

chiefs, whose lands lay contiguous, and who were also, it appeared, nearly related, in consequence of the pigs of the one having got into the sweet potato grounds of the other, who had retaliated by shooting several of them. The chief whose pigs had committed the trespass, and whom Marsden was now visiting, was an old man, apparently eighty years of age, named Warremaddoo,* who had now resigned the supreme authority to his son Matanghee;† yet this affair rekindled all the ancient enthusiasm of the venerable warrior. The other chief was called Moodewhy.|| The morning debate, at which several chiefs spoke with great force and dignity, had been suddenly interrupted; but it was resumed in the evening, when Marsden was again present.

On this occasion, old Warremaddoo threw off his mat, took his spear, and began to address his tribe and the chiefs. He made strong appeals to them against the injustice and ingratitude of Moodewhy's conduct towards them, recited many injuries which he and his tribe had suffered from Moodewhy for a long period, mentioned instances of his bad conduct at the time that his father's bones were removed from the Ahoodu Pa to their family vault, stated acts of kindness which he had shown to Moodewhy at different times, and said that he had twice saved his tribe from total ruin. In

*Probably Wharemata.

†Matangi.

||Muriwai.