

SECTION XII.

THE ETHNOLOGICAL SECTION.

MAORIS AND SOUTH-SEA-ISLANDERS.—A POLYNESIAN REUNION.

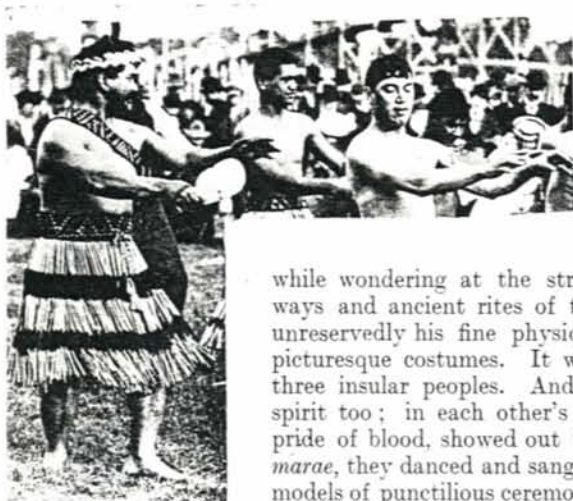


WHILE primarily illustrating the material progress of New Zealand since it was first redeemed from barbarism by the white man, the Exhibition scheme also made provision for a section without which no exposition of human endeavour, arts, and education is complete—the ethnological side. An attempt was made to emulate what America did so well at the St. Louis Exposition in 1904, to organize a gathering of aboriginal peoples living in the country and those having racial affinities with them and who lived under the same flag; to show them, moreover, in surroundings approximating to their olden conditions of life, and to revive something of their ancient social customs, their handicrafts, and their amusements. It was recognised that not only would this from a mere business point of view prove a desirable adjunct to the Exhibition and provide a source of novel entertainment to visitors, but it would also have its scientific aspect, and its value for those whose interest lies in the observation and recording of linguistics, primitive cus-

toms, and folk-lore. It was a seasonable reminder that "the proper study of mankind is man."

This sectional division of the Exposition consisted in a congress of the great Native races of the South Pacific, the Maoris of New Zealand, their kinsmen the Polynesian-Islanders who inhabit the Cook Group and a thousand other islands and atolls in the great South Seas, and the people of Fiji, who form the connecting link between the brown-skinned, straight-haired Polynesians in the East and the woolly-headed negroid Melanesians in the Western Pacific. Physically and mentally, no finer savage race existed than the Maoris who peopled this country when the white man found it; and from the wonderful times of the Spanish navigators, Mendana and Fernando Quiros, down to the day Robert Louis Stevenson made his first landfall in his little white schooner in the charmed palm-lands of the Pacific, explorers and writers beyond number have been captivated by the handsome brown-skinned, dark-eyed, song-loving men and women of the Polynesian Islands. The Fijians, too, have fame and many chroniclers; they were once the most ferocious type of the anthropophagi in the Pacific; to-day they are a dwindling race despite their olden warlike virility, and the imported Hindoo coolie is usurping their place in their beautiful mountain-islands.

It was a unique congress of the dark-skinned tribes. From the Maori's Hawaiki of tradition, the South Sea Fatherland, his long-severed "elder brothers," as he calls them, were brought to greet him face to face; they chanted their poetic *mihī* of greeting to each other, and they fraternised as long-lost but reunited members of the same great family.



The Maori had less in common with the Fijian than with the Rarotongan; few Maoris had ever seen a Fiji-Islander before, but many a Cook-Islander had visited Auckland and other northern parts of the colony in days past, and there was a knowledge of kinship born of a common lineage and a common root-tongue. But,

while wondering at the strange appearance and singular folkways and ancient rites of the Fijians, the Maori also admired unreservedly his fine physique, his agility, and his remarkably picturesque costumes. It was a mind-broadener indeed for all three insular peoples. And it aroused all their high national spirit too; in each other's presence their racial dignity, their pride of blood, showed out to the full. Gathered on a common *marae*, they danced and sang their best, and their speeches were models of punctilious ceremony and grave courtesy. There were some difficulties in the way of carrying on direct conversations,

for the Maoris and Fijians in their mutual speech-making required two white interpreters; and even the Maoris and Rarotongans, closely allied as their languages are, required the assistance of interpreters in the delivery of formal addresses, though they soon mastered dialectical differences sufficiently to be able to roughly compare notes as to ancestral traditions. For the dignified Fijian leaders the Maoris had a curious respect; they looked on them as *rangatiras* from one of the remote Hawaiikis of the ocean-roving Polynesian; the place-name of Viti, or Whiti, or Hiti, which in some cases refers to Tahiti, but in others most probably to Fiji, occurs in many a Maori and Rarotongan song. Then there was the little band of men and women from isolated Niue, or Savage Island (so called by Captain Cook because of the fierce and threatening demeanour of its wild inhabitants), an islet of upheaved coral far out in the great blue spaces of the Pacific, delegates from an interesting and now civilised people who number more than the population of any other island in the roll of New Zealand's South Sea possessions, and who form a racial connecting-link between the Cook-Islanders and Tahitians on the one hand and the Tongans on the other. They were from the three "Hawaiikis" under the British flag in the Pacific, these Cook Islands and Niue and Fiji men; and the magnitude and the marvels of the Exhibition impressed them beyond words with the strength and godlike knowledge of the white race.

Spectacularly, the Maori element was the one of predominating interest not only because of the superior numbers of this race, but also because of the highly picturesque stockaded village in which its members had their temporary homes.

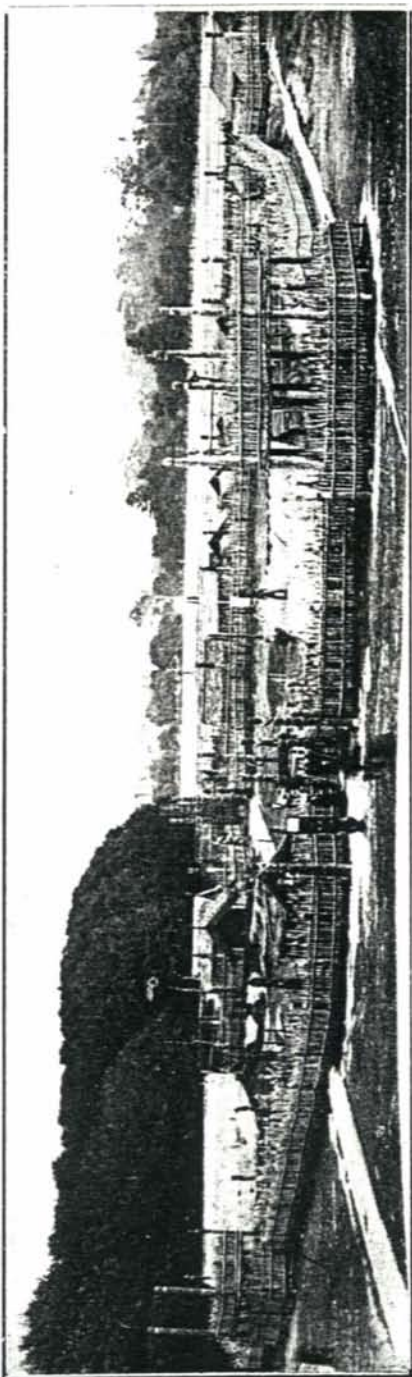
Numerous tribes of Maoris sent their delegates to the Exhibition; in all, some five hundred Natives spent periods of varying duration in the camp. The visiting South-Sea-Islanders totalled over eighty, of whom fifty-two were Fijians. These Fijian Natives included a party of the fire-walkers from the island of Benga, celebrated from very remote times for the singular proficiency of one of its tribes in the ancient semi-religious rite of the *vilavila-i-revo*, or, as it is called in the Polynesian Islands to the eastward, *umu-ti*. A description of these interesting Natives and their strange ceremony of the "hot-stone walk"—now for the first time performed out of their own little island—is given in succeeding pages. The Natives from the South Pacific islands under New Zealand jurisdiction—the Cook Group and Niue—numbered about thirty; their visits had been arranged by the Government Commissioners in those islands.

who also arranged for excellent displays of Native antiquities, utensils, and articles of manufacture shown in a special court. "The Cook Islands," in the Exhibition Building. The far-northern coral islands under the Dominion's rule, the atolls or "ring-islands" Manihiki, Penrhyn, and Rakahanga — celebrated for their pearl-fisheries — were not able to send representatives, but beautiful specimens of their canoes and other examples of their arts and productions were shown in the court.

THE MAORI PA.

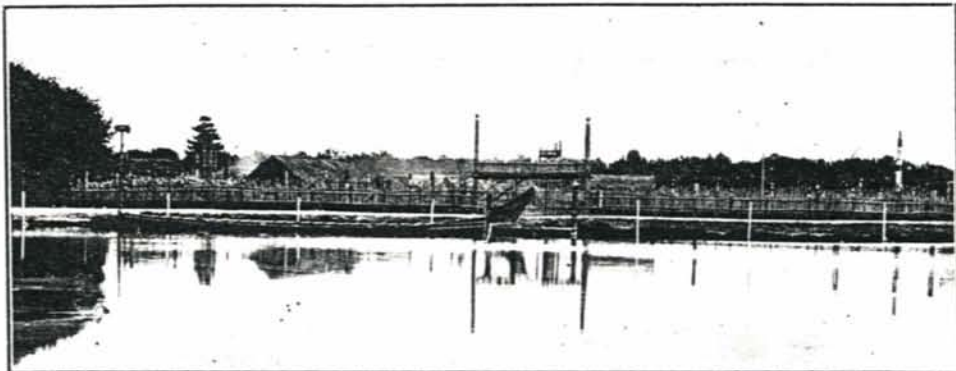
A STOCKADED VILLAGE OF THE OLDEN TIME. — SCENES OF ANCIENT MAORIDOM REVIVED.

Bristling with palisades, with strange carved figures perched like sentries on its walls, with watch-towers and all the other appurtenances of a fortified hold, and presenting within its gates bright and pretty scenes of semi-primitive Maori life, the "Arai-te-uru" Pa in the Exhibition grounds attracted a great amount of attention during the currency of the Exhibition. It was a happy idea that gave birth to this reproduction on a scale of some magnitude of a complete Maori village, such as those which existed in this land when Captain Cook first sailed past our unknown shores. Very many New-Zealanders even have but a vague idea of the Maori as he was, and to those, as well as to visitors from oversea, the replica of an old New Zealand village was distinctly educative, and served to emphasize the fact that the brave race whom the white man has supplanted were no mere forest-roving savages, but had attained a high degree of skill in many handicrafts, and in decorative art certainly had evolved some most beautiful designs which even the cultured pakeha cannot but regard with admiration. Hardly a detail of life, of buildings, of ornamentation in the Maori pa and kainga of the past had been overlooked by the designers of the present pa, and the result was distinctly creditable to Mr. H. W. Bishop and his Maori committee, to Mr A. Hamilton (the author of the monograph "Maori Art," and Director of the Colonial Museum in Wellington), who was entrusted by the Govern-



THE MAORI PA IN THE EXHIBITION GROUNDS.

ment with the construction of the pa, and to Mr. Gregor McGregor (second in command, a gentleman well acquainted with the Maoris and their language and customs), and his company of Maori carvers and pa-builders. The name "Arai-te-uru," bestowed upon the pa by the Hon. J. Carroll, Native Minister, appropriately memorised



THE MAORI STOCKADED VILLAGE, FROM THE VICTORIA LAKE.

a famous Polynesian sailing-canoe, in which some of the ancestors of the southern Maori tribes arrived on these shores from the tropic isles of Hawaiki. The Arai-te-uru canoe, according to tradition, was wrecked near Moeraki, on the North Otago coast—where she may still be seen, with the eye of faith, in the form of a submerged canoe, turned to stone, close by Matakaea Point. Another name, however, which might very fittingly have been given to the model pa was "Maahunui," that of the canoe in which the immortal Maui—the discoverer or "fisher-up" of the North Island—voyaged to these shores from the South Seas: a name revered by the present-day Ngaitahu chiefs, who can trace their genealogies back to Maui through a thousand years of time. Yet another name which suggested itself as an exceedingly appropriate one is "Otakaro," the original Native name of the Lower Avon and the site of the City of Christchurch. Otakaro—the "Place of Takaro"—was named so after an old-time Ngaitahu chief (as was Otautahi, the old Maori ford near where the Victoria Bridge crosses the Avon): but it also by a noteworthy coincidence means, literally interpreted, "The Place of Games," or "The Home of Amusement." This suggests itself as a distinct improvement on the by no means euphonious "Hagley Park." Why not "Otakaro Park"?



The Maori pa with its circumvallation of palisading and trenching covered an area of about 3 acres, stretching back from the western end of the Victoria Lakelet, in the left rear of the Exhibition Buildings, to the burgeoning oak-groves. The visitor approaching from the main Exhibition Building saw before him, stretching up along a very gentle rise from the glancing waters of the lakelet, a double war-fence, enclosing a roughly rectangular space of ground, and topped every few yards by knobby-headed



posts and huge carved effigies grinning defiance at him with their great saucer eyes and lolling tongues. At the angles of the fence and projecting over them were tower-like structures, guarding the approaches; within the fence here and there were tall posts on which singular little storehouses like dovescots were perched; an upended canoe, brightly painted and carved, its lower part sunk in the ground, stood high above the stockade. Within there were glimpses of reed-thatched houses and red-painted carvings and wooden effigies, some grasping weapons of the Maori, all with their shell-made eyes glaring fiercely outwards over the walls—a “gorgon-eyed and grinning demonry.” Smoke curled up in the inner pa from the women’s cooking-ovens—the stone-heated *hangi*. The sound of song and dance was in the air, the chatter of a little Maori community, the lilt of the *poi*-girls at their rehearsals, the men at their *hakas*; a scene instinct with challenge to the imagination of the stranger. And, passing the scornful visage of the carven Janus who kept guard over the bridged trench and the gateway of the pa, one was introduced to a little Maori town, a scene full of semi-barbaric life and colour, all of the olden time. The pa consisted of two sections or divisions—the outer and the inner pa—defended by successive lines of entrenchment. The outer or lower division fronted the lake, where the



canoes lay at their moorings. Here, too, was one of the grounds for the performance of the poetic *poi* and the martial *haka* and *peruperu*—the leaping parades. The ground rose slightly as the inner village was approached, and formed a natural grassy stage for the dancing-parties.

Unfortunately the configuration of the ground did not lend itself well to the laying-out of the best and most striking type of the Maori pa—the hill-fort. With the ground almost level, it was, of course, impossible to construct a bold scarped and terraced fort, of which such splendid examples are to be seen by the thousand in the North Island—the ancient *pa-maioro* of the Maori. The engineers and architects of the pa were therefore forced, as an ancient Maori pa-builder would have been under similar circumstances, to adapt the pattern of village to the lay of the country. Accordingly it was modelled much on the lines of a waterside pa, such as—to instance a celebrated prototype—the great pa Waitahanui, once occupied by Te Heuheu and his tribe, on the shores of Lake Taupo, which was sketched by Angas in 1844. With the ground and the material at their disposal, Mr. Hamilton and Mr. McGregor did their best to reproduce the old Maori pa, a combination of fishing-village, waterside stockade, and trenched residential town, with its living-houses of various types, its carved and decorated houses for ceremonial purposes, its storehouses and platforms for food, its canoe fleet, and all the furniture of the true Maori kainga.

The defences of the outer village consisted of a strong double fence and a ditch. The outer, technically known as the *pekerangi*, was the *chevaux-de-frise* of the pa, a line of sharp stakes—sharp at both ends, with stout posts at intervals of every three or four yards. The posts were sunk in the ground, but the stakes, connected and held in position by cross-rails, only reached to within a foot or so of the earth. Their pointed tops were some 7 ft. from the ground. The *wawa* or *tuwatawata* was the second and stouter stockade. This was about 8 ft. high, and all its timbers were sunk in the ground. There were interstices in the fence for the defending spearmen. In ancient days the defenders of a village, standing in the trench, thrust their long sharp wooden spears (*tao*) through the interstices and through or underneath the outer hanging fence at the attacking warriors. When the Maoris obtained firearms and constructed their pas to

suit the altered conditions of warfare, they retained this feature of their olden forts ; standing or crouching in the trench they thrust the muzzles of their guns through the spaces in the main fence and fired beneath the *pekerangi*, being thus able to sweep the *glacis* of the pa with their fire in perfect safety to themselves. The trench was about 4 ft. deep and 3 ft. wide. Every few yards there was a larger post than the saplings and rickers that chiefly composed the main fence ; these posts were the *tumu* or *kahia* ; their tops, 8 ft. or 9 ft. above the ground, were roughly notched and rounded, in imita-



MR. H. W. BISHOP, S.M., OF CHRISTCHURCH. CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE IN CHARGE OF THE MAORI SECTION.

tion of human heads impaled on the spiked palisade—a gentle custom alike of the Maori and our own Anglo-Saxon-Celtic forefathers. Every 12 ft. or so around the stockade the *wawa* was adorned with sculptured wooden figures, mounting guard round the fortress-walls like a company of savage *toas*. These figures were elaborately carved and often tattooed—in fact, the profuse and splendid carving was the great feature of the pa. All varieties of effigies were there ; some lolling their huge heads on one side, with

an exaggerated expression of pain that was most laughable, as if they were regretting overindulgence in some feast of "long-pig"; others rigid and upright, glaring balefully outwards, their faces scroled with lines of *moko*, their lower parts blue-chased with the *rape* and *tiki-hope* patterns of tattoo; their hands gripping tongue-pointed *taiaha* or battle-axe-like *tewhatewha*.



MR. A. HAMILTON (DIRECTOR OF THE DOMINION MUSEUM),
IN CHARGE OF THE MAORI PA.

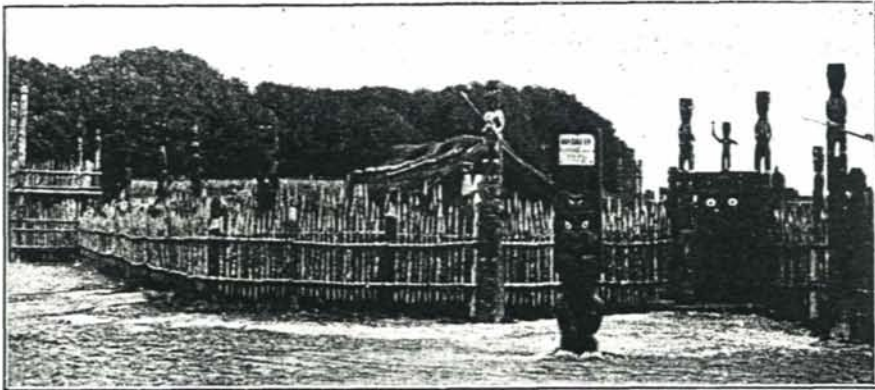
Criticizing the construction of the pa from a technical viewpoint, its chief defects, as compared with fortified towns of olden days, were that the stockade timbers were not massive enough or high enough, and were not close-enough together. The palisading consisted almost entirely of tawai, or beech timber, obtained from the Oxford bush, and in this respect the pa-builders worked at a disadvantage. Properly, the main palisades should have been of totara or tawa timber, of much larger size than the

rickers which had to be used in the "Arai-te-uru" defences. In the protected villages of ancient Maoridom and in the forest-stockades built for defence against the white troops by the Maoris (the Ngapuhi and the Taranaki Tribes in particular) in the wars from 1845 up to 1869, the palisades were of great strength. Good-sized totara or tawa trees, the bigger ones split in two or three, would wherever possible be used for the stockade; also, the war-fences often stood more than twice the height of a tall man above the ground. So that visitors to "Arai-te-uru," by imagining a huge stockade double the height of the outer fence, would have been able to form a good idea of the towering palisade-lines which the Maori communes of other days erected with such enormous toil and incredible energy around their hill-top or water-side hamlets.

In some respects there was a certain unavoidable suggestion of modernity, but, taken all in all, the pa was a faithful attempt at the revival of villages of other days. The main entrance was a fine bit of carving and primitive fort-building work. It was constructed by Hori Pukehika and his Wanganui men, after ancient patterns of *kuwaha* or "mouths" of stockaded villages. It was flanked and surmounted by large figures in human presentment, and by solid carved posts. The ditch was crossed by a drawbridge—a solid grooved and carved slab which worked on a pivot:



MR. G. MCGREGOR, OF WANGANUI, MR. HAMILTON'S SECOND IN COMMAND IN THE MAORI PA.

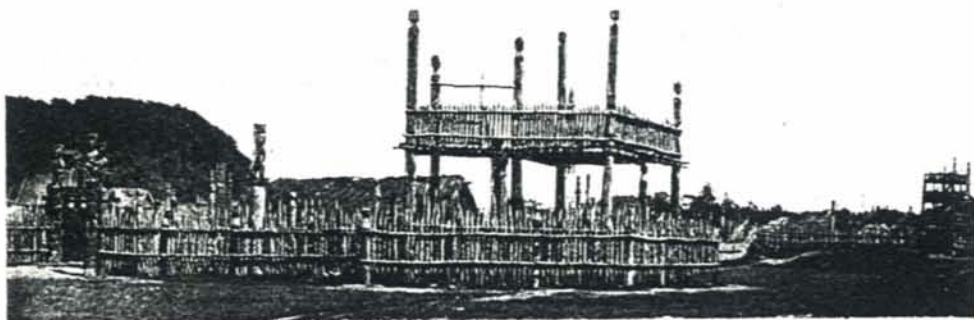


AT THE MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE PA.

when drawn up it formed the gate; when lowered by its ropes across the ditch it was the road of entrance. Entering the lower village-green, the visitor noticed on his right the wide angle-tower—*puhara* or *taumaihi*—with its breastwork and flooring of saplings, like a balcony, commanding the north-east corner of the pa and projecting outwards over the stockade. This *puhara* was probably somewhat wider in proportion than those erected on old-time pas, but in its general mode of construction and in its means of access—an inclined massive pine log (*rimu*), with deeply notched steps—it followed the customary lines. On these lookout places the sentries of old were posted, and spears were cast, and the enemy annoyed in a variety of other ways such as the heart of the Maori devised. This tower was about 20 ft. above the ground. Above the canoe-gate, on the lake side of the pa, there was another protective work of a similar character. The north-west angle of the pa, on the higher ground at the other end of the village, was surmounted by a *puhara* of different and more striking character. It was a taller and narrower structure, with three stories or successive platforms, and rose about 30 ft. above the ground. This watch-tower, built of rough timbers with head-notched posts, and of tawai saplings and rickers, was constructed much on the lines of a *puhara* sketched by the late Charles Heaphy when at the Chatham Islands over sixty years ago, constructed by the Ngatimutunga Tribe (a section of the Ngatiawa of Taranaki), who literally "ate out" the peaceful Moriori, the aborigines of the Chathams. Here, on the topmost stage of the ancient Maori watchtower, hung the war-gong, the *pahu*—carved in inverted-canoe shape out of a block of matai wood. In the model pa, too, as in other days, the loud cry of the *whakaaraara-pa*—the "fort-awakening" call—was on occasions raised, when mimic fights engaged the Maori occupants.



A MAORI
MEMORIAL IN
THE PA.*

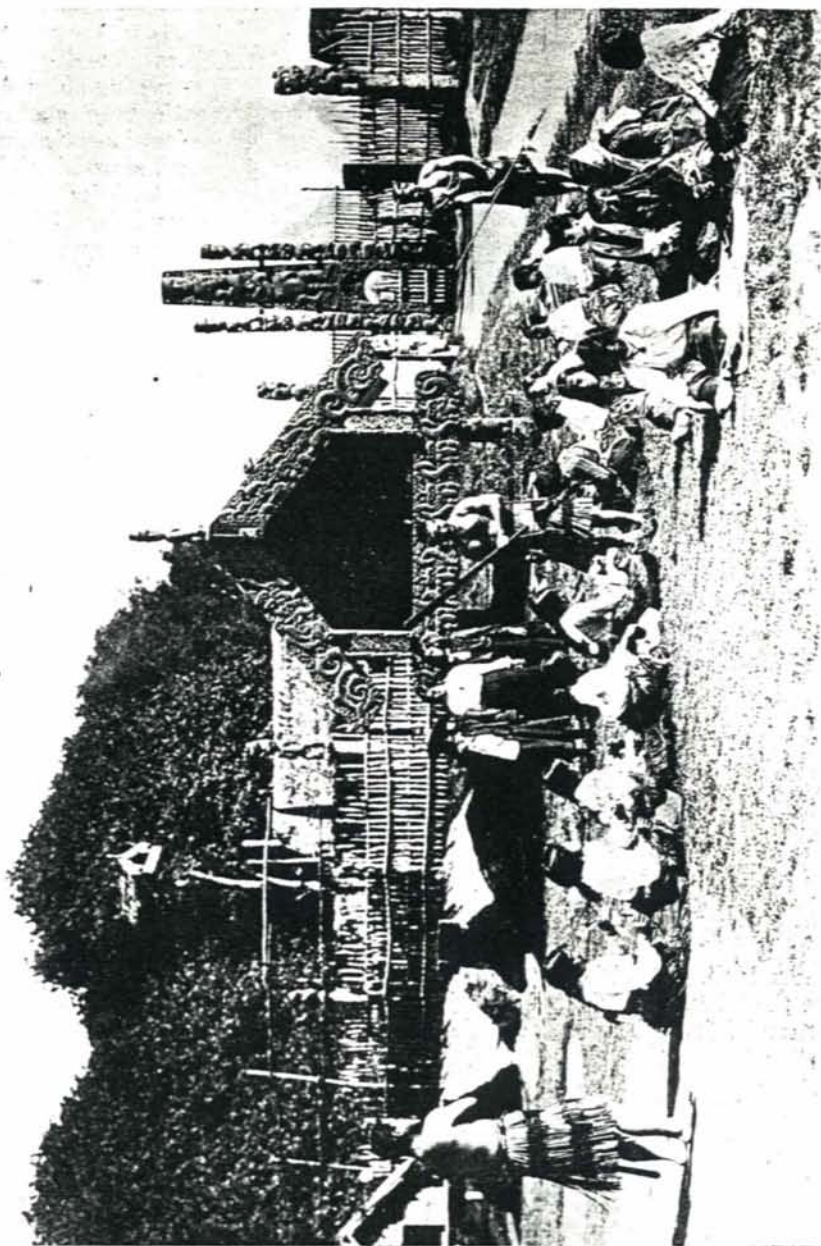


THE PUHARA, OR ANGLE TOWER

THE ART OF THE WOOD-CARVERS.

Facing the village-green in the lower pa stood a good example of the Maori *whare-whakairo* or carved house. This building was the largest structure in the little lakeside village, which its Arawa inhabitants christened "Ohinemutu," after their home amongst the spurting geysers and warm simmering *wai-ariki* in their far-off Rotorua homeland.

* A canoe was often set up on end and decorated as this one is in memory of a dead chief.



A GROUP ON THE CENTRAL MAHAE.



Most of its carved timbers and slabs came from the Rotorua district. Two great side-slabs (*pou*) in the porch, carved in unusually high relief, and measuring about 8 ft. by 3 ft., with huge staring eyes and colossal mouths, formerly stood on a sacred burial-ground at Ruato, Lake Rotoiti; they were carved by Neke Kapua, the chief carver in Arai-te-uru Pa. The house itself measured 40 ft. in length by 20 ft. in width;

its finest features were its deep and decorated porch and its richly carved side-slabs. The figure at the foot of the *pou-toko-manawa*, or central house-pillar—before which burns the house-fire—was the presentment of a deified ancestor. It was obtained in the



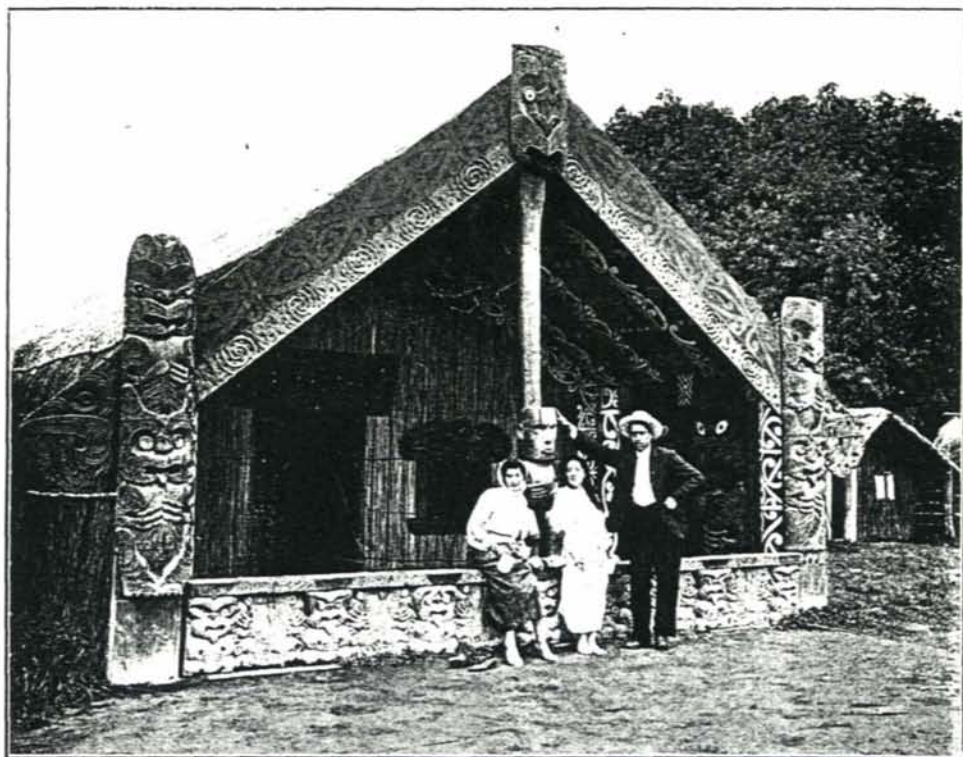
AN ARAWA WAR PARTY.

Taranaki district. The principal carved pieces in a decorated Maori whare such as this are the *tekoteko* (the figure-head which adorns the front of the house above the porch), the *maihi* (front barge-boards), the *pare* (richly carved ornament above the doorway).



the *waewae* ("legs" on each side of the door), and the *pou-toko-manawa*. Besides these slabs and posts the whole of this house-interior was walled with alternate carved figures and neatly worked lattice-patterns in laced laths and reeds. The massive ridge-pole (*tauhu*) was gaily painted in arabesque patterns, and the rafters were similarly decorated; the colour-effect was bright and eye-pleasing. The figure at the foot of the house-pillar was beautifully carved in relief, with carefully tattooed features.

The Maori artist went to natural objects for most of his intricate patterns. The graceful volutes and double spirals termed *pitau*, like elaborated rope-coils, which ordinarily ornament the ends of barge-boards, the prows of war-canoes, and the doorway-*pares*, have their origin, some Natives say, in the tender, just-unfolding bud-fronds



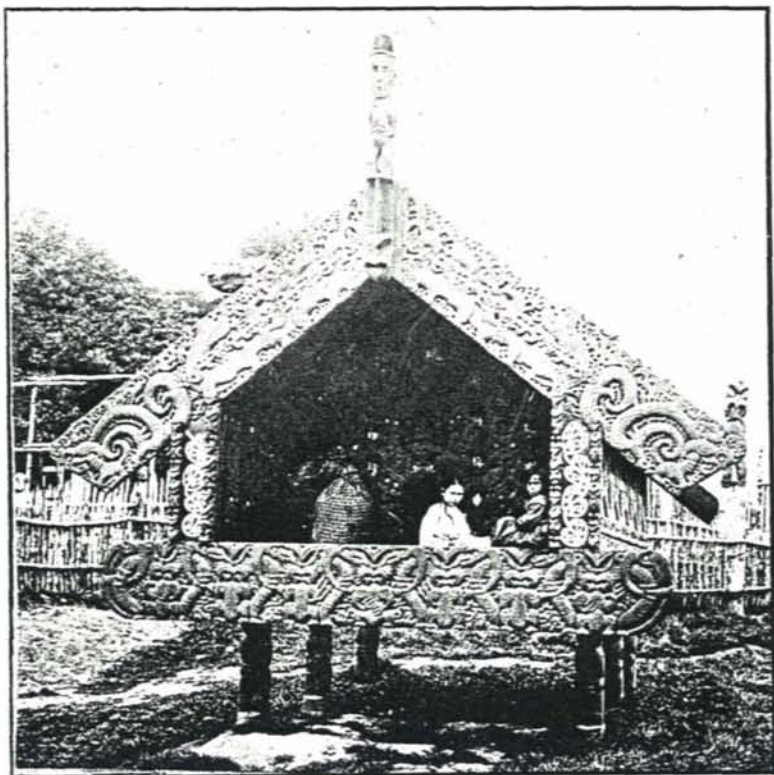
THE LARGE CARVED HOUSE IN THE OUTER PA.

(*pitau*) of the arborescent fern (*korau*); others see in them a copy of the daintily curled clouds which we call cirrus. The curious flutings and wave-like markings on many New Zealand cliffs—for instance the great white nature-carved cliffs at Kaokaoroa, Bay of Plenty—are pointed to by some of the Arawa Maoris as the source and inspiration of the *pitau* and other carving patterns. And an Arawa carver in the camp upturns his hand and says, "Look at the lines on my thumb, observe their curves and circles—from them my ancestors perchance took their scrolled carvings. Yet again, behold the web of the spider (*whare-pungawerevere*), how it resembles the *pitau*." The *pitau*, however, may be a mystic symbol of origin far remote and significance long forgotten. We

have, perhaps, to go to Egypt, to India, to the birthplace of the nations, for the source of some of these remarkable concepts of the Native race. In far-severed countries there are suggestions of these same designs and decorative emblems, notably the snake-rings of the *pitau*.

On Aztec ruins grey and lone
The circling serpent coils in stone.
Type of the endless and unknown.

The Indians of Alaska carve their totem-poles in striking likeness to the Maoris' tall *tiki*-posts. The wide gaze into space of some of the Maori carved figures on the pa-



THE CARVED PATAKA, OR VILLAGE STOREHOUSE.

stockade was quite Egyptian and Sphinx-like in its fixed impassiveness. Even in tattooing we find the chins of the Arab and Nubian women decorated somewhat after the fashion of the Maori women. The *rape* spiral tattooing on the body of the New-Zealander, as depicted on some of the carved posts—the warrior's special adornment—has its counterpart, according to an African traveller's sketch, amongst a people on the waters of the Upper Nile.

The rafter-paintings in the large whare were characterized by much artistic grace. The mango-pare (hammer-headed shark) was a favourite pattern; another conventional device was inspired by the beautiful drooping flowers of the golden kowhai. The wall-

plates were painted in other tasteful patterns, chiefly the *taniko*, the pretty geometrical designs used in the borders of the best Maori flax cloaks.

Another splendid specimen of the carver's art in the outer kainga was the large *pataka* or food-store, a structure raised on wooden legs or pillars several feet above the ground. It was most completely and richly worked and represented probably the highest development of the Maori wood-carver's art. In a *pataka* such as this, in the olden times, were kept the more valuable food-supplies, such as potted birds (*manu-huahua*)—pigeons, tui, &c.—preserved in their own fat and sealed up in calabashes and bark baskets. The *pataka* was often the best-carved and most highly prized building in the settlement. This particular storehouse was carved by Neke Kapua and his sons, from Lake Rotoiti: they



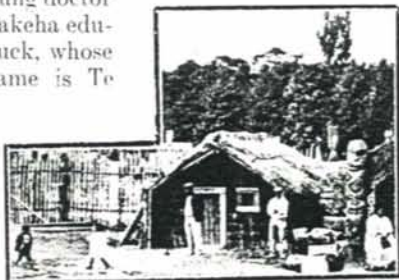
A REAR VIEW OF THE PATAKA.

took as their pattern the ornamentation on some very fine old stone-axe-carved slabs which were found buried in a cave on the east coast of the North Island some years ago. The most remarkable feature of the decorative scheme of this *pataka* was the constantly recurring figure of that strange fabulous creature the *manaia*, which combines the complicated coils and curves of a saurian or seahorse-like being with the head and beak of a monstrous uncanny bird. The idea reproduced here was from beyond the seas—its origin is lost in the gloom of the untold centuries which have passed since the Maori's forefathers set sail from Asiatic shores into the unknown Rawhiti—the Place of the Sun-rising.



A CARVER AT WORK.

A singular little whare in the far corner of the outer *marae* aroused some curiosity among the visitors. This was intended to represent the *tohunga's* whare—the hut of the tribal priest and "medicine-man." Being *tapu*, the *tohunga* was supposed to live by himself in this semi-subterranean dwelling, its front adorned with carved side-slabs and grinning *tekoteko*, its roof covered with totara-bark, its sides heaped up with earth after the fashion of the old-type Urewera village homes. The real *tohunga* of the pa, however, preferred a more comfortable dwelling. The medicine-man of "Arai-te-uru" was a clever young doctor of Maori birth but pakeha education—Dr. Peter Buck, whose hereditary Maori name is Te Rangihiroa. Te Rangihiroa, who is one of the New Zealand Government medical officers in charge of Native districts, resided in the pa during the whole term of the Exhibition, not



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only supervising its sanitation and attending to its sick, but also taking an energetic share in the picturesque dances of the visiting tribes, and stripping to a waist-mat for the exciting *haka* and the thrilling *peruperu*.

THE HEART OF THE KAINGA.

Now the inner pa, the chief residential section of the village, was entered. It was defended by a double palisade, similar to the main line of the outer fence, with its tall carved figures or *kahia* and its knobby *tumu* posts. Between the two tawai-sapling fences was a trench for the spearsmen defending this citadel of the pa. The gate was a particularly massive and beautiful piece of carving, the triumph of the woodworker's art. It was cut out of a huge solid slab of totara timber, brought from the centre of the North Island—a magnificent slab 22 ft. long, over 4 ft. wide and 6 in. thick. Neke Kapua and his sons carved it in Wellington, taking as their *tauirā* or pattern to a large extent a great *waharoa*, or fort-gate, which formed one of the entrances to the Maketu Pa, Bay of Plenty, forty years ago, and which is the subject of a water-colour sketch



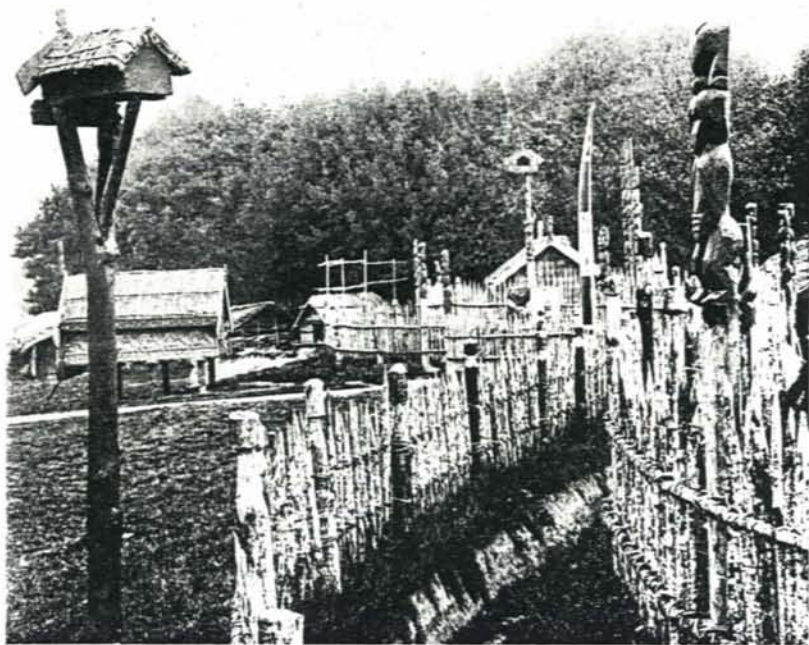
THE "HONGI": GREETING A VISITING TRIBE.

by Major-General Robley now in the Colonial Museum. The arched gateway was flanked by tall side-posts, each more than twice the height of a man, with rich relief carvings of the mysterious *manaia*, to which reference has already been made.

The entrance to the pa, the gateway passed, was "blinded" by a protective parapet or *parepare*, which compelled the enemy or the visitor to diverge to right or left. Then the whares were seen, more than a score of them, illustrative of all the different kinds of dwellings constructed by the Maori, grouped neatly round the central *marae* or square. Just on the left stood a tall tawai-tree trunk with its branches lopped off, and a little red-painted carved *pataka* perched on its top, 25 ft. above the ground. A quaint touch of modernity amidst the surrounding images and habitations of olden Maoridom was the telephone-wire attached to this *whata*, in appearance like a dovecot. This *whata* was supposed to be the primitive "safe" in which the chief of the pa, dwelling in the adjacent carved house, kept his choicest food-stores; and an ugly little carved red-painted demon kept guard at the tree-butt. Aloft the insulators of the electric line glittered against the hæmatite coat of the tiny *whata*, and in front of the *whata*-tree

was the business office of the pa, a whare built in Maori style, and decorated with gay gable-paintings after the Native artists' rafter-patterns; Maori *tekoteko* without, and pakeha telephone within.

Hard by, under the shade of the beautiful spreading oaks, stood a small carved house, which was given the name of "Te Wharepuni-a-Maui"—Maui's Dwelling. Although smaller than the *whare-whakairo* in the outer pa, it was a more perfect specimen of the Maori house. This carved *wharepuni*—quite a pretty little Maori dwelling,

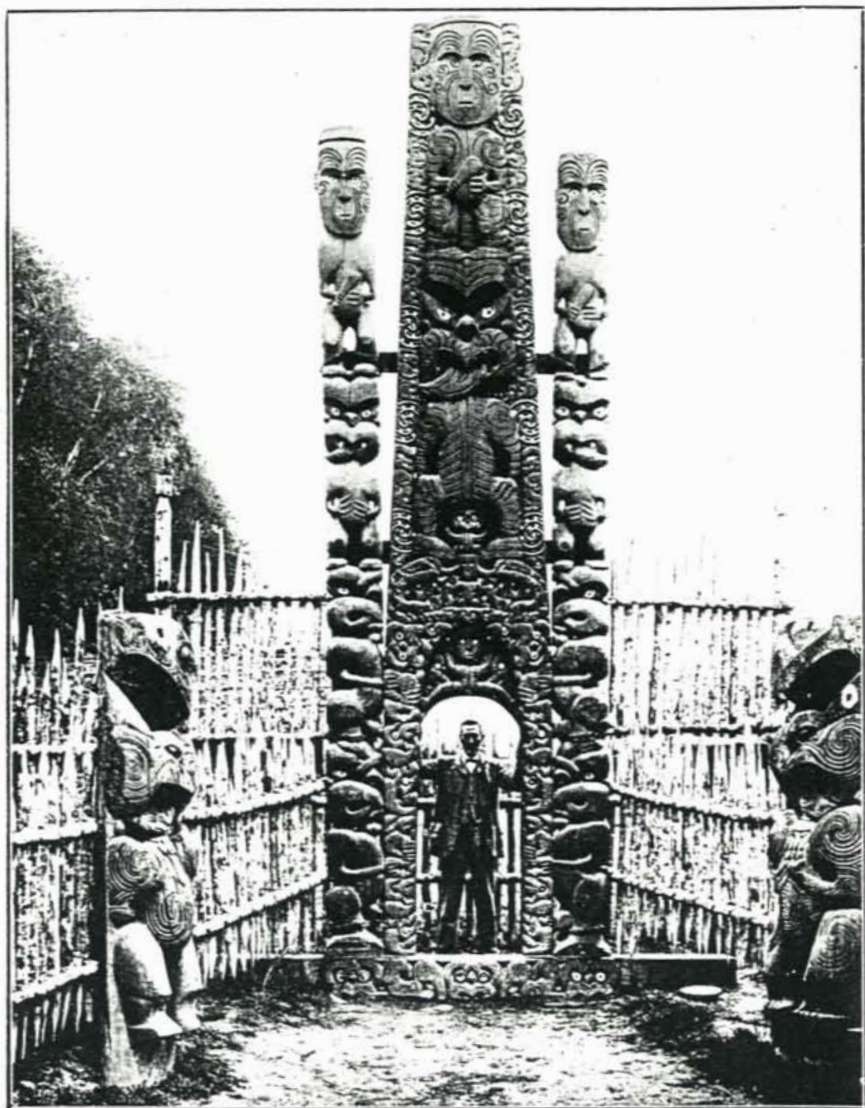


DOUBLE STOCKADE AND DITCH ENCLOSING THE INNER PA.

all under its shady trees—is the property of Mr. T. E. Donne General Manager of the Government Tourist Department, and was lent by him for exhibition in the pa. It was about 20 ft. in length by 12 ft. in width. The side-slabs or *amo-maihi*, were particularly well-carved figures, one representing an ancestral chief, the other a chieftainess with the ancient patterns of tattoo and feather-decked head. The *paepaepoto* or threshold was a massive slab richly carved; above was the usual carved *tekoteko*, a finial face or mask, tattooed in exactest imitation of a chief's *moko*. Within, the house was bright with painted rafters and carved and shell-inlaid figures. The carved slabs represented historic ancestors and mythic heroes of the race. Here was figured Maui, the Wizard Fisher-



man, hauling up his great Land-Fish—the North Island of New Zealand; Tama-te-Kapua, ancestral chief of the Arawas, with his stilts (*poutoti*), with which he walked to disguise his tracks when robbing old Uenuku the priest's breadfruit-tree in Hawaiki.



THE CARVED GATEWAY OF THE INNER PA.

Maui, again, slain by the Great Goddess of Night (*i.e.*, Death), Hine-nui-te-Po, just as he was in the act of entering her to snatch the secret of eternal life—painted lively as the deed was done. Whakaotirangi, too, the chieftainess who brought the kumara,

the sweet potato, to these shores from the isles of Polynesia, her little kumara-basket in her hand. Most curious of all the carvings in this whare was that on the sliding window. It represented, after the concept of the Maori artist, the famous beauty Hinemoa swimming across Lake Rotorua to her lover on Mokoia Island. There she was with her two *taha* or calabash floats before her; behind her, on what you must understand was the rocky shore at Owkata Village, from which she set out on her love-led swim, was spread her square woven mat—there was no possible doubt about it; and quite fittingly, there in front of her, on the sliding door of the house, stood Tutanekai, her lover, tattooed and beautified in the best Maori style, and playing on the flute on which he breathed his serenade to the Maid of Owkata.



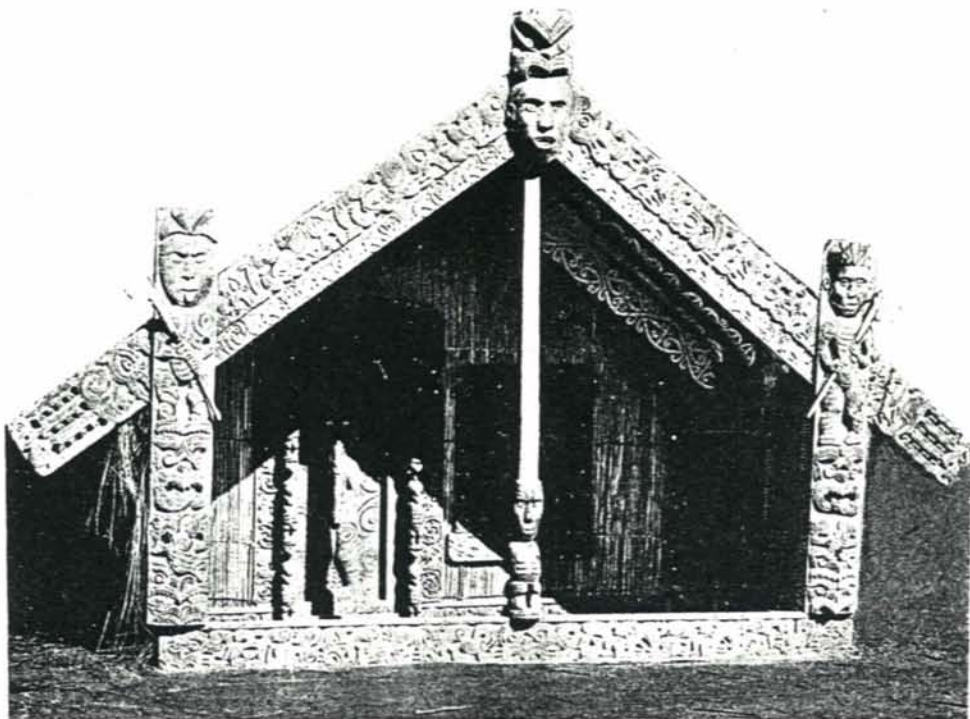
THE BUSINESS OFFICE IN THE INNER PA.

The ordinary residential houses and huts facing inwards on the village square included the long *wharau* of the Wanganui, with its verandah or *mahau*, and other types of dwellings, built of sapling frames and covered with wivi (rushes) in lieu of the usual raupo for walls and roof-thatch—raupo is very scarce in this part of the country. The two large cook-houses were of interest, as having been brought almost complete from villages on the banks of the Wanganui River. A very curious little whare was one circular in shape, strange to the eyes of even New-Zealanders. It is called a *purangi*, and was built by the Wanganui men, who



say their people frequently constructed cook-houses and sleeping-huts of this round pattern in former times. To those who had visited the South Sea islands this little *purangi* was reminiscent of the circular and oval houses of the Samoans, with the difference that the sides of the Samoan houses are usually open. This fact was mentioned to one of the Wanganui house-builders, an old carver, and he said at once, "I know that is probably so; the people on some of the islands of Hawaiki must have houses like these, for it was our ancestor Turi who brought the knowledge of this kind of house-building with him when he came to this country in his canoe 'Aotea' from the isle of Rangiatea, where the cocoanut grows and the kumara needs no care."

In rear of the *marae* were the cooking-quarters. Some of these were primitive Maori earth-ovens or *hangi*, with their heaps of cooking-stones; dried fish and eels



MR. DONNE'S CARVED WHAREPUNI IN THE INNER PA.

were hung upon poles; on the *marae* at times heaps of the edible seaweed called *karengo* were spread out to dry in the sun. Loose-gowned women with tattooed chins, the dames of the Wanganui and the Arawa, gossiped with each other, plaited flax baskets, or tended their cooking and their babies.

SOME NOTABLE MAORIS IN CAMP.

The fine old tattooed warriors of the Maori will soon be as extinct as the moa. There were just one or two of these old-time *oas* in the Arai-te-uru stockade. The most notable of these was the well-*moko'd* Waikato veteran Mahutu te Toko, a cousin of the late Maori King Tawhiao. Sitting with a caulking-mallet in his hand—he was assisting

in the repairing and fitting-out of his great tribal canoe, the "Taheretikitik," in the waterside division of the pa—the old Waikato chieftain recounted some of the episodes of his fighting youth to his Maori-speaking interviewer. He is not a big man; he is spare, and of once very active frame; his forehead is high, his face blue-chiselled with the spirals and other conventional devices of the tattooing artist. In facial lines Mahutu bears a rather remarkable resemblance to his cousin, the old Maori King. He wore an old slouch hat, with a white feather, cocked over his *moko'd* brow; his clothes were pakeha store clothes, and round his shoulders he wore a bright-coloured shawl, for the winds of the "Wai-pounamu," he complained, "ate into his bones," and he made jocular lament for the warm airs of his home-land, Waikato.

Old Mahutu, led to tales of other days, was drawn back to the war-path again. His old slouch-hat took a fighting tilt; the pakeha caulking-mallet became a tomahawk.

"*E tama!* my first war-trail! It was in Taranaki, when the Waitara war began. I marched down through the forests of the Rohepotae, with a hundred other young men of Waikato and Ngatimaniapoto, to shoot pakehas. Rewi Maniapoto led us. I was then un-tattooed; I was perhaps twenty-four years old. My double-barrelled gun and my tomahawk—those were my weapons. We fought the Queen's soldiers at Waitara, at Kairau. Then the Wai-kotero fight; there I killed a white soldier with a blow of a long-handled tomahawk—so! E-e! His neck was cut through—he fell—he died!—in the swamp at Wai-kotero he died!



CARVED WINDOW OF THE
WHAREPUNI: A MAORI ARTIST'S
CONCEPTION OF HINEMOA.

the war—that I was tattooed, after the *moko* fashion of my fathers. Tawhiao desired his young warriors should have their faces tattooed, and revert to the customs of their

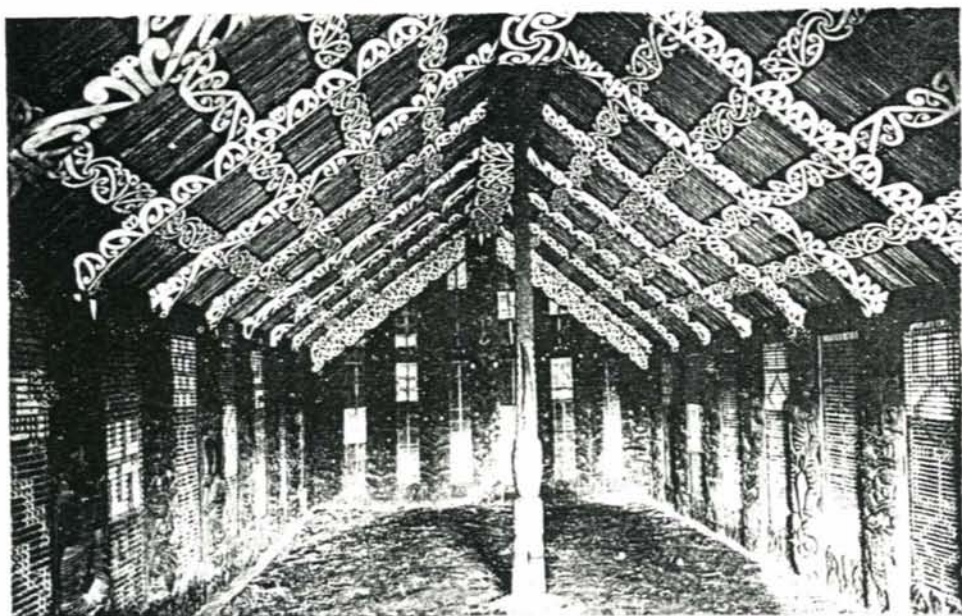


TUTANEKAI: THE CARVED DOORWAY
OF THE WHAREPUNI IN THE
INNER PA.

"Then there came the Waikato war, when we were forced back and back from Papakura and Tuakau and Mercer and Rangiriri, until all the valley of the Waikato was in pakeha hands, and the gunboats of the Queen floated on the waters of the Horotiu. At the beginning of that war (in 1863) I led a war-party of Waikato and Ngatimaniapoto against the pakeha soldiers and settlers at Patumahoe. We fought in the bush; it was quite a fine little battle. We skirmished through the forest, and jumped from tree to tree, firing, and reloading and firing again at our enemies; the pakehas came out to meet us, but we had the best of it, for we fought nearly naked, and we were off like eels through the swamp. Then Rangiriri—Paterangi—Rangiawhia—Orakau; the Maori fell; his lands went to the strong hand, and he took to the shelter of the Rohepotae, the King Country.

"There I lived for years after the war; there I became a Hauhau, when the prophets came from Taranaki with the new *Pai-marire* religion of Te Ua. And it was then—after

ancestors He told me that I must be *moko'd*; so when a *tohunga-ta-moko*—a tattooing artist—named Te Huki arrived in our village at Tokangamutu from Kawhia, I went to him and was adorned as you see. *E tama!* It is the sign and token of the Maori of



THE INTERIOR OF THE CARVED WHAREPUNI.

other days But the time of the *tohunga-ta-moko* has passed. The young men of my race no longer desire the *moko*, and there is not one *tohunga-ta-moko* alive in the Waikato who could tattoo them if they did. The dark-tattooed

face of war will not long be seen amongst us; all that will be seen will be the blue-chiselled chins of the women." And the old fellow stooped again over the caulking of his big canoe, and puffed away at his old black pipe



THE FLAX-KIT MAKERS.

Near by there was another grey-haired Waikato hard at work, lashing the long top-sides of the "Taheretikitiki" to the dovetailed hull He was a big, stout, large-limbed man, girt with a shawl, for he despises the trousers of the paleface—Ahuriri, the canoe-captain a one-time skilful *kai-hautu*, or time-giver—the fogleman who balances him-

self amidsthips in the long, narrow *waka-taua*, and yells himself hoarse in his calls to his crew and chants his staccato canoe-songs. Ahuriri hailed from Waahi, "King" Mahuta's village on the banks of the Waikato, near the Huntly coal-town. One of his war-time memories is the fight at Rangiawhia, in the Waikato campaign, when the Forest Rangers and Nixon's cavalry raided a pretty little village in the Waipa basin early one morning, and made short work of some of Ahuriri's relatives. Like old Mahutu, he spent many years in the rebels' Alsatia, the King Country, at Te Kuiti and Hikurangi.



MAHUTU TE TOKO.

Neke Kapua, the principal wood-carver amongst the Arawa Maoris in the pa, was another man with a story to tell. Neke, a tall, straight-limbed veteran, a cunning workman with the mallet and chisel, has been on the war-path himself, and has used his rifle and tomahawk on half a dozen battlefields and many a dim forest trail. As a youth of sixteen or seventeen he joined the loyal column of Arawa soldiers led by the

celebrated Pokiha Taranui (the late Major Fox), about the year 1865, and from that time until 1871 served on the Government side against the Hauhaus. With his chief Te Matangi he took the field in the Rotoiti district against the Ngatiporou rebels who invaded the Arawa country, and shared in a lively little skirmish at Tapuaeharuru, the "Sounding Sands," at the eastern end of Lake Rotoiti. He was one of the young Arawa warriors under Major Mair, who invested the strong Hauhau pa at Te Teko, and leaped with his comrades in the great war-dance performed as the Hauhau prisoners, including some of the murderers of the missionary Volkner, were marched out of the pa. Then came the sea-coast fights with the Ngatiporou Hauhaus, who were defeated by the Arawas (led by white and Maori officers), in a series of running fights along the Bay of Plenty coast, at Waihi and Kaokaoroa. In 1869 Neke marched with his kinsmen of Ngatipikiao, led by Pokiha, in Colonel Whitmore's column, the first Government force that ventured into the wild country of the Urewera mountaineers, rushed the Harema Pa, and fought at Ruatahuna and elsewhere, often ambuscaded in the dense forests by the savage Ureweras. Some of Neke's shawl-kilted comrades-in-arms were, however, just as savage in their methods of warfare. Neke relates how Matene te Huaki, an Arawa chief, decapitated with his tomahawk three Urewera men who were shot on the



THE WAR-CANOE "TAHERETIKITIKI," ON THE VICTORIA LAKELET.

hills above the Ruatahuna Valley, and carried their heads with him all the way back to Rotorua as trophies of the forest campaign. Another war experience of Neke's was his service in the company of Arawa scouts, under Captain Gundry, a plucky half-caste officer, in the bush fighting against Titokowaru's cannibal Hauhaus in Taranaki, after the fall of Tauranga-ika Pa. Neke's home is on the shores of the beautiful little bay of Ruato, on Lake Rotoiti. His hapu, Ngatitarawai, has for generations been celebrated for its clever wood workers and carvers; Neke's father and his grandfather before him were notable *kai-whakairo*, artists of the carving-chisel. His sons are also deft and industrious wood-carvers; in the Ngatitarawai, at any rate, there is little fear of the fine old *whakairo* becoming a lost art.

Then there were George Pukehika, the Wanganui wood-carver, and his canoemen from Ranana, and Karatia, and Putiki, on the lower Wanganui River. There was Tuta Nihoniho, the Ngatiporou chief, hero of a score of fights in the Hauhau days on the East Coast, and Major Ropata's old lieutenant. Tuta is an old hand with gun and tomahawk. He was skirmishing and taking palisaded pas about the East Cape, and Poverty Bay, and in the Urewera country from 1865 to 1871, and he can spin many a

wild tale of the Hauhau hunting expeditions round about the rocky shores of Lake Waikaremoana and the gorges and forested peaks of Tuhoe Land, when he and his ellows of Ngatiporou were frequently reduced to living on tawa-berries and fern-root and the heart of the mamaku fern-tree.

Another visiting chief, probably the highest in rank of all living Maori *rangatiras*, was Te Heuheu Tukino, the head-man of the Taupo tribes and the hereditary Ariki of the Ngatituwharetoa Tribe. Te Heuheu and the big jovial Te Rawhiti, of Waikato, joined with spirit in the *hakas* of the combined tribes in the earlier stage of the pa season; their tribespeople were unable to attend as a body.

All good types of the Maori people, these tribal representatives in the Arai-te-uru Pa—men and women with pedigrees that stretch back into the remote ages when their Polynesian ancestors dwelt in the palm-clad islands of the traditional Hawaik.

THE CANOES.

The proximity of the little Victoria Lake to the pa afforded an excellent chance for the display of some fine specimens of the Maori canoe, from the stately decorated *waka-taua* to the little *kopapa* or *mokihi*. Half a dozen good specimens of the *waka Maori* were brought down from the North Island for the Exhibition.

First of all came the "Taheretikitiki," the pride of the Waikato River, lent for the Exhibition by her principal owner, Mahuta, whose two relatives, old Mahutu and Ahuriri, came down in charge of her. "Taheretikitiki"—meaning the "Warrior's Crest," in allusion to the olden custom of hair-dressing by tying it up in a knot high on the head—is a beautifully modelled craft, and of great size. She is 84 ft. in length over all, with a beam of 5 ft. amidships; her hull is different from those of other canoes now in existence, in that it consists of three sections which cunningly dovetail into one another; the middle section is 50 ft. in length. The big canoe has topsides lashed on on either side, and is finished off bow and stern with the lofty ornaments without which no war-canoe is complete, the stern-post with its flaunting feathers, and a carved figurehead with two long *hiki*—wands decked with white tufts of albatross-feathers—projecting from its head like great feelers. "Taheretikitiki" has a rather notable history, although her triumphs have been those of the regatta-course



GREETING THE COMING GUESTS.

rather than of war. She was built about twenty-four years ago on the Kaipara, cut out of a kauri-tree by the Ngatiwhatua Tribe for their fine old chief, the late Paul Tuhaere, of Orakei, Auckland Harbour, who before his death presented the canoe to King Tawhiao, and shipped her up to the Waikato River. On the Waikato the big *waka* was often manned to convey Governors, Ministers of the Crown, and other notable visitors across the river from Huntly to Mahuta's village at Waahi. On several occasions she competed in most exciting races in Auckland Harbour, two of which were against man-of-war cutters. She was brought down to Auckland on one occasion about seven years ago, and, manned by more than fifty paddlers, made a splendid fight over a two-mile course with two of H.M.S. "Tauranga's" twelve-oared cutters, beating them both. A day or two later her crew of barebacked Waikatots paddled her to victory in a race with two large canoes, "Omapere" and "Tawatawa," from the Bay of Islands. A really good canoe-race was, unfortunately, a sight that Exhibition visitors could not see in Christchurch, but the "Taheretikitiki" was manned occasionally and got under way on the lakelet, in order to give some idea of what a fully manned and equipped war-canoe looked like in the olden days.



THE "HONGI."

The Wanganui canoes included four good-sized craft, fitted with topsides and ornamented with *tete* and other kinds of carved figure-heads, and with gracefully carved sternposts. These canoes were—"Te Uru," about 40 ft. long; "Muritai," 50 ft. long; "Whatawhata," 50 ft. long; and "Waiapu," about 42 ft. in length and 4 ft. beam. The "Whatawhata" was brought down from Koriniti (Corinth), one of the Wanganui riverside settlements; the "Waiapu" came from Ranana (London), Major Kemp's old home. This "Waiapu" was the beamiest and most seaworthy-looking of the river fleet. The Maoris at Putiki Settlement were accustomed to paddle out in her beyond the bar of the mouth of the Wanganui on fishing expeditions.

So it was quite a complete little Maori town—this Arai-te-uru, with its carved houses and its mat-garbed people, its defence-works, and its fleet of canoes, sitting on its water-front; and for months it was a source of interest and amusement to thousands of visitors.

EVENTS IN THE PA.

When the Exhibition opened the village was occupied by nearly sixty Natives from Wanganui and Rotorua, including the artificers who had carved and constructed the pa. These people, assisted by a few belonging to other tribes, danced *hakas* and performed *pois* daily for several weeks, and welcomed His Excellency the Governor (Lord Plunket), Sir John Gorst (Special Commissioner from the British Government), the Cabinet Minister, the Exhibition Commissioners, and other distinguished visitors, and also warmly greeted in Maori fashion the visiting Natives from the Cook Group, Niue, and the Fiji Islands.

Towards Christmas of 1906, Captain Gilbert Mair arrived with a large party of Arawa Natives from the Rotorua and surrounding districts, the pick of the *haka*-dancers

and *poi*-girls of that celebrated tribe. The party numbered fifty-six men and twenty-two young women. The men included several chiefs, such as Mita Taupopoki, of the Whakarewarewa geyser-valley, Taranaki, and the *tohunga* Tutanekai, a descendant of the famous Tutanekai of Mokoia Island, the lover of Hine-moa. The girls were led by Bella Reretupou and Maggie Papakura, the well-known half-caste guides at Whakarewarewa. These people provided some splendid dance-and-song entertainments in the village-green. Particularly interesting was the quaint "canoe-*poi*" as sung and acted by Maggie's well-trained troupe.

At the end of January thirty Natives from Putiki and other lower Wanganui settlements arrived under Wikitoria Kepa (Victoria Kemp), the daughter of the late Major Kepa te Rangihiwini, and Takarangi Mete Kingi. The girls of this party gave *pois* and sang beautiful part-songs; they were led by their teachers from Putiki Mission School, Miss Hera Sterling and Miss Mangu Tahana.

A party of young girls, mostly of the Wanganui tribes, from the Presbyterian Maori Girls' College at Turakina, paid the pa two visits under their principal, Mr. Hamilton, and contributed their quota of pretty action-songs, *pois*, and part-songs.

In February and March two large parties of the Ngati-kahungunu Tribe, of Hawke's Bay, numbering nearly two hundred, occupied the pa in turn. These tribesmen were of particularly fine physique, and trod the dancing-ground like warriors of old in their martial *haka* and *tutu-waewae*. Their

principal chiefs were Mohi te Ata-hikoia and Pene te Ua-mai-rangi. During their residence in the pa they engaged in a mock battle by night with the white Volunteers, and defended an entrenchment; and on another occasion a mimic attack was made by canoe-crews approaching across the lake and vigorously assailing the spearsmen in the waterside stockade.

While the Arawa Maoris were engaged in erecting the pa in October, Raiha, the wife of one of the carvers, Rangawhenua, gave birth to a child. This little girl was a source of great interest to both Maoris and pakehas, and a sum of money was raised for her benefit. On the 14th December, just before these carvers departed for their northern homes, the baby was christened on the village *marae* by Bishop Julius, assisted by Hemana Taranui, chief of the Ngatipikiao at Maketu, Bay of Plenty, who is a Native lay-reader. She was very fittingly baptized with the name of Arai-



A MIMIC DUEL WITH TAIHAAS.

Te Rangihiroa (Dr. Peter Buck) is the figure on the left of the picture.

te-uru, the name of the pa. This little ceremony, in its unique surroundings, was witnessed by a large number of Maoris and Europeans.

The Hon. James Carroll, Native Minister, who had been delayed by serious illness



TUTANEKAI, OF ROTORUA.

in Wellington, paid his first visit to the pa on the 14th April, and was warmly received with dances and songs of greeting, and speeches by the *rangatiras* Potango, Tuta Niho-niho, Taranaki, Te Rangihiroa (Dr. Buck), and Hone Maaka. Addressing the Natives, Mr. Carroll complimented them on their pa: "We, the Maoris, have little left," he said, "but it is much to have a fortified pa. Remember the proverb of your ancestors, 'The house built out in the open is food for the flames, but the carved house in a fortified pa is the sign of a chief.'"

Amongst the handicrafts in which the Maoris employed themselves in the pa was the ancient art of weaving flax and feather mats or cloaks. One particularly fine specimen of a *kahu-kiwi*, or mat of kiwi (*apteryx*) feathers—the feathers are woven or stitched on the outside of a soft flax fabric—was made by Tiria Hori, a young woman of the



A POI DANCE.

Ngatituera Tribe, from Pukerimu, on the Wanganui River. This beautiful cloak was ornamented with a handsome border of the pattern known as *taniko*; the dyes used were made from the bark of native trees—the *toatoa* for the red colouring, and the *raurekau* for the black.

Perhaps more could have been done in the way of practical illustrations of ancient Maori handicrafts. An interesting primitive industry, for instance, would have been that of the Maori greenstone workers. The shaping and grinding of weapons and ornaments from blocks of *pounamu* was probably the most difficult art mastered by the New Zealand Natives of former days. The various stages of greenstone-working could have been shown, from the commencement on the rough slab or block to the polishing and finishing of the beautiful *mere*, *tiki*, and *whakakai*, that are the Maori's most valued



treasures and tribal heirlooms. The use of the *pirori* or flint-pointed rotary drill, with which holes were bored in the hand-*mere* and neck and ear ornaments, would, had it been shown, have been particularly interesting to visitors. The art of making and

manipulating the *pirori* has not yet been quite forgotten by the older generation of Maoris.

For the visiting Maoris the pa had its educational advantages. Not only did the different tribes benefit by witnessing each other's competitions and ceremonies, and by the interchanging of ideas and information, but they were also given an excellent lesson in hygiene. They learned the necessity for ventilation in houses and for cleanliness in all respects. For this the credit is due to Dr. Te Rangihiroa, the young Maori *tohunga* of the pa.

The turnstile at the entrance of the pa recorded a total attendance of over sixty thousand people.

THE POI-DANCERS AND THEIR SONGS.

Sometimes the *pois* of the visiting tribes were danced to the music of an accordion or a mouth-organ somewhere in the rear, playing a plaintive little air, haunting in its frequent repetitions, and often to the accompaniment of a song only, chanted by the



A PARTY OF NGATI-KAHUNGUNU POI-DANCERS.

leader. The dancers delighted in dresses of bright colours, and in their hair they wore white feathers, sometimes albatross-feathers in bunches of three, after the olden head-dress fashion of Maori chieftainesses.

Perhaps the most remarkable of the *poi*-dances were those given by the Ngatikahungunu girls from the Hawke's Bay District. These dances were led by a woman of the Ngarauru Tribe, South Taranaki, who had married into Ngatikahungunu, and she introduced as an accompaniment to the movements of the *poi* the ringing rhythmic incantations of her people, the old, old *karakia*, handed down through many centuries. These ancient pagan charm-songs are sung to this day by the *poi*-dancers in the historic town of Parihaka: they are wild and high, and give a barbaric touch to the poetic *poi*. The most interesting of these Ngarauru chants to which the Kahungunu girls twirled their *poi*-balls was the following; it is the canoe-song of Turi, the great ancestor of the Taranaki tribes, who arrived on these shores six centuries ago in his viking-canoe the "Aotea," after a perilous voyage across the Great-Ocean-of-Kiwa from the South Sea isle of Raiatea, in the Society Group.

So chanted Turi's descendant-chieftainess the Epic of the Paddle, with which "Aotea's" captain animated his crew of adventurous brown sailormen :--

THE SONG OF THE AOTEA CANOE.

Ko Aotea te waka,
Ko Turi tangata ki runga,
Ko te Roku-o-whiti te hoe.
Piri papa te hoe!
Awhi papa te hoe!
Toitu te hoe!
Toirere te hoe!
Toi mahuta te hoe!
Toi kapakapa te hoe
Kai runga te rangi.
Ko te hoe nawai?
Ko te hoe na te Kahu-nunui;
Ko te hoe nawai?
Te hoe na te Kahu-roroa.
Ko te hoe nawai?
Ko te hoe no Rangi-nui-e-tu-nui,
Tena te waka.
Ka tau ki Tipua-o-te-Rangi.
Ki Tawhito-o-te-Rangi.
Nga turanga whatu o Rehua.
Hapai ake au
I te kakau o taku hoe.
I te Roku-o-whiti.
Whiti patato, rere patato,
Mama patato.
Te riakanga, te hapainga,
Te komotanga, te kumianga,
Te riponga, te awenga
A te puehutanga

O te wai o taku hoe nei.
Kei te rangi, hikitia!
Kei te rangi, hapainga,
Kei te aweawe nui no Tu.
Tena te ara ka totohe nui.
Ko te ara o tenei Ariki.
Ko te ara o tenei matua iwi.
Ko te ara o Rangi-nui-e-tu-nui.
Nguaha te kakau o taku hoe nei.
Ko Kautu-ki-te-Rangi.
Ki te rangi, hikitia;
Ki te rangi, hapainga;
Ki te rangi tutorona atu,
Ki te rangi tutorona mai.
Ki te rangi tu te ihi.
Ki te rangi tu te koko,
Tu te mana, tu te tapu,
E tapu tena te ara,
Ka totohe te ara
O Tane-matohe-nuku,
Te ara o Tane-matohe rangi.
Ko te ara o te Kahu-nunui.
Ko te ara o te Kahu-roroa.
Ko te ara o tenei Ariki,
Ko te ara o tenei tauria.
Tawhi kia Rehua.
Ki uta mai, te ao marama;
E Rongo-ma-Tane!
Whakairihia!

(TRANSLATION.)

Aotea is the Canoe,
And Turi is the Chief.
The Roku-o-whiti is the Paddle.
Behold my paddle!
It is laid by the canoe-side,
Held close to the canoe-side.
Now 'tis raised on high—the paddle!
Poised for the plunge—the paddle!
Now we spring forward!
Now, it leaps and flashes—the paddle!
It quivers like a bird's wing
This paddle of mine!
This paddle—whence came it?
It came from the Kahu-nunui,
From the Kahu-roroa.
It came from the Great-Sky-above-us.
Now the course of the canoe rests
On the Sacred Place of Heaven,
The dwelling of the Ancient Ones.
Beneath the star god Rehua's eye.
See! I raise on high
The handle of my paddle,
The Roku-o-whiti.
I raise it—how it flies and flashes!
Ha! the outward lift and the dashing,
The quick thrust in and the backward sweep!

The swishing, the swirling eddies,
The boiling white wake
And the spray that flies from my paddle!
Lift up the paddle to the sky above,
To the great expanse of Tu.
There before us lies our ocean-path,
The path of strife and tumult.
The pathway of this chief,
The danger-roadway of this crew;
'Tis the road of the Great-Sky-above-us.
Here is my paddle,
Kautu-ki-te-rangi;
To the heavens raise it:
To the heavens lift it;
To the sky far drawn out,
To the horizon that lies before us,
To the heavens, sacred and mighty,
Before us lies our ocean-way.
The path of this sacred canoe, the child
Of Tane, who severed Earth from Sky.
The path of the Kahu-nunui, the Kahu-roroa,
The pathway of this chief, this priest,
In Rehua is our trust,
Through him we'll reach the Land of Light.
O Rongo-and-Tane!
We raise our offerings!

At the final word "Whakairihia!" the dancers raised their twirling *poi*-balls above their heads at arm's length; this was in imitation of the olden custom of the priests in lifting up their first-fruits offering of a *kumara* (sweet potato) to Rongo, the god of cultivated foods. Rongo-ma-Tane, sometimes spoken of as one deity but really two individuals, ranked high in the Polynesian pantheon. Rehua, the god mentioned in the chant, dwelt, according to mythology, in the tenth or highest heaven: he was a beneficent deity. Rehua is also the name of the star Sirius.



A POI PERFORMANCE BY ROTORUA WOMEN.

LOVE-SONGS OF THE MAORI.

In the pretty *poi* and part songs of the Turakina and Wanganui girls there was a softer touch. Some were plaintive little love-ditties and laments, such as are to be heard in any Maori village, and which by frequent repetition are known to old and young alike. One which is chanted and crooned from end to end of Maoriland, with some slight local variations, is this, as sung by the Turakina schoolmaids:—

Hokihoki tonu mai te wairua o te tau
 Ki te awahi-Reinga ki tenei kiri—ō!
 I tawhiti te aroha e pai ana e te tau.
 Te paanga ki te uma mamae ana, e te tau!

He moenga hurihuri te moenga i wharepuni.
 Huri atu, huri mai, ko au anake, e te tau.
 He pikinga tutonu te pikinga Hukarere:
 Na te aroha ka eke ki runga—ō!

Aikiha ma e mau mai to uma.
 Maku i here ka tino pai rawa—ō!
 Ka *pine* koe e au ki te *pine* o te aroha.
 Ki te *pine* e kore nei e waikura—ō!

(TRANSLATION.)

Oft the spirit of my love
 Returns to me
 To embrace in Reinga-land*
 This form of mine.
 Though far away, I ever fondly dream
 Of thee,
 And a sweet pain is ever in
 My bosom, O, my Love!

* "Reinga"—the Maori land of departed spirits. In the poem it means the "Land of Dreams." During sleep the soul or spirit (*wairua*) is supposed to leave the body and flit to the underworld of the Reinga; visions in dreams are the spirits of one's friends seen in the Reinga.

Restless my couch within the *wharepuni* ;
 I this way, that way, turn, I lonely lie,
 My Love.
 Far, far above me are the
 Mountain-heights of Hukarere,
 Yet will the power of love
 Uplift me there,
 For there art thou.

Ah! I see again the kerchief white
 Upon thy breast.
 'Twas I that tied it there,
 To make thee look so fine.
 I'll pin thee to me
 With the pin of love, the pin
 That never rusts.



A PARTY OF POI-DANCERS MARCHING INTO THE MARAE.

Another love-chant, rich in the touching imagery in which the soul of the Maori delighted, was the following *pao* or *vaiata-aroha* of the Turakina schoolgirls, led by Miss Sterling:—

Whakepuketuke ai au—ē!
 Te roimata i aku kamo.
 He rite ki te ngaru
 Whati mai waho—ē!

Taku turanga ake
 I te taha o te whiro,
 Ka titiro atu
 Ki te akauroa—ē!

Ko te rite i aku kamo
 Ki te pua korari:
 Ka pupuhi te hau,
 Ka maringi te wai—ē!

Ko te rite i ahau
 Ki te rau o te wiwi
 E wiwiri nei
 He nui no te aroha—ē!

He aroha taku hoa
 I huri ai ki te mce,
 Hei hari atu
 Ki raro Reinga e te tau—ē.

(TRANSLATION.)

Like a flood, ah me!
 The tears flow from mine eyes;
 They burst like the ocean-waves
 Breaking yonder on the shore.
 Ah me!

Lonely I stand
 By the side of the willows,
 Gazing, ever gazing
 Upon the long sea-strand.
 Ah me!

My weeping eyes
Are like the drooping flax-flowers :
When the wind rustles them,
Down fall the honey-showers,
Ah me !

I am like unto
The leaves of the wiwi-reed—
Quivering, shaking, trembling
With the strength of my love,
Ah me !

Ah ! Once love was my companion
When I turned me to slumber ;
It was the spirit of my love
That joined me in the Land of Dreams.



POTANGO AND HIS WANGANUI POI-DANCERS.

And yet another, sung by the Turakina girls to a sweet and plaintive air, was the following *pao* :—

Tangi tikapa,
A tangi kupapa,
A tangi hurihuri
Te moenga ra—ē :

Hua au, e hine,
He pine mau to pine,
Koia-a nei-i
Ko taku te mau roa—ē :

Ko te paru i repo,
Ko te ma i te wai,
Ko te paru o te aroha
Ka mau roa e—i !



THE TURAKINA SCHOOLGIRLS' POI.

(TRANSLATION.)

With quivering stretched arms
And bowed head I weep,
And restlessly turn on
My lone sleeping-mat.

Once I hoped, O maiden!
Your love ne'er would wane.
Ah me! it has vanished,
But mine ceaselessly burns.

Swamp-stains on the feet
Are washed clean in the stream.
But the heart-stains of love
For ever remain.

HAKAS AND WAR-SONGS.

Of a sterner sort were the war-dances and *hakas* of the men. Sharp, wild staccato chants gave time and spirit to the quick stamping of the feet, and the thrusting this



A PARTY OF NORTH ISLAND POI-DANCERS.

way and that of wooden spears and *taiahas*, the strange quivering of outstretched hands, and the grimacing and tongue-lolling of the warriors. Some songs were specially composed, but most were old war-chants, interspersed with songs of greeting. The great war-song of the Taupo tribes, beginning "U-u-uhi mai te waero!" was often raised: again the familiar "Ka mate, ka mate, ka ora, ka ora"—chant of peacemaking and welcome. Another rousing dance-chant, in which the veteran Ngatiporou chief Tuta Nihoniho was fond of joining, was the historic and savage *ngeri*, with its barking chorus:—

Kia kutia!
Au-au!
Kia wherahia!
Au-au!
Kia rere atu te kohuru
Ki tawhiti
Titiro mai ai.
Ae, ae. Aue!

Squeeze close!
Au-au!
Spread out!
Au-au!
Ah! let the treacherous one
Flee away into the distance,
And turn and fearfully gaze at me,
Yes, yes. *Aue!*

Tuta might well be familiar with that song, or, rather, war-yell, for he and his kilted comrades of Ngatiporou chanted it in earnest all together on one memorable occasion in 1871, on their last warpath in the wild Urewera country, when they surprised and captured the rebel Kereopa, the arch-murderer of the missionary Volkner.

Some stirring old sentinel-songs of barbaric days were revived on occasions. One still night when there was an unusually large gathering of tribespeople in the village the Wanganui hapus, the Ngatikahungunu from Hawke's Bay, and members of other clans, Wanganui's active little captain, Potango, and the grey-haired chief Te Ua-mairangi ("The Rain-from-Heaven"), of the Kahungunu, each mounted a watch-tower, one in the inner and one in the outer pa, and with stentorian voices that carried far beyond the precincts of the pa shouted defiance at each other as their fathers did in the olden days, and chanted the ancient watch-songs which the sentries on guard in the *puhara* used to roll out into the listening darkness on nights of danger, and particularly



A PARTY OF NGAITAHU POI-GIRLS, SOUTH ISLAND.

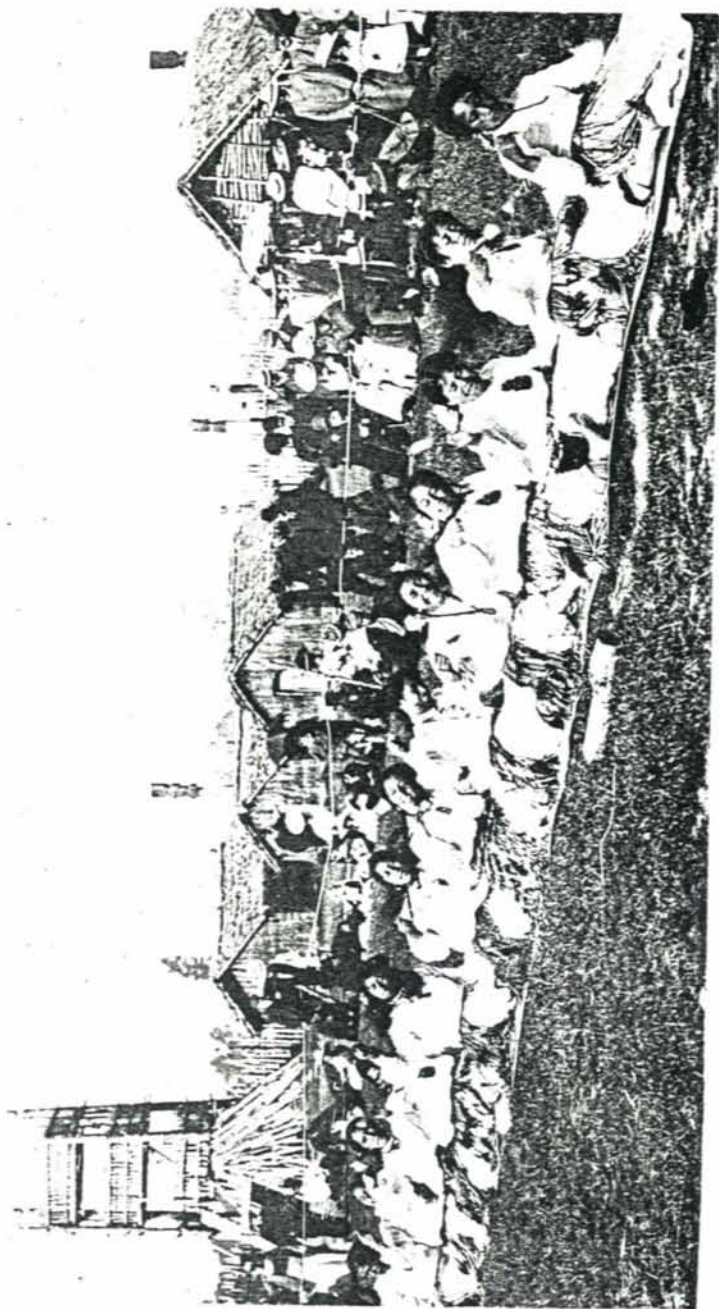
just in the dark shivery hour that precedes the dawn—the hour when the enemy's attack was most to be feared. Potango, *taiaha* in hand, took post on the high inner *puhara* overlooking the assemblage squatting round the *marae*, and cried his sentinel chant:—

Tenei te pa!
A—tenei te pa!
Tenei te piwatawata.
Te aka te whauwhia nei.
Ko roto ko au.
E-e!

Tena te parera maunu.
Tetere mai nei.
Ko roto ko au.
E-e!

This is the fort.
Yes, this is the fort!
These the high palisades,
Bound with the forest vines.
And here within am I.
Aha!

See, yonder comes the moulting duck
(Crouching in the fern);
It is running towards me
('Tis the stealthy foe);
But here within am I.
Aha!



THE ARAWA POI-GIRLS PERFORMING THE "CANOE POI."

And from the angle-tower of the lakeside stockade came "The Rain-from-Heaven's" answering song, the old, old *whakaaraara-pa* chant of the famous Rauparaha's Ngatittoa warriors, a song composed on the far-away west coast of the North Island, and bearing in its great ringing words memories of the surf-beaten coasts of Mokau and the lofty cliffs of South Kawhia:—

Whakaarahia!
Whakaarahia!
E tenei pa!
E tera pa!
Kei apitia koe ki te toto.
Whakapuru tonu.
Whakapuru tonu
Te tai ki Harihari.
Ka tangi tiere
Te tai ki Mokau.
Kaore ko au
E kimi ana.
E hahau ana.
I nga pari ra
Piri nga hakoakoa,
Ka ao mai te ra
Ki tua.
E-i-a ha-ha!

Arise, arise.
O soldiers of the fort!
Lest ye go down to death.
High up, high up, the thundering surf
On Harihari's cliffs resounds,
And loud the wailing sea
Beats on the Mokau coast.
And here am I, on guard,
Seeking, searching, peering,
As on those rocky crags
The sea-hawk sits
And watches for his prey.
Soon will the sun
Rise flaming o'er the world!



A "CANOE POI."

The Wanganui Natives who visited the pa from Putiki, Pipiriki, Parinui, and other river villages numbered about seventy. Potango Waiata, of the Aihau Tribe, Pipiriki, was one of the most energetic of the Wanganui Natives in the pa. Bare-footed and bare-legged, garmented in a fine kiwi-feather cloak, a flax waist-*piupiu*, his head decked with a broad plaited and coloured flax *tipare*, and a feathered and carved *taiaha* in his hand, he was truly and picturesquely Maori as he ran along his lines of dancers, and led them in the *haka* or the war-dance.

This was one of Potango's favourite war-songs, an old chant shouted by the spearsmen of Wanganui as they leaped this way and that, and thrust with their long sharp *koikoi* :—



Tau ka tau	Here we are
Ki roto ki taku pa	Waiting within the fort.
Whangaia mai ra	Come, here's food for you
We-we! Hara tu!	(The point of the spear)!
Hara te!	Ha! That's it!
Hara ta!	Thrust them through!
A tau!	And through again!

Here is another lively song, accompanying a *haka* of welcome danced by the Wanganui people to parties of visitors from other tribes arriving in the village :—

Hara mai ra	Oh! welcome, welcome,
E nga iwi nei!	All ye tribes!
Kia kite koe	Come and behold my faults:
I oku he	Come and see the burdens
Kia kite koe	We have carried hither
I taku pahiwitanga	From the Sacred Island of
I te Motu-tapu	the North.
Ki uta ra.	Behold all the evils of our
A ha-ha!	race
Ko nga makutu	Are trodden 'neath our feet
A te iwi nei	Like this!
Takahia!	



A HAKA DANCE BY THE NGATI-KAHUNGUNU MEN, FROM HAWKE'S BAY.

A VICE-REGAL VISIT.

One of the most picturesque events in the early history of the pa was the visit paid to the Maoris on Friday, the 2nd November, by His Excellency the Governor, Lord Plunket, accompanied by Lady Plunket. The Governor was met at the outer gate by the chief Tame Parata, M.H.R. for the South Island Maori District, Neke Kapua (Te Arawa Tribe), Hori Pukehika (Wanganui), and Tuta Nihoniho (Ngatiporou). Within the gates the body of the people were on parade, the men with bare bodies and limbs, armed with spears and *taiahas*, and with their faces black-pencilled in spirals and other patterns in imitation of warriors' tattoo; the women and girls behind them. As the King's representative entered the gate the Maoris, waving weapons and green branches, burst into that fine old chant of welcome which likens a party of guests arriving to a canoe approaching the shore:—



SOME ATHLETIC HAKA-DANCERS.

Kumea mai te waka!
A toia mai te waka!
Ki te urunga, te waka!
Ki te moenga, te waka!
Ki te takotoranga
I takoto ai te waka.
Haere-mai! Haere-mai!
Toia te waka ki te urunga.

O haul up the canoe!
Draw hitherwards the canoe!
To the home-pillow—that canoe!
To its sleeping-place—that canoe!
To the resting-place
Where shall abide the canoe.
O welcome! welcome!
Pull the canoe to the shore.



THE WARRIORS OF NGATI-KAHUNGUNU.

The Governor advanced slowly, the Maoris retreating before him until the gate of the inner pa was neared. Here they halted and danced an excited *haka*, yelling as they did so the old war-song, "Kia kutia, au-au!" The Cook Islands' Natives now joined in the welcome in front of the carved meeting-house, and greeted the vice-royal

visitors with one of their melodious chants and a dance. This over, the Maori women and girls advanced to the front, and gave a *poi*-dance, and speeches of welcome were made by the chiefs.

The tattooed veteran Mahutu te Toko first greeted the "Kawana"; Neke and Pukehika followed; then Mahutu recited in a high quick tone two ancient *karakia*



A HAKA BY THE NGATI-KAHUNGUNU TRIBE.

or incantations, used in former days by his people at the launching of a new war-canoe or the opening of a new house or pa, or similar important ceremony. There is a legend that the first was recited over the sacred stone axe with which the "Tainui" canoe was felled in far Hawaiki, the Maori's South Sea Fatherland, six hundred years ago. The second was, according to tradition, used when the "Tainui" was hauled to the beach and launched for the voyage to New Zealand. The chant began,—

Toia Tainui, Te Arawa,
Tapotu ki te moana,
Ma wai e to ?
Ma Whakatau e to—

Haul away the canoes Tainui and Te Arawa
To float upon the ocean,
Who will drag them to the shore ?
Whakatau will haul them, &c.



POTANGO WAIATA, OF WANGANUI.

And the oft-sung chant of peace and pleasure, "Ka mate, ka mate, ka ora, ka ora," concluded a cheerily vociferous welcome.

The Governor, addressing the Natives in reply (Dr. Te Rangihiroa interpreted), said, "I welcome you, the Maori people assembled here. Welcome from the King; the King that you all love. When the King sent me forth from England, he asked me to watch over and help in any way possible the ancient race of the Maoris. It is pleasing to see here the Maori and the white man standing together on this great occasion in the history of Maoriland. The sad, bad old days are gone, and we are now assembled together for happier purposes. I am glad to think that what has often been said—that the Maori race is fading away—is not true. It is the hope of every one in the great Empire to which you belong that the Maori race will increase. I wish you well. I hope that you may have happy days here. I will come from time to time and see how you are progressing. I thank you for your welcome in my own name and in the name of His Majesty the King, whom I represent. I wish you all good things. *Kia ora!* (May you live!)"



ANOTHER MOVEMENT IN THE NGATI-KAHUNGUNU HAKA.



A DANCE OF WELCOME TO VISITORS.

On a subsequent occasion the Governor and party were taken for a paddle round the Victoria Lakelet in the large Waikato canoe "Taheretikitiki," manned by a Maori crew.



NGATI-KAHUNGUNU MEN, ARMED WITH GREENSTONE MERE AND TAIAPA.

(What a handsome gown!)
 What a splendid hat!
 See, she's waving her handkerchief.
 Ha, ha! What a small waist she has!
 A waist locked in so tightly!
Te hope rakatia!

SIR JOHN GORST AND THE MAORIS.

A particularly interesting incident was the visit to the pa of the Right Hon. Sir John E. Gorst, K.C., the British Government's special envoy to the Exhibition. Sir John's name was well known to the older generation of Maoris in the Waikato, for in 1861-63 "Te Kohi," as he was called by the Natives, was Government Commissioner in the Waikato district in the days when Sir George Grey governed the colony. Under Sir George Grey's instructions, Sir John (then Mr.) Gorst established an industrial and technical school for the Maoris at Te Awamutu, and issued a little newspaper printed



Potango and Turei, of Wanganui River, were the *kai-hau-tu* or captains and time-givers of the "Taheretikitiki." Potango, waving his paddle, stood in the forepart of the canoe, chanting a jocular improvised ditty to give time to the paddle-strokes. A gaily attired pakeha lady on the bank seemed to have caught the aboriginal fancy, for this is what Potango the *hau-tu* sang as he thrust his blade to one side and the other:—

Now, bow paddles,
 All together.
 'Midships there, keep time.
 Stern paddles, all together.
 Now we're going along.
 A, ha-ha!

There's a pretty girl yonder
 Sitting on the bank.
 Ha-ha! She's smoothing
 down her gown.

in Maori, called "Te Pihoihoi Mokemoke i te Tuanui" ("The Lonely Sparrow on the Housetop"), as a counterblast to the Maori King's paper "Te Hokioi," conducted by Patara te Tuhi, who is still in the land of the living. Sir John was now revisiting the colony after an absence of forty-three years: but, though absent so long and far advanced in years, he retained a vivid recollection of, and great affection for, the Maori people, and he was genuinely delighted to find that he in turn was not forgotten by them.

Sir John Gorst, on his visit to the pa, was accompanied by Miss Gorst, Captain Atkin (British Commissioner to the Exhibition), and Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay Macdonald. Songs, war-dances, *hakas*, *pois*, made up a true Maori welcome.

"Haere mai! Haere mai!" chanted the people of the pa all together as their guests entered; it was the olden greeting sung to visitors from distant lands,—

Haere mai! Haere mai!
E te manuhiri tuarangi!
Na taku potiki koe
I tiki atu
I te taha atu
O te rangi
Kukume mai ai.
Haere mai! Haere mai!

Welcome! Welcome!
Strangers from the far horizon!
'Twas our dearest child that brought thee,
Drew thee from the distant places,
Where the earth and heaven meet.
Welcome! welcome!

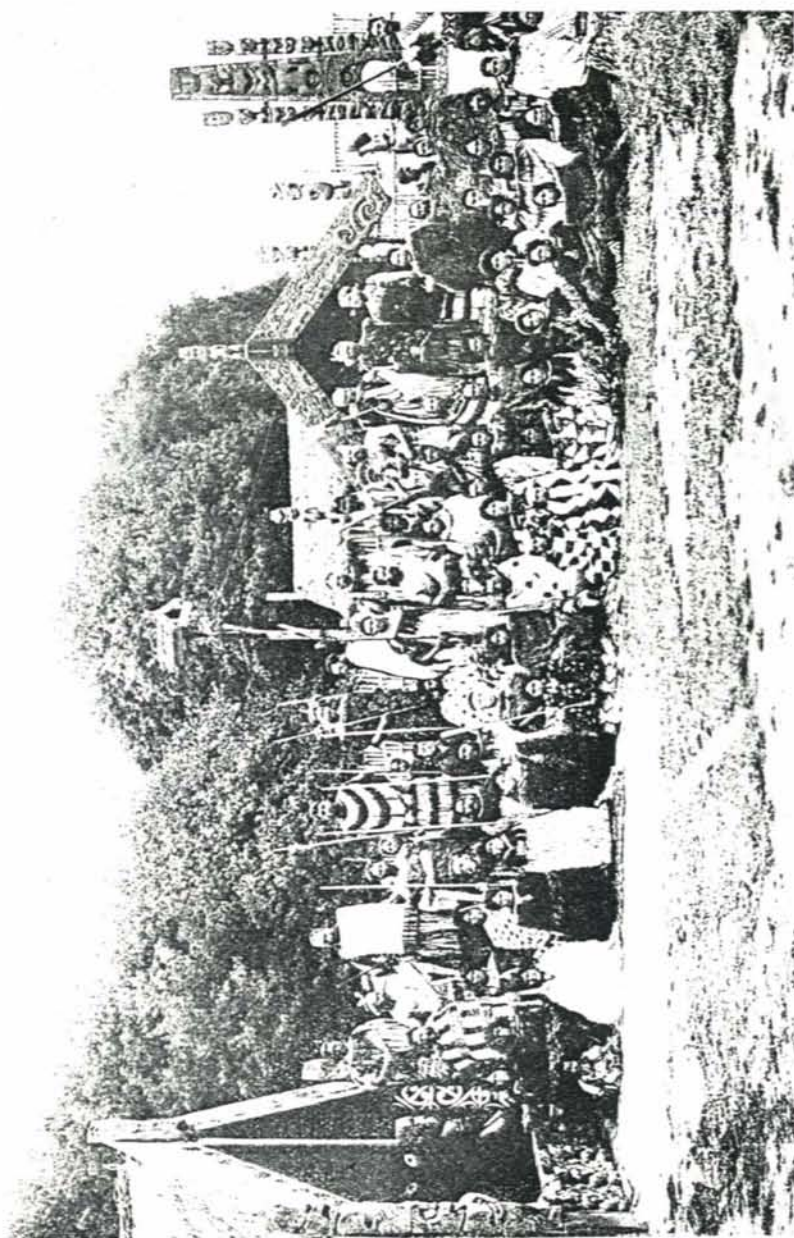


LISTENING TO MAORI VISITORS' SPEECHES AND TANGI-CHANTS.

Other loud-voiced and warm-hearted greetings followed. The old Waikato warrior Mahutu te Toko, previously referred to, was particularly pleased to greet "Te Kohi" ("The Gorst") again in the flesh, and sang songs of the lively old days when Sir John's Government school-station was the solitary European foothold in the territory of the great Waikato tribes. One of the chants, too, that the old fellow recited in his crooning sing-song was a "Queenite" song, as opposed to the "Kingites." It was composed in 1863, with special reference to "Te Kohi" and the Mangatawhiri River (a tributary of the lower Waikato), the frontier-line of those days. Thus sang old Mahutu:—

Koia, e Te Kohi,
Purua i Mangatawhiri.
Kia puta i ana pokohiwi,
Kia whato-tou.
E hi nawa—i—ē!

This song-fragment was first sung, it is said, by the sister of Major Wiremu te Wheoro, the friendly Waikato chief. It enjoined "Te Kohi" to "block up" the Mangatawhiri—that is to say, to make it a barrier-line or pale against the Kingites, to prevent



A GATHERING OF THE CLANS.

them from going down to Auckland Town for the purpose of buying clothes and other European commodities, so that their naked bodies might soon be seen protruding from their scanty Native garments.

Sir John, in thanking the people for their greetings, contrasted the present position of the Maori race with their unhappy conditions when he was last in New Zealand, when the white colonists and Natives were fast drifting into a long and disastrous war.

On another occasion Sir John and Miss Gorst were amongst the occupants of the large Waikato canoe "Taheretikitiki," when it was paddled round the Victoria Lakelet by a crew from the pa, to the lively chanting of canoe-songs by the kilted captains.

On the 13th November, Sir John Gorst, in his turn (being about to leave the Exhibition City) entertained the Maoris and Cook-Islanders at a luncheon in the Alexandra Hall, at which about forty Natives were present. After lunch, Sir John, in proposing the toast of "The King," addressed the Maoris in their own tongue. "I welcome the Maoris to the feast of the Government of Great Britain," he said. "Jittle is my recollection of the Maori language which I spoke in my youth. But listen to my imperfect words, perhaps my meaning will be clear. I left New Zealand a young man. I have been forty-three years in England, and come back an old man. My old friends are nearly all dead—Tawhiao, Wiremu Tamihana, Wiremu te Wheoro, and Rewi Maniapoto, who drove me from Te Awamutu. Only Patara te Tuhi, who was once the editor of the 'Hokioi,' came to greet me in Auckland. The reason of my coming is the Exhibition, to express here in New Zealand the thoughts of the British Government. Their words to the Maori people are that their love is great, and they will rejoice to learn that you are happy and prosperous. Their words are like those of the Government of New Zealand, of the Governor, and of King Edward. They are not new words; they are the words of my old paper the 'Pihoihoi Mokemoke.' The Governor greatly regrets that he could not himself be present at this feast. But the word of all of us to you is this: 'Long life to the Maori people! May the pakeha and the Maori live together in this land in friendship and peace for ever!' Let us all join together in wishing health to our King Edward. God save the King!"

The King was cheered loyally by the Maoris and the Islanders, and after the toast a number of chiefs spoke words of greeting to Sir John, welcoming him and Miss Gorst to the Land of Greenstone. Te Heuheu Tukino, the head chief of Taupo; Te Rawhiti, of Waikato; Neke and Taranaki, of Rotorua; and Hori Pukehika, of Wanganui, were the speechmakers. Te Heuheu in his address made reference to the dominant thought in the minds of the Maoris—that Te Kohi's white head reminded them of their fathers who had gone to the Reinga-land. "Salutations," he said, "to you who were the friend of my father and my people. You were their friend and you knew their minds. But now they have all gone. These Maoris before you are strangers. They belong to a younger generation. You will not know them or have any recollection of them. The only means you will have of knowing us will be when it is pointed out to you that this man or that man is the son of some chief or of some friend of yours in your younger days. Those of our chiefs who are left do not follow in the ways of their forefathers."



The Cook-Islanders, with their chief Makea Daniela, sang melodiously one of their South Sea chants. At the end of the speechmaking and the singing, Sir John and Miss Gorst presented each man present with a tobacco-pipe, each woman with a workbox, and each child with a box of sweets—a thoughtful finale to a reunion that gave the invited Natives exceeding pleasure and food for kindly memories.*

* The following remarks made by Sir John Gorst a few weeks later, at Auckland, following on a tour through the Waikato and a visit to the Ngatihaua, Ngatimaniapoto, and Waikato Tribes, are worthy of record as a thoughtful estimate of the Maori race and its present treatment and status:—

"New Zealand has the advantage, the peculiar advantage, of the presence of the Maori race. When I left New Zealand I left it in despair, the war was just breaking out, and I thought the Maoris, to whom I was greatly attached, were doomed to extermination; but I have come back after forty years and find the most generous spirit of sympathy on the part of the pakeha population for the Maoris. There is not a trace of the ill feeling which prevailed in my time and culminated in the great war. I have spoken to people of all classes of society in New Zealand, and find no trace whatever of that feeling. On the other hand, amongst the Maoris themselves there is much more confidence in the goodwill and justice and good feeling of their white neighbours than there was in my time. With the most benevolent intentions we could never get into the feelings of the Maoris, or get them to believe in the genuineness of what we were doing on their behalf—and you know a technical school was designed at Te Awamutu by Sir George Grey for the Maoris, and it was suppressed by violence by Rewi Maniapoto's people—and yet the very same people received me with most extraordinary enthusiasm a few days ago. In that Maori question you have a question which is not completely solved yet, but it is one in which you and your Government have a great opportunity. It is a very distinctive and very remarkable feature in your civilisation; there is nothing like it in any other country in the world. There are places where less civilised races have been reduced to a kind of servitude, but there is no country in the world where the uncivilised race is treated on equal terms, and where more justice and more consideration are shown to them. It is very greatly to the credit of the colony and very greatly to the credit of the people of New Zealand that they became a nation and set an example to the world—which no people yet has imitated—of the unique position of an uncivilised race living in perfect amity and equality with the civilised race, and enjoying all the advantages of civilisation."



THE COOK-ISLANDERS.

MAORIS OF POLYNESIA.

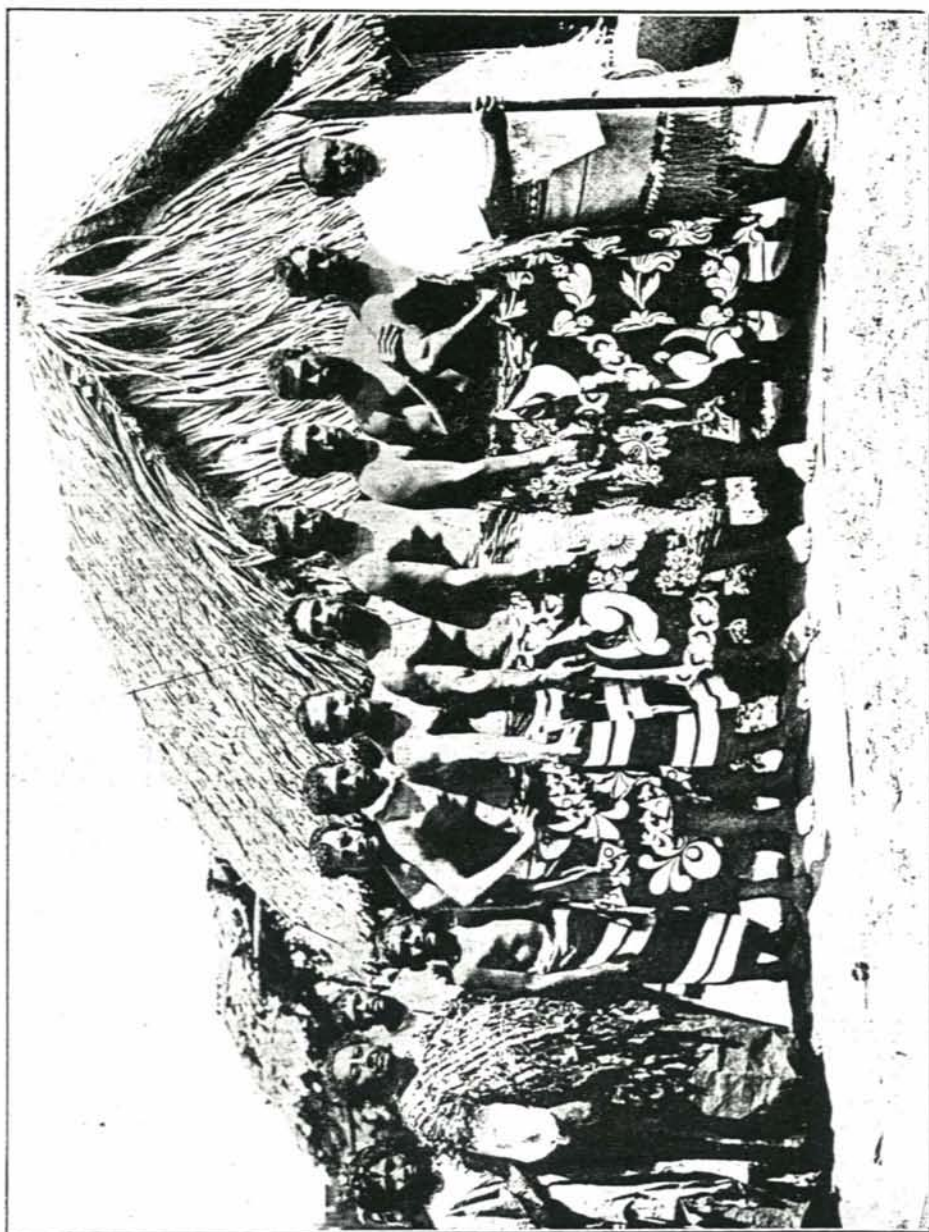
Lapped in perpetual summer lies a second Maoriland,
Where the ripples of the blue lagoon cream soft on silver strand.

—F. W. CHRISTIAN.

Chanting their ear-haunting tuneful *himenes*, and clattering away with a strange barbaric rhythm on their wooden drums, the brown Islanders from the Cook Group were day after day the centre of intensely interested groups, Maoris as well as whites. One never tired of listening to the delightful part-singing harmonies of these South Sea people, so different to the monotonous chant of the Maori. They were so very earnest too, these men and women of palm-clad Rarotonga, and Mangaia, and Aitutaki, the men in a half-sailor kind of dress, with broad plaited Panama-like hats, and the women in the long gowns, falling straight from neck to foot, that all Polynesian *wahines* wear in public. There was never a smile on their brown faces as they danced their *tarekareka* dances to the drumming of the *pa'u*, and sang now like flutes, now like the notes of a guitar, and again "boomed" out the final chorus like a sweet and deep-toned bell. Singing and beating the drum of hollow wood, and dancing the ancient and not always graceful Island variety of the "cakewalk" might be their most serious occupation in life, so absorbed were they in the *himene* and its quaint accompaniments.

They brought with them an atmosphere of flowery tropic lands, did these dancing, singing people from New Zealand's South Sea dominions, the remotest outpost of the Empire. They were exotics, plainly, as one saw when sharp winds blew, for then they shivered like tropic birds blown astray on to bleak southern shores; and the Exhibition City, where great white buildings reached to the sky, where people were whirled along the street in lightning-cars, and where grew no cocoanut-palms nor any of the pleasant Island fruits, was very strange and new to them. The frilly, flowery-looking tropic wreaths of soft ribbon-like fibre-shavings, the *lei*, with which they crowned their heads, their gorgeously patterned and flowered print waistcloths worn on special occasions, their soft and snowy *tapa* bark-cloth garments, their primitive wooden drums covered at one end with shark-skin and beaten sometimes with sticks and sometimes with the fingers, their bright-hued fete-costumes, all helped to give their little *marae*, on the occasion of their public performances, something of the South Sea colour. They were but a small party—only twenty-six in all; but their volume of singing was wonderful for such small numbers. Only the people of coral lands can sing as they sang. The men and women of Rarotonga, and Tahiti, and Samoa seem to have caught by generations of life in the tropics all the strange richness of the true voice of Nature. They have even taken the white man's dreary hymns and turned them into half-wild half-dreamy chants of barbaric days, with their high cadences, their sudden rises and falls, and their long drawn-out final "aue"s and "i"s and "e"s. Their songs have all the subtle tropic charm of the crying of the wild birds and the sighing of the wind in the palm-trees, the crashing roll of the surf on the outer reefs, and the soft crooning murmur of the inner waters on the quiet lagoon-shore.

The visiting Natives from the Cook Group arrived in the Maori pa on the day before that on which the Exhibition opened. They had come up to Auckland by steamer from their Islands, thence down to Christchurch under the charge of Mr. H. Dunbar Johnson, one of the Judges of the New Zealand Native Land Court. From their homes they brought their picturesque cloth-bark fete-dresses, native plaited-fibre hats, historic weapons, and the wooden drums and other native instruments of music on which the Polynesian loves to rattle out his Wagnerian harmonies. They came from three islands of the Cook Group—Rarotonga, Mangaia, and Aitutaki. They consisted of the



GROUP OF THE RAROTONGA NATIVES, HEADED BY MAKEA DANIELA.

following individuals: From Rarotonga—Makea Daniela (chief), Tapuae and Tira (women), Arona te Ariki (Makea's brother), Mama (a boy), and Manaia, Aiteina, Iotia, Puka and Tutakiau, Te Ariki, Tauei and Tairo (men); from Mangaia—Tangitoru (chief), Wiremu, Takiora, Te Kaa, Mata, Ruarakau, and Okaoka (two of these were women); from Aitutaki—Kakemaunga, Tiare, Pakii, Maria, Te Mata, and Papa (three men and three women).

On their arrival at the pa, the Islanders were welcomed with the usual *karanga* or welcome-call, the loud greeting-song of the *powhiri*, with its accompaniment of waving of green branches by the Maori women, and the *haka* by the men. Very appropriately the Maoris beckoned in their South Sea cousins with the fine old greeting-song beginning "A-a! Toia mai te waka!" ("Oh! Haul up the canoe!"), likening the arriving strangers to a canoe approaching the long-sought shore. Neke Kapua, the principal man amongst the Arawa tribespeople then resident in the pa, welcomed the Islanders in a speech. "Come! come!" he cried, as he walked to and fro grasping his feathered *maihi* weapon; "Come to us, and welcome! For you have come from distant Hawaiki, the country whence our ancestors came to these shores in the canoes 'Tainui,' 'Te Arawa,' 'Tokomaru,' 'Mataatua.'" Then the Maoris, led by old Neke, leaped into the lively war-dance, and sang the very ancient greeting-song—

Ka mate, ka mate,
Ka ora, ka ora, &c.
(Is it death, is it death?
No, 'tis life! 'tis life!)

The song ends with the joyous declaration that "the sun shines forth"—i.e., the sun of peace. The visitors, led by their stout taciturn-looking chief Makea Daniela, were taken to the large carved house in the outer *marae*, and there, grouped in the porch, they sang their first song, an old and beautiful chant of greeting, a chant that, as was remarked upon at the time, was in rather strong contrast to the fiercely barked dance-songs of the Maoris.

One of the Ministers of the Crown present at the Exhibition, the Hon. J. McGowan (Minister in Charge of Island Affairs), who with Mr. Bishop (Chairman of the Maori Committee) and Mr. A. Hamilton officially welcomed the visiting Islanders, briefly addressed the Maoris, asking them to do all they could for the comfort of the new arrivals. Then came the *hongi*, that greeting-custom of immemorial Polynesian usage. Led by old tattooed Mahutu, of the Waikato, the New Zealand Natives, men and women, advanced to their guests, and one by one they bent their heads and pressed their noses to those of their Island "tuakanas" and hand gripped hand, and the Maori welcome was complete.

These Cook-Islanders are hereditary sailors as well as hereditary minstrels—daring canoe-sailors in the olden days and smart schooner-men to-day. It was from Rarotonga that the historic canoes "Te Arawa," "Tainui," "Takitumu," "Mataatua," "Tokomaru," and others took their departure for this new land; some of them, too, came originally from the Society Group, but called at Rarotonga. The name of the "Takitumu"—the canoe which brought the ancestors of the Ngaitahu, Ngatiporou,



AT THE BIG WHAREPUNI.

and Ngatikahungunu Tribes to New Zealand—is honoured to-day in Rarotonga ; it is the ancient designation of a district in that island, and it was also the name given to a 100-ton schooner, built by Native labour on the communal co-operative principle at Ngatangia Harbour, Rarotonga, and owned by the Natives, a "home-made" craft that a few years ago voyaged to Auckland over the self-same ocean track that her famous namesake, with Tamatea's adventurous crew of *tapa*-garbed brown sailormen, had taken six hundred years before. A few years ago, before steam ousted sails, when fleets of yacht-like Island schooners traded to the coral lands out of Auckland, the crews of these little fruit-clippers were often mostly South Sea men from Rarotonga and Aitutaki and Niue ; and good sailormen they were. As handlers of boats in surfs and other dangerous sea-ways, no white man can equal these Natives. They are to be found all over the Pacific—born seamen and roving-men. Some of the Cook-Islanders, too, have for many years owned and sailed their own little schooners.



THE AITUTAKI NATIVES.

The islands of these Maoris—for they call themselves by the same race-name as their New Zealand kinsmen—were annexed to New Zealand seven years ago. They lie away up to the north-east ; the most important island, Rarotonga, is a little over 1,600 miles from Auckland. The total Native population of New Zealand's little South Sea kingdom (including Niue and the northern islands) is a little over twelve thousand ; the resident white people number not more than a hundred and fifty. The Cook Group contains an area of 150 square miles ; Niue and the atolls outside the Cooks and under New Zealand's jurisdiction cover 130 square miles. In the Cook Group there are nine islands and islets, all with their immense natural breakwaters, the coral fringing reefs. Rarotonga is the seat of Government of the Cook Archipelago, and the centre of trade—a beautiful volcanic island, with precipitous wooded basaltic peaks

rising nearly 3,000 ft. above the sea. Rarotonga has an area of 16,500 acres, and a population of 2,100 Natives and about a hundred whites. Aitutaki is something under 4,000 acres in area and is inhabited by 900 Maoris and half a dozen Europeans. Mangaia, somewhat larger than Rarotonga, has 1,500 Natives and eight whites.

The most interesting of all the visiting Islanders were probably the seven people from Mangaia. They brought with them, amongst other things, their curious ceremonial axes of stone, mounted on pyramidal pedestals perforated with many *ruas* or holes, as shown in the picture of the group. They are perhaps more conservative than any other Islanders in the Group, these Mangaiaans. Their ancient religion and their history and their clan-songs furnished the major part of the material used in the Rev. Wvatt Gill's two classics of the South Seas, "Myths and Songs of the South Pacific," and "Savage



THE NATIVES FROM MANGAIA ISLAND, COOK GROUP.

Life in Polynesia." Mangaia is a hilly island of upheaved coral, with some very remarkable scenic features—amongst them beautiful stalactite caves and grottoes, sharp rocky pinnacles, and cliffy heights; radiating from the central heights to the sea are the picturesque wooded *taro*-planted valleys watered by little hill-born streams. Mangaia was anciently called Auau (identical with the name of Ahuahu Island, on the east coast of New Zealand); it was not long before Captain James Cook's visit to the island in the "Resolution" in 1777 (the first time that a white man's ship was ever seen by these people) that it obtained its present name, which is in full "Mangaia-Nui-Neneva" ("Mangaia Exceedingly Great")—pretty good for a map-speck only about thirty miles in circumference. Tamaeu, a chief of Aitutaki, who reached the island in a sailing-canoe which had been driven out of its course, is said to have been the first to confer

the name upon it. The ancient and classic name of Aitutaki Island should be of some interest to New Zealand West-Coasters; it is Ara'ura, which is identical with Arahura, the name of the greenstone-bearing river of Westland; this name was in all probability given to the river by a canoe immigrant from Aitutaki, very likely the explorer Ngahue.

Colonel W. E. Gudgeon, C.M.G., a veteran of the Maori wars and an ex-Judge of the Native Land Court, is the New Zealand Government Resident Commissioner in the Cook Islands. His subordinate officers and Magistrates in charge of affairs at Mangaia and Aitutaki are Major J. T. Large and Mr. J. C. Cameron. Colonel Gudgeon visited the Exhibition in January, and was warmly received by the Maoris at the pa, who greeted him as their *kaumatua* or elder, and the old comrade of their departed chiefs.

To the New Zealand Maoris the *tapa*-cloth fete-dresses brought down from the Islands by the South Sea people were of interest, for the *tapa* was the clothing of their ancestors before they discovered the land of the *Phormium tenax*. The Islanders' *tiputas*, the garments covering the upper part of the body, with a slit for the head, were made from the bark of the paper-mulberry tree or *aute* (*hiapo* in Savage Island), which is beaten out by the women with wooden mallets on wooden logs until it is beautifully soft and fine. One of the prettiest of Polynesian folk-stories is the nature-myth of Ina and her *tapa*-making. Ina, according to the Rarotonga legend, is the woman in the moon; she is the wife of Marama, the Moon-god. She is an industrious wife, always beating out *tapa* or hanging it up in celestial regions to bleach. The white clouds of the sky are the bleaching *tapa*: the beautiful bark-cloth garments when finished glisten like the sun. When Ina's *tapa*-beating stones fall they cause thunder, and when

mortals see the shining and flashing of her bright new garments as she gathers them up, they call it lightning.

The little song-and-dance dramas, the tuneful part-singing, and the monotonous but wonderfully rhythmic quick drum-drumming of the Islanders had a great fascination for the Maoris, and some of the North Island Natives quickly learned one or two of the Rarotongan songs. "Tino reka, tino ngawari" ("sweet and soft indeed"), said the New-Zealanders of these *himenes*. "They are like the singing of the birds." There was, too, a charm even in the clattering and rattling and

throbbing of the rude Native wood instruments.

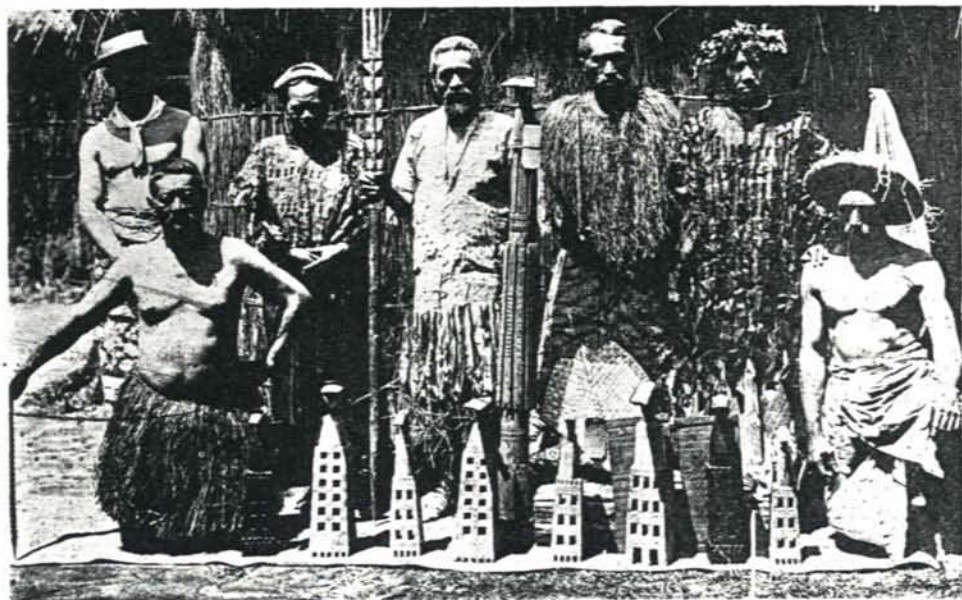


To the Islanders these sounds have their imitative onomatopœics, their regular beating and tapping-out of —

Tingiri-ringiri,
Rangara-rangara,
Anangirira
Tiki-rangi-ti.

To the Polynesian ear it is the "apt alliteration" of the Voice of the Drum.

Amongst the action-songs and posture-dances of the Islanders some were interesting as being based on ancient mythological beliefs. The most remarkable of these was the performance of the "lifting-song," for the separation of the Sky-Father and Earth-Mother by their children—a Native legend heard amongst every branch of the Poly-



THE MANGALA ISLANDERS, WITH THEIR CEREMONIAL-AXES.

nesian race, from New Zealand to the Hawaiian Islands. Armed with their long barbed spears of ironwood, the Islanders imitated, with many a heave and thrust, the levering away of Rangi, the Sky, from Enuā, the Earth, on which it once lay close, and the propping of it up aloft so that man might have freedom and light for ever onwards. This was the incantation chorus they sang, to the pantomimic heaving-action and the rattle of the wood-orchestra—the Aitutaki song for the herculean Ru-te-Toko-Rangi (Ru, the Sky-lifter), who was the offspring of Rangi and Tea (Light) :—

Kii ana mai koia ko Ru-taki-nuku.
Koia tokotoko o te Rangi—i-i!
Rarakina te Rangi—e!

Sing we of Ru-taki-nuku,
Whose mighty strength the Heavens raised
And ever fixed on high.

E tau rarakina te Rangi—e!	Hence is he called
Koia Tokotoko a ia i te Rangi—e!	The Propper-of-the-Sky.
Kua peke te Rangi	The heavens are heaved afar aloft
E te tini atua o Iti—e!	By Iti's myriad deities.

“The many gods of Iti” (“Te tini atua o Iti”) were called upon by Ru, the Sky-lifter, to aid him in his great task. Iti, or Whiti, refers perhaps to Tahiti, or Fiji, or more probably to a Hawaikian Fatherland far more remote.

This chant appealed with peculiar interest to the New Zealand Maoris, who quickly picked up the words and time-actions, and greatly amused their fellows at night by imitating the capers, the drumming, and the singing of the Island men and women in this and similar performances. The “lifting song” was rehearsed in camp by a party of Ngarauru Natives from Whenuakura and Waitotara, on the west coast of the North Island, who afterwards performed it on the town-*marae* at Parihaka, the home of the Prophet of the Mountain, the venerable Te Whiti, to the diversion and admiration of Taranaki. Another also learned and sung by these Maoris was a pretty Aitutaki poem-fragment, frequently sung by the Islanders, beginning—

Te pua miri,
Te pua mika,
Te viki ua ra i te mataki—e!
Te naupara ra—e—
Te aro motu—e—
Aweawe te pua o te inano—e!

This song was a modern one composed at Aitutaki, likening the gay dresses of an Island lady to the beautiful blossoms of the *pua* (*Fagraea berteriana*), a flowering-tree common in the Cook and Society Islands, and to other Island flowers.

Before leaving the pa on their return trip to the Cook Islands, the chief of the Mangaia party, Tangitoru, formally offered the Maoris of New Zealand, as a token of friendship and kinship between the two peoples, a piece of land of his own on the shores of Mangaia, about two acres in extent. This, if accepted, would always be held by the Maori people as a *tauranga* or landing-place, and any New Zealand Maori visiting the island would have a right to reside on the land. The Islanders were anxious that their New Zealand friends should pay them a return visit. The Maoris in the pa, in an address to their departing friends, accepted the kindly gift of land from Tangitoru, and, being asked to rename the spot, they bestowed upon it the title of “Te Koha-ki-Niu-Tireni” (The Present to New Zealand). A pleasant finale to an interesting and historic racial union.

THE NIUE-ISLANDERS.

The Native visiting party from Niue, or Savage Island, numbered seven: three men, three women, and a child, of whom the principal man was Frank Fataaiki, son of the late King of that island. The Niue people occupied a little kainga of their own in the compound alongside the Maori pa allotted to the Island tribes. Being so few in numbers, they did not give any public performances, but they occupied themselves in building a typical Niue thatched dwelling with material brought from their distant home, and in making various articles representative of the industries of the island. Niue is celebrated throughout the Pacific for its beautiful hats plaited out of the fibre of the fa plant (screw-pine), and for its pretty fans of various designs; these and model outrigger canoes, &c., were made by the Islanders, and placed for sale in the Cook Islands Court in the Exhibition.

These Niue people came a long way. Their island, lying all by itself, is about 1,400 miles north-east from Auckland in a straight line, but to reach New Zealand they had first to voyage to Tonga (Friendly Islands) in a schooner, and there take passage in the Union Company's steamer "Atua" for Auckland. On their arrival at Port Lyttelton they were met by Mr. Bishop, S.M., the Chairman of the Maori Committee, Mr. McGregor, and several people from the pa, and on their entry into the village *marae* they were welcomed with speech and song by the Maoris and Rarotongans.

Wearing European dress, the Niueans were thoroughly civilised-looking. Indeed, they are a far remove from their fierce ancestors, who attacked all white people attempting to land on their shores. The name of "Savage Island," now a misnomer, was well earned in the past. The Islanders strongly disapproved of the whites or *papa-langi* (literally "breakers-through-the-sky"). Captain Cook, who discovered the island in 1774, in the "Resolution," made friendly overtures to the Natives, who answered with menaces of the utmost ferocity: "all endeavours to bring them to a parley were of no purpose, for they advanced with the ferocity of wild boars, and threw their darts." One of the spears thrown narrowly missed Cook himself. The men were naked save for a waistcloth: they carried spears, and clubs, and slings; many of them had their bodies partly painted black. Little wonder, therefore, that Cook as he sailed away named the place Savage Island. John Williams, the missionary pioneer, had an equally unfriendly reception when he visited the "Isle of Savages" fifty-six years later in the little schooner "Messenger of Peace." It was 1848 before the emissaries of the Christian missions got a footing on Niue.

The island itself is the largest in New Zealand's tropic possessions; a solitary mass of upheaved coral, about 200 ft. in height, and densely wooded. It has an area of about a hundred square miles, and a Native population of 4,300, more nearly allied perhaps to the Tongans and Samoans than to the Cook-Islanders, from whom they are separated by six hundred miles of ocean. It is a fertile, productive island, but its surf-beaten shores are without a harbour, and it is out of the track of the regular Island steamers. On its long, irregular, fringing reefs and on the bold sea-worn cliffs the great inswell of the Pacific, rolling before the strong south-east trades, continually thunders, and flings skywards clouds of spray. Landwards through the sea-born mist the voyager sees forests of tall cocoanuts waving their long feathery fronds in the wind; the white houses of the island people are hidden from view by the tropical vegetation. The Natives live in eleven villages, which are very clannish, like the rival districts of Samoa. In the old days these villages "took it out" of each other with club and spear; nowadays, being highly civilised, they make it warm for one another in the way of commercial competition, and in outdoing each other in the annual contributions to the London Missionary Society. There is a New Zealand Government Resident Commissioner (Mr. H. G. Cornwall) on Niue. The principal commercial industries of the Natives are copra-making, cotton and fungus gathering, and hat-making. They make, too, very fine *tapa*-cloth, or *hiapo* as it is called on Niue. The mallets of the cloth-beaters are daily heard on the beach, as the women patiently pound away at the bark of the "cloth-tree"; then, after bleaching, the *hiapo* is taken up on to the shady village-greens, and all sorts of intricate and tasteful designs (many of them pictures of tree-foliage) are traced on its clean white surface with the indelible pigments obtained from the candle-nut. Some good specimens of this Native cloth were shown in the Cook Islands Court.

During the stay of the Niue-Islanders in the Exhibition pa, one of their number, the wife of Frank Fataaiki, gave birth to a son—the second Native child born within the walls of "Arai-te-uru."

THE FIJI-ISLANDERS.—FIRE-WALKERS AND THEIR CEREMONIES.

AN INTERESTING PEOPLE.

For Exhibition visitors the party of Natives of the Fiji Islands who spent a considerable time in camp had an enthralling interest. The very name of Fiji—the “Feejee” of the old South Sea voyagers—had a fascination; it carried a medley of suggestions: visions of coral reefs and palmy isles, shark-haunted surfs and calm blue lagoons, great sugar-cane plantations, Hindoo coolie cane-cutters, bananas and *bêche-de-mer*, canoes and cocoanuts, fuzzy-wuzzy Island men, bronze-skinned beauties, missionaries, and cannibals. For Fiji was once the veritable Cannibal Land, the land of “Hokey-pokey-winky-wum,” where the terrific savage ate “first a finger and then the thumb,” and where old Thakombau was in truth the “King of the Cannibal Islands.” “Long-pig” was eaten in Fiji long after the Maoris of New Zealand discontinued its consumption—in fact, up to within quite recent years.* The Islanders of the Group were the most ferocious in the Pacific, as witness a score of narratives, from the Chevalier Peter Dillon up to the latest Fiji writer, the Rev. Lorimer Fison. Now-

adays they are tame by virtue of British rule, and profess the Christian religion in a variety of forms. They number about 86,000—nearly twice as many as our Maoris—but they are decreasing. One thing they have been suffered to retain, and that is their olden Native costume, airy and picturesque. Contrasted with the Rarotonga Natives, who even in the dances clung with ridiculous persistency to the trousers of the paleface and who wear a half-sailor uniform, the Fijians at the Exhibition were simple, natural, and without artistic in their bare legs, their white kilts, and their garlands and waist-*liku*. Their great heads of hair, their stern-set faces, their necklaces of boars’ teeth, their knobbed clubs, and their barbed spears gave a barbaric “tang” to their public appearances; and, above all, their strange and ancient semi-religious ceremony, the singular rite of fire-walking, won for them a very high degree of public interest and curiosity. This was the first occasion in which the famous Fire-walkers of Benga had ever ventured outside the bounds of their little South Sea archipelago, and it was not without some misgivings that the simple-hearted Islanders, not yet free from the old heathen superstitions—though good Wesleyans by profession—sailed across the great ocean to a distant and mysterious white man’s land, a far more wonderful land than they ever dreamed to see.



A FIJI CLUB-DANCER.

The Fijian Natives who, at the request of the Exhibition authorities and with the permission of the Governor of Fiji, Sir Everard im Thurn, were permitted to visit New Zealand, numbered fifty-one men—fine stalwart fellows, athletic, agile, and skilled in their ancestral dances, and songs, and ceremonies. They came in two parties. The first numbered twenty-five, from various islands of the Group, under the charge of Mr. W. A. Scott, Assistant Native Commissioner of Fiji; they arrived in Christchurch on the 15th November, built a large Native thatched house in an enclosure in the Exhibi-

* Even as late as 1894 savage practices were revived by a wild mountain tribe in the interior of Vanua Levu, the largest island of the Fiji Group. A Government armed force sent against these rebels found evidence of acts of cannibalism and of human sacrifice to the heathen gods, the *teroro* (devils) as they are called nowadays.

tion grounds, danced their fan, and club, and spear dances, and made the *kava* drink of hospitality for their visitors. Their chief was a handsome and dignified Native officer, Ratu Ifereimi, a fine figure in his white military jacket and his white scalloped waist-to-knee kilt. The other men wore on arrival dark-blue uniforms, with scarlet-cloth kilts, but they stripped to the waist-garment of native fibre for their dances. They carried as weapons long barbed spears and heavy wooden clubs.

The second party, who arrived at Lyttelton *ex* steamer "Huroto" on the 13th December from Suva, *via* Wellington, consisted of twenty-six fire-walkers of the Sawau Tribe, of Benga, a little island which has from time immemorial been the home of the mystic rites of the *vilavila-i-revo*. These men, numbering all but two of the fire-walking experts of Benga, were under the charge of Mr. A. M. Duncan, of Suva. Their head-man was Kalebi (Caleb), who was the *buli* or chief of the Sawau district. (Benga is spelled "Beqa" in Fiji, but as a guide to pronunciation it is preferable to spell it



THE FIJIANS AND THEIR WHITE CHIEF, MR. SCOTT.

"Benga.") It is a small island lying off the south coast of Viti Levu, the largest island of the Group, and is about twenty-four miles from Suva, the capital of Fiji. The oldest and most experienced fire-walker was a man named Titus, about fifty years of age; the youngest was twenty-four or twenty-five. Old Titus had been fire-walking for forty years, and, as Mr. Duncan said to a questioner, "still wears the same pair of feet." They brought with them from Fiji a quantity of stones from the historic fire-walking ground at Benga for the oven or *loro*, a quantity of roots of the masawe or dracena (somewhat similar to our New Zealand ti, or cabbage-tree), the esculent dalo ("taro" in Maori), and cocoanuts; these foods are eaten after the sweet masawe-roots are baked in the sacred oven. Coconut-leaves were also brought for kindling the fire, and native poles and forest creepers for use in preparing the glowing oven for the fire-walk act.

Four performances of fire-walking were given by the men of Benga on the Exhibition Sports Ground; the first on the 17th December, before large crowds of intensely

interested spectators. A committee of New Zealand scientists, specially invited to attend, were given opportunities of observing the ceremonies, and of investigating the conditions under which the fire-walking was done. These scientific observers included Professor H. B. Kirk (Professor of Biology at Victoria College, Wellington), Professor Haslam (Christchurch), Drs. Evans and Chilton (Christchurch), and Professor Benham (Dunedin). Keenly and closely as they watched, however, they failed to exactly solve the mystery of the fire-walk, which has puzzled scientists all over the world—the reason of the Natives' immunity from burning when walking on the glowing stones. "Savage magic" it has been called by some; and a variety of hypotheses have been advanced to explain the feat, but none are entirely satisfactory, and the rite of the Oven of Benga still remains to a large extent a mystery.

Though not one of the regular fire-walkers, Ratu Ifereimi, the chief of Mr. Scott's contingent of Fijians, also walked across the hot stones, and received no hurt. The

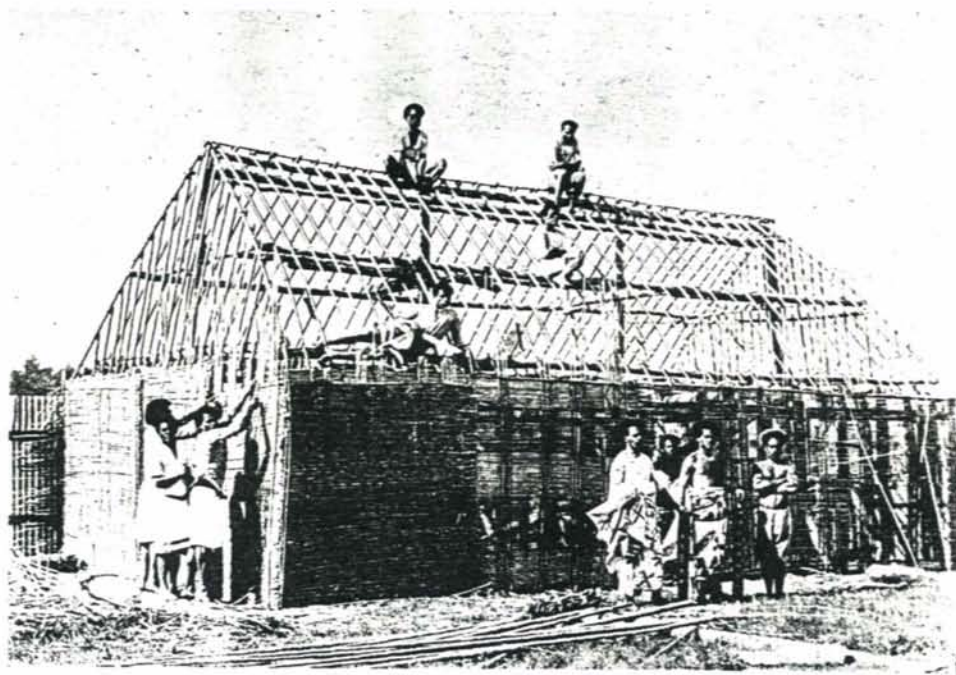
explanation was that Ifereimi was also of the tribe of the fire-walkers, though, owing to his high rank, he does not ordinarily take part in the rite.

The legend of the origin of the fire-walking ceremony, as told by the Fijians, is this: In ancient days there lived in the village of Navakaisese, in the district of the Sawau Tribe, Benga (Beqa) Island, a famous story-teller named Dredre (pronounced "Drendray"), to hear whom the people would assemble night after night in the large *bure* or village-hall. The villagers in turn gave presents to Dredre in return for his thrilling war-epics and fairy-tales. The chief Tui-Ngalita, went out to seek some reward for his court story-teller, and sought to capture an enormous eel whose haunt he alone



knew. But the eel was not there, and Ngalita, probing about in the hole in which the eel was generally to be seen, suddenly to his astonishment grasped a human hand. Hauling away with all his strength, he presently drew out to the light of day a trembling dwarf, who sat down and clapped his hands to show respect to the chief, after the fashion of the Fijian. He implored Ngalita not to kill him. "Spare me," he cried, "I am a god, and will make you so strong in war that none shall withstand you." "Oh! but," replied Ngalita, "I am already stronger in war than anybody else, and I fear no one." "Well, then," said the dwarf, whose name was Tui-Namoliwai. "I will make your canoe the fastest to sail on these seas, and none shall come up with it." "But," replied Ngalita, "as it is, no one can pass my canoe." "Then," rejoined the other, "I will make you a great favourite among women, so that all will fall in love with you." "Not so," said Ngalita, "I have one wife, of whom I am very fond, and I desire no other." Poor Namoliwai then made other offers, which were also rejected. The chief announced that he would club him, and have his body cooked as a feast for Dredre. Namoliwai's chances of life were fast fading when he made a final effort. "Oh chief! if you will

spare me I will so cause it that you and your descendants shall henceforth walk through fiery ovens unharmed. In after-time the people of your village will become famous for their baking of the roots of the masawe [the dracæna, which has a succulent root, sometimes used for food]. I will endow you and your people with power to enter the great oven in which the roots are cooked, and to walk therein without hurt." Tui-Ngalita was impressed by this promise, and, taking Namoliwai to the village, the experiment was made. A great oven was lighted, and when the live logs were removed the stones piled in it were all aglow. The dwarf, before the wondering eyes of the people, stepped into the white-hot oven, and walked nimbly to and fro, and after much persuasion Ngalita joined him, and to his amazement and delight walked upon the heated stones unharmed. Many of the people of Sawau followed him, and learned the mystery of the *vilavila-i-revo*. From that day to this they have baked the masawe-roots in the



THE FIJIANS BUILDING THEIR HOUSE.

oven in the fashion taught by Namoliwai, and Ngalita's descendants to this day practise the wondrous art of the Hot-Stone-Walk on the famous little isle of Benga.

One could not help feeling, when watching the performance of the fire-walkers, or, rather, "hot-stone walkers," that the proper place to witness such a ceremony is in its original home. The fuzzy-headed Islanders were there in gay barbaric dresses, chanting ancient songs and tap-tapping on their ancient wooden drums, and there was the veritable glowing oven of the *vilavila-i-revo*: but the South Sea atmosphere was wanting. To enter into the spirit of the ceremony one should see it under tropic skies and palm shadows away on the little isle of Benga, with the blazing blue sea beyond the fringing white beach. Such a performance is one indeed to stir the imagination in its appropriate environment, with crowds of half-nude children of Nature, dark-browed



HEATING THE OVEN.



LEVELLING THE STONES FOR THE FIRE-WALKERS.

and wondrously war-bedizened, watching the olden rite from the shade of the woods. But transferred to a prosaic sports ground in the white man's city in a far-distant country, what wonder that in some respects it failed to give spectators that "sensational" impression for which many of them looked?

As a spectacle, the hot-stone-walking act of the Benga men was hardly thrilling or exciting. But to those who saw it and who had read anything of the story of the *vila-vila-i-revo* of Fiji and the *umu-ti* of the Polynesians, there was something inexpressibly interesting in the survival to these days of that most ancient of rites and ordeals, the ordeal by fire. Ancient indeed it is, for we read of it in the Book of Daniel: was it not Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego who performed the first fire-walk on record in the midst of the "burning fiery furnace"? A ceremonial which survives to-day, too, in Japan, India, Mauritius, and on at least one Polynesian island—Raiatea, in the Society Group.



RAKING THE HOT STONES, PREPARATORY TO THE FIRE-WALKING.

In the arena of the sports green was the great *umu* or *lovo*, marked by a circular pile of stones, filling a shallow pit, in which a very hot wood fire had been burning for some hours. By the side of the heated pile lay some stout poles, and a long, thick, snaky liana of tree-creeper resembling the aka vines of the New Zealand forest. The use of these timbers was presently to be seen.

A band of about a score of Fiji-Islanders marched on to the ground, two abreast, their bare brown torsos shining with the coconut-oil with which they had liberally anointed themselves; round their bodies they wore fantastic kilts, far more brightly coloured than any Highland tartan, made of the leaves of a tree like our ti or cabbage-tree and coloured with Native dyes; and above this, again, they wore yards and yards of *tapa*, or bark cloth, bunched up and frilled in quite feminine fashion. In their huge heads of hair, some coloured a rich red with lime, one or two of the younger men wore red flowers, the geranium for choice—no doubt it reminded them of the beautiful

hibiscus of their far-away home. One of them carried a Native *ali* (drum) cut out of a log of ebony wood. After a march-round, the Islanders squatted down and sang, or, rather, crooned, songs to the accompaniment of swaying bodies, the clapping of hands, and the beating of the drum. Then they jumped to their feet, and proceeded to prepare the oven for their comrades, the walkers on fire.

The spreading-out and levelling of the stones of the oven, in preparation for the great act, occupied a quarter of an hour or a little more. It was a much more dramatic bit of work than the fire-walk itself. Eight or ten men stood round with long poles, most of these provided with loops or nooses at the end, made out of a forest vine. Others took hold of the big tree-creeper previously mentioned, and with the aid of this, the poles, and a long log laid across the pile, the hot stones were gradually worked outwards and levelled down until they covered a circular area probably 20 ft. across. The burning logs which lay on and around the pile were hauled to one side, and the levelling-down process went on to the music of little songs and a vast amount of the Fiji equivalents for the white sailorman's "Yo-ho" and "Heave-away!" The pole-men in their work forced the ends of their poles down between the stones, and that there was

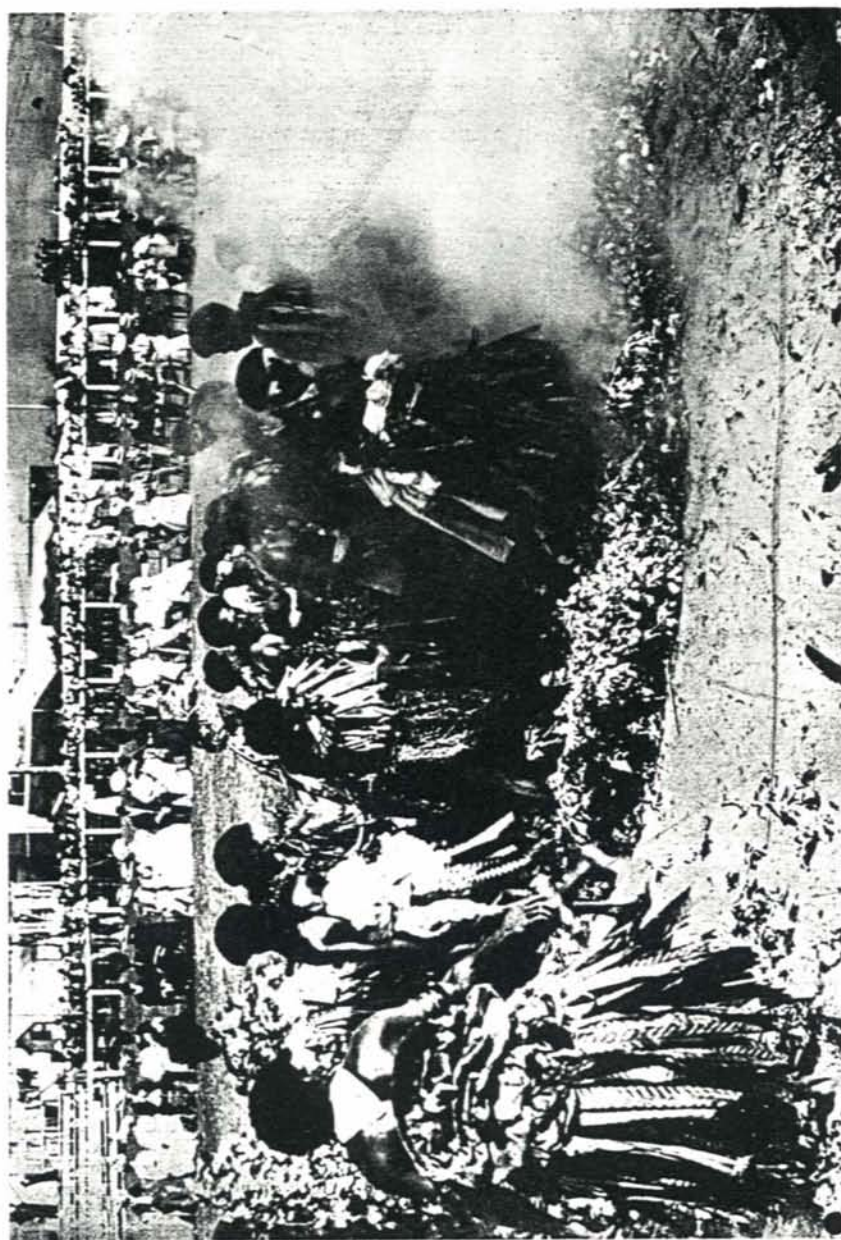


FIRE-WALKERS ENTERING THE OVEN.

fire in the pile was soon proved by the burning tips of the poles and by the flames leaping up amongst the stones from the burning wood underneath.

The stones used in the oven had been brought from Fiji. However, in an exhibition of fire-walking given in Wellington some time afterwards, the Natives used stones procured from a quarry in the neighbourhood of Wellington City; this was the first occasion on which the men of Benga Island had walked in the *vilavila-i-revo* on stones other than those from their South Sea home. As some people had an idea that "the trick" was done with the aid of special stones, the fire-walkers determined that for the Wellington exhibition they would use New Zealand materials. They were at some disadvantage in using these stones, however, for they broke up under intense heat, unlike the volcanic rock which the Islanders prefer to utilise in the ceremony.

Then came the fire-walkers. Loud shouts were given by the fire-levellers that all was ready, and at the signal a body of about a dozen men—the adepts of the Sawau Tribe of Benga—emerged from their waiting-place and came on to the arena at a sharp run. Immediately they reached the oven they stepped on to the heated stones, walked across them twice, each man remaining from fifteen to twenty seconds on the stones. They wore similar attire—leaf girdles and *tapa*—to their companions, the fire-levellers,



THE FIJI FIRE-WALKERS IN THE OVENS.

and, in addition, dry-leaf circlets round their ankles; these anklets, as was apparent on subsequent examination, were not burnt or singed. The fire-walkers were led by their chief Kalebi, a fine-looking athletic man, who will be the head chief of Benga Island on the death of the present head-man of the tribe, old Jonathani Dabea, now aged eighty. Jonathani is the chief instructor of his tribe in the fire-walking ceremony, and is a man exceedingly learned in ancient Fijian lore, but, owing to his advanced age, he could not accompany his people to New Zealand.

The fire-walking was over almost before many of the spectators realised that it was taking place. It did not take long, but even to a fire-walker probably fifty seconds on a well-heated oven is quite long enough. After the "walk," piles of green leaves and boughs lying near by were thrown on to the hot stones; on these, the fire-walkers, re-entering, sat for a few moments, and were joined by some of the other Natives.

Then, as soon as the *tapa*-girt men of Benga had stepped out of the oven, the customary finale, the cooking of the roots of masawe, brought from Fiji for the purpose, was proceeded with. The roots were placed in the centre of the oven, then piles of green boughs were heaped on top, and over these earth and clay were heaped until all was covered up, and the Oven of the Masawe was closed until its reopening the following morning, when the cooked roots were taken out and eaten.

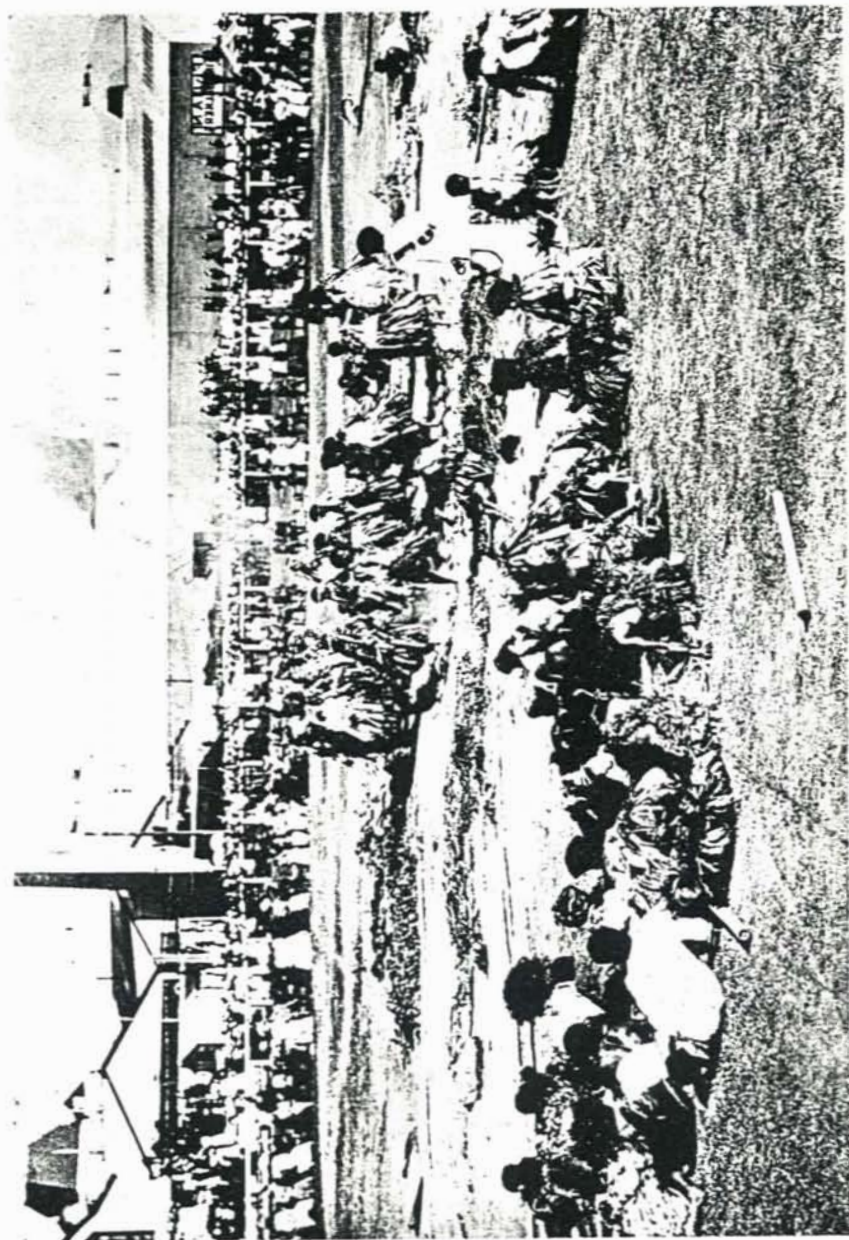
There was no doubt that the heat in the oven was intense, and that any white man would have suffered severely had he rashly attempted to walk on the stones.*

In walking across the oven the men did not hurry, nor did they allow their feet to rest longer than a second on any stone. They planted their bare feet down fairly and squarely, without the least sign of trepidation; they walked as deliberately as if they had been treading a roadway. The first man who entered was probably just under half a minute in the oven. When the act was over, and the roots and pith of the masawe had been placed on the oven to be cooked, many curious spectators took an opportunity of examining the heated stones. Those on the outer rim of the oven were still exceedingly hot—so much so that they could hardly be touched. When the masses of green leaves were heaped upon the stones dense steam and smoke arose. At one of the performances it was noticed that when the *tapa* waistcloth of one of the natives became undone and the end dragged above the stones, it immediately took fire. Stones thrown out of the oven retained their heat for many minutes afterwards.

The *vilavila-i-revo* ceremonial was succeeded by Fijian *meles* or song-and-dance performances, in which the whole of the Natives took part. The best of the dances was the martial "club-dance," in which the Benga men, armed with long and heavy war-clubs, displayed wonderful agility and activity, to the accompaniment of the quickly drumming wooden *lali*.

The second performance of the fire-walkers was given in the Sports Ground on the 20th December, in the presence of His Excellency the Governor and party, and a large crowd of other spectators. The actual fire-walking occupied about twenty seconds:

* Colonel Gudgeon, the New Zealand Government Resident in the Cook Group, and three other Europeans at Rarotonga, passed unscathed barefooted across a hot *umu-ti*, under the direction of a priest of Raiatea Island, some years ago. Colonel Gudgeon says of the feat, "I can only say that we stepped across boldly. I got across unscathed, and only one of the party was badly burned, and he, it is said, was spoken to, but, like Lot's wife, looked behind him—a thing against all rules. I can hardly give my sensations, but I can say this: that I knew quite well that I was walking on red-hot stones, and could feel the heat, yet I was not burned. I felt something resembling slight electric shocks, both at the time and afterwards, but that is all. I do not know that I should recommend every one to try it. A man must have 'mana' to do it: if he has not it will be too late when he is on the hot stones of Tama-ahi-roa. To show you the heat of the stones, quite half an hour afterwards some one remarked to the priest that the stones would not be hot enough to cook the *ti*. His only answer was to throw his green branch on the oven, and in a quarter of a minute it was blazing. As I have eaten a fair share of *ti* cooked in the oven, I am in a position to say that it was hot enough to cook it well."



THE FIJI FIRE-WALKERS CROSSING THE HOT STONES.

some of the men were so anxious to give a good performance that they walked across the stones twice. Then branches and green leaves were heaped on the stones; the fire-walkers squatted down on top, and the sound of their incantation-song was heard from amid the rising steam and smoke. They remained on the pit for about two minutes.

At the conclusion of the performance, the Governor (Lord Plunket), addressing the fire-walkers grouped about the pit, said that he had been very pleased to see their wonderful performance carried out by such a fine body of men. The chief Kalebi then approached the Governor and presented him with a whale's tooth—the greatest honour that a Fijian can bestow. His Excellency presented each of the fire-walkers with a medal, given by the scientists who had been invited to be present and make investigations at the opening performance.

Of this second fire-walk, Mr. Duncan, in charge of the Natives, said, though he had seen many exhibitions of fire-walking in Benga Island, he had never seen the Natives remain so long on the stones. The stones, moreover, were frightfully hot, and that made the performance all the more creditable.



FII-ISLANDERS AT A KAVA-DRINKING.

The fourth and final performance of fire-walking in Christchurch was given by the Benga men on the 24th December. It was an excellent exhibition, and the stones, as eye-witnesses reported, seemed to be hotter than usual. Amongst the spectators were Sir Joseph Ward (Premier), Lady Ward, and Miss Ward. At the conclusion of the fire-walk the chief Kalebi presented Sir Joseph with some fine Fijian mats and a war-club as souvenirs of the occasion.

MAORIS AND FIJIANS.—A MAORI WELCOME.

A pleasant feature of the Fijians' visit was their fraternising with the Maoris and the Cook-Islanders. They paid each other ceremonial visits and exchanged gifts of whale's teeth, *tapa* (Native cloth), woven-fibre mats, and greenstone. The Fijians entertained their guests at *yangona* (*yagona*), known in other groups as *kava*, the universal Native drink of the South Pacific. The gingery root of the *yangona* is grated and mixed with

water, and makes a not unpleasant cool drink. The Maoris were greatly interested in the *kava* ceremonial, but some of them could not restrain their grimaces at the first taste of the beverage of Hawaiki.

On the 6th December the Maoris and Cook-Islanders in the pa welcomed and entertained their darker-skinned cousins from Fiji. This was a unique and intensely interesting and highly spectacular ceremony; it was such a picture as had never before been witnessed in New Zealand, the foregathering in overflowing *aroha* of the three great tribes of the Pacific. It was a truly international gathering of the dark-skinned races. All bore themselves like chiefs, for national pride and a desire to appear at their best actuated every individual. The Maoris and the Cook-Islanders, the hosts, wore their finest mats and danced their most spirited dances; the Fijians, dignified and wonder-

fully attired, came loaded with gifts for their entertainers. The poetic chorus of the *pouhiri*, with its accompaniment of beckoning, waving of weapons and green branches, and its rousing dance, greeted the in-marching Fijians, whose faces were blackened in curious patterns, and who were headed by Mr. Scott and Ratu Hereimi. The women's *pouhiri* was succeeded by a fear-inspiring dance of Maori warriors, spear-armed, leaping, stamping, yelling out their barking battle-chorus, and grimacing like the carved images on their pa-walls. The war-dance over, a welcome-poem was chanted, and the Arawa chiefs, stripped to the gaily coloured *taniko* waistbelt and dangling *piu-piu*, and wearing *huia*-feathers in their hair, stepped out in turn and welcomed their guests. Captain Gilbert Mair interpreted the Maori into English, and Mr. Scott the English into Fijian.



KAVA FOR A WHITE CHIEF.

"Greeting, greeting to you," cried Kiharoa, "we bid you welcome. Come to us, come to gaze upon the Island of the Native people of New Zealand. All these tribes, all the canoes that brought our ancestors to New Zealand in ancient days, passed through your Islands. You are the source from which the Maori people came, therefore I look upon you as our older brethren. You have touched our hearts very deeply because you have come to New Zealand, to this Wai-Pounamu, the Land of the Greenstone. We wish you long life and happiness, and a safe return to your native land."

Other chiefs spoke, and an ancient Hawaikian chant, part of the invocation used in felling the tree from which the "Arawa" canoe was built in the South Sea Isles, was

repeated. Ratu Hereimi replied, thanking the Maoris for their kind speeches, and his people piled their presents before the New-Zealanders, topping them with a great whale's tooth—the supreme gift of a Fijian chief. Then came a delightful interchange



FIJANS BRINGING THEIR PRESENTS TO THE MAORIS.

of quaint music and dances. The squatting Fijians chanted their songs to the drumming of the *lali*. The Arawa girls, led by Bella Reretupou, acted their rhythmic "canoe-poi,"



in which the *poi*-artistes illustrated in beautiful time the action of paddling a canoe—their ancestral pilgrim-canoe, the "Arawa," on her voyage to New Zealand. Then came the Cook-Islanders, the men and women of Rarotonga and Aitutaki and Mangaia, the men crowned with singular helmets of brown cocoanut-fibre, the women dressed in gorgeously vivid colours and head-decked with green leaves. With their amusing orchestra



THE FIJIAN DELEGATION PRESENTING MATS, ETC., TO THE MAORIS.

of wood instruments, they sang a tuneful song of love and welcome, and gave a mimic war performance that was quite an exciting little drama, in which the women were veritable Amazons, armed with spears, while their assailants, the men, used slings.



A FIJIAN FAN-DANCE.