

making tracks for the nearest bush. Since then he has lived a most secluded life, seldom venturing into the centres of civilisation, for Pahi is a Maori of the Maoris and doesn't much banker after the flesh pots of the pukeha. From his long isolation in the recesses of Waitamarino and Taumarunui the Maoria facetiously dubbed his years ago the "ruru-soho-moti," the owl which abides in the forest depths.

Almost every Whanganui man of middle age here has seen service in the native contingents. There is Poma Haunui, who was Lieutenant in the Whanganui contingent; the grim looking, tattooed old Koroncho te Ika-a-Maui ("The Fish of Maui"), who fought for the mana of the Queen at Moutoa against the up-river barbarians; the little grey bearded Tohiora Pirato ("Pilate"), who appropriately enough hails from Jerusalem (up the Whanganui River), who campaigned through the bush after Te Kooti and Titokorua; Corporal Katera, who served for over ten years as a soldier of the Queen; and numerous others. This Katera is a comical sort of old warrior. He wears a New Zealand war medal proudly displayed on his coat, and tells me how he has fought through Taranaki, the Waitara plains, the Whanganui district, Opoitiki and the Taupo plateau against the rebel Hauhaus. In 1865 he was one of the men who took part in General Chute's memorable march through the bush at the battle of Mount Egmont up to New Plymouth ("Tainara Shoot," he calls him), and he has seen good service shoulder to shoulder with Imperial troops. Katera's last big fight was in 1869, at Te Porere at the foot of Mount Tongariro, where Te Kooti's pa (still to be seen there) was stormed and thirty or forty of the defenders killed. Two of Katera's comrades—Winiata and Pomapey, celebrated as plucky fighters—were shot dead while perched on the shoulders of their mates so that they could fire over the parapets of the redoubt. Katera himself is an amusingly juvenile looking warrior, with his hairless face, but he has a fighting record of which any soldier of the Empire might be proud. The Whanganui people are exceedingly proud of their loyal services in the war times, and they have brought up the late Major Keane's Highland clamour (presented by the Queen, and the handsome silk flag presented by the Government to his tribe, the Ngatiwhakaia) to commemorate their valiant fights on behalf of the Europeans on the historic island of Moutoa.

The Fighting Ngatiporou.

Crossing just across the main avenue in this Canvas Town kainga we find ourselves in the camp of another clan of hardy warriors, the Ngatiporou (the late Major Kopata's tribe), from the East Cape. Upwards of two score of the party of 250 men who are rehearsing their war dances and haka here (belonging to Ngatiporou, Hongowhakaata, Aitanga-a-Mahaki, and the Children of Apa the Great) have carried rifle and tomahawk during Te Kooti's wars. Three of Major Kopata's old officers are here—Ruka Aratapu, Wiremu Keiha, and Pine Tuhaka—who endured the perils and intense privations of the campaigns after Te Kooti through the wild fire-waters Country. Ruka, that harmless-looking white-bearded old fellow, was a daredevil in his way in the days of '69 and thereabouts. At the siege of Ngatapa, East Coast, he climbed a tree close by the pa, in spite of the flying bullets, and calmly plugged away with his carbine at the rebels inside the parapets. He was fighting in the mountains and gloomy forests of Tuhoe Land up to 1871. Another old campaigner here, a chief of high rank at Hieks' Bay, is Te Hahi Houkama, who with a force of youths and women bravely defended a pa up near the East Cape against a much stronger force of Te Kooti-ites from inland, and who in after years served in the Titokowaru campaign in Taranaki.

Every tribe here in fact has its battle-scarred veterans, some of them bearing the marks of wounds received either in the Queen's service or in fighting against her. It is curious, too, to reflect that thirty year or so ago these very men were deadly foes, ready to cut each other's hearts out, some of them furiously rabid Hauhaus who assisted in the bloody deeds of Keropapa, Te Kooti and Co. There are men here who have "drawn a bead" on each other over the earth-quake parapets of the Porere fort, when the winter snows clothed the near-by heights of Tongariro with a mantle

of white, and when Ngaurohoe belched forth its fires and ashes even while Kupapa and rebel were shooting each other under the shadow of the great mountains.

There are those sitting in their tents here who have fought each other with savage desperation on the Isle of Moutoa; there are others who have sent leaden pills at one another in the forests of Taranaki or the Urewera Country. Amongst others in this great "marae" are people whose war experiences give us the record of every campaign in New Zealand since it became a British colony. You tall broad-shouldered, white-bearded Ngapuhi, seventy-two years old he reckons as he tells us, fought in Heke's Northern War of 1845, as a then untattooed lad, and as one of the garrison of Ruapekapeka Pa joined in the shooting at the British red-coats, and the friendlies under the famous Tamati Waka Nene. Hori Ngatai, the tattooed patriarch of Whareora, on Tauranga Harbour, who is here at the head of his two hundred Ngaiteraugis, fought against the British at the disastrous Gate Pa in 1864, and with his tribespeople held the redoubt so bravely that the whites' losses were very heavy. His weapon, he tells me, was a "tupara" (double-barrelled gun). Old Ngatai, an excellent stamp of the hospitable Maori rangatira, prides himself on the fair and open manner in which the Gate Pa battle was conducted on the part of his clansmen. "It was a good fight, a very good fight indeed," says he to his interviewer; "we have nothing to be ashamed of in that fight; it was altogether 'tika' (correct), and no act of treachery was committed there by the Maoria." Indeed the Ngaiteraugis and their allies fought full squarely at the Gate Pa, for they killed no prisoners and they chivalrously cared for the wounded of the British and gave water to Colonel Booth as he lay dying in the bloodstained earthworks of the Pukehinakina redoubt.

You white-moustached old fellow with a head of ironine ruggedness, elaborately scroiled with the blue lines of the cunning tattooer's chisel, and who greets the pakeha with a cheerful salutation from his tent-door, is Hori Ngakapa te Whanaunga, the last surviving chief of rank in the Ngatiwhanaunga tribe, of Coromandel and the Miranda. Old Hori, who came up here with the Thames contingent, the descendants of Marutiuahu, has a remarkable history. He was one of the young braves of the Hauraki Gulf who invaded Auckland in their fleet of war canoes in 1851, to obtain "utu" for an affront to one of their chiefs, and who danced their fierce war-dance on the beach at Waitapa (Mechanics' Bay), but who presently backed down before the firmness of the Governor and the presence of the military and the ominous-looking guns of H.M.S. Fly, and sulkily paddled home again. In 1863 Hori took up his trusty "tupara" and his stout mere and went on the war-path to help his cousins, the Waitukoto, against the all-grasping pakeha. He ambushed a company of the 19th Regiment at Martin's Clearing, near Drury, and had a narrow escape from death in the lively bush skirmish which followed. Later on he was one of the garrison of the Rangiriri pa, but escaped capture by swimming. At Paterangi too Hori and his band of snipers from the shores of the Hauraki helped to garrison the Kingite redoubt; and then when Waitato was overrun by the white soldiers he went home and hung up his gun and club for good, afterwards doing good service to the Government in the opening up of the Thames goldfield.

There are dark-faced "old hands" here, who withstood General Cameron at Orakau, and starving and thirst-racked refused to surrender and broke through the troops in their despairing rush for liberty. Men, too, who followed the masterful Te Kooti on his ruthless raids, shooting and tomahawking both pakeha and Maori. But, whether foe or friend, they are at one now—and Hauhaus or Kipapas, they one and all agree that the Government's old age pension is a very excellent thing, for that same beneficent Government bears no grudge against its one-time enemies and heaps coals of fire on their heads by paying pensions to the heroes of Moutoa and the

defenders of Orakau and Porere and Ngatapa with admirable impartiality. Such, then, are some of the war-worn veterans of the fighting roving Polynesian stock that will parade before the Prince of the Blood on the Rotorua "marae."

The Welcome to the Duke.

A noteworthy feature of the reception tendered the Duke on Thursday afternoon and again on Saturday morning here was the numerous striking songs, war-chants, elegiac ballads and other poetical compositions of the tribes, some breathing the fierce spirit of Tu-mata-wenga, the Angry-faced God of War, others in a lighter vein which was sung by the various divisions of the Maori people. In their tangi songs or "apakuras" for the dead Queen they make touching reference to the will make touching reference to the passing away of Wikitoria, their great "Tapairu-Ariki," as they style her, to the dismal regions of death. I was present by invitation at a "full-dress" (that is to say very little dress) practice by the combined men of the East Cape and surrounding districts, chiefly Ngatiporou, in their large marquee in the encampment. The tent was crowded with half-naked dancers, armed with "towhatewhaa," and with their admiring friends. Ngatiporou were careful to admit no members of outside tribes who might be wandering round to pick up "points" in dance-songs from the East Cape tribes, who are acknowledged past masters at this sort of thing. For a couple of hours the rehearsing of songs and postures went on, and many a wild refrain was chorused to the accompaniment of resounding slaps, as one man, on the bare bodies of the "ope" of Ngatiporou. Here was to be seen the curious spectacle of an M.A. and L.L.B. of the New Zealand University, a polished gentleman, and a clever young lawyer, bounding up and down, stripped to his trousers, a flax girdle round his waist, spear in hand, leading his tribe in the wardance of their ancestors. For Mr Apirana Ngata, one of the finest members of the Maori race living, does not disdain the martial parades of his forefathers, and patriotically encourages his tribe in healthy emulation with other peoples, whether in these sports or in more serious matters. He and others of the more advanced men of Ngatiporou pride themselves on having eliminated a great deal of the more objectionable features of the dances and songs; they have in fact succeeded in Bowdlerising the haka.

The great war-song of the Ngatiporou, sung before the Duke by the company from the East Cape, as they danced their "peruperu" is in part an adaptation of a celebrated old fighting-chant beginning, "kia kutia," etc. The composer of the song is apparently a close student of European and South African contemporary history, and is as loyal as any John Bull, for the song runs thus:—

"Whiti, whiti E!
Ka paahi Ruhia, Ka Poharu Tamini;
Ka miere Tame Poo.
Ko to arero tena
E whatero i mua ra i o rangi.
Koroke whakakapowaitia kei te poharatanga pou pa.
Ka tohe au! Ka tohe au.
Ka tohe au kia Kurutia!
Hi taku karaka i whakaura i te wara.
E tu nei kati Kawana.
Kia kutia!
Au—au!
Kia wherahia.
Au—au!
E kia rere atu te kohuru
Ki tua o Awherika,
Titiro mai ai!
A—e! A—e! a—e."

"Russia is beaten,
Germany is confounded,
And Tommy Boer is comere!
Ah! your tongue lolled out in the day of your defiance.
But now your head is forced into the mud.
I strive, I strive,
I contend against Kruger;
He is my karaka berry boiled red, ready for eating.
In the eighth month of the year;
It is closed! au—au!
It is open! au—au!
Let the treacherous one flee away To the farthest depths of Africa,
And turn as he flies
And fearfully gaze at me!"

The original of the latter part of this song, beginning "Kia Kutia," etc., has many historical allusions connected with the war days. It was a famous war song of old, and some of these same Ngatiporou who will yell it forth for the Duke chanted it when they captured the murderer (kohuru) Keropapa inland from Whakatane in 1871. "Kruger" and "Africa" are up-to-date topical allusions introduced by these tribespeople, who themselves were anxious not long ago to volunteer for service in the Boer war.

The song which was the most effective of any in Ngatiporou's repertoire, however, was the famous old war-chant called "Ruauumoko," which it is said by the tribe was composed and danced some sixty-six years ago, in the man-eating days, by the Ngatiporou at the time of their great battle with the Whanau a-Apanui at Toka-a-Kuku, on the East Coast. It abounds in ancient allusions, symbolic and legendary, the meaning of which cannot be well explained even by members of the tribe. It begins with the words:

"Ko Ruauumoko e ngunguru nei!
Au—ou—ha!"

—an allusion to the earthquake god of Maori mythology, Ruauumoko, whose home is deep in the lower earth, and whose turnings and angry growings were what we call earthquakes. The translatable portion of the historic chant is as follows:—

(The Leader):
"Tis Ruauumoko, Earthquake-god,
Whose rumblings now are heard,
Au—au—ha!
A ha-ha!
Tis the weapon of the dread Tunga-
werewere,
A ha-ha!
(The ranks rise and yell):
"Tis the sacred weapon of Tutaua,
Dashed against the demon Rangitio-
peka,
Smashing the head!
Yonder on the lofty range of Hikurangi
Stands the sacred carved rock.
Tis a man! No, a god!
A man—Ho, a god!
(The Leader):
"A god, a god!
(All):
A ha-ha!
Gnash your teeth like a dog!
Au—au—au eha!
(The leader):
Spread out your wings like a Kawanu
(shag!)
(All):
Ha!
(The Leader):
At the side-slabs of the house.
(All):
I stand gnashing, grinding my teeth,
grinning like the carved figures of the
sacred house."

The third principal song (also a "taparangi") of the Ngatiporou people, makes some rather quaint allusions to New Zealand politics and the native land legislation. It is intended as a welcome to the Duke of York.

(The Leader.)
"The Tai-Rawhiti murmurs,
The tide of the Eastern Sea,
Au—au—au-eha!
The tide of the Rising Sun
Is rumbling on the shore.
Au—au—au-eha!
Ah, it is the Duke,
Great Stranger from
Beyond the sky.
Ask ye, and let it be answered
Who is the pillar (of the house)?
(All.)
The Governor is the prop, the Govern-
nor is the prop!
(The Leader.)
We sink, we fall, we die!
The Government will eat up all the
money
Of my dwelling-place,
The solid land drawn up by Maui.
(All.)
The first of our troubles
Was in the Land Court,
The second was the survey;
Then Te Whiti pulled uselessly
Against the Government.
Waikato locked up their lands,
The land-buyers squeezed us
And narrowed our boundaries.
Alas! Alas!
(The leader.)
A ha ha!
(All.)
What is the Government doing?"