

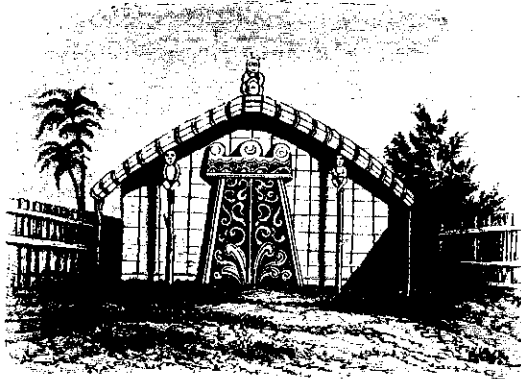
fully wave their hands and arms in measured time to the rhythmic chanting of the singers, whilst they sway their supple forms in various attitudes of amorous suggestiveness.

SAMPLE OF HAKA SONG.

HAKA.
Paina ki te riri
Ki a hui a mauri
Nga ta ringa
Ki a mitou ai
Ki te Wakarongo
Eau.

FREE TRANSLATION.
Hark! listen with your ears
To the path of the drum
To the dancing, to the ringing
Of the haka, of the singing.
Come listen to this music
Of mine.

I give no more of the song as it is appropriate to the dance and not fit for general reading.



STORE HOUSE FOR KUMERAS—MAORI VILLAGE.

The singing is a monotone in a high key, the singers beating time on tin dishes or any thing suitable. They don't seem to have had any tom-tom, drum, etc., like other aborigines. The only musical instrument I know of is the koanau, a sort of flute with three holes, but it is not common. Then some of the young men will dance the patare, or Maori step dance, this is performed by hopping on one foot and doing various steps with the other, combined with assuming various attitudes as legs apart, one stretched out, falling on one or both knees, all in time to the song they are dancing to. It is not equal to pakeha step dancing. Then they recite humorous dialogues in character, or relate fables and stories. The Maori women asked me why white women would not marry Maori men. They said, 'White women marry negroes and Chinamen. The Maori is a finer man than these,' which is true. I have never known an instance of a European woman married to a Maori, though I believe there are some. I could give no reason at the time, but think I can now. The other men though coloured, are civilised; live in European fashion, with houses and appliances of civilised life, follow some civilised trade or calling, and are generally well to do. A good home and money go a long way in matrimonial speculations. It is not the Maori so much the women object to but his surroundings. If a Maori were to live apart from his people in a decent house, and follow some civilised calling, it is probable that he could get a white woman for a wife. But they never do.

One of the men with whom I was working, named Monoa, had been educated in the Maori college in Auckland. He could read and write English as well as Maori, and used to read novels, and he had been on one or two voyages between New Zealand and the Australian colonies, and passed some time on the Victorian diggings. He was a cousin of the notorious Te Kooti, for whose capture £1,000 was at one time offered. Te Moroa's mind was a strange mixture of civilised knowledge and native superstition. For instance, one day there was a slight earthquake. 'Moki ki te riri' (Moki is angry) said Te Moroa. I enquired what he meant, and he then told me that long ago two chiefs were crossing Lake Taupo, and in the canoe was an old slave called Moki (which is also the term for a slave). The canoe was pursued by a taniwha or water-spirit, and to save themselves they threw Moki overboard to the taniwha, by whom Moki was conveyed to the infernal regions, and appointed to stoke the fires. At times he becomes weary of his task, then in his rage he fiercely stirs the subterranean furnaces; this causes earthquakes. 'Do you believe that?' I enquired. 'Certainly, why not?' he replied. 'I have read just as strange things in pakeha books.' 'But,' I said, 'they are only fables.' 'The pakeha,' said Te Moroa, 'don't know what they believe, and only believe what suits themselves. Sometimes what is written in their books is said to be false; at other times much more incredible stories are said to be true. And, besides, I read in one of their books about a pakeha who fought against Te Atua (God), so far that he was bound hand and foot, and put under a burning mountain, and when he tries to get loose it causes eruptions and earthquakes. This pakeha, too, had a hundred arms, while Moki had only two, or we should be told about them.' 'You mean Eucladus,' I said, 'he fought against Jupiter, who bound him and placed him under Mount Etna, but that is only heathen mythology.' 'I know the book you mean,' said Te Moroa, 'and have read some of it at college. Who

were these heathen?' 'Oh, people who lived thousands of years ago.' 'Well, if they lived all that time back how is it possible for people of the present day to know what they did or did not do? In the Bible it is written: there were giants in those days; why not then men with a hundred arms? Your writers think they know more about the ancients than they did themselves. How foolish is the pakeha!'

'Who is Jupiter?' inquired Te Moroa. 'He was the supreme god.' 'Well, if he was the supreme god then, he is now. We believe in a supreme God, we call Him Te Atua. I have read that the Indians call Him Manitou, the Mohammedans Allah. We also believe that there are other inferior gods. The Jews, from whom you have your religion, believed the same thing, for does not the Bible speak of Baal, Ash-taroth, Moloch, etc., and is it not written, "Thou shalt have none other gods but me," implying the existence of others. You Christians believe there are other inferior deities. Is there not Satan and his angels or ministers, and what are they but inferior powers? You think, too, that the Maori used to worship wooden images; but the Maoris have more sense. When an image was made to represent a god, it was, of course, nothing but wood until consecrated by the ariki or high priest, then the spirit of the god it represented was supposed to pervade it for the purpose of receiving worship and karakia (invocation, incantation). The Christian religion is good, but your priests make it no good, for some tell us that a man cannot be saved unless he is a Protestant; others that only Catholics will be saved; and at one time I have read that one sect used to burn and kill the other. Then you have other preachers, who denounce both Catholics and Protestants, and say theirs is the right doctrine. The pakehas are very foolish.'

Te Moroa firmly believed in the power of tapu, that is, the power of consecration possessed by chiefs and priests, so that they could declare anything or place tapu or sacred, set apart, and then anyone touching what was tapu, or going into any tapu place, suffered terrible illness or death, unless the tapu was removed from them by the karakia or incantations of tohunga (priest). He said the tapu was the same in ancient days, according to the Old Testament. Was not the ark tapu? The place where it stood in the Temple? Priests' vestments, sacrifices? Do we not read how when the ark was removed at one time, a man not a priest placed his hand on it to steady it, and was struck dead? He said that before the missionaries came such deaths, through breaking the tapu, were of common occurrence, which I think is likely, for the tapu was too much dreaded to be spoken of or broken wilfully, and anyone having done so unwittingly, would be, as it were, hypnotised with terror, and die from sheer fright, unless the incantation of the priest, by removing that terror from his mind, saved him. But this very power of the tapu has been the means of its own destruction, and a powerful instrument of conversion. For when the natives of New Zealand, and other South Sea Islands, saw the missionaries, who had no

such mental impressions, break it with impunity, and exercise it by offering karakia (in this case prayers, which are in point of fact incantations) in tapu places, they considered the tohunga pakeha (European priests) to be more powerful than their own, and the whole superstitious fabric fell at once. By the way the belief has not quite died out, for while I was there a fever broke out in a kainga lower down the river, and the old natives attributed it to some of the surrounding places having been tapu in olden times, and that they had unwittingly broken this tapu for which they were suffering. So they sent for an old tohunga to find out these places and remove the tapu. He came and brought a dog with him. This dog would hunt round, and stop at some tree, rock, etc., like a pointer, the Tohunga would examine the place, and then produce some piece of greenstone or other relic, which he professed to find there denoting tapu. He then repeated karakia, which removed the tapu. Most of them seemed to believe in his power; but old Tamihana Pakoro said privately to me, 'Kakino te Tongata karakia, ia perangite Whiro.' ('No good, the Exorciser, he likes the Devil.') There was an old woman who lived in a little hut by herself. Her name was Rita. She used to perform the last duties for the dead, was supposed to have occult powers, and was much dreaded.

(To be continued.)

THE NEWSPAPER MAN.

[The Hon. H. Scotland, M.L.C., and one or two others will doubtless gain instruction from this poem, written by a very popular London journalist. All who know newspaper men will be struck with its modest veracity.—Ed. GRAPHIC.]

'My son, I don't know if your youthful conception
Has breadth in the scope of its nebulous plan,
To weird comprehension of that one exception
To workaday mortals, the newspaper man.
But if you'll agree to a feeble description
From one of their number, I'll do what I can,
To blend in the way of a little prescription,
The mixture that's known as a newspaper man.

'Take a brain that is steeped in solution of knowledge,
Most varied and picturesque under the sun;
Then add just a pinch of the salt of the college,
A flavour of wit and a soupçon of fun.
For a relish, Bohemian sauce is the aper,
And a mind that will stretch from Beersheba to Dan;
In fancy or fact, when it comes to "the paper,"
Or touches the heart of the newspaper man.

'To a memory that clutches the veriest trifle,
And a hand that is tireless when work's to be done;
Add an eye that is quick as the flash of a rifle,
And keen as the eagle that flies to the sun.
Take strength, and endurance, and loyal devotion,
And add all the grit and the courage you can
To the heart that's as big and as deep as the ocean;
A hundred to one on the newspaper man.

'With a brew of ideas that, seething and boiling,
Run out into moulds that are models for men;
Add a ceaseless encounter with planning and toiling;
For the world of to-day that is ruled by the pen.
Add the honey of friendship, the dew of affection,
And the *esprit de corps* that gets down to hard pan;
And paste in your vat the whole mortal collection,
As the regular stock of the newspaper man.'



FOOD STORE HOUSE—MAORI VILLAGE.