

and the *tapu* and superior knowledge of our priests. Yes, it was the thunder sent by Maru. Their ancient war god had deserted them. So lost they the strength of battle. Feebly they fought, without courage and without energy, and we of the fighting North, we had then but to assault the fort, and take it with but little loss. Then would be heard the groans of dying men as they fell beneath the club and stone axe. The slain were cooked and eaten by us, and those spared we made prisoners of. They were useful in carrying the flesh of their slaughtered friends as food for our party on the journey southward.

We would camp at each fort that fell to us, for a space, that is until we had eaten all the bodies of our slain enemies, or until those bodies became offensive. Then we would march further south—ever south. So we desolated the land, slaying the people thereof, burning villages, taking and destroying food, even that no man might live in our rear.

The tribes of Ngati-Awa, of Taranaki, and of Ngati-Ruanui went down before us; the people of the Setting Sun fled from our path, the children of Turi and of Ira arose and disappeared like the white mist that at early morn rises from the forest ranges.

So came we to Otaki and Pae-Kakariki, there we saw the place where the monster whales of the Great Ocean of Kiwa drift ashore. Their bones lay on the beach and we took many thereof, wherewith to fashion the weapons of the Maori. Then we found a stranded whale, and ate it. At Porirua we saw the *Kotuku* (white crane—note 2), and we fought the people of that place and slew some. There was no *pa* there; we killed the people in their cultivations (note 3).

You must know that the name of this island is Te Ika a Maui (the Fish of Maui). Wellington Harbour is the right eye of that fish, and the Wairarapa Lake is the left eye. The rocks known as the Tangihanga-a-Kupe are just north of the harbour (at Te Kawakawa, near Cape Palliser). They stand in a row, like mourners at a *tangi*. Those

rocks were formerly people, men and women, who mourned there in times long passed away, and were there turned into stone.

When we were at Te Kawakawa we saw a ship sailing on the sea. We made fires on the hilltops to attract the people of that ship, but they took no notice of our invitation. Had they landed we would not have injured them, and should they have asked what we were doing there we would have said, "We are killing people."

When we arrived at Te Whanga-nui-a-Tara some of us camped at Pipitea, and another division, mostly young men, at Te Aro. Now we found food very scarce at that place, so much so that we were compelled to kill our prisoners for food. Fortunately we had many prisoners taken on our march down the coast. We agreed that each chief should kill so many of his slaves for this purpose. I killed fifteen of mine. We stayed at the harbour of Tara until nearly all our slaves were used in this manner.

So we thought it wise to send out an expedition to search for food. The party consisted of the young warriors of the camp at Te Aro. They went by the coast, towards Te Ra-whiti and Te Ika-a-Maru (an old fort near Mr. James McManaman's homestead). They attacked a party of the people of the land and slew them. But our enemies assembled and made a night attack on our party, killing many of them. They were young men those of the Te Aro camp, and, like young men, would not be cautious to guard against surprises, and so wandered over the land like children.

Then one of our chiefs assembled his warriors and marched towards the Western Sea to attack those who had slain our young men. And with our chief went his daughter, who was a *puki*, that is, she was promised in marriage to a man of Hokianga. But that chief and his daughter and the whole party were destroyed by the men of the land. Then were our hearts dark within us, and we rose to avenge the death of our people."

It will be as well to explain here that at the time of the raid of the abovementioned