasing their terror of the supernatural: the pah palisades were lined with human faces all intent on the spectacle that was spread below. A long, narrow

reef of black rock ran out seaward for a mile and a half at right angles with the pah's sea-front, and at a like distance from the reef could be seen what once was a large and stately full-rigged ship, helplessly driven before the un pitying gale: she was dismasted and under no control; thus she drifted and plunged in a direct line for the outer edge of the reef; enveloped in spray, or, buried for an instant in the trough of the sea, the hull would occasionally be lost to view: over the black reef the surging waves crashed terribly, white foam in an unbroken wall thundered along its whole length; the fated ship was seen for a few moments carried with electric speed on the crest of a wave toward the stubborn rock; a dense bank of cloud and scud drove over the space between the pah and the reef, the spectators losing sight of the vessel; in a few moments the obstruction passed, but no ship was to be seen—an involuntary shriek of mingled joy and terror rang out from the people; none moved from the point of observation, while in painful suspense every breast throbbed, every eye was strained towards the reef, all fearing that the great canoe would emerge from the water between the reef and the shore, and again imperil their fancied security; but no ship appeared. The gale had now abated a little, the wind blew with pauses between its flight:

these increased in duration as the gale moderated ; still the eager on-lookers from the hill-fort kept their position. An object was now distinctly seen on the water, borne towards the beach by the partly favourable wind ; waiting till the exact nature of the visitant was clearly discernible from the pah, a party hastily descended the cliff to the sea-shore : arrived there, with astonishment they saw the bodies of two human beings, a man and a woman, lashed to a beam of timber, which floated towards the place whereon they stood ; to wade out a short distance, seize the boom and guide it to shore, to undo the lashing which confined the bodies to the buoyant timber, and to carry them up to the pah, was the humane task of the Maori warriors : to the native women was confided the task of resuscitation, and for this purpose the bodies were taken into a hut, where, laying them on mats before the fire, the women chafed the cold limbs of the unfortunates ; wood smoke was also tried with the intention of inflating the lungs, or of titillating the nose in order to cause the apparently drowned to sneeze : with the woman their efforts were successful, she slowly regained consciousness ; but her companion's spirit had fled for ever.

Eighteen summers had passed over the once joyous maiden, Mary Morven, who now, sheltered in a native

war-pah in New Zealand and surrounded by gentle native girls and aged women, came to a sad comprehension of her present state and her late disasters. Kindly hands offered her food, the best their simple stores contained; and she, to please her benefactors, tasted the various viands with a cheerfulness that at once won her the sympathy of her newly-found friends. One by one the elder women left the hut; these were followed by the young, until three girls only remained with Mary, who was allowed to rest in undisturbed silence: as she reclined on the matting that covered the floor of the hut, her recent escape and consequent exhaustion weighed down her spirits, and she sank into a deep and quiet sleep. One of the three girls that remained in the whare was a half-caste named Hinema, daughter to a whaler by a native woman: this girl was of the same age with Mary, and as she possessed some knowledge of English, she was on that account selected for the office of attending on Mary, and to interpret between her and the natives.

By this time the gale had died away, and a drizzling rain began to fall; while from the opposite point of the compass a light wind sprang up, which, blowing off the land, carried out to sea whatever portions of the wreck might have been floating toward the shore.



### CHAPTER III.

#### ENA.

“ She came in all her beauty,  
Like the moon from the cloud of the east.  
Loveliness was round her as light,  
Her steps were the music of songs.”

—*Fingal.*

THE dusk of evening was spreading over the forest ; the sea-birds were wheeling above the rocks in graceful gyrations ; the sentinel on his stage looked over the calmly heaving sea ; the natives in the pah were grouped in conversation preparatory to meeting in the *runanga*, ere they separated for the night, when Mary awoke refreshed and composed from her slumber. Hinema, who had watched while her charge slept, immediately quitted her place, and proceeded toward the principal whare the hill-fort contained. The building was the residence of Te Rangitukaroa, chief of the *hapa*, or tribe ; and here the old man, after a long and chequered career, lived with his two

children, Rankawa, a tall, brave youth, and Ena, a girl of rare beauty. The whare was of elegant appearance, and finished with careful attention to the elaborate detail of its several parts. Outside, the walls were four feet in height from the ground; on the inside they were a little more than six feet: a door and two small windows fitted with sliding shutters were in the front wall: a low verandah, supported on posts grotesquely carved, ran along the front elevation, which measured fifteen feet in length. Both gable ends were ornamented with finials richly carved in arabesque figures; the whole carefully painted in red, white, and black lines. The roof was thatched with the bark of the totara tree, and confined to the ridge and eaves by supplejack interlaced with the skill so characteristic of the native art-workman.

At the verandah of the whare Hinema met Ena, who had been expecting and hurried out to meet her. The appearance of the latter betokened her station. Her person was tall, graceful, and fully developed; her dress, a snow-white flax mantle bordered with black, and fastened on her breast with a curiously carved bone pin: the border was further adorned with diamond-shaped figures, in white and red colours, in correct and appropriate divisions. Her

feet were bare, long and tapering toes uniting classic interest with faultless proportion and symmetry. Her features were cast in the severest style of high Maori beauty: melancholy was the leading expression of her face, but it was quite unlike the European trait understood by the same name. Hers was the index to an implicit trusting of the ethereal part of human love to the care and keeping of a dearly prized object. Unalterable devotion reposed in the eyes of the queenly maiden, and over her finely cut lip curled the fragrant incense of her heroic soul. In the tresses of her raven hair she wore a feather of the *huia*; and from her neck, suspended by a narrow band, a large and exquisitely carved greenstone *heitiki* rested on her bosom. Hinema told her mistress that the strange maiden was awake. As they walked to the whare, the contrast between the girls was very great, but exceedingly interesting. Not so tall as her mistress, Hinema was a winsome beauty: her port was marred by an undulatory motion as she walked; the expression of her countenance was simplicity, with a slight tinge of piquancy that relieved and gave point to the ready smile that lurked in playful moods in the cushioned plicature of her lips; her eyes were soft brown, glowing with a lucid beaming that soothed whilst it ensnared. She was

much attached to Ena, and was always at her side ; and towards Ena's brother she cherished a sister's feelings. Year after year these assumed a more tender aspect, and they had now ripened into love. Yet she was careful to conceal the exact state of her mind from her mistress, and also from Rankawa, the object of these affections. From him she had always received a brotherly regard, but nothing more. Toward the young men of the tribe she assumed a cold demeanour—haughty, but not imperious : many would gladly have taken her to wife, but to their importunities on the subject she turned a deaf ear.

Ena and her attendant now entered the whare, and Ena, embracing the rescued girl, saluted her after the manner of the Maori ; then, seating herself on the matting beside Mary, she requested her to relate the circumstances that led to her unfortunate arrival upon these shores.

“ Five months ago,” said Mary, “ I left my American home, and accompanied my father in his own ship, leaving my mother and two sisters in my native city. The pain of parting was soon allayed by the interesting incidents of the voyage, and the new scenes we witnessed : the books my father took with him amused and instructed me, whilst the hope of soon returning to my friends and home banished all fear

from my mind, and I gave myself up to the full enjoyment of each passing hour. Four months glided by in undisturbed serenity, and when we sighted the northern point of these islands, coasting southwards, we engaged in the business of our voyage, namely, trading. My father's reverses of fortune compelled him to become a trader, yet they did not prevent him from exercise of a strict care in securing order and cheerfulness among the men under his command. In a few weeks of uninterrupted success we determined to proceed to Sydney: whilst on the passage, high and adverse winds beat us back, the winds grew stronger and more boisterous until they blew a gale, which continued for three days: to lighten the ship, much of her valuable cargo was tossed overboard, the masts were next cut away; the boats were rendered useless, as they were stove in by the waves as they swept over the decks. The crew were quite exhausted with the hardships which they underwent; all hopes of life abandoned us on the third morning, as the ship sprung a leak: the men stood by the pumps, until, worn out with unceasing toil, the poor fellows fell on the deck, only to be washed overboard by the terrible sea that was then running; to add to our distress the rudder broke, and so became useless. As the day advanced, we

perceived that we were nearing land: mercy was asked from Heaven; the interposition of Divine Providence was tearfully sought by the surviving seamen; the sight of land was hailed with a joy, alas! only momentary in duration, for a dark line of rugged rocks was seen amid the wild breakers that lay right in our helpless pathway: on these black-stone heaps we must soon enter a yawning grave; the mountain billows that broke the ship's rudder swept my father overboard. One, whose memory I must ever cherish, then lashed himself and me to a spar in the hope that when the vessel drove upon the rocks we might chance to be driven ashore: such we trusted might be our good fortune, as the ship was carried in a straight line toward the lowest portion of the reef. I can never forget, nor can it ever be obliterated from my mind, the extreme tenderness that beamed from the eyes of the man who stood by my side, dressed in scarlet flannel blouse and blue trousers, one arm supporting me in my ill-concealed terror, whilst with the other he brushed away a tear that stole down his cheek; nor can I ever forget the unwonted courage that braced up my heart, when the last moments came, in which the ship smashed on the rock, and when, with a swift bound, he shot off the parting timbers on the back of a foaming billow, and we were

carried clear of the stony ridge: then I heard his voice rise above the thunder of the elements, as the brave man shouted the well-known watchword, 'All's well!' I remember no more."

"Tell me," said Ena, "who he was that was lashed with you on the boom."

Mary answered, "He was mate of the ship, and my affianced husband. When we returned home, we were to have been married, but that day I shall never see."

At the recital of the fate of her first and her only love, Mary's sorrows flowed afresh. She pressed her face on the bosom of Ena, whose soft dark eyes filled with tears that fell on the fair ringlets of the poor pale face. Mary wept bitterly, while the girls bent their heads on their breasts, and, with hands clasped on their knees, chaunted in a low and melodious voice a wail for the early dead. Although Mary did not understand the burden of the lament, yet she felt its soothing effect. When the wail was ended, she asked for an interpretation of the melody, which Hinema gave her as follows:—

All thy sorrows, gentle maiden,  
All thy griefs so dark and drear,  
Claim our pity; thou art laden  
With Death's cold and gloomy fear,  
Tears are falling,  
Sprites are calling,  
Calling us to smooth the bier.

Ever round thee, gentle stranger,  
May a charmèd circle cling ;  
Ne'er may pain or envious danger  
Fix on thee their venomèd sting.  
Tears are falling,  
Sprites are calling,  
Calling us Death's wail to sing.

When the words had been communicated to Mary, and whilst her tears were still flowing, a knocking was heard at the window. One of the slaves arose, and opened the shutter, asking who knocked; she received answer that Ena's brother wished to be allowed to enter the whare. But Ena would not grant him permission to do so, deferring until the morrow an interview with her brother. To this arrangement he expressed acquiescence; the slaves then withdrew from the whare, leaving Mary, Ena, and Hinema together for the night.



## CHAPTER IV.

### WARRIORS IN CONCLAVE.

“ As rushes forth the blast on the bosom of whitening waves,  
So careless shall my course be through ocean,  
To the dwelling of foes.  
I have seen the dead.”

—*Cathlin of Clutha.*

IN the centre of the mountain-fort stood a large *runanga*, or meeting-house : in it was assembled, on the same night as that on which the events detailed in the foregoing chapter took place, the greater part of the *hapu* or tribe inhabiting the fortress. Door and windows were closed; the remains of a large fire glowed on the earthen floor, and around it the attentive warriors squatted, sat, or reclined : the heat was intense, and the red glare of the embers lit up the features of the assembly with a bold and uniform tone of warm colour. The walls were low, and divided into compartments : the minor spaces were filled with the

yellow reed of the toi-toi grass laid in perpendicular rows; the major divisions were composed of boldly carved pilasters, adorned with gigantically contorted representations of the human figure; the features of the face were the particular care of the native wood-carver, and in every instance the representations of the mouth were hideous and barbarous in the extreme, the teeth being shown in shark-like dimension and proportion. These figures dimly shadowed a vague relationship to the carvings of the rude nations of antiquity, and bore many distinguishing traits with the work of the modern Hindoo artist. Hideousness was the leading characteristic of the collection. Circular pieces of the *parua* shell were inlaid in the carvings to represent eyes, and these reflected the fire-light with sparkling brilliancy, adding ghastliness to the grotesque. Each of the carvings represented a departed chieftain, and was known to the *hapu* by separate and distinguishing names. Here, as the people met from time to time to deliberate on matters affecting their common welfare, the dead heroes of the tribe were supposed to be present, and to lend the lustre of their ancient glory to their hereditary representatives.

In the midst of his assembled tribemen sat the chieftain's son Raukawa: the young man had been in

the mountains on a visit to Hahaki the *tohunga*, or priest, for the last few days, and returned that evening; first seeking his sister Ena, and next apprising the warriors of the pah with news of alarming import. All eyes were turned on the young warrior as he rose to his feet and stood in the open space allotted to the use of those who were to address the meeting: the firelight showed his fine form and muscular proportions to great advantage; he was six feet in height, taller than the generality of his tribe; he held in his hand a spear, ornamented with a carved top, from which hung a tassel of red and black feathers and white hair: round his loins he wore a flax mat, which reached half-way down his thighs; his legs and feet were bare, and his face was tattoed with the appropriate markings of his tribe and his rank: in his hair, which was profuse and black, he wore a comb curiously carved, an heirloom in his family. The expression of his countenance varied with the emotions of the moment, but in general his features were calm and benignant.

Hahaki, the old *tohunga*, had given Raukawa a charge to deliver to the warriors of the fort; and now the youth, gracefully waving his spear as a signal to enforce silence, gave the message as follows:—

“ From the eastward *Aurora* spreads her fiery

plume ; her fingers reach the hills, and the restless ones there are crying to the blast.

“ *Wariwari* rolls up from the west, his canoe is broken by the winds of the sky ; a white *Pepe* flutters on the black rocks.

“ *Whike* wails over the forest : her tears fall on the paths, her voice echoes from every tree.”

When Raukawa ended he sat down. A low murmur indicative of terror rose from the assembly, when an aged warrior stood up, and, leaning on his spear, tottered to the space preserved for the speakers ; walking from end to end of the opening, he raised his head, and, straightening himself as well as he could, balanced his spear and grasped it as in the act of throwing, then exclaimed in the tremulous voice of old age :—

“ Wise are the words of Hahaki ; never yet has he given us wrong counsel. Let us give earnest heed to his dark divinations : soon will events make all clear, though disaster lie in wait for us on the hills, and the shadows of blood darken our thresholds.”

A warrior in the vigour of manhood next stood up ; his features were scarred with the cicatrices of wounds which divided the once clear and correct lines of the tattoo, and now gave him an expression of inexplicable facial confusion : he looked the demon of

the assemblage, the *Tc-whiro* of the Maori Hades. His name was Atapo. He was dreaded for his passionate and fiend-like disposition: of a daring courage and a dauntless spirit, his rising to speak was almost regarded in the light of an evil omen, and the aged portion of the audience hung their heads on their breasts as Atapo spoke as follows:—

“Give me your attention; if the Ngatiraukawa from the rivers approach, shall their advent be peaceful? shall not the steam of our ovens ascend? shall our terrors destroy our might? shall not our tribe war-whoop be heard? shall we welcome them to the feast, and give our women to their arms? do we intend to lay down the spear and the meri at their feet? No, no! none are so craven as to abandon this temporary home of the people, to forsake the hill-fort of the warrior, to give our children into the hands of the enemy as slaves. Atapo heeds not the fiery skirts or the burning fingers of Aurora: on the elfin-blasted peak he will stand at midnight, when the black night wanders over the lichened crag; when the sea-god bellows on the bleak stone of the deep, he will crush the stranger beneath his heel; to the towering forest tree he will fix the fiercely-climbing tongue of fire, to lap up the feeble tears of the puerile *Whiki*. No longer shall her cries disturb the priest in his cavern,

the sentinel on his post, the warrior at the feast, or the fisher at anchor near the spectre-haunted shore."

During the delivery of this harangue, the gesticulations of the speaker aided his oratory. His gaunt and bony frame was muscular, and of gigantic dimensions. He had but one eye, the socket of the other being concealed beneath a lock of dun hair; his breast was scarred and seamed with old wounds received in battle, or self-inflicted in seasons of lamentation for the dead. The muscles of his arms twined and overlapped each other as he brought them into action whilst wielding the greenstone meri, or poising the slender spear, which during his address he held up, one in either hand. His words imparted an air of composure and assurance to the warriors.

Raukawa again rose and said, "Hahaki promises to meet us to-morrow night to assist in our deliberations and give us all the assistance in his power." This ended the business of the night, and as Raukawa waved his hand, the meeting dispersed, each warrior seeking his own whare within the silent mountain war-pah.

## CHAPTER V.

## MORNING.

“The blast of the morning came, and brightened the shaggy side of the hill.”—*Fingal*.

ENA rose as the dawn softly flowed over the eastern forest lands; and, leaving her companions asleep, she left the whare. The pah was still wrapped in sleep, even the wakeful dogs were silent; but the birds, those silver-tongued minstrels of the wilds, were pouring from a thousand feathered bosoms the very magic of woodland melody. Ena stood to hear, and wept, she could not explain to herself why, as she listened to the birds' hymn to the morning. The heavens seemed to open above the bush, the mountain sierras, and the sleeping sea; streaks of golden-tinted cloud were strewn on the wide, expansive vault, whose foundations are laid on the white wings of the youthful morning: upon these clouds Ena

fancied she saw the footprints of aerial spirits, and, as they flitted from vermeiled vapour into azure vista, she was fain to think that occasional glimpses of their flowing hair could be discerned as they melted pensively from her view. The upper line of the sun's disc wheeled an arc of liquid gold over the distant horizon ; and, with the velocity of winged fire, all animate and inanimate nature thrilled to the kiss of the virgin day. Hot tears welled over the bronzed cheek of the girl as she caught to her soul the indescribable loveliness of the first blush of the rising sun : the thrill, like all moods of bliss, soon and swiftly passed away. From her father's whare she saw her brother emerge, and as he caught sight of her, he approached to where she stood ; she came toward him, and they met at a mound of freshly turned earth which immediately attracted Raukawa's notice : he stood in silence, and, as he took Ena's hand in his, she observed the effect produced on his mind at sight of the mound, and related to him the events of the preceding day. " This," she said, " is the stranger's grave ; the body was wrapped in a mat and laid here in obedience to our father's order. You may remember that it was here Hahaki cast the reeds of divination, on the occasion of his last visit to the pah ; and this mound renders the spot *tapu*."



Turning away, they walked in silence up to the sea-front of the fortress, and looked out over the calm, broad sea beneath. The island of Kapiti was within view, being not more than five miles distant from the mainland. On the highest point of the island could be seen the fences, earthworks, and whares of a war-pah. Columns of blue smoke curled up toward the sky from the numerous fires that were burning, as the morning meal was in preparation. With a deep-drawn sigh, Ena contemplated the distant island pah; and, turning toward her brother, who had also been looking toward the island, she asked him what message had Hahaki sent to the tribe. Raukawa repeated the old man's sayings with scrupulous care; at the same time admitting his own utter incapacity to comprehend, much less to unravel, the meaning of the involved periods of the sacerdotal message. "That," he continued, "there is an impending evil ready to fall upon us, I no longer entertain the slightest doubt. The conduct of the Ngatiraukawa, our inveterate enemy, certainly warrants us in assuming that blood and conquest are the objects of the raid begun by them since they drove us from our distant home beneath the shadow of snow-snooded Tarawaki." Ena listened to her brother with deep and fixed attention, and immediately explained to

him the meaning of the *tohunga's* parables. "The white *pepe*," she said, "evidently refers to the *Pakeha* maiden" (whom Raukawa had not yet seen), "and the other imagery refers to our hostile neighbours."

Whilst the brother and sister stood upon the summit of the cliff, their attention was drawn to a figure which slowly toiled along the rugged path that led by a series of diagonal lines from the beach below up the front of the fortress. Nearer the figure came, and soon Ena could distinguish the bearing as that of old Mahora, wife to the *tohunga*. She was bent with age and toil; her clothing was a white mat of carefully dressed flax, bound round her waist, and reaching to the knee; she carried a long staff in her hand to aid her in walking. When she came within hail of the pah, she uttered a low, moaning call, which reverberated from crag and cliff in an exceedingly musical succession of cadences. This call she repeated at intervals, with much variation of tone, harmony, and time. Ena caught up the strain, and answered with a wailing that caused the old woman to halt, clasp her staff with both hands, bend her head toward the ground, and so remain until the moment arrived in the melody when a repetition of the words adds tenderness and sorrow to the music; then Mahora, rising from her melancholy posture,

and, with her hands quivering above her head, beat time to the concerted music that she sang with Ena. The prolonged notes rang out over the sea and the bush; from the whares of the pah the inmates came pouring in silence, and creeping noiselessly up to the front defences, where they assembled to welcome their visitor. She came to tell the warriors that Hahaki had altered his previous intention of coming to the pah, and that they should come up to him as soon as the evening sun touched the horizon. This message formally delivered to her hearers outside of the pah, she then entered and saluted with a calm and dignified affection the beautiful Ena. Mahora was of tall and slender figure. In her hair she wore a single white tuft of albatross down: her lips were thin and firmly compressed: her eyes were of a dull, black hue, with a pupil of lustrous fire that literally sent a thin point of light through the beholder: her nose was of firm and bold outline, but age had reft it of harmony: her chin was of the orthognathous type; and when youth balanced with its fulnesses the proportions of the once majestic Mahora, hers was a countenance rarely seen, rarely surpassed. Tears flowed from the eyes of the umbered warriors as they beheld the wreck of the once famous Ngatikagnunu beauty, the object of their old and time-steeled

affections. Theirs were the memories that harden and brighten with the flight of years, until the will and the action take colour and permanency from their silent sway. The women cowed before her as the slave bends to the lash of his driver; the children peered fretfully at the being who never knew an infant's helplessness, nor cared for the love of children. When her compliments were paid, she left the pah, not having entered a dwelling there, and betook herself to her homeward journey.

## CHAPTER VI.

### MARY.

“Fair on a rock, she stretched her white hand to the wind,  
To feel its course from the dwelling of her love.”

—*Temora.*

RESIGNATION to her unavoidable fate, and a secret deep gnawing grief, took possession of the heart of Mary Morven, when awaking from the fitful sleep of the first night passed among those who delivered her from the perils of the sea. She mentally contemplated the extremes of sorrow, bereavement, and danger through which she passed, and bowing her spirit in prayer to One who is ever near to those who call upon His mercy, she rose from the soft silken mats whereon she rested, and opening the small window of the whare, the level beams of the newly-risen sun entered and illumined the interior of the apartment with rays of amber light. In stature, Mary was below the middle height; her head was small, but of ex-

quisite contour ; her hair was of a dark brown colour, and fell in profuse natural ringlets around her shoulders ; her eyes were of a sweet cerulean blue, large, and calmly set in their orbits ; her mouth sensitive, her entire figure prepossessingly charming and lovable. She was quite recovered from the effects of her late immersion in the sea : her voyage had imparted tone and vigour to her constitution. Large tears rolled down her face as she proceeded with her incomplete toilet ; the novelty of her comparatively safe situation occasionally diverted the course of her thoughts from the terribly engrossing subject of the future. Whilst thus employed, her attention was arrested by hearing the sounds of voices, and looking out by the window she saw her friends Ena, the half-caste, and Raukawa. The latter engaged Mary's liveliest apprehensions of fear and timidity : he was the first native man she had seen. His tall person clad in a light flowing mantle of yellow-coloured, satin-textured flax, with a dark border of zigzag lines : his head uncovered, his hair black and curled, he appeared to great advantage. His regal bearing imparted to Mary's mind a quiet reassuring earnest of protection and confidence. He was attentively listening to his sister, who was engaged in the absorbing subject of the message by Mahora.

Ena and her attendant had risen and left the whare without disturbing Mary as she slumbered, and the visit of the old woman and her reception had passed without awaking her. Now, as she intently observed the group outside, she could plainly perceive that she was the topic of their conversation. Ena hastened alone to the whare, which she entered, and, seeing that Mary was dressed, she took her by the hand and led her to Raukawa, who received her with a quiet dignity, and extending his hand to her: she took it, and, slightly pressing it, relinquished her hold. He expressed much pleasure with her appearance, telling her, at the same time, that he would be her protector, and that no harm would befall her. Mary thanked him, through the half-caste, who began to entertain a slightly jealous feeling toward the stranger, particularly when she witnessed the warmth of Raukawa's manner and heard his language to Mary. Prompted by her innate perceptions of delicacy, Ena led Mary away from Raukawa, who said that he had business with his father. From the sea-front of the pah whereon the girls now stood, the view was intensely charming: to Mary it was suggestive of her far-off home and its thousand melancholy remembrances. The small island lying near, the mountains, capes, valleys, and plateaux of the northern

shores of the south island lay before her gaze in all their solacing lovelinesses; but, alas! to that weary and bereaved young soul the blessings of Nature's smiling countenance were shrouded in the threefold gloom of irredeemable exile. Hinema rejoined them as they stood on the battlemented cliff, and at the request of her mistress she gave the names of the different leading features of the scene before them. This interested Mary not a little, as she learned how intimately conversant the people were with every object around.

Ena and her charge were now joined by several men, women, and children, all eager to see the *pakeha* maiden; but Ena restrained their curiosity within the bounds of discreetness. To the pressing solicitations of some to look at and feel her hands, Mary agreed with a sweet affability of manner that won the esteem and respect of her new friends. Ena led her towards her father, who sat in the verandah of his house enveloped in a large mat. The old man desired Mary to sit beside him, when, taking her hand in his, he welcomed her, and assured her that her safety and her comfort would be carefully attended to. At his request, Hinema gave Mary's story again from her recital. This interested the old man very much: he charged Ena to see that Mary was supplied with



everything they had in their power to bestow : at the same time he presented Mary with a small *Heitciki* of greenstone, placing it with his own hands around her neck : then dismissed with kindly and parental language. She thus experienced a great relief in having her former apprehensions dispelled, and felt a warm liking spring up in her heart toward the aged warrior. Throughout the forenoon she was much alone, and remained in the solitude of the whare wherein she had spent the night, brooding over the future, and evincing little interest in the movements of those among whom she was cast.

## CHAPTER VII.

## EVIL OMENS.

“ Receive the falling chief,  
Whether he comes from a distant land,  
Or rises from the rolling sea.  
Let his robe of mist be near,  
And his spear that is formed of a cloud.”

—*Darthula.*

THE sun was in the zenith when five war-canoes, each carrying fifty warriors, left Kapiti and steered straight for Wairauki. As the fleet approached the latter place, the songs of the rowers were heard commingling with splashing of the paddles, and producing a pleasing rhythmical, throbbing music. A cheery cry of welcome rose from the beach, whither the inmates of the pah had hastened when the fleet was descried in the offing: quickly the canoes shot up on the silvered sand, and the islanders, who were a near branch of the Mauopoko family, landed in the order of rank, their young chief, Te

Koturu, taking the precedence in the disembarkation. The youthful warrior was the only son of Te Kanohi, whose sub-section of the Mauopoko tribe lived on Kapiti island. Te Koturu was the intended husband of Ena : in their infancy they had been affianced by their parents, and as they passed from childhood to adolescence their attachments ripened into love.

On the occasion of this visit, Te Koturu wore the insignia of his rank ; a handsome, bordered white flax mat hung gracefully from his shoulders, a kilt of the feathers of the wild pigeon and green parrot hung from his waist to the knees : a *taiha*, or spear, held in his hand, gave the chief a superiority over his followers, who were habited in mats with yellow and black tassels, that rattled as the wearer walked. The inhabitants of the hill-foot welcomed their friends with noisy demonstrations of joy, and the women hastened to garland their heads in honour of their guests.

Seated on a green spot beneath the shadow of the sentinel's stage, Te Rangitukaroa awaited the arrival of his friends. On Te Koturu's approach, the old man immediately rose and warmly embraced him ; expressions of welcome and greetings were exchanged, the absent inquired for, and the motive of the present visit explained : the latter as follows :—Te Kanohi of

Kapiti was ill, and supposed to be on his deathbed: the chief believing that his end was near, had dispatched his son to acquaint his friends and allies with the message of his approaching dissolution, also with the intelligence of a meditated attack upon the hill-fort by the Ngatiraukawa, which latter fact he had learned from a runaway slave. These unwelcome tidings were delivered in the full assemblage of the *hapu*, as they sat in silence round the erect figure of the narrator. When he concluded, the *pahu*, or wooden gong, was struck, and this was the signal to a yell of fierce defiance that burst like a thunderbolt from the infuriate assembly: when the uproar subsided, other and kindred passionate outbursts made the welkin ring; then the terrible war-dance was performed by hundreds of warriors, whose motions were regulated and directed by an old crone, displaying a vigour and precision only attained after years of patient practice. As one man, the warriors leaped in the air, stamped, ejaculated, growled, twirled their left and their right arms alternately, and sank exhausted on the ground, that trembled as if moved by an earthquake beneath their feet. This paroxysm of fury having subsided, the islanders were duly honoured, and every attention was given to their wants. Te Kanohi's orders to his

son were that he must return ere sundown : in vain did Te Rangitukaroa urge the youth to remain with him for the night, so as to accompany him to the priest's cell.

After faithfully delivering his message, Te Koturu hastened to see Ena, whom he found in the whare with Mary : the meeting of the lovers was interesting, and their mutual tenderness seemed at strange variance with the uncouthness and primitive natures of the people ; so at least thought Mary, but she soon discovered that beneath the rough exterior and unsophisticated manners of the natives there lay the germs of true nobility, gentleness, honour, and fidelity, united with and inseparable from fierce passions hammered into steeled impulses that became brighter, harder, and colder as misfortune drove them through the bloody furnace of adversity.

Regarding Mary with intense admiration and sympathy as he listened to Ena's account of her, the young chief advanced and took Mary's proffered hand in his ; and as he held it, he gazed with politeness and affection upon her. At the same instant Raukawa entered the whare, his face lit up with a sweet joyousness on seeing Mary looking composed and happy. Turning toward Te Koturu, his features assumed the warrior's glance : a few words to his friend

explained the current of his thoughts ; the impending danger from their hostile neighbours, confirmed by late tidings, froze all the better instincts of his heart. To the elevating and purifying influences of love, as to the debasing and corrupting pursuits of pleasure, the young warrior was, as yet, an entire stranger, Hahaki having early instilled into his mind the severest maxims of his own ascetic life and experience.

Revenge was the darling passion of his life : never to forget or forgive an injury, never to injure the weak, and to die, if such were possible, a hundred deaths sooner than exhibit fear or cowardice ; these were the ruling principles that guided and guarded his thoughts and his actions. From the moment in which he first saw Mary he knew that a change had crept over his mind : now, when he saw Te Koturu and his sister Ena so happy in each other's society, and surrounded as they all were by so many dangers from their foes, he clearly understood that it was love for each other that alone could confer such happiness, fleeting and precarious as its possession might be, on those so happy beings who could, and who really did, surrender themselves to the undescribable blessedness of a love pure and undivided. Hastily, and half in anger with himself for giving way to the softer

emotions, he brushed away a tear: then, as Te Koturu bade the girls farewell, he accompanied his friend down to his canoes on the beach, where already the people were assembled, awaiting the departure of the islanders. The sea was calm: the bright warm sun shone in the sky. The scene was one of grand proportions and wild sublimity: the farewells of the people rang out over the water; the songs of those in the canoes responded with a melancholy harmony that accorded most agreeably with Nature in her softest and gentlest mood.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE TOHUNGA.

“ He often raised his voice to the winds,  
When meteors marked their nightly wings,  
When the dark-robed moon was rolled behind her hill.”

—*Cathlin of Clutha.*

IT was within two hours of sunset when the old chieftain, his son, and Atapo set out on their journey, leaving the fort by a subterranean way that had an outlet in a natural cave on the face of the cliff. The entrance to this passage was completely hidden by scrub and bush: emerging from the cave, they crept slowly down the rock, assisted in the descent by the branches of overhanging trees, and by the vines that hung from the trees like cordage from the masts of a vessel; the path lay among boulders that seemed ready to topple over and crush everything that impeded their fall. In safety the chieftain and his companions reached the bottom of the ravine, where



between dark green banks brawled a mountain streamlet: every tree and shrub that overhung the water was covered with a trailing green moss, hanging in feathery tresses over the moist breathings of the limpid current: for a moment the travellers stopped to drink and to cool their feet; then, following the course of the stream, they struck up the bank, and away by a scarcely discernible path that wound among ferns breast-high, and of sweet, bright foliage; on they silently walked, until they gained a ridge which led them through upland glades of sylvan beauty, now made doubly so by the beams of the setting sun, as they tinged every spray, and blade, and leaf with a golden light, and caused the sea to appear as if it were on fire, when an occasional glimpse of its surface could be seen through openings among the forest trees. The sun had sunk as the party in silence reached the summit of the mountain, where Hahaki and his wife lived apart from the tribe they loved so well, and for whose safety he had of late undertaken long and wearisome midnight journeys through the bush, to keep a secret watch on the movements of the Ngatiraukawa, whose pah was on the sea-shore, and protected on three of its sides by a wilderness of almost impassable and impenetrable swamp.

The cell or cave that afforded Hahaki a shelter and a home was on the eastern slopes of a mountain peak, one of the many eminences that belonged to the chain on which was the pah Wairauki : a low arch formed by nature in the face of the sandstone cliffs was the entrance to the tohunga's home ; around, the tors and beetling cliffs were picturesque in the extreme. The vegetation was scant, and in keeping with the wildness of the locality. The spear-grass shot up at sparse distances from between the hoary masses of rock ; a few *ti*, or 'cabbage-trees, stood like ghosts of a former forest at dreary distances apart from each other ; nor shade nor shelter might here be found : upon the stones the *tantaras*, large lizards with prickly backs, could be seen, perfectly harmless, enjoying an existence peculiarly their own—slow, ugly, and repulsive. Few would have thought that a human being could live in this wilderness, so bleak, so sterile, and so blasted it stood in its solitary wretchedness far above the sombre depths of the forest that surrounded it on every side.

The travellers announced their arrival by uttering in a soft low voice a guttural call as they entered by the lichened lintel, and passed through the unbarred, unthresholded doorway : their call was answered by Mahora, who was squatting before a slow fire on the

hearth of the primitive apartment : the tohunga rose from his seat near the embers, and welcomed his visitors. Rarely did the priest allow any to enter his dwelling ; keeping aloof from the tribe, never visiting the pah excepting when his services were required, his name was a terror, and his reputed power overawed the most daring. The floor of the cave was covered with matting ; the rock walls were hung with flax garments of various shape and colour, head-dresses of feathers, necklaces of bones and shells, implements of the chase, arms of war, instruments for tattooing, tools for scraping the bones of the dead, reeds for wizard divination, genealogical staves, and a vast store of dried and preserved food of various kinds and savoury aroma.

Seating themselves near the fire, and drawing their flax garments around them, the chief and his comrades waited in patient suspense for Hahaki to commence the business of the night : gravely withdrawing a little distance from the group, and extracting the bituminous quid from his mouth, he spoke as follows :—

“ Hear the words, the message of our Atua to you, and to our people.

“ Many shall go down to the valley, few shall return to the hill.

“ The Kuri howls nigh the deserted whare.

“The meri of the stranger is in his hand : both are stained with the blood of the Mauopoko.

“The pakeha maiden is a gift from the sea ; her coming a good omen.

“Hasten to your fortress on Wairauki ; make secure the gates, post the sentinels, allow none to go forth.

“Soon expect the stranger to wade up the hill in his own blood ; his children are fatherless, his women slaves, his bones will whiten on the lap of the mountain.

“Rest till the morning dawns, *Uenuku* is propitious.”

## CHAPTER IX.

### DESIGNS UNVEILED.

“Dost thou force me from my place? replied the hollow voice.  
The people bend before me.  
I turn the battle in the field of the brave.  
I look on the nations and they vanish:  
My nostrils pour the blast of death.”

—*Carric-Thura.*

A FEW atoms of silvery light slowly approached the eastern horizon, and, radiating in slender pencils of opalized scintilla on the far-off line of contact where space and matter seem to meet, the sparkling, gem-like raylets lingered for a conceivable moment. A low and distinct murmur was heard, becoming more distinct and more rapid in its throbbings as it travelled over the surface of the ground. This mysterious moan was familiar to the ear of the tohunga, as he stood on the hill top, wrapped in his mantle, to watch the dawn. The moaning phantom brushed his

lean cheek, and fluttered through his elfin locks, as it onward rolled on viewless wing down through the valleys, and away over the neighbouring mountain peaks and leafy wildernesses, announcing to all who listen the flight of the "wind that brings the daylight": ribbon after ribbon of light now streamed over the morning meadows of the aerial cloudscape; and as the dewy ring of the sun glittered on the crown of the distant eastern sierras, the priest was joined by his three guests. They were now returning to their homes, cheerfully reassured by the prophetic utterances of their soothsayer on the preceding night.

The figure of the seer, as clearly defined against the golden dome of the sky, was impressively king-like: he was much taller than either of his three companions, and as he stood at a little distance from, and elevated himself above them by mounting a smooth, flat-topped boulder, his presence was regal to a degree. On his face the tattooed lines and curves were clear and symmetrical; his limbs lithe, their joints gracefully compact; his body full without rotundity; his action determined without effort; his hair bluish black, waved, not curled; his eyes deep set, lustrously black and piercing; his look calm and penetrating; the expression of the mouth firmness of purpose and determination in execution: among his equals, easy

without awkwardness, never familiar ; among his inferiors, haughty without contemptuousness, never affable. Such was Hahaki, a lineal descendant of the Hawaiiikian chief, Houmatawhite. Extending his right arm in the direction of the sea-coast that from this point of view lay beneath, trending away in a north-westerly direction far as eye could reach, Hahaki pointed to the cone of Taranaki, that, at the moment the seer looked, received on her eastern ridges the light of the morning sun. The priest looked toward the queenly pile of rock, forest, and snow ; his aspect changed, the haughty lines of his brow fell back, the iron lips relaxed to softness, and the trembling tears of poor humanity rolled down his tattooed cheek, as with an adoration intensely absorbent, the kinglike man drew back his arm, muffled his face in his cloak, sank on the inhospitable bosom of the stone, and wept as an infant weeps.

Te Rangitukaroa understood the reason of the tohunga's grief, and felt its influence ; turning aside from his followers, and squatting low on his haunches, still looking toward the snow-white cone, he sang, with tears and many stifled sobs, the following lament :—

O ! that on thy snow-white breast  
I might weep,  
Might within thy valleys rest,  
And calmly sleep

My last long sleep ; my death is near—

I feel it now ;

It creeps cold o'er my vision drear,

And scathes my brow.

Home ! O ! home beloved by me,

Shall I again

Breathe thy air, so pure, so free,

On hill and plain ?

On the blue wave I shall ride,

Safe, whilst death

Brings the exile o'er the tide,

Like crested wraith.

Home to thee, dear mountain, mine !

And ne'er again

Shall my worn spirit there repine

At earthly pain.

When the chief concluded his lament, the priest arose, and, pointing toward a hill among the yellow sand-dunes, said, "Yonder is the pah of our greatest foe ; two sunsets since, I went by night to his fortress. The hour was dark ; only a few stars shed a pale, glowing light on the grey stones ; the winds were hushed as I crossed the dunes. I travelled until midnight, when, with great difficulty, and in momentary danger of being discovered, I got up to within earshot of the palisades of the pah front, behind which I could discern at intervals the sentinel as he passed and repassed on his beat. I did not remain long in suspense, for, hearing the sound of voices, I crept slowly and noiselessly round toward the gate, where within the



fortifications two whares stand, one on either side of the entrance : these were the houses for the guards, and as the night wore on the doors were open. The sound of the voices I before heard proceeded from one of the buildings. Listening attentively, I heard one of the guards say to his fellows, ' We will soon advance on the hill-fortress, immediately after the reinforcements arrive from Waikato, now so long expected. A spy came in to-day ; he has been reconnoitring the pah, and reports it as being exceedingly strong : a vigilant watch is kept night and day. He has discovered a path going up from a gully at the back of the pah, leading to a small gate in the out-works of the fortress : by that path it is intended to march the stronger portion of our attacking party under cover of the bush ; next, a feint will be put in practice in view of the pah, with the object of drawing the people out. We are to act with seeming indecision and unwillingness to attack : this manœuvre will likely have the desired effect, that of drawing out the garrison in pursuit ; if so, our rear division will have easy work to get into the stronghold. If the stratagem does not succeed, its failure will be made known by a prearranged signal to those in the rear : on this, these will retire and meet their comrades in the gully by a waterfall at a safe distance from the

fortress.' 'Yes,' said another; 'and our chief desires, more than the capture of the pah, to secure the enemy's tohunga, as he is exercising all his powerful spells for the protection of the tribe.' As this information was all that I needed, I crept away from the pah by the way which I came. With a weary step and an aching heart I retraced the long dunes, and day had dawned ere I entered my cell. You now know the precise state of your own affairs, and the exact intentions of the enemy toward you; let your future action be guided by this intelligence, and take measures accordingly. Prepare a party to intercept the arrival of their expected reinforcements; establish a line of scouts to give you timely warning of their approach. Farewell!"

Thus saying, Hahaki waved his hand, and the chieftain and his followers hastened homeward with dark and gloomy forebodings of the future. Their enemies had driven them from their homes at Taranaki, and from resting-place to resting-place had they followed them, year after year, with an indefatigable pertinacity, and with the seeming determination of exterminating the entire *hapu*, whose numbers were fast dwindling away.

## CHAPTER X.

### DEATH OF TE KANOHI

“ The ghost of the lately dead was near,  
And swam on the gloomy clouds ;  
And far distant, in the dark silence,  
The feeble voices of death were faintly heard.”  
—*Fingal.*

THE chief and his companions were no sooner returned to the fort than the sentinel gave notice of the approach of a canoe coming from Kapiti. Its crew brought the melancholy tidings that the old chieftain Te Kanohi was no more : they also were the bearers of a request from their young chief, that Raukawa and his father were expected by him to come to the island, to assist at the last rites of grief and respect for the dead.

Long and mournful were the dirges sung at Wairauki on the occasion ; then without further delay two canoes were launched, in which Te Rangitukaroa, his son, Mary, and the chief men of the tribe, attended by

about fifty followers, embarked, and proceeded to the island, to assist at the solemnities and the lamentations for the dead.

Hinema attended on Mary, and Raukawa sat by her side, attentive, but not obtrusively so. He pointed out to her, as they passed, the rocks, headlands, and ranges that marked the boundaries of the tribes. He showed to her the site of an old pah where the fairy beings still linger during moonlight evenings, the beaches where the mottled *taniwha* may be seen basking in the sun. He directed her view to the grey peak where Hahaki had his home ; and, as the canoe shot over the calm sea, Raukawa would call Mary's attention to the floral wonders that grew below the surface of the water. He next explained to her the meaning of the songs which the men sang as they paddled their vessels on their melancholy errand.

Mary could not yet reconcile herself to her situation : to escape from it was impossible, and she well knew that, if she expressed a discontent, it might be productive of much misery to herself. She therefore made the best attempt she could at professing a gaiety she could not inwardly entertain. Ena was assiduously attentive to her, always with her ; their meals were taken together, they took pleasant rambles on the sea-shore and in the forest. She taught Mary

to weave flax, to make head-dresses and feather mantles, never omitting to extol the good qualities of her brother; and when the opportunity offered, she sent Mary to the island under the care of Raukawa, in the hope that she would be induced to love the youthful chief.

When the canoes came near the landing-place of the island, Mary expressed her delight to Raukawa at the grandeur and magnificence of the island scenery. Sheer from the water's edge rose the grey sandstone cliffs to a height of three hundred feet, a bold, rugged barrier of stone, the home of the sea-fowl, the Æolian harp of the storm; resounding with the shrieking calls of the former all day long, and, like the latter, vibrating to their ocean-buried centres, during the night, with an awful harmony, as the Polar gales sweep over the wastes of the South Pacific.

As the canoes slowly passed up the narrow inlet that wound its way between tall and threatening crags to a shelving gravel beach, some thirty yards in length, Raukawa pointed out to Mary the great natural strength of the place, the difficulty of surprising the islanders, and the utter impossibility of conquering them, so long as they kept a careful watch.

On every ledge of rock appeared a lichen; from every crevice a shrub grew, and hung its green boughs

over the stone; spear-grass, toi-toi, and hardy shrubs, all blended and combined to make the entrance a wild and luxuriantly picturesque labyrinth of sylvan loveliness. Groups of human beings lined the steep ascent from the water's edge to the summit of the cliff. Not a word was spoken, nor a single murmur escaped as, in painful and gloomy silence, the entire party landed, and were conducted up the ascent until they reached the summit, whence the ground sloped gently upward for a short distance, and then fell away into an undulatory surface, presenting a picture of industry, competence, and quiet beauty. Plantations of Kumora and taro, stately tussocks of shining green flax, clumps of trees, stretches of scrub with tufts of bracken between, gave the island an appearance of fertility which was as real as it was pleasant and refreshing to the eye.

Te Kotura conducted his guests to a large whare, highly ornamented with well designed carvings, artistically painted in red, black, and white colours, exhibiting the peculiarities of native taste and design. Here, after they had tasted food, an old woman entered, and, embracing Mary after the usual custom, presented her with a necklace of small and handsome shells. She then led the party toward a rudely constructed shed, covered with raupo reeds and toi-toi

grass, where, in barbaric state, was the body of the late chief, awaiting the completion of the mourning and the last rites of sepulture. The corpse was in a sitting posture, the face painted with red ochre, the head ornamented with the rarest feathers; a rich mat wrapped round the body entirely covered it; the meri and spear, the insignia of deceased's rank, were placed in conspicuous positions by the dead: altogether there was present a peculiar and simple solemnity, reminding the beholder of the dignity of power and the frailty of its possessors. When Te Rangitukaroa and his followers were in full view of the solemn scene, the aged matron commenced a lament, which was taken up by those present, and persevered in until physical exhaustion put an end to the weird performance. Many of the women cut their faces, arms, and breasts with sharp shells; blood streamed from ghastly wounds, copious showers of tears flowed down the faces of the sorrowing group. It was a scene of bitter grief, mingled with almost unearthly terrors.

Hinema explained to Mary the lament sung by the people on the death of their chieftain. It was as follows:—

Thou art gone, Te Kanohi,  
Gone from thy people :  
From thy home on the rock,  
Riven by the wind :—

Wrenched from us by death,  
Death, greedy death, death :  
Grim grief forbear,  
Forsake us not now,  
Hope of the warriors ;  
Herald of happiness :  
Hast thou left us in night ?  
Oh ! Te Kanohi ! Te Kanohi !  
Farewell ! Farewell !

In deep sorrows and demonstrative lamentations were passed three days, and on the night of the third, the body was removed by the tohunga of the islanders, and placed in the mausoleum which had been prepared for its reception. This building was of wood, hewn with the axe and smoothed with the adze ; both instruments generally made of greenstone. The tomb occupied a long time in its completion, and, when finished, it was no inelegant tribute to the manes of the departed chieftain.

It was composed of an inner apartment, over which a canopied erection was constructed. The inner building was of small dimensions, built over ground, five feet in height by seven in length, and five feet in breadth ; over this was reared the superstructure on four posts, each deeply and elaborately carved in scroll pattern and zigzag border work, interspersed with the favourite contorted representations of the human countenance ; an entablature, with spirited



carvings, was carried round the four sides of the tomb, and this was further decorated with the rarest and most valuable feathers: the whole neatly and permanently fenced in, and regarded with a just pride and a wholesome veneration by the *hapu* who erected it.

## CHAPTER XI.

## THE FEAST

“The feast is spread.  
Joy brightens the face of the host,  
But it was like the parting of the sun,  
When he is to hide his red head in a storm.”

—*Temora.*

WHEN the last muttered prayer was said, and the dreaded spell woven for all time around the threshold of the chieftain's tomb, then was the feast spread in the island pah. On tall stages of wickerwork, erected with skill and considerable labour, were piled heap upon heap of large baskets full of cooked food, consisting of pigeon, wood-hen, and the other much prized, though smaller, forest birds in profusion and variety of preparation; large quantities of fish, dried and fresh; fern root, kumeras, dried and fresh forest berries, gourds filled with the sweet water obtained from the flax-plant; large wooden bowls containing

the prepared juice of the *tutu* plant, whose intoxicating properties were understood. These various viands and simple confections, with many hundred stomachs in which to stow them, made up the jovial gathering. Capacious booths of green boughs were hastily thrown up to shelter the revellers from the weather, should it chance to prove unpropitious, and also to afford shelter during the night. Ample *umus*, or ovens, were in full operation around. These ovens are simply holes dug in the ground from two to three feet deep, and of proportional circumference, according to the size of the joints intended to be cooked; a fire is made in this hole, in which stones are heated to a red heat; these are removed, and a layer of green leaves is then strewn on the bottom of the oven. The food to be cooked is then placed on the leaves; to these more are added as a covering, the hot stones are replaced; water is next poured on the stones, and, whilst steam is generating, the earth is replaced on top, and the whole covered over, lightly but effectually, so as to prevent the escape of the steam. After a proper time is allowed to elapse, the series of coverings are removed, and the delicacies are perfected.

Everything was almost ready; squads of semi-clad old women were busily chattering around the ovens, and engaged in dishing up the viands; swarms

of naked children were squirming in every direction, playing with each other, crying at each other, all eagerly intent on the cooking, and loudly vociferating approval as the moment in which to begin drew nigh: the old were squatting apart in hungry expectation and impatience, awaiting the signal to begin.

The principal men were seated in a circle, listening to the *tohunga*, who was reciting the story of the early life of their deceased chieftain. Among the listeners sat Mary and her friends. Whilst thus engaged, a portion of the contents of an oven was served up to the *tohunga* for his approval. The priest solemnly turned to the aged crone in whose hand the steaming morsel lay; he looked at it for an instant, then tasted, and announced his approbation by a sonorous grunt, which was the long-wished-for authority to make a beginning; and begin every one did in good earnest. Seated on the ground in groups of twenties and thirties, the men in every instance apart from the women, whilst relays of slaves and other attendants, principally women, kept up a continuous stream of supplies to the noisy and rapacious masticators. Loud and merry roars of raucous laughter followed every joke, and wild and unrestrained mirth reigned over all. With astonishing celerity, and in incredibly short spaces of time, heap

after heap of the dainties disappeared, and not until the principal men and women were more than satisfied dared one of the slaves taste food. Slowly one gourmand after another sank helplessly on the ground, and snored away the soporific effects of his satiety. Mid-day came, and found the inmates of the island paws in an ominous torpor, similar to that of an over-gorged *tantara* or large lizard, and resembling the latter animal in its quadrupedal crawl. Evening found the heroes of the trencher slowly awaking from their unrefreshing slumbers, only to begin the feasting anew, and so on day after day, until the food that would have sufficed them for months was disposed of in the short period of four days. On occasions of feasting, when Gluttony is high steward, and Sloth the attending chamberlain, wonders may be achieved in circles boasting of more civilization than the Maori aspires to.

During the orgies Mary was attended by Raukawa, who did not commit himself to gluttony, doubtless being restrained by the presence and the example of his fair companion. During her stay on the island she learned much concerning the customs and modes of life observed and followed by the people: Raukawa was particularly well-skilled in the primitive arts of his people, and was thoroughly versed in their

ancient legendary lore. Mary was very inquisitive on the latter topic, and Raukawa would entertain her with the recital of long and very interesting legends of the early chiefs that ruled the tribes, their wars and conduct during their oft-recurring hostilities, their friendships and abiding attachments.

In these pleasant days Mary also accompanied the youth to visit different places on the island remarkable for natural beauty or for the remains of an ancient people, attested by earth-mounds of unusual form and magnitude. They visited the caverns in the cliffs: many of these caves were of considerable extent and dimensions, so much so that it was generally believed by the islanders that at least one of the caves wound its way through the entire diameter of the island, affording in its gloomy chambers a shelter to sea-monsters of uncouth forms and fierce natures; furthermore, these cyclopean apartments were supposed to be the abode of the spirits of those of their enemies whose heads they obtained in battle. The cave, which was used as a receptacle for the grisly relics mentioned above, might be entered by a low, irregular arch in the cliff front: once inside, the visitor perceived that the cavern roof rose to a height of one hundred feet, and extended, in an angular form, to a space of about three hundred

feet. In this capacious hall was an array of human heads, some recently added, and known by their cold brown hue, resulting from the process of preparation through which they passed; the snow-white crania were by far the more numerous, and these reflected from their smooth polished specula the light as it entered the cave, throwing the feeble radii around in showers of icy green coldness. These barbaric trophies were placed on rudely-carved posts, and the entire collection was in every stage of decay, yet regarded with feelings of awe by the natives: none dared to touch any of the bones; no words were spoken by any whom business or curiosity ever brought into this chamber of the rock. The deep booming and hollow moaning of the ocean came in fitful pulsations up from the mysterious labyrinths of the cavern; sea-birds sat in stolid indifference far up on the black shoulders of the gigantic masses of rock that comprised the walls and roof; extensive and populous settlements of bats held possession of the interstices of the rugged dome that hung overhead. An occasional wild scream from the sea-birds awoke the echoes of this weird chamber, producing an effect which was exceedingly wizard-like and solemn.

## CHAPTER XII.

## BRAVERY.

“ The unsettled host moved on the hill ;  
Like the mountain cloud when the blast has entered its womb,  
And scatters the curling gloom on every side.”

—*Calthon and Colmal.*

EARLY on the morning of the second day after the departure of Te Rangitukaroa and party to the island to assist at the last obsequies to the remains of Je Kanohi, Hahaki and his wife came to Wairauki. Both were in great consternation and much excited. Loud and bitter were the tohunga's reproaches when he learned the carelessness shown by the chief in having left his home at a time of so much danger as the present. The priest that morning had descried from the mountain top a long train of men on the yellow beaches below, marching in single file toward the hill-fort. The truth flashed to the mind of the priest. “ These,” said he, “ are the relentless Ngati-raukawa on the death-trail of the Mauopoki.”



Pausing a few moments to watch the movements of the approaching enemy, his decision was at once taken, and he resolved to proceed to the hill-pah without further delay. As there was not a moment to be lost, Hahaki and his aged wife hurried through the forest by the shortest route, and arrived at the pah ere the people had left their sleeping whares.

When Ena learned the aspect of affairs, she gave orders that a double watch be set, and also sent out a small party of picked men to reconnoitre from an adjacent peak at some distance from the pah. Every man, woman, and youth capable of taking a share in the defence was summoned to the outworks. The *pahu*, or gong, was struck in haste, and a wild, tumultuous rush took place from the whares across the open spaces of the pah, until every one gained his well-known place in the works by the palisades. Ena, accompanied by Hahaki, went round the fortress giving orders and imparting courage to the people. These regarded her with feelings akin to a superstitious awe. She was on this occasion more than usually calm and collected; her commands were given in a firm voice, she asked no questions, evinced no sign of fear. She held in her hand her father's greenstone meri; her face was painted with a few delicate lines of red ochre; on her head she wore

a circle of rare black-and-white feathers, and, falling over her finely moulded shoulders, her lustrous black hair floated behind like a sable standard; a white flax mat hung from her neck, and reached the ankle; her right arm, round and superbly sculptured, was bare to the shoulder; on her bosom depended a greenstone ornament, the highly-valued and quaintly-cut *Hcitiiki*; and, thus arrayed, she awaited, with the calmness and composure of determination, the return of the reconnoitring party.

The recognized leaders of the tribe were absent, and no experienced warrior or person of position remained, save Hahaki, to take command of the pah; so, bracing her mind to the emergency, Ena rose far superior to her usual character. From the parapet of the defences she eagerly and silently scanned the sea, the beaches, and the forest-covered ridges near; but no sign of friend or foe appeared on either. A short interval passed—a time of anxiety to others; but to Ena it was an age of acute mental suffering. Well she knew the fate that awaited her people and herself—slavery, terrible slaughter, and the soul-harrowing doom of the cannibalistic victims. These forebodings weighed heavily on the mind of the maiden: often during that summer morning did she wish for the return of her father and the warriors ere the foe

would stand before the pah gate. Addressing the groups of nervous women and terrified children, she desired the mothers to remove the babes to the large whare, and there to abide, whilst the rest should remain and bear a part in the defence, and be ready to attend to the wounded. Her mind experienced a slight relief when she saw a man running with all speed toward the pah along a winding path up from the beach. He proved to be one of the reconnoiters, and brought her the unwelcome tidings of the advance of the enemy in large force, and in evident haste and despatch. The courier had hardly ended his brief story when Ena calmly said, "They're coming." Every eye was turned to the direction indicated, and at the distance of a few miles the head of the column was plainly discernible. On it came, slowly, like a long thin black ribbon endowed with life, flowing with an ever-swaying motion over low hill and shallow gully, occasionally swerving to right or left to avoid rough or swampy ground. Nearer every moment, nearer every instant it came, until the individual forms of the foe were easily distinguishable on the rough beaches below the pah. Terror flew among the defenders of the mountain fort, but it was soon and promptly met by Ena and Hahaki: both exhorted the people to stand to their posts to the

last, to fight for life and liberty. The tohunga cast his divining rods, and augured success; whilst Mahora took charge of the women, who, with their litters, were in readiness to remove the wounded from the scene of strife. Silence was strictly enjoined; not a man was allowed to show his head above the palisades. The reconnoitring party now came in with the report that a numerous body of the enemy had made a detour to the left, and had penetrated the forest, with the intention, as the scouts believed, of attacking the fort in rear.

Ena stood alone on the parapet, and there awaited the enemy's approach. On they came: they are at the foot of the isolated peak on which the Wairauki stand. Suddenly, on the bright morning air, a prolonged growl of defiance hurtles up the craggy cliffs from the deep-throated foeman to the startled ear of the crouching Mauopoko, who return no answer to the challenge: after a few moments' space, a hollow, re-bellowing, angry murmur, indicative of chagrin and astonishment, is heard among the assailants, and this expression of savagery is even more terrible than their first challenge. Their leader now points toward the pah, and, meri in hand, dashes fiercely forward among the rugged grey rocks and over the loose débris that strew the flanks of the mountain, fol-

lowed by his tribemen in wildering eagerness. Up, still up, and higher still, and nearer every moment brings the now silent foe; the rattling of the loose shingle beneath their flax moccassined feet is heard. Quick as the lurid-sheeted flash, veiling for a moment the eastern horizon with a robe of fire when night is on the hills, is Ena in this her trying emergency; with all a woman's promptitude of action and readiness of resolve, she flies to the principal group of men near the large gateway, and issues a secret order. She returns to her station on the parapet; and then, like a tigress watching the prey, her body oscillates with the intensity of restrained heroism. The enemy's vanguard appear on the extremely scanty glacis, and is allowed to scan the works. Immediately the heads of the foremost men of the main column are seen. In an instant Ena is at the gate, twenty strong arms remove the barrier; one tap on the gong, and fifty of her bravest and best men are by her side; with a cry, terrible when uttered by a woman's shrill and pitiless voice, its wild echoes are taken up by the adjacent barren peak, and rolled back again down the deep gully sides; it rings out like the pibroch of an expiring people. Thus nerving herself to grapple with the enemy in a manner befitting the dignity and prestige of her race, she sprang upon the undaunted

foe ; fast and furious the meri of her ancestors reeks with the warm blood of the death-quivering victims. Heedless of danger, her men follow and dash'in among the spears poised to strike ; but at sight of the white mantle of the heroine bespattered with the blood of their fallen comrades, the terrified Ngatiraukawa turn and fly in disastrous confusion down the mountain, scattering havoc and death amongst themselves ; for many were still pressing forward, and with difficulty at last they understood the extent and nature of their repulse. From above, the work of death commenced in earnest ; large fragments of rock were hurled down on the retiring enemy, and slaughter committed to a fearful extent spread a terrible panic among the retreating force. The shouts and demoniac laughter of the victors, the crashing of rocks, and the shrieks of the wounded commingling, swelled the murderous scene to a height of terrorism inhuman and appalling.

Hahaki had taken charge of the defence of the rear-works of the pah ; but, as Ena repelled the attack in front so suddenly, the enemy had had no time in which to signal to his forces in the rear. Hahaki, acting on the knowledge he had already possessed himself of as before mentioned, led out as many men in search of the foe as he could collect, first apprising Ena of his intentions : silently descend-

ing the hill at the rear, he entered the forest, and creeping on from covert to covert, he awaited the arrival of the expected antagonists. More than ordinary care was observed by the chief who was in command of the second party of the Ngatiraukawa, as he used the precaution of sending on before a few scouts to see that the paths were open. The eagerness of a few of Hahaki's men spoilt his chance of inflicting punishment on the main body, as his own men sprang out of their hiding-places and struck down the few scouts who were in view. No sooner was the fate of these observed than the alarm was immediately given and the retreat became general, the enemy thinking that, as their intention was known, they must have been betrayed. Hahaki did not care to follow, fearing that the enemy might possibly be in force ; so, returning to the pah, he would not allow the enemy's dead to be mutilated or interred, in order that the prophecy he had delivered to Te Raugitukaroa might be literally fulfilled. More than thirty slain and wounded attested the prescience of the famous seer.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## ATAPO'S EXPEDITION.

“ The battle darkens near us,  
Death hovers over the land.”

—*Carthou.*

TE RANGITUKAROA and his followers returned to Wairauki on the evening of the same day which witnessed the bravery of his daughter and the defeat of the enemy. Bitter were the reproaches of the tohunga at what he considered a wanton risk of many valuable lives, in having left the pah so feebly garrisoned, and in charge of a woman, who, however, he was compelled to admit, had acquitted herself in a manner worthy the occasion. But as this was no time for recrimination or delay, Hahaki advised the immediate despatch of a strong force to intercept the allies that were doubtless on their way to assist the Ngatiraukawa. The counsel of the priest was approved of, and a party consisting of eighty of the



bravest tribemen, under the command of Atapo, left Wairauki the same afternoon. Raukawa did not accompany the expedition. The route of the war-party lay through a densely wooded tract of broken country, across spurs of the Tararua ranges, where every gully had its stream of deliciously pure water, and every stage its interminable plantations of noble trees. The destination of the warriors for the first evening's sunset was a well-known, though seldom visited ravine, facing eastward; the steep sides of which were picturesquely dotted with snow-white pillars of rock, standing at right angles with the horizon. These rude erections were from ten to fifteen feet in height, and of various diameters: as they stood among the dense masses of foliage in endless variety of greens, were a remarkable assemblage of natural and artificial subjects, which were regarded by the natives with superstitious veneration. Halting here for the night under the shelter of the shrubby gnaios and umbrageous silver tree-ferns, Atapo placed the sentinels. After the warriors had refreshed themselves and laved their feet and hands in the brawling mountain streamlet, many went to sleep on the couch prepared by nature's hand; many gathered round the camp fires, and whilst one told a story, or sang an old song, the listeners attentively hung on every sen-

tence, or joined with skill in the chorus. Seated on a moss-grown stone, Atapo, surrounded by a party of his warriors, related traditional legends to his hearers: he told how that many long years ago, now dimly remembered, his father, who was a tohunga in the tribe, affirmed that it was in this same gully that the tribes of the great Ngatikahungu nation met to ratify, with solemn ceremonies and joyous festivities, an ever binding engagement to befriend and to assist each other on every occasion, and in every emergency, so long as the Moa stalked over the plains and the Kiwi cried in the forest; and, in remembrance of this solemn covenant, three white pillars were here set up as witnesses to the compact: also how, on the assumption of the chief military command of the tribes by each succeeding chieftain, he and his friends here set up a single pillar in commemoration of his accession to that high office, each memorial pillar so erected bearing the name of its proper chieftain.

The evening fell over the "gully of the pillars," and as twilight slowly settled on every object, the full moon was seen to rise above the distant eastern mountain ranges; simultaneously with the first streak visible of the moon's golden disc, a low faint sound, heard by Atapo and his companions,

proceeded from a pillar near. "Listen," said the warrior to his comrades; "you may now hear the spirit-song of the pillar of Tantanamoa. This is the only one of the group that emits sounds, and only when the moon is at the full, the air free from dew, and the winds quite hushed." All attentively listened; nor were they disappointed. Gradually the sound increased in force and sweetness, and as the moon's orb slowly rolled up the horizon, so the notes of the mysterious instrument poured out their sweet melodies on the startled ears of the spell-wrapt warriors; but as soon as the horizon line and the lower arc of the moon were clear of each other, the notes slowly melted away in a series of vibrations, full of tenderest symphonies, that touched the grim souls of the war-hardened sons of the forest, causing tears to flow from eyes that seldom gave expression to the softer emotions.

The night wore quietly away; the camp remained in unbroken silence, save when at measured intervals the call of the sentries echoed softly over the gully, or the brown *Ruru* hooted to his fellow from the decaying trunk of an ancient tree.

Soon as morning dawned the camp was astir, and after a hasty meal the march was resumed; still onwards in an easterly direction, the second day

was spent in a wearisome struggle with high and precipitous cliff, climbing, or plunging through the dense undergrowth of the ever-recurring ravine; in wading through the not very deep beds of multitudinous streams, and in a weary plodding tramp through swamps where the coarse brown cyperus, tall raupo, and graceful flax all attained a luxurious growth. At night they bivouacked on the banks of a stream embowered by large Tawa trees that cast a dark shade over the current and its fern-grown banks; and here the second night was passed in safe and undisturbed quietude. The rising sun of the third day saw the little army on the march. The path became more difficult, and the ascent more steep; more rugged and barren was the general aspect of the mountain scenery, and the vegetation differed as the warriors pressed forward. At mid-day a wild and broken ravine was reached which ran up a little way among overhanging grey crags, and then suddenly turned an acute angle to the south, whence the ravine, or pass, ran down a steep incline among the Alpine ranges, leading the traveller out into an extensive tract of undulating country, extending far as the eye could reach, studded with clumps of bush and patches of scrub, and long stretches of brown bracken. This was a portion of the territory of a hostile tribe, of

whom it was apprehended that they would also join issue with the Ngatiraukawa against the Mauopoko. The Waikato contingent must of necessity pass through this mountain gap, and Atapo determined to take possession of it, and to dispute its passage with his life.

Evening came on with all her brilliant loveliness, her soft golden light bathing the extensive landscape, and robing it with a mantle of extreme delicacy and all-pervading magnificence. The coppery-tinted kuku flew overhead in flocks; the greenish-black tui in the neighbouring thickets sang with sweet energy and captivating plaintiveness; the crimson-top and the yellow-top kakaikis twittered, on bright green and blue-tinted wings, from shrub to tree; and the pale brown pihoihoi piped on the peaked and pointed stones that overhung the pass. Numerous lizards crept over the warm stones, and the spear-grass gave shelter and security to the cocoons of the field-spider. No signs of human beings were visible on the country below, but, as night descended, the usual precautions were observed by Atapo in disposing of his men. Ere the moon rose, the sentinels thought that they descried the fires of an enemy's camp, far off in the wilds of the silent waste beneath them, and communicated the intelligence to their

leader, who spent the remainder of the sultry summer night in endeavouring to get more information as to the vicinity of the enemy ; but in vain. Scarcely had the moonlit hours passed, when he caused his forces to stand to their arms, and, with weapon in hand, swallow a scanty meal. For all this haste there was an urgent need ; the quick and trained ear of the chief caught, during the deep stillness of the early dawn, a peculiar and unusual series of noises, faint, very faint indeed, but still not to be mistaken, or to be attributed to any other cause than that of the sound of many human voices engaged in the recitation of the war-chant, and joining in its hollow-sounding chorus.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### ATAPO'S DEFEAT.

“Pale, silent, low on bloody beds,  
Are they who were my friends.”

—*Fingal.*

FROM the summit of a peak whereon Atapo stood the view was magnificent in the extreme, and this circumstance had a powerful effect upon the mind of the uncivilized warrior, who, although of a harsh and suspicious nature, was not wholly devoid of generous feelings.

The ocean's pale blue line faded into a hazy indistinctness on the arch of the morning sky, as far in a southerly direction the waters bounded many a picturesque brown hill, many a cold-fronted cliff, and many rolling downs, where the fern afforded covert to the brown weka, that now cackled to its fellows as the day broke. Atapo heard the hollow murmur of

the deep roll over the land; its mysterious voices sank into his heart and awoke old memories, and called into action present forebodings, mingled with depressing omens for the future. Turning his look northward in the direction of his native home, he scanned the face of the country with a scrutinizing gaze; but disappointed, by thick clouds hanging in white masses over the tops of the distant sierras, he, with a bitterly mournful sigh, looked right in front of his position on the ranges. He did not look long, as almost immediately that his attention was given toward the direction whence the war-songs of the preceding night had emanated, there emerged a small party of natives from a patch of manuka scrub not more than one hundred paces distant. Slowly and with caution these men approached the entrance to the pass, almost counting their steps, and taking careful note of the appearance of the surrounding locality, guarding against a sudden surprise, they stealthily crept onward in single file and at several paces distant from each other. Atapo was equal to the occasion, and had divided his forces; fifty men on one side of the defile under his own command, and the remaining thirty he placed under the command of his brother Tana, and stationed them on the opposite cliffs of the defile. The men were completely hidden behind the project-



ing masses of rock, and were in readiness to act at a signal from their leaders.

By this time the sun had risen, and floods of light and warmth were flowing fast and invigoratingly over the scene. The advancing party had entered the pass, and, thinking that no ambuscade was near, the whole body, numbering twenty men, had incautiously hurried into the intricacies of the tortuous path. Waiting a few moments, Atapo saw that the main body of the contingent, numbering about one hundred men, was coming up the slope of the ranges, and following in the track of the advanced guard. He could now discern some chiefs of celebrity in the front rank as they marched onwards. As the enemy proceeded in single file, it would be difficult to inflict serious punishment on him whilst in the defile, so Atapo had recourse to a stratagem, which was to cut off the return of the advanced guard, and also to preclude all chances of giving the alarm of danger too soon. He despatched twenty men under a chosen warrior, with orders to make short work of those who were below them in the labyrinths of the path. These orders were carried out to the letter, and no sooner did the agonizing cries of the astonished foemen rise clear and shrill on the morning air, as they found themselves doomed to annihilation, than their com

rades yelled a responsive and assuring war-whoop that help and vengeance were near. Simultaneously, the dark line moved up in admirable order, until the entire troop were four abreast, and so flew on to the relief of their comrades in peril. This was Atapo's moment for action. Hurling a stone high in air as a signal to begin the attack, large angular fragments of rock and polygonal boulders were heaved down from either side of the defile upon the dark body of the still orderly, but ferocious enemy beneath. Shouts and screams, cries and shrieks, orders and imprecations, rose in wild tumultuousness above the din and the dust. The wail of battle was distinctly audible between the strange hurrying sounds of falling rocks, crashing stones, and the heavy thuds of the splintering masses of rock, as they embedded themselves and their victims in the sterile bosom of the blood-stained mountain defile. The entire annihilation of the Waikatos seemed inevitable. To go on was death; to retreat was equally fatal; resistance was impracticable. To stand still and be slaughtered was the terrible alternative. Confusion spread amongst the mass of human beings that struggled and swayed to and fro in the arena of death below the relentless Mauopoko: the weak were trodden under foot by the strong; the panic was complete. Emboldened beyond

the most sanguine hope, Atapo concentrated his men on the front of his helpless enemy, where the principal men and the chieftains were, thus leaving the rear of his foe comparatively free to act. A youthful warrior, named Te Ori, brought up the rearguard of the Waikatos. When the opportunity offered, the young Waikato chief drew off as many men as he could without exciting the notice of the Mauopoko, and so succeeded in retracing his steps, and gained the entrance by which they passed into the defile. Bounding up the hill-side, and followed by his small party, they became in a few seconds the infuriate retaliators on the almost victorious Atapo. The sudden change in the fortunes of the day paralyzed the Mauopoko. Atapo thought that he was betrayed by some of his own people; and as a whale under the harpoon of the fisher plunges madly down into the depths of ocean, into caverns beyond the reach of the pigmy inhabitants of the water, so Atapo, with fell swoop and fierce war-cries, followed by a few warriors, dashed down the cliffs, and sought to glut their blind rage in the blood of the enemy ere they crossed over in their attempt to join Tana on the opposite cliffs. As only a few followed Atapo, his remaining men were virtually left without a leader, and from being the victors, they became the van-

quished. Te Ori now hurled the rocky missiles with the steadiness of a courage on which everything depended. Making a perceptible impression on the fainting followers of Atapo, these last turned to fly from the scene of their bloody momentary successes ; but these gave place to a defeat decisive and overwhelming. Wearied with their exertions, and having the steep face of the cliff to climb, the Mauopoko became an easy prey to the handful of warriors above them. These, by order of the young chief, reserved their strength ; no stone was launched until its mark was sure. By these precautions, death came on certain wing to shroud the spirit in its flight from earth. The reassuring cries of the victors inspired the pent-up Waikatos with indomitable courage, and gave the Mauopoko on the opposite crags the warning to seek safety in flight. Nor was the determination taken too soon, nor the suggestion delayed a moment too long, for, with a hoarse cry burdened with revengeful cadences, the Waikatos rushed back by the way they entered, and, turning to the right, furiously ascended the hill in pursuit of the retreating Mauopoko, who, from their knowledge of the country, soon left behind their baffled pursuers. These, on returning to the scene of their disaster, were joined by their victorious companions under Te Ori, who

pointed with savage pride and exultation to the mangled remains that lay scattered in the silent wildernesses around. To inter their own dead, numbering over fifty men, and to strip the bodies of the fallen enemy of arms and scalps, were the busy employments of the Waikato. These done, the order of march was resumed. Atapo, and four only of his hasty followers, were spared their lives, and were compelled to act as guides. These five men were all that remained alive of the fifty who were but a few hours before under his own immediate command. It was with extreme difficulty that the chieftains restrained their men from tearing Atapo and his comrades into pieces. The captives were securely lashed with green flax withers arm to arm with a stalwart Waikato, and were compelled, on pain of death, to act as guides through the forest until they reached the pah of the Ngatiraukawa.

## CHAPTER XV.

## TREACHERY.

“The light of my bosom is stained with thy deeds.”

—*Temora*.

JEALOUSY, cruellest of all the passions that infest and debase the soul, had entered that of Hinema, and had taken possession of the once happy and confiding maiden : from the moment in which she sat by Mary's side in the canoe that conveyed them to the island, until their return to Wairauki, her bosom knew no peace, no respite from the consuming action of the fire that slowly burned up her better feelings, and turned her loving heart into a sullenly glowing cinder, smouldering on the ashes of bitter hate and black revenge. She asked herself for an answer to these strange feelings that so transformed her nature, but she asked in vain ; she recalled to mind all the brotherly kindnesses she had received from Raukawa, but these remembrances were all unsatisfactory, giving

no clue to a higher love than that which a brother bears to a sister. In vain she exacted more from the everyday occurrences that brought her into the society of the man she loved so well and so devotedly at a time when she was not aware of the influences which he was unconsciously exercising upon her : she could not recall a word or a glance of more than ordinary meaning or of usual courtesy to herself from him ; yet the presence of Mary, she felt, was an obstacle she would gladly get rid of, if with any semblance of propriety she could do so.

Thus torn with an inward anger, and harassed with the burden of discontent, sleep forsook her pillow ; and when she sought the refreshment of rest, she gave way in secret to wild flights of inconsolable grief. Her appearance attracted the notice of Ena, who questioned her as to what had disconcerted her usually cheerful companion ; but to all the entreaties and solicitations of her mistress Hinema was sullenly reticent.

Resolving to make trial of the state of Raukawa's mind towards her, Hinema determined on putting it to the test ; and with this resolve, one evening, as he returned from hunting in the forest, she stood before him in a gully at the back of the pah. To bestow a gentle, but careless caress on the maiden was an easy task

for him, but as soon as the arm of the young warrior encircled the neck of the girl she burst into a passionate flood of tears. The youth, astonished at this unusual occurrence, started, and, holding her at arm's length, asked her what was the matter. It was some moments ere she could regain her equanimity ; but on recovering herself, the youth repeated his former question, to which she softly answered, with many sobs, that nothing unusual had happened.

“Then,” said he, “why this sudden outburst of grief? Surely some one has injured you, or a hidden grief preys upon your heart?”

“Yes,” answered Hinema, mustering all her courage, and summoning to her aid all the subtle fascinations of her sex, “yes; a grief great and weighty has taken possession of me, for I have discovered, Raukawa, that you do not love me.” For this answer he was not prepared: looking into the eyes of the girl, which were now raised to meet his, he, for the first time perhaps in his life, discovered that the being beside him was lovely to a degree, far beyond what he ever thought her before. She saw the expression of his countenance, and reading what was passing in his mind, followed up her conquest by repeating in a sweet, low voice, “The friends of my childhood forsake me for the love of a stranger. Raukawa, I will



follow you through life, and through death ; but you throw me aside, and love a poor frail paleface, a weakly girl, who can never love you, and who will leave you so soon as opportunity serves." At this the admiring glances of Raukawa gave place to an expression of contempt.

"Cease," said he ; "Hinema understands not her words. The pakeha is free to love whom she pleases, and she is at liberty to go at any moment ; as for you, Hinema, you are to me a sister, and nothing more."

Their further conversation was interrupted by the arrival of the companions of the young chief, three youths who had been with him in the forest, and were returning laden with their feathered spoils. One of these young men entertained for Hinema ardent affection ; but she had always carefully avoided giving him any hope of a return to his love. Seeing her agitated, he allowed his comrades to pass on homewards, whilst he remained with her. The evening was fast falling, as the youth offered to bear her company up the hill ; taking her hand in his, which she now suffered him to retain, both walked forward. When they had proceeded a little way in silence, he ventured to ask her if Raukawa had treated her unkindly ; but she answered in the negative. The youth, whose name was Horo, again pressed his suit. She listened to him

with seeming approbation : this emboldened the suitor, and from one stage of endearment to another the seemingly yielding maiden gave her wooer hopes of ultimate success.

Prompted by her jealousy, she had recourse to a series of stratagems by which she hoped to accomplish an end that seemed to be to her most desirable. Detaining her lover among the tall scrub that clothed the hill-side, she told him that since Mary came to the pah her own quiet and comfort had been rudely and ruthlessly torn from her; that she was compelled to do servile offices for the stranger; that Ena and Raukawa were entirely changed in their conduct towards her; that, in short, she was almost lowered to the degraded position of a slave. Horo listened with fixed attention to her. "But," she continued, "I am resolved on what to do. I will fly from the pah, and seek a home among the enemies of our tribe; they will shelter me."

"No, no!" exclaimed Horo; "speak not so wildly, nor act so desperately. Your distress moves me to pity: your words inflame my anger. Tell me, cannot some plan be devised by which we might get rid of the stranger?"

"Yes," said she; "if I could by any means communicate with the enemy, all might yet be well."

“What do you intend doing?” asked he. “What would you do, were I to bring you to the enemy’s camp?”

“That,” said the girl, “I do not wish you to do. To bring me into the presence of the enemy might not be convenient; but if you would convey a message to them from me, you will do me a service which I wish to have done, and that speedily. Your reward will be—myself.”

“Tell me,” said he; “tell me what your plans are, and I will endeavour to carry them out.”

“Go,” she replied; “go this evening to the Ngatiraukawa. Tell their chief that if he will give you protection and a home, you will deliver into his hands, not only the stranger, but also, with her, the only daughter of Te Rangitukaroa; this will most assuredly be too strong an inducement for the enemy to refuse, or to neglect making trial of, at least. Are our prospects of the future of so cheering a nature as to warrant us to hope that the enemy will weary pursuing us, and that he will turn aside and let us live in perfect security? Have not your father and many of your friends and your brothers fallen before the might of the implacable Ngatiraukawa? For us there is nothing but death: if we escape that, there only remains to us slavery. Choose, Horo,

choose instantly : my love and a home, or slavery, or death."

"I have chosen," replied he ; "ere the morning lights yonder hills with his beams I will be here. Meet me."

So saying, Horo turned and, plunging down the hill-side, was soon lost to view among the sombre shadows of the primitive forest.

Nothing but the deep stings of disappointed love in the festering wound of her bleeding heart could have driven Hinema to the desperate and heartless treachery she had thus quickly acted upon with such consummate skill, and such a dire energy of will. Entering the pah she was met by Ena, who did not fail to compliment her on her cheerful looks ; and even Mary felt a relief when the girl tendered her usual services with so different a manner from that in which it was her wont to wait upon her, so perfect was the dissimulation she wore. Contemplating the net of danger which her ingenuity wove around the victims of her anger, her bosom experienced a respite from its virulent bitterness.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE FOREST.

“ The wind of spring is abroad,  
The flowers shake their heads on the green hills.  
The woods wave their growing leaves.”

—*Dar-Thula.*

ON the afternoon of the third day of Atapo's absence from the pah with the men under his command, Ena, with Mary and a few slave girls, left the hill-fort to spend a few hours in the neighbouring forest. Going out by a postern door in an angle of the flanking earthworks and palisading, the girls descended the hill toward a steep ravine that quite encircled the base of the hill on which the pah stood, running out on either hand to the rugged and broken beaches of the sea-shore. To Ena and her girls this was a well-known locality, but to Mary it was new ; and as it abounded with botanic novelties it was

an agreeable and refreshing change from the parallel fences, quaint roofs, and rude, rough carvings of the pah.

The track leading down into the gully was of loose shingle. The *mawhitiwhiti*, or grasshopper, was in myriad numbers on the pathway, flying about with the click, click of their short, stout winglets: these restless insects gave a drear harshness to the sterility of the stunted herbage, which is at this season of the year of a wiry texture, and of a greyish green appearance. As the girls approached the bottom of the ravine, the coolness of the immense masses of foliage imparted a stimulating aroma to the warm atmosphere. The sweet smell of the wild flowers, particularly that of the *Earina autumnalis*, an exquisite epiphyte which scents the air to a great distance; the sweet clematis festooning the tree-shrubs with robes of white bloom; the rata-pika, with her profusion of scarlet plumose tresses, clinging to the loftiest trees;—these, and very many more, were new to Mary, and, as such, were a source of pleasure to her. These simple enjoyments were to Ena more than passing toys wherewith to while away time: they formed a part of the business of her existence. She would sit beneath the shadow of the great trees, and listen to the low winds whispering in the topmost

branches. To weave garlands of the beauteous ferns, to gather the many edible berries that hung on the trees and shrubs in their season, were for Ena and her slaves an agreeable and useful employment. The period of childhood was passed in such scenes and occupations; and none may wonder that the forest and its associations were intensely loved by these unsophisticated children of nature.

Ena assiduously endeavoured to instil into Mary's heart a like feeling and affection to that which existed in her own for the natural treasures of the bush; nor did she labour in vain, for, although Mary was brought up in a large city, she had, as many like her have, a keen love for the beautiful objects of the floral world. She now engaged in the study of native botanic nomenclature and pharmacopœia with zealous diligence. She also studied the homely art practised by the natives of distilling the many sweet perfumes contained in the various plants, and also the method of extracting their useful oils.

A small stream of pure water ran through the ravine, the banks of which were clothed with ferns; and these, from the minutely delicate fair-fronded specimen, to the tall tree-fern often rising to a height of forty feet, presented an array unparalleled in any

other clime. Bright and soft mosses, curious lichens, liverworts, and fungi of various kinds crept over bank, rock, and tree—a perfect dream of enchantment for a botanist. The queenly *Rata* threw a deep shade on the ground; the thick and almost impenetrable network of underbush, consisting of vines and parasitic plants of various growth and foliage, gave shelter to the birds; the stately honeysuckle, the light and gracefully-branched Tawa, the black green foliage of the aristocratic Karaka, with its clusters of bright orange berries; the edible drupe of the straggling and procumbent fuchsia; the black masses of shadow, the bright glare of the sunlight, the ceaseless humming of the water, the crisp swirling of the current when intercepted by stones;—these adjuncts of rural loveliness gave to this favourite haunt of Ena an indescribable charm, which exerted a powerful influence over the mind of the girl. To watch the summer cloud sail past over the rich, warm blue sky that spanned the spaces overhead in as mysterious a manner as its sister wonder, the ocean, does its measureless immensities of matter. On these Ena would dream and ponder, and vainly endeavour to peer into the future. Here, with Te Koturu by her side, many were the hours passed in tender and warmly reciprocated affection.



A melancholy had settled down on the spirit of Ena since the near approach of the hostile Ngatiraukawa : her gaiety seemed to have almost forsaken her, and she lived, seemingly, for no other purpose than to get rid of the dreaded enemy of her people. She believed, in common with the *hapu*, or tribe, that Mary's presence was an omen portending good, and she set her abilities to encompass the union of Mary with her brother. She watched her charge closely, day after day, in the hope of detecting any symptom of reciprocating the love of the youth who loved Mary tenderly and truly. Already her quiet bearing had a perceptible influence on the wild, but gracefully mannered chieftain.

Whenever Mary could forget, for even a short time, her loss of home and friends, she felt a warm liking springing up in her bosom toward the dark-skinned youth ; indeed, he was formed to inspire a woman's heart with love, and his own was in every respect fitted to nurture the passion in its truest and most lasting phases.

Seated in one of the recesses of a pukatea tree, whose buttressed trunk forms large intervening spaces, the girls were conversing through their interpreter. Ena commenced by telling Mary how happy they all would be when the war between the tribes was ended,

as then they could return to their lands by the Taranaki mountain.

“You,” said Ena, addressing Mary, “will accompany us; ere the winter comes we will be at liberty to visit our old homes, and, with Raukawa as guide, we will visit caves formed by the deities for the ancient people that inhabited the mountains, and in his canoe we will renew our acquaintance with the paha along those beautiful shores. Thus will the by-past and its memories return to us, and Raukawa will be happy to convince you how deeply and how fondly he loves you.”

Mary had expected this indirect avowal of Raukawa's attachment, nor did it strike her as presumptuous. She was most delicately attended on by Ena; she was completely in the hands of a people whose language she did not understand, of whose customs she was ignorant; yet she knew that her benefactors exerted themselves to the utmost in order to smooth their manner toward her, and endeavoured to make her forget her painful position amongst them; nor is it too much to say that in this last they succeeded in no trifling degree.

To Ena's sisterly solicitude Mary responded with an ingenuousness full of endearing unreservedness, which completely won the heart of the melancholy Ena. Mary told her that she was not,

nor indeed could she be, insensible to the attentions of Raukawa, nor could she mistake the motive that prompted them ; yet she begged of Ena a little longer delay before an avowal of mutual affection took place between them, pleading the late sudden loss of her father and her lover, also her own inability to speak the language of her associates.

Ena's joy at hearing these confessions and sisterly requests seemed to admit of no bounds. Throwing her finely-moulded arms around Mary's slender form, she strained her in an ecstasy of delight to her bosom, and, with a touch that would scarcely have displaced the feathery plumes from the wing of a butterfly, she pressed her nose against Mary's. The exquisitely cut nostrils fluttered with the intensity of her feelings, and at the same time she uttered a low, fond, plaintive, yet scarcely audible murmur, whilst the profoundly absorbing embrace continued.

The slave girls cast themselves on their faces, and humbly and affectionately caressing Mary's feet, they sobbed aloud for joy ; at the same time chanting an avowal of their devotedness to the pakeha maiden, and predicting at the same time that happiness and competence would be hers throughout her life.

But what language can describe the state of Hinema's feelings throughout the entire scene ? To

be compelled to convey an offer of love from the man whom she herself adored to the woman whom she detested, taxed her powers of dissimulation to the uttermost.

Whilst the group was thus engaged, one of the girls uttered a loud scream of terror and surprise, exclaiming, "The Ngatiraukawa! the Ngatiraukawa!" and running off, followed by her fellow slaves, leaving Ena, Mary, and Hinema behind, they fled up by the pathway toward the pah. On the alarm being given, a party of men sprang out of their lurking-places, which were behind some large fragments of rock overgrown by moss that lay on the bank overhanging the stream. The party, eight in number, had evidently been there for some hours past, and, having overheard the conversation of the girls, they became possessed of the important nature of their errand: that here, almost within their grasp, were the pakeha girl and the old chieftain's daughter. They seized the three girls, and, tying a hand of each together, they led them into the deep labyrinths of the bush.

The party was fully armed, and was prepared to carry off any prey met with in the vicinity of the hill-pah.

Ena's grief was intense, but silent: to the taunts of her captors she deigned no reply. It was unfortunate

for her that her late heroic defence of her father's home was well known to her pitiless kidnappers.

To Mary was shown a deference amounting to a superstitious observance of the most trifling circumstance that, accidentally or otherwise, bore any reference to her thoughts, or directed her actions.

The evening was drawing to a close: the trees cast long shadows over the rich brown-coloured ground that is often met with among the large trees of the bush, the ferns were gilt with the golden light of the sun, and the owl began to hoot from his hiding-place in holes in decayed trees, when the party was joined by the traitor Horo, who, after he had placed the ambush, had removed from the scene a little way, so as not to be observed by Ena, in case of the failure of the stratagem. His presence was now scarcely noticed by the Ngatiraukawa tribemen. He immediately joined Hinema, and saw, with ill-concealed surprise and anger, that her hands were tied as well as those of her companions. In vain he requested the leader of the escort to untie her; so he was fain to content himself by walking in sullen mood by her side. When Ena saw Horo, she at once suspected that all was not right; a few glances and some reflection confirmed her suspicions, and bitterly agonizing were her feelings when she partially understood

the traitorous means employed to compass this her latest misfortune.

Onward the captors and the captured hurried : they entered the deep and tangled network of undergrowth, where the vestiges of an old but seldom trodden path were barely visible, and with difficulty pursued by the party. The rock cropped up among the thick mantle of ferns that overspread the ground, rendering walking exceedingly wearisome and painful : often the bed of a stream had to be followed for a time in order to avoid overhanging cliffs or huge loosely-piled cairns of rock, or an occasional *talus* that, having left its place on the face of a precipice, had carried down with it in its flight acres of forest trees with their roots deeply embedded in the yellow soil forming one of those diminutive plateaux so often met with at the bases of the hills. After a toilsome scramble through the forest, the party came to a densely timbered ravine, from which the twilight was almost excluded by thick foliage ; but, the moon being at the full, her light illumined the solitudes of the leafy wildernesses, which were passed through by the captives in silence and sorrow. The uncertain light gave every object a weirdish character ; the lights were so fine, yet so vaguely defined, and the shadows were so impenetrably black and so mysteriously deep, that

the entire party evinced signs of latent terror and ill-concealed anxiety. When the outlet of the ravine was reached, the ocean burst upon their sight: far off on the moaning wastes of water lay the quiet moon-shadows, the abode of elf-beings who have existence in the imagination of the native. Ere reaching the beaches, great tussocks of the cyperus and the toi-toi grasses must be struggled through; these, growing in swampy grounds, are at all times difficult to pass. The forest trees sighed like things of life on the hill fronts in rear of the travellers; the ocean was in still quietude before them; a creeping wind was piping among the tall blades of the swamp grasses, the wekas were plaining among the scrub;—the scene harmonized the feelings to love and pity. The Ngatiraukawa warriors hurried onwards their feeble prisoners; and, as the evening gave place to the night, the superstitions observed from childhood, and their concomitant terrors, vague but not the less real, now oppressed every bosom. When they were emerging from the swamp, and had gained the sandy beach with its irregular band of sand-dunes, the atmosphere suddenly became perceptibly condensed. The murmurings of nature, so plainly observable an instant before, ceased as if by magic; and the travellers involuntarily halted. From afar off, beyond the hoary ranges, be-

yond the land, beyond the ocean, beyond the sky, beyond the bounds and limits of space, from remotest depths of illimitable universes came a sound. It fell upon the paralyzed senses of the listeners—a deep, a hollow, an awful sound indeed ; a rumbling as if the myriads of human feet that have ever trod the globe from its birth to the present moment were all set in motion, and were marching in time, at the command of the Eons of eternity, to the mystic anthems of the spheres. The cadences of this impressive thunder-chorus lapsed into a silence that might be felt : this was instantly succeeded by a gentle tremor of the solid earth beneath the feet of the night travellers, who, casting themselves on their faces upon the sand, remained in speechless terror, whilst tremor succeeded tremor. The forest trees were heard to crash against each other on the hills. The ocean was agitated in an uncommon manner ; the waves rolled up on the land beyond the centuried footprints of their ceaseless wanderings. In slow heavings the waters advanced and receded ; their motion was singularly majestic, sublimely terrible in their disturbance : no sound proceeded from the deep, which ebbed and flowed without effort, without noise. At times a shock rolled onwards beneath the ground ; again the earth would heave as if its crust were about to part



asunder and burst into cyclopean fragments; and again a slight local trembling was perceptible. Jets of white steam issued from the ground through rents in the parting rock, accompanied by a smell like that of burning sulphur, which hung in suffocating vapours near the surface of the ground. The warriors breathed thick and hard, while the captives bore the terror with the fortitude that ever springs from despair. A soft wind sprang up, and, caressing the bosom of the landscape, swept away the noxious vapours, replacing a scarcely respirable state of the atmosphere by one sweet and exhilarating; the earthquake was over, as *Ruamoko*, the demon of the disturbance, reluctantly retired to his cavernous domains.

The escort and its charge resumed their journey. A thick bank of cloud overcast the western heavens; the sighings of a distant wind on the fields of earth's atmosphere became audible at long intervals. The warriors looked at each other in silence. The tops of the *taukena* scrub glowed with a phosphoric light. The clouds slowly travelled up toward the zenith, and enveloped the moon; the piping winds assumed an unearthly similitude to the human voice, and fell in weird strains on the startled ears of the travellers, who thought of the freakish nature of the *patupaharike*, or hill-fairies.

The sounds of the approach of the rising tempest became more distinct, and the pauses between its echoes shorter; nearer the tempest came, muttering like an imprisoned demon. Hoarse winds clambered up the aerial walls of the sky; over the ocean, over the land, stalked the dreaded powers of air; a few large and heavy drops of rain fell as the vapour curtain completely obscured the radiance of the moon. Thick darkness enshrouded everything in its mourning robes, the rain fell heavily and fast; sheeted lightning flitted past vast abysses in the cloudscape, lighting up for an instant evanescent panoramic views of cloud-seas, oceans, rivers, and continents with a grandeur and sublimity beyond the reach of word-painting.

Many long sandy beaches were yet to be traversed, many a sand-dune toiled over, many a treacherous swamp must be passed ere the war-pah of the Ngati-raukawa can be reached; yet on through the pouring rain-torrent, bearing up as best they may under the high wind that swept in pitiless mastery over the desert wastes of night, on they went, until Mary fainted from exhaustion. The grief of Ena was loud and piteous; clasping her to her bosom, she called on her to return to life, nor leave her thus a prey to despair in her slavery. The flax withes were now re-

moved from the hands of the captives, leaving Ena and Hinema at liberty to attend to Mary : a little water having been procured, they sprinkled her face, bathed her brow and her hands ; and Ena was overjoyed to find Mary return to consciousness, but remaining so weak as not to be able to walk. The escort in turn carried her in their arms, and so they plodded onwards under the storm of wind and rain until the day broke, the rain still heavily falling as they arrived at the pah, completely worn out with the fatigue of the preceding night.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## THE SEARCH.

“ The wind is heard on the mountain,  
The torrent pours down the rock.  
No hut receives me from the rain ;  
Forlorn on the hill of winds.”

—*Songs of Selma.*

WHEN the slave girls reached the pah with intelligence of the forcible abduction of Ena and her companions by the Ngatiraukawa, the consternation and vows of vengeance were loud and deep. Raukawa placed himself at the head of a band of expert forest-men : to his subordinates in command he allotted small companies of a few men in each. Te Rangitukaroa saw them depart : to each principal man of the search-party he gave a simple order, in accents which told how heavily this unforeseen misfortune bore upon his mind. “ Go,” said he, “ bring back my daughter to me ; return not without her.”

Addressing his son, he said, "Raukawa, the strength has left my arm, my energy has departed; no longer am I able to lead the *tana* to victory. Oh, that my old age should witness so much sorrow, misery, and despair! On you, my son, now hangs the hope of our people. Be brave, be strong; return not without Ena."

The youth embraced his aged parent, and whilst the tears yet rolled from his eyes he gave his companions the order to proceed.

The men were well armed, and they eagerly departed in pursuit. Taking the path indicated by the slaves, the party followed the old bed of the stream, and soon came to places where the luxuriance of the vegetation completely covered the course of the rivulet. Thus baffled, they separated with the understanding that by sundown they were to meet in the Nikau glen, a well-known spot in the recesses of the forest.

Hours were spent in a fruitless search for the unfortunate captives. The sun was very low in the sky, and in another hour night would be on the land: to continue the search after sunset would be useless, and moreover would likely be attended with disaster, as parties of the enemy might be lying in wait ready to seize any who might chance to fall into their hands.

When the search-party left Wairauki, the old chief retired to the verandah of his whare, and there sat

down in sorrowful gloom, his face almost hidden in the folds of his mat, his gaze fixed on space. His thoughts were of his daughter ; his heart was breaking ; he felt that his end was approaching, and that soon he must leave for ever behind him the scenes of his exile, the memories of his youth, the triumphs of his arms, and the love and unavailing regrets of his people. Tears rolled down the sallow cheeks of the fading warrior. His greenstone meri lay on the ground beside him ; with a melancholy tenderness he regarded the weapon, as from time to time his eyes were riveted on it, the heirloom of his ancestors.

The old and the decrepit men and women of the pah came to solace the chief in his bereavement, squatting down in a semicircle before him, and observing a respectful silence. Hahaki, the tohunga, slowly approached the group, his body slightly bent forward with increasing age and the weight of late disasters. Nor was his mind free from apprehensions of the future : from the solitary meditations of his profession he plainly perceived a series of mishaps gathering around the destinies of his people. The old priest's existence was an enigma to the tribe : none ever saw him sleep. For days he would remain in close solitariness, allowing none to disturb him ; none ever saw him partake of food, or perform any of the

offices of every-day life; he existed none knew how, and none dared to inquire: his advice was sought and carefully attended to, his displeasure was feared more than death, his fame was the theme of every tongue, his sayings were treasured up and remembered. Entering the line formed before the chief, he squatted down facing the old man, and so remained. On his head he wore an aigrette of rare white feathers; his features were almost concealed in the folds of the coarse black flax mat he wore.

Suddenly a low murmur ran from lip to lip: a messenger had arrived from Raukawa bearing the unwelcome tidings that the search was as yet unavailing. The courier, a fine, tall youth, communicated his message to the chief in the hearing of those present, while with increased mental dejection all bowed the head close to the ground.

It was a strange sight, a most melancholy scene. The sinking sun going down beyond the ocean's boundaries; his red light streaming through the wondrous fields of the heavens, and glowing over the beautiful earth; his levelled beams tinting with a bronze tinge the ghastly array of human heads that topped the tall posts of the pah fences. These heads had been removed from the bodies of the Ngatiraukawa who had fallen before the pah a few days previously,

and were, in accordance to the usual custom, placed in barbaric pomp in the conspicuous position referred to.

A few moments passed in painful silence, when Hahaki rose, and advancing to the chief, tenderly saluted him, and then retired to his little whare on the principal parapet of the front defences. The others followed his example, saluting their chief in silent affection and sympathetic grief, retiring with sorrowing hearts to their humble huts.

Still the old man sat in his place, silent as a statue ; not a muscle moved. To all appearance he was dead ; but his mind was vigorous, although his arm was shrunken with age ; his heart still beat warm, although its fires were cooling in the ashes of years. Bitter was the agony which the old warrior was experiencing as the icy talons of bereavement were suddenly fixed on the snapping cords of his inmost soul ; and he now knew, for the first time in his war-seared life, how sharply and how pitilessly the bonds of paternal love thrill and throb whilst undergoing the terrible ordeal of inevitable severance.

The moon rose ; and still he sat in his solitude and silence. No more tidings came in from the pursuers. The night wore on ; none slept in Wairauki pah. As the hours passed, the chief could hear the murmuring sounds of many voices engaged in conversation within



the whares. He knew that his woes were the subject of their kind and tearful watchings ; still he remained in his bitter grief. The premonitory sounds of the approaching earthquake drove the inmates of the whares out into the open spaces of the pah, and loud and woeful were their cries of terror and of anguish as the earth palpitated beneath their feet. Every eye was turned toward the parapet whereon the priest dwelt, and there, in the clear moonlight, could be seen against the yellow sky the gaunt figure of the tohunga. The upper and lower portions of his body were naked ; a small cincture of flax tassels encircled his waist, and descended below his loins. His arms were extended ; in one hand he held a few long slender reeds, in the other a human skull. Waving these adjuncts of the necromancer's art from east to west, he sought to appease the supposed demon of the earthquake, that evil genius of this ill-omened natural phenomenon. So long as the earth-wave heaved, so long the priest remained on the roof of his whare ; and when it ceased, he disappeared. Sullen murmurs rose on the air as the people dispersed, and when the storm of wind and rain descended and swept over the pah in its gigantic force and awful magnitude, the hum of the voices was lost in the thunder of the tempest.

Driven at last to seek the shelter of his whare, Te

Rangitukaroa entered it, and passed the remainder of the night in his inconsolable sorrows.

After the men under Raukawa had scoured as much of the forest as they dared before sunset, they met at the place of rendezvous. In this sequestered locality there stood a lofty and rugged precipice, or, rather, isolated cliff. It rose from the bottom of the gully to an altitude of several hundred feet. About midway of its height, there ran a cave in the face of the cliff, which extended from right to left for a distance of fifty feet, and which penetrated the rock some twenty feet. It was open in front to its entire extent, and from floor to roof it rose to a height of ten feet. The ascent to this remarkable cave, or gallery, was dangerously steep; the lower face of the rock was entirely denuded of vegetation, but immediately above the opening the rocks were clothed with tree-shrubs and scrub of various foliage and of rare excellence of form.

The prospect of the country obtained from the interior of the cave was of great extent and of surpassing beauty. The deep glens that lay beneath, wherein many a stream of water unceasingly flowed, bringing freshness and loveliness to the myriad denizens of the primeval forest; glades of fern-land and open native grassed downs intervened, over

which the scanty fauna fled before the patient hunter ; bleak turreted mountain crests were near, their woodless cones standing out from their well-timbered fellows in the Alpine ranges that traversed the country from north to south, forming a wild and savage picture of sombre beauty and massive splendour as the beams of the sunken sun still faintly lingered on the higher peaks. A delicate line of the far-off ocean's horizon lay like a silver ribbon between two pinnacles of grey rock that parted the distant ranges.

Raukawa's orders to his men were to keep well back in the forest, thinking that the enemy would not venture to travel too near the sea-coast ; but in this he was deceived. As they relied upon a detour they made in their flight with their prey, they took the straight path homeward, whereas Raukawa's party made a series of circuitous marches, hoping thus to intercept the enemy.

The approach of night drove the wearied searchers toward the appointed meeting-place, to which they clambered, and there awaited the arrival of their several associates. The sun had long gone down ere Raukawa and the party immediately under his own eyes came in. They were the last to arrive, as they prosecuted their search for a longer time than the others, in the hope of discovering the fugitives.

They reached the ravine down-hearted and weary ; so thoroughly exhausted were they that several of them had to be assisted up the face of the rock to the shelter of the cavern, which gained, they flung themselves on the dry floor, and tried to forget their sorrow and fatigue in short intervals of sleep. Raukawa determined to remain in this hiding-place all night, and to return home when morning dawned. The earthquake and the storm passed as the terror-struck warriors sat in silence in the friendly shelter of the rock.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### THE RETURN.

“Streams of the mountain, roar!  
Roar, tempests, in the groves of my oaks!  
Walk through broken clouds, O moon!  
Shew thy pale face at intervals!  
Bring to my mind the night when all my children fell.”

—*Songs of Selma.*

IN lonely wakefulness Te Rangitukaroa spent the night: sleep did not visit his couch. He sat by the embers of a wood fire which from time to time he replenished with fuel; the fire, faint and flickering, was the only light in the whare. He heard the waves of the sea dash up on the beaches below; and their moaning voices seemed to call to him in accents of long-parted friends. “Yes,” soliloquized the chief, “I shall soon be with the spirits of the waves; I shall join those that are gone before!” When thoughts of Ena rose in his mind, the grief of the bereaved father was pitiful and extreme.

The dawn approached, and notice of its welcome

presence was heralded by subsidence of the wind and cessation of the rains, although the latter still continued to fall, but in greatly lessened quantities ; the sea-fowl screamed as they slowly wheeled over the cliffs on their return, from the bush where they had taken refuge, to their usual haunts by the seaside.

Rising from his squatting position, the old man looked out by the small window of the whare. A thick haze enveloped the neighbouring eminences; the pah was in silence, not a foot was stirring save the sentinels at their posts. As the morning advanced the east grew bright, and the rain fell lightly ; as the sun rose higher the rain ceased altogether, and the picturesque greyish mists fled up the ranges and disappeared in the atmosphere. The face of nature bore traces of the conflict of the night. The clouds hung in broken masses along the sky ; the trees were much shattered and tost, their foliage torn and blackened ; the shrubs looked weary ; the grasses were laid as if a mighty roller had passed over them and buried their frail stems in the saturated loam, from which a hissing sound issued as the water permeated its upper stratum.

The appearance of the forest and the early hour had a soothing, though depressing, effect on the mind of the ancient warrior. As the day wore on, his anxiety and uneasiness increased.

Ere noon Raukawa returned bringing the sad news of his baffled attempt to recover the missing ones. No sooner were these melancholy tidings broken to the chieftain than the remnant of Atapo's forces entered the pah amid loud and prolonged wailings of their friends and families. Fathers rushed frantically amongst the drooping men, to inquire for their sons. Mothers beat their bosoms, gashed their arms, breasts, and faces with angular pieces of shell: blood gushed, bearing a sad testimony to the depth and terrible reality of the unutterable anguish experienced by the sufferers in this their deepest calamity. When the outburst of sorrow was at its highest, Hahaki came amongst the mourners and ordered all to retire to their whares, there to indulge in their distress. He then sent out another party to continue the search for the girls; his next care was to console and comfort the chief in his bereavement. With this intention he entered the dwelling where Te Rangitukaroa, locked in his son's embrace, stood mute in his grief. When the priest crossed the threshold, the old warrior relaxed his arms from the neck of his son and sank in utter helplessness upon a mat. His features assumed a vacancy quite foreign to their ordinary expression: at times he smiled as a child smiles when presented with a new toy; at others, he would cry like an infant

in the agonies of pain. Consternation seized the mind of Raukawa ; he spoke to his father, but received for answer an inarticulate attempt at speech. The priest whispered in the young man's ear, " Your father's end is near : his reason is gone."

The utter misery and woe that came upon the Mauopoko may be imagined, but cannot be described : party after party returned, and went out again day after day in the futile attempt to recover the captives, or to glean any intelligence of their probable fate.

When the absence of Horo became known to the people of the pah, this added to their grief and consternation. Some suspected the youth of a treasonable correspondence with the enemy, others thought that he must have fallen into their hands ; his relatives attributed his absence to his love for Hinema, and that on this account he had gone after her in the hope of rescuing her from captivity ; but the chief men decreed that if he returned of his own accord, or fell into their hands through the chances of war, and it were proved against him that he had been in treasonable communication with the enemy, the utmost pangs of torture preceding death should be inflicted on him.

The health of the aged Te Rangitukaroa broke ; he refused all nutriment, and would take only a little



water. Thus he lingered for a week, watched over by his son, and tended by the women of the pah, heedless of all around, but strangely obstinate in his determination to accelerate the approach of death by steadily refusing all food. At dawn of the eighth day, whilst Raukawa was watching by his side, the worn-out warrior opened his languid eyes, and with a motion of his feeble hand beckoned his son nearer. Eagerly Raukawa leant over the old man, when the latter spoke in a perfectly distinct, but very weak voice—"Ena! Ena!" Drawing his hand slowly to his bosom, a gentle sigh escaped from his thin lips, as the spirit of the once renowned chieftain passed from its ruined tenement. Hahaki took charge of the remains, deferring until a more convenient time the usual *tangi* and other ceremonies for the dead: after lying in rude state for a few days, the body was removed by the *tohunga* to a secret place, there to lie until the relics were fit to be placed in their final sanctuary.

After these preliminary matters were settled, Raukawa despatched a messenger to Te Koturu of Kapiti with the message of the late disasters that had befallen him, accompanied with an urgent request that the youth would come to Wairauki in order to concert some measures for their mutual relief.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## ARRIVAL OF ALLIES.

“ Who pours from the eastern hills,  
Like a stream of darkness ? ”

—*Lathmon.*

AFTER the sanguinary scene described in a preceding chapter, in which Atapo and his men were so completely defeated, he with his four comrades were marched in front of the Waikatos. Well he knew that to betray his enemies was impossible; he could not send notice to his own pah; and were he to lead them into intricate grounds, there could be no advantage taken of the stratagem, so he was obliged by the exigencies of the case to reach the camp of the Ngatiraukawa by the easiest and shortest route possible.

The chief men of the contingent held aloof from Atapo: they consigned him and his comrades to the safe keeping of a strong guard, composed of men of

the common rank. The day was one of great beauty and enchanting loveliness: the eloquence of the mighty forest appealed to every heart. Already hopes of plunder and plans of seizure and final settlement came fast and absorbent into the minds of the hostile strangers; the rich glades glowing in sylvan luxuriance, the open stretches of fern-covered soil, the many streams, the reed-grown lagoons in which the luscious *tuna*, or eel, attained a large size, the numberless birds that flew from tree to tree, the flocks of the *kuku*, or pigeon, that occasionally darkened the air, afforded an earnest of the wealth of the natural resources of the country they were traversing. Far as eye could reach, from the summit of the range that witnessed the late encounter, the landscape was an immense vale of plains covered with forest trees, and intersected by open spaces of fern-land: united, these formed an area of vast dimensions. The horizon towards the west was a sinuous line of softly blending amethystine hills.

The advancing marauders pushed on vigorously, halting at noon by a stream. After a hasty and frugal meal of dried fish and berries, and a draught of water, the march was resumed with a savage hurry and an indomitable determination to succeed in overcoming danger. Many hours were spent in the

toilsome march ; and evening found them in a dense labyrinth of trees and climbing vines, through which it was difficult to force a laborious passage. Night soon falls in the darkened domains of the bush : the order was given to bivouac, ere going too far into these intricate fastnesses. The aspect of the sky was carefully noted by the tohunga accompanying the Waikatos : his long experience gleaned from a lifelong, careful, and intelligent survey of the heavens, subjected to an analytical process of reasoning on the weather, its simple changes, its usual phenomena, and its ever-varying phases, were all very clearly understood by the sage, and he now imparted the result of his observations to the commander of the contingent, telling him that a storm of wind and rain was approaching. To throw up rude huts formed of branches of trees and covered with leaves and strips of bark was the prompt employment of the band ; but before all were quite housed the storm came up over the land, the rain penetrated the frail covering of the huts ; and many of these were broken by the fallen branches of the trees. Lives, indeed, were lost from this cause. The distress of the party was intense : the howling of the storm, the sublime terrors of the earthquake, completely vanquished the evil dispositions of these fearless human beings. Often during the wild terrors

of the sleepless night did they wish themselves back again in their own homes : moreover, the superstitions of their religion assailed them, and they thought that the god of war was displeased with them in their lawless undertaking. But when morning came and the face of nature assumed its wonted serenity, their evil dispositions returned, and they prosecuted their journey with unabated tenacity of purpose and renewed vigour of will.

The morning had half passed when the entire party had reached the summit of a low range of undulating hills, from which the eyes of the Waikatos were feasted with the welcome view of the camp of the Ngatiraukawa in the low-lying land below ; sand-dunes spread all around for miles, the broad ocean calmly reposed in front, immense swamps interspersed with patches of scrub, black pools of stagnant water, deep and dangerous to the unwary, all presented a scene of wild grandeur to the wily reconnoiters.

Doubting the faithfulness of their information as to the identity of the pah, and fearing that their guide, Atapo, in the desperation of revenge might play them false, they dispatched a courier to inquire at the camp below as to the identity of the locality, and to communicate the intelligence of their arrival : whilst awaiting the return of the messenger, the sound of

the *pahu*, or gong, bore to their ears the welcome of their expectant friends; loud and sonorous the hoarse, heavy notes pealed over the savage landscape, summoning the allies to hasten to the embrace of their brother warriors.

Soon the hills were descended, the intervening swamps and sand-heaps passed, and the Waikatos were received with open arms by their friends.

As this pah was constructed only for temporary uses, the labour usually expended on the "war-pah" was not visible here; yet skill was shown in selecting the site. It was surrounded by a series of quaking morasses, black pools of water, and a large raupo swamp. To approach the pah within spear-cast was almost impossible; but to facilitate the egress of the warriors, they had by them a store of portable hurdles made of the slender stems of the manuga shrub: these were to be placed in line, extending from the gate of the pah across the swamp, and this contrivance would assure firm foothold to its defenders in case of having to repel an attack.

Te Tumu, principal chief of the Waikatos, was related to Waiki, leader of the horde of the Ngati-raukawa. Their welcomes and compliments done, the prisoners were given over to the care and custody of Waiki, who at once decided on sending them far

inland to Taupo, in company with Ena, Mary, and Hinema : the latter had, on their arrival, occasioned a large amount of talking and deliberation as to the best means to be adopted in disposing of so valuable charges ; and when the Waikatos had arrived with their captives on the same day as the former, it was unanimously agreed that it were advisable to send the prisoners to some remote place of security ; and Taupo, as before mentioned, was selected, where they could remain and await the pleasure of their masters and the fortunes of war.

An escort of twenty men was furnished with arms and supplied with food : these with their eight prisoners set out on the long and tedious journey to Pukawa, on the shores of Lake Taupo ; several weeks must pass whilst they journeyed ; and as soon as the prisoners were at their destination, their escort had positive orders to return without delay.

The early summer-time was on the North Island, where the weather, if not quite settled in character, is always pleasant and agreeable : the home-sick exiles were on their wearisome road, the Waikato allies were in deep consultation day after day with the Ngati-raukawa ; where they must needs be left, in order to return to Wairauki and its terror-stricken inmates,

## CHAPTER XX.

## THE TANA ON THE WAR-PATH.

“They rushed to meet the foe.  
Their thoughts are on the deeds of other years ;  
And the fame that rises from death.”

—*The Battle of Lora.*

TE KOTURU, on hearing how matters were with his friend Raukawa, immediately prepared to hasten to his presence, and the abduction of Ena and her companions gave wings to his preparations ; for to recover her from the enemy was his chief incentive to promptitude. His union with her had hitherto been delayed from time to time by the uncertainty that attended on her father's affairs. The old man was much attached to his daughter, and would not consent to her leaving him so long as he lived ; but now that that obstacle was removed, Te Koturu found another intervene—one of far greater magnitude—a complete and torturing separation from the woman he so truly and tenderly loved.



A fleet consisting of five war-canoes, each carrying fifty men, left their island home under the young chief, which was the utmost extent of his available force; and their departure left the island weakly defended, as the old men, the women and children, only remained behind. As the little fleet paddled out of harbour, the loud and prolonged wailings of the women, alternating with the songs and chants of the crews, rose in a strangely solemn and ghost-like dirge on the gentle wind that scarce filled the latteen sails: bravery, contempt of death, revenge, and patriotism, each and all found a word of solace in this tender parting of so many brave and bleeding hearts. The words of the young warrior-chief to his companions, when they were arranged in their respective vessels, were, "We go to revenge the death of our brothers; we go to drive the Ngatiraukawa into the sea; we fight for blood. Revenge! revenge!" This pithy harangue was received by the warriors with an expressive guttural, "Ha!" At the same instant, the men plunged their paddles in the water: the movement was intensely martial, and indicative of stern approbation.

The arrival of the Kapiti men was a great relief to the distressed Raukawa. The new-comers were soon in possession of the particulars of the dilemma,

and Hahaki advised that no time should be spent in unavailing regrets—to organize an expedition against the enemy whilst a hope remained of rescuing the prisoners, was the counsel of the seer ; and it was listened to with attention, and acted upon with cheerful alacrity.

To find shelter and food for the followers of Te Koturu was an easy task : the ditch of the earthworks served them for a sleeping-place, and the sea-beaches supplied them with shell-fish in variety and abundance. To collect and to cook the latter, women and children were employed ; and the far from unsavoury bivalves and univalves provided their frugal commissariat with an unfailing supply.

The evening of the day in which the islanders arrived was spent in making careful preparations of everything needed for the morrow's expedition : splints and bandages were got ready and given to those women who were to accompany the *tana* to the scene of strife : the warriors, from the highest to the lowest rank, carefully painted their faces according to the most approved ideal of ferocity. Black, red, and white were the colours used : these were combined with a certain tact that showed the artistic attainments of the workmen in disfiguring the human face, and in causing it to assume a diabolical ex-

pression. The women had to carry baskets of prepared food, together with litters in which to remove the wounded.

When day dawned the pah was all astir ; and after the preliminaries of the morning were gone through, the *tana* (army) left Wairauki. Hahaki accompanied the chieftains, and to Mahora, wife of the tohunga, was entrusted the keeping of the fort in the absence of Raukawa. Now, Mahora was feared and respected as a sorceress by all who knew her, and her conduct on all occasions was such as tended to nurture such an impression. The expedition was under the joint command of the chiefs Raukawa and Te Koturu ; but the quota of the former to the *tana* outnumbered that of the latter by one hundred men, to which must be added the baggage train, conveying the women as before mentioned.

In perfect silence the little army wound its way down the steep hill-side, along the beaches, through swamp and sand-dune, over low rolling hills, through thickets of flax bushes, toi-toi, and cyperus grasses. Noon arrived ere they came in sight of the enemy's pah ; but their march had not been unnoticed. From a small hill that overlooked the coast-line for many miles, a party of the enemy who were stationed thereon, as an outpost, had descried the advance of the

Mauopokos, and, surmising their destination, had hurried in with the report of their approach.

Had the Mauopoko firmly disputed the ground, inch by inch, with the depredatory hordes of the enemy, they might have succeeded in repelling their attacks, and have ultimately beaten them off their territories; but, owing to a fatal effeminacy in their leaders, they quietly succumbed to their destinies and retreated along the Western shores of the North Island, from Tarauaki down to the waters of Whaunganui-atera, with slowly decreasing numbers and lessening courage, evacuating position after position, and allowing them to fall into the hands and to remain in the undisputed occupation of those enemies who were subsequently followed by the famous Te Rauparaha, of the same hapu. This warrior far surpassed his lawless predecessors in their acts of cruelty and spoliation, owing, no doubt, to the fact that he was armed with the deadly European arm of warfare, the musket; whereas Waiki and his contemporaries were only acquainted with the comparatively ineffectual implements of wood, bone, or jade.

On the present occasion they outnumbered their oppressors, although the latter had just received a considerable reinforcement from Waikato. These were bold adventurers, ruthless and cruel; whilst

their victims were an ancient branch of the early Aotea colonists from Hawaiiiki, proud and indolent.

Strict injunctions were laid upon the two young commanders by the old tohunga, to observe all the religious rites attending on success. Their intention was to attack the swamp pah the same afternoon, and to rescue the captives, if possible. As they advanced toward the place, the strength of the outworks, and the impassable nature of the swamp that encircled the position, struck Raukawa and his peers with disquieting awe. They slowly and unwittingly admitted that to carry the pah by assault would require a daring of execution, and a courage of the highest kind, supplemented by intrepid coolness and perfect discipline: a slight error might prove fatal, a single order disobeyed might sacrifice all.

As soon as they arrived within speaking distance, which was almost as near as they could approach, by reason of the swampy ground, the *tana* commenced the war-dance; the morass trembled beneath their feet, the quiet of that calm summer evening was disturbed by the loud cries of the infuriate performers. The women added to the martial din by singing the war-chants of the tribe; and the hostile array was singularly imposing. The warriors were arranged in compact masses under their leaders, and moved

with faultless precision and terrible agility through the mazes of that barbarous prelude to blood and death. The inmates of the pah crowded to their out-works, not attempting to hide their numbers from view, but coolly looking on without utterance of a word. In fact, relying upon the isolation of their pah, and upon their own bravery, they held in light estimation the exhibition of strength and parade of revenge so lavishly spread out before them in the dusky ranks of the brawling enemy. When the war-dance was over, a herald bearing a green branch of a tree approached the pah, and asked, in the name of the Mauopoko, for the immediate surrender of the prisoners: he received the laconic answer, "Come and take them." This having been duly delivered by the herald to his masters, a council was held, when Hahaki advised that nothing further should be done that evening, but that an attack should be made at dawn of the morrow.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### THE WITCHES' PROPHECY.

“ They heard the half-formed words,  
And dimly beheld the times to come.”

—*Temora.*

A SMALL whare built of reeds and totara bark stood in a secluded corner of the hill fort, at a place where the palisades topped the crest of an inaccessible crag that overhung the base by several feet: below, the stones were loose and partly covered with harsh-stemmed, stunted ferns and spear-grass, grey lichens grew in patches on the rocks, where occasionally rested sea-fowl. The evening was stealing over the land, the stars came out in the sky, the pah was silent: Mahora stood by the low door of the brown hut, whence she anxiously looked over the landscape, scanning the darkening sky, and mentally measuring the expanse of ocean which bounded her vision on one point of view, until, overcome by the superstitious and real

fears of her lonely position, she entered the dwelling just as she observed three figures approach her whare. These were three women, aged, decrepit, but still in that peculiar vigour of old age, gaunt, wiry, and coldly persevering. All entered the hut, where smoke had grimed the inside of the one-roomed abode with a layer of soot, which had dissolved and formed a thick coating of glistening bistre all over the rude framework of the building. The very few articles of furniture the whare contained were also redolent of smoke and sooty grime. The door was closed, the small window was shut, a dull, soft red light filled the apartment; all without was still, all within was calm. Mahora and her guests sat around the embers on the low hearth: their conversation was of their absent people, the misfortunes of the hapu, and the hopes and chances of victory. As the night wore on, the wind rose in blasts which occasionally whistled on the roof of the hut; and these sounds were welcomed by the crones. Their talk, that had hitherto flagged and lacked energy and material for excitement, suddenly became animated. Mahora, having predicted a sweeping defeat to the enemy, was thwarted by the quiet remarks of the smallest and oldest crone of the group. This was a little old woman with a singular past to recall. She had been a captive in her



youth among the Ngatiraukawa. Her beauty was of the most winning kind, gentle and retiring; and her charms had attracted the attentions of a chieftain of that nation, who restored to her her freedom, and made her his wife: yet for long years she cherished the hope of returning to her own tribe; and as soon as the chance came, she availed herself of it. When the tide of rapine and war turned in the direction of the Tarauaki people, she accompanied the invaders; and as soon as they entered the districts that were familiar to her in childhood, she stole away from the people among whom she had lived so long. She was welcomed back to her tribe; but few could recognize, in the war-worn and blasted features of her wintry age, a single remnant of the once glowing charms of the unfortunate Pani. Now, when the meshes of the necromantic net were encircling her companions in the funereal light of the gloomy whare, she alone remained outside its seductive folds: in a voice tremulous with age and suffering she persistently attributed the reverses of her people to far other causes than those admitted by Mahora. She told them of the almost incredible audacity of the enemy, their skill in securing plunder; of the ability of Waiki, who, as their leader, was without an equal in devising and executing surprises; together with the

continual flow of success that followed him, his extreme caution and fiendish cruelty; the bravery and the craft of the allies, the Waikatos, was also intelligently urged by the old creature, who believed, she averred, that the misfortunes of the hapu were the fault of their own indolence and pride. Their young men were not trained to the use of arms as those of the enemy were, their leaders were unreflective and wavering; they had allowed themselves to be driven out from their ancestral homes, and were now scattered and suffering. The warnings or upbraiding words of Pani were not destitute of effect on the minds of the crones who listened. But Mahora's dignity would be lowered and her reputation injured by appearing to yield; so, taking a shell, she scooped out a hole in the floor of the hut, close by the hearth, and, muttering a few sentences of incantation by way of a spell, immediately a thin, bluish green light of a phosphoric nature flitted across the aperture in the floor. The wind piped over the hut, the owl hooted under the low eaves, a scream of a disturbed sea-bird was heard above the cliff, and the audible, but unintelligible chatterings of a voice passed through the hut, completely subduing the overawed circle of crones, as the midnight stars shone in the sky of that eventful summer night.

At dawn of the following morning, Pani mysteriously disappeared : she had quietly left the pah, and her reputed profession shielded her memory from either the slander or the prurient curiosity of the people ; and she was very soon forgotten by all save Mahora, who alone knew why Pani had so suddenly vanished.

## CHAPTER XXII.

## THE NIGHT SORTIE.

“ They came with death, to the paths of the foe.”

—*Temora.*

THE Mauopoko encamped on the dry places on the borders of the swamp, and, thoroughly weary after their march and war-dance, they slept soundly among the reeds and coarse grasses. But the inmates of the pah did not retire to rest ; though none were permitted to converse in a loud voice, fearing the eaves-dropping propensities of the tohungas, of whom it was well known that in similar circumstances they were always on the alert. A sortie was to be made from the pah, and the command of the party was to be given to Te Ori, the young Waikato chief, who had already tested the courage of the Mauopoko in the mountain defile ; and the tactics of that warrior were now decisive and cautious.

The disposition of the belligerents was carefully

noted by Waiki. He saw where their weaknesses lay; as well points overguarded as those that were carelessly attended to; so, taking his allies into his counsels, he devised a plan of attack for young Te Ori's execution. As the Mauopoko were much dispersed in their several bivouacs on the driest places of the swamp, some of these isolated parties, it was evident, might easily be destroyed.

Taking the sea front as the face proper of the pah, one can easily determine its right, left, and rear faces. On the left of the pah, the investing tana seemed to be asleep to a man; on the remaining divisions the sentries were to be seen lazily and inertly creeping about at long intervals.

Fifty men, principally of the Waikato contingent, were quietly marshalled under Te Ori, to whom Waiki gave strict orders to follow their leader, and to attend to his commands. The manuka hurdles were put into requisition; willing hands laid them down over the swamp outside of the left face, and in perfect silence the work was done. The band issued from a low gate in the palisade, as their own seer, in silence and with impressive genuflexions, consulted by the starlight the omens of a circle of reeds placed in the sward, and the prognostications were those of success. Elated with the spirit of his art, the seer threw aside his scanty

clothing, and, bounding in air with arms extended, danced the wizard's midnight measure. A guard was then placed on the hurdles to prevent a surprise, in case of Te Ori's failure, or defeat. Stealthily as the beast of prey creeps toward its victim, so stole the Waikatos, preserving as compact an order of progress as was possible in passing through the tall flax and through the brown stagnant water and black mud, the habitat of colonies of eel, and the favourite feeding-places of numerous swamp birds, which occasionally uttered a loud cry as they were disturbed in their usually unmolested haunts. Following in the direction of a bright star, which Waiki pointed out to Te Ori ere the latter left the pah, the party crept on through the mud and water, their hands and feet benumbed with cold, and their courage somewhat abating. When at a considerable distance from their starting point, as Te Ori stopped to rest, the men came up around him, he asked of those near if any among them knew exactly where they now were; but not one could determine with accuracy in what part of the swamp they then stood: the star that had hitherto served them for a guide had become obscured by clouds that overspread a portion of the sky. Te Ori becoming confused, some of his men wavered and asked to be led back to the pah, others clamoured to be led forward.

On they went as before, and soon the slight whisperings of the sea fell upon the ear of Te Ori, when he knew that he was approaching the coast: feeling a welcome relief on being extricated from the seemingly illimitable area of the wilderness of flax and mud, he hurried forward with increased speed. The obstructions became fewer, and the growth of flax and toi-toi became smaller as the party advanced, until at length the sand-dunes rose before them in the uncertain flicker of the starlight. A continuous ridge of sand heaps ran before them parallel with their front; and, advancing in a mass, Te Ori and his men crossed the ridge, and when there, discovered too late a serious error, the foe proving to be behind and before them. Quick as terror they were enclosed; and the panic-stricken Waikatos threw down their arms, and flung themselves on the sand at the feet of their grim and silent captors. Hahaki stooped to the prostrate chief, and whispering in his ear in the tongue understood only by the priesthood (but which Te Ori partly comprehended, being himself a tohunga by descent and education), the warrior immediately rose to his feet, his men quietly following his example; they were soon bound two and two by strong flax ropes, and then distributed throughout the lines of the enemy and marched off without delay,

goaded on by the spear-points of their escort, far from the vicinity of the swamp. Hence along the sea-shore they were hurried in frantic haste and gloomy silence.

As soon as Hahaki saw the prize depart for Wairauki, he arranged, in concert with Raukawa and Te Koturu, to seize, if possible, the entrance to the pah by which Te Ori had emerged : by observing the strictest silence, he hoped that they might be able to gain a footing under the pah, as the chances were that the enemy might mistake them, in the uncertain light, for Te Ori's returning party : and they must endeavour to confirm that illusion.

While the necessary preparations are in progress, Hahaki's clever manœuvre may be explained. Well did the priest understand the astuteness and bravery of the enemy ; and when his own people were sunk in sleep, the wakeful schemer sallied out and awoke Raukawa and his friend : to these he disclosed his intended stratagem. They, with a strong force, were to advance toward the pah and watch. The men were soon in readiness and told off into separate companies, one to follow Hahaki, another to follow Te Koturu ; while the others were to remain among the sand hills under Raukawa, so as to assist in case of need : to all Hahaki gave a signal by which they could distinguish each other in the darkness. Before sepa-



rating he laid imperative commands on the chiefs to preserve silence among the men, as upon it depended the success of the enterprise. Led off by the wily tohunga, his division, followed by that under Te Koturu, was soon covered with the tenacious black mud. As they floundered on, a man was heard to utter a low ejaculation indicative of disgust, whereupon the meri of the priest sank with a dull thud through the skull of the poor wretch : a shudder ran through the nerves of the men close to him, and produced a savagely salutary effect. As the party stealthily advanced, they were not long in suspense as to the movements of the enemy : the screaming of the disturbed birds not only attracted the attention, but also clearly indicated to the tohunga the exact nature of the proceedings of the foemen. Keeping well clear of the indicated route of Te Ori, Hahaki gained the information he so much desired, and by this means ascertained the direction in which the enemy were traversing the swamp : as soon, therefore, as they made their unconscious detour toward the sands, Hahaki led his party out of the swamp by the shortest route to the shore. The excitement of certainty, with precise knowledge of the locality and destination, gave Hahaki's and Te Koturu's men increased heart and speed, and they soon left behind the lagging and disheartened Waikatos. When Hahaki emerged from

the morass, sending on Raukawa over the sand hills to watch, he at once secreted his party and that of Te Koturu in a connecting line with Raukawa, and within whispering call of each other.

Te Ori and his men cleared the swamp and halted on the margin, after a short rest, during which their stragglers came up : all then crossed the sand ridge in front, and fell into the snare so artfully laid for them as before described.

The counter-movement was now in rapid progress. Hahaki's quick eye and practised judgment guided his men by the same route as that which Te Ori held over the morass ; and after much toil and patient perseverance they came in sight of the pah, as the short summer night was giving way to the early dawn. The tall grey posts loomed against the star-hung canopy of the firmament, the kiwi cried on the wooded ranges that morn was leaving her chambers of the night, the forms of the weary sentries were discernible, as Hahaki, at the head of his party, came up with an air of confidence to the first line of the guards on the hurdles. The counterfeit was complete ; onward, unchallenged, he passed up to the small gate of the pah. The opening was half unbarred, his party were on the hurdles, and his hands were on the bolts of the gate : quickly he drew them, and in another instant was inside the outer line of the fences. Striking down the

nearest sentinel, he gave the signal for blood to commence. The post was thus carried ; but the descent of the tohunga's arm had been observed, and the alarm was instantly given. Waiki, at the head of his garrison, rushed to the gate : by this time Hahaki's men had made short work of the outside sentries ; the main body, under Te Koturu and Raukawa, moved up to the support, and seized the hurdles. The pahu was now struck in the pah, and all its defenders were roused ; the struggle at the gate and between the lines of the stockade was close, bloody, and determined. Slowly and painfully crept dawn over the sky, revealing to the combatants their individual features. From within the pah, and from without, loud and discordant cries of terror, mingled with imprecations and shouts of revenge, rent the air ; the savage war-whoop and the impressively solemn death-chant thrilled through the bosoms of the warriors as the storm of battle raged around. Hahaki, selecting Waiki as an opponent, sprang upon that brawny warrior, and, clutching him in a spider-like grasp, completely pinioned him ; but Waiki, by the strength of his legs and the massive weight of his body, swayed the lithe figure of his assailant, and, leaning over, bent the priest almost double on the ground beneath him. Still Hahaki clung to his antagonist, and, rolling over, both tugged at each

other's throat, while the fingers of the priest were buried in Waiki's neck, whose protruding tongue and glaring eyes told that, for him, suffocation must soon end the conflict. At length, with a desperate effort, Waiki tossed himself and Hahaki into the ditch at the foot of the outer palisades : in the fall the grip of the latter became slightly relaxed, and Waiki, taking prompt advantage, pounced upon the priest and bit off his left ear. As soon as the tohunga felt the blood stream from his wound, his courage failed, his strength forsook him, and he lay passive in the hands of his infuriate conqueror, who, grasping him by the hair of the head with his left hand, the right uplifting a small rude flint knife, drew a bloody circle through the brow and crown of Hahaki ; then, seizing the quivering skin between his teeth, he drew off the reeking scalp. Leaving his victim to die in the ditch, Waiki sprang among his men, brandishing his meri in one hand, whilst in the other he held aloft the trophy of his victory : his presence gave new vigour to his people, heaps of slain and wounded lay around. Raukawa and Te Koturu killed many with their own hands, and their men fought well ; but when Waiki's voice was heard, Raukawa's spirit quailed ; in the ghastly trophy he recognized the fate of his faithful councillor, and giving orders to his people to retreat, they turned and fled from the gateway of the pah :

Raukawa, supported by Te Koturu and a small band of chief men, covered the retreat and kept the forces of Waiki at bay. The Mauopoko were thus enabled to regain their bivouac without being pursued; but they lost many in the fray, and were unable to remove their dead and wounded, who remained in the hands of the enemy; no chieftain of theirs, however, fell save Hahaki, whose loss was sincerely bewailed. The defenders of the pah lost a few of their leaders, and their wounded were many; while the Waikato contingent suffered severely, as they were eager for blood, and to them was given the precedence in contesting with the foe at the entrance to the pah.

Whilst uproar and lamentations engrossed the attention of Waiki and his people, the dead and the wounded were allowed to remain unnoticed: Hahaki, waking from the swoon into which he had fallen, slowly raised himself on his elbow and looked around; weak and exhausted as he was from loss of blood, and suffering the most acute pain, he crawled on his hands and knees up the side of the ditch, and crept through a hole under the palisades of the outer fence, and thence into a clump of flax-bushes near: there hiding as best he might, he lay coiled up in his scanty mat, and awaited the course of events.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

## ENA AND HER COMPANIONS.

“ Why did I not pass away in secret,  
Like the flower of the rock, that lifts its fair head unseen,  
And strews its withered leaves on the blast ? ”

—*Oithona.*

IN vain Horo requested to be allowed to accompany the prisoners to Taupo, for his intimate acquaintance with the movements of his own hapu determined Waiki in his intention of detaining him, so that he might elicit from him information from time to time : not even a parting word with Hinema was permitted him, and, with the other captives, he was marched out of the pah, under an escort : bitterly he repented of his temerity, and deeply he regretted his weakness in giving heed to the counsels of the jealous Hinema. To return to his own people would, he well knew, be attended with disastrous consequences to himself ; so, driven to despair, he deter-

mined to endure his humiliating captivity in gloomy silence.

Day after day the band of exiles and their guards travelled inland, holding a northerly direction. The weather was delicately fine. The scenes through which they passed were, to Mary's mind, lovely beyond any she had ever seen; Ena was much dejected. Atapo and his comrades were marched in front, and were not allowed to speak to their fellow prisoners, as these were kept in the rear under a slight guard, and were also allowed a few trifling liberties. Avoiding the paha that lay in their line of march, the party depended for supplies of food on their expertness in snaring and spearing birds, catching eels, and on the dried fish, fern-root, and berries with which the male prisoners were laden.

If Mary could have forgotten the circumstances of the expedition she would have keenly enjoyed it: as it was, her health was becoming robust, and her mind, although torn by grief and suspense, was daily growing more resigned to her misfortunes. Her companions were attentive to her every want, and treated her with marked respect and unfaltering consideration; throughout the day, if she showed signs of weariness, the party halted to rest in the coolest places possible to select, and for the night the

rudely-constructed shelters thrown up by the men, and formed of flax, or whatever grasses, reeds, or boughs of trees that grew near ; and of these the best was given to her use.

Over tall and rugged mountain-ranges, those spurs of the Ruahine chain that runs through a great portion of the North Island, the path of the prisoners lay : through the interminable forest on they kept, fording rivers at their shallows, camping in shady glens for the night, and resting on the brow of tall knolls during the heat of the day. The hopes of the prisoners were far from failing them ; the simple fact of passing through so many of the quiet abodes of undisturbed nature imparted a solacing influence to their mind, and, for a time, they partially forgot their sorrows, but as they approached the end of their journey their fears rose to a much higher degree than they had latterly felt, while passing over the lofty and abrupt downs, abounding in beautifully picturesque gulleys. The first glimpse of their destination burst on their vision, as the travellers, after a long day's journey, arrived in sight of Taupo lake, and in the immediate neighbourhood of Pukawa pah ; stopping to rest for a short time on an eminence overlooking that inland sea and the surrounding objects there, one of the party was despatched to apprise the Pukawa



chief of the arrival of the prisoners : in the mean time, they had leisure to look at and to admire the wonders that lay before them : Mary directed Ena's attention to object after object of interest ; but the latter looked with melancholy eyes on the landscape, and signified to Mary that they would soon know the doom that was intended for them. Mary by this time could hold simple conversations with her dark friend : indeed, both girls thoroughly detested Hinema, as they were not without strong suspicions of her treachery, and therefore no longer sought her assistance in conversing with each other often than was absolutely necessary. The girl had already become sorry for her fault, and doubly so when she experienced the turn affairs had taken with herself ; but her sorrow, though real, was too late. Still her manner was more respectful than it ever had been : her assiduousness knew no rest, and she tried every means in her power to regain the estimation of Ena ; but all her attempts were vain. The proud and injured girl spurned the services of Hinema, and felt that, if she dared, she would wreak her resentment on the head of the fawning half-caste.

The gloom of Ena and the painful situation in which Mary was placed were momentarily forgotten in admiration, as she gazed with enraptured eyes on

the scene before her. Taupo lake lay beneath in all its tranquil beauty : the tall cone of Ruapehu, snow-capped and silent, attaining a height and proportions of magnificent dimensions. Tongariro, active with her internal fires, emitting columns of white smoke ; both mountain cones lifting skyward their noble crowns, on which the evening clouds linger and gather for the coming night. The Motuopa peninsula stretching its wooded eminences far out into the blue waters of the lake. Motutaiko island, set in the placid water like an emerald on the surface of an azure shield. Numerous canoes hastening shorewards : the songs of the rowers, the plashing of the paddles, the singing of the bush birds, the voices of children at play, the barking of dogs, the loud talking and merry laughter of men and women, all together mingled and produced a sweet, varied, and cheerful harmony ; but these sights of security, these sounds of contentment and happiness, fell heavily and darkly on the souls and ears of the prisoners. The wooded ridges of the Raugitoto mountains, with their numerous points of interest and sylvan beauty ; the Titiraupenga mountain, crowned with naked, grey, pyramidal towers, like a cyclopean castle in ruin ; its mouldering walls loopholed by the blast and the rains of winter, its wide arching doorways through

which ages have silently flowed, leaving a few scattered lichens on the hoary surface of the walls as a memento of their passing visit; the echoless corridors where the lizard crawls along the broken floors with slow and gliding tread; the rock pinnacles, whitened by the keen air of the mountains, scarcely offering a foothold or a shelter to the wandering fly: no busy humming insect lingers there; the winds are its nurse, the storm its companion. No less impressive the widely glittering white cliffs of pumice-stone standing around the strands of the lake, gleaming in the evening sun; the slanting light, playing in pointed beams on the snow-white assemblage, causing the imposing array of rock and cliff to resemble bivouacking hosts of armed men. In another direction rose the high dark-green wooded range of the Kaimanawa with tall, pyramidal peaks towering behind it: all combined presented to Mary's wondering eyes the very acme of loveliness and grandeur. The Tuahara cone toward the north pointed out where the Waikato river leaves its home in the lake, to wander through tracts of the richest and most fruitful soil: the steam and white smoke rising from the bubbling springs on the lake shores, the soft green masses of the forest, the red peaks and flanks of many of the eminences, the rugged scaur on

numerous banks, the little streams falling like silver meteors adown the brown rocks, gave to the minds of the prisoners and their guards the impression that this was indeed the land of faëry, the home of the patupairehe, or mountain spirits.

When the messenger returned to his companions, he was accompanied by a few young men from the pah : when these saw the girls they were struck with wonder at the unusual appearance of Mary ; but they restrained their curiosity within bounds, and, going on before, they led them to the pah.

Hundreds of natives of both sexes, of various ages and rank, hurried out of their whares to look at the party that had just arrived in the village : loudest of all were the women, who clamoured with extreme curiosity and not a little terror when they scanned Mary's person. The chief, Te Tukino, received the strangers with cold courtesy and stern indifference, ordering that Atapo and his comrades were to be lodged in a whare in the centre of the pah, under guard, whilst the women were to be kept in one of his own huts, under the surveillance of his wives. Throughout these proceedings Mary clung to Ena, whose quiet and dignified bearing won for her the admiration and respect of her jailers.

Now that the exiles were at their destination

among the Ngatiwhakawe nation, with whom they were safe, at least until further orders were received from their turbulent friends and allies, the Ngatiraukawa, the escort's duty was at end ; and the dawn of the next day saw them on their return homewards.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

## HAHAKI IN DANGER.

“ Silence darkened every face.  
Each turned his back and wept.”

—*Temora.*

MORNING had broke, its light and beauty was on the hills as the captured Te Ori and his followers entered the hill fortress of Wairauki under their guard ; the scene then enacted was wild in the extreme. Joy savagely intense impelled the actors and the spectators in this prelude to blood and agony ; they were eagerly and impatiently champing the bit of ferocity, and were scarcely to be restrained by the orders given to the chieftain who had the captives in charge. This chief deposited the men in a place of treble security, under the care of Mahora, and returned to the camp before the swamp pah, whither we must now accompany them.

The dawn of the same morning saw Raukawa return to his war-huts. His sorrow was unbounded and his dejection profound when he experienced the want of the counsels of the aged priest. Raukawa could not doubt but that the tohunga was numbered with the dead, and that his sacred body was in the hands of the enemy, to be desecrated, defiled, and held up to the scorn and taunting derision of the common people. Thus grieving, he asked Te Koturu if it were advisable to return to the pah and endeavour to recover the body of the priest by force ; but his friend would not hear of the proposal : in the present state of their affairs the enterprise would not, he foresaw, be attended with success, as the men were still smarting from their late repulse, and were, moreover, apprehensive of impending danger, as all knew that Hahaki had fallen, and that in him their cause had lost its best bulwark.

The tohunga lay all this time in the flax, its tall green blades affording an inhospitable shelter to the poor old creature, who, in extreme suffering, feebly tried to extract a few drops of the sweet gum that exudes from the base of the flax leaves : he thus succeeded in obtaining a scant supply of nourishment, and with a little brown mould moistened with water he contrived to soothe the agonies he suffered in his wounded head and scalpt skull. Fearing

that his hiding-place might be observed from the pah, his motions were slow and gliding as those of the lizard. Several times throughout that long and weary day the wretched tohunga swooned ; these temporary releases from his misery were the only alleviations he experienced, for hope had almost deserted his bosom, as the morning gave place to noon, and as evening, followed by night, still found him lying in pain and feebleness on his uneven and blood-stained couch. Mustering his remaining strength, and making a determined though feeble effort to escape, the tohunga crept on his hands and knees away from his hiding-place : the sentries were on their beat, he could catch the sound of their footfall as they slowly paced their limited marching ground : the moon shone as he crawled through the morass, occasional clouds obscured her light and impeded the slow progress of the poor priest through the intricacies of the flax bushes. Resting often, and for a considerable length of time at each halt, the progress he made was necessarily insignificant, yet he contrived to get away from close proximity to the pah ; and even that was a relief, as his movements were no longer in danger of being overlooked, and his resting-place might possibly afford a little more ease and comfort. The remainder of the short night passed, and the next day saw the old man



creeping onwards at times when his strength would permit ; but faintness and pain compelled him to rest often and long. So he passed the following night, and at dawn of the next morning he crept out to the border of the morass.

Raukawa was walking alone on the edge of the swamp, and silently mourning the fate of Hahaki. Scarcely believing his vision, the young chief saw an object emerge from the flax ; pausing, and intently watching his movements, he saw that it was a man crawling onwards, sometimes on hands and knees, and often dragging himself forward on his belly : on his head was a rude covering of brown clay, and his only garment was a coarse, short mat. Advancing toward the strange being, Raukawa asked whence he came : at the sound of the young man's voice, the aged priest sat upright on his haunches, and raising his withered and trembling fingers, motioned to his head : at the same time uttering, in a voice weak and tremulous, the name "Hahaki." The chief stooped down to the sufferer and pressed his nose, at the same time shedding tears of sorrow and joy, as he recognized in the mutilated and decrepit man his father's, his own, and his people's tried and faithful councillor. Summoning to his aid a few who were within call, he bade them take up Hahaki in their arms,

and he was thus carefully borne to a place of shelter, where the utmost attention and kindness was bestowed on him. Raukawa had been particularly careful not to allow any to convey to Mahora the distressing intelligence of her husband's supposed death ; but now that he was alive and in the camp, a messenger was hastily despatched to Wairauki with instructions to relate to Mahora exactly how matters were, and to ask her to come to nurse the old man in his affliction. The courier sent was brother to Atapo, a man of tact and cunning, and a brave warrior : he was charged to take the command of the fortress, and keep it until the return of Raukawa.

Mahora arrived at the camp on the same evening, and entered on her task of affection with a meekness that was at seeming variance with her character, as generally believed in by the tribe.

For several days the life of the priest hung by the frailest cord, liable to snap at any instant : Mahora's watch was unceasing, and her attention never wearied.

Throughout this time inaction was observable in every part of the encampment, and to procure supplies of food and its preparation was the only business attended to ; but when night fell, the camp was astir, sentinels were doubled all along the edge of the morass, and the chieftains scarcely rested ; for the warriors

slept during the day, and spent the night in wakeful apprehensions of danger.

At length the tohunga gave signs of returning strength, and asked to see Raukawa, with others of the chieftains. When they were gathered before him, the priest sat up on his humble couch, and patriarch-like exhorted them to be watchful, and to trust in their own good cause, adding that very soon he would be able to advise as to the best course to take in order to recover the captives, and to drive out the invaders. After a short time the tohunga was able to leave his bed, and totter about amongst the men: on his head he wore a cap ingeniously made of the tail and wing feathers of the tui, and thus hid the terrible deformity he had so lately suffered. He now presided at the war-councils of the camp, but was at a loss how to advise or how to act. For the dilemma was no common one—the issues were life or death to all of them.

One evening, at this crisis in the affairs of the belligerents, while their principal men were sitting in a group round the tohunga, a few warriors approached, bringing with them a prisoner whom they delivered to the chieftain Raukawa. The young warrior immediately recognized the captive's countenance; but, lowering his eyes, he seemed not to

notice the presence of the man who cowered before him. Raukawa motioned to Hahaki, who slowly bent upon the man a searching look, at the same time asking him his name, and to what people he belonged: all eyes were now upon the prisoner, who stood erect, having his arms firmly pinioned behind his back, his gaze fixed, his features composed, his air and manner resigned: to the queries of Hahaki the prisoner laconically gave the required information, adding that he came to voluntarily cast himself upon the mercy of his own people, that he had been deceived by Hinema, and treated as a dog by Waiki, the commander of the swamp pah, and, in the desperation of remorse, had thrown his life into the hands of his own people.

“Where,” asked Hahaki, “are the prisoners, Ena, Atapo, and their companions?”

“They are not in yonder pah,” answered the man.

“Are they alive? or have the dogs dared to cook for food the unfortunate beings whom treachery has given to their custody?” asked the priest.

“More than seven days since,” said the captive, “they were all sent, under a strong guard, far back into the country, away to Te Tukino, a chief of Taupo.”

At this intelligence there arose from the hitherto

silent, statue-like group a bitter cry of anguish ; when this was spent, the warriors gnashed their teeth in the excruciating struggle to stifle their savage passions.

“ Enough,” said the tohunga ; “ die, traitor, die as you deserve ! The birds of the air shall feast on your heart ; you are no longer worthy of life.”

Raukawa rose, and calling aloud to a tall, powerful slave, who stood near, he placed in the hands of the degraded creature a spear, ordering him to kill the prisoner. None of the chieftains moved ; all eyes, save those of the executioner and his victim, were cast toward the ground ; and thus the wretched Hori met his fate with a bravery worthy of a better cause.

## CHAPTER XXV.

## THE RETREAT.

“When the tumult of battle is past,  
The soul in silence melts away for the dead.”

—*Temora.*

ON the night of the same day as that on which the ill-fated Hori met his death, the tohunga and the chieftains held a war-council, at which it was agreed to return home without further delay. The order to retreat to Wairauki was conveyed to the tribemen; and as their sentries were in view of the enemy's pah, when morning came and their absence might be observed, involving risk of chase, resort was had to the stratagem of dressing up a few posts with flax mats, so as to resemble the figure of a man; and this, for a short time, succeeded in deceiving the foe.

The Mauopokos, breaking up their encampment, crept quietly away among the sand-dunes in small companies, until, arriving at a tall rock that stood

among the heaps, they waited in its shade to form compact order, and then marched hurriedly along the beaches toward their home.

The morning revealed to the Ngatiraukawa the deception that had been practised on them: despatching a band of men to reconnoitre the camp, these found it deserted, nothing living being left behind; but in the centre of the position they saw the body of Hori, with the fatal spear transfixing the victim to the ground: they dug a grave in the sand and laid the remains in it, then setting fire to the raupo whares, the smoke of the conflagration rolled upward in dense columns, which were seen by the retreating tribe, as they looked back in fear lest they should be pursued and overtaken whilst unprepared. To give chase was the order of Waiki: with enthusiastic alacrity, and burning with a desire to avenge themselves on their enemies for the losses which they had sustained, the Ngatiraukawas and their allies poured out of their pah.

Three hours passed since the Mauopokos had retreated, and, as they marched at a quick pace, a considerable distance lay between them and their pursuers: however, the latter pushed on with vigour, heightened by anger, and inflamed with the cruel thirst of revenge; running almost as fast as they

could, the entire force pressed madly on. The pursued soon discovered that they were the object of pursuit, and were, moreover, in extreme danger of being overtaken. Raukawa wished to halt and prepare for battle; but Hahaki would not agree: "Are you mad?" asked the old man, "to lose time, when by hurrying onwards we can easily gain our pah, and there, if the enemy dares, we may safely bid him defiance: speak no more of stopping, run with all your might; there is not a moment to be lost." Nor were the priest's words without foundation: nearer every instant the pursuers came, so that easily their advancing rate might be measured, as they slowly, but surely, gained ground on the hunted Mauopoko. Four of the strongest men were ordered by Raukawa to take up the feeble old priest and bear him in a litter upon their shoulders, he being the weakest person in their ranks: their wounded were already so conveyed, and these latter, impeding their progress, were left in the rear in charge of a strong guard that impatiently hurried on the litter-bearers. Raukawa walked by those who carried Hahaki, and occasionally took part in bearing the precious weight. On they pressed in silence, not a word was spoken save in low whispers; the fall of so many flax-moccassined feet resounded with muffled noise



from the sandy beaches and shell-beds with a strange murmuring note. Never hesitating, never choosing whereon to place the foot, the retreating *tana* thundered onward: the rear-guard had much difficulty in goading on the litter-bearers, and these saw with increasing anxiety that they were gradually falling behind in the race. Two hours were thus passed in an exciting contest of speed: in another hour the enemy must come up, but in that time the fort might be gained: with failing strength, with increasing fears, the Mauopokos saw that the enemy were gaining upon them at every step. Relay after relay of litter-bearers bore their living burdens onward, while the women took part in the toil: the baskets containing provisions were cast aside, everything that could encumber the bearer or the wearer was left behind: fear was in every heart, and, as the pursuers came nearer, terror was plainly visible on every countenance. The struggle to escape now became a panic; the tribemen broke through all control, and many threw away their arms: the chiefs saw that to attempt restraining the men was useless; and the scene, but lately one of comparative order, was now one of wild dismay and confusion. With ever-increasing difficulty, Raukawa held together a band of bearers for Hahaki's safety; and now the

shouts of the pursuers were plainly distinguishable as they gained on the runaways. The base of the range on which the fortress stood was at last very near : a few of the fleetest runners of the Mauopokos are already clambering up the steep paths in the face of the cliffs ; the greater number of their fellows are also toiling upwards, leaving their feeble and less swift comrades some distance in the rear ; while, still farther behind, their wounded men, with their failing bearers, still struggled onwards : but the warriors composing the rear-guard were no longer to be seen there, as they had long since deserted their post, and, abandoning their charge, mingled with the panic-stricken crowd.

The occupants of Wairauki were not idle spectators of the contest that was taking place in their sight. Early in the morning, the chase had been descried by the dwellers in the hill-fort ; and as time wore on, the exact nature of the proceedings came to be plainly understood. Every preparation was made ; Te Moana, who had command of the pah during the absence of Raukawa, ordered a band of thirty men to descend the cliffs and post themselves on a rugged ridge that overhung the principal path leading up to the fort ; and from their position on the torn summit they were to hurl down on the

daring enemy fragments of rock, and so keep them at bay, whilst their wearied friends would have time to gain a secure footing on the faces of the cliff.

By this time the Ngatiraukawas were on the prey ; the wounded of the Mauopokos fell into their hands, for the men who bore the litters had every one of them deserted their charge, leaving their unfortunates to the care of the women, and even of these latter none remained behind, excepting those who were wives, sisters, or daughters to the wounded. Whilst there was hope remaining to them of escaping, these heroines exhorted each other to persevere, and even encouraged the few brave fellows who would have stood by the litters to run and gain the fortress in order to save their homes and their little ones from the fury of the enemy. With a cry of terror and piercing agony the women laid down their burdens, and, casting themselves upon the helpless objects of their love and devotion, vainly endeavoured to hide them from the eyes of the foe. Ruthlessly tearing the women aside, the pursuers, with a murderous tap of the heavy meri, settled the terrible fluctuations between life and death for ever : all occupants of the litters were killed, and the heroic bearers and defenders were made slaves.

While this scene in the blood-tragedy was enact-

ing, the main body of the pursuers rushed on, and overtaking a few of the stragglers and weakly ones, disposed of them likewise ; but those bodies were set aside for the revolting and disgusting use of food : pressing onwards, they must have struck down many, very many more of the Mauopokos but for the timely precaution taken by Te Moana. His picked band on the rocks quietly watched and waited until a considerable number of the foremost of the enemy were well beneath them ; then lifting by means of levers huge masses of rock, they hurled the ponderous fragments down the rugged declivity, sending consternation and death into the ranks of the warriors below. Turning round, the pursuers retraced their blood-strewn steps, but bringing with them their wounded and fallen comrades : halting out of reach of the missiles of rock, they deliberated on what was next to be done.

The Mauopokos entered their pah with weary limbs and sinking hearts ; Raukawa and the chieftains felt the indignities of their defeat and losses with keen remorse : Te Koturu shared the general sorrow, and all looked forward to the future with sore forebodings of evil. Hahaki alone seemed unmoved by their misfortunes, but his heart sank within him as he saw, from the pah, the fate of his tribe ; the wounded

coldly butchered, the women made prisoners, and the remnant of his people only saved by the miserable, but sole alternative between life and death left, a cowardly and ill-omened flight.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

## ESCAPE OF THE ISLANDERS.

“ The wind of the ocean was there,  
And the parting beam of the moon.”

—*Berrathon.*

THE Ngatiraukawas finally resolved to invest the hill-pah ; and, as a first step, they seized the large war-canoes which they found in a sheltered bay under some overshadowing karaka trees, whose large and umbrageous boughs completely hid the vessels from careless eyes. But the prowling enemy saw everything, and left no path, no rock, no cave unexplored or unguarded that tended in any way, however remote, to offer aid to their ravage : the forest gave them sufficient shelter, and the beaches supplied them with food : with all their women, children, and slaves, they came and built another temporary pah in the bush at the back of the fortress, from which they sent out parties to reconnoitre, and to murder when opportunity offered. A

few days were passed in this manner, and by that time the investment of the pah was complete. Waiki had established a cordon of sentries at the base of the hill, and, one evening, an unusual movement was observed to be afoot in the fortress: occasionally a decrepit old woman was seen to be roaming about outside the pah fences, and was closely watched by Waiki; and although her movements seemed to be without any meaning, the chieftain could plainly divine that the old creature was ascertaining the exact positions of his own men: not caring to having her driven from her survey, the chief took more than his usual precautions in posting his night-watch.

Since the Ngatiraukawas came to the neighbourhood of Wairauki, they had observed with increasing interest the island of Kapiti: seeing the smoke ascend in the early morning from the settlements in that isolated position, they had begun to surmise that a large number of people lived there in safety; but as they were only just possessed of the means of access to the island, it and its occupants engaged but little of their attentions for some time. Some of the young men, eager to go over to the island in search of adventure, were restrained from doing so by the wholesome fear of the Mauopoko, dreading that, perchance, in their absence the hill-men might

come down. So they were obliged to defer making the voyage until one enemy, at least, was disposed of.

The Mauopoko were now reduced to a pass of great perplexity. Hahaki and the leading men, at nightfall, assembled to hold consultation on their affairs: after a short time spent in discussing the probable fate of the prisoners, Ena and her comrades, it was decided that it was not practicable, in their present embarrassed state, to make the attempt of following them so far into an enemy's territory; meanwhile, they must content themselves with allowing their anger to slumber, and patiently await the issues of war. Te Koturu learned with grief that the enemy had seized on and removed his canoes from their original hiding-place; but, thanks to her quick eye and sagacity, old Mahora had discovered a seemingly likely place in which the canoes might be found.

Te Koturu proposed to lead a party of four men down the left face of the cliff: his entire contingent were to follow at a distance, and thus endeavour to seize their own canoes, when found, and, embarking in them, sail homewards. In order that the store of provisions in the fortress might serve a longer time, he wished to leave the pah, and, when arrived at Kapiti, to send a canoe laden with provisions to the besieged. The vessel was to be in sight on



a given day, in charge of two men, who would, as soon as night fell, come in toward the shore, and, at a well-known cove, secretly deposit their cargo, whence the hill-men were to remove the stores at leisure and as opportunity served.

The night was advanced a little when Te Koturu and his followers descended the cliff, whereon grew a stunted vegetation, comprising the spear-grass and the toumaton, or "wild Irishman," clinging on the dry soil, and offering a serious impediment to quick progress over the ground : at the foot of the hill they had to encounter a few sentinels ere the way could be open to the small bay wherein they hoped to find the canoes moored and left unguarded and unharmed. To pass the sentries unobserved was a hopeless wish ; so, relying on his agility and on that of a few chosen warriors who were proved by him in former dangers, and on whom he could now rely with perfect confidence, he had arranged, as a forlorn hope, to advance on the sentries and dispose of them in the quickest manner possible, leaving their men on the face of the cliff, hidden by projecting ledges of rock, and awaiting in silence the signal which was to be made to them by Te Koturu when the passage to the canoes was open.

Cautiously crawling down the precipices, from

stone to stone, the wily islanders spent more than an hour in the descent : at length, the band under Te Koturu crept to within earshot of a group of sentinels, who were seated in the shelter of a low crag close to the water's edge, where the washing of the restless tide was the only sound that broke the stillness of the night, save when at intervals a cry from the forest birds rose upon the air, and died away in the distance. The sentries on the left face of the hill had collected in this spot, there to spend the night, and had kindled a fire, which now guided Te Koturu upon them : they were five in number ; two sat upright, and the others were lying rolled up in their mats upon improvised beds of reeds and fern. Te Koturu and his comrades saw at a glance the work that was before them ; so, each man selecting his opponent, they crept up still closer, and with lizard-like motion slid from stone to stone, until they had completely surrounded the unwary sentinels ; then, clutching each man his meri, they waited until the pre-arranged signal was heard from Te Koturu—a soft, low call, in imitation of that uttered by the night-owl : then sprang the islanders upon their unsuspecting prey. Three of the sentries fell instantly ; but when the first moment passed, some confusion ensued among the islanders, as they feared that the blow

next intended for a foe might descend on a friend: thus they hesitated when thrown close upon each other, so that the two remaining sentinels, having no idea but that of flight and self-preservation, cleverly seized their individual opponents by the legs, and throwing them on the rocks, not only hurt the men severely, but at the same time made good their own escape. Te Koturu, seeing the folly of pursuit, gave the signal that all was clear; and, hurrying forward, he soon reached the cove wherein his own canoes were secreted: his followers came on after him in eager haste and in good order; and, quickly embarking, they were soon out of reach of pursuit.

The night, which in its early part had been calm and warm, with scarcely a breath of wind, suddenly underwent a change: from the north-west large masses of black cloud rolled up the sky, obliterating the star-light; the winds stretched out their pinions, and hollow and ominous noises reached the earth from the upper regions of the atmosphere, where it was evident that the north-wester was driving his myriad chariots in their aerial race over the resounding prairies that separate universe from universe; slowly and by measurable degrees the pinions of the wind drooped, until, with their anger-barbed tips, they swept the rolling earth.

The storm of wind was unaccompanied by rain, but its fury and its suddenness completely prevented Waiki from pursuit, when the sentries had reported how matters were. In the mean time, Te Koturu had barely time in which to rub his fire-sticks together in order to kindle a small flame, the signal to his friends in Wairauki that all was well; but at length the light flame burst out ere the gale broke: the flickering column shot up its signal, and shone reflected on the dark and still sleeping waters between the canoes and the fast receding shore: instantly, a hoarse yell of joyous triumph rang past the scudding vessels, followed by a broad sheet of fire that shot up into the black arms of night from the small glacis of the pah, where a single human figure stood before the lurid flame, which served as a background to the weird being, who danced with every appearance of joy at the successful termination of the enterprise. The dancer of the night was Hahaki.

The wind now came down and took possession of the scene: the pah and its beleaguers were comparatively safe; but what language can convey suitable impressions of the danger to which the islanders were exposed—what pen can describe the position in which Te Koturu and his company were placed?

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### THE STORM.

“ Why do ye rustle on your dark wings,  
Ye whistling storms of the sky ? ”

—*Darthula.*

THE hardy islanders were put to their utmost skill in the management of their vessels : the large war-canoe of the native was at best but frail, yet when properly handled it sat upon the water like a bird ; and few were more daring on the sea, none more expert at the paddle, than Te Koturu. The canoes soon parted company, the darkness of the night increased, the sea was marked with phosphoric ridges, the crests of the rising waves gleamed with a greenish white tint. As the long canoes propelled by the stalwart arms of the paddlemen lay on the tops of the wave ridges, which offered no hold in the intervening furrows but the treacherous air, more deceptive and infinitely more

dangerous than the tossing abysses of the sea itself, thus increasing the danger of upsetting to a fearful degree of certainty, the wind was dead against their onward progress, and the roaring of the tempest prevented the orders of Te Koturu from being heard save by those who were in his own canoe : the single mast with its lateen sail was with danger and difficulty taken down and deposited in the bottom of the vessel : to keep its prow to the wind was the only chance of the mariners to escape with their lives, for they well knew that onward progress was impossible ; so, determining like brave men to meet the worst, they patiently toiled to keep their canoe fair to the wind, and drift wherever they might. The tempest increased in fury ; the sheeted lightning flew round the horizon, lighting up for an instant the terrors of the troubled deep, and revealing to the courageous islanders the magnitude of the dangers that surrounded them : many a quailing warrior thought of the angry *Tauhirimatea*, the storm-god, and mentally besought that terrible deity to pity those who were in his power, and experiencing the weight of his wrath. An occasional glimpse showed the weary strugglers that their canoes were still living, but widely separated from each other. As the short night wore away, the early dawn slowly lit up the clouded east ; the winds

were still blowing in dreadful force and fury ; but at intervals the islanders could catch glimpses of land to the leeward, and toward it they resolved to persevere, but with extreme caution and care. It was whilst endeavouring to effect this purpose that one of the five canoes, in the eager struggle to escape from the dangers that beset it, made the attempt of turning the prow to the shore, and when in the act, a wave overwhelmed her and she sank for a few seconds : when she rose again to the surface she was bottom upwards, a few of the unfortunate warriors still clinging to her ; but the rest were rolled away in the embraces of the angry element, and consigned to premature graves among the barren rocks that stretched out their stony bosoms to receive the mangled remains. One by one, the poor fellows, who clung to their capsized canoe, were seen to relax their hold and disappear, without any possibility of their comrades rendering the least assistance. Four canoes still kept their courses widely apart, but with the same steady adherence to front the tempest and take their chance of the shore to the leeward. Unceasingly they paddled in order to keep out in the open sea as long as possible ; for they could plainly discern that the land was exceedingly rugged, and, if driven upon it, death must be their doom. The

wholesome fear of being driven upon an inhospitable coast had, during the darkness, nerved the warriors to exert themselves to the utmost in plying their paddles: if they had not done so, they must have been lost; and since the morning revealed to them the outlines of the land, they knew that Titai Bay was near, and, moreover, it was owned by a tribe with whom they were on friendly terms. Steadily they guided the vessels before the wind, and nearing the shore at every stroke, they at last made a slight shelter from some headlands that ran out seaward; and the warriors in the different canoes made an attempt to turn their vessels' heads to the shore, and finally succeeded. The danger was now almost past, the task to fly before the wind and at a rate almost as swift as that of the tempest was an easy one, as the frail vessels ran their richly-carved prows, carrying their living freight, far up on the yellow sands that fringe the picturesque Titai Bay.



## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### ACQUAINTANCESSHIPS RENEWED.

“ Shall it then be forgot where we meet in peace ?  
Do not we behold, with joy, the place where our fathers feasted ? ”  
—*Temora.*

INTENSE was the chagrin of Waiki when he learned from the returning sentinels that a party had escaped from the hill-fort ; and but for the tempest that was then raging, he would have led his warriors against the fortress on the instant, so eager was he to destroy the dwellers in Wairauki : waiting until morning dawned, he consulted with his tohunga, who predicted a signal success, as the affair of the past night and the storm portended. “ Doubtless,” said the priest, “ they have all perished, no vessel could live in such a sea : send immediately and discover if any canoes remain.”

In a short time the messengers returned to the

impatient Waiki with the report that three large war-canoes still remained safe in their moorings. Summoning his principal leaders, he consulted with them as to the best mode of attacking the Mauopoko pah : some were for rushing on the supposed weak points of the outworks, others were for laying an ambush for the besieged. But as their suggestions were more or less quite impracticable, Waiki was fain to content himself with waiting until starvation would do the work arms could not accomplish. To double the sentries, to build small watch-whares at the base of the hill, wherein the guards could take shelter, and to visit these posts himself continually throughout the night, were the precautions taken by Waiki.

When Te Koturu and his wearied followers drew up their canoes on Titai beach, they at once proceeded to the pah, which stood on a slightly rising bank at a little distance from high-water mark : Te Koturu's approach was seen, and many armed men hurried out to meet him ; but the purpose of the islanders was soon discovered, and they were cordially welcomed to the kindly hospitality of their new-found friends. The natives of this pah were a *hapu* of the Mauopoko tribe, and were also distant relatives of the islanders : both were accustomed in former days to visit each other, but had of late years discontinued all intercourse :

fain would they detain their guests for days ; but, as the storm was abated considerably, Te Koturu would not consent to stay longer than the disturbed state of the sea compelled him to remain ashore.

Preparations were then made to spend the night in feasting and conviviality, over which Te Koturu related his late adventures to the chieftain, Te Kikiremu, and to his chief men, in the large runanga-whare in which the guests and their entertainers were assembled. At the recital of the cruelties of the hostile Waiki and his allies, the Titai Bay people were in much terror and fear that the invaders might soon pay their neighbourhood a depredatory visit ; but their own tohunga, who was present, bade them not be apprehensive of an evil so distant : moreover, when they considered the bravery of the Mauopoki, it was not possible that Waiki could pass scathless from end to end of the country. When the tale of the captives was told, the grief of the listeners was real and affecting : the feasting and the revelry were as usual, copious, solid, and primitive.

To add to the kindness of the welcome given to the islanders, the old men told their best stories, tales that preserved the remembrances of deeds of valour and daring done in years gone by, both at Hawaiiiki and since the arrival of their ancestors in these

islands, while the best and most accomplished of their singers sang their legendary songs. Among the women was one celebrated for possessing a large stock of these their only literary treasures: to the request that she would sing the story of Ruahine, the ancient dame assented, and before commencing her narrative she drew from a brown calabash a long draught of the beverage which the natives were in the habit of preparing from the *tutu* plant: thus refreshed, she sang as follows:—"When the sweet flesh of the Moa became scarce, the hunters were obliged to cross the narrow sea that separates these shores from those opposite, in order to procure the birds which report said abounded on the wide-spreading hill-plains that afforded a safe retreat to those stately fowls of the chase. Among the migratory hunters who then left their homes was one, a youth named Eawi: he had long been the favourite lover of the famous beauty Ruahine; and her he was obliged to leave behind: before parting from her, he vowed constancy, and promised soon to return. Many moons passed, but no tidings reached Ruahine of her hunter-lover: after a long time, a few of the Moa-hunters returned; they told the lonely maiden that Eawi was gone far up among the mountain plateaux after the birds: they also dilated upon his love of adventure, his kindly dis-

position, and, above all, his expertness in the exciting dangers of the chase. This scant intelligence served only to increase the anxiety of the girl : in vain her friends tried to dissuade her from thinking of the youth, hoping to induce her to take a husband from among the young men of the tribe ; but their efforts were fruitless : she lingered in the belief that he would soon return. As time wore on she became silent and moody, and all her vivacity fled : her relatives watched her with increasing sorrow, fearing that she would terminate her existence with voluntary violence. But she had determined otherwise : she resolved to swim to the shores of the opposite land : every morning she measured the distance with aching eyes, and calculated her powers of endurance in the water ; for she was an accomplished and powerful swimmer, much of her time being spent at this her favourite pastime ; and so she trained herself for her perilous undertaking. Cherishing the fixed idea, she went on a visit to some of her people who lived on Kapiti, and was there in the habit of standing on the high cliffs of the island and looking across the waters that lay between : the prospect filled her with an unutterable longing to reach those much-loved shores, in the hope of meeting with the man whom she prized above everything life could give. Evening after evening, she ascended the cliffs

to cast a long, lingering, loving look on the silent shores of that land of her love and her hope. One morning her resolve was taken : from the rugged shores of the island, she carefully noted the direction in which the nearest cape lay ; and, having provided herself with a small raft made of reeds, she boldly swam out into the open sea : league after league she swam safely. The sun ascended high in heaven, the wind was favourable ; she rested from time to time upon her raft : a *taniwha* accompanied her, and for the last three leagues of her journey the kindly sea-god allowed her to rest upon his left fin whilst he carried her on through the waters ; and as the sun was just sinking on the Western waters, she reached the long-wished-for shores. At a little distance from the sandy beach on which she landed, she sat down on a large stone : there resting, she heard the sound of human voices ; and before she could hide among the adjacent rocks, she saw that she was discovered by a party of three men, who were hurrying along the beach : two bore on their shoulders huge burdens bound up in flax kits. The third man of the party was tall and well-formed, and held in his hand a few long sharp-pointed and barbed spears : he walked in advance of his companions with firm and vigorous stride : his feet were protected by flaxen sandals, his

mantle was of Moa skin of wondrous beauty and of rare value. He advanced to where the maiden sat, and in an instant recognized her: throwing down his weapons at her feet, he clasped her in his arms, and saluted her with the gentle and endearing embrace of long-parted lovers: her tale was soon told to his eager ear, and, the short twilight closing, the moon rose as the party entered a long and winding cavern in the base of a tall cliff overlooking the broad sea in front.

“Many moons passed, and the friends of Ruahine were left in doubt as to her fate, when, by chance, a Moa-hunter, who knew her and her story, returned to Kapiti and related to her people the tale of her love and its successful termination.”

After the old woman had ended her lyrical narrative, the assemblage broke up for the night, each returning to his own hut, and leaving their guests to sleep in quiet and take the rest they so much needed.

The wind died away as the night advanced, the sea subsided, and when morning dawned, the surface of the ocean was calm as that of a mill-pond.

After their morning meal, Te Kikiremu accompanied his guests to the beach, where, again launching their canoes with the song and accompanying movements usual on such occasions, the islanders

were once more on their way homewards : the loss of one of their vessels and of the friends it contained was sorely felt and deeply deplored by Te Koturu and his faithful followers : after parting from their kind hosts, and when at a considerable distance from the shore, they gave expression to their pent-up feelings ; every paddle lay idle on the gunwales, all heads drooped, tears rolled down the cheeks of the warriors, sobs heaved the bosoms, and groans rent the hearts of the afflicted islanders. No strangers witnessed the outburst of their grief ; the kindly beams of the sun cheered them in their bereavement, and the dire call for vengeance soon roused their spirits to the stern realities of their position. As they boldly struck their lithe paddles in the smooth yielding surface of the water, the canoes leaped forward like things of life endowed with the will and energy of their masters : headland after headland was passed, the hissing foam-bells glittered in their silvery wake ; the songs of the forest birds harmoniously blended with the golden sunbeams, and bespread the scene with unrivalled beauty.

While the canoes were passing under Wairauki pah, from which they had inauspiciously set out so short a time before, the islanders saw that three canoes were being prepared to come out to meet them. Instantly,



and as if by divination, Te Koturu saw the real state of affairs : he guessed that Waiki designed to intercept him, and give him chase and battle. Te Koturu's preparations were soon made, his resolve sooner—to lie to and await the arrival of the enemy in order to rest his men ; then he addressed a few words of encouragement to them, words which carried not only the authority of a chief, but also the wise words of the tohunga, as the young man, in common with most of his class, united both characters in himself. There was sufficient time in which to escape with due effort, if the islanders so wished ; but the darling passion of revenge and its hope of gratification now prevented them from fleeing homewards.

Te Koturu relied upon his superiority of numbers, his proved skill in managing a canoe, intense hate toward the enemy, and the all-absorbing thirst for vengeance. Immediately the young chief gave orders that the canoes should be firmly lashed stern to stern, and their prows kept widely apart, thus forming a fan-shaped figure ready to expand as the exigencies of battle demanded, ready also to collapse with the fatality of death upon all who were bold enough to come within grasp. When this movement was completed, the islanders sat upright, each in his place : none moved a muscle, all seemed as if they had been

struck by the bolt of the thunder-god : the heaving of the water alone moved the statue-like groups : the spears were ready, the meris firmly grasped, the paddles were drawn in ; and thus they awaited in silence the onslaught of the enemy. These were coming on in impetuous hurry and fury : the three canoes kept abreast of each other, and their paddles were plied with tremendous force, but with irregular stroke : each vessel carried its full complement of fighting men, being manned by the Waikato allies of Waiki.

The approach of the Kapiti tribemen had been observed from an outpost which Waiki had established on a hill-top near Wairauki ; and when the circumstance was reported to him, his allies earnestly demanded to be permitted to give chase and battle to the fugitives from the hill-pah : this request was granted, and these were the men who were coming up to the naval encounter.

The exciting scene was observed by the inmates of Wairauki, who crowded up to their outworks and eagerly looked on ; but their grief and sorrow was great when they saw that their friends had lost one canoe, and that their own vessels were used by their enemies in giving battle to those who were bound to them by so many ties of friendship and patriotism.

Hahaki in this emergency counselled Raukawa to

bring out the prisoners and exhibit them in view of Waiki, at the same time a herald was sent down the hill with instructions to tell that chieftain that Te Ori and his fellows would be put to death before the eyes of the Ngatiraukawa, if the Waikato allies were not immediately recalled. The herald accordingly announced to Waiki the intentions and wishes of the Mauopoko ; but the blood-loving chief gave answer that if they dared to kill the prisoners, the smoking ruins of the hill-fort would serve as a beacon to his victorious allies on their return from the combat.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

## THE BATTLE.

“The valiant delight to shine  
In the battles of their land.”

—*Temora.*

THE impetuosity of the Waikatos subsided as they drew near: they were evidently impressed with a sense of the no common dangers attendant on rushing upon men who had awaited their approach so calmly, and who were to all appearance determined to conquer or to die. When they came within a few canoe lengths of Te Koturu's position, the paddlemen rested on their paddles; the heavy and laboured breathing of the warriors was plainly heard. Their brown-skinned bodies were bare, and copious streams of moisture poured their mimic torrents down face, trunk, and limb; but their blood was up, and as soon as they were breathed, the thirst for that of others

would rage in every nerve with increased fury. The usual tauntings were hurled at the islanders, but Te Koturu would not answer a word : his resolve was taken, to die : his courage needed no excitement, for the friends he had lost were to be avenged. At a motion of their commander's hand the Waikatos dashed up to the encounter : they closed in an instant, prow to prow ; and the first blood was shed among the Waikatos. Te Koturu and his bravest warriors stood on the prow of their separate vessels. The Waikatos, in their eagerness to engage, parted their canoes a little, so as to bring more men into the engagement : the islanders promptly spread out their bristling canoes, whereupon the enemy, seizing an apparent chance, drove up one of his vessels side by side with an islander. When this was perceived, the nearest canoe closed upon the adventurer, and life after life was lost in the close contest : the islanders eagerly endeavoured to lash their vessels to that which had ventured amongst them, but the Waikatos fought with skill and coolness, and succeeded in backing out of the dangerous vortex into which their temerity had led them. They next sought to lay their canoes side by side with those of the islanders, but in vain. Hour after hour was spent in manœuvring of this kind ; but Te Koturu's canoes re-

volved on their lithe pivots, and presented but a point on which the enemy might expend his fury and his strength. Nor were the Waikatos idle, they hacked and broke down the elaborate and elegantly-carved stern-posts of the islanders' canoes : one of these was so much injured that the assailants took the advantage of its crippled condition, and, making a determined effort, they grappled with its entangled woodwork, and brought a canoe side on to it ; and in a few moments their arms prevailed over those of the islanders, and before a rescue or relief could be rendered, the island vessel sank with its cargo of human beings : these dived under the water, and so eluded for a time the fatal spear-thrusts of the exulting enemy : but when the islanders' heads emerged from the water, the fatal spear or heavy paddle finished the struggle, and few escaped with life. When the vessel sank, Te Koturu had its stern lashings immediately cut away, so as not to endanger or encumber those left him. It was noon ere the battle ended. The Waikatos lost many of their men, and very many of them were wounded ; but the loss of the islanders was heavy, though still they adhered to their original position, and from it they would not recede : this determination perceived, the Waikatos taunted them with cowardice ; but in vain was the

art of oratory and ridicule brought to bear on the patient and suffering islanders, not a taunt was answered. The enemy paddled round and round the canoes, and then left the scene of combat as their eyes caught sight of rolling columns of black ascending high in the bright sunshine above Wairauki.

Whilst the foregoing action was progressing, there was another act in the tragic drama of war passing between rival actors on the mainland. True to his threat, Hahaki instructed Raukawa to order the remaining prisoners out to execution: among these was Te Ori, with a few of his best warriors who were under him on the fatal morning of their capture by Hahaki, the common warriors having been disposed of some time previously.

Waiki and his warriors were stationed on the hill-sides near the Wairauki pah, and could with ease and certainty see everything that took place.

Standing upon the sentinel's stage were four men: the centre figure was bound, his arms firmly pinioned behind, his legs tied with flax ropes: on either side of him stood a man holding a pole, which was passed through the angle formed by the prisoner's arms as they were held in line with his back; thus secured, he was held up, in the mockery

of a scornful triumph, before the assembled warriors of his people and his allies. The fourth figure of the group was armed with a short, stout spear: in a loud voice, that reverberated among the mountain peaks and gulleys, the name "Te Ori" was shouted by the executioner. The Ngatiraukawa and their allies heard, and answered with a deep groan of sorrow, mingled with rage: when this had subsided, the executioner plunged his spear into the heart of the unresisting victim; the head of the brave young chief dropped on his breast, the limbs faintly quivered, and all was past: on a tall post, a few short moments afterwards, the corse of the ill-fated Te Ori was exhibited in view of his sorrowing companions.

With a loud hoarse cry for vengeance, the Ngatiraukawa left the hill-sides, and impetuously rushing towards the gully wherein their encampment lay, they seized each a burning brand and advanced on the back defences of the hill fortress: from above the spears of the besieged gleamed dull in the eyes of the enemy: arrived at the outer fences, they piled up their fire-sticks against the palisade; but these outworks were so strong, and erected with so much care—the timbers used in their construction were so massive, that fire had but little chance of



mastery. In vain Waiki led and ordered his warriors to fire the outworks ; when tired of these futile attempts, a large number of men were told off, and despatched to procure light wood from the forest with which to fire the palisades. The Mauopoko, however, were alive to the intentions of their enemy, so, rushing out by a small portal, they attacked Waiki with such impetuosity that he was obliged to retire with some loss and precipitancy down the hill, which was unfavourable for any military movements, the slope being steep and broken. Nevertheless he returned to the attack, bringing supplies of firewood, by means of which he at length succeeded in firing the pile and setting a portion of the outworks in flames, while the combatants on either side eagerly impeded or assisted the progress of the devouring element : in a short time a breach was made in the fences, through which Waiki led his warriors : his ingress was but feebly opposed, as there stood yet unharmed the inner palisade, a much stronger erection than the outer one. Against this also flaming brands, hissing and crackling, were thrown across the wide and deep ditch that ran along the base. The imminent danger which now threatened the pah impelled Raukawa to sally out and attack the besiegers in the confined space between the two fences, taking the

precaution of doing this with the wind in his favour, so that the smoke and flames from his burning wood-works might aid him in the attack. With wild war-cries they rushed onwards, women and children crowding behind the palisade, and joining their shrill voices to swell the terrible cries of the combatants as they closed in the shock of battle. Waiki led on his men, all eagerly burning with the fell passion of revenge : hand to hand the warriors closed, and when the meri or the spear only did half their work on their individual victims, the combatants clutched each other and rolled on the ground in the embrace of death, under the feet of their unheeding comrades, there to be trampled upon in their expiring agonies. The flames roared along the outer fences, as the battle raged within ; blood flowed in mimic torrents and saturated the yellow clay, like streams of crimson lava that cooled and blackened as it sank through its native dust. The Mauopoko were watched over by Hahaki, who with the women remained in the pah, and busily employed themselves by throwing spears among the enemy : the old man saw how it was with his people, and thought that it were better for them to retreat into the pah than to suffer so much loss outside ; so he gave his orders to Raukawa to come in, but at the moment Waiki had singled him out for a victim.

The danger to which their chief was exposed was observed by his own men, and several of them, with heroic determination and devotion, threw themselves between: the young man heard the commands of the tohunga, and having heard, was bound to obey; so, repeating the order to retreat, he firmly fell back inch by inch until the small portal was reached, through which the warriors slowly passed, with unabated courage still disputing every step taken by their antagonists. Raukawa's loss was severe: his dead and wounded were in the hands of Waiki, whose losses were also considerable; but he retained the bodies of his dead, and was at liberty to attend to his wounded, and, but for an opportune rainfall, he would have persisted in his attempt at firing the pah, and in neglecting his wounded, although amongst them were many of his minor chieftains. The rain, however, extinguished the flames, and great was the relief which the kindly shower brought to the hearts of the dwellers in Wairauki, as the fire had already begun to climb the heavy timbers of the inner fence.

The remainder of the summer evening was spent by Waiki in withdrawing his warriors from their perilous proximity to the pah: a strong guard was left by him in charge of the scene until all the dead and the wounded on both sides engaged were completely

removed, together with the spoils of the battle-field. Waiki interred his own dead with becoming rites of sepulture away in the forest, but the bodies of the slain and wounded of his enemy were destined for the revolting cuisine.

The pandemonium of Waiki's camp will be better allowed to remain in oblivion.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### RETURN TO KAPITI.

“ Who comes so dark from ocean’s roar,  
Like autumn’s shadowy cloud ?  
Death is trembling in his hand ! ”

—*Carthon.*

THE sun of that eventful day was sinking in the west as the islanders approached the southern cliffs of their isolated home ; nor was their coming unnoticed : crowds of young and old, men, women, and children, were there to welcome them, on crag, cliff, pinnacle, scaur, and knoll that overlooked the entrance to their rock-guarded landing-place the people stood with garlands of green leaves and ferns on their heads, and holding green boughs in their hands which they waved in slow time, calling aloud on the returning warriors to hasten with the tidings of the dreaded invaders. The spectacle presented by the moving masses of green boughs, the rising and falling of the

hands and arms of the assemblage, was unusually impressive ; but when the truth was made known to them by their surviving and returned friends, the loud, sharp cries of disappointment, intermingled with pain and anguish of spirit, rang loud and woefully over the re-echoing shores, startling the sea-fowl as they were settling themselves on their brown rock shelves and roosting-places for the night, scaring them to take wing and add to the agony of the scene by a series of rapid gyrations and piercing screams of distress uttered in their helplessness to obtain their customary quiet and repose.

Moodily the young chieftain answered the questions of his importunate tribemen : from comparative happiness and security, the peaceful island hapus were plunged into the vortex of grief and bereavement, almost without a single ray of hope or of kindly assurance. The irreparable loss of nearly one-half of the number of men who had left their homes so short a time before, to which must be added the accounts of the butcheries and the bloodthirstiness of the enemy, left but little chance of happiness in the future for them, and completely darkened their recent sanguine speculations. During the night the wailings were intense and the grief was unabated. Te Koturu, depressed by the weight of

his misfortunes, resolved to return to Wairauki, and there die with his friend Raukawa, or, taking the uncertainties of war into calculation, hoped they might yet drive away the intruders, and so leave himself and friend free to follow the captives to Taupo. The night was almost passed when he made known his resolve to the remnant of his tribemen: desiring them to listen calmly, he told them he would return alone to the mainland, and leave them in charge to a member of his own family. To this many were averse, some applauded, and many volunteered to accompany him; but, selecting four men only, with this small band he bade a tearful farewell to the scenes of his youth—scenes of the only happy days the youthful warrior was fated to experience in his sad and too early acquaintance with the horrors and miseries of civil warfare.

The early dawn was gliding upwards from behind the eastern horizon, when, in the silence of inexpressible and unfathomable woe, Te Koturu and his comrades took their seats in the war-canoe. The old and the young clung to their beloved chieftain as long as they could; and with a chorus of heartrending cries and sobs they parted: the paddlemen in the canoe hung their heads on their bosoms as, with slow and measured dip, their paddles clave the waters

which might never again be visited by these heart-broken islanders: when out of earshot, the five men in the canoe struck out with bold and rapid strokes. To gain the mainland unobserved was their aim; but, if seen, they intended to keep out to sea, or else land on some sequestered spot to hide in, and make the attempt of landing below Wairauki during the night or at dawn of the next succeeding morning. With terrible energy they rowed onwards, with amazing swiftness the vessel flew on the water: silent the chieftain sat in the stern, and, with piercing gaze, searched along the dim coast for signs of life, but none could he discover. As the distance shortened between the vessel and her destination, the anxiety of Te Koturu increased: the superhuman efforts of the paddlers reached the point of cracking every sinew, and of rending into shreds every muscle that twanged and quivered in their overstrung frames. The sun had risen, and the mists of night were slowly rolling up the hill flanks as the small party of islanders neared the shore; but the chief could not discern a human being near or in sight, so, steering his canoe into the well-known anchorage, they disembarked, and hiding the vessel as best they might, they seized their arms and rushed up the hill-paths: in a few minutes they were beyond the



reach of pursuit, though long before they landed they had been seen by the Wairauki sentinels, and when near the shore were recognized : as soon therefore as they were on the summit of the hill, they were warmly welcomed by Raukawa in person, whose admiration was as unbounded as his joy was sincere in again possessing his faithful friend and brave ally.

The feast and the wailing for the dead occupied the mind and the stomach of the Ngatiraukawa far into the night, and their usual precautions were relaxed, no doubt from the belief that their enemies had quite enough to do in repairs to their pah and in bewailing the losses which they had sustained ; in fact, it was owing to these circumstances that the islanders reached the shore unobserved.

When the nature and extent of the late disasters of his friends were seen by Te Koturu, his heart sank within him. To repair the outer fence was a work involving considerable labour, and necessitated a direct and unopposed communication with the forest ; but how this was to be maintained none could devise. In this dilemma Hahaki ordered the demolition of several of the interior dividing fences of the fortress, so as to obtain a supply of posts and other material necessary to the reconstruction of the outer palisades : with these the fences were put in a tolerable state of

repair, a work in which all engaged with alacrity and good-will, and the whole was completed by noon. Another and greater calamity disturbed the entire community : food was becoming scarce, water was difficult to procure ; the terrors of want stared them in the face. Their entire stores of food would, with the greatest economy, only suffice at most for three or four days : when these failed they must die of starvation, or surrender to the enemy ; but while many were in favour of the former, few advocated the latter alternative. The canoes, moreover, were not at their disposal ; but, with strategic good fortune, they might seize them and send away some of their women and children to Kapiti.

In Waiki's camp inaction still reigned, and the wailing was maintained ; indeed, it did not altogether cease on either side during the day and night that followed the conflict.

Soon as night fell, a small party left the Wairauki pah under cover of the darkness, and descended the hill to the sea-shore : these were the forlorn hope of the besieged, and were charged to secure possession of one or more canoes—if successful, to signal to their companions in the fort that the way was open. Thus commissioned, the party descended, creeping from stone to stone in silence and terror : having

reached the shore, they were not long before they discovered where two of the largest war-canoes were moored, and the signal was promptly given : a small flame from a few light materials which one carried was allowed to lighten the surrounding darkness for a few seconds, and was then suddenly covered by a flax mantle, so that those in the pah above them could not see it : this was repeated a few times, as the mode of signalling agreed on, and then the forlorn-hope seated themselves in the canoes, awaiting the course of events with breathless anxiety.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

## ABANDONMENT OF WAIRAUKI.

“ Their fires were decayed on the plains ;  
The lonely steps of their scouts were distant far.”

—*Lathmon.*

ON the same night the wily Waika, during the continued relaxation of that discipline and precaution so generally enforced amongst his tribemen, sallied out attended by a favourite slave : both went down by a gully on the north-west side of Wairauki, and reached the sea-shore as the night fell : for a few moments both stopped to hearken, as the sea-birds were calling to each other in what the listeners considered an unusual way : soon they discovered that there were some causes of disturbance near, and creeping along the rocks with stealthy step, they saw, between them and the sky, figure after figure of men cautiously descending the hill-slope toward the shore.

Getting nearer, Waiki discovered whose these were, and, quietly waiting, saw the repeated signal, and overheard the conversation of the party. In low whispers he then instructed his slave to remain where he stood, in order to watch the enemy and to guide him on his return if need were. He then as rapidly as possible returned to his camp, where hastily gathering a band of chosen warriors, and placing himself at their head, he led them into the gully before mentioned, and rapidly, but silently, moved on in the direction of his watching slave: here he dispersed his men so that only a few of them were together in a body, but all were within view or whisper of each other. The slave soon perceived his master, and told him exactly what had passed during his absence: immediately they were in possession of the intentions of the Mauopoko, and understood, without being told, what it was that was expected of them in the business now on hand—namely, to spear, slay, and spare not. Group after group now came down the hill-side, and were deposited in the two canoes: when these were filled to overcrowding, a message was sent up to the pah that no more space remained: the fugitives were principally old men and women, also the young of both sexes; these and a few paddlemen to each canoe were just on the point of taking their

seats, when, with a dash in the water and a firm hold on the gunwales of the canoes, the inhuman Waiki and his warriors speared and slew their astonished and almost unresisting victims. For several moments the wretched runaways imagined that the *taniwhas* of the sea were upon them and drinking up their warm blood; while many jumped out of the canoes and endeavoured to reach the shore, but were struck down in the attempt. None of the old escaped death, but the paddlemen fought with coolness and determination: the noise and uproar, the shrieks of the old, the screams of the young rose in terrible shrillness on the night: the warriors in Wairauki heard, and rushing madly down the hill to the rescue, found that Waiki had withdrawn his men, leaving few of his victims alive to tell the doleful tale. When the Mauopokos arrived on the scene of slaughter, they found the canoes unharmed; but their late occupants were gone: many dead bodies floated in the water, many dead lay on the shore, and a few survivors told them the harrowing truth; but their fears not alone of the foe, but also of the supernatural beings in whose presence they superstitiously believed as not far off, compelled them to retire to their pah, bearing with them all of their wounded people that they could possibly discover, and these were but few.

Sleep visited none of the humble couches of the dwellers in Wairauki on that sad night, while the warriors held a long consultation on what course it were best to pursue ; whether to surrender themselves and pah to the enemy, or to attempt escape to a distant settlement belonging to near relatives of their own, the ever friendly and hospitable Titai Bay people. The latter choice was selected, principally on the recommendation of Te Koturu, who had so recently experienced the kindness of that hapu : when this determination was agreed to, the preparations for departing were begun : many of their dogs were shut up in the wharis, so as to deceive the enemy, who would be sure to come prowling about. Several of the old of both sexes refused to accompany the fugitives ; life, said they, had no further claims on them : to stay and die in the hope of allowing their friends time to escape was enough for them, and death they did not dread. There was no time to spare in which to try to dissuade these old creatures from their melancholy choice : they sat apart, and looked on in tearful silence, as their own relatives were busily employed in carefully packing the available stock of provisions in flax kits : these were strapped on the backs of the stalwart women, the children accompanied their mothers, and while the warriors

took away all their arms, every prized relic that could not conveniently be removed was carefully buried a few feet deep in the ground, in the presence of all, so that in case of the escape of even a few, these might, when future opportunity served, return and recover the heirlooms of their ancestors.

The night wore swiftly on, and the unhappy people were ready to depart on their long and perilous journey : as the premonitory signs of daybreak were announcing that event, the kiwi's note was heard in the depths of the forest ; a cold stream of thin air flowed down the bosom of the forest-clothed ranges, and roused the unfortunate tribemen to a keen appreciation of the formidable business before them, and many a stout heart quailed when the moment to depart had arrived : the thoughts of many were to stay and die upon their beloved hearths, thinking that perchance it were a better course than to tempt the uncertainties of flight. But the commands and the example of their chieftain and tohunga silenced every murmur : a strong party, armed, went first, as an advanced guard, down the southern slope of the mountain ; the women and children went next, those of their old and feeble who did not choose to remain behind tottered next in the order of march, their few wounded and their bearers followed, and the war-



riors brought up the rear : in painful silence their last farewells were taken ; the sobs of the people alone broke the horrid stillness, and as tears rolled down their faces, the copious showers watered the dust beneath the feet of the fugitives, leaving for evermore their hearts more withered, their affections more seared, and their once gentle natures a blasted wreck and ash-strewn ruin, incapable of ever again feeling the resuscitating influences of love ; for they were now forlorn and homeless outcasts. Keen as were their mental sufferings, with astonishing temerity they ventured forth, and with the tenacity of desperation clung to their only chance of life that seemed so frail, so full of disaster. Their onward progress was necessarily slow, and the dawn and the sunrise had passed ere they left the view of Wairauki behind them. To keep the sea-beaches for all the distance would have been the easiest road by which to travel ; but, as they feared being observed, so soon as they reached a convenient opening in the cliffs, they left the beaches, and struck into the forest. Nevertheless, their rear-guard was seen from Waiki's outpost ; for the Ngati-raukawa had only just arrived on the hill-top to attend to their usual duties, when the sentries were again posted, the usual precautions were taken, and the siege was renewed : hurriedly the report was sent in to

the camp that a large body of men were seen to enter the forest at a distance southwards. Waiki, guessing the exact nature of the movement, led a strong force up the hill, where he soon discovered that the pah was undefended. Entering unopposed, they took possession ; and when they found the poor old creatures who remained, they allowed them partial liberty, destining them for future use. No time was to be lost, and Waiki, with his entire available force, immediately started in hot pursuit. Meanwhile, the fugitives slowly passed on into the recesses of the forest, with the intention of pushing on as far as possible ere the daylight failed them, hoping, on the second day of their flight, to enter the territories of Titai : accordingly Hahaki instructed Raukawa to despatch couriers to announce his coming.

In fancied security the hapu moved onward : mid-day had arrived, and the wanderers sat down by the margin of a small stream. Whilst eating a frugal meal, suddenly roused by the barking of the dogs that accompanied them, the warriors leaped to their feet, and listening for some moments, could not detect any signs or cause for fear : the bush was dense and almost impassable, owing to the interlacings of the supple-jack, the rata-vine, and various other smaller creepers, adding their stems to the thick

foliage of the trees, shrubs, and tall ferns, which grew in every available spot : the paths which ran through this leafy wilderness were only sufficiently wide for one man to walk in, without room for two.

The Mauopoko moved on after their meal and short rest, but they had not gone far when the alarm was again raised ; and this time the cause was but too clearly ascertained : at a short distance from the long line of their march were seen bodies of armed men, passing in a line parallel with their own, and evidently watching their movements, only waiting for a favourable moment to commence the attack.

Waiki, when he entered the forest in his pursuit, followed the paths by which his prey had passed, and when he came near the rear-guard it was at the moment when the fugitives were snatching their mid-day meal : when the dogs gave a transient alarm, he ordered his men to lie down on the paths and remain so until the Mauopokos resumed their march ; then Waiko, sure of his aim, sent a strong party under a Waikato chief to the left, with instructions to march onward until he came in line with the advanced guard of the runaways : himself with his own warriors would effect a simultaneous movement, but on the right, or opposite side to that given to his companion in command : when this manœuvre was complete,

Waiki and his ally allowed themselves to come into view. Hahaki called on the chieftains to fall back and form as best they might around the centre where their women and children were : the intention and its corresponding movements were seen and comprehended by Waiki ; so, giving the signal to his ally, whom he supposed within hearing, he impetuously burst on his brave enemy. The war-whoop ran along the ranks as the women and children were hurriedly driven in and formed a compact mass of humanity : the rear-guard then rushed up to the scene, and formed a bulwark round their feeble charge. When Waiki saw the promptitude and ability with which his despised enemy carried out the manœuvre, he halted and awaited the arrival of his ally ; but it was some time ere he came up to the ground, and, when he arrived, the Mauopoko were prepared : Waiki immediately drew off his men, and this was the signal for the Waikato to do the same : the forest affording ample shelter, at a very short distance they secreted themselves, and eagerly watched the movements of the fugitives.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### MISFORTUNES OF THE MAUOPOKO.

“ The groan of the people spread over the hills ;  
It was like the thunder of night.”

—*Fingal*.

THAT evening the couriers from Raukawa arrived at the Titai pah, which stood on an eminence overlooking the little bay, the same in which the islanders under Te Koturu were sheltered from the storm : almost right in front of the settlement was the island of Mana, at a distance of four miles from the mainland. On this island several large pahs were built, and were thickly populated ; the flat top of the island was studded with the fenced enclosures in which the hapus cultivated their crops, and here they lived in comparative ease and primitive happiness.

On the mainland the country lying eastward and southward, or at the back of the Titai pah, was extensively clothed in the richest semi-tropical vegetation ;

the landscape not much broken, but sweetly diversified by rolling downs and undulating hills. This entire locality enjoyed, for many generations past, a state of undisturbed security from either cupidity or love of warfare, both of which were so painfully characteristic of the Maori at the time of our story.

Raukawa's messengers were kindly and warmly received, but their interlocutors feared that the fugitives would prove an undesirable acquisition, and that the dreaded Waiki would in time follow up his successes, and visit them in their hitherto peaceful domains: to these natural deductions the messengers answered that the unfortunates merely wished to retire beyond reach of the implacable hatred and resentment of their time-out-of-mind enemies, and to settle among this branch of their relations; and, if circumstances drove them, they would unite their arms and make a stand against their common foe: to this practical view of the situation the Titai hapu finally agreed; but before the decision was arrived at, the night was far advanced.

We must return to the forest, where a hasty council was held by Hahaki and the chieftains, as to the best course to pursue under their present dilemma: to move onwards was most desirable, but the density of the forest presented a difficulty almost insuperable;

to erect wharis for the night was equally difficult, as the enemy was around them ; to challenge them to the combat was undesirable, as they were encumbered with women and children ; while the chance of relief from Titai was extremely doubtful : so they resolved to move on, were it only a few paces at a time, still to move were better than to remain stationary. In consequence of this policy, the entire hapu crept slowly through the forest, as best they might ; but their advance was quickly observed by the lurking enemy : soon as the fugitives were in motion, the wild yells of the warriors rang through the gloom of the sombre forest glades ; on either hand and on their front, dark masses of blood-seeking human vampires fluttered on wings of death. Waiki, impatient of the slow movements of his prey, descended in person at the head of his warriors (as yet no blood had been shed), and, selecting an opportunity offered by the tortuousness of the paths and other natural features of the ground, he commenced his attack. With his own hand he killed an old man of the Mauopokos, the sight of whose blood maddened the warriors : they now engaged along the entire line, and hand to hand the combat raged. Hahaki ordered Raukawa and Te Koturu to place the men back to back, and so resist the onslaught that was

made upon them from right to left simultaneously. For some time this disposition of the tribemen was carefully adhered to ; but the fight thickened, and, with passions fired, the warriors became blind to precautions : valour overrode their prudence, and the weak were left, unprotected, to the fury of the bloody storm. For a time Waiki feared that he must retreat ; but, considering that if he did not at once decide the fate of his enemies, the morning might perchance bring them assistance from some unexpected source, and that his own wounded were increasing in numbers, and were being gathered in his rear, while his dead and dying were accumulating in heaps around, and his foes bleeding at every pore, his savage heart was steeled to persevere in the work of annihilation.

During this stress of conflict, Hahaki's youth seemed to return to him : he was everywhere, along the broken and ill-maintained lines of the suffering hapu. The women and children formed a temporary breast-work of branches of trees and shrubs which they hurriedly gathered together, and behind which they vainly tried to shelter themselves. Sorely pressed on every side, the Mauopoko fainted before the enemy, as Waiki broke through their line at its centre, where the old and the feeble were stationed, thus dissevering the combatants. The rear portion of this severed line



was commanded by men of inferior rank and abilities, and as soon as they saw their isolation, fearing their irresistible doom, they retreated through the forest, running wildly in every direction from the scene of conflict ; and these fugitives Waiki would not allow his men to pursue. When this mishap was seen by the warriors and the superior chieftains, they faltered : Waiki, taking advantage of this wavering, instantly, by a clever movement, took possession of the temporary defences raised by the women, at the same time capturing their feeble defenders : he next placed his men face to face with the remaining warriors of the ill-fated Mauopoko. Panic now seized the remnant of the hapu : they broke away from the control of the chiefs, and dispersed in the depths of the forest, as did their companions before them : Hahaki and his two friends, Raukawa and Te Koturu, escaped, but with extreme difficulty, as Waiki and a few warriors pursued the routed trio for some time, until the falling night and fear of being cut off from returning compelled them to desist and rejoin their own main body. The prisoners who remained in the hands of the victors were the old of both sexes, together with the children.

Hastily-built huts were constructed, in which Waiki housed his warriors for the night, carefully

attending to the wants of his wounded, whilst those of the enemy were left untended : the prisoners were secured, but left without food, and without a shelter save that of the forest trees.

Over a scene of so much suffering we must not, cannot dwell : such tragedies generally precede the dawn of a happier epoch in the histories of nations.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

### MAHORA AND PANI.

“ She sat alone ;  
She heard the rolling of the wave,  
The big tear is in her eye.”

—*Darthula.*

WEARIED with their exertions during the combat, the Wairauki chieftain and his companions, as soon as they were assured that their pursuers had withdrawn, sat down beneath the shelter of the fern trees : for some time neither spoke ; indeed, their sorrows were beyond the relief of oral expression, and words could scarcely convey an idea of the depth or intensity of the calamity that had fallen upon them. From sitting, the three men threw themselves on their faces upon the ground, and there sobbed themselves to sleep : like weary children, the hardy warriors succumbed to the wants of nature.

It was not yet daybreak when the tohunga awoke and roused his companions : after exchanging a

few melancholy words, the party set out on their journey toward Titai. About the same time, Waiki roused his slumbering warriors, and busily prepared to return to Wairauki. Their prisoners were examined, and those of them who were able to walk were dispersed among the ranks of their captors, while those who were badly wounded, or feeble through age or fatigue, were inhumanly butchered and decapitated, and their bodies hidden among the tall fern. The sun had risen ere this work was completed, and the sweet rays of morning stole over the cruel scene through openings in the forest trees, painting the ferocious features of the warriors with its golden light, and soothing the first sad moments of slavery to the unfortunate victims whom war had given into the hands of iron-hearted masters. No loud cries were uttered: instant death was the meed of any who dared to raise a voice. Silence, not broken by even a sob, sealed up the bursting broken hearts of the enslaved prisoners: one short half hour sufficed for these preliminary preparations, and then Waiki moved rapidly toward his camp and captured pah: no molestation was offered as he retraced his steps, though a few fugitives lingered on his line of march through the forest, endeavouring to ascertain who and how many were the prisoners.

The morning was somewhat advanced when Hahaki and his two comrades came in sight of Titai Bay: they had travelled straight to the seashore, fearing that they might lose their way during the gloom preceding the dawn, and hearing the booming of the ocean, they had wisely altered their original intention of travelling by the forest paths: they had thus emerged on the sea-beach, which they followed in a southerly direction, leading them on direct to the object they had in view: ascending the precipitous clay banks that rose above the beach, they were soon observed and welcomed.

Te Koturu related to Kikiremu the story of his friends' and his own late misfortunes; sorrow and tears and unavailing regrets were freely indulged in, but Hahaki implored the chieftains to be calm.

“Cease!” said he: “think of our women and children: the bones of the feast lie around the oven mouth. Give us warriors, that we may avenge their deaths!”

To this oft-repeated request Kikiremu replied that hitherto he and his hapu were permitted to live in peace, that he had no liking for war, but would allow as many of his tribemen as chose to accompany the chiefs in their search for their wounded, and to recover and bring together their scattered people.

To Raukawa's oft-urged request that Hahaki would remain at Titai, on account of his age and the late fatigue he had undergone, the tohunga was deaf: he must, he insisted, accompany them. A band of fifty men volunteered to enter the forest in search of the dispersed fugitives. As the Titai men knew the forest paths intimately, they led the way, and a little after mid-day reached the scene of disaster: here they discovered the mutilated bodies of the dead; to identify the remains was almost as hopeless as the task was fruitless, for Waiki had, in every instance, carried off the heads of the slain to adorn his triumph.

While the heartbroken Mauopokos were investigating the scene of battle, they were observed by some of their own fugitives, and were joined by many of those unfortunates, who had lingered near the scene of conflict after their dispersion, in the hope of rendering some assistance to their less favoured tribemen: in this some few succeeded, and, among others, Mahora, wife to Hahaki, was rescued from a perilous situation: the old woman had taken command of the women and children early in the fray, but when she saw how matters were tending, she attempted to lead her charge away from their temporary fortress, in the hope of saving themselves by a timely flight; but in this she was forestalled by the quick general-

ship of Waiki: ere she had retreated many paces, Waiki and his warriors were upon her, and, surrounding her feeble charge, drove them back. She then, with wonderful presence of mind, fell forward upon the ground, and there lay as if she were dead, while the enemy trampled upon her, not heeding her nor waiting to spear her, as she lay to all appearance lifeless: this stratagem cost the old creature much pain, for she was repeatedly trodden upon by the warriors as they rushed past in the avalanche of death. When her people broke and fled, and not before, the old woman ventured to leave her self-imposed durance: she would then have rejoined her unfortunate charge, had she been able; but she was severely bruised after the first onset of the enemy passed over her: when at length she saw that the slaughter was going on in another part of the field, she crept away into a small hollow near, where the tangled Kuriwæ and drooping ferns afforded a safe hiding-place: here she was joined, late at night, by a fugitive from the battle, a poor wounded fellow, who remained near the old prophetess, and who, collecting a few berries, sustained life in Mahora, until he had the good fortune to observe the search-party; whom joining, he immediately guided Hahaki to the place where his wife lay, suffering from the pain of her many

bruises. To meet the faithful partner of his youth, the being who never faltered in her love and watchfulness toward him, under such painful circumstances, was a sore trial to the priest; but there was no time for regrets: placing her in a simple litter, between two, he directed that she should at once be conveyed back to Titai, there to be nursed by the women.

Raukawa and Te Koturu now conversed more freely on the aspect and outlook of their affairs: the former now homeless and tribeless; the latter, in generous sympathy for his friend, warmly declared that until he rescued Ena from her captivity he likewise would be a homeless wanderer.

While the young chiefs were superintending the interment of the bodies of their mutilated dead, a few more of the runaways from the battle rejoined them: these had, by a common instinct, remained near, in the hope of meeting with friends. Scarcely a wounded person escaped, save Mahora and the man who discovered her, and who was the means of restoring her to her husband. The murderous industry of the Ngatiraukawas was as diligent as it was cruel, and all of the Mauopoko hapu who returned to the scene of combat were the young and the vigorous.



When the last rites of decent burial had been observed, the search-party returned : whilst on their way home to Titai, and just as they came in view of its fences, the tohunga noticed to his companions that an unusual commotion was going on outside the pah ; this, as the old man surmised, was the arrival of some unexpected and unknown guest ; and when Hahaki and his company drew nearer, they understood the cause of the agitation. A few of the Titai people had been down to the shore, gathering shell-fish, when they were accosted by a stranger, a decrepit old woman, who asked them for information concerning Hahaki and Raukawa : the people led her up to the pah just as the search-party were emerging from the forest. Hahaki recognized the old woman at a glance for the missing Pani, her who had left Wairauki the day after that on which Ena and Mary fell into the hands of the enemy. There was much silent speculation at the time of her disappearance, but none ventured to mention the fact of her absence in the public ear of the hapu.

When the poor tired old outcast had rested a little and refreshed her drooping spirits, she told, at the request of Hahaki, the following brief narrative :—

“When the Ngatiraukawa carried off the gentle Ena and her companions, I determined to follow

them, confiding my intentions to Mahora alone, who encouraged me in the design ; and the morning after the terrible storm that followed the death of Te Rangitukaroa and the loss of his daughter, I left Wairauki before the sun had risen : travelling slowly, but seldom resting, I got as far as the swamp pah on the evening of the first day of my journey. Many were the plans I pondered in order to deceive my late friends, the people among whom I had spent the greater part of my life : but fortune favoured me, and when I came near to the fences I was met and accosted by a few women who were returning from the seashore to their homes in the fortress : these pitying me and recognizing me, they told me that my husband had died some time previously, leaving me free and unfettered in my future actions : I immediately resolved on making a pretence of having returned to wail his death, which gave me a passport to an unsuspected residence in the pah. In this I succeeded fully ; the garrulity and the forgetfulness of the women saved me from the discovery that would otherwise have followed my reappearance among the people of the tribe. Now, I did not know, nor could I easily have learned, that my husband was dead, unless some one among themselves had previously told me ; as it was, I industriously performed the usual

prescribed period of mourning, and this so entirely dispelled all suspicions, that when the mourning was ended I was at liberty to carry out my secret mission, and soon made the acquaintance of Ena, the pakeha, and Hinema: they, however, were carefully watched, and were not allowed to approach the palisades of the pah; nor were they left a moment alone, a few women remaining by turns with them by day and night. With a little contrivance I managed to be one of those so employed; but my conversations with Ena could only be held at night, when my companion watchers were fast asleep: a large whare was given up to our use, and none but the women dared to enter it: on several occasions we talked over the possibility of escape; but the vigilance of the sentries and the wakefulness of Waiki effectually debarred us from making the attempt.

Atapo and his companions were kept in close confinement, and with him I could not even once speak.

Ena suffered much when she learned that, with her companions, she was to be sent up to Taupo: we knew that the actions of Waiki were conducted so carefully and so secretly that it were sheer impossibility for you to learn anything of the fate of your friends. With the young man Horo I had had several conversations; from him I learned why he left

Wairauki, also how basely Hinema had deceived him, and how treacherous and cruel she had been to her young mistress. Before Ena was sent to Taupo, he had determined on escaping from the pah and endeavouring to return to his own tribe. His fate you already know; and it was not until that event had taken place, and Waiki sallied out of his pah in pursuit of you, that I could follow Ena in her enforced wanderings.

“When the swamp pah was left almost empty on that occasion, unnoticed I stole out of the fortress, and, taking the route by which I saw the prisoners and their escort enter the forest, I followed, under unnumbered privations of hunger, pain, weariness, despair, and the weaknesses attending old age; I struggled onwards, and reached the destination of those I loved, the long-sought Pukawa pah. My long and unceasing toil had worn me to a spectre, my appearance won for me the compassion of the people among whom I now found myself, and, after attending to my wants, I so far recovered my strength as to be able to tell my improvised story:—that I had lost my way in the forest, where I had been out gathering berries, and that I had wandered for weeks, living as best I could, until I reached their pah, reduced to the state in which they beheld me: this tale answered all my hopes, and I was thenceforth free to

go where I choose, and was not long before I made myself acquainted with the circumstances in which Ena was placed. Here, as in the swamp pah of her captors, she was under the surveillance of the women, but was allowed more liberty: the pakeha girl was becoming more contented; and the traitoress Hinema had been espoused by a youth of the pah.

“After a week’s rest, during which time I had undisturbed opportunities of discoursing with Ena, I resolved to return to Wairauki. In this she encouraged me, as she said, in the hope that I might be able to tell her people where she was, and also of her determination to escape from captivity, when a suitable opportunity offered.

“Atapo was separated from the few comrades who were left to him; and from him I learned that he still had hopes of getting away, and of returning to his own tribe.

“I set out from the Pukawa pah one evening, when the men were on a fishing excursion on the lake; and, after undergoing a similar journey in returning as I had previously in going thither, I arrived in view of Wairauki as Waiki and his men were scrambling down the cliffs after you: cautiously I followed, and, passing the pah, I followed the sea-shore, choosing rather to keep by the sea, where I had a chance of obtain-

ing food, than to enter the uncertain forest-paths. Toward night a small party of men passed along the shore, whom I overheard say that the Mauopoko were dispersed and most of them killed : these men were travelling in the direction of Wairauki, and I knew by their voices that they were of the Ngati-raukawa. Sick at heart, I knew not what to do or whither to turn : all night I remained among the rocks by the shore, and, when morning came, I travelled onwards, not knowing what people occupied these lands. When I descried this pah I approached it, and, with no little joy, I find myself amongst my friends."

Raukawa and Te Koturu listened with fixed attention to Pani's narrative. Then, taking Hahaki into their council, they asked the old seer if it were not better for them to go up to Taupo and endeavour to rescue the prisoners, as, under the present circumstances, little hope remained to them of being able to collect together the remaining members of the hapu so as to be able to drive away the enemy. To this Hahaki agreed, hoping to hold together the returning fugitives, and, with them, go over to Kapiti, and there remain during the absence of the chieftains.

The young men again heard from Pani a minute description of the paths through the forest ; and they carefully noted all her instructions, as where to

ford the rivers, what mountain peaks to keep in view, and how to avoid the few inland pahs they were likely to come in sight of.

As the evening fell, a few more stragglers from the battle of the previous day came into Titai, and were cordially welcomed by the chieftains: the few preparations necessary for the long journey before them were made by the young men; then, retiring for the night, they rested until the morning light roused them to action.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

## JOURNEY TO TAUPO.

“Sadness ought not to dwell in danger,  
Nor the tear in the eye of war.”

—*Temora.*

THE parting scene between Hahaki and his young friends was tender and affectionate to the utmost degree; the heart of the old seer was nigh breaking, so intense were his sufferings in thus parting with the head of his once illustrious tribe: to exchange farewells with Raukawa ere he departed on his journey, Mahora desired that he would come to the whare where she lay, and there the affectionate old creature besought him to bring back the lovely Ena and her gentle companion, the pakeha, mournfully adding that she would, in that case, die in peacefulness and contentment.

Their leave-taking over, the two chieftains, in the dress of common tribemen, set out on their perilous undertaking.



After a few days' nursing, Mahora recovered from her bruises, and by that time many of the escaped fugitives from Wairauki had reached Titai pah : at the request of Hahaki, Kikirema lent him a few canoes in which to transport his tribemen to Kapiti. In these vessels there embarked the remnant of the Wairauki hapu, without women or children : all of these latter, save Mahora, perished on the battle-field, or were carried into Wairauki as slaves.

Hahaki and his charge arrived safely on Kapiti, and then sorrowfully dispersed themselves among the people there, endeavouring to forget their subordinate position, and giving up all hope of future power. The old seer, with his wife, shut himself up in the seclusion so compatible with his ascetic calling, and soon grew into repute among the islanders, where we shall leave him, to follow Raukawa and his friend.

Profiting by the experience gained and imparted by Pani, the travellers were enabled to make steady progress, and after suffering much privation from want of food, they came at length in sight of Taupo lake : this was to them a scene of unwonted grandeur and beauty. As their journey was drawing to a close, they had leisure to make some arrangements as to what disguise they were to adopt, or what pretence to

make to deceive the people of Pukawa, in order to obtain a residence amongst them. Raukawa agreed with his friend that since they knew exactly the position which Waiki and his allies occupied in the affairs of the country, and how much of the attention of the tribes was given to predatory movements, they could not adopt a better plan, and one more likely to succeed, than that of representing themselves as belonging to Waikato and employed by Waiki to return to the tribes there, to solicit reinforcements for the future conquest and occupation of the lands of the Mauopoko; also as being ordered by the Ngatiraukawa chieftain to make Taupo on their route, and bring express orders to Te Tukino that his prisoners were to be taken the greatest care of. This expedient adopted, the chieftains boldly entered the pah, and were soon the centre of attraction to large numbers of the people: the arrival of strangers is always regarded as no ordinary event, but when it was known whence these came and what their errand, the news was on every tongue. When the travellers were taken before Te Tukino, he questioned them with a minuteness so perplexing that they feared their interlocutor suspected they were not what they pretended to be. However, having with care and adroitness satisfied the chief,

they were allowed to remain in well simulated indifference, moving freely amongst the people, and even accompanying fishing parties on the lake and taking a share in the ordinary occupations of the tribemen. So ready were they to assist and to advise, that in a short time they had so insinuated themselves into the good graces of the hapu that they both became universal favourites. This point gained, they assiduously set to work to gather information concerning the prisoners: they learned that Atapo and his comrades were kept under strict watch, but they could not see them, nor dared they make the attempt. As for Ena and Mary, they were, it appeared, on the island Motutaiko, with Te Tukino's wife Poro, whither she had been taken to benefit her health. When the invalid returned to the pah, it was determined to remove the prisoners to the island, as there they would be safer than on the mainland, and would require no guard.

In a few days' time Poro, attended by Ena and Mary, returned to the pah: as they came ashore from the canoe, Raukawa and Te Koturu were on the strand and saw the girls, but did not think it prudent to make themselves known; but as they entered the pah, the young men followed and ascertained where they were lodged: it was a secluded quarter of the

enclosure, where several large gnaio trees shaded the whares in which the chieftain Te Tukino and his family lived, and here the captive girls were kept. During the day the fair prisoners freely moved wherever they chose ; but at night they slept in a whare with several of the women belonging to the chieftain's household. On the afternoon of the day in which Ena and Mary returned to the pah, both went outside the whare to enjoy the sunshine, as was the custom : they had not been long there before they were seen by Raukawa and his companion from a little distance, where both were watching for an opportunity to discover themselves to the objects of their search : walking leisurely up to within a few paces of the girls, lover and brother were soon recognized by Ena through their disguise ; but, restraining herself, she notified to Mary who the men were that approached, at the same time cautioning her to seem indifferent to them, so as not to excite suspicion. Ena and Mary advanced to meet the young men, but with so much seeming coldness and indifference of manner that even those women who were in sight took not the slightest notice of them. In few and hurried words the misfortunes of the hapu were told—the present was gloomy, the future equally so : to escape from Pukawa would be easy, but whither

should they go? Kapiti alone remained to them, and to this, the consummation of their hopes and fears, their souls turned with yearning affection and unceasing solicitude. Not daring to remain long with each other, they separated, promising to meet again in the same place.

On the following morning Te Tukino ordered a war-canoe to be launched, in which Atapo and his comrade captives were to be taken over to Motutaiko: Raukawa asked and obtained leave from the chief to go, accompanied by Te Koturu, along with the other paddlemen, in the canoe to the island. The prisoners were led down to the shore and placed in the vessel, and, when their arms were pinioned, Raukawa managed to get a seat beside Atapo: the unfortunate captive recognized him, and with tearful eyes gave silent proof of the intensity of his feelings: to hold a conversation was impossible, but a few words explained to the captives how matters stood with the exiled chieftains. Atapo's grief was perceptible to his companions, who also recognized their chief; but all prudently forbore betraying the discovery. When they were about midway between the island and the Pukawa shore, a sudden gust of wind swept from the mountains down upon the lake: this alarmed the paddlemen, as they feared a coming

storm : anon the wind rose among the southern ravines and valleys, and broke upon the bosom of the lake with increasing force and fury, lashing the water into short tumbling waves crested with white foam, so that the utmost strength of the paddlemen was engrossed with keeping the canoe to its course : as the wind increased in violence, the lake presented a picture of sublime terror, and the prisoners begged to have their pinioned arms set free, while Raukawa urged the reasonableness of their request, inasmuch as they might then assist at the paddles, or, if the worst happened, they would have the chance of swimming for their lives. To these entreaties the Pukawa men were deaf, although their own continuous exertions at the paddles were fast exhausting their strength. The water rose in blinding showers of spray, obscuring the view of the mainland and the island ; the paddlers became confused, and it was with extreme labour that Raukawa and Te Koturu kept the canoe baled : at intervals the island was visible, but it was evident to Te Koturu, who was well skilled in such matters, that the vessel was drifting about, and not making any progress in the direction in which the island lay. A few muttered words fell from the lips of one of the Pukawa men who sat near the chieftains, to the effect that the lake taniwha Horoma-

tangi was drawing them slowly and surely up into his cavernous mouth : once there, destruction would be their inevitable doom ; and this conviction forced itself upon the others, who were now willing, but too late, to undo the lashings that bound their prisoners' arms ; for the canoe was tossed to and fro, a mere plaything on the water, which came over the sides so fast that the united efforts of the crew could not keep it afloat : lower and lower it sank in the water, until at length a heavy squall, accompanied by a series of rolling billows, overwhelmed the vessel, with its living freight, who clung to its sides with the tenacity of drowning men. Raukawa and Te Koturu, with quick presence of mind, kept firm grasp of a paddle which each had fortunately in his hand at the moment when the canoe sank. In the water they disengaged themselves from their swimming or drowning companions, and kept themselves afloat by the aid of the paddles, and by swimming. The gusts of wind now abated their fury, and the water subsided as quickly as it had risen : whilst the chieftains were thus exposed to the uncertainties of their fate, they saw their canoe floating bottom upwards, with a few men clinging to it ; thither they struck out, and reached the vessel only in time to save their own lives, as they were nearly exhausted by their exertions to keep afloat. Great was

their joy when they discovered that the island was not far off ; so, clinging to the canoe, they rested for a time : then, pushing the vessel before them, they swam behind it, and so made their way to the nearest point of land, on which, in a short time, they safely landed, and succeeded in righting the canoe. The wretched prisoners sank like blocks of stone to the bottom of the lake ; and the two chiefs and five of the Pukawa men only escaped with life. As the lake was now calm, they set out on their return without further delay : as they approached the mainland, the sun shone out with renewed splendour, shedding a marvellous effulgence over the entire scene, transforming, as if by magic, the late disturbed face of nature into a picture of peaceful loveliness ; throwing a veil of extraordinary sweetness over the landscape, and limning every object in

“ A flood of such rich dyes  
As make earth near as heavenly as heaven.”

The fate of those in the canoe was anxiously watched from the pah when the storm broke on the lake, so long as the view was unobstructed ; but the clouds of spray obliterated the object of vision, and the canoe and its passengers and crew were given up for lost : the shore was consequently lined with an excited throng of women, children, and warriors, who came to welcome and to mourn.



The details of the accident and the marvellous preservation of the survivors were minutely described: the loss of the prisoners was little heeded, and that it had been witnessed by the two visitors was a fortunate matter for Te Tukino (so, at least, he thought, and warmly congratulated himself on the fortunate coincidence), but the loss of those who belonged to his own tribe was long and tearfully bewailed.

## CHAPTER XXXV.

## FLIGHT FROM TAUPO.

“Our steps are on the woody hill.  
Heaven burns with all its stars.”

—*Lathmon.*

AFTER the events described in the foregoing chapter, Raukawa and Te Koturu found that, far from being suspected as spies, they were admired and praised for their individual bravery and kindness of soul: profiting by the removal of the restraint in which they had prudently acquiesced, they had now long interviews with Ena and Mary, and agreed among themselves to escape at all hazards on the first opportunity.

The health of Poro, favourite wife of Te Tukino, was not improving since she returned to the pah; and at her request she was again accompanied to Motutaiko by the two captives and a retinue of slaves. A few days after the departure of the chieftainess and

her household, Te Tukino offered to take his two guests over to the island in his own war-canoe, a condescension gladly accepted by the young men. As the stately vessel shot over the calm water, Te Tukino pointed out to his friends the different localities of interest around the lake : with feelings of patriotic pride, he dwelt upon the lovely scenes that met the eye at every point, and described with a warrior's brevity the battles that had of old been fought on the lake and its shores between the neighbouring tribes. They made the circuit of the island before landing, and the chief directed the attention of his guests to the natural strength of the place ; to the clumps of the scarlet-flowering polutukawa, which were the pride of the fortress ; to the supply of delicious water, and the ease with which the place could be defended. The party landed in a very small bay, and were at once struck with the strength of the fortifications of the island stronghold : the place, indeed, was impregnable ; every small promontory, headland, and lakeward sloping ravine were defended with strong palisading and deep-cut ditches. The air of the island was delicately sweet and invigorating ; the whare accommodation was unlimited, though very few people resided there permanently, and these were the chieftain's own slaves. Their employments were to keep the whares

and the fences in repair, to attend to large patches of cultivation, and to gather the crops so raised and store them for winter use. Here the two friends spent a day or two most agreeably, and during that time had frequent opportunities of meeting with Ena and Mary: the former strove to forget her sorrows in the society of Te Kotoru, but to all the advances of Raukawa the latter was cold and reserved: this disheartened the young chieftain, but he still hoped that when her liberty could be gained, Mary would listen to his love. In the mean time, they learned that Te Tukino was to return to Pukawa, after a stay of four days on the island; so, arranging among themselves as to the best method of carrying out their determination to escape, they settled that at daybreak on the morrow they would steal out of their separate whares and meet at the little bay where the only canoe on the island was shored. The vessel in which Poro and her attendants came had returned to Pukawa before the chieftain left the pah. So far, the enterprise promised success; but still the utmost care and caution were necessary, as the slightest unusual noise might disturb the sleeping inmates of the whare where the girls slept. That night the two friends exerted themselves to the utmost in endeavouring to amuse and to keep Te Tukino awake until late in the night, so that he might

sleep long and heavily towards morning. In this they succeeded ; the fire blazed brightly on the hearth in the centre of the whari, the story was again told of the successful career of the invader Waiki, all the remembered traditions of the Wairauki and of Kapiti (but veiled under other names) were rehearsed for the amusement of the chief : he, in return, told his genealogical traditions, and described his own battle-scenes, until at length, weary with his physical and mental exertions, he slept soundly, coiled up in his heavy flax mantle. The friends, fearing that they might sleep too long if they once gave way, remained awake and held a broken conversation with each other. As Te Tukino and themselves were the only occupants of the whari, their task to get away unheard was comparatively easy ; but with the two girls the business was quite different. They slept in the same whari with Poro and her slave women ; but Ena, true to her watchfulness, remained awake after the others had long since fallen asleep. Raukawa had prearranged with his sister that he would give her a signal when it was time for herself and Mary to leave the whari, by means of a slight scratching sound produced by his fingers on the small window shutter of the dwelling. The dawn was slowly approaching, and a faint streak of light was stealing up and over the eastern skies, as

the young men peeped out by the window: the moment had arrived, the chieftain slept soundly; the door was cautiously opened, and the two friends, when outside, firmly tied it, fastening so as to prevent, for a time at least, the egress of the chief. The preconcerted signal was next made on the window of the women's sleeping whari; and, after a few moments spent in an agony of suspense, the door slowly slid back, and the two girls emerged from the low doorway: the young men firmly closed this door also on the outside, and, taking the girls by the hand, hurried away down to the shore. The chieftain's dog Kiore followed them, and kept behind the party, expressing his approval of the proceedings by gravely wagging his long-haired tail. The fugitives found the canoe exactly as they had hoped, and without delay they embarked, taking the old dog with them. Applying themselves to the paddles, they were soon out of reach of all practicable pursuit: Ena and Mary had each a paddle which they used with no inconsiderable skill, and in this way assisted in gaining the shore. The distance between Motutaiko and Pukawa was only three miles, but the escaping party intended to reach a point on the western shore of the lake, south of the Karangahape promontory, and so to endeavour to find a place there in which to hide the canoe and

rest themselves after the first fatigues of their flight. The sun rose above the distant mountain ranges, flooding peak, ridge, forest wilds, and plateau with his light and glory : the spirits of the captives and of their deliverers rose as they bade farewell to the shadow and horrors of death that so lately surrounded them, while their energies expanded as they scented the fresh air of the morning, for the light breezes seemed to come to them laden with the promises of liberty.

Mary turned involuntarily to take a look at the scenes she was leaving : the island lay behind, and in direct line with the white foaming track of the canoe ; the brown rocks loomed softly in the morning haze, the lake birds were chattering and plaining to each other near the shores, the trees and shrubs growing on the island and on the picturesque promontories were grouped and reflected in singular loveliness on the silvery water, and the ringing tones of the countless bush birds floated far over the waters from the solemn forests that reposed on the landscape around. As Mary still looked, she saw that they were discovered from the island : immediately calling the attention of the chieftains to the fact, she was reassured of immunity in that direction ; for, as a considerable distance lay between their canoe and the

island, they need apprehend no pursuit from that quarter, and, before the intelligence could be conveyed to Pukawa, the forest would afford them rest and shelter. However, as there was no time to loiter, they increased their exertions; and as the vessel shot over the water, the chiefs had the mortification to discover that the shores to which they flew were inaccessible, and, as it seemed to them at first sight, were really without a landing-place. The cliffs rose sheer up from the water to a height terrible in its barrenness. Whilst this unforeseen adjunct to their dilemma pressed sorely upon the fugitives, they saw with increased alarm a tall column of white smoke rise from the highest point of Motutaiko, opposite Pukawa: this they understood was a signal to the tribemen at the latter place to hasten to the island to learn the reason why the signal was made. Before, however, the affair could be understood and a pursuit party sent after them much time would elapse. After a considerable delay in coasting the south-westerly shore in their march for a landing-place, they at length discovered where the Wareroa creek falls into the lake, and here they effected a landing; disembarking, they moored the canoe as best they could to some large water-worn stones, and clambered up the creek course with much diffi-



culty : losing sight of the lake, they plunged with vigorous strides into the leafy wildernesses that lay before them, the faithful old dog following ; and when the sun had half approached the zenith, the travellers halted to rest.

When the island signal was seen at Pukawa pah, a canoe was dispatched to learn the orders of the chieftain ; and his rage had not subsided when his people arrived. The furious Te Tukino was half mad with rage and vexation : he flung himself into the canoe in which they came to the island, and ordered a sharp chase in the direction the fugitives had taken. It was some time ere he deigned to give an explanation of his intentions to his astonished crew. Then, in few and curt words, he told them of the treachery of the strangers, vowing that their flesh would boil sweetly in the *puias* (hot springs) of Pukawa. The enraged chieftain and his crew knew every nook and corner of the lake shores, and steering direct to where the Waireroa creek empties its limpid supply on the rugged strand, they found the canoe uninjured : this somewhat appeased the choleric pursuer, as he regarded his favourite vessel with an affection bordering on effeminacy.

“ Let them go,” said he ; “ they cannot escape with life, they must die in the forest.” So saying, he

unmoored his canoe, and, making it fast to the stern of the other, towed it safely over to the island ; whence they returned to Pukawa, little caring for the loss of the captives, and soon forgetting the indignities which the latter had cast on them when they secured the doors of the whari upon them while they slept.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### ATTEMPT ON KAPITI.

“ The wrathful delight in death :  
Their remembrance rests on the wounds of their spear,  
Strife is folded in their thoughts :  
Their words are ever heard.”

—*Temora.*

THE fugitives suffered severe hardships in the forest : their food was principally berries and fern-root ; the many rivers they came to gave them a scant supply of small fish, and the chiefs were expert in snaring the wild fowl that abounded in the swamps and in the depths of the forest ; but the great difficulty in obtaining fire deprived them of the luxury of many a strengthening meal, which they sorely required during their exhaustive fatigues. They kept on, however, in the hope that they would soon reach the shore, and regain at length their *hapu* on Kapiti. From unceasing fatigue and insufficient food Mary's health was

visibly suffering, her strength was beginning to fail, and after one day's toilsome wanderings she spent the night in feverish wakefulness; when morning came she was unable to proceed, her brain throbbed with pain, her lips were parched with thirst, her skin was burning with an unnatural heat. Her solicitous companions constructed a comfortable hut, in which they placed her, and here Ena nursed her with a love that compensated for her lack of skill in the art of healing: the fever at length left Mary weak and worn. Profiting by their enforced rest, the young men collected a store of food of various kinds, and had the use of fire throughout the interval. A week had nearly elapsed ere Mary was able to proceed on the journey, and even then only by short stages: at times, when she was weary, the chiefs would bear her in a light litter upon their shoulders. They carefully shunned all localities that seemed to be the resort of any of the tribes through whose territories they passed; they kept strictly to the most unfrequented paths, and very often had to halt during the day in order to shun some real or imaginary dangers: rising at dawn, they walked until tired, then resting again, they set out; and thus they persevered until the sea and the island of Kāpiti at last lay before them at a distance of another day's short journey.

The memorable swamp lay beneath the ranges on which the travellers now stood. In the swamp Waiki's pah remained ; and as the chieftains looked down on the land below them, they could plainly discern that the swamp pah was still occupied. Now that their long journey was so near its close, the wanderers consulted as to the best way in which to obtain intelligence concerning the people of Kapiti and the doings of Waiki during their long absence from the scene of the enemy's operations. The young men again disguised themselves, then, leaving the girls in a place of shelter on the wooded ranges, they descended to the low grounds ; and, in crossing the swamp, they came upon a small party of men engaged in eel-fishing : pretending to them that they belonged to a subsection of the Ngatitooa, who were well known to be favourable to the political views and rapacious intentions of the Ngatiraukawa, the chiefs learned that Waiki intended to attack Kapiti in a few days' time, and was busy making every preparation for the projected raid : having asked and obtained from the fishermen the nearest route to Wairauki pah, they parted from the unsuspecting enemy, and, retracing their steps, returned to the hill on which Ena and Mary had been left. That evening it was agreed to move down the ranges and enter the swamp, penetrate

through it as far as possible, and at dawn make the shore, and search for a canoe in which they might escape to Kapiti. As there was no time to lose, the party again moved on; and, after a short night's feverish rest, they came to the sea-shore at dawn, and there, shored on the beach, they found a small, but perfectly appointed canoe. In this they were soon afloat, and successfully made their escape. Te Koturu's joy was unbounded when he found himself at last returning with his loved Ena to his own happy home; but with these joyish thoughts there was a deep grief intermingled: the losses his friend and himself had sustained, the prospective troubles that were accumulating—these meditations weighed heavily upon the mind of the returning exile; but they only served to nerve his arm, and with an effort he shook off the sadness of his forebodings and wielded the paddle with increased energy. As they neared the well-known shores and entered among the sheltering rocks of the little bay, the overjoyed islanders crowded each point of vantage, and gave expression to their joy in loud and prolonged bursts of welcome, accompanied with the waving of green boughs: when the party landed and were conducted to the *runanga* or meeting whare, where old Hahaki presided, the old seer's feelings quite overpowered him,

and it was some time ere he could restrain himself : the girls underwent the same kindly welcome from Mahora and the women. When these bursts of joy and sorrow were expended, Hahaki and the tribemen heard from Te Koturu the dreaded news of the intention of the terrible Waiki. To put the outworks of their stronghold in a thorough state of repair engaged the attention of the warriors, and impressed the aid of the women. Matters went on quietly for a few days more, when one morning, early, a small fleet was observed approaching the island from the mainland. At the distance of half a mile or so from the island of Kapiti, there is a small islet, insignificant on account of its size, and toward it the canoes held their course : on these barren rocklets the canoes discharged their cargoes, which, as seen from Kapiti's overshadowing heights, were of armed men, painted warriors arrayed for the bloody conflict of life or death. When the warriors disembarked, the canoes returned to the mainland, and by noon were again in sight, bringing further freights of warriors and provisions : a small party in each vessel was next dispatched to reconnoitre the island ; but this was done at a safe distance, as the islanders followed on the shore and cliffs in a line parallel with that of the canoes on the water. Waiki—for he was in command of the expedition—

determined to attack the islanders in the little bay so often mentioned in our story : and as it was opposite to the outlying islet, he could with ease take off almost all his forces at one trip. With this view the warriors under him embarked, and paddled slowly and carefully over the intervening water. Te Koturu and his friend Raukawa with their forces opposed the enemy's landing in a vigorous and determined manner : huge fragments of the overhanging cliffs were hurled down the steep face of the rocks, which gave Waiki great trouble, and threatened him not only with the loss of many of his men, but with the entire destruction of his canoes. However, the intrepid Ngatiraukawa effected a landing at the head of fifty of his men on a point of rock some little distance from where the islanders were drawn up to oppose the invaders : this was observed by Raukawa, who at once hastened to dispute the further progress of the chief : hand to hand on the rugged shore the two warriors met. In the eager impetuosity of youth, Raukawa rushed at his enemy, and, when within a short distance, he hurled his spear, which entered the thigh of the stalwart Waiki, and hung with barbed fang in the bleeding flesh : one of Waiki's warriors promptly extracted the heavy weapon ; and, hastily binding up the gaping flesh wound, the bleeding chieftain calmly



awaited the further onslaught of his enraged opponent, who, with a bound and a cry for vengeance, sprang toward his antagonist, but when in the act of alighting on his feet, the treacherous rock broke into shreds beneath him, causing him to stumble widely, and ere he could recover himself the meri of Waiki sank through his skull as if the firm bone were only of the consistence of paper. While this was taking place, Te Koturu was hastening to support his friend, and arrived only to witness the sad termination of his career: with their native agility, the islanders clambered over the rocks, and, ascending what seemed a perpendicular face of the cliff, got immediately behind and above Waiki and his party, whence fragments of rock were hurled down on the astonished warriors. Te Koturu, more cautious than his fallen comrade, merely stood his ground and firmly disputed the advance of the invaders: the Ngatiraukawa turned in a panic, and fled over the rugged stones in order to gain their canoes, and, while thus engaged, a large stone fell on the terrible Waiki and broke his back: for a few moments he writhed in the agonies of dissolution, when Te Koturu hastened up to where he lay and taunted him in his dying moments with his rapacity and his cruelty: then, burying his meri in the head of his quivering victim, the islander stripped

his prize of his arms, and taking these and the body of Raukawa up the rocks, he delivered them into the hands of Hahaki. For a time the enemy were checked, but the following morning witnessed a similar onslaught. In this instance the command of the invaders was under a Waikato chief named Teroa : he landed at the head of a large number of men, two canoes coming into the bay side by side, and discharging the warriors who occupied them at the same instant on the narrow strand : again the islanders bravely defended their position, and hand to hand was again the order of the battle ; Te Koturu was as agile and as gliding in his motions as his native lizard : the Waikato chief Teroa had witnessed his action toward the dying Waiki on the battle-scene of the previous day, and now singling him out for a mark, he directed his blood-stained progress to where Te Koturu fought at the head of his band. Teroa was supported by a faithful following of his own best men, and, ordering these up to support, he was soon face to face with Te Koturu : for an instant the combatants on either side stood still, and not a hand was raised, as the chieftains eyed each other, measuring with wolfish glances each other's capacities for blood and death. Not a word passed between them, and silence fell on all around : at this instant Teroa raised his spear, Te Koturu did

the same : shouts of exultation and revenge rent the air, hoarse, savage cries of passion rose from either body of the armed spectators. Teroa flung his weapon ; it flew with the speed of light : but the agile islander stooped at the moment the hand of Teroa liberated the dreadful shaft, and it whistled harmlessly over Te Koturu's head, but mortally wounded one of his warriors who stood behind him : ere the spear reached its destination, and ere Teroa could entwine his meri thong on his wrist, that of Te Koturu clove the skull of his adversary. With a bound and an irresistible plunge forward, the Waikatos, on seeing the death of their leader, seized Te Koturu and literally tore his body asunder. For this, however, they paid dearly : a large rock overhung the strand, and from beneath it the Waikatos had warily kept aloof ; but now they forgot it, with the danger it threatened ; and, in the eagerness of the fray, they fought beneath it. A sudden shower of cyclopean fragments of rock fell upon them and crushed their mangled remains in terrible confusion beneath the feet of the industrious grave-diggers who stood on the cliff above. Panic seized the Waikatos and their allies : all ran to their canoes, quickly followed by the furious islanders ; nor could they embark without sacrificing a large number of their men, who in the hurry and eagerness to escape

were left behind in the hands of the islanders : every one of those who had the ill chance to be deserted by their comrades were slain on the strand in sight of their retreating companions, who fled to the mainland, relinquishing, for the present, all attempts to take the strongholds of Kapiti. The canoes in one trip succeeded in conveying to Wairauki all who had escaped : their dead and wounded were numerous, and these remained in the hands of the islanders. The ghastly trophies of the fight ornamented the posts of the stronghold, and gave a grim satisfaction to the bleeding hearts there, as their own losses were severe, and prolific of future miseries to the suffering hapu.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MARY, MAHORA, AND ENA.

“ Pale she lies at the rock,  
The cold winds lift her hair.’

— *Comala.*

MARY had, since her arrival on the island, drooped in mind and body ; for recent fatigues and privations had wrought their sad work on her delicate constitution, and a severe cold which she caught had taken hold of her lungs, and soon there followed premonitory signs of the first stages of consumption.

Mahora watched over her with the care of a mother ; and when the first pangs of Ena’s grief were passed, she also attended on the invalid, taking her out in the open air for the exercise which was so necessary to one in Mary’s enfeebled condition. But her cough became more troublesome every day, until

in a very short time she was unable to leave her bed : inflammation of the lungs set in rapidly and with distressing severity, her nurses becoming the more loving and attentive to their meekly-suffering patient. After a night of calm sorrow and tender nursing, as the dawn was breaking, and whilst Mahora and Ena sat by the bed of the dying girl, she took Ena's hand in hers and addressed her in her usual endearing and affectionate manner. "Ena," said she, "you are to me a sister, a dear friend : such have you always been to me since I first knew you ; I must now leave you, but I hope we shall meet again in yonder heavens, dearest Ena, where I trust we shall be united never to part. The Being, dear Ena, of whom I have told you often, will take us to Himself ; He has bought us from the world, and when we are tired of life and He calls us, He brings us home to be with Him for ever. Kiss me, Ena, I am entering the dark house. Ena, Mahora, farewell !" In heartrending silence the stately Ena kissed the pale lips of the dying pakeha. Hot and parching tears rolled down the withered face of Mahora, as she pressed the vermeiled cheek of the lovely being who had won her way to the grim and seared heart of the necromanceress. In a few moments Mary's spirit, without a struggle or perceptible effort, crossed the mysterious boundaries that so

faintly and yet so completely separate this world from the bourne which lies beyond it.

Ena's grief was overwhelming when Mary died, for the loss of the gentle and affectionate girl was keenly and passionately deplored by her: her sorrows, indeed, increased in virulence and bitterness. Lover, brother, and friend taken from her, her home ties ruthlessly severed, herself an exile—life had few, few attractions remaining for her: gloom surrounded her, peace was gone, no hope remained. In tearless, speechless misery, she hovered near the temporary hut that sheltered the mangled bodies of her lover and her brother until these could be taken to their last resting-place.

Sorrow mingled largely with the triumph the islanders had obtained over the marauding invaders, but the terrible thirst for vengeance which absorbed the better natures of the Kapiti hapu, served somewhat to allay the poignancy of their bitter grief: the heads of their enemies adorned the posts of the palisades, and the revolting ovens offered to the anger-dilated nostrils of the warriors the thrice welcome incense of the (to them) savoury viands prepared from the flesh of their enemies.

Hahaki and Mahora observed Ena closely, and watched her every action, dreading the remedy that

too often is sought by the native when in extreme mental depression, resulting from the loss of their best loved friends : now that Mary was dead, Ena's affectionate guardians feared that the worst consequences would result to her, the last object of their solicitous care and love.

Mahora obtained a promise from Ena that she would remain in her own whare on the night that Mary died, as the old woman had to assist her husband in the ceremonies necessary to be performed at the burial of the two chieftains.

When the cannibal orgies and the mourning for the dead were past, Hahaki had prepared the remains of Raukawa and Te Koturu for interment : in this sad duty, owing to his weakly health and failing strength, he allowed Mahora to assist him ; and from her he learned all that had happened, and that she had obtained a promise from Ena to remain in her whare until she returned, which would be only a few hours at longest.

The moon gave her fullest light, small clouds of snowy whiteness and silvery radiance flecked the lovely vault of heaven ; the hour was calm, and disposed the mind to reflection : the mild moon soothed the spirit, foreshadowing a calmer and a happier clime, as the ancient seer and his wife took up the



prepared remains of the departed warriors, each in its several parcel, and proceeded to the caves in which the islanders were accustomed, time out of mind, to hide their dead. These caves were in the rock on the south end of the island, and were of vast extent : the interiors of the caverns were rent in many places by deep chasms, through which the ocean sent his waters with a hollow sound, filling the listening ear with gloomy suggestions, and transfixing the superstitious temperament with a dark and indefinable anticipation of death. The rent and blackened roof hung in pointed spikes of stone overhead ; the cold night wind hurtled through the sharply-whispering passages, as the tohunga and his wife entered with their burdens ; a few sea-fowl shrieked in terror as they wildly flew out from their roosting-places, whence they had been disturbed, and awoke the slumbering echoes among the cliffs by their oft-repeated screams. The mournful pair penetrated the cavern to its greatest extent, cautiously avoiding the treacherous crevices that yawned close to the precarious pathway ; and when they arrived at the last chasm that rent the rocky floor, they each laid down their burden, and, lighting a torch, they sang a death-hymn. The weird music was broken by heavy sobs, the deep, dull thud of the black waters below in the fathomless abyss filled up the

interval, and completed the melancholy death-dirge to the manes of the departed. With his own hands the tohunga then gave the remains of the chieftains to the keeping of the spirits that were supposed to be in waiting below to receive them: he next took the burning torch from a cleft of the rock in which he had placed it, and, waving it several times around his head, pronouncing at the same time the farewell spell, he cast the flaming brand into the abyss: with a sharp hiss the fire went out, leaving the wizard pair in utter darkness.

The rites of sepulture over, the tohunga and his mate commenced their return. When they came in view of the entrance to the cavern, they saw that an object obstructed their egress, and, as they approached nearer, their alarm increased on perceiving that it bore an exact resemblance to a human being: terror seized the tohunga and his wife, neither of whom, in their superstitious fears, dared to advance one step further; so, cowering down on the black rock floor, they squatted closely enveloped in their flax mantles, with gaze intently fixed, but neither of them speaking a word. Their fears increased as the night winds howled through the corridors of the caverns, and joined their hollow voices with the deeper breathings of the rock-embowelled waves of the ocean: the

terrors of the watchers increased as the object of their fright was seen to sway and swing backward, forward, and from side to side, in terrible mockery of a playful mood: the dancer kept up its ghostly antics, and, as if to add to its soul-harrowing merriment, at times it would spin round and round in the giddy mazes of its midnight revels. Throughout the slow passing hours of the night, the tohunga and his wife watched with an unabated, and (if such were possible) a momentarily increasing fever of withering terror: when at length the dawn slowly broke, and its dim and uncertain light began to spread on the blue ocean without, the spectre of the night remained and grew into an object of a more and more increasing magnitude of size, probability, and intention. As the daylight became more diffused and brighter, Hahaki thought that he could discover the features of the intruder on the sacred places of the dead: for a short time he was busily employed in mentally analyzing the distorted lines of the facial expression of this object of his terror; but his mind almost broke down into a frenzied paroxysm of insanity when he discovered, on endeavouring to rouse Mahora from her position, that, although her open eyes and attentive attitude still preserved every semblance of life, she sat beside him a lifeless corpse.

Hahaki advanced towards the cause of his fright and of his latest sorrow, and discovered the cold and rigid body of the ill-fated Ena, suspended by a cord, in the firm and abiding embrace of death.

## GLOSSARIAL APPENDIX.



ATUA.—God, applied also to any object of superstitious regard.

AURORA.—“Star, comet, sign of war.”—*Taylor*.

BATATAR.—The common sweet potato of the tropics, now much cultivated in New Zealand.—*Hooker*.

GONG.—Suspended by cords from an elevated stage, hung a wooden frame twelve feet long, not unlike a canoe in shape, which, when struck with a wooden mallet, emitted a sound heard in still weather twenty miles off.—*Thompson*.

HEITEIKI.—This is the most valued of all the ornaments of the Maori ; it is a curious image representing a human being with an enormous face and badly shaped legs of disproportionate size ; it is not unlike a Hindoo image ; in size, the Heiteiki is from one to eight inches long, and from half an inch to three inches broad ; it is generally not more than three-eighths of an inch in thickness ; it is made of greenstone, and it is suspended round the neck. When a long absent relative arrives at a village, the Heiteiki is taken from his neck and wept over for the sake of those who formerly wore it ; it is deposited with the bones of the dead, until they are removed to their final resting-place ; it is handed down from father to son. Every

tradition regarding this image is forgotten, but it is evidently connected with their mythology. *Haumiatiki-tiki* is the god of cultivated food among the New Zealanders ; and *tiki*, in various South Sea islands, is the name of an image.—*Thompson*.

KAKARIKIS.—There are two species of this bird, one the green, the other the crimson-crested parakeet.

KAREAO.—Known to the settler as the supplejack. O. Liliacea ; G. Rhipogonum ; S. R. Scandeus. Stems very slender, knotted, forming interwoven wiry mazes in the forest ; bears a scarlet berry. The long underground rootstalks have been used as sarsaparilla by the settlers, and the stems as cord and for basket-work by the natives.

KIWI.—There can be no better description given of this bird than this from the “ Ranolf and Amohia ” :

“ Long neck and bill, and swiftly running fled,  
’Twas nothing but that wingless, tailless bird  
Boring for worms.”

KUKU.—Wild pigeon.

KUMARA.—O. Convolvulaceæ ; G. Ixomea.

KURI.—A dog.

MANUKA.—O. Myrtaceæ ; G. Septospermum.

MERI.—Greenstone implement, about eight inches long ; an emblem of rank ; the sceptre of the New Zealand chief :

“ That heavy batlet bright of nephrite pure,  
Green, smooth, and oval as a cactus leaf.”

—*Ranolf and Amohia*, p. 414.

The *meri* is often given by the native chieftains to each other, and also to white men of position and distinction, as a token of esteem. A late instance of the custom is from Wharganui. A Maori chief presented a *meri* to a friend, at the same time apologizing for the shortness of the weapon, by the allegation that in killing a man with

it he had splintered its end, and it had to be ground down.

MOA.—An extinct bird. There is at present a portion of the neck of a Moa in the Colonial Museum at Wellington ; it was discovered in a cave in the province of Otago, South Island. Rumours are occasionally circulated that a live Moa is seen by some one in some distant corner of the South Island ; but those who are most competent to hold opinions on such a subject are almost convinced that the Moa is indeed extinct ; it is certain that the extensive grass plains of the southern provinces were the last haunts of the Moa in New Zealand.

NGAIO.—O. Verbenacæ ; G. Myoporum Lætum. A shrub or tree, fruit edible. The ngaio trees seen by the writer near the site of old Wairauki pah were quite twenty feet in height, and were of full and handsome proportions.

NGATIRAUKAWA.—One of a family of four tribes, whose lands extended from Wharganui river to a few miles south of Otaki, and extending to mountain ranges. In the year 1863 these four tribes numbered 2278 souls ; their lands measured 2,069,161 acres.—Wm. Colenso, Esq., "On the Maori Races of New Zealand."—Vol. i. Trans. N. Z. Institute.

PAH (WAR-PAH).—Fortified place. The war-pah of the New Zealand native has won the admiration of military men. The admirably constructed Raupekapeka, Owhea, and Orakan pahas were well known in the old wars in this country ; so are the Gate, Rangariri, Wareroa, and Ngatapa pahas in our late quarrels with the natives. Indeed, so civilized were the latter becoming in the diabolic art that I cannot do better to prove my assertion than to quote a passage from a work by Mr. Travers, of Wellington, "On the Life and Times of Te Rauparaha."

At p. 67 Mr. T. says, "A council of war having been held (on the occasion of the siege of Kaipoi pah in the South Island), a plan of attack was adopted which, so far as I am aware, was then used for the first time in Maori warfare; it was determined to sap up to the two outworks, and as soon as the head of the sap had been carried up to them, to pile up in front of them immense quantities of dried brushwood, which were to be set on fire when the wind blew in the direction of the pah, and to rush it as soon as the palisading had been burnt down."

PAKEHA.—Foreigner.

PEPE.—Butterfly; the form often assumed by the gods, when they manifest themselves to man.—*Taylor*.

PIHOIHOI.—The New Zealand ground-lark.

QUID (BITUMINOUS).—"A kind of bitumen, which was sometimes found thrown up on their coasts, though rarely, and called by them *Kauritawhiti*. This they chewed; in using it, they passed it freely from one to another without hesitation."—*Colenso*.

RATA.—O. Myrtaceæ; G.<sup>r</sup> *Metrosideros*; S. M. *Robusta*. In the month of December the forest is adorned with the deep crimson flowers of this magnificent tree.

RUNANGA.—A council-house.

RURU.—The owl.

TAPU.—A sacred rite. "The tapu regulated, or pretended to regulate, all the movements of the New Zealander. It certainly enabled him to accomplish many heavy and useful works, which without it he could not have done. His large cultivations, fisheries, villages, hill-forts, canoes, houses, carvings, and many other things, were accomplished through the laws of the *tapu*. Crime was punished, errors lessened, their headstrong passions controlled; it had great influence over them, their



fiercest chiefs bowed like an infant before it, not daring to disobey it ; in all their changes they held it to the last, and only relinquished it by slow degrees.”—*Colenso's Essay, quoted before.*

TANA.—*Haliotis* or sea-ear ; a shell-fish.

TANGI.—A wail for the dead.—*Taylor.*

TANIWHA.—A fabulous reptile, supposed to reside in deep water, or under mountains.

TANTANAMOA.—A quarrel in which few take part.

TANTARA.—One of the six species of lizard which are found here. I have seen one in the Colonial Museum at Wellington, which lived for some weeks, but it pined and died ; it was about 18 inches long, and of a proportionate depth of body ; its general colour, olive, shaded with brown, the back strongly serrated. It is believed by some that the lizard has the power of not only reproducing its tail, when by accident it happens to lose that appendage, but also that the reptile is able to refix the severed member, thus making itself perfect as before ; there is a coincidence with this belief to be found in the 1st. vol. of the “*Jerusalem Delivered*” of Tasso, book ix. v. 535, Hoole's Translation—

“Dissevered thus a serpent's tail is seen  
To seek the part divided on the green.”

TARANAKI (or Mount Egmont).—An extinct volcano, 8280 feet high.

TATTOOED.—Lines indelibly marked on the face, adopted to inspire terror, or as a mark of distinction or ornament, and to obscure the advance of years. For the last two objects it is now alone kept up ; and there is no doubt that it makes the young look old and the old young.—*Thompson.*

TAUHINAU.—O. Rhamnear ; G. Pomadevis ; S. Pericifolia. A heath-like shrub, with numerous white flowers, sweet scented.

TAWAI.—O. Cupuliferæa ; G. Fagus ; S. F. Fusca. A handsome tree, 80 to 100 feet high.

TE WHIRO.—Evil spirit : he walked on stilts.—*Taylor*.

TOHUNGA.—A skilled person, a wizard, a priest.

“ And fell magician famous far and near ;  
A Thaumaturge regarded with more fear  
Than any living or than most deceased.”

—*Ranolf and Amohia*, p. 102.

TOI-TOI.—O. Gramineæ ; G. Arimdo ; S. A. Conspicua. The largest New Zealand grass ; culms 3 to 8 feet high, used for thatching and for lining houses ; as in the “ *Ranolf and Amohia*,” by Mr. Domett.

TOTARA.—O. Coniferæ ; G. Podocarpus ; S. Ferruginea. A lofty timber tree, 80 feet high ; fruit tastes of turpentine, greedily eaten by birds.

TUI.—Parson bird ; a beautiful black bird, size of a thrush, white delicate feathers under the throat ; its song is of few notes, but of great sweetness and fulness of tone.



This stave has been copied by me from a work in New Zealand, to show the musical range of the notes of our bush birds generally, but particularly of those of the Tui. I regret to add that among my papers I cannot find the author's name.

TUTU.—O. Coriariæ ; G. Coriaria ; S. C. Ruscifolia. A perennial shrub, 10 to 18 feet high ; the juice of the so-called berries (fleshy petals) is purple hued, and affords a grateful beverage to the natives, and a wine like elderberry wine has been made from it.

UENUKU.—God of the rainbow : if an army were seen approaching under the arch of a rainbow, it was held a sure sign that it would be conquered.

WARIWARI.—A god like a cloud.—*Taylor.*

WEKA.—The wood hen.

WHIKI.—A voice heard in the trees, like a female crying.—*Taylor.*

THE END.









