

Moodeewhy had destroyed in the first instance, and the breaking down of which had, in fact, given rise to the trespass.

A New Zealander would hold himself to be guilty of a breach of the first principles of honour if he ever made up a quarrel without having exacted full compensation for what he might conceive to be his wrongs.

The battle which Nicholas expected to witness was to be fought between the tribe of an old chief named Henou,\* and that of another, named Wiveah,† who had seduced his wife. The two parties met in adjoining enclosures, and Nicholas took his station on the roof of a neighbouring hut to observe their proceedings. The conference was commenced by an old warrior on Henou's side, who, rising, amid the universal silence of both camps, addressed himself to Wiveah and his followers.

Nicholas describes the venerable orator as walking, or rather running, up and down a paling, which formed one side of the enclosure in which he was, uttering his words in a tone of violent resentment, and occasionally shaking his head and brandishing his spear. He was answered in a mild and conciliating manner by two of Wiveah's followers.

To them another warrior of Henou's party replied, in what Nicholas calls a masterly style of native eloquence. In easy dignity of manner

\*Hinau.

†Probably Waitea.