

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY GEO. W. HILL & CO., Corner 2d and Main Streets, BROWNVILLE, N. T.

TERMS: Yearly in advance, \$2 50; Single Copies, 10 Cts. Subscriptions, must invariably be paid in advance.

Nebraska Advertiser.

"LIBERTY AND UNION, ONE AND INSEPARABLE NOW AND FOREVER."

BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1865.

RATES OF ADVERTISING. One square (ten lines or less) insertion 31 00 Each additional insertion 1 00

VOL. IX.

NO. 23.

BUSINESS CARDS.

JAMES MEDFORD, CABINET-MAKER AND Undertaker. Corner 2d and Main Streets, BROWNVILLE, N. T.

SHAVING HOUSE! BY FRED. AUGUST. MAIN, BET. FIRST AND SECOND STS.

BROWNVILLE N. T. CIGARS, TOBACCO, GINGER BREAD, etc.

JACOB MAROHN, MERCHANT TAILOR. NEBRASKA

NEW STOCK OF GOODS. JUST RECEIVED.

THE VERY LATEST STYLES. SEWING MACHINES.

H. C. THURMAN, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. BROWNVILLE, NEBRASKA.

O. W. WHEELER, CABINET-MAKER AND CARPENTER.

RICHARD COLLINS, TRAVELLING DENTIST.

LOUIS WALDTER, SIGN PAINTER.

B. C. HARE'S LIGHT GALLERY.

CHAS. G. DORSEY, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

F. STEWART, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

E. S. BURNS, M. D., PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

W. M. C. PERKINS, Great Western Photograph Rooms.

EDWARD W. THOMAS, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Poetry.

LAUS DEO.

[On leaving the bells ring for the Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery in the United States.]

[BY JOHN A. WHITTIER.]

It is done!

Clang of bell and roar of gun Send the tidings up and down,

Ring, O bells!

Let us kneel!

For the Lord

On the whirlwind is abroad;

Did we dare

How they praise,

In this wonder of our days,

Blotted out!

It is done!

Ring and swing

Send the song of praise abroad;

With a sound of broken chains

Who alone is Lord and God!

temple of the Nooranos god, and longed to see it myself.

The Maories, unversed as they were in tidal theories, attributed the phenomenon to the power of the great Maunwirriro, and imagined that he thereby expressed his wishes that at these times only should he be approached.

It was reported amongst the natives that the temple was adorned in the most brilliant manner, according to the Maori tastes and customs; and that offerings were made to this deity by all tribes, even by the chief foes of the Nooranos.

It was on a fine spring day in October that, having determined to go out to the heads of the bay to fish, I told my native servant, Manwi, to prepare my boat.

At the time I continued good weather, and I was in hopes of being able to return before night with my boat full.

We reached the fishing ground, and having let down the lines I encumbered myself in the stern, lit my pipe, and let Manwi look after the fishing.

We were very successful, and in about two hours obtained nearly as much as we wanted.

I was just thinking about returning, when Manwi directed my attention to a small, dark cloud in the northern sky, which I well knew portended the sudden and furious blast of the "northeaster."

I immediately pulled up the lines; and knowing not a moment was to be lost, I sprang to an oar, and commanded the Maori to do the same.

We pulled in shore as quickly as possible; and I was beginning to hope we would reach it before the storm came on, when our boat quivered as if under the stroke of a giant's sledge-hammer, and the blast rushed over us.

In a few seconds the sea rose fearfully, and swept over the boat every minute. Seeing that we should be swamped if we did not keep her before the sea I sprang to the stern, and showing out the steering-oar, kept her running before the wind; we then roared comparatively safe, as our little craft, being an old whaling boat, was built to stand heavy weather.

We were flying along with the speed of a race-horse, and were fast approaching the southern extremity of the bay. I was now utterly undecided what to do. If we ran ashore, and escaped through the tremendous surf, we would in all likelihood be killed, perhaps devoured, by the savage Nooranos; and if we kept out to sea the boiling billows would as certainly engulf us.

I remained undecided; meanwhile keeping the boat's prow directed towards the southern end of the bay, so that I might follow either course, as I saw fit. Manwi had lain down in the bottom of the boat, quite insensible through terror, so that no advice or help was to be had from him.

At last we were drawing close to the rocks; and I now observed a little cove in their extreme point which might afford us shelter. The entrance to it seemed narrow and shallow, the waves rushing in with a fearful surge; and even at the distance I then was, which, though seemingly small, could not be less than three-fourths of a mile, I could hear the thunder of the surge as to my course, being too far in shore to weather the point; so, commending my life to Providence, I guided the boat towards the rocks. I stirred up Manwi with my foot, telling him that unless he exerted himself we should both be lost. He despairingly assented and accordingly I gave him the steering oar, knowing that his superior skill would be useful in the moment of danger I took my post in the bow, and guided her course by sign the roar of the surf making speech useless. We crouched both stood prepared for our struggle for life; and a terrible moment it was. Borne upon the crest of a giant roller we dashed into the little channel. It required an arm of oak and a nerve of iron to guide us through this Charybdis. I was afraid the wave might sweep back before carrying us through the channel and dash us to pieces against the shallow bottom; and unfortunately this proved to be the case; the backwater dragged us again from the shelter of the cove, and tore the bottom clean off the boat as it dragged it over the rocks. As we struggled amongst the fragments of our little craft, another gigantic roller swept us through the passage, and dashed me bleeding and nearly senseless on the rocks. I grasped the sea-weed, and crawling up to the face of the rock, was fortunate enough to get out of the reach of the surge; but casting a look downwards I saw poor Manwi's bleeding body amongst the fragments of the boat, swept about in the depths below. I again crawled along the rocks till I reached a level port, where surer footing was to be had; after which exertion I fell senseless with pain and exhaustion, occasioned by loss of blood.

When I recovered I found it getting dark, so that I must have lain about four hours in a faint. The evening was evidently far advanced, and the moon was shining with great brilliancy. I was thankful for this last blessing, as otherwise I could not have explored the recesses of the rocks for a path of deliverance. The gale, is as usual with northeasters, had abated as suddenly as it had arisen, and the night was quite calm and still, the only sound that was heard being the sullen moan of the swell as it swept the rocks below. I immediately began to look about for a means of exit from my position, and found that the ledge of rocks on which I stood extended backward for some distance. I went back a few feet, and perceived a hole in the rocks, about three feet wide, and about six in height. The idea at once struck me that this was the cave dedicated by the Nooranos to the worship of the sea-deity, Manwirriro or Maunwirriro (or he that holds the water in his hands). The appearance of the entrance agreed with the description given by the Maories—I being but a few inches above the highest sweep of the surf, and the tide being at its lowest ebb. I also remembered that this was about the time of the half-yearly visits of the Nooranos to the temple; and as it was only accessible for one day in the half-year, I expected every moment to see the sacred gallery sweep around the point and land its crew of worshippers. I was now in a fearful position, and saw no method of escape, for there was a law among the Maories, that only those set apart for the purpose of offering the sacrifices for the tribes should approach this cavern, all others being condemned to instant death, if found there. Irrespective of this, however, the hated Paheka of the Tatemungas was surely doomed to destruction, if found by his foes.

I carefully searched every recess of the rocks, guided by the light of the moon, but could find no egress—nothing but precipitous walls of rock on three sides, and the boundless ocean on the fourth. I returned in despair to the temple entrance, determined to enter, and there await the coming of the Nooranos. I did so, and groped along its rough walls for some way. I then took out my flint and steel, which I carried with me on all occasions, and striking a light of some cotton which had fortunately remained dry in my inside pocket, I was enabled to see my way. I found the cavern of considerable length, extending I should imagine, about one thousand yards in length, with a breadth of two hundred. I reached the altar where stood the idol, surrounded by the offerings of its devotees, consisting of various marine curiosities and other valuable items. I did not, however, take much note of them, my anxiety regarding the arrival of the natives being too great to think of satisfying curiosity. I knew that they might come at any moment, and were sure to come, at all events, in the course of twenty-four hours.

I looked for a place to conceal myself, and creeping round behind the idol, found that if the priests did not remove it, I might possibly escape their sight. The idol was not situated at the extreme end of the cavern, but only about two hundred yards from its entrance, so that behind it there was a considerable space, which apparently was not much intruded upon, all the devotions being paid in front of the altar. I hoped that, as they would not pass beyond the idol, I might possibly remain concealed, for I knew that they would have no time, to waste, the returning tide compelling them to quicken their devotions; but when I reflected that, even should I be successful enough to escape their notice, a miserable death awaited me, left as I would be to die of hunger in that lonesome cavern, various schemes flitted through my mind, one of which was to escape their observation on landing, by hiding behind some corner of rock, and creeping to their canoes while they were engaged in their devotions, endeavoring to conceal myself below the skins, &c., which lie in the bottom of their boats, when, if fortunate enough to be unobserved, I might be left in the canoe on their landing at their pah, and afterwards escape by walking round the bay to my tribe.—On examination, however, I found this plan impracticable, as I could find no fit concealment to escape them on landing. I then made up my mind to risk instant death, by taking the following bold advantage of their superstitions. The idol, was about the height of an ordinary-sized man, and was made of wood; the face was painted red with the juice of a tree which is common in that part of New Zealand, and the body was covered by shawls made of flax. No part of the body was visible except the hands. In his right hand he held a spear, on which was transfixed a serpent, and in his left he held the fins of a barracouta. I afterwards found meaning of these emblems. The god was supposed to have driven all serpents and noxious reptiles into the sea—hence the emblem in his right hand; while being supposed to protect the inhabitants of the sea, the food and riches of the Maori, his left arm is represented as defending the principal fish on the coast.

The idea that possessed me was this—to displace the wooden frame; to dress myself in its garb; to fling it into the backmost corner of the cave, and to play the god to the saving of my life.—I acted at once on this idea, and placing myself on the stone pedestal, which was about six feet high, whereon he had stood, waited ready to play my part on the first signs of the approach of the priests. To this end I painted my face red with some of the juice which the priests had left for the adornment of the idol. I had scarcely taken my stand, when the wild chant of the Maories was borne to my ears. As the burden of their song was peace and prosperity, and not their harsh and terrible warnotes, it echoed through the vault with a singular beauty. Untaught though they were in the rules of harmony with which the European delights his ear, these savages kept time, and modulated their voices in a wonderful manner, considering that nature alone was their teacher. As their wild chant waxed louder and louder, denoting their approaching footsteps, my heart beat violently; but feeling that life or death was in the balance, I kept my composure by an almost supernatural effort, and stretching out my arms in the attitude of the idol, kept a grave and firm expression, and an erect form, and waited to act my part. They made their appearance. Foremost strode the chief, Maunwaua, the great leader of the Nooranos. He was dressed in full Maori state costume; shawls of flax—in making which the Maories are so wonderfully expert—hung from his shoulder, and shining with glass beads instead of fringes, swept the ground; a plume of the feathers of the kaukau waded over his head, bound round with strings of beads, and his general aspect altogether was far from ignoble. The others were dressed in a humble manner. Amongst them I noticed one who, from his ornaments, must have been a chief: this filled my heart with joy, as I knew there must be two canoes, as two chiefs never go together in one. They produced their offerings, and laid them at my feet on the stone. These consisted principally of fishes, but there were a few yams and other Maori vegetables; these latter were probably offered by some inland tribes, as I noticed by their costume, which was different from that of the Nooranos. These offerings were to propitiate the god of prosperity and happiness. If they had been sacrificing to some god of war, how awful would have been my position, as human blood would assuredly have flowed at my feet! The offerings being placed on the altar, they retired, and recommenced their wild chant. The chief seemed to officiate as high-priest, and chanted forth petitions to the deity, which the others chorussed. I translate the following: Chief, "O great father, O mighty father, O wise father, look on the children—look, look, look!" Others, "Yes, yes, yes!" Chief, "Let thy children not hunger for want of food; let not their eyes be like the eyes of a dead fish with hunger." Others, "Yes, yes, yes!" Chief, "O great power, that ruleth all fish, drive them into our shores that the hearts of our wyenas [wives] and our picanninies may be glad." Others, "Yes!" &c; and so on, through a long string of desired favors. I now saw that I should be safe enough under

myself below the skins, &c., which lie in the bottom of their boats, when, if fortunate enough to be unobserved, I might be left in the canoe on their landing at their pah, and afterwards escape by walking round the bay to my tribe.—On examination, however, I found this plan impracticable, as I could find no fit concealment to escape them on landing. I then made up my mind to risk instant death, by taking the following bold advantage of their superstitions. The idol, was about the height of an ordinary-sized man, and was made of wood; the face was painted red with the juice of a tree which is common in that part of New Zealand, and the body was covered by shawls made of flax. No part of the body was visible except the hands. In his right hand he held a spear, on which was transfixed a serpent, and in his left he held the fins of a barracouta. I afterwards found meaning of these emblems. The god was supposed to have driven all serpents and noxious reptiles into the sea—hence the emblem in his right hand; while being supposed to protect the inhabitants of the sea, the food and riches of the Maori, his left arm is represented as defending the principal fish on the coast.

The idea that possessed me was this—to displace the wooden frame; to dress myself in its garb; to fling it into the backmost corner of the cave, and to play the god to the saving of my life.—I acted at once on this idea, and placing myself on the stone pedestal, which was about six feet high, whereon he had stood, waited ready to play my part on the first signs of the approach of the priests. To this end I painted my face red with some of the juice which the priests had left for the adornment of the idol. I had scarcely taken my stand, when the wild chant of the Maories was borne to my ears. As the burden of their song was peace and prosperity, and not their harsh and terrible warnotes, it echoed through the vault with a singular beauty. Untaught though they were in the rules of harmony with which the European delights his ear, these savages kept time, and modulated their voices in a wonderful manner, considering that nature alone was their teacher. As their wild chant waxed louder and louder, denoting their approaching footsteps, my heart beat violently; but feeling that life or death was in the balance, I kept my composure by an almost supernatural effort, and stretching out my arms in the attitude of the idol, kept a grave and firm expression, and an erect form, and waited to act my part. They made their appearance. Foremost strode the chief, Maunwaua, the great leader of the Nooranos. He was dressed in full Maori state costume; shawls of flax—in making which the Maories are so wonderfully expert—hung from his shoulder, and shining with glass beads instead of fringes, swept the ground; a plume of the feathers of the kaukau waded over his head, bound round with strings of beads, and his general aspect altogether was far from ignoble. The others were dressed in a humble manner. Amongst them I noticed one who, from his ornaments, must have been a chief: this filled my heart with joy, as I knew there must be two canoes, as two chiefs never go together in one. They produced their offerings, and laid them at my feet on the stone. These consisted principally of fishes, but there were a few yams and other Maori vegetables; these latter were probably offered by some inland tribes, as I noticed by their costume, which was different from that of the Nooranos. These offerings were to propitiate the god of prosperity and happiness. If they had been sacrificing to some god of war, how awful would have been my position, as human blood would assuredly have flowed at my feet! The offerings being placed on the altar, they retired, and recommenced their wild chant. The chief seemed to officiate as high-priest, and chanted forth petitions to the deity, which the others chorussed. I translate the following: Chief, "O great father, O mighty father, O wise father, look on the children—look, look, look!" Others, "Yes, yes, yes!" Chief, "Let thy children not hunger for want of food; let not their eyes be like the eyes of a dead fish with hunger." Others, "Yes, yes, yes!" Chief, "O great power, that ruleth all fish, drive them into our shores that the hearts of our wyenas [wives] and our picanninies may be glad." Others, "Yes!" &c; and so on, through a long string of desired favors. I now saw that I should be safe enough under

myself below the skins, &c., which lie in the bottom of their boats, when, if fortunate enough to be unobserved, I might be left in the canoe on their landing at their pah, and afterwards escape by walking round the bay to my tribe.—On examination, however, I found this plan impracticable, as I could find no fit concealment to escape them on landing. I then made up my mind to risk instant death, by taking the following bold advantage of their superstitions. The idol, was about the height of an ordinary-sized man, and was made of wood; the face was painted red with the juice of a tree which is common in that part of New Zealand, and the body was covered by shawls made of flax. No part of the body was visible except the hands. In his right hand he held a spear, on which was transfixed a serpent, and in his left he held the fins of a barracouta. I afterwards found meaning of these emblems. The god was supposed to have driven all serpents and noxious reptiles into the sea—hence the emblem in his right hand; while being supposed to protect the inhabitants of the sea, the food and riches of the Maori, his left arm is represented as defending the principal fish on the coast.

The idea that possessed me was this—to displace the wooden frame; to dress myself in its garb; to fling it into the backmost corner of the cave, and to play the god to the saving of my life.—I acted at once on this idea, and placing myself on the stone pedestal, which was about six feet high, whereon he had stood, waited ready to play my part on the first signs of the approach of the priests. To this end I painted my face red with some of the juice which the priests had left for the adornment of the idol. I had scarcely taken my stand, when the wild chant of the Maories was borne to my ears. As the burden of their song was peace and prosperity, and not their harsh and terrible warnotes, it echoed through the vault with a singular beauty. Untaught though they were in the rules of harmony with which the European delights his ear, these savages kept time, and modulated their voices in a wonderful manner, considering that nature alone was their teacher. As their wild chant waxed louder and louder, denoting their approaching footsteps, my heart beat violently; but feeling that life or death was in the balance, I kept my composure by an almost supernatural effort, and stretching out my arms in the attitude of the idol, kept a grave and firm expression, and an erect form, and waited to act my part. They made their appearance. Foremost strode the chief, Maunwaua, the great leader of the Nooranos. He was dressed in full Maori state costume; shawls of flax—in making which the Maories are so wonderfully expert—hung from his shoulder, and shining with glass beads instead of fringes, swept the ground; a plume of the feathers of the kaukau waded over his head, bound round with strings of beads, and his general aspect altogether was far from ignoble. The others were dressed in a humble manner. Amongst them I noticed one who, from his ornaments, must have been a chief: this filled my heart with joy, as I knew there must be two canoes, as two chiefs never go together in one. They produced their offerings, and laid them at my feet on the stone. These consisted principally of fishes, but there were a few yams and other Maori vegetables; these latter were probably offered by some inland tribes, as I noticed by their costume, which was different from that of the Nooranos. These offerings were to propitiate the god of prosperity and happiness. If they had been sacrificing to some god of war, how awful would have been my position, as human blood would assuredly have flowed at my feet! The offerings being placed on the altar, they retired, and recommenced their wild chant. The chief seemed to officiate as high-priest, and chanted forth petitions to the deity, which the others chorussed. I translate the following: Chief, "O great father, O mighty father, O wise father, look on the children—look, look, look!" Others, "Yes, yes, yes!" Chief, "Let thy children not hunger for want of food; let not their eyes be like the eyes of a dead fish with hunger." Others, "Yes, yes, yes!" Chief, "O great power, that ruleth all fish, drive them into our shores that the hearts of our wyenas [wives] and our picanninies may be glad." Others, "Yes!" &c; and so on, through a long string of desired favors. I now saw that I should be safe enough under

myself below the skins, &c., which lie in the bottom of their boats, when, if fortunate enough to be unobserved, I might be left in the canoe on their landing at their pah, and afterwards escape by walking round the bay to my tribe.—On examination, however, I found this plan impracticable, as I could find no fit concealment to escape them on landing. I then made up my mind to risk instant death, by taking the following bold advantage of their superstitions. The idol, was about the height of an ordinary-sized man, and was made of wood; the face was painted red with the juice of a tree which is common in that part of New Zealand, and the body was covered by shawls made of flax. No part of the body was visible except the hands. In his right hand he held a spear, on which was transfixed a serpent, and in his left he held the fins of a barracouta. I afterwards found meaning of these emblems. The god was supposed to have driven all serpents and noxious reptiles into the sea—hence the emblem in his right hand; while being supposed to protect the inhabitants of the sea, the food and riches of the Maori, his left arm is represented as defending the principal fish on the coast.

The idea that possessed me was this—to displace the wooden frame; to dress myself in its garb; to fling it into the backmost corner of the cave, and to play the god to the saving of my life.—I acted at once on this idea, and placing myself on the stone pedestal, which was about six feet high, whereon he had stood, waited ready to play my part on the first signs of the approach of the priests. To this end I painted my face red with some of the juice which the priests had left for the adornment of the idol. I had scarcely taken my stand, when the wild chant of the Maories was borne to my ears. As the burden of their song was peace and prosperity, and not their harsh and terrible warnotes, it echoed through the vault with a singular beauty. Untaught though they were in the rules of harmony with which the European delights his ear, these savages kept time, and modulated their voices in a wonderful manner, considering that nature alone was their teacher. As their wild chant waxed louder and louder, denoting their approaching footsteps, my heart beat violently; but feeling that life or death was in the balance, I kept my composure by an almost supernatural effort, and stretching out my arms in the attitude of the idol, kept a grave and firm expression, and an erect form, and waited to act my part. They made their appearance. Foremost strode the chief, Maunwaua, the great leader of the Nooranos. He was dressed in full Maori state costume; shawls of flax—in making which the Maories are so wonderfully expert—hung from his shoulder, and shining with glass beads instead of fringes, swept the ground; a plume of the feathers of the kaukau waded over his head, bound round with strings of beads, and his general aspect altogether was far from ignoble. The others were dressed in a humble manner. Amongst them I noticed one who, from his ornaments, must have been a chief: this filled my heart with joy, as I knew there must be two canoes, as two chiefs never go together in one. They produced their offerings, and laid them at my feet on the stone. These consisted principally of fishes, but there were a few yams and other Maori vegetables; these latter were probably offered by some inland tribes, as I noticed by their costume, which was different from that of the Nooranos. These offerings were to propitiate the god of prosperity and happiness. If they had been sacrificing to some god of war, how awful would have been my position, as human blood would assuredly have flowed at my feet! The offerings being placed on the altar, they retired, and recommenced their wild chant. The chief seemed to officiate as high-priest, and chanted forth petitions to the deity, which the others chorussed. I translate the following: Chief, "O great father, O mighty father, O wise father, look on the children—look, look, look!" Others, "Yes, yes, yes!" Chief, "Let thy children not hunger for want of food; let not their eyes be like the eyes of a dead fish with hunger." Others, "Yes, yes, yes!" Chief, "O great power, that ruleth all fish, drive them into our shores that the hearts of our wyenas [wives] and our picanninies may be glad." Others, "Yes!" &c; and so on, through a long string of desired favors. I now saw that I should be safe enough under

myself below the skins, &c., which lie in the bottom of their boats, when, if fortunate enough to be unobserved, I might be left in the canoe on their landing at their pah, and afterwards escape by walking round the bay to my tribe.—On examination, however, I found this plan impracticable, as I could find no fit concealment to escape them on landing. I then made up my mind to risk instant death, by taking the following bold advantage of their superstitions. The idol, was about the height of an ordinary-sized man, and was made of wood; the face was painted red with the juice of a tree which is common in that part of New Zealand, and the body was covered by shawls made of flax. No part of the body was visible except the hands. In his right hand he held a spear, on which was transfixed a serpent, and in his left he held the fins of a barracouta. I afterwards found meaning of these emblems. The god was supposed to have driven all serpents and noxious reptiles into the sea—hence the emblem in his right hand; while being supposed to protect the inhabitants of the sea, the food and riches of the Maori, his left arm is represented as defending the principal fish on the coast.

The idea that possessed me was this—to displace the wooden frame; to dress myself in its garb; to fling it into the backmost corner of the cave, and to play the god to the saving of my life.—I acted at once on this idea, and placing myself on the stone pedestal, which was about six feet high, whereon he had stood, waited ready to play my part on the first signs of the approach of the priests. To this end I painted my face red with some of the juice which the priests had left for the adornment of the idol. I had scarcely taken my stand, when the wild chant of the Maories was borne to my ears. As the burden of their song was peace and prosperity, and not their harsh and terrible warnotes, it echoed through the vault with a singular beauty. Untaught though they were in the rules of harmony with which the European delights his ear, these savages kept time, and modulated their voices in a wonderful manner, considering that nature alone was their teacher. As their wild chant waxed louder and louder, denoting their approaching footsteps, my heart beat violently; but feeling that life or death was in the balance, I kept my composure by an almost supernatural effort, and stretching out my arms in the attitude of the idol, kept a grave and firm expression, and an erect form, and waited to act my part. They made their appearance. Foremost strode the chief, Maunwaua, the great leader of the Nooranos. He was dressed in full Maori state costume; shawls of flax—in making which the Maories are so wonderfully expert—hung from his shoulder, and shining with glass beads instead of fringes, swept the ground; a plume of the feathers of the kaukau waded over his head, bound round with strings of beads, and his general aspect altogether was far from ignoble. The others were dressed in a humble manner. Amongst them I noticed one who, from his ornaments, must have been a chief: this filled my heart with joy, as I knew there must be two canoes, as two chiefs never go together in one. They produced their offerings, and laid them at my feet on the stone. These consisted principally of fishes, but there were a few yams and other Maori vegetables; these latter were probably offered by some inland tribes, as I noticed by their costume, which was different from that of the Nooranos. These offerings were to propitiate the god of prosperity and happiness. If they had been sacrificing to some god of war, how awful would have been my position, as human blood would assuredly have flowed at my feet! The offerings being placed on the altar, they retired, and recommenced their wild chant. The chief seemed to officiate as high-priest, and chanted forth petitions to the deity, which the others chorussed. I translate the following: Chief, "O great father, O mighty father, O wise father, look on the children—look, look, look!" Others, "Yes, yes, yes!" Chief, "Let thy children not hunger for want of food; let not their eyes be like the eyes of a dead fish with hunger." Others, "Yes, yes, yes!" Chief, "O great power, that ruleth all fish, drive them into our shores that the hearts of our wyenas [wives] and our picanninies may be glad." Others, "Yes!" &c; and so on, through a long string of desired favors. I now saw that I should be safe enough under

myself below the skins, &c., which lie in the bottom of their boats, when, if fortunate enough to be unobserved, I might be left in the canoe on their landing at their pah, and afterwards escape by walking round the bay to my tribe.—On examination, however, I found this plan impracticable, as I could find no fit concealment to escape them on landing. I then made up my mind to risk instant death, by taking the following bold advantage of their superstitions. The idol, was about the height of an ordinary-sized man, and was made of wood; the face was painted red with the juice of a tree which is common in that part of New Zealand, and the body was covered by shawls made of flax. No part of the body was visible except the hands. In his right hand he held a spear, on which was transfixed a serpent, and in his left he held the fins of a barracouta. I afterwards found meaning of these emblems. The god was supposed to have driven all serpents and noxious reptiles into the sea—hence the emblem in his right hand; while being supposed to protect the inhabitants of the sea, the food and riches of the Maori, his left arm is represented as defending the principal fish on the coast.

The idea that possessed me was this—to displace the wooden frame; to dress myself in its garb; to fling it into the backmost corner of the cave, and to play the god to the saving of my life.—I acted at once on this idea, and placing myself on the stone pedestal, which was about six feet high, whereon he had stood, waited ready to play my part on the first signs of the approach of the priests. To this end I painted my face red with some of the juice which the priests had left for the adornment of the idol. I had scarcely taken my stand, when the wild chant of the Maories was borne to my ears. As the burden of their song was peace and prosperity, and not their harsh and terrible warnotes, it echoed through the vault with a singular beauty. Untaught though they were in the rules of harmony with which the European delights his ear, these savages kept time, and modulated their voices in a wonderful manner, considering that nature alone was their teacher. As their wild chant waxed louder and louder, denoting their approaching footsteps, my heart beat violently; but feeling that life or death was in the balance, I kept my composure by an almost supernatural effort, and stretching out my arms in the attitude of the idol, kept a grave and firm expression, and an erect form, and waited to act my part. They made their appearance. Foremost strode the chief, Maunwaua, the great leader of the Nooranos. He was dressed in full Maori state costume; shawls of flax—in making which the Maories are so wonderfully expert—hung from his shoulder, and shining with glass beads instead of fringes, swept the ground; a plume of the feathers of the kaukau waded over his head, bound round with strings of beads, and his general aspect altogether was far from ignoble. The others were dressed in a humble manner. Amongst them I noticed one who, from his ornaments, must have been a chief: this filled my heart with joy, as I knew there must be two canoes, as two chiefs never go together in one. They produced their offerings, and laid them at my feet on the stone. These consisted principally of fishes, but there were a few yams and other Maori vegetables; these latter were probably offered by some inland tribes, as I noticed by their costume, which was different from that of the Nooranos. These offerings were to propitiate the god of prosperity and happiness. If they had been sacrificing to some god of war, how awful would have been my position, as human blood would assuredly have flowed at my feet! The offerings being placed on the altar, they retired, and recommenced their wild chant. The chief seemed to officiate as high-priest, and chanted forth petitions to the deity, which the others chorussed. I translate the following: Chief, "O great father, O mighty father, O wise father, look on the children—look, look, look!" Others, "Yes, yes, yes!" Chief, "Let thy children not hunger for want of food; let not their eyes be like the eyes of a dead fish with hunger." Others, "Yes, yes, yes!" Chief, "O great power, that ruleth all fish, drive them into our shores that the hearts of our wyenas [wives] and our picanninies may be glad." Others, "Yes!" &c; and so on, through a long string of desired favors. I now saw that I should be safe enough under

myself below the skins, &c., which lie in the bottom of their boats, when, if fortunate enough to be unobserved, I might be left in the canoe on their landing at their pah, and afterwards escape by walking round the bay to my tribe.—On examination, however, I found this plan impracticable, as I could find no fit concealment to escape them on landing. I then made up my mind to risk instant death, by taking the following bold advantage of their superstitions. The idol, was about the height of an ordinary-sized man, and was made of wood; the face was painted red with the juice of a tree which is common in that part of New Zealand, and the body was covered by shawls made of flax. No part of the body was visible except the hands. In his right hand he held a spear, on which was transfixed a serpent, and in his left he held the fins of a barracouta. I afterwards found meaning of these emblems. The god was supposed to have driven all serpents and noxious reptiles into the sea—hence the emblem in his right hand; while being supposed to protect the inhabitants of the sea, the food and riches of the Maori, his left arm is represented as defending the principal fish on the coast.

The idea that possessed me was this—to displace the wooden frame; to dress myself in its garb; to fling it into the backmost corner of the cave, and to play the god to the saving of my life.—I acted at once on this idea, and placing myself on the stone pedestal, which was about six feet high, whereon he had stood, waited ready to play my part on the first signs of the approach of the priests. To this end I painted my face red with some of the juice which the priests had left for the adornment of the idol. I had scarcely taken my stand, when the wild chant of the Maories was borne to my ears. As the burden of their song was peace and prosperity, and not their harsh and terrible warnotes, it echoed through the vault with a singular beauty. Untaught though they were in the rules of harmony with which the European delights his ear, these savages kept time, and modulated their voices in a wonderful manner, considering that nature alone was their teacher. As their wild chant waxed louder and louder, denoting their approaching footsteps, my heart beat violently; but feeling that life or death was in the balance, I kept my composure by an almost supernatural effort, and stretching out my arms in the attitude of the idol, kept a grave and firm expression, and an erect form, and waited to act my part. They made their appearance. Foremost strode the chief, Maunwaua, the great leader of the Nooranos. He was dressed in full Maori state costume; shawls of flax—in making which the Maories are so wonderfully expert—hung from his shoulder, and shining with glass beads instead of fringes, swept the ground; a plume of the feathers of the kaukau waded over his head, bound round with strings of beads, and his general aspect altogether was far from ignoble. The others were dressed in a humble manner. Amongst them I noticed one who, from his ornaments, must have been a chief: this filled my heart with joy, as I knew there must be two canoes, as two chiefs never go together in one. They produced their offerings, and laid them at my feet on the stone. These consisted principally of fishes, but there were a few yams and other Maori vegetables; these latter were probably offered by some inland tribes, as I noticed by their costume, which was different from that of the Nooranos. These offerings were to propitiate the god of prosperity and happiness. If they had been sacrificing to some god of war, how awful would have been my position, as human blood would assuredly have flowed at my feet! The offerings being placed on the altar, they retired, and recommenced their wild chant. The chief seemed to officiate as high-priest, and chanted forth petitions to the deity, which the others chorussed. I translate the following: Chief, "O great father, O mighty father, O wise father, look on the children—look, look, look!" Others, "Yes, yes, yes!" Chief, "Let thy children not hunger for want of food; let not their eyes be like the eyes of a dead fish with hunger."