

"Some time after this a little incident worth noting happened at my friend M—'s place. Our chief had for some time back a sort of dispute with another magnate. . . . The question was at last brought to a fair hearing at my friend's house. The arguments on both sides were very forcible; so much so that in the course of the arbitration our chief and thirty of his principal witnesses were shot dead in a heap before my friend's door, and sixty others badly wounded, and my friend's house and store blown up and burnt to ashes.

"My friend was, however, consoled by hundreds of friends who came in large parties to condole with him, and who, as was quite correct in such cases, shot and ate all his stock, sheep, pigs, ducks, geese, fowls, etc., all in high compliment to himself; he felt proud He did not, however, survive these honors long."

Mr. Maning took this poor gentleman's place as trader, and earnestly studied native etiquette, on which his comments are always deliciously funny. Two young Australians were his guests when there arrived one day a Maori desperado who wanted blankets; and "to explain his views more clearly knocked both my friends down, threatened to kill them both with his tomahawk, then rushed into the bedroom, dragged out all the bedclothes, and burnt them on the kitchen fire."

A few weeks later, Mr. Maning being alone, and reading a year-old Sydney paper, the desperado called. "'Friend,' said I; 'my advice to you is to be off.'"

"He made no answer but a scowl of defiance. 'I