

Then the best was again separated, thus :—

1. *Kowhiti*=best selected ; for the chiefs.
2. *Huirau*=a hundred together in company ; for warriors. This was stored up in their hill-forts for sieges and fighting times*.
3. *Paka*=dried ; for general feasts.
4. *Ngapehapeha*=rinds, skins ; for common daily use.

There were also other names for the third best and inferior sorts, as *pakakohi*=dried and gathered scraps ; *pitopito*=ends ; and *pakupaku*=small in size (broken parts of the choicer kinds) ; *tuakau*, *pararaa*, etc., etc.—(See “Trans. N.Z. Inst.,” Vol. XII., p. 122, *Proverb* 55.)

ART. II.—*Historical Incidents and Traditions of the Olden Times, pertaining to the Maoris of the North Island, (East Coast), New Zealand ; highly illustrative of their national Character, and containing many peculiar, curious, and little-known Customs and Circumstances, and Matters firmly believed by them. Now, for the first time, faithfully translated from old Maori writings and recitals. By W. COLENZO, F.L.S.*

[Read before the Hawke's Bay Philosophical Institute, 12th July, 1880.]

THESE Maori relations which I bring before you this evening, are selected from several other similar stories which I possess, and I have no doubt but that other parts and other tribes of this island have, or have had, many such ; so, also, those other unhappy tribes who preceded them—and of whom not a vestige remains !

From the earliest traditionary times this country seems to have been exposed to the rage and curse of desolating wars, which every now and then sprang up from very slight beginnings (as it appears now to us), and which were too often carried to fearful lengths. This sufficiently accounts for its great depopulation. Nearly all their wars seem to have been of that kind so pathetically and truly deplored by Lucan—“as leaving no cause for triumph.” Nothing struck me more forcibly in travelling, (pretty extensively and always on foot, before the country became colonized and partly settled), than to find in all directions strong indications of a once heavy population, or a series (so to speak) of populations. And that those people

* This kind was what Cook, Crozet, and others of their early European visitors saw stored up largely in their forts and fighting places, which quantities excited their astonishment. Moreover, the Maoris would not sell them any.

who once dwelt together must have done so in very large numbers, the remains of their extensive earth-works (mostly on hill-tops and ridges), accomplished, too, without tools or the use of iron, plainly attest.

In these narrations we shall find not a few highly characteristic traits of the New Zealander, some of which I have already mentioned, or alluded to, in former papers,* as *Shame*—at detection of a fault, not unfrequently ending in suicide: *Revenge*,—deep, long meditated, obtained at any cost, and patiently waited and toiled for; on account of an insult, or a curse, never forgotten or forgiven! *Cunning schemes*,—laid and often well and fully carried out: *Vengeance*,—for bloodshed, which (as with the ancient Hebrews) was generally undertaken by the next of kin, and terrible in its effects! † *Strong belief*,—in the efficacy of spells and charms, and in the mere recital of words exceedingly simple in themselves, and rarely ever possessing the merest germ of a prayer to, or invocation of, any higher power; and, also, the highly peculiar custom of *personification*,—or the personifying of things, animate and inanimate,—together with their giving proper names to every single thing they possessed or manufactured; which names were, sometimes, well chosen and expressive, and sometimes highly ridiculous; yet, at the same time, were not seldom the cause or source of future trouble to them.

I would also further observe, that it is only in relations of this kind, as given by intelligent old Maoris, that we may expect to find accounts of, or allusions to, many things,—as works, doings, habits, manners, customs, beliefs, etc,—which have become quite obsolete and lost. Even the very meanings of the names of some are now scarcely known, save to the older men. Indeed, herein is a mine of ethnological wealth, if it could but be *expeditiously* worked, for in a very few years more there will be no remainders left! Even now, what is related by the *best* of the Maoris relating to the *olden* time will require to be *very cautiously received and examined, and that, too, by competent hands.*

Another thing which I may be allowed slightly to touch on here in passing, is, that these historical narrations will serve faithfully, though silently, to show to the settlers of to-day a portion of what the early

* *Vide*—"Trans. N.Z. Inst.," Vol. I., "Essay on the Maori Races," § 28 and 35; also Papers on the Maoris, Vols. XI., XII., ditto.

† Like the "Goël haddâm" of the Hebrews, the next of kin was bound to avenge the murder of a kinsman; and too often here, like in those old and bloody times of the Jews (*e.g.*, Gen. XXXIV., 25, etc.; Joshua X., XI.; 2nd Samuel VIII., 2, and XII., 31), the Maoris carried their vengeance to a terrible length! Let those, however, who would freely censure the old Maori, fairly and honestly bear in mind what they may read pretty much of in the Old Testament.

missionaries in this country had to contend with ; which, while scarcely any perceptible traces of them are now left, were, at first and for a long time, immensely powerful obstacles.

1. THE STORY OF THE MURDER BY RANGIWHAKAOMA.

THE principal place of residence (*pa*) of this chief, of Rangiwhakaoma, was at Rakaupuhi ; there he dwelt. One day he went to the entrance porch of his *kumara* store, and there he sat down. Now the name of that store was Raumatirua. While he was there a certain lad, named Tawakeariki, the son of a chief named Te Aotata, went up also to that spot, when Rangiwhakaoma said to him, "O, sir, whither art thou going?" The boy replied, "Just here, to this place, to look at the *kumara* in thy store." On hearing this Rangiwhakaoma said to him, "Stay a bit ; it is not so very good to look about here (in the *kumara* -store). Far better is it, O thou ! below in the unseen world (*reinga*), that the looking about may be both beautiful and pleasing." Then that boy went quickly below to the unseen world (*reinga*) to observe and look about at the steep cliff in Hawaiki. There he expressed his admiration at the beauty of the *kumara** ; and, while he was thus admiring, lo ! the whole piled-up-stack of *kumara* (in that store) was made to fall suddenly down upon him, so that he was immediately killed. His friends, on finding that he was dead, sent off a messenger to Uawa, to his father, Te Aotata. On hearing the sad news Te Aotata exclaimed, "By whom was my son slain?" The messenger replied, "By Rangiwhakaoma." The father, having mourned over his son, assembled a band of his followers. On their leaving to seek revenge the principal chief, Hauiti, called out to them, "O, friends, listen ! If you should capture the daughter of Rangiwhakaoma, let her be kept alive, to become my wife." So the armed party of Te Aotata went to Rakaupuhi, the place where Rangiwhakaoma dwelt, invested the place, assaulted and took it, and killed the people, including Rangiwhakaoma. A remnant, however, escaped ; and of those they caught alive they slew some as food for themselves, saving alive three women—namely, Rakauma-

* This is difficult to express clearly in a mere translation, although to me the original is clear enough. I have given it just literally ; it may mean, either that the lad was so carried away in thought at that saying of the chief ; or, that he soon proved the truth of what had been said (I incline to the latter). What the chief said was no mere bombast, but the common belief of the Maoris. To an *adult* that remark would have been sufficient, meaning *keep off*. But an adult would scarcely have gone thither, at all events not without a special invitation, as those barns or stores were rigidly tabooed, and could only be entered by tabooed persons, and then only at proper set times. And the lad, it seems, did not take the significant hint, but afterwards went inside. The *central* stack of *kumara* in the store, as formerly piled, might very easily be made to fall bodily on a little boy below ; their *kumara* was always stored away rather loosely, to allow of the dry air circulating throughout, their great enemy being mould, caused by damp.

nawahe, the daughter of Rangiwhakaoma, and two others, young women of rank, named Rakaiparore and Hineparata. This business over the armed party returned to its own place—to Uawa; and Hauiti took Rakaumanawahe to wife. One day in the summer those two young captive women, Rakaiparore and Hineparata, were bathing as usual in the deep water, and there they amused themselves (as women do in bathing) with causing their armpits to make a great noise* while lashing the water with their arms. The noise was heard by some of the men at work, who cried out, “Those women are deeply affected!” and then the loud taunting song was raised respecting them, through which those two women felt greatly ashamed. So they both together arose and left that place, and travelled a very long distance by the sea-coast until they reached a place called Orerewa, where they stayed, and afterwards both took husbands there. In due course of time Rakaumanawahe, the wife of Hauiti, gave birth to two children; the first was named Karihimama, the second Ngatorotahatu. Being in want of seed *kumara*, Hauiti said to his wife, “Go to Ngatira to fetch some *kumara* for us.” So she went thither, taking another woman (lady) named Tahipare for a companion. On those two women arriving at Pakaurangi, Ngatira’s village, the people of the place rushed out and killed one of the women, Rakaumanawahe, but saved her companion; and, not content with killing Hauiti’s wife, they cut her up and ate her. Then the woman that was saved returned to Hauiti, and related all that had taken place. On hearing this sad news the chief, Kahukuranui,† became exceedingly cast down, on account of the degrading outrage offered to his wife, and immediately began to assemble an armed band to go and take revenge. While this army was getting ready a woman came over from the people of Ngatira to see Kahukuranui, being incited thereto through her sympathy for him, and she showed him how Ngatira’s place (*pa*) could well be taken by the army, saying, “By means of the crawfish the fort can be overcome,” for Kahukuranui’s army was not physically strong enough for that purpose. On hearing this, Kahukuranui commanded an immense taking of crawfish to be made, and they all went willingly about it. Crawfish were caught in great numbers and dried; they were brought from all the fishing stations on the rocky sea-coast—from Te Haha, from Taoparapara, from Te Ika-a-tauira, from Tatara, from Maitara, from Whangaiariki, from all the many creeks and seas the crawfish were

* This is done while swimming, by rising and uplifting both arms, and bringing them down suddenly together with the air in the hollow of the armpits to the surface of the water. When well done by practised persons, it makes a loud hollow sound, and may be heard a great way off.

† Kahukuranui was the son of Hauiti, and the husband of Tahipare, the woman that was saved.

collected, and, when ready, were carried away for Ngatira.* Hence it was that Ngatira and his people afterwards suffered dreadfully in their fort when besieged through want of water, for the water of the place being outside of the village was soon in the possession of the besieging party, and the people of the fort could not get at it with their calabashes. But the friends and relatives of the foe living in that place took with them their heavy, thick flax-mat garments when they went down to see their relatives;† these they used instead of calabashes to carry up water to the besieged, soaking them in the water (although, after all, scarcely any water remained in the said garments), and when they returned to the fort they wrung the water out for the children and the women, while others desperately chewed and eagerly sucked the loose hanging flax-fringes of the wetted garments, just to moisten a little their parched throats. The water to drink was also the more required through their still eating the dried crawfish, being impelled thereto through hunger. For some time they managed miserably in this way; but at last, on trying it again, they found the armed party (who had become suspicious) watching the water, so that when the women and others went into it to wet their flax garments as before those watchers rushed in upon them, and they fled back to their fort with scarcely any water! Soon after this the final assault was made, and though the picked band of brave and fearless fighters, Koparakaitarewarewa and his friends, went boldly outside and withstood the besiegers, and that more than once, they were obliged to give way, being all faint and half-dead through want of water, for it was this alone that slew them. So Ngatira was killed, and Pakaurangi was taken. This battle was called “The death in the wet garments,” or, “The death in the time of the wetted garments.” The remnant who escaped of this people fled various ways, some went to Kaiora and dwelt there, building a fort (*pa*) for themselves; some fled further north; some haunted the neighbourhood of their

* The crawfish were preserved after this manner: they were taken alive, and in their shells were planted thickly in the bed of a running stream of fresh water, much like shingles are placed on the roof of a house; there they were kept down under water with stones placed on them. In a day or two they would be taken out, their shells slipped easily off, and the flesh hung up separately in the wind on light frame-work stages to dry. The flesh shrunk amazingly in the drying process, and when dried each one was very thin and light, all the legs, etc., having been packed on to the body of the fish in its damp state and there consolidated and compressed, were not now plain, so that each bore no resemblance to its original. When quite dry and hard they were put up in bundles and packed away in baskets, and kept in a dry store. They might well be called fish-cakes. They were greatly prized, especially by the Natives in the interior, to whom presents of them were sometimes sent, who gave potted forest birds in return.

† Their relations by marriage; a practice always allowed in their wars, though highly injurious to both sides, which they also well knew.

former homes, but away up on hills and mountains, and in cliffs, and in inaccessible sides of streams. Those who did make a stand and dwelt at Kaiora had a wretched life of it through constant dread. At last some of them fled south to Wairarapa, and even to Kaikoura (South Island), and thus were widely dispersed the refugees from Pakaurangi. This battle was known to our fathers by the name of "The death in the time of the wetted garments;" and this conquest was achieved by Kahukuranui. [This fight took place, according to several genealogical lists, thirteen generations back.—W.C.]

2. THE STORY OF THE CHIEF HAUITI AND HIS TWO ELDER BROTHERS.

THE chief Hingangaroa had three sons; the first was Taua, the second was Mahaki, and the third was Hauti; these all were grown up to manhood, and dwelt at Uawa. They all agreed to turn their attention to the making of large seine nets for themselves; those three chiefs were to have three nets, that is, one each; each chief having also his own immediate followers. Hauti named his net Whakapaupakihi (*lit.* Taker of all [fish] in shallow tidal waters, *or*, in the ebbing tide); he gave it this name because of its immense size.* One day they all cast their nets into the sea, and had a large catch of fish; but Hauti's net contained a great deal more than the others. Then his two elder brothers, with their followers, came and took away forcibly (*murū*) the prime fishes out of his net; and at every subsequent casting of his net his two elder brothers and their followers would come and take away by force his best fish out of his net. Then Hauti began to think within himself, Whatever shall I do to circumvent or overcome my elder brothers? Not perceiving any means of doing it, he visited Tauranga, and went far inland to Makihoi, to see Marukakoa, a priest, or cunning man, of note; and to him he put this question, "How

* It may be useful to quote here what Cook says about their nets,—“We had plenty of fish, most of which, however, we purchased of the natives, for we could catch very little ourselves, either with net or line. When we showed the natives our seine, which is such as the King's ships are generally furnished with, they laughed at it, and in triumph produced their own, which was indeed of an enormous size, and made of a kind of grass [*Phormium*] which is very strong; it was five fathom deep, and by the room it took up could not be less than three or four hundred fathom long. Fishing seems indeed to be the chief business of life in this part of the country; we saw about all their towns a great number of nets, laid in heaps like haycocks, and covered with a thatch to keep them from the weather, and we scarcely entered a house where some of the people were not employed in making them.” Cook's Voyages, Vol. II. (first voyage), p. 369-70. The very large nets, the heaps like haycocks, and the making in many houses, I have also seen, precisely as described by Cook. Curiously enough Cook had anchored and stayed some time at that very same place, Uawa, his Tolaga Bay. Cruise, and also Nicholas, 50 years after, relate the same of their nets.

can the killing (or discomfiture) of the relation be effected?" And Marukakoa replied, "Shut close the eyes, and when thou openest them to see, (he is) killed, prostrate (on the ground): another plan (is by) fire." Then Marukakoa himself lit a fire in his talking-house—where these two were; and when it was kindled he placed some cabbage-tree* upon it; this tree in burning emits much smoke, which is also very smarting to the eyes. On seeing this, and smarting too from the smoke, Hauiti called out, "O, Marukakoa, what is this for?" and Marukakoa replied, "This is the killing of the relation." Then Hauiti returned to his own place and people. Soon after his return he began to build his fort, which was named *Ko te poti o Hauiti*. He also said to his followers, "Be courageous, be brave and daring; do not consider the relationship of the elder brother or of the younger brother or of the father; let the eyes be firmly closed." Then he gave his orders, "Put the net into the canoe," which his people immediately did. All being ready, he sent a man up to the top of the hill to watch the motions of the fish, and when he saw the shoal of fish had come in pretty close to the land, he raised the signal for the casting of the net. They cast it, and a great number of fishes were enclosed; then the elder brothers, with their followers, came forth again to take away, forcibly, the fish which had been caught from out of his net. On seeing this, Hauiti retaliated by falling upon them unexpectedly, and they were well beaten, suffering severely! so that the fish marauders hastily retreated, letting drop from their hands the *kahawai* fish they had taken. Hence this fight was named, "The dropped *kahawai*" (*Arripis salar*). Some time, however, after this event, Hauiti said to his people, "Come, let us cast again the net." And they did so. But before that the two ends of the big net were drawn on shore, the fish-robbing folks came down and turned again to the forcible taking of the fish out of the net! On this the chief Hauiti suddenly called out, "Close up!" (His people knew well the meaning of that order!) So they brought together the ends and also the top of the net, thus enclosing, in one huge mass, both fish and men, and both died together. Hence the name of this destruction was, "The joined-top-of-the-net." His two brothers became greatly enraged at this, and said, "Verily, he has the best of it! We must fight." (*Koia, kei a Papa!*) Then they despatched a herald to their own people to assemble and come to them, to destroy their younger brother with his people.† On Hauiti hearing of this, he said to his followers, by night, "Let us all leave and go and seek a good place, where we may dwell quietly, and live well." This he said, because his followers were but few in number (it is said, only 300); while those of his

* *Cordyline australis*.

† Very likely through being sons of their one father by different mothers.

elder brothers amounted to 2000 (*"e rua mano"*). So they deserted their place by night, and travelling steadily on they reached Whangaparaoa by nightfall. In the morning early he was surprised there by his two brothers and their people; then they fought, and several were killed on both sides, though by far the greater loss was that of the two elder brothers; Hauiti himself was wounded in the leg with a spear. The name given to this battle was, *"Werewere."* After this, notwithstanding the many killed, they fought again; for whoever cares for loss of men in war when they are numerous? [The old world story!] By night Hauiti and his people left that place also, and reached another spot where they bivouacked. On the following morning he was again pursued by his two brothers, and when he had nearly reached the village (*pa*) of the chief Tamatauirā (that is, Te Rangitawehikura), he was again overtaken by his two brothers. Again he turned with his people to fight them, and they were again defeated; many fell in this battle, which was named *"Kauneke."* Then it was that his friends came forth to strengthen him, and they fought again, when his elder brothers were again beaten; this battle was named, *"Ko te ngaere-nuku, ko te ngaere-rangi."* Now, however, Hauiti, being reinforced by his friends, followed after his two brothers and overtook them in their retreat; they again fought another battle, and his two brothers were again defeated; this fight was named, *"Ko te Rangihiwera, ko te Paraweru-nui."* And this was the last fight between them, for the two elder brothers were utterly routed. Afterwards, their bitter wrath and anger being over, they ceased fighting, and dwelt peaceably; but their descendants, in aftertimes, fought again,—as shall be now related.

3. THE STORY OF THE DREADFUL FALLING-OUT BETWEEN THE CHILDREN OF TWO OF THOSE BROTHERS.

TAUA, the eldest brother, had a son named Apanui; and Kahukuranui was the son of Hauiti. Now the very beginning of the deadly feud between their sons arose from Apanui's calling to Kahukuranui after the manner of calling to a dog;* and the inciting cause of his doing so was the whiteness of the hair of the head of Kahukuranui. However, though greatly displeased, Kahukuranui kept his deadly anger in his own bosom, brooding over the insult, and scheming how he should be amply revenged on Apanui. At last he hit upon a plan; he, Kahukuranui, determined to give his son as a husband for the daughter of Apanui, and when the two fathers had quite agreed, Kahukuranui proceeded to build a fine house for the occasion, which was also named *"Whakarei"*—beautiful, or highly ornamented. The

* *"Moimoi"*—a common term among the old Maoris for calling to a dog; but a great insult if applied to a man.

house being finished, Apanui was formally informed of it, and the day was also fixed for him to bring his daughter, whose name was Rongomaihuatahi, to become the wife of Kapi, the son of Kahukuranui. Apanui, therefore, came with his daughter and people; and they all entered into the new large house, which had been built for the occasion. Then Kahukuranui stirred up his people to bake plenty of food, and give a grand feast of good things prepared—of eels, and cod-fish (*hapuku*), and taro; and so they feasted that day. On the morning after, the people of that place baked their morning's food for their visitors, namely, pieces of wood, bits of supple-jacks, flowers and flowering stems of the New Zealand flax, and stones, and earth,—all kinds of rubbish! * and then, after having placed their dressed morning's meal properly before them in baskets, they suddenly fell upon Apanui and his people and killed them all. Hence that district of Uawa was taken from the elder son and became the land of the descendants of the younger son Hauiti.

[According to several genealogical lists which I have by me, and have examined and compared, this affair took place 12 generations back.—W.C.]

4. THE TALE OF THE GREAT LADY RUATAUPARE.

HERE begins the story of Ruataupare. She was a woman of rank, and was the wife of Tuwhakairiora. In course of time she bore him six children, of whom four were girls and two were boys; and these were their names: the first, Mariu; the second, Te Aotiraroa; the third, Tukakahumai; the fourth, Te Atakura; the fifth, Tuterangikawhiu; and the sixth, Wehiwehi.† At the birth of this last, of Wehiwehi, the mother, Ruataupare, received serious internal injury,‡ so that she dwelt apart in the sickhouse, on account of her severe pains. Some time after the birth of this last child her husband thought that she was getting well; but no, she continued very ill. On a certain day the husband went to the house where she was to see the mother of his children and to enquire after her, when, after some talk, she said to him, “O, sir, listen to me. Wilt thou not be willing to go and fetch the daughter of Te Aomania, to become a wife for thee?” The husband replied to her, “O, mother! O, mother! and what of her own husband?” The wife rejoined, “O, my lord, thou must also be saying that thou art a great chief.” On this he assented to the talk of his wife, that he should go thither

* This was done to insult first before killing (having got them completely in their power), and so to make death doubly bitter. In all such matters the New Zealanders excelled!

† *Lit.*, Fearing; Apprehension. Named, no doubt, like Ichabod and Benoni, of the Hebrews, from the circumstances attending his birth.

‡ *Vagina lacera.*

for that purpose, so he and his friends—a large party—went together. On arriving at the forest in the way they made a nice easy carriage for the woman, to carry her in on their shoulders. This they took along with them; and when at last they got near to the village to which they were going they left the shoulder-carriage there, and proceeded to the residence of the woman and her husband, whose name was Tuhauanu. On seeing the party of welcome strangers coming the man and his wife loudly welcomed them to their village with the common national cry of, “Come hither! come hither!” So the travelling party entered the big house and sat down, and all wept together through joy, which over they performed their usual nasal salutations. The woman then busied herself in preparing food for the strangers, and, when it was cooked, they ate. The repast over they rose to return to their own place, and the woman also went out in the usual way to give them the last parting words, “Go, go in peace,” the travelling party replying, “Dwell, dwell in peace in thy own home.” But when they were pretty near to the shoulder-carriage they caught up the woman and placed her in it to carry her off. Then they called loudly to her husband, “Thy wife is gone, being taken forcibly away.” On hearing this he took up his own nice dog’s-hair mat garment and went after the woman, crying out, “Go along, but go gently.” He pursued and overtook the woman, and they wept and mourned together. When that was over he took his nice garment and spread it over her. Behold here two exceedingly excellent things performed by that man, Tuhauanu:—his yielding up his wife, and also his giving her his own choice chief’s garment! The woman’s name was Te Ihikooterangi, and she became the wife of Tuwhakairiora. She bore to him seven children, and these are their names: Te Aowehea, Mariuterangi, Te Rakaa, Te Rangitaupopoki, Tuhorouta, Tinatoka, and Kirianu. Of all that chief’s family these following are the names of those who were highly spoken of, and became the common boast—namely, of the first wife, Tuterangikawhiu and Wehiwehi; of the second wife, Te Aowehea, Tuhorouta, and Tinatoka,—these being continually called and spoken of approvingly, day after day, as the noble offspring of Tuwhakairiora. Hence, too, the first wife, Ruataupare, became greatly displeased, and was filled with shame on hearing her children always spoken of as those of her husband; and bearing only his name, while her own name was never once uplifted, but utterly disregarded. So she commanded a canoe to be got ready, and she was paddled to Tokomaru, the place of her own tribe. Arriving there she was ridiculed and mocked by all the people, on account of her hurt (for which she also underwent severe surgical operation). All this made her very wretched, and she wept over her unhappy situation. Then she said to her brother, “Wilt thou not go to see our grandchild, that he may come hither to visit us?” So her brother went to

him—to his place; and, after some time spent with him, Te Rangitauki-waho, he came to Tokomaru to see his grandparents. The usual hearty welcomes and salutations over the old lady related to her grandson her situation. On hearing this he remained there, and commanded a fine large house to be erected, which was done, and when it was finished it was named “Te Koherearuhe.” This done the summoning herald was formally sent to Waiapu, to Awatere, and to Wharekahika, to all the tribes, to the chief Kauwakatuakina, to the descendants of Hinerupe, to the offspring of Tu-whakairiora, and to the tribe Ngatiporou, to assemble themselves and to come and fight with all the various peoples who were dwelling upon the lands belonging to her—to the great lady Ruataupare. They accordingly came, and then the war began, which lasted a long time. The first battle was called “Te Koherearuhe;” the second, “Te Upokoparupuwaha;” the third, “Taitimuroa;” the fourth, “Taiparipari;” and the fifth, “Waikoropupu.” Those people living thereabouts were all killed, and this exterminating war was brought about by Ruataupare, and thus her own lands, which had descended to her from ancient times, were cleared of them, and the name of Ruataupare was now loudly proclaimed and feared throughout the whole district of Tokomaru. Hence her name rose very high, also those of her female children, who came to dwell with her on their old ancestral estates.

[According to their genealogies these circumstances happened ten generations back.—W.C.]

5. *A Story of the Olden Time.*

THE FIGHTING BETWEEN TUERE AND TANGIHAERE (OF THE ONE SIDE) AGAINST TE AWARIKI.

A CHIEF of old, whose name was Te Awariki, began this quarrel. This first fight is known to us in oral Maori history by the name of “The Bird, the flying Kite.” On a certain fine day the chiefs of that village were all flying their kites, when the sons of Tuere and of Tangihaere were cursed by Te Awariki. He cursed them because the lines of their kites went above and over that of his own, which he was also flying. At this Tuere called out to his sons, saying, “Reply to him, that yonder is thy leg!”* So they all became very angry; ending in Te Awariki killing some of them. Not ceasing even then, he again arose in wrath with his followers against them, when they fought desperately, and seized and killed him. The distinguishing name by which this second battle between them is known is “Te Uirarapa” (*lit.* the lightning-flash). In that fight the people of Te Awariki

* Probably meaning the kite, or its string; this, of course, would be another bitter curse.

suffered greatly. Tuere, however, died at Te Waitotara, his own place, and was buried in a small wood called Kaniawhea. His sons and people continued to dwell for some time at that place; and by-and-by, at the proper time, they exhumed the body of their dead father Tuere, and manufactured his bones into fishing-hooks; and when all was done they carried them out to sea, and fished, and caught a large quantity of fine fish; then they paddled back to the shore, but on reaching it they did not take a single thing out of their canoe, leaving therein the fish, the hooks and lines, the paddles, and the balers,—all, everything; landing stark naked, and so going to their residence. Now all this was not of themselves, not of their own devising; for their dead father had planned all this, and bound them by his last words,—the performance only at this time being theirs; and thus they fulfilled his commands. They shoved off the canoe, and sent it adrift to go whither it would, being pretty sure that it would soon reach some other inhabited village on the coast, where the people would seize and eat the fish which was in the canoe, that by their so doing they might all die,—through the powerful malevolent influence of the bones of Tuere.* And so, at last, the wished-for slaughter was made, and the battle was gained by Tuere and his sons. And they (the sons) having done all this, left those parts, where they had long lived, migrating northwards to Maketu and Tauranga; where some of their descendants are to this day,—the offspring of Te Rangihouwhiri.

Two Tales, both historical and true, showing the Overwhelming Power of Shame.

6. THE STORY OF PUKOROAUAHI, HIS SISTER, AND HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW.
IN the olden time there was a chief named Taranuimatenga; his wife's name was Puhauroa, and her brother was called Pukoroauahi. These three lived together at one place. The wife's brother was very skilful at snaring birds for them to eat, which he continually did, while his sister and her husband remained quietly at home. The husband took good care daily to devour the choice fat birds, leaving for his brother-in-law the less prized and lean ones,—such as hawks and owls, parrots and crows;† these, too, the young man sat apart to eat by the smouldering brands of the cooking-fires, where his eyes were made sore with the smoke; nevertheless his sister very often managed, when cooking, to hide a nice tit-bit for her brother. One day the brother went to his usual occupation in the woods; on this day to catch, by imitation of their cries, small singing birds—as *kotihe*‡ and

* The words are, “*Kei nga iwi o Tuere te mana te atua.*”

† *Callaeas cinerea.*

‡ *Pogonornis cincta.*

*koparas** and *kookoos*.† While he was thus engaged he saw a bird, a pigeon (*kereru*) drinking water; then he went and got some New Zealand flax leaves, and made snares, and laid them cunningly, and soon caught a large number of pigeons, insomuch that he had them in heaps! He then returned to their place of abode, and told his sister to get proper baskets woven to bring home the spoils; saying that he had caught a great number of fine birds. On hearing this his sister was delighted, and when the proper baskets were finished, they went together to the place to gather up the birds. On arriving at the spot, there were the dead birds lying in heaps, looking so nice and tempting, that his sister was again delighted, and danced for joy, singing in her dance this new song,—“Even so, hanging out is thy tongue; snared securely upon his very perch, set for killing! Good, good, very good!” They turned to and collected all the birds which had been killed, and which lay in heaps before her, until they had filled 170 baskets with them. These were all caught by that one stream, and the name of that stream was Pouturu. And their death was cunningly effected thus: the food of the pigeon is the red *toromiro*‡ drupe, and there, just above the water, on a cliffy spot, were plenty of red pebbles; now the birds thought that those red pebbles were *toromiro* fruits, and so they came together at that spot in great numbers to eat those red pebbles, and when their throats got subsequently dry, through swallowing so many of those pebbles, they rushed to drink and were caught in the snares set by Pukoroauahi. (The names of that peculiar kind of snare are *parekaruae*, and also *te whakoau*.) Having gathered up their birds they proceeded to carry them off on their backs to their residence, and worked hard all that day until evening; at which time the husband, returning from the woods to his home, saw the big pile of baskets of birds. Immediately he began to be angry with his wife, deeming those birds had been stolen, or surreptitiously killed, by his brother-in-law. At length his wife said to her husband, “Now, if thou wilt not believe me, come along and let us go together, and see the place where they were snared.” So, in the early morning, they went thither together, and reached the water, and there he saw the red pebbles, and the snares, and all the rest of it. Then he knew well that they were not stolen birds from any preserves, and he became overwhelmed with shame. They went back to their home, and the young man said to his sister, “Kindle a separate (*tapu*=tabooed) fire to roast the birds for my brother-in-law; also, another common cooking fire to roast some for thyself.” So she did so, she roasted the birds for her husband, and when

* *Anthornis melanura*.

† *Prosthemadera novæ-seelandiæ*.

‡ *Podocarpus ferruginea*.

they were fully done she carried them to the place, outside of the house, where her husband was, that he might eat them; and entering she said to him, "O, Sir, arise and sit up; here are the choice birds nicely cooked; rise, and sit up." But he never moved. When she returned to the side of the fires, she said to her brother, "O, dear Pukoro, he never arose nor moved at all; he must be sleeping soundly." Now his manner of acting towards her was mostly in an unkind, rough way. Then the sister said to her brother, "Let us two eat our meal." The brother replied, "Let the preparatory ceremony be first performed." And these were the words of that ceremony:—"The ceremonial performance of Taranuimatenga, the ceremonial performance of Pukoroauahi, the ceremonial performance of Puhauroa, the ceremonial performance is fully done, the ceremonial performance is excellent (or approved); excellent (is the) food first ceremonially prepared, excellent the birds first ceremonially prepared."* This being fully done they took their meal, and when they had finished, the woman went again to see how it was with her husband; and, finding him in the same position, she cried out to him, "O, Sir, arise, and sit up." Then she looked more closely, and saw blood running down on his bed-mat! At this she went up to him to arouse him, and on pulling down the coverings (his loose garments), lo! he was quite dead, having been some time so. She left him in haste, and went out and called to her brother, "Alas! O, Pukoro, the evil thing is dead!" "Of what did he die?" replied the brother. "Of strangulation," she rejoined; "the troublesome grumbling creature is quite dead." Then they both took up fire, and set fire to the house in which the body was; and they heard the bursting of his belly in the flames. After this they proceeded to roast and put in their own fat their birds, filling no less than 70 big calabashes with them. Thenceforth that young man took his sister to be his wife, and in course of time their child was born, and it was named Taporariroi.

[I should here remark, that although only two or three persons are here spoken of by name—as, also, in most of these stories—there were many others concerned; for, according to New Zealand custom, the slaves and inferior working-men were never mentioned.—W.C.]

7. THE STORY OF A THIEF, AND OF HIS SAD END.

THE thief's name was Hotungakau; he went by night to the *taro* (*Caladium esculentum*) plantation of Tamateatitaka, and stole some *taros*; he baked

* This ceremonial was always performed over "first fruits," of birds (as here), of *kumara*, etc.; and, like most other of their semi-religious ceremonies, was very simple. Insomuch that the principal noun used, being neither a prayer nor a thanksgiving,—I could only translate thus,

them and ate them all up that same night, and so, having fully satiated his appetite, he went to his house to sleep. In the morning the man to whom belonged the *taro* plantation went thither, and lo! he saw what had been done by a thief, so he said to his friend, "My good fellow, our *taro* is being stolen by some thief and will soon be all consumed, I must go to-night and keep watch." So when it was evening he went thither, and sat down concealed. It was not very long after when the same thief returned, and was busy uprooting the *taro*; on this the man in ambush let fly his spear, which struck the thief in his side breast; he feeling the pain from the wound ran off and escaped to his own house. On reaching it he bound his girdle tightly around the wound and lay down to sleep, the pain being excessive and the blood though confined flowing inwardly. By-and-by the man who had thrown the spear went to the house of the wounded man. Arriving there he found the fire had gone out, so he called out, "Oh dear! kindle the fire, make it to blaze, that it may be light." So the fire was kindled and it soon burnt well; and Hotungakau was awaked out of his sleep and sat up. Then the man who had thrown the spear related his story, ending with saying to Hotungakau, "It seems to me that thou art the very man who was wounded by me with my spear?" On which Hotungakau replied, "It was not me, for here have I been sleeping ever since the setting-in of the evening." (Although at this very time he was suffering dreadful internal pain.) The spear-thrower rejoined, "The appearance of that man was exactly similar to thine." Hotungakau retorted, "I tell thee it was not me: thou art indeed beginning an evil altercation with me." On hearing this the visitor returned to his own place; but Hotungakau died just at daylight. His sudden and violent and shameful death was greatly lamented by the people of the village. His father, Rongomaikohina, being completely overwhelmed with shame at the doings of his son, came quietly, and wrapping the body in a garment, put it into his canoe and paddled off. Before, however, he went away, he laid a heavy and deadly spell upon the place. He paddled far away, even unto Waikawa, here he was pursued overland by some of the people he had left behind, because so many had died through his powerful spell, by which also the death of his son was fully avenged. At last a herald came to him, to Rongomaikohina, saying, "There are scarcely any people left alive owing to thy deadly spell, whatever shall we do that the remainder may be spared?" To which Rongomaikohina replied, "Kindle ceremonially a fresh fire by friction with the rubbing-sticks, letting a woman tread on the lowermost stick (to keep it steady), through that the power of my man-destroying spell shall be dissolved." Rongomaikohina never afterwards returned to his former place of residence.

8. THE STORY OF A BRAVE BOY, NAMED TAUTINIAWHITIA.

Once there was a chief, named Porouanoano, whose wife was called Hurumaangiangi. They dwelt together for some time; the woman becoming pregnant hungered after a bird, and said to her husband, "I am very desirous of having a bird to eat." On hearing this he took up his bird-spear and went away to the forest; but he was unsuccessful in spearing any of the birds commonly eaten; notwithstanding, he brought back with him two living birds, one was a *huia* (*Heteralocha gouldi*), and one was a *kotuku* (*Ardea flavirostris*); these, however, the woman would not eat, but kept as pets. After some time the man went away to his own (other) place of residence, while the woman remained. By-and-by, at the proper moon, she was delivered of a child, a boy, whom she fed and nourished and brought up. When he became a big boy he played at the sailing of canoes, at the whipping of tops, at the running of races on the sandy beach, and at the catching of small birds, with the other boys of the place. Then those other boys, who had fathers, would say,—“Those (doings, actions) of the fatherless brat are the only ones which go ahead!” On hearing this, Tautiniawhitia was swallowed up with shame, through his having no father; and he went crying and complaining to his mother, saying, “O mother dear, mother dear, wherever is my father?” She replied, “Thy father is not here, he is a long way off, at a very great distance; look towards the sun-rising, there away in that direction is thy father.” Then the boy went into the forest, and sought about, and brought back with him a seed-pod of the *rewarewa* tree (*Knightia excelsa*), this he took to the water and tried it, and found that it remained upright very well, and did not upset. Then he returned to their dwelling place to his mother, and said, “My dear mother, I am going to the residence of my father;” saying also to her, “on no account will I remain here in this place, I am so greatly overwhelmed with shame.” The mother said to him, “My dear child, at all events stay awhile until some food is cooked (and prepared to take with you), that you may be strong and able to endure for your journey.” He said unto her, “Indeed I will not eat; ‘a wooden spear-thrust can be parried, but a spoken spear-thrust cannot be warded off.’”^{*} And so saying, he went his way to his canoe (made like) a pod of the *rewarewa* tree; † this he dragged into the water, and entering on board of his canoe paddled away. The mother cried affectionately after him, and he also cried back lovingly to his mother; he gave her his last words (to be remembered), and she did the

^{*} See “Trans. N.Z. Inst.,” Vol. XII., p. 123; proverbs 58, 59.

† *Ka tae kei tona waka hua rewarewa* :—probably the meaning is,—after the model of; made like, in form and shape.

same to him. He went away out on the sea ; then his mother chaunted the following charm—

From whom (is this) canoe ?
 From whom (is this) canoe ?
 From me, mine ;
 From Urumaangiangi,*
 From Taramaangiangi.
 The cunning snares of Rei†
 (Are) as nothing at all !
 The canoe glides fleetly.
 Let the scowling winds coming hither‡
 Be all stayed.
 Pass through space ;
 Pass through weather ;
 Pass through billows :
 Lo ! the earth glides by !
 Sail on to the nice landing ;
 Now beached nicely—so !
 A canoe lightly passing over waves ;
 The doing—away, there,
 (I am) beholding here with satisfaction.

Onwards the lad sped in his canoe, away, away, until at last he reached the very place where his father dwelt. Jumping ashore he dragged up his canoe, and hid it under the gravel of the beach. Then it was that the young folks of the village came running down to where he was, each exclaiming, “ My slave ! My slave ! ” and so he was seized and led up to the village, each boy and girl, and also each one of the adults, claiming him with much clamour and gestures. In the end, however, he became the property of a very small boy (who also was the son of Tautini’s father), who ran off with great glee to his father, shouting as he went, “ O, sir, behold ! Here is my new slave ! ” The father was greatly pleased at the good luck of his little son, and said to him, “ Take him away to the little bush (or wood) to dwell.” One day, soon after this, the boys of the place went as usual to their play, some for the catching of small birds, some to the sailing of little canoes, and others to the many various games and sports of children. Tautini, however, went away into the forest, whence he brought back two birds exactly similar to those very two which he was made to hunger after when in the womb of

* Observe the change of her name by dropping the *h* (poetical usage), of which there is more in the way of elision in this chaunt, showing, though we cannot perceive it, that the retention of the letter *h*, even in a proper name, was offensive to the nice discriminating ear and cadenced rhythm of the Maori. Bearing in mind the literal meaning of the woman’s name, White-and-thin-locks (*or hair*), these two lines—four and five—may well and literally mean from (her possessing) white and thin locks above ; from (her possessing) white and thin locks below.

† A name of one of the malevolent superhuman ones of old

‡ Those raised by adverse malevolent beings.

his mother. Then he said to the *huia*, "This is the cry for thee to utter, 'The fire does not burn brightly; dark, dark, darkness prevails;'" and to the *kotuku* he also said, "This is thy cry, 'The fire does not blaze; it is very dark all around.'" And thus the lad taught those two birds in the little bush where he dwelt. On a certain night when it was dark the lad went to the place where the big house of the chief was, to reconnoitre, and when he got there he found all the inmates were fast asleep and snoring loudly. Then he returned to the little bush, and, taking his two birds, carried them off to the big house. Arriving there in the porch he opened the closed door, sliding it back carefully. Then he entered the house, and took inside also his birds and set them down, placing their supplejack cages among the ashes of the fireplace. Suddenly the *huia* cried out, "The fire does not burn; dark, dark, darkness prevails;" and then the *kotuku* cried, "(There is) no blazing of this fire; smouldering, dark!" The sleepers were all now well aroused at those shrill cries and human words, and, sitting up, looked on with feelings of wonder and admiration, which they expressed. Then it was that Tautini's father arose and stood, and, after observing closely for some time, exclaimed, "Verily, this lad is my own son, for those were the very birds which his mother longed for!" and, embracing his son, he wept over him rejoicing; and when it was daylight he took him away to the water, and there performed the usual and proper lustration and ceremonial service fitting for a chief's son.

[Highly curious, as showing, among other things, the general vulgar European belief in the powers of the moral affections of the mother over her unborn offspring, extending to New Zealand.—W.C.]

9. A STORY OF OLD, OF A CERTAIN DROWNED BOY, WHOSE SPIRIT RETURNED TO TROUBLE THE LIVING.

THIS lad went with the water-calabash to fetch water to drink, being sent by his parents. He went, he got to the place where the water was, and on his pressing down his big-light calabash under the water in the deep pool to fill it, it slipped suddenly away out of his hands. He then (as it was supposed), went into the water after his calabash, which was being carried away floating before him, and in doing so he sunk, and his belly was filled with water. After some time his parents went to look for him, but though they found the calabash floating they did not readily find him, because all over the surface of that water was overspread with spiders' webs; at last, however, they found the body and dragged it to the shore, and carried it to their village and mourned over it, and when the usual funeral lamentations were over they buried it in the earth. Then the spirit (*wairua*) of that boy appeared here in this habitable sphere, bewildering the living, and (it) dwelt

in Ihurahirahi to be a medium for it, who came to Tokomaru that is now, his principal place of residence being at Orangikupa, and there he dwelt. That village (*pa*) was on a high steep cliff, from which he went right off into the sea, and thus it came to pass; the poor bewildered one was walking, when the evil demon (*atua*) said to him: "It is all solid land there below, that he would not get bogged* in that water." The people of the place were on the look out and saw him walk right away from the top of the cliff, when he was lost to their eyes. On his sinking down, however, he was at the depths of the sea following his great chief (or leader),† near the mouth of the codfish (*hapuku*) who was being snapped at continually by the *hapuku*, so he followed his great chief; there he saw the multitude of fishes, food for man, scuttling about in all directions. His big chief was very courageous, and so was he through him, and he at last re-appeared above on the surface of the sea. Then he looked about, fastening his eyes on the land, its mountains, and hills, and cliffs, and he knew that shore and that land, and at length reached the strand at a place called Te Poroporo. There he told what he had seen in the sea to the people of that place, who were all highly delighted at his relation to them. In the morning they embarked in their fishing canoes, and paddled away out to sea to the spot rich in fishes which had been described to them, which they also found by its bearing signs on the land. There they fished with hook and line, and soon filled their canoes with fish. They named that rock "Kapuarangi." Their fishing over they paddled back to the shore, landing at Te Poroporo. The chief, Te Haratau, who lived near by, hearing of this, went also out to sea, to that very rock, to Kapuarangi, but he took with him to sea his weapons for fighting. The other chief, Ruatona, being informed of this, went also out to sea in his canoes, taking also with him his fighting weapons, to show his anger against Te Haratau. On Te Haratau looking up from his fishing towards the land, he saw the canoes of Ruatona paddling out towards him, so he left off fishing and came to meet him. They met full drive! They fought at sea, and then they all paddled to shore. On landing they recommenced their warfare, and behold! Te Haratau was killed by Ruatona. Then it was that Ruatona's friends and helpers said, "Let the body be

* "Bogged"—*powharuwharu*.—This term, which is commonly and properly used with reference to swamps and deep muddy places, seems strangely out of place here. I never heard, never met with it so used before, especially with reference to the *deep sea*—clear water. I have a suspicion that, like some of the noted Delphic Oracles,—and like that of the juggling fiend in Shakespeare, ("The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose."—King Henry IV., part ii., act 2, sc. 4), it was "said" with a double meaning.

† Translation here is difficult; I have given it nearly literally. I suppose the great chief, or leader (*heruiwi*), to be the *atua* or demon, who had deceived him.

buried." When Ruatona replied, "What, wilfully throw away the bit of (food obtained by extra exertion in) the scarce summer season?" And so that hand-to-hand fight ended in favour of Ruatona, who kept possession of Kapuarangi.

ART. III.—*Contributions towards a better Knowledge of the Maori Race.*

By W. COLENZO, F.L.S.

[CONTINUED.*]

[Read before the Hawke's Bay Philosophical Institute, 8th November, 1880.]

—"For I, too, agree with Solon, that 'I would fain grow old learning many things.'"—PLATO: *Laches*.

ON THE IDEALITY OF THE ANCIENT NEW ZEALANDER.

PART III.—ON THEIR POETICAL GENIUS.

It may truly be said that with the New Zealander poetry is, or was, part of their daily life. Whatever differences in taste may have existed among the various ancient tribes (*iwi*) composing the Maori people, in this matter they were pre-eminently as one,—all used it, all were moved by it, all enjoyed it. Indeed, I have very good reasons for believing that poetry—in one shape or other—was much more commonly used than even their proverbs were,—which formed the subject of my last paper read before you under this head. Is it not true, that under much of poetry, as well as of proverbs, there lies a philosophy? With nursery ditties and jingles they strove to amuse and quiet their young children, and with longer legendary and historical rhythmical recitals the old informed their youth, and dissipated the *ennui* of wet days and long nights. With smart songs of encouragement, sung alternately and in full chorus, they eased the heavy labour of their most laborious works,—such as dragging the hulls of their large canoes from the forests—often over many miles of the roughest country, without any road—to the sea, and also the large totara timber for their chiefs' houses; and often whole trunks of trees to form the outer wall of fortification around their town (*pa*). They paddled their war-canoes to suitable inspiring songs, which were regularly chaunted by their chiefs, or fit men,† often two, if not three, in each large canoe, to which song the paddlers kept time, both in paddling and in occasionally slapping the blades

* See "Trans. N.Z. Inst.," Vol. XI., Art V., p. 77; and Vol. XII., Art VII., p. 108.

† Called *kai-tuki*, *hau-tu*, etc.,—a kind of vocal marine fuglemen, encouragers, chaunters; who, standing on the thwarts (more like birds than men!) directed, and kept, and gave time, both by voice and gesture, to the paddlers.