

before the flesh thereof was rendered firm and hard by heat and smoke, some of our people took away several of the palm leaves which formed a rude shelter for our priest, and in which to preserve our chief's head. These leaves they used for bedding. It was then that we knew death. For the gods afflicted us sorely for that deed. The sickness sent by the gods attacked us. Day by day men sickened and died, until two hundred had passed through the gates of death. That is how we stayed so long on the eastern side of the entrance to the great harbour of Tara. Many of our chiefs there perished of that sickness. We preserved their heads, the bodies we burned, lest their bones should fall into the hands of our enemies. But those of the party of Tuwhare who died, their whole bodies were burned, for no person of that party possessed sufficient sacred power (*mana*) to perform the act of taking off the heads.

When we were recovered from that dread sickness, it was then that we were attacked by those people. We defeated them, and they fled across the river, where we pursued them. That river is beyond the islands of Matiu (Soames) and Makaro (Ward). We found our enemies in a *pa* and we attacked them, and defeated them. For two weeks we remained at that place devouring the bodies of our slain foes. When we had finished them we went on up the river, where we took another fort, and slew and ate the people thereof.

Again we travelled on until we came to a *pa*, which our prisoners told us was the largest fort of the district. We arrived at it by keeping moving up the river. We found the *pa* abandoned by the people. Two hundred of us, once told, camped there, and one hundred went on up the river. In one week from the time the one hundred left us they were attacked by some of the people of the big fort. They fought in the river, and our hundred were defeated, but a handful escaped. Our main body rose and marched swiftly to the battlefield. We lifted the trail of those who had slain our hundred. We paddled all day in our canoes, and as night

fell, we came to a large fort, and we saw that it contained many men. Te Rau-paraha proposed that we should not attack the fort, but paddle on up the river that our foe might pursue us. So we paddled on, and the men of the *pa* followed us, running along the banks of the river, and keeping pace with us in our canoes. Soon we arrived at a branch river, which blocked the people on shore, for the bottom of the stream was soft and boggy. We would have killed them had they attempted to cross it, while they were struggling in the soft mud. We landed on the other side of that branch stream, and ever as those people followed us did they jeer at us on account of our small numbers, and style us foolhardy to raid a numerous people as they were—and we so few. But the guns had not yet spoken!

They cried out that they would assuredly eat us all, and that we, being so few, would not satisfy them. And the guns were still silent!

Our priests told us not to answer the jeers and insulting words of those people, so we stayed on the bank of that branch stream, and our foes remained on the other side thereof. And we looked at them and they looked at us. And the voices of our guns were not heard!

They continually jeered us, those people across the stream. But we remained silent. And our prisoners remained silent as they sat in the canoes. And still the guns were silent!

We remained on shore, and our slaves prepared food for us. The warriors rose, and, stripped to the war girdle, marched down to the bank of the river, where we stood in file while the priest performed the rites of the war god. When the *tohi* ceremony was over and the invocations repeated, we returned to our canoes, which we had taken from our foes, having found them concealed along the banks of the river. By this time many more of the people of the land had arrived, and all stood on the river bank looking at us. And the guns of Ngapuhi were dumb towards them.

As we approached them in our canoes