

With the Author's kind regards.

ANCIENT TIDE-LORE
AND
TALES OF THE SEA,
FROM THE TWO ENDS OF THE WORLD.

ALSO,
SOME HIGHLY CURIOUS
ANCIENT AND LEGENDARY LITTLE-KNOWN
EAST COAST MAORI STORIES
TRANSLATED, WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES ON THE SAME.

BY
WILLIAM COLENZO,

F.R.S., F.L.S., ETC.

"Time erases the fictions of unfounded opinions; but confirms the judgments which are in accordance with truth."—CICERO.

"The truth is perilous never to the true,
Nor knowledge to the wise; and to the fool,
And to the false, error and truth alike.
Error is worse than ignorance."—BAILEY, *Festus*.

"If an offence come out of the Truth, better is it that the offence come than that the Truth be concealed."—JEROME.



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[*Read before the Hawke's Bay Philosophical Society, August 15th, 1887.*]

“O mare! O littus, verum secretumque Μουσεῖον! quam multa invenitis!
quam multa dictatis!” [Thou sea and shore, solemn and solitary scene for
contemplation, with how many noble thoughts hast thou inspired me!]

—Plin. min., *Ep.* i, 9.

“There is a pleasure in the pathless woods;
There is a rapture on the lonely shore;
There is Society where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:
I love not Man the less, but Nature more.”

Childe Harold, iv, 178.

I HAD been lately reading some of the curious theories respecting the tides of the Sea, that were anciently held or advanced by the wisest and most civilized nations or the philosophers of Greece and Rome; also, some far more strange and peculiar notions held by Western Europe, and by Oriental Races in more modern times, which, possibly, in a measure are still by them maintained; and this naturally brought me to a reconsideration of what the Maoris believed to be the origin and cause of the tides; which being curious and not wholly unlike what has been anciently upheld in other parts of the world, has induced me to write a Paper on it; together with some kindred strange and legendary sea-stories, selected from the many such formerly known to the Maoris; believing that the same may prove interesting to the members of this Institute.

I. OF THE CAUSE OF THE TIDES

§1. *Maori.*

The New Zealanders believed that the ebbing and flowing of the sea was occasioned by a huge ocean-monster, whose home was low down in the depths beyond the horizon, through its powerful and regular respiration, or ingurgitation and regurgitation of the water. Far off foreign lands were considered to be lying beyond it.

This monster's name was *Parata*: which term is commonly used figuratively and proverbially for anyone unexpectedly meeting with great trouble, that such a person has fallen into the throat of the Parata. Indeed, in one of their ancient and prized myths which treats in popular language of their first peopling New Zealand, one of their chief canoes named "the Arawa" is said to have really got into that difficulty and was carried into the enormous mouth of the monster, from which fearful Maelstrom it was with difficulty extricated by Ngatoroirangi, the courageous and cunning *tohunga* (priest or wise man) on board, who recited his powerful charm for that purpose which proved effectual: the words of the said charm or spell being also preserved.*

Not unfrequently in former years (since the New Zealanders had learned to write) a laconic epistle, etched with a nail or fragment of shell on a fresh flax leaf (*Phormium*) would be despatched from those in sudden private or local trouble to their relatives or friends, couched in these words:— "*E hoa ma, whakarongo mai, kua taka matou ki te korokoro o te Parata.*" = Friends listen, we have fallen into the throat of the *Parata*; and that, like the Fiery Cross of the far North, would often be sufficient to secure their prompt and hearty assistance. As might naturally enough be supposed among a superstitious people abounding in charms and spells, witchcraft and incantations, the aid, real or imaginary, of such a powerful living being, whose irresistible and regular action was daily seen on their shores and in their rivers, was sure to be malevolently sought against their enemies; so, one of their solemn maledictory spells begins thus:—

"Dreadful big beetling precipices deep down in Ocean's depths, listen! obey!
 be quick and lie scattered far off to the right and to the left,† that the
 mighty *Parata* may go to work.
 "*Parata!* hear! blow thy irresistible overwhelming tides strongly hitherwards
 to the shore."

This was done in order that the sea-side forts and villages (always close to the beach and sometimes built on it) might be inundated by the sea, and so, easily overcome; and their inhabitants scattered and with, their canoes destroyed.

* A version of this charm or spell will be given in the Appendix. Note A.

† *Lit.* to the one side and to the other side: "*ki tetahi tahu, ki tetahi taha.*"

Of course we of to-day are a step in advance of our own forefathers in this matter; we can well afford to laugh at the power of such a charm or spell, based on such a belief; nevertheless the New Zealanders believed in it, and we may easily imagine, that if, after solemnly uttering their spells by the priests at their pagan altars, and with all due and fearful invocations and ceremonies, a storm came on from the sea, or a high tide followed, that such would be laid hold of as a favourable omen and be sure to inspire them with extra courage in their fiendish work of destruction and slaughter! Besides among a race like the Maoris, keen and constant observers as they ever were of the appearances of the heavens and of the varied phenomena of Nature—who had proper significant names even for every day of the moon's age with their lucky and unlucky thys, as well as for the different stages and seasons of the tides; who knew all about times of flood and ebb, of high and low water, spring and neap tides &c, with their numerous intermediate variations—it is likely that their *tohunga*, who had to utter the said powerful charm, would avail himself of his knowledge of the time of the spring tides to make it appear to be the more effectual.

I scarcely need remark, that such spells and invocations were not confined to the New Zealanders, or to uncivilized people like them. Plenty of such doings will be found among the records of the oldest and most civilized nations of antiquity. The ancient world had great faith in curses and spells. Numerous formulas of imprecatory charms or curses and exorcisms have been deciphered on ancient Babylonian and Assyrian cuneiform tablets,* some of which date back at least to the 16th century B.C. The Hebrews also abounded in them: their neighbours the Moabites and Midianites strove hard through Balak the king of Moab to induce the prophet Balaam to curse Israel. Grecian and Roman history affords us plenty of examples.† Spells were held to control and rule the very elements and all Nature; to draw down the Moon and stars from the skies, to direct the winds, to conjure up thunder-storms, to check the movements of serpents and to make them

* "*Records of the Past*," vols. i, iii, &c.— "The curse like an evil demon acts against the man," &c.

† The witch Canidia, Hor. *Ep.* xvii.

burst asunder. But it is right to add on the authority of Pliny “that the wisest persons rejected all such beliefs;” and another deep remark of his on the same subject should not be overlooked:— “To believe that we can command Nature is the mark of a bold mind, nor is it less the mark of a feeble one to reject her kindness.” — *Nat. Hist.*, bk. ii, ch. 54.

More than 1800 years have elapsed since Pliny penned those words, “that the wisest persons rejected all such beliefs;” and yet I think it is not too much to say that such occult doings are still firmly held and believed in all over the world! Amongst the oldest and most civilized nations as well as those others who are only just emerging from a state of barbarism—though not to the universal extent that such charms and curses formerly were.

Of late we have had several notable instances here among us in New Zealand; on the one hand the so-called faith-healing powers with all their lowering adjuncts (reminding us of what we read of certain vagabond exorcists—the seven sons of Sceva* put forth and supported by educated men who ought to have known better; on the other hand the acts committed by some of our Maori neighbours, lately tried for murder and condemned to die for killing a Maori sorcerer or wizard! in which, no doubt, they both have and do glory, as having wrought a good deed.† To me, however, it matters not, whether such acts and deeds of the olden times were real or not; that is, whether such stories are authentic relations of matters that really and truly happened, or were then believed to have happened; or whether such stories are merely romances or novels of the olden times, and this remark applies equally to those of the Hebrew and other Oriental races, as well as to those of the Greeks and Romans, and other nations still farther West; for whether true or not, the underlying principle is precisely the same in either case, showing clearly that such powers were firmly believed in and sought, or feared and averted as the case might be.

* *Acts*, xix, 13.

† Being strengthened in the ancient belief of their people, with the Bible in their hands:—*Ex.* xxii, 18; *Lev.* xx, 27; *Deut.* xviii, 10.

Formerly, and down to some years ago,—the winding track or course from Napier into the interior to Te Aute and Waipawa lay by the immediate bank of the river Ngaruroro; and one of the ugly and often dangerous places which had to be crossed at its mouth was a brawling, noisy watercourse or fall on the East bank, which drained the big marsh on the plains. This waterfall was called by the Maoris,—*Wahaparata*, = Parata's mouth; from the noise it made, from the ever-varying amount of water it discharged, and from its being disagreeable and dangerous; besides as I have heard old Maoris say, it was affected by the high tides on the coast; and in this respect they may have been correct, as the sea is not far distant in a direct line and the river Ngaruroro (and also the river Tukituki which bounds the said marsh on its East side,) is but a short distance from it, and both rivers are greatly influenced by the tide for several miles from their (one) mouth. Pliny relates instances of wells in cities near the sea being largely affected by the tides in his time (*loc. cit.* bk. ii, ch. 100.) Many an early settler has come to grief in crossing that place— *Wahaparata!* I myself, more than once, among the number; some having had to swim for it, themselves and their horses, when the water in the river Ngaruroro was high.

Here I may briefly state, that this word or name of *Parata* was also of great and ancient usage among the Maoris. The first time we hear of it was as the name of a principal chief, before the legendary period of their so-called migration hither to New Zealand; for thus it is stated in their legends:—

“Soon they fought, shortly after peace was made; then they felled (the tree to build) the canoe Arawa, this was done by *Parata*, by *Wahieroa*, by *Ngahue*.” *

In the old myth of Maui transforming his brother-in-law Irawaru into a dog, and the widow, his sister (*Hinauri*) becoming distracted over the loss of her husband, she goes off to the rocky cliffs at the sea-side to commit suicide, and there utters her mournful dying dirge, beginning thus:

“Ever lamenting I—
Henceforth I (am) ever imploring
To the stealthy one† of the ocean,

* Grey's "*Poetry of the New Zealanders*;" *Korero-Apiti*, p. viii.

† Or, steep precipices in ocean's depths.

To the big *Parata* of the ocean,
 To the huge monster of the ocean,
 To the enormous whale* of the ocean,
 That (he) may come hither
 That Hina may be swallowed up."

So saying, she threw herself into the sea, and was drowned.

The word is also found in the ancient prayer or semi-incantation used by the *tohunga* at their old cannibal orgies, when initiating the young men and boys (chiefs' sons), in order to their partaking of the flesh of their enemies slain in battle. Thus it begins:—

"This youth present gnaws,
 This youth present strives,
 This youth present eats,
 This youth present eats man's flesh.
 This youth present swallows *parata*."

which may mean "lords (of foes)," or "monsters," or "great difficulties and dangers," (or all together,) overcoming them as easily as "swallowing one's spittle" (a common Maori metaphor). The said long prayer or spell concludes thus

This youth shall soon eat,
 This youth shall soon swallow man,
 Shall eat to-day,
 Shall eat to-morrow (hereafter),
 Sufficient now (for the first time) this youth shall eat."

Parata is also the name of that part of a war-canoe that projects out at the bow, beneath the image or figure-head, and meets the rising waves; near this was the coveted seat or stand of the hero or warrior chief. Thus the old song:—

"To stand firmly at the bow of the canoe (is to be) renowned."

The term is also commonly used in their mournful poetical laments and dirges over their dead chiefs, in these (or similar) words:—

The eddy-squall is over; the storm is passed away;
 The *Parata* is gone; the big *fisli*† has left its habitation."

§2. *Foreign.*

In the beginning of my Paper, I alluded to what the ancient philosophers of highly-civilized European states, and also some Orientals had believed respecting the tides; I will now give a brief epitome of

* *Lit. Paikca*, a large species of whale with a white belly, deeply grooved longitudinally; one was stranded on the beach near Napier about 1847; also a Maori name for a long house with the doorway in the end. (" *Trans. N.Z. Inst.*," vol. xiv, p. 20, *Note*.)

† Appendix, Note B.

a few of them; which may prove of some service to us when considering the wild notion of the ancient Maori.

Ancient civilized nations knew little respecting the tides. There being scarcely any tide in the Mediterranean, the Greeks, though a maritime people, had scarcely any opportunity of observing them. Homer, for instance, (B.C. 900,) who abounds in oceanic lore, does not once mention, or allude to them; unless it is in his speaking of fell Charybdis disgorging thrice a day; thus, in the directions given by Circe to Ulysses for his voyage, she says:—

“The other rock, Ulysses, thou shalt find
A bow-shot only from the first; and here
Charybdis dire ingulphs the sable flood.
Each day she thrice disgorges, and each day
Thrice swallows it.”

—ODYSSEY book xii, *Couper’s translation*.

This supposition, however, derives some support from the ascertained fact, that in the Straits of Messina there is a considerable range of tide; this is, also, alluded to by Cicero (B.C. 70):—

“What can be more regular than the flux and reflux of the Euripus at Chalcis, the Sicilian sea, and the violence of the ocean in those parts? The same appears on the Spanish and British coasts. Must we conclude that some Deity appoints and directs these ebbings and flowings to certain fixed times? Consider, I pray, if everything which is regular in its motion is deemed divine, whether it will not follow that tertian and quartan agues must likewise be so, as their returns have the greatest regularity. These effects are to be explained by reason; but, because you are unable to assign any, you have recourse to a Deity as your last refuge.”—*De Nat. Deor.*, book iii, e. 10.

The Grecian historian Herodotus, (B.C. 450,) who had travelled in Egypt, mentions the tides of the Red Sea as if they were something new, but only in very few words, viz.:—

“In this bay of Arabia the tide daily ebbs and flows.”—*Euterpe*, ch.xi.

Plato, (B.C. 400,)—holding the theory of an *Anima Mundi* or Spirit of the Earth, and believing that this globe was a gigantic animal, on the surface of whose body men and beasts, as tiny parasites, crawled through their short existence—thought there were vast caverns beneath the ocean depths, and that as the vital breath, or πνεῦμα, of the earth breathed in these caverns the waters were forced up in masses or tides. The ebb-tide, of course, would be the return of the water into the caverns when the respiration of the earth was over, and the earth-lung, as it were, was emptied. This notion is very near akin to that of the Maoris, and to some others which follow.

It is worthy of notice, that Aristotle (who died 322, B.C.,) says little about the tides; although the army of Alexander the Great, his pupil, were startled at first seeing them in the Persian gulph; and no doubt Aristotle would be informed of that. However, in all his works he only mentions them three times, and then only slightly; saying, in one place, there are great tides in the North of Europe; in another, of their having been said by some to be caused by the Moon; and in a third, that a tide in a great sea is higher than in a small one. Some of the ancient writers have said, that Aristotle drowned himself in the Euripus (Straits of Messina), because he could not find out the cause of the flux and reflux of its tides.

Plutarch (B.C. 200,) says, that Pytheas ascribed them to the Moon; and, according to Strabo, Pytheas had been in Britain, and there he must have observed them. Caesar (B.C. 50,) writes of them in his fourth book of the Gallic war. Pliny explains their rising and falling at some length, and in several respects correctly, attributing them to the dragging powers of the Sun and Moon.—*Nat. Hist.*, bk. ii, ch. 97.

The mediæval theory was very strange and fanciful, and closely resembled that of the Maoris; probably it was derived from the Norse myth of the world-circling serpent. It held that the monster leviathan in the ocean depths, like a huge whale, vomited forth masses of water, which formed the high tide, and then sucked up part of the ocean again, which formed the ebb. In the Isles of Shetland, it is said, some of the fishermen still, until living memory, retained this ancient Norse explanation, and believed in an enormous serpent in the sea, who every six hours sucked up or vomited forth the ocean tides.

The Hindus hold that the ebb and flow of the tide expresses the respect of the sea for the god Somnath—a beautiful and poetic notion—the ocean doing obeisance to its Lord and Creator. The Malays say, a gigantic crab at the bottom of the sea causes the tides.

We find that Pytheas and Pliny, and others of the Augustan age, correctly attributed the tides to the Moon; but even so late as the times of Galileo and Kepler these eminent astronomers doubted it. Our Sir Isaac Newton, however, proved it and Laplace established the evidence. We now know that the ordinary tides are the

result of the Moon's attraction, the springtides the result of solar plus lunar attraction. It is easy to us to see this; and it is both amusing and instructive to know the guesses of primitive and uninstructed men to explain this curious yet common phenomenon, which in Hawke's Bay we can notice twice daily.

II. OF THE SOUNDING OF THE SEA.

§1. *Foreign: Cornish.*

During my long residence here on the immediate shores of Hawke's Bay, I have often been led to think of some of the peculiarities of my native Cornish shores, both real and mythical: one of each class I will briefly mention. (1) What used to be termed, "the Calling of the sea," a natural occurrence: and, (2) the legendary story of "Tregeagle."—

(1) The "Calling of the sea," (as this natural phenomenon is termed in Mount's Bay in West Cornwall,) is peculiar, and at the same time common, and long observed. In the neighbourhood of Penzance (in Mount's Bay), there is often heard inland a murmuring or roaring noise, locally termed "the Calling of the sea," which sometimes extends to eight or ten miles; while at other times, although to a person on the shore the sea may seem equally loud, and the state of the atmosphere equally favourable, no sound whatever from the sea can be heard at a mile from it. When the "Calling" proceeds from a different direction from the wind, or when it occurs during a calm, it is almost invariably followed by a wind from that quarter. The "Call" is followed by the change, generally within six hours, but sometimes not until twelve, or more. This Calling of the sea must not be confounded with the sound arising from a ground swell, which is widely different. Something of this kind I have formerly heard here,—at Taipo beyond Tara-dale, about eight miles from Napier—in the stillness of the night; which probably was the cause of that place receiving the expressive name (*Taipo* = noisy night-sea or -tide) from the keenly observant old Maoris.

(2) The story of *Tregeagle* is a curious one; one of the many old legendary myths once so firmly believed in the West. Tregeagle is the spirit of some one of the olden time, who for his misdeeds was

doomed to make up into bundles the heaps and masses of sand thrown up on the shores of the Land's-end during heavy gales, and to remove them! Hence the wild shrieks of this spirit were frequently heard during the raging of the storm, enraged at his heavy Sisyphean labours; for as fast as he removed the sands they were brought back again. No doubt the melancholy wail of the Sanderling and other shore birds at such times, heightened by the loud and peculiar fitful reverberations of both winds and seas from the granite caves and cliffs of those shores, were the causes of those noises. I have often thought on Tregagle when travelling in former days by the sea-coast and spending my nights on the lonely beaches, especially in times of gales from the sea; when ever and anon the wailing cries of the sea-birds would strike on the ear in the silence of the night; my Maori companions being all fast asleep.

§2. *Colonial: Hawke's Bay.*

The South side of Hawke's Bay is one continuous unbroken shore, the sea-beach level without rocks and mostly covered with shingle, extending in an easy curve for many miles from Ahuriri (now Napier) on towards Cape Kidnappers. In former years I often had "to plod my weary way" on foot over this long stony beach, in going to and returning from visiting the small scattered Maori villages many miles distant from my abode at Waitangi; and we (myself and party of Maori baggage-bearers) not unfrequently did so by night, especially if moonlight, on account of the coolness of the night-air and there being no fresh water to be had, which in the hot days of summer was so very much needed. At that time there were no roads nor pathways, therefore we often kept on the beach near the sea. New Zealanders always used to travel in single file and in strict silence, and of course we did so. Sometimes that peculiar sound of "the calling from the sea" was heard; and on other occasions a still more aberrant one, viz., of a long continuous unbroken semi-metallic sounding tingling weird-like wail, which took some time (a few minutes perhaps) to exhaust itself in the distance; when, after a short time, it would strike up again and in the stillness of the night could be heard a long way off, coming on steadily towards us (or the place where we were), and then on reaching us going off towards the Cape, dying gradually away in the most atten-

uated melancholy sound imaginable. I have not unfrequently stood still to wait for and watch it coming up, brought steadily along the shore by a low unbroken wave rolling diagonally:—

“Till my soul is full of longing
For the secret of the sea,
And the heart of the great ocean
Sends a thrilling pulse through me.”

LONGFELLOW: “*The Secret of the Sea.*”

It was certainly curious to see it coming on, arriving, passing, and going away in the distance, carrying its music with it. It always moved in that one direction along the shore nearly due East; and from the time the sound occupied in leaving me and dying away, compared with the time it took in coming up, it seemed as if it went right on to the cliffs some miles off; but that, I think, could not be, as the mouth of the river Tukituki, 1-2 miles distant, lay between the place where I stood and the cliffs. I never could find out whether that diagonal musical wave was caused by a current along the shore, or by the tide, or by a wind at a distance. At such times my travelling party if straggling would be sure to keep close together; indeed, quicken their paces and huddle up with a run! (*Sauve qui peut!*) averting their faces from the sea while the wave and sound were passing-by; for the Maoris never liked to hear it; having many old superstitious stories and notions concerning it (of the Banshee and Kelpie class); some of them have served vividly to remind me of Tregeagle and his shrieking on our Cornish shores. I have known some of my Maori Christian domestics, even at the Mission Station, to come cowering to me in a state of great alarm, at a late hour on a very still summer’s night, with their sleeping garments half-shrouded over their heads and ears, when those peculiar tingling melancholy wailing sounds have been louder and clearer than usual, affirming they could not sleep on account of it; and verily the countenances of some of them indicated great terror.*

To them that peculiar thrilling tingling sound was of highly ominous import; and no marvel! For some had often heard of its happening just before such and such a time of murder and carnage

* Is there not some pretty close resemblance here,—between the thoughts and ideas of the Maoris and those given in Ossian? e.g.—“Alpin, thou son of song, why alone on the silent hill? Why complainest thou as a blast in the wood—as a wave on the lonely shore?”—*Ryno and Alpin.*

and horror; while others, their elders, had themselves noticed it as similarly occurring. And, no doubt, they were right, so far as to the accidental happening together of the two events; but as for cause and effect, or faithful presage and portent, these meanings were as far asunder as the “fiery shapes of burning cressets in the heavens” at the nativity of Owen Glendower, or the kitting of his mother’s cat!—as our Shakespeare very naively gives it.

Another and not altogether dissimilar superstition of the New Zealanders may also be briefly mentioned here, as further showing the deep-seated imaginative trait of the native character,—I think I may truly term it a poetical one, Formerly they had many scattered villages on the banks of their rivers and streamlets and adjoining forests near to their food plantations and fresh-water fisheries; and sometimes those villages would be prettily, or even romantically situated not far from a small waterfall. But on still nights in peaceful days in the olden time, the exceeding stillness of a New Zealand night was very great, so that all sounds however slight could be clearly heard at a distance, and that of a waterfall a long way off, especially by the ever-watchful natives whose faculty of hearing as well as of seeing was always far greater than that of a European, as I have already in my former Papers more than once shown. On such quiet nights a remark like the following has been suddenly made;— “Ah! something is going to happen to us, listen to the waterfall, [or, to the ripple of the current,] how it has changed its common murmuring tone; it is sighing now; lamenting sympathizingly over what is coming to pass.” And it would be sure to become a hearty subject of general conversation and of intensified fears; arousing the sleepers and keeping them awake. Of course, the sound of a waterfall or the rippling current of a stream must often be very variable, being dependent on the volume of its water, the shape and size of its channel, and the strength and the way of the wind. In their making such remarks, the current or moving water would always be personified, which naturally augmented the amount of feelings. Indeed they have a very suitable verb, (*aumihī* = sympathizing speaking current,) only used on such occasions. This pleasing natural feeling they also anciently carried largely out into all their intercourse with their native woods, villages, houses,

canoes, old places of resort, plantations, &c. &c., on revisiting them; reciprocating the same with inanimate as well as animate nature, and showing the depth of their feelings by suitable impassioned words and gestures. True children of Nature!

While, however, I am on this subject, I may observe, (as I am not aware that any one has ever before done so,)—that to the highly imaginative mind, certain peculiar and strange combinations of lights and shades appear, come and go, and are repeated, in the breaking of the surf on the shore in some still moonlight nights, when the Moon is so situated in the heavens as to cast the proper amount of shadow on the foaming waters. I have not unfrequently noticed it, and it has served to remind me strongly of those fancied resemblances of countenances often of old observed in the burning dying embers of fires at Home, and affording themes of conversation.—Here, however, on the lone sea-beach the feeling is still stronger, whether accompanied by the melancholy cry of the wandering solitary Sanderling and the fitful wild night-breezes, or by that abnormal and undescribable tingling thrilling sound already mentioned.—

— “With me, through time, a changeless tone
Of sadness like the night-wind’s is the strain
Of what I have of feeling.”—

Also, in the beautiful poetic language of that gifted modern American poet Walt. Whitman:—

“The night in silence; under many a star; the ocean shore,
And the husky whispering wave whose voice I know;
And the soul turning to Thee:”——

Sometimes, on such occasions,—in such moments of utter loneliness—standing on the beach, *the only person there*, with the whole expanse of Hawke’s Bay before me,—I have been led to think of the famed African traveller Mungo Park, and of the death of the Explorer Capt. Clapperton in the African desert, and his burial in the sand by his faithful and only surviving attendant the young Cornishman, Lander, whom I also knew; for Lander, too, had “stood *alone!*” Some exquisite poetry was subsequently written upon that Desert scene; snatches of which, as,—

“*Alone!* on the desert wastes that lie,
By the traveller’s foot uncrossed,
Where the brave pass on through the wastes to die,
Where the brave before were lost.”—

And another (forgotten) verse, which ended,—

— “for *I have stood alone!*”*

Such, and similarly suitable words would, at such times as I have mentioned, well-up from the depths of memory, and be feeling recited by me to the ever-sounding sea.—In fine: I conclude this portion of my paper in those justly-celebrated and imperishable words of one of our distinguished modern British poets:—

“Alone, alone, all, all alone.
 Alone on a wide wide sea!....

 O Reader kind! this soul hath been
 Alone by a wide wide sea:
 So lonely ’twas that God himself
 Scarce seemed there to be.”

COLERIDGE, “*Ancient Mariner*,” a little altered.

III. THE STORY OF THE OLD PRIEST KAE AND THE PET WHALE (*Abridged.*)

In the very olden time there was a great chief named Tinirau (= Many-hundreds), who dwelt on an island called Motutapu (Holy Isle). One of his three wives and the youngest named Hinauri was a waif from the ocean where she had long been floating about until she was enwrapped in sea-weeds and barnacles, in which state she was at last stranded on the sandy shore; there she was found and taken care of, and when she had been recovered she became the wife of Tinirau.† His two senior wives objected to this, and took up arms to kill her, but on their advancing towards her for that purpose, cursing her as they came along, she recited her powerful bewitching spell, through which they both fell immediately on their backs and died.‡ In course of time her child was born, and Tinirau sought a skilful priest to perform the requisite ceremonies over a chiefs child. Hearing of Kae he was fetched by sea from his abode, (a place called Te-Tihi-o-Manono,) and he came to the town of Tinirarau, and did all that was required, and the child, a

* Appendix, Note C.

† This “waif from the ocean” is the same person who had committed suicide, (page 8, *ante*): she, however, after long floating and drifting had become the wife of two men who had found her and restored her to life; these subsequently took her to their superior chief Tinirau.

‡ The spell is also given; the translation however would convey nothing to a Western ear without much and long interpretation.

boy, was named Tuhuruhuru (= Hairy-[or Feathered-] lord). The ceremony over, the usual great feast was given, when Tinirau called for his pet whale, named Tutunui (Big-gamboller), who was then away in the ocean disporting itself, and when it had run itself in near to the shore, a large portion of its fat side was sliced off, and baked nicely in the earth-oven for Kae. The old priest made a hearty meal, enjoying greatly the deliciousness of the fat flesh of the whale. After this Kae wished to return to his own place, and a canoe well-manned was got ready to take him thither, but he was not willing to enter the canoe, and so he remained there. This, however, was but a bit of deceit on the part of Kae; a cunning stratagem played by him that he might return riding on the pet whale's back; for he had both heard of its great usefulness in this way to its Master and had also tasted of the sweetness of the flesh of that fine fish. At length Tinirau consented, and lent him Tutunui to serve as a canoe to carry him home through the sea; at the same time giving Kae precise instructions how to act, saying,—“When thou art nearing the shore and the fish begins to shake itself, then be quick and jump off on the right side.” Soon after Kae left Motutapu, and went on fleetly and jollily through the sea; on nearing the shore of his own place, the big fish began to shake itself in order that Kae might jump off and go on shore, but Kae would not do so, he kept his seat on the fish and repeated his spells and pressed it down in shallow water on to the sands, where its spout-holes soon got filled with sand and gravel, and the fish died. Then Kae directed his people, and they dragged the whale on shore to feast on, being such delicious food. They cut up the whale and baked its flesh in their earth-ovens, using the fresh leafy green twigs and branchlets of the Koromiko shrubs (*Veronica salicifolia*) as wrappings for the rich fat junks; hence it is that to this day the oil has ever remained in those branches of the Koromiko, and from that circumstance arose the old adage of our fathers,—“Behold the fragrant oil of Tutunui!” (A saying often spoken when those branches are used by the Maori for similar cooking purposes, the shrub being everywhere very common; and its clean smooth inodorous leaves highly fitting it for such a use, and when freshly taken off from the cooked food they present a wet glistening oily appearance.) Tini-

rau waited for the return of his big pet Tutumui, he waited however in vain. Some time had passed, and he began to say anxiously to himself, "Wherever can it be? so long away." By-and-by, when the main cooking of the whale for storing was done, and the large ovens were uncovered, the wind being in the right direction wafted the rich smell of the baked fat right away on to Motutapu, and both Tinirau and his wife smelt it, and knew that their pet (lately given to their first-born son Tuhuruhuru) had been killed and eaten by Kae and his people.

Then it was that after due consultation the big canoe of Hineiteiwaiwa, the sister of Tinirau, was launched and got ready.* Forty women were told off to go on board, among them were the following great ladies besides Hineiteiwaiwa, herself, viz., Raukatauri, Raukatamea, Itiiti, Rekareka, and Ruahau-a-Tangaroa; only women were to go in the canoe to lull any suspicion as to the cause of their coming. On leaving Motutapu, Tinirau's sister asked him, "What is the particular mark or sign by which Kae may be surely known?" and Tinirau replied, "By his large broken cross teeth;" so they paddled away. On landing at Kae's place they were well received by the people, who gathered from all neighbouring parts to see and admire the strangers. In the evening the usual fires were lit up in Kae's large house of assembly, and there the people all collected together with the visitors, and on their doing so, one whole side of the building (according to Maori custom) was allotted to the stranger guests. Now Kae's own place was at the foot of the central column. Then Raukatauri and her party showed their skill at amusements; they sang their songs with appropriate action, made music on their different kinds of flutes and fifes, they performed many tricks of dexterity with their hands and fingers and rods, after the popular Maori customs, all of which took a long time, but still Kae never once joined in the merry general laugh. Then those women began to consider among themselves, while sitting and resting awhile, "Whatever more shall we do to make Kae laugh?" (This they said, because they were not quite sure which, of the chiefs in the big house was Kae; and it was contrary to all Mao-

* Their best canoes were always kept hauled up high and dry, place on logs with skids, and under cover, and often dismantled; at all events it always took some considerable time to refit them.

ri etiquette for visitors to ask the names of persons of the place, visited.) At last they hit on a plan, which proved successful; and all those women got up to perform it,—a lively kind of joyous dance full of antics and outrageous gesticulation, singing, also, words in unison. And on their coming to the end of it, which was very jocular and rollicking, Kae could no longer contain himself but, burst out into a hearty and long laugh. Then it was that they clearly saw his teeth, and knew for certain that the man sitting by the centre post was Kae. (And hence this proverb has been handed down to us from our forefathers, whenever any sullen moody person laughs at the word or doings of another, then some one present is sure to say, “*Ka kata a Kae!*” = “Kae laughs!”)

After this, the night being advanced and the performances over, the fires were extinguished, and preparations made for sleeping. The wily old priest, however, was in part suspicious, therefore he took two round pieces of mother-of-pearl shell (*Haliotis iris*), and cunningly fixed them into the orbits of his eyes, that those women visitors might be led to believe he was still awake, from the glistening of the pearly shells. (For, according to Maori custom, he could not know the reason of their visit until they should choose to inform him, which might not be for some days.) The women, however, were on the alert; they secretly performed their spells, and sent the whole house into a deep sleep, Kae also. Then they arose, and having got their canoe ready afloat, they all came and formed themselves into a long line leading from the door of Kae’s house to their canoe, standing in pairs at equal distances. This done, two of them entered the house and took up Kae fast asleep in his mats, and passed him on carefully from hand to hand until he was fairly placed on board of their canoe, when they performed another deep-sleeping spell over him, and so carried him off. On their arriving at Motutapu, Kae, still soundly asleep, was carefully taken up, carried and placed at the foot of the central column in the big house of Timirau.

Now Kae’s house was of circular form, and Timirau’s house was long and angular. Kae being thus secured, Timirau instructed his people, how to act in the early morning: saying:— “When I go out

of my sleeping-house in the early morning, do you all set up the usual loud cry of welcome to a visitor, and say, 'Here comes Tinirau!' 'Here is Tinirau!' As if I were a visitor just landing."—So at broad day-light Tinirau went forth from his sleeping-house, and the loud cry was set up, "Here comes Tinirau! here is Tinirau!" (as if he, were a visitor chief loudly welcomed on his arrival.) Kae hearing this noise awoke up from his sound deep, and sat up on his mats. Tinirau went forward and sat down outside at the verandah entrance into the big house where Kae was; there he saluted Kae, in the usual manner, saying, "Greeting to thee, O Kae;" and adding, "Who brought thee hither to this place?" On this Kae replied, (thinking he was in his own place and house,) "Nay: rather let me ask, Who brought thee hither?" Tinirau rejoined, "Look, and see the form of this house." Kae did so; and said to Tinirau, "This is my own house." Tinirau, then said, "Whereabouts is the window placed in thy house?" Kae turned and looked, and then he knew from the different appearance of the house that it was Tinirau's, saying— "Verily, so it is, this is Tinirau's own house!" Then he bowed down his head, well-knowing his fate.* So they dragged him forth and immediately killed him.—

When Kae's people heard of it they made great preparations to avenge the death of Kae; they collected together and came over in large bodies to Motutapu; there they fought several times, and at last succeeded in killing Tinirau's son Tuhuruhuru, but not till after he had grown up and had married, and had sons born to him. And then Tinirau went to work to avenge the death of his son Tuhuruhuru; and so a deadly exterminating war was carried on, ending in the destruction of many on both sides.

IV. OF THE ANCIENT STORY OF THE BROTHERS, WAIHUKA AND TUTEAMOAMO.

(An extract only, the story being long.)

Those two brothers grew up to manhood, but they had no parents, nor relatives, nor tribe. The younger was named Waihuka (= Snow

* In accordance with the national custom of the Maoris, to submit quietly without a word or struggle to the inevitable.—

- *or* Foaming-water), the elder Tuteamoamo, (a compound word, which may mean, The Spy-(who-was-) borne on-the-shoulder: as we carry a gun.) The younger took to wife a very beautiful woman, named Hineitekakara (= Fragrant Lady), she was most remarkable for her extreme beauty and was greatly admired. In a little time the elder brother became envious of his younger brother, on account of his handsome wife; saying to himself, "Why should he* (the younger) have her? How shall I manage to obtain possession of her?" For a long time he could not devise a fitting plan; at last he thought he would drown his brother, when they should be out in their canoe to the deep-sea fishing. One day they went out together as usual to the fishing-ground, where the large cod-fish were plentiful; a long way out at sea so that the land was lost sight of. There they fished, and having good luck soon filled their canoe; when they thought of returning. Then the elder told the younger, who was in the bow of the canoe, to haul up the anchor; he tried, but could not. On this, after some little altercation between them, the elder told the younger to dive down and set it free, which he did; and then the elder cut the rope, up sail, and left the fishing-ground for the shore. The younger one on rising to the surface implored his brother to return for him; but to no avail, he only mocked him. The younger was now drifting on the sea, and he considered what he should do. So he first recited his spells and invocations to the Maori gods (*nga atua*) or supernatural powers; he also called on the various big sea-birds hovering and swimming around,—on the Gannet, the Gull, and the Shag,—to take him to the land; but they paid no attention to his words.† He then called on the several big fishes to save him, but none responded, until at last he called on the Whale. Now this whale was the pet of that famed chief Tinirau, the great lord of the isles of the sea; and moreover the whale was related to the young man Waihuka through his ancestor. The word had no sooner escaped from Waihuka's lips— "O Whale! carry me to the shore;" than the obedient whale was at his side,

* With the New Zealanders the first-born was everything! (much as with the ancient Jews, and, unfortunately, too often with ourselves:) those brothers and sisters who came after (unless of greater rank on the mother's side, additional wife), were little better than his (or her) slaves. This must be borne in mind in reading this story.

† So Paikea, in a similar situation. See the forthcoming Story.

nestling quite close up; so he got on to its back, and was taken in safety to the shore.

The remainder of this story, though highly interesting, especially to a Maori audience, is too long to be given here. Waihuka, however, was not landed by the whale at his own place of abode, The elder brother having returned told his plausible story, and the death by accidental drowning of the younger brother. He did this to carry out his nefarious scheme. In all his attempts, however, he was repeatedly baulked by the widow, ever on her guard; who, in a few days, wandering and mourning by the sea-side in hopes of finding the body of her late husband, suddenly came upon him alive and well! Their joy was great. He privately got back to their own house unknown to the elder brother, and there he prepared himself by dressing and arming for the elder brother's usual nightly visit of annoyance to the young lady; and on his coming and forcibly entering the house, the younger brother fell on him and killed him. (In his so acting he would be in unison with Maori custom.)

The ancient Maoris possessed a great number of Fables; most of them exceedingly natural, and many very superior. Being greatly attached to pet animals, and close observers of Nature, they managed their Fables very adroitly. Unfortunately they had no Quadrupeds,— or nearly none, only a small domestic Dog, a Rat, a Bat, and a large Lizard;* had they more they might have rivalled Æsop himself with their useful and amusing tales. With them, as with all ancient peoples, it was a common thing for the animals, small and large, land and sea, to speak, to converse rationally, often wittily and ironically, and to obey man.† Lest, however, any one of my audience should be inclined to say,— “What a strange notion! a whale to obediently carry a man through the sea!‡ I will also relate some similar doings nearer Home, in the old and long civilized lands of the West.

* They had, also, several very small lizards, but these were of no account.

† Appendix, Note D.

‡ Shakespeare, however, makes Oberon (King of the fairies) to say something very similar, but more natural it may be, to the fairy Puck; thus:—

“My gentle Puck, some hither. Thou remember'st
 Since once I sat upon a promontory,
 And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back,
 Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
 That the rude sea grew civil at her song;

V. ATTESTED STORIES OF DOLPHINS CARRYING MEN THROUGH
THE SEA, FROM ANCIENT HISTORY.

First, there is the well-known story of Arion being saved from drowning in the Mediterranean sea by a Dolphin, and his riding on its back in safety to shore.* The father of ancient History, Herodotus, (already quoted by me in the early part of this paper,) gives a pretty full account of it, from which I will make a short abstract,—

— “A most wonderful incident is said by the Corinthians to have happened when Periander was king,† and this story is confirmed by the Lesbians. It is asserted, that Arion the Methymmaean was carried to Tænarus on the back of a dolphin; he excelled all his contemporaries in his exquisite performance on the harp. After residing some time at the court of Periander, he was desirous of visiting Italy and Sicily. Acquiring there considerable wealth, he wished to return to Corinth, and embarked at Tarentum in a Corinthian vessel. At sea the sailors determined to kill him for his riches; he, discerning their intentions, offered them his money to preserve his life. They, however, were obdurate, and insisted, he should either kill himself, that they might bury him on shore, or leap instantly into the sea. Reduced to extremities, he entreated, to be allowed to decorate himself in his best, and to give them a specimen of his art in singing and playing. They consented to this, so Arion dressed himself, and sang and played standing on the side of the ship, and as soon as he had finished his song he leaped into the sea. The sailors went on to Corinth. Arion was taken up by a dolphin, and carried to Tænarus. As soon as he got on shore he

And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
To hear the sea-maid's music,

Puck.

I remember.”

—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act ii, sc.1.

* Here, also, Shakespeare skilfully uses this circumstance, in the consoling speech he makes the captain of the wrecked ship say to Viola:—

— “I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself
To a strong mast that lived upon the sea;
Where, like Anon on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
As long as I could see.”

—*Twelfth Night*, act i, sc.2.

‡ Periander died B.C. 485.

went without changing his dress to Periander, who, at first, disbelieved his story; but kept him in safe custody until he had found out the crew. This he soon did; and at length they confessed their crime. There now remains at Tænarus a small figure in brass of a man seated on a dolphin's back, the votive offering of Arion himself."—Bk. i, *Clio*, ch. xxiii, xxiv.

This story is also related by several other ancient writers; Solinus (chap. 7,) tells us, that there was a temple of Arion of Methymna on this spot (now Cape Matapan), in which there was a figure of him seated on a dolphin's back made of bronze, with an inscription, stating, that this wonderful circumstance took place in the 29th Olympiad, in which year Arion had been victorious in the Sicilian games.

The longer and more elegant relation of this tale is the poetical one by Ovid;* to this I would refer you; at the same time I will give a private metrical translation of it, made by a gentleman in England many years ago in the Scottish dialect; the rendering is good, and there is an air of novelty and charming simplicity about it, which to me is pleasing.†

Arion's adventure with the Dolphin may be truly deemed to be mythical and to belong to the night of history as much as Tinirau's pet whale. But what then will be said to the following instances, which, almost equally startling, are affirmed to be true.—

The celebrated Roman historian Pliny, (who was killed by the eruption from Mount Vesuvius which also destroyed the towns of Herculaneum and Pompeii, in A.D. 79,) in writing on the Dolphin, states:—"In the reign of the late Emperor Augustus, a dolphin which had been carried to the Lucrine Lake conceived a most wonderful affection for the child of a certain poor man, who was in the habit of going that way from Baia to Puteoli to school, and who used to stop there in the middle of the day, call him by his name of Simo,‡ and would often entice him to the banks of the lake with pieces of bread he carried for that purpose. I should really have felt ashamed to mention this, had not the incident been

* *Fasti*. book ii. 1.92, *et seq.*

† Appendix, Note E.

‡ From *Lat.* "Simus." or flat-nosed. Pliny further says—"the nose of the dolphin is turned-up: for this reason it is that they all recognize in a most surprising manner the name of Simo, and prefer to be called by that rather than by any other." (*loc. cit.* ch.7.)

stated in writing in the works of Mæcenas, Fabianus, Flavius Alfius, and many others.* At whatever hour of the day he might happen to be called by the boy, and although hidden and out of sight at the bottom of the water, he would instantly fly to the surface, and after feeding from his hand, would present his back for him to mount, taking care to conceal the spiny projection of his fins in their sheath, as it were; and so, sportively taking him up on his back, he would carry him over a wide expanse of sea to the school at Puteoli, and in a similar manner bring him back again. This happened for several years, until at last the boy happened to fall ill of some malady, and died. The dolphin, however, still came to the spot as usual, with a sorrowful air, and manifesting every sign of deep affliction, until at last, a thing of which no one felt the slightest doubt, he died purely of sorrow and regret.”

“Before this there was a similar story told of a child at the city of Jاسus, for whom a dolphin was long observed to have conceived a most ardent affection, until at last, as the animal was eagerly following him as he was making for the shore, it was carried by the tide on the sands and there expired. Alexander the Great appointed this boy† high priest of Neptune at Babylon, interpreting this extraordinary attachment as a convincing proof of the favour of that divinity.—

“Hegesidemus has also informed us, that in the same city of Jاسus there was another boy also, Hernias by name,‡ who in a similar manner used to traverse the sea on a dolphin’s back, but that on one occasion a tempest suddenly arising, he lost his life and was brought back dead; upon which, the dolphin, who thus admitted that he had been the cause of his death would not return to the sea, but lay down upon the dry land and there expired.”

“Theophrastus informs us, that the very same thing happened at Naupactus also; nor, in fact, is there any limit to similar instances. The Amphiloichians and the Tarentines have similar stories also

* *Ælian, Hist. Anim.*, book vi, c. 15, tells this story as well; and Aulus Gellius, book vii, c. 8, relates it from the fifth book of the *Ægyptiaca* of Apion, who stated that he himself had witnessed the fact.

† Athenæus, book xiii, tells this story more at large, and states that the name of the child was Dionysius.

‡ This story is also told by Plutarch, in his work on the Instincts of Animals.

about children and dolphins; and all these give an air of credibility to the one that is told of Arion, the famous performer on the lyre." *Nat. Hist.*, bk. ix, ch. 8.

To this, Pliny's equally famous nephew, Pliny the younger, in his charming letters, adds another strange story, which is worth extracting; the more so, as probably the work is not common among us.—It is in his letter to Caninius.

"There is in Africa a colonial town named Hippo, close to the sea. Adjoining it is a navigable lagoon, out of which flows an estuary in the manner of a river, whose waters are alternately carried to the sea or returned to the lagoon, according as they are driven back or impelled by the tide. The inhabitants of every age are strongly addicted to fishing, boating, and likewise swimming; particularly the boys who are attracted by idleness and sport. In their eyes, it is glory and renown to swim out a long way; the victor is he who has left the shore, as well as his fellows, the furthest distance behind him. In this kind of contest, a certain lad, bolder than the rest, was getting far out to sea. Suddenly a dolphin met him, and at one time went in front of, at another followed, and then swam round him, at last took him on his back, then put him off, then took him on again, next bore the trembling lad seaward, and presently turning back to the shore, restored him to terra firma and his companions.

The report of this crept through the town; all the inhabitants flocked up and contemplated the lad himself as a kind of prodigy, they questioned him, and listened to him and repeated his story. Next day they took possession of the shore, and gazed upon the sea, the lagoon, and the estuary. The boys swam, and among them the one in question, but with greater caution. Again to time came the dolphin, and again he made for the boy, who fled with his companions. The dolphin, as though inviting and recalling him, leapt out of the water, and dived and twined and untwined himself in a variety of circles. The same thing happened the next day, and a third day, and on several days, till these men brought up to the sea, began to be ashamed of their fears. They approached and called to him jestingly; they even handled him, and he submitted to be stroked. Their boldness grew by use. But before all others, the boy who had had first experience of him, swam by him,

jumped on his back, was carried to and fro, and, fancying he was recognized and loved by him, was himself taken with love for the dolphin. Neither of them is afraid, neither is an object of fear, the confidence of one and the tameness of the other go on increasing. Other boys too, on the right and left, swim with their friend, cheering and exhorting him. What is also marvellous, another dolphin accompanied this one, but only in the character of a spectator and attendant, for he neither performed nor submitted to anything of the same kind; he merely led the other and escorted him back, just as the rest of the boys did with this boy. Though it seems incredible (yet it is just as true as what has preceded), this dolphin that carried and played with boys would often leave his element for the land, and after drying himself in the sands, would, as soon as he had grown warm, roll back into the sea. It is ascertained that Octavius Avitus the Pro-consular Legate, led by a vicious superstition, poured ointment on him after he had been attracted to the shore, and that the strangeness of the thing and the smell caused him to escape back into the deep, and that he was not seen for many days afterwards, and then languid and dull; yet soon afterwards he regained his spirits, and resumed his former friskiness and his accustomed offices. There was a confluence of all the officials of the province to see the sight, whose arrival and sojourn were exhausting the modest revenues of the town in unwonted expenses. Finally, the place itself, was parting with its repose and retired character. It was decided to put to death privately the object of all this assemblage.*

“With what tender commiseration, with what exuberance, will you weep over and embellish and exalt this tale! There is, however, no need for your inventing or adding anything fresh to it. It will suffice if what is true suffer no diminution—*Book ix*, let. 33.

Later still we have the testimony of the celebrated orator and historian Pausanias, (A.D. 170,) in his full “Description of Greece” in ten books; in which he tersely relates what he had both seen and heard in his travels throughout the Grecian States, and as his work is but little known, I give a few extracts from it. Writing on Tænarium (mentioned p. 23), he says:—

* This story is also related by Pliny in his *Nat. Hist.*, (*l.c.*) and also by Oppian, in his *Halleutica*, book v.

“There are several works of art at Tænarum, and among others the harper Arion in brass, riding on the dolphin’s back. As to Arion and the dolphin, Herodotus has given the tradition as he heard it in his history about Lydia. I have myself seen at Poroselene a dolphin so full of gratitude to a boy, by whom he had been healed of wounds received from some fishermen, that he was obedient to his call, and carried him on his back over the sea whenever he wished” —*Book iii*, ch. 25.

And in his travels through other cities, he mentions having seen statues of famous men with effigies of dolphins, erected by the Greeks to commemorate similar deliverances: for instance, at Delphi; he says:— “I saw the statue of Opis king of the Iapyges, and standing by him the hero Taras and the Lacedæmonian Phalanthus and at no great distance a dolphin: for Phalanthus before he went to Italy suffered shipwreck in the Orissæan Gulf, and was they say brought safe to shore by a dolphin.”—*Loc. cit.*, bk. x, ch. 13.

And again, in describing Corinth, he says:— “With regard to the Molurian rock—Ino threw herself into the sea from it with Melicerta the younger of her sons.... And the boy, being carried it is said by a dolphin to the Isthmus of Corinth, had various honours paid to him under the name of Palæmon, and the Isthmian Games were celebrated in his honour.”—*Loc. cit.*, bk. ii, ch. 44.

Strange, however, as those stories from the two Plinies and other secular historians must seem, there is yet a still more strange though precisely similar one to be found in ancient *Church History*. In the “*Epitome of the Ecclesiastical History of Philostorgius*,” compiled by Photius Patriarch of Constantinople, (who filled that patriarchal see in 853,) we have the following brief narration.—

“He says, that Helen the mother of the Emperor, built the city that was called Helenopolis at the entrance of the gulf of Nicomedia and that the reason of her great predilection for the spot, was because the body of the martyr Lucian was carried thither by a dolphin after death by martyrdom.”—*Book ii*, ch. 12.

But this anomalous action is only a faint specimen of the many and great wonders of those early days, as related and affirmed by

the most eminent Church writers and historians, including even Jerome and Augustine!

Such stories and marvellous statements, especially by Church writers, irresistibly draws one's mind to another with which we are all more familiar, namely that of Jonah and the Whale; that is, of the mere accidents, or dress, of this Oriental apologue. I do not refer to the basis, the kernel, the grand early lessons and moral truths pertaining to it, these will ever stand, and ever, I trust, be thankfully appreciated.

One word more in conclusion:— I have already alluded to the wonderful fictions of the ancient Jewish Rabbins—the Teachers and Doctors of the early Church, respecting the Leviathan. Here, also, in the matter of “Jonah's whale” their recorded relations and opinions are equally astonishing. Take a sample:—one (in the Targum, *Yalkut* Jon. §550,) being, that Jonah was enabled to see through the whale's eyes; that the monster had within a large jewel luminous as the Sun; that Jonah was carried to the Red Sea, to see the ground the Children of Israel had passed over; and also, that while thus confined, the meeting of the great fish with Leviathan is circumstantially related. Another statement being, that Jonah was first swallowed by a male fish, where he had plenty of room within, but as he took it rather easy and did not pray, he was transferred into a female fish, which had within her 365,000 myriads of young embryos that distressed him so much that he began to pray; while another Jewish interpreter, Rabbi Bechai, says;— “though that fish was indeed large, there were in the sea many larger fishes; but it had been ordained for this object from the six days of creation.... And when it had swallowed Jonah and had thus fulfilled the appointed purpose for which alone it had been called into existence, it died.” *Credat Judaeus!*

To the foregoing I may fittingly append a remark of Luther's:—

— “Who can really imagine that a man should live three days and three nights so lonely, without light and food, in the midst of the sea within a fish, and should then be restored? That must have been a strange voyage: who would believe the story, and not rather consider it a fiction or a fairy tale (eine Lüge ober Märlein), were it not found in Scripture?”— *Werke*, ed. Walch, p. 2641.

I would, however, again observe,—that “while the details, the dress, of a legend are always false,” and not unfrequently variously fashioned and contrived, “the legend itself contains a kernel of truth; a mere invention never becomes a legend.”—(“Trans N. Z. Inst.” vol. xiv, p. 25.) For the ideals of a people are more important in estimating its real character than its actual deeds, as may be seen in the following interesting ancient Maori story.

VI. THE STORY OF PAIKEA AND RUATAPU.

[Read before the Hawke's Bay Philosophical Institute. 12th June, 1881]

This is a very ancient story. In the olden time, about 25 generations back,* or (say) A.D. 1000,—time of our Danish Kings; a powerful chief named Uenuku dwelt here on the East Coast of New Zealand, between Table and East Capes. His descendants are still residing there, who, also, rest their claims to their ancestral estates through their being such. The beginning however of their genealogical line goes much further back.

I may also add that this remarkable traditional story I have received in two separate narrations from two sources; and, further, that they wonderfully agree in all their main points, including, also, the charms, spells, and invocations used.—

Many and great and long-continued were the desolating wars in which Uenuku was engaged, and in all of them he seemed to have come off eventually the victor. No doubt he was a clever strategist as well as a daring fellow. And being a great priest (*tohunga*) as well as a Chief of high rank, his name became doubly renowned and dreaded. This Maori story begins thus:—

Many years after those rightings Uenuku got a large canoe made; Haeora was the name of the skilful man who made it; and Te Huripureiata was the name of that canoe. When the canoe was built and finished, it was painted red, and fully ornamented with pigeons' feathers, and all its many adornments. All this took a long time. Then it was that Uenuku ordered his sons, and the sons of other chiefs, to assemble, in order that the hair of their heads

*One of the genealogies gives 28 generations, (viz., three additional names.) This may be owing to an early branch, commencing with the son of another wife.

might be combed and anointed and neatly tied up in a knot on the crown, and ornamented with a high dress comb stuck in behind (worn only by chiefs), so as to be regular and look beautiful,* that they might all go together and paddle the new canoe out to sea. Uenuku himself performed this work of preparing and dressing and tying-up their hair.† Those young men were seventy in number, all told, and Uenuku finished with Kahutiaturangi. All the seventy were fine able young men; there was not a boy among them. When all were done, Ruatapu called out to his father,— “O, honoured sir, see! tie up and dress my hair also.” Uenuku replied to Ruatapu,— “Wherever shall a dress-comb be found for thy hair?” Ruatapu rejoined, — “Why not use one of those combs there by thee?” Then Uenuku said,— “Why dost thou not ornament thy hair with one of the combs of thy elder brothers?” On hearing that, Ruatapu cried out,— “O noble sir, O noble sir, I was supposing that I was indeed thine own (son)! but now I perceive that I am not thine!” Then his father said to him,— “O, sir,‡ thou art indeed verily my own (son); but a son of little consequence, an offspring of inferior birth:” (meaning, that his mother was of no rank, being only a slave saved alive in war).§ At this saying of Uenuku, Ruatapu was completely overcome with shame, and his whole heart was filled with grief and pain, and, loudly lamenting, he went away to the place where the canoe was, planning in his mind how he should best accomplish the murder of Uenuku’s favourite sons, his elder brothers. He soon hit upon a plan; he got a stone chisel and he worked away with it at the bottom of the new canoe, until he had cut a hole through, which, when done, he plugged up and hid with wooden chips and scrapings, so, that it

* Plenty of patterns of their hair so adorned are given in the plates of Cook’s “*Voyages*,” and in Parkinson’s “*Journal*,”—*passim*. (See *Proverb*, No. 130, “*Trans. N.Z. Inst.*,” vol. xii, p. 133.) When their heads were thus dressed they did not lay them down on pillows of any kind for several nights, lest they should disarrange them, but managed accordingly. This curious practice was also largely followed by other Polynesians. So in Africa, and, also, very anciently in Europe. (See Keller’s “*Lake Dwellings of Switzerland*,” pp. 175, 501, 565).

† This ceremony was always performed by a chief of rank, or by a priest (*tohunga*); Uenuku was both; the head being pre-eminently sacred (*tapu*), and never to be touched save by a *tapu* person.

‡ I have sought to keep up in a translation the great difference in the modes of address here used between the father and son.

§ Appendix, Note F.

should not be seen. Then he went back into the town, but he would not eat any food, for his heart was still deeply grieved at the lowering words which his father had used respecting him. The next morning early Ruatapu went and aroused and brought together the men of the place to drag the new canoe down to the sea. They all came and she was soon afloat, and then those young chiefs, seventy in number, who had been already prepared for that duty, entered on board of the canoe he himself taking care that no boys* embarked with them, for some who came to do so he returned to their home. The canoe being well manned with smart paddlers, and all being ready, away they paddled; Ruatapu himself going with them, seating himself in his own place on board, and keeping the heel of his foot firmly fixed on the hole which he had bored in her bottom. They paddled a very long way out to sea, when Ruatapu removed his foot from the hole, and the water rushed in. On seeing the water in the bottom of the canoe they cried out, "We shall be upset! turn her round to the shore!" but Ruatapu again fixing his heel on the hole, and also baling out the water, the canoe was soon free from it. They still paddled away further out, when some said, "Let us now return, for we have paddled to a very great distance." On hearing this, Ruatapu answered, "We will soon return; let us first go a little further out." So away they paddled, until they had got quite out of sight of land; then he again removed his heel from the hole, and the water rushed in! All immediately called out, "Where is the baler? hasten; bale out the water; we are lost!" But Ruatapu had hidden the baler; and soon the canoe was filled with water and upset.† Then Ruatapu made after his brothers, and quickly drowned several of them by plunging them under. Having done so, and seeing Paikea still swimming, he followed hard after him to drown him also; but Paikea repeatedly evaded him. At last Ruatapu said to Paikea, "Which of us two shall carry the tidings of our disaster to land?" And Paikea replied, "I will, for I can do it; for I am also a son of (or descended from) the sea." And this was both the reason of his so saying and of his escaping drowning—Paikea being descended from Rongomaitahanui, who was also

* The word may mean—younger sons.

† See *Proverb*, No. 181, "Trans. N.Z. Inst.," vol. xii, p.140.

descended from Te Petipeti, and Te Rangahua. Then Ruatapu cried out, "Go thou, swim away to the land; and note well, if I am lost here, then thou wilt surely know that I am not descended from our father; but if I escape from this calamity, then, verily, I am from our father. Go thou on; let the crowded parties of the summer season ever remember me, that I am also there, (I) shall not be hidden. When the squid and the jelly-fishes shall have reached the sandy beaches (in the summer season), then look out, I am but a little way behind them, going also towards the shore. Go on, swim away, proceed thou to the land; those who should be the survivors from this wreck (are) become as a pile of slain in a day of bloody battle. This is another word of mine to thee, Let Kahutuanui have the striking-up of the song, so that when (ye), the ample broad-chested, may be sitting closely together in a row by the side of the fire,* it shall be sung in parts—in fruitful seasons and in unfruitful ones,—at the times of assembling together in companies, and at the times of living together separately (in families); through this I shall ever be remembered." Then Paikea said, "The tidings of our calamity shall be safely carried by me to our town, for I am verily descended from (those of) the sea,—Te Petipeti, Te Rangahua, and Te Aihumoana† being my ancestors." Here Ruatapu gave his last parting words to Paikea, "Go on, swim away to land, to the dear old home!" and so saying he held up his paddle. So Paikea proceeded on, swimming on towards the land, reciting as he went his powerful spell; and this was it:—

* For the common regular diversions of the evening, when the fires were lighted in their large houses.

† Paikea has now twice firmly asserted his descent from (beings of) the sea,—and he is not the first of the ancient Maori heroes who has done so. Of those four names of his ancestors here given by him, all are found in the Genealogical Roll; hut the first (Rongomaitahanui) and the last (Te Aihumoana) are, also, mythically known as ancient sea-demons (atua), and, so far, pre-historical. Paikea is also the proper name of a species of whale. (See Note, p.8.)

‡ There is a meaning here in this action of Ruatapu which should not be overlooked. To retain one's paddle (which was often highly carved and ornamented), in upsets of canoes and in naval fights, was always an achievement, and a token of bravery, etc. Just as that of a young Spartan to retain his shield, or, in modern times, the colours, arms, etc.

1. Now shall be shown, now revealed, the rigour of the trembling heart; now shall be known the force of the anxious heart; now shall be seen the strength of the fluttering weak female heart.

2. The big fish of the sea swims fleetly through strenuous exertion; blowing forth the blasts of sea-water from (its) nostrils; the big fish is lifted above the waters.

3. Space¹ makes (it) buoyant; Sky² upheaves (it) above the swell of Ocean.

4. Now, rushing forwards, a steep descent; anon (as if) climbing the fence of a fort! now a toughening squall of wind comes on; anon, as a bird's feather borne before it.

5. Ha! ha! thy heart (even as, or one with) my heart.

6. Now the great enduring courageous heart of (the descendant from the) Sky, shall make itself to emerge through all difficulties and dangers to the habitable, to dwellings (of) light.

7. A full deliverance (for the) son of a chief, who was properly begotten the son of a chief.

8. Son above; son abroad; son according to the proper ceremonies (rightly or duly) performed; son according to the sign of the breaking-away of clouds, enlightening hitherwards from the outermost sides of the far-off horizon.³

9. Ha! abroad, far away on the deep (is) verily the place to exert strength, showing the straining of (one's) sinews.

10. Here, now, (is) the skid, I mount up on the top (of it); the very skid of Houtaiki; the skid satisfying the heart; the skid (that is) sure and fast.

11. Ha! ha! the cold wind (is) laughed at, defied; (so is) the cutting icy wind to the skin; so (is) the bitter cold penetrating and numbing vapour; and so the fainting internal feeling of sickness.

12. Here (is) the skid! I get up on (it); verily the same skid of Houtaiki greatly desired and looked for.

13. Once, twice, thrice, four times, five times, six times, seven times, eight times, nine times, ten times.

14. Let not the fastening roots of Taane⁵ be unloosed by thee: let not the hateful ill-omened winds to Taane be set free by thee.

1. The very opposite feelings are to be here understood. See note G. Appendix.

2. For Space and Sky, see Appendix, Note H.

3. Appendix, Note I.

4. "The skid of Houtaiki." Houtaiki is the name of one of Paikea's ancestors. Here, however, an allusion is made to the canoe of Houtaiki getting safely drawn up on its skids on the shore; it is a very ancient story. It was also used to denote a fixed safe barrier, or bounds, which were not to be passed, as at Taupo, etc.; and, also, known as *te puru o Houtaiki*—i.e., stoppage, obstacle, barrier. *Te rango o Houtaiki* is one of the names of the low isthmus connecting Table Cape Peninsula with the mainland. The name of Houtaiki often occurs in poetry, in connection with that of Houmea.

5. Taane, the owner and creator of forests; here metonymically used;— "roots of Taane"—i.e., of the trees of the forests. The strong westerly winds which often blow furiously in summer, sweeping down from the wooded heights and off the shore, East Coast, are here deprecated.

15. Let the swimmings of a man in the ocean finally end; (let him) emerge at the habitable regions, at the lightsome (and) joyous dwellings.

16. Take up this descendant (of a line of chiefs); behold! he lives (he) swims bravely.

17. Lo! he swims; the head first-born chief keeps pursuing; he follows on still swimming away.

18. Lo! he swims; behold! he swims strongly; still swimming onwards, enabled, enduring.

19. A head first-born chief follows on; still keeping at the swimming; lo! he swims.

20. Behold! he swims away, even Paikea (a) first-born chief, who keeps going forwards, still keeping on swimming.

21. Lo! he swims: behold he swims; upborne he swims; upborne he continues; he keeps at it, swimming onwards, toiling manfully.

22. Now above (the surface), then below! anon rolling between the billows; all that ends in the very reaching of the shore by Taane himself.⁶

23. Lo! look out! there it is; coming onwards towards (me), like a huge rolling wave. Ugh! strike it down! fell it! with the famed axe of ancient times,—that which overturned the land.

24. Lo! Ha! his own mighty first-born chief appears (to his succour); that is Rongomaruawhata,⁷ therefore it (the big) overwhelming wave, fled away, far off; ha!

25. The plugging and caulking stands good.

26. The fixing and lashing together stands good.⁸

27. Let (him or it) be uplifted and carefully carried.

28. Let (him or it) be raised and supported.

29. Let (him or it) be borne along.⁹

30. Alas! my distress, making me to toil laboriously at swimming; here, indeed, it is now being seen.

31. Make (thysself) to swim on courageously and well, as a skilful knowing one of old: truly so! here, indeed, it is now being shown.

32. In the midst of the great ocean; here, indeed, it is being seen.

33. In the midst of the desolate wild,¹⁰ far away from man; here, indeed, it is shown.

34. In the ragged first-appearings of daylight,—far off on the horizon; when first seen away there (from the shore); here, such is now being seen.

35. My bird is verily met above; yes! there (it is) now returning; here, indeed, it is shown.

36. Ruatapu stood upright (in the sea) grasping his paddle, his last token! Alas! (it) was bad.

37. "One chief dies (or disappears), another succeeds." (Old proverb.)

38. Kahutiarangi took Te Panipani to wife; he was a great chief's son, highly esteemed by Whangara.

6. Figurative, for a wooden canoe made out of a forest tree.

7. One of Paikea's ancestors.

8. These two verses (25 and 26) are spoken of a canoe.

9. These last three verses (27-29) may mean, either Paikea, or the canoe coming to save him; there is nothing in the original to indicate gender.

10. A term curiously used here,—as it means the uninhabited barren wilderness, far away from the dwellings of man:—figuratively, devoid of help; hopeless.

39. Here am I, still swimming on; floating, but, alas! going in no certain direction.

40. The big fish is beaten stiff in the tide of quick dashing waves.

41. Lo! there it comes! the canoe of Pakia¹¹ is fleetly sailing hither.

42. O! big black-and-white sea-gull, flying aloft there; settle down hither on (the) sea from the sky.

43. O! Taane!¹² enwrap (me), involve (me), with the garment of careless insensibility, that so I may quietly float to the shore.

44. Lie quietly down. O young chief, on the sea, which was purposely becalmed (for thee).

45. Carry safely forward thy brave swimming man to the shore.

[Possibly, there is some omission, or portion, lost here, W.C.] This, which follows, is the ending of the powerful and celebrated charm, which enabled Paikea to keep on swimming, and by it make his way through the ocean. In conclusion, he called on his ancestor, on Hikitaioarea; saying:—

46. O Hikita! O! here am I making a great fish of myself.

47. O Hikita! O! Hikitaioarea, O! lo! I am making a (drifting) water-logged white-pine canoe of myself.

48. O Hikita, O! O Hikitaioarea, O! I am making a sperm whale of myself, basking and rolling in the deep.

49. O Hikita, O! O Hikitaioarea, O! O Tupara!¹³ seek me hither, carry me to the shore.

50. O Wehengahuki! fetch me hither, carry me to the shore.

51. Taane! fetch me hither, carry me to the shore, to my own land; on to the very shore there: to my father indeed, on the shore, there away: alas! alas!

Then (he) warmed, cheered, and consoled himself, by remembering the name of another of his ancestors, who was called Mataiahuru, (lit. by, or through, the warm comforting sea or tide,) and so recollecting, he cried

52. Mataiahuru! Mataiahuni! through the warm sea, through the warm water-tide, let my own skin now become warm; (let it now) become as if it were verily basking in the heat of the noon-tide sun suddenly shining on my own skin; let it now be, as if by the blaze of the life brightly kindled up, that it may become hot.

And with (*or* through) these last words, Paikea caused himself to possess comfortable warm feelings. And so Paikea, at last, reached the shore, at (a place called) Ahuahu.

11. Another of Paikea's ancestors.

12. Taane is now, at last, invoked, to make him just as a tree-trunk, or log of wood, that so he may float unconsciously to the shore; (so, also, verses 22, 51) Taane, is, also, used figuratively, for the Mainland, and is always placed in direct opposition to his enemy the Ocean.

13. Name of one more of his ancestors.

After some time residing there, he took to wife a woman of that place named Parawhenuamea, who bore him several children; one was named Marumuri, and there were others also named Maru (with some other affix). Afterwards he came further south to Whakatane, where he took another wife, who was named Te Manawatina; whence came the name of Whakatane from Manawatina. Thence he travelled further south to Ohiwa, where he saw Muriwai within a cave; from which circumstance arose the name of Te Whakatohea, who dwelt at Opotiki. In course of time, and still travelling south, he came to Waiapu, where he took another woman named Hutu, to wife; and she came on with him to his own place. She bore him Pouheni, etc., etc.

This highly curious and ancient Maori rhapsody, *the Spell of Paikea*, is among the longest of the kind known to me, and was possibly thrown into its present semi-poetical form (in the original) the better to remember it. Of course it will be understood, that I have prefixed the figures to the several stanzas, or verses, merely for the convenience of reference. Although I have already given copious explanatory notes, a few of its more prominent features may further be briefly noticed.

Throughout it possesses just such words and imagery, as a man (particularly a Maori) in such a situation might be supposed to use and entertain. It seems, to me, very natural that one should speak (talk aloud) to himself in that manner, if only "to keep his courage up"! many of the similes used are very natural and proper.

A kind of regular and progressive sequence almost dramatic runs through it.

There is great freedom from fear, both natural and superstitious; great dependence on himself; and little looking to any higher power for aid (save in one instance) other than to his own ancestors, whose names he repeats and also calls on, but mainly (as it seems) to encourage himself by reflecting on their *meanings*; this latter is an old peculiar trait in the Maori character, of which I have known many curious instances.

The invocation to Taane (v. 43), is evidently favourably answered by Taane (vv. 44, 45): there is also a second call on Taane (v. 51). It also appears, in other verses, as if some one supernatural power or

personage were speaking to him, or for him (vv. 16, 27-29, 31).*

It is not said how long *Paikea* was struggling at sea; but, no doubt, the canoe had put off; according to their custom, in the calm or early morning, (indeed, such is nearly said in the story,) and *Paikea*, after long battling with the waves, feelingly alludes to the dawn of another day breaking; and to the early morning bird (of hope to him) appearing (vv. 34, 35).

In "the ragged first appearances of daylight," (v. 34,) is another very peculiar and poetical use of a common term; lit, it is, the ends of the irregular strands of scraped flax yarns (ravelings), hanging from the beginning of the weaving of a dress flax garment; which when finished and new was white and shining.

There are, also, some highly curious coincidences here, agreeing with, several interesting particulars in *Homer's* two descriptions of *Ulysses* and his two long-shipwrecked bouts at sea, each of many days continuance—one in reaching, and one in leaving *Ogygia*, *Callypso's* isle (*OD.*, lib. v. and xii.); though *Ulysses* was at one time on a raft, and on another, at first, on part of the wreck of his ship, and afterwards for "two days and two nights" swimming. The coincidences are, (1) *Ulysses* spurning the brine from his nostrils, etc.; (2) his thoughts, words, and modes of encouraging himself; (3) the goddess, *Leucothea*, appearing to him in the shape of a cormorant, and alighting by him (giving him hope): and (4) *Neptune's* big billow, purposely sent, smiting *Ulysses*;—though, here, the "big billow," rolling on to do so to *Paikea*, fled before his invoked ancestor. Of *Paul*, also, we read, of his having been "a night and a day in the deep;" probably floating on part of the wreck of his ship.

I would also offer a few brief remarks on this story of *Uenuku's* son, *Ruatapu*.

And first, I would premise, that while the details of a legend are always false, the legend itself always contains a kernel of truth; a mere invention never becomes a legend.

Ruatapu's revenge is terrible; but, as I take it, it was not carried out merely to avenge the great insult he had then received from his father, but to avenge his mother's and her tribe's great wrongs.

* Appendix, Note J.

If he had succeeded in drowning Paikea also, and then had got safely back to land, which he might have done, in all probability he would have been the head young chief of Uenuku's people; as no one could have told the secret,—that he alone knew. No doubt he was very strong and brave.

His parting allusions to their *home* and people; his belief, and his directions, as to how he should live in their memories and songs; and his remarks on the annual recurrence of Nature's signs on the sandy shore in the summer season, (which he must have often seen there when a merry boy, and perhaps that very time of the year,!) and of his being also with them *in spirit*, and of their festal meetings, and simple home evening diversions,—are all of an affecting kind. He left a wife (named Te Kiteora) and (at least) one son (named Hau), who are duly mentioned in several genealogical rolls, and from him some of the present East Coast Maoris trace their descent.

In some other old legends which I have heard, Ruatapu is said to have foretold to Paikea, at their parting, of a great approaching flood, which would cover all the low-lying lands of the North Island of New Zealand; and that when its signs should appear, the people were to flee to the mountain, Hikurangi, near the East Cape. But this, in my opinion, is merely a straining and embellishing (after the usual manner) of what Ruatapu had said about his own returning (in spirit) to land from the sea in the summer seasons;—immensely strengthened, also, from his high rank, and tragical end, and from the fact of those sayings having been his *last* parting words, which always had great weight with the Maori people.

“It matters not how long we live, but how.—
 For as the parts of one manhood, while here,
 We live in every age; we think and feel,
 And feed upon the coming and the gone
 As much as on the now time. Man is one,
 And he hath one great heart. It is thus we feel,
 With a gigantic throb athwart the sea,
 Each other's rights and wrongs. Thus are we men.”

BAILEY'S “*Festus*”

APPENDIX.

Note A, page 2.

— “When the knowing priest (tohunga) Ngatoroirangi heard the loud mournful cries and screams of all hands in the canoe—men, women, and children—all wailing at their great disaster and imminent danger, the compassion of his heart was aroused, and rushing up on deck, there that courageous hero stood gazing around at the sky, pacifying the boisterous elements; and having also consoled the frightened people on board of Te Arawa, he proceeded to utter his powerful spell ;—this is it :—

“Takina te kawa;
 Ho kawa tuatahi:
 Takina te kawa;
 He kawa tuarua,
 He kawa tuatoru,
 He kawa tuawha,
 He kawa tuarima.
 He kawa tuaono,
 He kawa tuawhitu,
 He kawa tuawaru,
 He kawa tuaiwa,
 He kawa tuangahuru
 Takina te kawa;
 He kawa ma Tangaroa.
 Ka pipi, ka wawai, ka hoaiia;
 Ka whanake i raro i ona taranga.
 Tutuki te rangi;
 Eke, eke, eke Tangaroa;
 Eke panuku.
 Hui, e! Taiki, e!
 Unuhia te pou;
 Ko te pou mua,
 Ko te pou roto,
 Ko te pou te wharaua.
 He Aturangi mamao.
 Hekeheke iho i runga i o ara,
 Takiki whara,
 Te ara o Ngatoro,
 He ara whano kite po;
 Te po nui, te po roa,
 Te po matire rau,
 Te po whai ariki.
 A ko taku waka ko te Arawa,
 Ngahue i te Parata.
 Eke, eke, eke Tangaroa,
 Eke panuku.
 Hui, e! Taiki, e!
 Tena to tu tau e Rongo ka whawai.

Te Kawa tuai Nuku,
 Tuai Rangi,
 Tuai Papa,
 Tuai Tane;
 Rua Nuku.
 A tuai,
 A tuai."

Grey's *Mythology and Traditions N. Zealanders*, p. 72: ed. 1854.

Note B, p. 6.

It may here be observed, that the Maori word *Ika*—their general term for fish, was also formerly used by them to denote several beings and things of first and greatest consequence and value. *E.g.*

1. The land in general; the N. Island in particular,—from the ancient story of its having been fished-up from the watery depths of ocean by Maui.

2. Common estate of land.

3. The principal chiefs of a tribe or clan.

4. The mythical and terrible gigantic dragons (Saurians of the olden time, slain by their forefathers: also, their outline representations, made in huge earthworks by way of commemoration. (Trans. N.Z. Inst. vol xi, p. 85, &c.)

5. The Greenstone (*pounamu*); also, Obsidian (*Waiapu, mata, &c.*)

6. Bitumen = *Mimiha* (a favourite and valued old masticatory,) rare and only found thrown up on the sea-shore, and hence said to be the production of a marine animal called *Mimiha: ika*.

7. A band, a troop; a lot, cluster, as of small stars in the sky.

8. A warrior slain in battle.

9. Fig. An active mourner; from such anciently cutting and slashing themselves.

Note: (1) All these, in the ancient Maori cosmogeny, were alike living creatures.

(2) The ancient Maoris not having any large land animal, and being very fond of figurative language and fable, were driven to use metaphorically those of the sea—as whales, &c., to represent their principal chiefs; and so of the largest and most valued trees of their forests.

(3) Their belief in the Greenstone being a living creature is a highly curious and recondite one, and their ancient legendary stories respecting it are of great interest, and (in my estimation) of importance—It almost seems incredible that such a belief should have been universal among them, yet such was the case. No doubt, however it might have been anciently originated, it grew afterwards by degrees, owing to the one locality in the South Island where alone it was subsequently found, and thence only obtained through great difficulty and the proper use of potent charms, known only to and uttered by the skilled few!

Hence too, to keep up this mystery, was to increase its high estimation and its price:—Here is a sentence concerning it from an ancient legend:—“Ko te tao i werohia ai te *ika* a Ngahue: a peia ana mai ia, haere tonu mai raua ko tana *ika*, ara ko te pounamu,” &c. &c. = The spear with which the *ika* of Ngahue was transfixed; and then it came to pass, that it was expelled hitherwards, and they two, (Ngahue and his *ika*), that is to say the *pounamu*, came hither together.

Note C, p. 14.

Here I may briefly mention in a note:—When young I read (devoured!) diligently and repeatedly every work on African travel I could obtain,—from those of Bruce and Mungo Park downwards; these later ones of Major Denham and Captain Clapperton (then fresh) were causing a kind of stir in the world. All such had a wonderful influence over me, amounting to fascination! I had very nearly early devoted myself to carry on that enquiry—research in Central Africa. What, no doubt, served to increase it was my knowledge of the two Landers; those two young Cornishmen (brothers) were there with Captain Clapperton in Africa; one had died a short time before in the dessert, and it was this additional mournful circumstance that made the only survivor feel doubly lonely, he having so recently buried his brother in the desert sands!—On his return to his native home, Truro in Cornwall, he was well received and cared for.—

Note D, p. 20.

1. The Fable of the Shark and the Large Lizard—(Guana)

In the days of yore the large lizard and the shark lived together in the sea for they were brothers, both being the children of *Punga*.* The lizard was the elder and the shark the younger. After some time they fell out, and as the quarrel was long and protracted, the lizard, vexed at the conduct of his younger brother, determined to leave off dwelling in the sea, and to reside on the dry land, so he left the water.† But just as he got on the shore his brother the shark swam up to where he was on a rock, and wished him to return, saying—“Let you and I go out to sea, to the deep water.” The lizard replied, with a bitter curse, saying—“Go thou to the sea, that thou mayest become a relish of fish for the basket of cooked

* According to the Maori mythology (in which each portion, or kingdom, of Nature had a different origin or progenitor), *Punga* was the father, or former, of fishes and reptiles.

† Darwin, in his “Naturalist’s Voyage” (ch. xvii), writing of the large aquatic lizard (*Amblyrhynchus cristatus*), has some curious remarks very applicable here.

roots.* On this the shark retorted with another curse, saying— “Go thou on shore that thou mayest be smothered with the smoke of the fire of green fern.”† Then the lizard replied, with a laugh, “Indeed I will go on shore, away up to the dry land, where I shall be looked upon as the personification of the demon-god Tu,‡ with my spines and ridgy crest causing fear and affright, so that all will get out of my way, hurrah!”

2. *The Battle of the Birds.*—(A Fable of the Olden Time.)

In ancient clays, two shags met on the seaside. One was a saltwater bird and the other was a fresh-water bird; nevertheless, they were both shags, living alike on fish which they caught in the water, although they differed a little in the colour of their feathers. The river-bird, seeing the sea-bird go into the sea for the purpose of fishing food for itself, did the same. They both dived repeatedly, seeking food for themselves, for they were hungry; indeed, the river-bird dived ten times, and caught nothing. Then the river-bird said to his companion, “If it were but my own home, I could just pop under water and find food directly; there never would be a single diving there without finding food.” To which remark his companion simply said, “Just so.” Then the river-bird said to the other, “Yes, thy home here in the sea is one without any food.” To this insulting observation the sea-bird made no reply. Then the river-bird said to the other, “Come along with me to my home; you and I fly together.” On this both birds flew off and kept flying till they got to a river, where they dropped. Both dived, and both rose, having each a fish in its bill; then they dived together ten times, and every time they rose together with a fish in their bills. This done the sea-bird flew away back to its own home. Arriving there it immediately sent heralds in all directions to all the birds of the ocean, to lose no time, but to assemble and kill all the fresh-water birds, and all

* “Roots” is not in the original, which has merely “kete maoa,”— basket of cooked (food, understood); but the meaning is fernroot, or sweet potatoes. Our common potatoes were not then known to the New Zealander, otherwise I should have preferred that word. “Sweet potatoes” (or kumara) would not answer well, as this food was not in use all the year round; and “vegetables” would mislead, as such were never alone cooked save in times of great scarcity. The allusion is as to the Maori manner of serving-up and setting food before men, each basket having a bit of fish or flesh, as a savour, placed on the top.

† I had often heard of the old mode of capturing this (the edible) lizard, which lived in holes (burrows) at the foot of trees, and was made to appear by smoking them out; forty years ago this animal was still being eaten by an inland tribe named Rangitane. Mr Nicholas, who came to New Zealand with Rev. S. Marsden on his first visit, has a good story about this lizard in his valuable and interesting book.

‡ Tu was the name of the New Zealand god of war.

the birds of the dry land and the forests. The sea-birds hearing this assented, and were soon gathered together for the fray. In the meanwhile, the river-birds and the land and forest-birds were not idle; they also assembled from all quarters, and were preparing to meet their foes.

Ere long the immense army of the sea-birds appeared, sweeping grandly from one side of the heavens to the other, making such a terrible noise with their wings and cries. On their first appearing, the long-tail flycatcher (*Rhipidura flabellifera*) got into a towering passion, being desirous of spearing the foe, and danced about presenting his spear on all sides, crying "Ti! ti!"* Then the furious charge was made by the sea-birds. In the first rank came, swooping down with their mighty wings, the albatross, the gannet, and the big brown gull (*ugoiro*) with many others closely following; indeed all the birds of the sea. Then they charged at close quarters, and fought bird with bird. How the blood flowed and the feathers flew! The river-birds came on in close phalanx, and dashed bravely right into their foes. They all stood it for a long time, fighting desperately. Such a sight! At last the sea-birds gave way, and fled in confusion. Then it was that the hawk soared down upon them, pursuing and killing; and the fleet sparrow-hawk darted in and out among the fugitives, tearing and ripping; while the owl, who could not fly by day, encouraged by hooting derisively, "Thou art brave! thou art victor!"† and the big parrot screamed, "Remember! remember! Be you ever remembering your thrashing!"‡

In that great battle, those two birds, the tutu (*Halodroma urinatrix* = petrel), and the *taiko*§ were made prisoners by the river-

* Its faint little note, uttered as it hops, and twirls, and opens its tail.

† "*Toā koē! Toā koē!*" was the owl's cry, which the words a little resemble.

‡ "*Kia iro!kia iro koē!*" was the cry of the parrot.

§ Of this bird, the *Taiko*, I have formerly often heard, particularly at the northern parts of the North Island, but have never seen one. It is scarcely known here in Hawke's Bay, save by name to a few of the oldest natives. An old chief at Te Wairoa told me that he had known of two which were seen together on the shore of Portland Island (Hawke's Bay), many years ago, one of which was snared and eaten. From another very old chief I had heard of two having been once cooked in a Maori earth-oven as a savoury mass for a travelling party of rank; and from his story it would appear as if the bird could have been easily taken in its habitat, at the will of the lord of the manor; for, on that travelling party arriving at the pa, one of the chief's wives remarked, "Alas! whatever shall I do for a tit-bit to set before our guests?" The chief said, "I'll get you some." He then went out and soon returned with two Taikos, which were cooked and greatly relished. The bird is said to have been large, plump, and fat, and highly prized for food, and only to be obtained on exposed oceanic headlands and inlets. (There are small rocky islets called by its name, Motutaiko.) Possibly it may be a large species of petrel or puffin; although,

birds; and hence it is that these two sea-birds always lay their eggs and rear their young in the woods among the landbirds. The tutu (petrel) goes to sea, and stays away there for a whole moon (lunar month), and when she is full of oil, for her young in the forests, she returns to feed them, which is once every moon. From this circumstance arose with our ancestors the old adage, which has come down to us, *He tūtū whangainga tahi*," literally, *A tūtū of one feeding*, meaning, *Even as a tūtū bird gets fat though only fed well once now and then*.*

Three things, in particular should be gathered from this Ancient Fable:—1. How very little was sufficient to become the cause of a bloody and exterminating war! (They had many proverbs showing it:—e.g. *He tao kii ekore e taea te karo, he tao rakau ka taea ano te karo*: = A spoken spear cannot be warded off; a wooden shear can easily be warded. Just so, *James* iii, 5, &c.) Hence it was, that joking and punning was never practised by the ancient Maoris; as all such was sure to end in blood! 2. How an insult was quietly put up with, pocketed, for the time only, to be the more fully avenged anon! And, 3. The total omission of the great fossil gigantic bird Moa (*Dinornis* and other genera), which could never have happened, if (as some Whites have been too ready to assume and to say) the Moa was really known to those Maoris as a *living bird*,—

Note E, p.22.

THE STORY OF ARION.

(From Ovid.)

Wha hasna heard of Arion's harp,
How he bare the palm away?
How he garr'd the rinnin' water stan'
For the luve o' his sweet lay?

O gin he sang, the wolf was fain
To let the lamb gae free,
And frae the greedy wolf the lamb
Nae further car'd to flee.

if the imperfect Maori relation is to be depended on, its beak was more that of an albatross.

* This proverb would be used by the New Zealanders on various occasions; such as (1) When chiefs of lower rank would bring a present (annual, perhaps, as of sweet potatoes [kumara] at harvest-time), to their superior chief: (2) When a travelling party arrives at a village, and something particularly good, or extra, which perhaps had been stored up or set by, or just obtained with difficulty or labour, should be given to the party; on such occasions the proverb might be used. Much like (here) our sayings of, "We don't kill a pig every day;" "In luck to-day;" "Just in time," &c.

Fu' mony a time the hound and hare
 I' the shaw thegither lay,
 And neist the lion stude the hind,
 And gat nae hurt that day.

The corbie sat by the houlat's nest.
 And ne'er a word spak he;
 And the turtle-dou sae meik was fain
 The goss-hawk's mate to be.

And mony a time, ower hill and dale.
 His harp it rang sae clear,
 Stude Dian hirsel and thought fu' well
 My brither's harp I hear.

Now up and down through ilka toun
 Of meikle fame is he,
 Weel kent in ha' and bour through a'
 The land o' Sicilie.

But the years they are lang, and the minstrel's fain
 To win back to his ain countree.
 And he's gathered the gowd his harp has wan,
 And Arion sails the sea.

O minstrel wae, what gars ye fear
 The winds and the waters wan?
 As weel may ye trust the seas, I trow,
 As the ship that ye sail on.

For luik where the skipper, the fause fause loun
 Has ta'en a sword in hand,
 And luik where ready wi' steel and cord
 His meinic behind him stand.

What mak' ye, O sailor, wi the sword?
 At the helm ye'd better be;
 Sic a weapon weel sets a bra' bra' knight,
 But it wasna made for thee.

Then up and spak that minstrel bauld,
 "A boon, a boon, I pray;
 But grant me the grace to touch my harp anes,
 Or ye reive my life away."

The skipper he laughed a loud loud laugh,
 And he granted him his prayer,
 And the minstrel has ta'en a croun o' gowd,
 Wadna shame Apollo's hair.

He's row'd him in his robes sae fine,
 Like a minstrel of degree,
 And aye, as he smote his harp wi skill,
 He sang out ower the sea.

O hae ye heard the snaw-white bird
 When he kens that he maun die?
 Sae sweet sae waefu' sweet the sang,
 Cam fleeting ower the sea.

But syne he's up in his robes sae fine,
 And he's ower the side away,
 For ilka foot the minstrel fell
 The water it loupit twae.

Now list the ferly that befel,
 A doufin watch'd by the keel,
 And has ta'en him up like a gude gude steed
 That kens his rider weel.
 He sat fu' firm, and his harp he held,
 And wi' it he's paid his fee,
 For aye as he rade, sae sweet he sang,
 He watched the gurly sea.

Note F, p. 29.

In this dialogue three things are to be noticed: 1. Uenuku's quiet way of giving a gentle hint to his son, which tends to show that hitherto, throughout childhood and youth, no such great distinction had yet been made. 2. Ruatapu ought to have understood his father's meaning; he knew, as well as his father, that he could not possibly use one of his elder brothers' combs, as all were tapu, and each one strictly confined to its owner's own private use. 3. Uenuku's last words were very bitter and galling to the young man, and, no doubt, were spoken openly before all; and as they were spoken in highly figurative language I give them here in the original, with a strictly literal translation and full explanation:— "*E hika, naku tonu koe; he tama meamea koe nahaku; he moenga raukawakawa, he moenga hau!*" lit. "O, sir, thou art indeed my own (son); thou art a son of inferior rank begotten by me; a begetting—or sleeping, or cohabiting,—(among) the leaves and branches of the strong-smelling Kawakawa shrub,—a begetting, etc.—out of doors in the high wind." The strong smell of the kawakawa (*Piper excelsum*) was particularly unpleasant to the New Zealanders; and of course was never taken inside their sleeping houses, like the fragrant smelling grass—Karetu, = *Hierochloa redolens*, used to strew their floors; the whole also meaning, that Uenuku's taking Ruatapu's mother to wife was done without any festivities,—without any gifts of fine-woven mats for bedding—and without a bride's house and other formalities; which usually occupied a long time (a year or two, or more) to get ready.

The mother of Ruatapu was Paimahutanga, the daughter of a very powerful chief named Tawheta, who dwelt not far from Uenuku, who was also his brother-in-law. Uenuku had, many years before, killed Takarita, one of his wives, with his own hands, for adultery committed with two men whom he also slew. On account of this killing of his sister, Tawheta fearfully and maliciously retaliated suddenly, murdering a large number of Uenuku's young people while peacefully and unsuspectingly engaged in harvesting their crop; and also cooked and ate their bodies. In due time Uenuku went to war with Tawheta, to revenge their deaths, and defeated him in a number of pitched battles with great loss; at last killing Tawheta. It had been early planned by Uenuku, that Tawheta's

daughter (whose original name was Poumatangatanga,) if captured should become one of his wives; and this was effected at the end of the first fight, in which Tawheta's fortified town was taken by ambush assault with a prodigious slaughter when her name was changed to Paimahutanga = Good-healing-of-the-wound. Notice, the play upon her former name, in its ending, as to sound; and perhaps the indication of good in her new name, if fighting between them should *now* cease.

This ancient Maori custom,—of the conqueror taking the daughter of the principal chief conquered in battle to wife, (i.e. as one of his lesser wives or concubines,) was also almost world-wide. The classical scholar will remember the bitter wailings and tragic sayings of the great Trojan dames, Hecuba, Polyxena, and others, on Troy being taken by the Greeks and they being carried off captives, at the prospect before them.—

Note G, p. 32.

It was (and is) a common custom among the Maoris for a great chief always to speak of *himself* in a very lowering manner. A notable instance of this is recorded in the history of Uenuku; who when engaged as a priest in roasting the tabooed heart of Takarita (one of his wives whom he had killed), utters his invocation, or spell, to the supernatural powers, and says of himself—

“Never shall the first-borns (of chiefs) be forgotten by me,—
 (An) eater of scraps and leavings!
 The cooking-oven is baking slowly;
 (Here I am) roasting away, naked, waiting.” &c.—

All indicative of the position, work, and attitude of a slave.

One of the finest instances of such sayings known to me, is that of the hero-chief Whakatau in his spell, or invocation, on his going forth to fight; which is also a choice specimen of Maori Ideality—Mind and Poetry. Thus the story goes

— “Then the brave warrior Whakatau, arose, and seized his fighting-belt, and while girding it on, uttered the following charm, that he and his companions in arms might become bold in battle.”—

If Tangaroa* should enquire,—
 “Who is that young warrior
 So daringly girding on *my* war-belt?†
 (I reply) Nobody at all; nothing, only me,
 Whakatau!—

* Tangaroa the great god of the sea and of fishes, their Neptune:—this expedition was going by sea to fight.

† The war-belt was woven very elaborately, with fitting ceremonies &c., &c., and was fixed on very securely much after the manner of a T bandage.

A man of no rank,
 A man of no notice,
 A demon, a despised thing,
 A poor young fellow, (an) eater of servants' scraps.
 But,—concerning my war-belt, ha!
 My war-belt which was dreaded." &c., &c.

(Trans. N.Z. Inst., vol. xiii, p. 67.)

Note H, p. 32.

"Space" (or the clear open expanses, or Air,) and "Sky," are here invoked, as being the most ancient of all their many personifications, and commonly called on, in their spells, &c.—as in Whakatau's charm (above), where he goes on to say

— "My foes are already hiding through fear!
 Enclose me around, O Space!
 O Space and Air encircle me!
 Sky encircle me!" &c.—

And so, in the opening of the ceremonial charm used by the priest for Divorce: he says:—

"A pulling-off by Space
 A pulling-out by Sky
 A great drawing-out from within;
 A letting fall,
 By this great priest." &c.— (loc. cit., p. 69.)

And, it should ever be borne in mind, in reading of or considering the ancient Maori cosmogony, that the Sky (*Rangi*) was their Beginning, their great Progenitor, their Father; the Earth (*Papa*) his Wife being also their Mother.

Note I, p. 32.

These two verses (7 and 8) require explanation. Here there are six high reasons given by Paikea for asserting his nobility: —

- (1) "Son of a chief"—i.e., by *both* parents.
- (2) "Properly begotten"—i.e., with betrothal, and parental consent, and every proper preliminary arrangement. All this was wanting in the case of Paimahutanga, the mother of Ruatapu; (see Note F.)
- (3) "Son above"—i.e., in and with the approval of the Sky.
- (4) "Son abroad"—i.e., around—in or with the approval of Space
- (5) "Son according to ceremonies duly performed"—i.e., by the priests (*tohunga*), at the early naming,—the cutting of hair,—the arriving at puberty, etc.
- (6) "Son according to the celestial signs"—i.e., these, such as are here referred to, were,—distant summer lightnings,—*aurora australis*,—peculiar red and other clouds, appearing on the horizon,—shooting stars, etc., etc.; and were always supposed and believed to have been given at, or shortly after, such ceremonial seasons, as tokens of approval, etc.

Note J, page 36.

The old Maoris even professed to have heard songs, of a highly curious character, sung by the spirits of the dead! and by fancied atuas, (supernatural beings,) while engaged in deep-seafishing far out at sea. These latter they responded to and sang their replies. I have seen some of those so-called supernatural songs, also their extemporaneous replies, and have been struck with the shrewdness and fitness of these latter. There is a singularity here which has frequently reminded me of what is recorded of the Greenlanders; who, however, did not meet their supernatural visitants so bravely as the Maoris. It is said, by Hans Egede, (the earliest missionary among them,)—when writing of the long winter, during two months (November to middle of January) in which the sun is not to be seen.—“This long night was often made more painful by fancied terrors: sad sounds were often abroad in the air, caused by the meeting of masses of disjointed ice or the splitting of the rocks with the intense cold: even the piteous cry of the seal was sometimes enough to create alarm: there were noises also on the deep and the shore, for which they could not account; so that they were often like the people in Egypt, during the plague of darkness, when, in the sublime description of the Apocrypha—“they heard the sound of fearful things rushing by, even by their doors and in their chambers, but saw not the form thereof.” And again,—“Of spectres the Greenlanders stand greatly in dread. The loneliness of their lives with the long darkness, where the sense of hearing is so often invaded with the most appalling sounds, conduces to this belief. The accidents also, by which so many lives are lost in storms, and in fishing, affect their imaginations. The spirits of the lost at sea are heard to come on shore in the dead of night and utter a mournful wailing. The great sea-spectre in which they believe, is of a more fearful character. This spectre appears before any misfortune, as shipwrecks or storms, and is seen sometimes on a solitary field of ice,—at other times it flits rapidly over the frozen plain, and its frightful shrieks can be heard to a great distance; it has even been heard to utter words—but only of inevitable misfortune being at hand to the hearers.”—Carne’s *Lives of Eminent Missionaries*, vol. i.



