

that three hundred and five tens were slain by us, not one escaped, and the land was covered with the dead. Then black fear stuck at the hearts of those people, and behold, they became as a nameless people and were not known of the land !

We took the *pa*. The people thereof started up but to be slain, and some were enslaved by us.

It was in this fight that Hongi Hika first swallowed the eyes of man. For one of these people had killed a relative of Hongi, one Keke-ao by name, and here we slew the slayer, and Hongi plucked out and swallowed his eyes (to square the account). You must know that Hongi was a young man at this time. This raid south occurred some time before he went to England.

During this expedition all the surprises, treacherous attacks and deceitful acts were taught us by Te Rau-paraha. The chief

Keke-ao was killed during this raid. Other chiefs who were of our party were Patu-one, Wharepapa, Te Rangi-hacata and Tawhai, and the rest of the chiefs of old who have passed away. And of these Te Keke-ao and Moetara were slain in the southlands.

We were a whole year absent on that expedition, and as we marched we plundered the different places of food and canoes, and we burned everything that fire would burn. One thousand, once told, were we who invaded the lands which border upon the Sacred Sea, and six hundred of us returned to the north. But we brought back the heads of our chiefs, even of those who died of sickness and in war, back to our homes.

And the slaves whom we brought back with us were slain by our people at home in revenge for our warriors who fell in the southlands, and for food. For human flesh was sweet to us in those days."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



A vision fair  
Gleams through the crowd—  
Light silken hair,  
Lips curling proud.  
Thus, Helen, did of old thy perfect face  
Embroider whole nations, in like evil case  
Were this beholder, but its beauteous grace  
Was cold to me, was cold to me.

In statue white  
Of classic art,  
No rose-flush bright  
Flows from the heart.  
Yet not as statue's staring blanks of stone—  
Like clearest pool in glacier river shewn  
By gleams of sun, surely those eyes must own  
Some stir for one, some thrill for one.

But no, a star  
With icy sheen,  
Remote, afar  
Is only seen,  
And touches only dreamily our thought,  
Less lovely joys with fancies hotly wrought  
Are better than a form, which love-untaught  
Is cold to all, is cold to all.

EDMUND B. R. PRIDEAUX.