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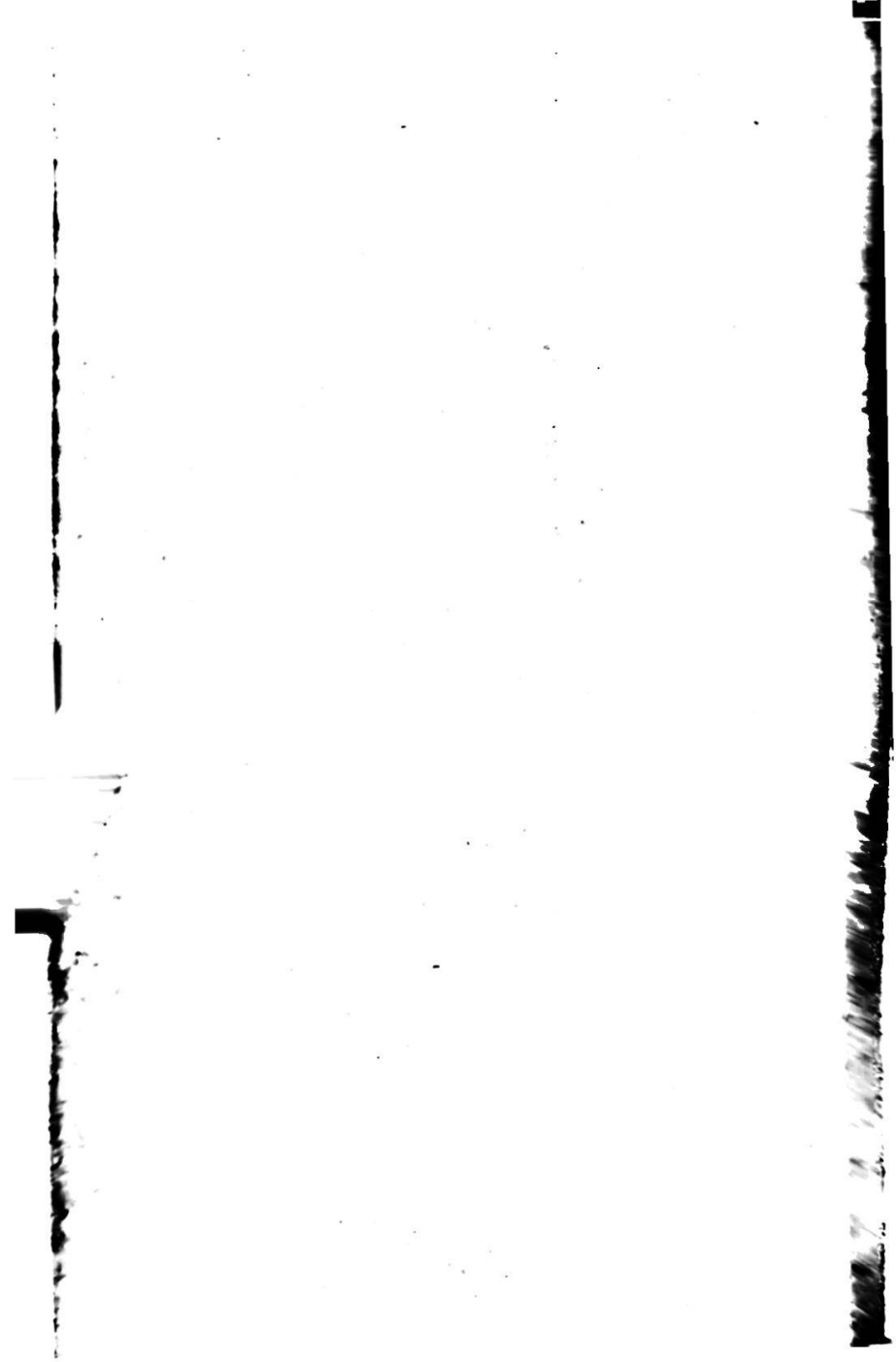
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PLUME OF THE ARAWAS



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Drawn by Harry Rountre

TUWHARÉTOA THE ARAWA AT THE POST OF PEACE

[p 301

PLUME OF THE ARAWAS

By Frank O. V. Acheson



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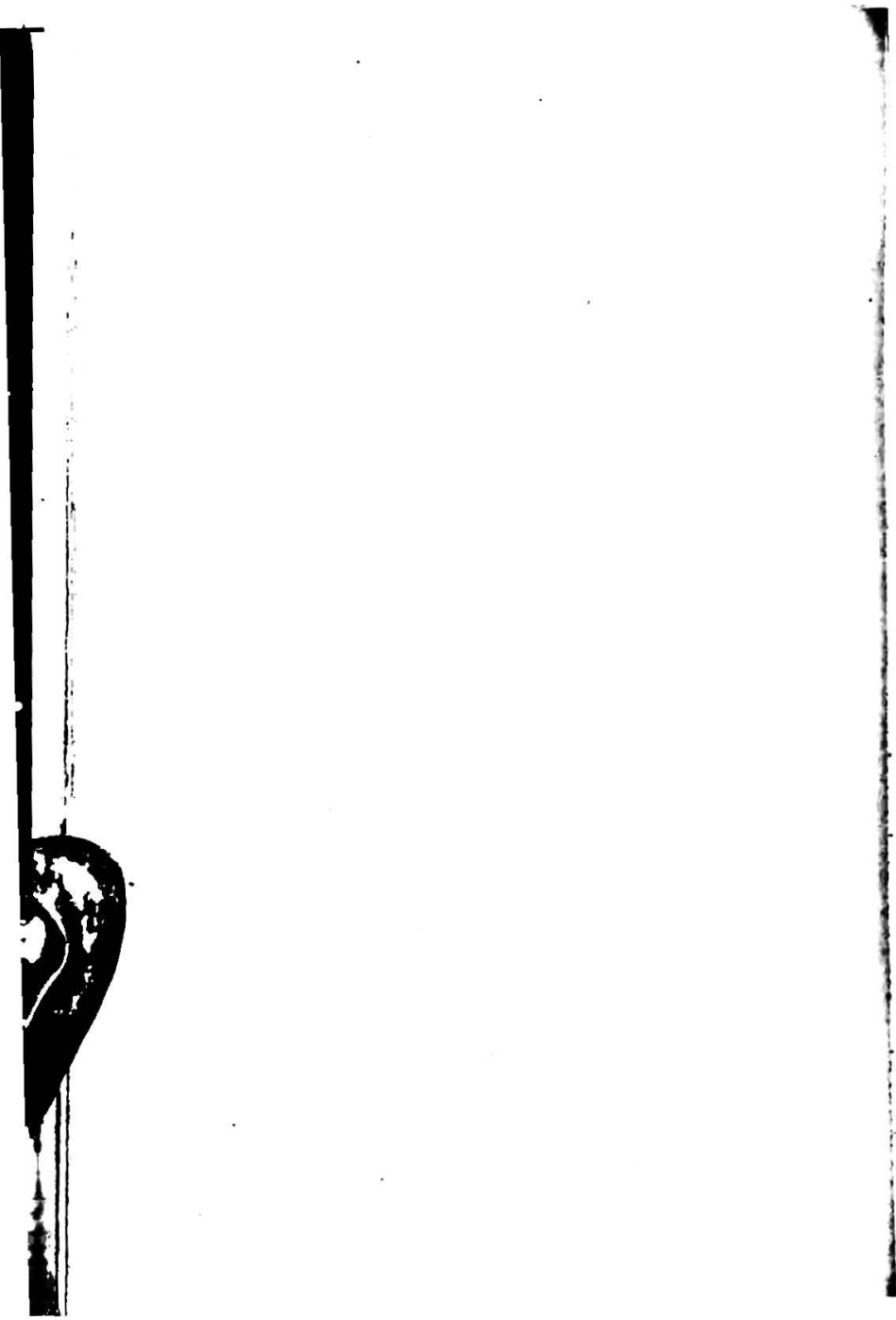
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DEDICATED
TO THE MEMORY OF
TE HEUHEU V
ARIKI
OF
TE ARAWA
AND OF
NGATI-TUWHARETOA



FOREWORD

THE Brown Man of the Southern Pacific—navigator, warrior, mystic, bard—the intellectual and spiritually-minded Brown Man of Caucasian descent and ancient lineage known to the world as the Maori of New Zealand—he it is who is told of in this novel.

The scene is laid principally in the picturesque region around Taupo Lake and Tongariro Mountain, in the heart of the North Island of New Zealand, a region still owned and inhabited by the Ngati-Tuwharetoa tribe, whose ancestor, the "Plume of the Arawas," is the hero of the story.

Prominence is given in the tale to the remarkable "urukéhu" or fair-haired strain in the Maori race, an ancient and almost pure Caucasian strain which is known to have come over with the "fleet" of canoes about A.D. 1350 and with earlier Polynesian migrations as well, but the exact origin of which is shrouded in mystery still. The fact that among the living descendants of the ariki Tuwharetoa the writer has seen so many fair-haired but full-blooded Maoris, including many children with fair skin and light blue eyes, has tempted him to offer in this novel his own opinion as to the far-back origin of the "urukéhus."

Mystery also surrounds the exercise by Maori chiefs of high tohunga rank of strange powers of mind such as the dreaded "makutu." Indeed, in this matter there has for generations past been a standing challenge to the White Man, a challenge not yet met by adequate inquiry and research, but a challenge which is not scoffed at by those who know the Maori best.

The pages that follow are wholly in the form of fiction, but wherever possible the writer has striven for accuracy of detail and of historical record. In this connection he freely acknowledges help received from many interesting and instructive works of reference such as those of Mr. Elsdon Best, Mr. James Cowan, the late John White, and others. Also, he thanks his friends and interpreters the young chiefs Puataata A. Kerehi, Pei te Hurinui, and Wharekaihua Ngahana for their help with tribal records and with translations, and gratefully remembers his indebtedness to his friends the late lamented chiefs Tuturu Hone Teri and Hoko Patena, and especially to the departed ariki the Honourable Te Heuheu Tukino, M.L.C.

But many a time, as the writer has penned his lines, he has conjured up choice memories of his own—that night journey in a Maori canoe up the flooded Whanganui with the paddlers chanting sonorous appeals to ancient gods, then the harmony of the dawn-chorus of the bell-birds and tuis of the Ohura Falls, later the first view of the Spirit Track to Te Rerenga-Wairua in the Far North—but more vividly still the memories of the never-to-be-forgotten years spent in the Tuwharetoa country—the day-long wanderings in the foothills of the Kaimanawas, or along the banks of the Waikato, or around the shores of the Inland Sea, or again, memories of magnificent war-dancing by virile men and dainty poi-dancing by graceful maidens, or of the charm of Motutaiko Island, or of the journey through the trackless forest on Pihanga Mountain to that gem of beauty the seldom-seen greenstone lake Roto-pounamu, or of the journeys by the Pononga Track to Rotoaira and up to the top of Tongariro, sacred Tongariro, towering in the sky; and finally, at a hallowed spot close to the waterfall at the south-western

corner of Taupo Lake, the sight of the King's representative, Earl Jellicoe, Admiral of the Grand Fleet of Britain, standing in full uniform and at the salute before the tomb of the ariki Te Heuheu V, direct descendant of Ngatoro-i-rangi, Admiral of the "Grand Fleet" of Maori canoes in the Great Migration from Tahiti to Aotea-roa (New Zealand) six hundred years ago. A moving sight!

So much for the past! But what of the future? What does the future hold for the sixty thousand and more Maoris in New Zealand and for their children to come? In the opinion of the writer, the future holds for them a noble destiny. Indeed, it is the conviction of the writer that the Maori will add an element of greatness to the national life of New Zealand, and that from men and women of Maori blood will spring up artists and poets and orators and writers and spiritual leaders of great renown. Even it has been said that already the life of New Zealand is deeply tinged with that which comes from the Maori—and tinged in the higher and nobler phases of mind and soul.

Greetings, therefore, to the Maoris, to the Maoris of all the tribes of Aotearoa! Now hearken! The deeds recorded in these pages are your deeds, and belong not solely to Te Arawa and Ngati-Tuwharetoa. Nevertheless, in especial does the writer send greetings to the tribe of his adoption, to the People of the Inland Sea, to his friend the young Ariki Te Heuheu VI, and to his sisters the chieftainesses Kerara and Rihi and Te Uira Te Heuheu, and to all their house! Yet hear the cry from the Far North: *Aué!* The longing to see again the sparkling waters of Taupo! *Aué!* The call from Tongariro!

FRANK O. V. ACHESON.

A MESSAGE TO THE DEAD

To thee, O Heuheu, Child of the Arawa Canoe, Descendant of Ngatoro-i-rangi and of Tuwharetoa, thy Pakeha friend sends greetings across the distance. 'Twas thou who placed thy chieftain's cloak about his shoulders and looked to him as brother beloved! 'Twas thou who, during thy last days, shared with him thy tribal troubles and aspirations! And 'twas thou who, on thy death-bed, revealed to him a hidden "pa" of knowledge, the high palisades of which no White Man has yet scaled! Now hearken, O Ariki! The promise that was made to thee at the last will be fulfilled. Therefore, enough!

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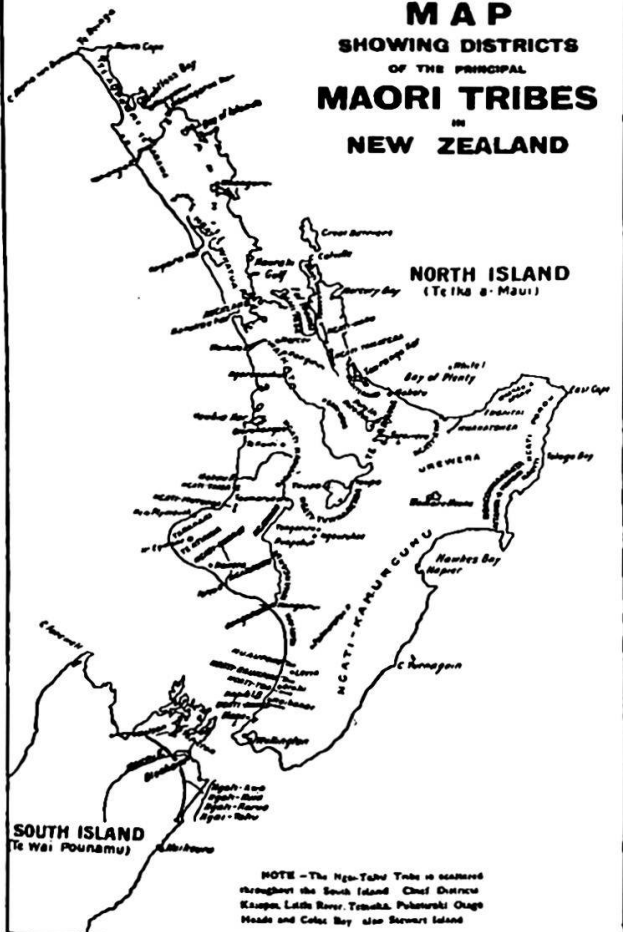
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PRONUNCIATION OF MAORI NAMES IN TEXT

<i>Name</i>	<i>Pronounced</i>
Te Arawa	Tay A-ra-wa
Taréha	Tar-ay-ha
Manaia	Ma-nigh-ya
Rata	Raa-taa
Te Puku	Tay Poo-koo
Mawaké-Taupo	Ma-wa-ke-Tau-po
Marama	Ma-raa-ma
Niwareka	Nee-wa-reka
Te Moana	Tay Mo-a-na
Tuhoe	Too-hoy
Reremoa	Rerray- moa
Nukutea	Noo-koo-tee-a
Ngatihotu	Nga-tee-ho-too
Tuwharetoa	Too-forray-toa
Taupo	Tau-po
Whare	Forray
Meré	Merray
Urukehu	Uru-ké-hu

BOOK I

MAP SHOWING DISTRICTS OF THE PRINCIPAL MAORI TRIBES IN NEW ZEALAND



BOOK ONE

I. THE ORIGIN FROM HAWAIKI-FAR-AWAY

But thou, when asked to give our history,
Make answer:—"I am young, and but a child,
And have forgotten what my parents taught."
Yet we have heard it said from days of old
That Tainui, Arawa, Mataatua,
With Kurahaupo and Tokomaru,
Were the Canoes in which our ancestors
Sail'd o'er the mighty ocean which we see.

WHITE'S *Maori History*.
(*Peou's Lament for Te Takuri*.)

"TURN once again your faces, O children of the Maori, to the shadowy land from which we came, to the homes of our ancestors far away, to the Great-Hawaiki, to the Little-Hawaiki, to the Long-Hawaiki, to the Hawaiki-of-Great-Distance, to the Hono-i-Wairua or Gathering-Place-of-Souls, to the land where man was formed from the Earth by Great-Tané-of-the-Sky, and had Life first breathed into him! Turn!"

In the Wharé-wananga or School of Learning at Hikurangi Pa in the land of Aotea-roa (New Zealand), the chosen sons of chiefs and tohungas of the Arawa tribe had just commenced their annual course of studies, and from now on, throughout the autumn and the winter of the year, the tohungas and their pupils would spend every evening from sunset until midnight in the sacred building, teaching and being taught, reciting from and committing to retentive memory the valued traditions of tribe and race.

With the lengthy initial ceremonies over, the funda-

4 THE ORIGIN FROM HAWAIKI-FAR-AWAY

mental points of tribal history were now being recited for the special instruction of the younger scholars present in the Wharé-wananga for the first time.

The sonorous voice of Taréha the chief tohunga or high priest went on intoning the lesson:

"The eye of the spirit is sufficient. Therefore, O Arawas, gaze back along the pathway of the setting sun and look into the dim twilight of the past. Now then! The seed of our coming was from beloved Hawaiki (India), that remote country lying beyond even the distant region called Little-Hawaiki-of-the-Burning-Mountains (Java), where the islands stand in a row from east to west as if gathered up in the sea."

He paused for a space, and then went on again:

"Alas! Alas! The countless wars of our people, and the untimely deaths of our leaders in succeeding generations, have almost burnt up our store of ancient knowledge as with fire.

"Dim now are the tribal memories of greatness in that large land, that fat land, that original Hawaiki of our race, where the arikis of the Maori held sway over many strange tribes. But this we know. The time came when we dispersed to the islands of Te Moana-nui-a-Kiwa (the Pacific) in consequence of terrible wars, and at last reached this our final home in beautiful and fertile Aotea-roa."

The voice ceased. The chief tohunga was allowing the effect of his words to sink into the minds of his pupils. They for their part, squatting there in a double row upon the flax mats spread over the earth-floor of the Wharé-wananga, had been listening quietly and intently and respectfully, each youthful mind realising to the full the importance and the sacredness of the fragments of knowledge being handed down.

Between twenty and thirty high-born Arawa youths were there, some of them just entered upon adolescence and others quite old enough and strong enough to take the war-trail at the call of their tribe.

Some belonged to Hikurangi Pa, but most of the pupils had come from other fortified villages of the tribe, especially from the pas situated around Rotorua and other lakes to the west. They had been drawn to Hikurangi by the fame of its School of Learning and by the presence there of the paramount chief and ariki Mawaké-Taupo.

In the centre-way in front of the pupils and close to one of the strong pillars that supported the ridge-pole above, was a shallow stone-lined fire-pit, and from the pit there came a red glow that lit up the faces of the scholars and cast weird shadows upon the reed-lined wall at the back.

The light fell also upon the base of the central pillar and disclosed the carved statue of Ngatoro-i-rangi, the celebrated high priest and navigator of the Arawa canoe.

There he was, staring forth with scornful visage, his strangely life-like face wonderfully scrolled with the lines of a tattoo in exact imitation of the "moko" of living man.

Sitting opposite the pupils were the chief tohunga and the other tohungas who would aid him in the various stages of the recital. They were elderly men of fierce countenance, and all highly tattooed. They were engaged now in a silent effort to assess the mental value of the younger scholars; and these youths were growing more and more uneasy as they experienced the probing of powerful minds reaching out from behind eyes that seemed to smoulder and glitter.

Close to the door and sitting aloof from the rest of

6 THE ORIGIN FROM HAWAIKI-FAR-AWAY

the scholars were three youths well endowed with the "rae roa" or broad forehead so associated with chiefs of highest rank. In them also was an indefinable something that set them apart from the other scholars of the Wharé-wananga.

Moreover, they were older in years and far more advanced in their studies, and they were joining in with the others merely for this opening night of the annual session. They would listen respectfully to the recital of tribal history, but on future nights they would seek further insight into the higher mysteries, and in particular would they renew their efforts to grasp the hidden powers of the human mind, that in the end they might pass the highest test the Maori mind could offer.

The one second from the door was a tall young chief named Rata, from the isle of Motutawa in Lake Rotokakahi to the west. Head chief of that branch of the Arawa tribe known as the Ngati-te-Whetu, the Tribe-of-the-Star, he was known to all as the chosen friend of Mawaké-Taupo's son.

The third from the doorway end was Kahu, a youth of some importance in the pa, for he was a grandson of the chief tohunga. Handsome he was, as handsome as Rata in a way, yet with a haughty and somewhat disdainful air that made his countenance decidedly less pleasing.

Despite their youth, both Rata and Kahu had been more than once upon the war-path, and they bore the warrior's sign, chin and brow being neatly ornamented with the spiral lines of a partial tattoo.

As to the youth holding the place of honour next to the door, without doubt he presented the most striking appearance of all.

He was an urukéhu, for there could be no mistaking that high-bridged nose, and the slightly-reddish tinge of that fair hair, and the light colour of a brown skin that showed no markings of tattoo.

Yes! He was an urukéhu Arawa, of the ancient line of fair-haired chiefs from Hawaiki, and his ancestry would go back into the very mists of time. None other could this be than Manaia, only son of the ariki Mawaké-Taupo, and acknowledged to be the most splendid-looking youth in all the territories of the tribe.

A sign from Taréha, and the younger scholars heaved sighs of relief as one of the assistant tohungas took up the tale:

"Sufficient for this night is the word of very ancient days! Give heed as we recite now the later stages of our wanderings!

"The navigators of the Maori in their great canoes had boldly swept the waters of the Sea of Kiwa (the Pacific), continually breaking through the hanging sky and opening up the solitudes. Then came the migrations, pressing on towards the sunrise, occupying the new lands as they were discovered, and with pride and affection naming them after the beloved homeland of the race.

"So the sea-tracks are marked by those ancient names Hawaiki and Tawhiti, and in the last Tawhiti our people dwelt for untold generations.

"Yet year after year, the people of Tawhiti saw the flight of the koekoea (the long-tailed cuckoo) coming ever from the south-west and wintering in the warm islands to the north, then returning again to the south-west in the early spring. Now the koekoea is a land bird. Therefore, said the elders, there must be land somewhere to the south-west.

8 THE ORIGIN FROM HAWAIKI-FAR-AWAY

"At last the restless energy and daring of the Maori and his instinct for exploring the unknown places, found expression once more when two great canoes, the *Matahourua* under the command of the famous Kupé, and the *Tawhiri-rangi* under the command of Ngahué, set forth from Tawhiti.

"They reached the land they sought, and it was Kupé who named it Aotea-roa, the Land-of-the-Long-Lingering-Daylight. It was Kupé who sailed through the straits called Raukawa (Cook's Straits) and thereby cut the land in two. What says the song?

*"Ka tito au'
Ka tito au,
Ka tito au ia Kupé!
I sing a song,
I sing a song,
I sing a song of Kupé!
He scoured the Kiwa Sea,
And cleft this land in twain!*

"Kupé and Ngahué returned in safety to Tawhiti, but the tales they bore were strange and some of them beyond belief. Ngahué spoke of the wingless moa bird he had slain, but the people laughed him to scorn when he said it was twice the height of a grown man. He showed them a portion of its flesh preserved in a hué gourd, but still the people would not believe the tale.

"Yet they thought highly of the greenstone boulder he brought back, and from it with patient labour the old people fashioned articles of great value, including the sacred weapon Pahikauré now held by Mawaké-Taupo.

"From that time onwards the thoughts of the people were continually turned towards the Aotea-roa of Kupé, and canoe after canoe departed from Tawhiti, but seldom did tidings come back across the waste of seas to show their fate.

"Many generations passed, and then came the voyage of Toi-kai-rakau in the Paepae-ki-Rarotonga canoe in search of his grandson Whatonga. But enough! Sufficient for those canoes of former days! Prepare now to hear of the fleet that brought our people hither to Aotea-roa!"

Again there was silence throughout the Wharé-wananga. Every scholar there had heard the tale of the Great Migration, yet still would it be fresh and of vital interest to all. The knowledge being imparted would be preserved in the memory as a sacred trust, and even the very words to be used would be handed down to a generation yet unborn.

Another tohunga began to speak:

"Let us go back in the spirit for six or seven generations until we see a sunlit beach in beloved Tawhiti, and on it a vast number of people, all of the Maori blood!

"See! *Te Arawa* departs with us aboard. She gathers way! Listen! Hear ye not the lamentations of the people as we draw out from the shore? How they wail as they cry to us 'Haéré ra!' in farewell! Ah! Hear ye not the joyful reply of our paddling warriors, their fiercely triumphant chants as they drive *Te Arawa* across the blue lagoon? Like a huge sea-bird she sweeps along. And look! She heeds not those palm-trees along the shore there, bending their heads to her in sad farewell.

"Ha-a! The break in the reef! The thunder of the surf on either side! The swell in the channel! Heaved giddily aloft! Ai-i! Down again! Ha-a! The paddles! They drive her on. She seeks to mount the sky. Ai-i! The downward surge! But through! Through! The sea! Out now on the open sea!"

10 THE ORIGIN FROM HAWAIKI-FAR-AWAY

Eagerly the scholars waited, thrilled, for every youth there could claim direct descent from one or more of the sixteen chiefs who sailed in that Arawa canoe. Then a sudden gasp came from one of the younger scholars and, with a curt reproof, the remaining tohunga carried on the tale:

"*Te Arawa* joined up with the other canoes of the Great Migration, the long single-hulled outrigger canoes named the *Tainui*, the *Mataatua*, the *Takitumu*, the *Tokomaru*, and the *Kurahaupo*; then together they sailed south-westward, guided by the sun by day and by the stars by night, the paddlers greatly aided by the prevailing wind which filled the matsails as the canoes sped along.

"Each canoe had its own head chief and sub-chiefs, and also its own tohunga-navigator to chant the sea-smoothing chants and to guide the canoe on its way. The leader of the Arawa canoe, as ye well know, was Tama-te-kapua, ancestor to our chief tohunga here, and his crew apart from the chiefs numbered more than one hundred men, warriors all, picked men, men of rank. The navigator was the dreaded tohunga Ngatoro-i-rangi, ancestor to the ariki Mawaké-Taupo, and to the aged Te Moana the Wise who sits so quietly in the shadows of yonder corner.

"And in the canoes came some children and numbers of women-folk, including the chieftainess Kearoa, the wife of Ngatoro-i-rangi. Indeed, tradition states that nearly all the canoes were crowded. Even *Te Arawa*, a double canoe and the largest vessel in the fleet, was crowded with human freight.

"The days and the nights passed by, and on cloudless evenings, as the canoes glided over the rolling water-ways and surmounted the long and easy swell of

THE ORIGIN FROM HAWAIKI-FAR-AWAY 11

the Sea of Kiwa, the navigators lined the wavering prows upon the right hand of the setting sun and the low-hung star Kopu (Venus), seeking ever to follow upon the track laid down by Kupé so many generations before.

"The fleet kept together until it reached the island of Rarotonga, and there the canoes were drawn ashore and overhauled and then supplied with fresh food and water for the long voyage to the south-west. Seven days only were spent by our people with their hospitable kinsmen of Rarotonga, and on the eighth day the Great Fleet again put out to sea.

"The *Tainui* and the *Tokomaru* sailed through an opening in the reef at a place called Arorangi, on the western side of Rarotonga. Not far away was a stream called the Wai-te-kura, and from that stream departed *Te Arawa* and the other canoes of the fleet.

"For many days the canoes sped on towards the west and south, with the crews growing more and more tired and thirsty and sea-worn as the hot days of mid-summer rolled by. Often and often did the warriors sigh for the languorous life and the luscious fruits and the cool waters of the palm-clad isles they had left. But no such longings troubled the vigorous minds of the chiefs and tohungas, for already they were mentally 'treading' the land of Aotea-roa and dividing up its choicest spots among their followers.

"Now Ngatoro-i-rangi of the *Arawa* canoe was a tohunga kokorangi, an expert in the language of the stars, and every night he spoke softly to his friends the Whanau Marama, the Children of Light on the breast of the Sky Parent. He loved to gaze on *Te Maahu-Tonga* (the Southern Cross) high up in the sky on the weather prow, and on the great belt of *Te Mangaroa*

12 THE ORIGIN FROM HAWAIKI-FAR-AWAY

(the Milky Way) stretching across the heavens in noble fashion. But he spoke sternly to Rehua, the red-eyed star of summer, for sapping the strength of the paddlers in all the canoes. And every day, in the dim light of dawn, he joined the watchmen in the chants of praise to Tawera and Tariao, the bright morning stars."

The tohunga paused for a moment, as he saw some of the scholars cast a hurried glance towards the central pillar. He smiled grimly as they hastily looked away again. He knew that to their eyes the carved figure of Ngatoro had moved, as if alive.

The recital proceeded:

"On, on, the Maori voyagers sailed, lifting up the heavens, pushing up the sky from horizon to horizon, pressing forward into unknown seas after the manner of their race. Listen to their chant:

"'Lift up, O Sky!
Heave away!
Be thou propped up, O Sky!
Heave away!'

"The sea changed in hue from blue to green and grew rougher. The canoes began to part company. Soon only *Tainui* was within sight of *Te Arawa*. Then arose the great storm in which *Te Arawa* was almost engulfed in the 'Throat-of-the-Parata.'

"Hal
The swelling sea, the rising sea,
The boisterous Sea of Kiwa!
O the foaming sea,
O the falling billows,
O the rising billows,
O the overwhelming billows
In the Sea of Kiwa!"

The voice ceased abruptly, for Taréha, the chief tohunga, had signified that he himself would close

off the lesson. The interest of the pupils continued unabated. Complete silence showed the profound respect in which young and old viewed the proceedings of the Wharé-wananga. The building was tapu or sacred, the teaching was tapu, and tohungas and pupils would also be tapu throughout the whole term of the annual session.

The deep voice of Taréha again:

"According to our traditions, it was Ngatoro who saved the Arawa canoe by the power of his incantation. Sufficient for that!

"Now listen!

"There was another canoe, the *Aotea*, under the chief Turi from the island of Rangiatea. It sailed about the same time, and it reached its destination, but it was not part of the fleet, nor did it call in at Rarotonga on the way. I have heard it said that *Kurahaupo* was wrecked on an island called Rangitahua (Sunday Island), and that *Aotea* saved numbers of her crew. As to this, however, our own traditions give no light. Neither can we speak of the Horouta canoe. Let the children of those canoes speak for themselves in their own schools of learning! Sufficient also for that!

"And now, give heed as I bring the canoe of our tribe safely to land on the shores of Aotea-roi!

"The day after the great storm, *Tainui* came again within sight of *Te Arawa*, but no sign of the other canoes was to be seen. Together *Te Arawa* and *Tainui* sailed on under the favouring influence of the north-east breeze, and at last the keen-eyed watchers beheld in the far distance what looked like a long white cloud.

"At once from each canoe a great cry went up:

14 THE ORIGIN FROM HAWAIKI-FAR-AWAY

“‘The cliffs and peaks of Aotea-roa! The cliffs and peaks of Aotea-roa, the Land-of-the-Long-Lingering-Daylight, the Long-Bright-World of Kupé!’

“In plunged the paddles, as the warriors of *Tainui* and *Te Arawa*, with new strength in heart and limbs, drove the great canoes forward in a wild and sustained rush to be the first to land.

“We of *Te Arawa* say that *Te Arawa* reached land first, and that our men were already decorating their brows with the scarlet flowers of the pohutukawa trees, growing along the fringe of the cliffs, by the time the *Tainui* drew in to the shores of the bay near by. They of the *Tainui* canoe say that the *Tainui* was the first to reach the land. But who shall decide?

“And again, what of all the other canoes that safely arrived from across the Sea of Kiwa generations prior to our coming? What of the Mahuhu canoe, the *Arai-te-uru*, the *Nukuteré*, and the other canoes known now to the learned ones among the tribes?

“To them their fame! To us our fame! Enough!”

Silence again in the Wharé-wananga, and a darkening gloom! The fire had almost died out. Midnight had come, but still that double row of youths remained impassive, quietly alert, none daring to move until the chief tohunga should give the word. He but waited in courtesy now to see if his elder, still crouching in yonder corner, had aught to say.

And from the corner came the compelling voice of *Te Moana the Wise*, the aged priest who, many years before, had voluntarily given up his place to *Taréha* as chief of the tohungas, but who still loved to attend the sittings of the Wharé-wananga, offering friendly aid as occasion required, and imparting much knowledge to tohungas and pupils alike.

THE ORIGIN FROM HAWAIKI-FAR-AWAY 15

"I dream of other days. The tale is true. The origin from Hawaiki-Far-Away! The origin from Hawaiki-Far-Away! Yes! Much of our history is still kept in its basket, the memory of man. But much has been lost. Ah! Soon I shall depart for where the dead of all the tribes now rest, for ever rest, but the knowledge handed down from Ngatoro must not die with me. It must be imparted, but to whom? To whom?

"Young art thou, O Manaia, yet thou art of the blood of the fair-haired Ngatoro, and for thy years, learned. Now Ngatoro it was who laid a curse upon his descendants if they should impart his special knowledge to others than of his blood. Grieve not therefore, O Taréha, if I hold back aught from thee, but grant this youth leave that he may be free at any time to accompany me in the spirit on the long journey back to Hawaiki.

"Prepare thyself beforehand, O Manaia, that both body and mind may be cleansed! Together we will dig deeply into the mysteries of the past and the present. Prepare thyself in the spirit, for that which thou wilt learn will be knowledge of the highest tapu, such as has been known to but few of our race from the beginning!

"Sufficient! Greetings to thee, O Taréha, and to thy learned tohungas! Greetings also to the youths of Te Arawa as they sit upon the threshold of life. Enough!"

For a brief space Taréha sat there, gazing steadily towards that far corner, and thinking deeply. Was a mere youth to be fed with knowledge denied even to the chief tohunga? His pride was wounded. He felt that Te Moana had purposely brought the matter up

16 THE ORIGIN FROM HAWAIKI-FAR-AWAY

in order to reassert the leadership of the line descended from Ngatoro.

Yet he must not display his feelings before his pupils. Moreover, he dared not openly oppose Te Moana, nor did he think it wise to give affront to the young son of the ariki.

So, with the best grace possible but with a touch of bitterness in his tone not altogether unnoticed by one practised ear, he replied:

"Greetings also to thee, O Aged One of Hikurangi! Sufficient is it for me that thy wishes have been made known.

"Now to your rest, O Children of the Wharé-wananga! Ye are tapu. Beware lest ye mix with any who are not of the Wharé-wananga and the tapu be thereby shattered! Enough! Away! Away!"

Casting aside the special garments used only in the Wharé-wananga, the scholars one by one passed through the open doorway to their sleeping-quarters outside. Two, however, remained behind.

One was the youth Manaia, now assisting his aged relative to his feet. No word passed between them, but a soft feather cloak was wrapped gently around those bowed shoulders. Then slowly, the one supporting the other, they moved towards the door. No word spoken, yet the heart of the old man warmed towards the youth for his kindly action.

The grandson of the chief tohunga also remained behind. Hate surged in his breast. Why should the youth Manaia be greater than Kahu in the Wharé-wananga and in the pa? Why should Manaia alone be favoured with this special knowledge denied even to the chief of the tohungas? Was the spirit of Ngatoro-i-rangi to rule the destinies of the Arawas for

ever and ever? Was Ngatoro greater than Tama-tekapua?

With thoughts such as these torturing his fiery mind, the youth but waited that, alone with his elder, he might settle these hateful questions once and for all. He watched Te Moana and Manaia as they passed by the dying fire. A stray twig blazed up brightly, lighting up the withered countenance of the old tohunga and bringing into sharp relief a nose hooked like a parrot's beak; lighting up also a bent and frail form that looked so puny in contrast with the one by its side.

Kahu longed to turn his back upon them both, but he dared not. So they moved out quietly, followed at a respectful distance by the tohungas who had assisted with the evening's lessons.

"O Kahu!" said Taréha. "Well for thee that thou didst not openly show what was in thy heart! Know this, that death and life are in the hands of Te Moana to bestow on whom he will, for in him are the powers of mind handed down through Ngatoro from remote ages! Bide thy time, therefore, O Impatient One, lest thou be destroyed or thou be smitten with insanity or with the living death of leprosy.

"As to Manaia, taihoa! Wait! He may die or be slain in battle; and if aught befall him the people of Hikurangi and perhaps of all Te Arawa will turn to thee, if thou be but worthy.

"Therefore, control thy tongue, O Kahu, control thy tongue, even as Manaia controls his! A chieftain of the Maori must control his tongue, for he cannot rule a warrior tribe unless he first rule himself.

"Now begone!"

II. THE STRONGHOLD OF THE ARAWAS

O son!
We came of ancient Night,
Of crowd of ancient gods, when nothing was.
We came of that before the night revolved,
Or space, or night, or day was known.
For we, O son, do from the gods descend.

WHITE'S *Maori History*.
(*Chant of Te-wi.*)

PERCHED upon the upper slopes and top of a steep hill and strongly defended by palisades and ditches, the Hikurangi Pa was a safe home for one of the main branches of the Arawa people, and in it was concentrated the great bulk of the population of the extensive Kawérau district lying between Mounts Putauaki and Tarawera and bordering upon the upper reaches of the Tarawera River. Indeed, it was the largest and most important village as well as the strongest fighting-pa possessed by the tribe.

The cultivated flats in the valley below were the main source of food-supply and gave evidence of having produced abundant crops at the harvest time. Along the near-by ridges were those other sources of supply, the forests, in which the expert woodsmen of the pa spent many days, snaring birds and gathering in the varied foods so liberally provided by the Forest Father.

Within easy distance of Hikurangi were a number of lakes—Rotoma, Rotoéhu, and Rotoiti towards the north, with Okataina, Tarawera, Rotokakahi, and Rotorua to the west, providing ample opportunity for

the canoeing and other aquatic pleasures and exercises in which the young people of the pa indulged.

Within easy distance also, and close to Tarawera Mountain, were the wondrously beautiful pink and white terraces, with the gorgeously tinted bathing-pools and cascades that were so famed throughout the land.

Altogether it was a most favoured district in which to live, but one subject to occasional raids from the hostile Ngatiawa and Tuhoe tribes of the east and from the Tauranga people of the north-west, raids that were now held in check by the strength of the great pa on Hikurangi Hill.

On the very top of this hill was a levelled-off area of large dimensions, completely encircled by a stout palisade flanked by several high fighting-platforms or towers. Most of the main buildings of the pa were located here, together with quite a number of the neatly-thatched and well-constructed wharés of the people.

Here also, sloping gently upwards towards the south, was a large open space called the marae. With its sunny northern aspect, and with its buildings giving shelter from cold and southerly winds, it was an ideal spot for a meeting-ground, serving as a centre for the social life of the whole pa.

On the terraces below the brow of the hill, and on all sides except the south, were large numbers of other thatched dwellings, all placed closely together with the strictest economy of room, and all looking down over the lower palisades on to the cultivations in the valley below.

On this particular morning the whole village had been early astir, and now the women-folk were busy

preparing the usual meal of kumara or sweet potato, taro, fernroot, and such relishes as were to hand.

Here and there were groups of families whose young men the day before had brought in wood-pigeons and grey duck, and the cooked birds were just being taken from some of the steaming earth-ovens or haangis scattered about. Other groups were well provided with "hua-hua," pigeons and other birds preserved in their own fat. Others again were about to feast upon eels and freshwater crayfish caught in the streams and lakelets close to the pa.

Some hundreds of warriors could be seen about the marae or along the terraces, and almost without exception they were of fine physique, tall and fleshy, with the well-developed limbs and strong chests characteristic of the Maori man. Their swelling muscles rippled under sleek brown skin as they tumbled about wrestling with each other or practised with their taiahas or spears.

In pleasing contrast were the young women and maidens moving about the pa, many of them pretty and of shapely figure, but all of them graceful as they glided along with the swaying side motion taught them by their mothers from childhood days.

The daughters of chiefs could be singled out by their finely-woven garments and by the smallness of their hands and feet. One of these maidens in particular was most noticeable for her superior bearing and unusual beauty, while the presence near her of some girl attendants disclosed her rank. She was the Puihi or Sacred Maiden of Hikurangi.

As for the children, they were the embodiment of symmetry and sturdy grace as they dashed about in a state of complete nudity, and were a source of delight and worry to the aged ones who sat in sheltered spots,

talking to each other over the vividly-remembered days of their youth, or again, chuckling over the latest bits of gossip and lamenting their inability to keep pace with all the doings in the pa.

In short, life and spirit everywhere; everywhere except in the low-bodied, bushy-tailed, barkless dogs that roamed about, and in some hapless captives who carried water from the springs on the southern side.

In a prominent position on the meeting-ground and overlooking the northern terraces was a huge boulder about twice the height of a grown man, thrown up no doubt by some volcanic outburst in past days.

It served now as a fitting support for the ponderous weight of Te Puku the Fat, who from this vantage-point was about to make his morning announcements as the mouthpiece of the ariki Mawaké-Taupo. He was just recovering his breath after the exertion of climbing on to the rock; no small feat for a man of his stupendous girth, even with the aid of steps cut up the side of the boulder.

When he felt that he could do his voice full justice, he spread his huge legs wide apart, gave his flax rapaki or waist-garment a preliminary swish, beat his mighty chest with his fists, and then, in a voice that could be heard away in the forest along the ridges, he roared forth the commands of his chief:

"Hear ye the words of Mawaké-Taupo, High Chief and Ariki of all the Arawas, given in this his pa on Hikurangi, the Edge of Heaven! Now hearken!

"With the dawn came tidings that many hawks have left their nesting-places in the distant Uréwera, but whither they fly we do not know, as yet. Therefore, let the war-leaders send parties at once to watch the

country between here and the Kaingaroa Plains! Also, let the guard on the hill at the entrance to this valley be strengthened! Give heed! Enough!"

With the ceasing of the great voice came the exclamations and comments of the people. The Tuhoe tribe of the Uréwera, the tribe which boasted descent from the Paepae-ki-Rarotonga canoe of Toi-kai-rakau and from the Mataatua canoe of the Great Migration! Ha! Were Tuhoe seeking to match their full strength against Te Arawa, or was this merely one of the periodical raids which either tribe was in the habit of making against the other?

The older people shook their heads. War was a reality to them. As for the younger folk, another clash with Tuhoe was just what they most desired. The slaying of man was the great game; yet for almost twelve moons had the Arawas been at peace. Too long, far too long!

But even with thoughts of imminent war in their minds, they still must eat. Surely by this time the morning meal should be ready, thought they. Yet they must await the word to begin, for the ordered life of the pa was ruled by the strong mind of the ariki, and for years past, to avoid undue dissipation of effort, he had decreed that all must eat and all must work at the times appointed.

Te Puku was clearing his throat in readiness for a fresh onslaught. He was in his element. Too fat to fight, too fat to bend down to work, nevertheless he was a man to be reckoned with in the pa. He was a composer and quoter of witty sayings, and his efforts added zest to the daily life of the people. Not even the sub-chiefs were free from his stinging attacks, while the young men and maidens were in mortal

dread lest his sharp eye and sharper tongue should single them out for special attention.

With a blast of sound that made the younger children cling closer to their mothers, the mighty voice proceeded:

"Hear ye now the words of the great chief Te Puku, Shaker of Earth, Descendant of the Gods! Give heed! Give heed!

"He kai! He kai! To your food! To your food!"

A pause, as he looked down upon the scene. Then, pointing an accusing finger, he cried:

"He moa hoki koe, ina ka koré koe e kai? Art thou indeed a moa, that thou dost not eat?"

The reference to a fabled moa, sole survivor of the giant race of birds, that continued to exist in its cave on a distant mountain by merely feeding upon air, tickled the fancy of the people. At once, all eyes were turned upon a dejected-looking youth who was wandering aimlessly about as if the very thought of food appalled him. Te Puku ruthlessly advised him to look elsewhere, as there were plenty of other maidens on Hikurangi.

The attention of the Fat One was now drawn to a young warrior who was going from basket to basket selecting from each the choice tit-bits he fancied. Promptly he called out:

"Welcome! Welcome! Great Caterpillar eating around the edge of the leaf! *He kai! He kai! To thy food! To thy food!*"

The shouts of laughter which followed brought a flush of shame, or anger, to the man's brow. He drew himself up haughtily, and savagely said:

"Thy strength, O Puku, is in thy throat. *Hohonu kakii, papaku uaua! Deep throat, little sinews!*"

Whereat the people became merry again, and even Te Puku had to laugh as he replied:

"Ai-i! Thou hast hit me in my softest spot. I must retire and tend my wound."

And he moved down from his place upon the rock, and round to where he had seen a large group of people with food-baskets before them still well filled. Intent upon the unexpected variety of the food, they did not notice the Fat One's approach until he had heaved his huge bulk into the midst of them, and had calmly appropriated to himself the biggest basket of all.

"Hear now my complaint!" he roared in a voice that resounded throughout the pa. "At a call to a feast, Te Puku is not called. At a call to a fight, Te Puku is called. Small wonder that I now grow thin in body and weak in voice!"

But the very hearty "*Haeré-mai! Nau-mai!* Welcome! Come hither!" cries from old and young in the group around him, and from many another group near by, showed the esteem and respect in which he was held by all.

True, he was no warrior. Neither did he toil in the fields, nor snare birds in the forest. Yet his intellect was that of a chief, and he was treated as a chief by Mawaké-Taupo the ariki. Even his stoutness of body, a thing so very rare among the men of his athletic race, was not held against him. The very rarity of it seemed to give him extra mana or prestige.

The morning meal proceeded merrily on, the people laughing heartily at the many trifling jests that flew about from group to group. For the time being, the pending trouble with Tuhoe seemed to have been quite forgotten.

At last, the meal being over, Te Puku raised himself with difficulty from the ground, and slowly betook himself back to the giant boulder.

"O warrior-like man!" cried one merry-faced maiden after him. "Often do we maidens of the pa thrill to the deep tones of thy voice, and as often do we draw back. Yet we are sad at seeing thee without even one wife."

"Grieve not, O Niwareka, thou soft-eyed one!" replied Te Puku with mock seriousness. "I seek not that form of happiness. What says the proverb? The warrior or the cultivator will find a loving wife, while a husband who has to sit idly in his home will be beaten and knocked about." Ha! How the women-folk around enjoyed that jest! They knew!

Confident that he was being watched by admiring eyes, the Fat One with much puffing and blowing climbed to the top of the boulder again and gathered himself together for a final announcement.

"Listen, ye people of Hikurangi! Listen! The favoured youths of the Wharé-wananga practise their games and exercises on the flat below the pa. Give them space! Intrude not upon them! They are tapu. Warn the little children to keep away! This is the command of the chief tohunga. Therefore, give heed! Enough!"

As Te Puku carefully lowered himself down the steps cut in the boulder, a group of chiefs and elders emerged from the big council-house on the southern side of the marae and moved slowly across to where a gateway led through the top palisade and down on to the first terrace below.

At their head was Mawaké-Taupo himself, a remarkably tall man still in the very prime of life.

His well-bred air and splendid carriage as he stalked along appealed to the imagination of his people. And added to their respect for his sacred rank as the ariki was their respect for the strong arm and the dominant mind with which he had ever upheld his own and the tribal mana.

The party moved down over the terraces and through the second palisade, where Mawaké-Taupo stopped for a while and watched a group of youths at the gate. With long and pliable ropes of plaited flax they were practising the upward throw that would hitch a loop to any projecting points on the high fighting-tower above. With a brief word of approval, the ariki moved on.

Reaching the lowest terrace looking down over the bottom palisade, Mawaké-Taupo found it already crowded with excited maidens keenly interested in the contests raging on the flat outside. Their chattering ceased as soon as his presence became known.

"Greetings, O my children!" he said, in the gentle voice he used to the young and to the very old. "Fortunate indeed are these youths in that so many bright eyes gaze down upon them at their games."

A little hand in his, and a pressure from the softest of fingers, made him aware that one was beside him who, since her mother's untimely death, had held the foremost place in his heart. He turned, and smiled down upon Marama, Light-of-the-Moon, his only daughter the Puhi maiden Marama, and she smiled back her love for him. Then, a willing captive, he allowed her to lead him to the edge of the terrace. They stood there for a while without speaking, each quite absorbed in the doings of the youths below. At last, and very gently:

"O little one, tell me now! Which noble youth hath met with favour in thy sight, that thou dost cling to me more tightly as the bouts proceed?"

She laid her soft cheek against his strong arm, and replied:

"Thou knowest, for there is no other there the equal of thy son, my brother Manaia. Victor for the third time at Te Arawa's recent festival of games! Wert thou proud of him, O my father? See now how he stands out above all the other youths in strength and matchless grace! Not even Rata or Kahu can compare with him. See now how they wrestle with him! They try to throw him. He hurls them off. Again they come. Ha! One—two—he has thrown them both. See how easily he now lifts Rata up above his head! Was ever youth so strong as he in days gone by? Already is he almost as strong as thou, O my father, and thou art famed for thy strength."

"His strength is that of a totara tree, and it satisfies me," said the ariki simply.

For a little longer he remained by Marama's side, loath to leave her. That very morning, as he had made another notch upon the spear-shaft that showed her span of life, he had counted up the notches and had found them to number twice seven and four. Alas! Soon would he have to meet the oft-expressed wish of the elders that he choose for the Puhi maiden a fitting mate. What then? Reluctantly he led her back to her attendants, and moved on.

That evening, in his big carved house up on the marae, the ariki sat in conference with his kinsman Te Moana the Wise, while close by sat the youth Manaia, freshly

summoned from his studies, and released for the night from the tapu of the Wharé-wananga.

Serious matters were before them, for during the afternoon runners had brought in word that a party of Arawas from far-off Pukékura, the Pa of the Red Hill that was the tribal outpost on the borders of the Uréwera country, would arrive on the morrow. Further, that their chief Te Werohia was on an urgent mission, seeking immediate help from Hikurangi and all Te Arawa against invading Tuhoe. Further, that out on the Plains of Kaingaroa Te Werohia had seen two large tauas or war-parties of Tuhoe, moving northwards.

Realising to the full the import of such tidings, Te Moana yet felt that the time had come for him to speak plainly to the ariki on another matter which had long troubled his mind. So he said:

"I grieve at the thought of further war with Tuhoe. As a youth, I fought in the Arawa tauas against these people of the Uréwera. As a tohunga, I took part in the fierce raids upon their mountains. We seemed to conquer, yet where to-day are the fruits of our victories?

"Now these questions I ask of thee. Art thou sure, O Ariki, that the prow of the Arawa canoe is pointing in the right direction? Should it not be pointing to the south, to the Great Lake Taupo, to the Taupo-nui-a-Tia, to Taupo-Moana the Inland Sea? To what purpose was the word 'Taupo' added to thy name? If it be thy wish, speak!"

"Taupo! Taupo!" repeated the ariki slowly. "When I took that name on my marriage-day, it was a sign to all the tribes that I claimed the Lake for myself, and for Te Arawa. Ha! I longed for Taupo at that time. Indeed, the thought of Taupo was with me day and night. But after Manaia was born, the vision

commenced to fade, and the reasons for that fading are known to thee. Yes! Attack after attack by Tuhoe upon our valley! Raid after raid of retaliation upon Tuhoe villages in the Uréwera! Then further attacks by Tuhoe and a continuous state of war, and the need for strengthening this great pa on Hikurangi Hill! So the years have passed, and still the prow of our canoe is pointing to the east instead of to the south. Alas! for the vision unfulfilled!"

Disturbed out of his usual calm, the ariki rose to his feet and paced to and fro. It distressed him to think that he had fallen short of heights to which he might have attained. From the gloom at the far end of the dwelling he spoke:

"Almost I think that Taupo itself eludes me. Perhaps I erred in taking to myself that name."

He returned and sat down again and went on to speak about a casual raid by a war-party from Rotorua many years before. It had reached the southern shores of Taupo and, in a surprise attack, had slaughtered hundreds of the Lake people, including the sons of the High Chief Nukutea of Ngatihotu.

"A raid without a purpose beyond a fight and a slaying!" he commented. "Therefore, without results that could last! Not thus could one hope to hold Taupo! Not thus!"

There was silence for a space, broken at last by Manaia. Usually he would have said no word in the presence of his elders, but now he felt impelled to speak:

"O Aged One, I have thought of Taupo ever since I was a child, and the longing for it has grown with the years. Once, from a point far out on the plains, I saw the Lake, and at sight of it a deeper yearning to

possess it stirred my heart. In the far distance I saw the smoking cone and snow-capped peaks of Tongariro Mountain, and it seemed to me they sent the spirit-call. Ah! Taupo and Tongariro!"

"Tell Manaia the tale of Ngatoro, and of his journey round the Lake in the days when the tribe was young!" said the ariki quietly.

The old tohunga pondered over the matter for some time before he answered. He was seeking to recall the exact wording of the tale recited to him by his father in the long-ago. Then, with a warning to Manaia to carefully preserve the record in his mind, he proceeded to describe the wanderings of a chief called Tia and of the haughty Ngatoro so vividly that, before he had finished, it seemed to the young Manaia as if the spirit of Ngatoro himself were calling to him out of the past, urging him to make all the Taupo country his own in the right of his ancestor.

Even the ariki seemed to feel the influence of hidden forces.

"O Wise One!" he said. "Perhaps the great Lake and the mountains beyond and all the lands about them are not for me, but are for my son Manaia."

"The same thought is with me," replied Te Moana. "The fires kindled by Ngatoro will be renewed by Manaia."

Soon all three rose quietly and moved out into the night. Together they walked slowly across the marae to the dwelling of Te Moana, and there the Aged One spoke:

"O Manaia, I will teach thee the hidden mysteries, but the time is not yet, for this trouble with Tuhoe grows apace. Alas! Already I can see a taua departing from Hikurangi, and with it thy father and thyself.

But though I am old, very old, I will be here on thy return. Therefore, wait!

"One thing more, ere I rest for the night! Hast heard again the spirit-call from the south?"

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Midnight found Manaia standing erect upon one of the high towers, with his face turned steadily towards Taupo. His keenly imaginative spirit was responding to the call. A year, perhaps, and his war-canoes would be cleaving the waters of the Lake. He would explore the Lake from end to end, and from side to side. He would scale the distant mountains to their tops.

At last he spoke softly to himself:

"First this war with Tuhoe! Then Taupo and Tongariro in the south! Manaia there!"

III. THE CRY FROM PUKÉKURA

But still there were bright sparks of God-lit fire
Within their breasts. They loved their native vales
With heart and soul.

THOMAS BRACKEN.
(*Farewell of the Ngatitoa to Kawhia.*)

EARLY the next morning Te Werohia and his men arrived at Hikurangi, and were welcomed to the pa with a full display of ancient ceremony.

Then followed a mighty feasting which lasted until noon, and after that the people gathered in great numbers on the marae and listened with sympathy to the cry from Pukékura. Aué! Their emotion as Te Werohia uttered these final words:

"We love the land won for us by our ancestors. It is our father and our mother. From our youth up we have defended our valley and home against constant raids from the east, but now the hosts of Tuhoe have seized the valley and besieged the pa on the Red Hill.

"So we come to thee, O Ariki, to lean on thee and on thy tauas that have never known defeat. Fail us, and we shall bid farewell to the sun and the light of day. Think of our homes and cultivations lying desolate, and of the remnant of our people hiding in the hills or taken away as captives to the mountains of the Uréwera, should Tuhoe crush us! Untie the fate that now encircles us! Sever the hold of night upon us, O Ariki! Alas! Alas!"

Greatly moved, some of the chiefs and elders of

Hikurangi rose up and spoke in favour of immediate war, but there were others who advised caution and counselled peace. How could Hikurangi send a strong war-party against Tuhoe, said they, and still retain enough men to guard the pa against attack? How could the other branches of Te Arawa be expected to send tauas to distant Pukékura? Why should two sections of the Arawa tribe be endangered? Should not the Arawas near the Uréwera rather give up their valley and seek refuge on Hikurangi? Mawaké-Taupo would provide fresh homes and cultivations for Te Werohia and his people.

Among those who favoured peace was Te Moana the Wise, and his words carried weight. Said he:

"Truly the Maori is swayed by his emotions, even as the raupo blade bends to the breeze. Thus, year after year the din of war re-echoes through the land, and year after year blood's sickening stream flows afresh. When shall we Maoris learn to live in peace? Are we not all of the one race? Do we not all speak the one tongue? Ah me! As well try to sit upon the blow-hole of a whale as seek to keep the tribes from war!

"Yet hear me, O People of Hikurangi! Though the fighting be begun by you, the finishing may have to be left to your children's children. Ye will not crush the fiercely warlike Tuhoe by defeating them among the foothills or out on the plains of Kaingaroa. Their strongholds are on the far-off ranges, deep in the misty mountain-land of the Uréwera. The riven gorges and the rocky precipices are their earthworks. The steep ridges and the dense forests are their palisades. For Te Arawa, the Uréwera is the resting-place of many sons. Enough!"

Said another: "When tangled fern is fired, the fire

does not always remain fixed in the place of firing, for often it burns up the whole countryside. So it is with war."

Presently, however, a combined attempt was made to force a decision for war upon the people. Said one of the elders, tersely:

"The stone battle-axe withheld means defeat." A chorus of approval came from the younger warriors at the back.

One of the chiefs rose to his feet and began to stride up and down before Mawaké-Taupo. Suddenly he stopped, and raised his greenstone meré in the air, and cried:

"Te Werohia and his people hold a valley leading out towards the plains that bound the lands of Te Arawa. If then the plug of this valley be withdrawn, the flooding hordes from the Uréwera will break out on to the plains and up into these northern valleys also. They will be like unto the incoming tide on the seashore. They may reach even to the base of Hikurangi. Or they may flood the plains and then sweep round the shores of Taupo. Could Ngatihotu stop them? Is it not common talk among the tribes that the Lake people are a weak people, and that their aged chief has but a daughter left to carry on his name? There is danger for Te Arawa if Tuhoe hold the south. Enough!"

He was supported by someone more influential still. All eyes were turned upon the chief tohunga Taréha as he rose up and spoke:

"Ha! Tuhoe, destroyers of earth's treasures, wasters of mankind unto death! But what is death? The body feeds on food and on war. There is death in each. Go where ye will, death is there. Therefore

it is better far to carry the war into the Uréwera than wait for Tuhoe to sweep over us here. True, that many of our warriors will not return from those distant hills and mountains! Death will claim them. But what is death? What is death to an Arawa? The tribe lives on."

He had given a lead to his own personal following in the pa, and had somewhat impressed even those who usually opposed him. Now he sat down again, and waited.

Mawaké-Taupo still gave no sign either of approval or disapproval, but his heart hardened towards his chief tohunga. Probably in all that assembly, apart from Taréha himself, the ariki was the only one who remembered that the annual session of the Wharéwananga had commenced, and that the chief tohunga would have to stay behind and depute some other tohungas to accompany a war-party to the Uréwera.

Moreover, the chief tohunga would be well aware that he, Mawaké-Taupo, would be expected to lead his warriors on so dangerous an expedition. Should anything happen to him, would Taréha seize the chieftainship before the young Manaia was old enough to take his father's place? Yes; almost certainly he would. But what of that?

Resolutely Mawaké-Taupo thrust the unpleasant thought from his mind. A chief, and especially an ariki, must think only of the welfare of his tribe. And in this case the welfare of Te Arawa demanded that a blow should be struck at Tuhoe swiftly. On no account must Tuhoe be allowed a footing in the south. But where should the blow be made to fall? That was the question.

The astute Te Werohia had been watching with keen

eyes the effect of the various speeches upon the elders, and upon Mawaké-Taupo. He had seen that the elders were divided and undecided, and that even the warriors were not all for immediate war. The ariki would dominate the assembly, and now he seemed about to end the matter and to give his decision as the mouthpiece of the tribe.

Instinct warned Te Werohia that he had lost. He sensed the decision of Mawaké-Taupo to strike at Tuhoe from the proper quarter, the north, rather than waste the strength of the tribe in an effort to save the Red Hill of Pukékura by an attack from the west. In that case the end for Pukékura had come. Desperately Te Werohia strove to think of some final appeal that might touch the heart, if not the mind, of the Great One before him.

Ah! He had it!

"O Mawaké-Taupo! Before thou dost utter the final word, hear me as I recite a tale! Away up in the Uréwera, at the head of a great gorge known to thee, is a strong pa, the Pari-maté Pa of Tuhoe, and in that pa is the Arawa chief Manawa-roa held captive. Six winters have passed since he and some of his people were captured by Tuhoe in a raid upon our valley, yet still does he remain a captive.

"He grows old and weary, and soon he will take the path to Te Rerenga-Wairua and the spirit-world, but he longs to see again the Red Hill and the smiling valley where he was born. Hear now his request to his captors:

"Conduct me to a mountain looking out towards my home, that I may greet it ere I wrap around me the old used cloak of Death!"

"But they would not. They taunted him. 'To

what purpose?' they said. 'Even now the heel of Tuhoe is raised to crush the life out of all in thy valley.'

"But that night one of the younger captives escaped, and this was the message he brought back from the aged one:

"Tukuna mai he kapunga onéoné kia au hei tangi.
Send me a handful of soil that I may weep over it.

"Enough!"

A moaning sound swept over the whole assembly. Not one there but saw with the mind's eye the pathetic figure of an old chief dying in an alien pa. The aged women at the back gave way to the heart-rending wail of the tangi.

Even Mawaké-Taupo himself was moved, and he drew his dogskin cape up over his brow to hide his emotion. Thus he sat for a long space of time, then fiercely he sprang to his feet, and cried:

"Hear me, O people of Te Arawa, as I speak the thoughts of all on Hikurangi!

"As to the aged one held captive by Tuhoe, he shall receive a handful of soil from the choicest spot in front of his old home.

"As to the people of Te Werohia, they are my kinsmen, and while I live nothing shall fall on them but the rain from heaven.

"And as to the enemy in the Uréwera, it is true that they outnumber Te Arawa by many thousands. Yes," he cried, as he took up a handful of sand from a heap near by, "there is a man there for every grain here." Then, pausing as he threw the sand away, he turned savagely towards his warriors with a terse "*Hei aha?* What does it matter?"

The response of the warriors was immediate and overwhelming. Worked up already to a high pitch

of excitement, the final words of their chief were a challenge to them to show that mere numbers were of no account.

In an instant they had plunged into the ecstasy of the war-dance. With muscles and fingers quiver, and with violently stamping feet, they waited while a savage leader uttered his diabolical preliminary yells. Then, as one man, they leaped into the air, came down with a thud that shook the hill, and gave forth from six hundred throats the maddening roar of the war-song.

Ha! As the warriors leaped and stamped with wonderful precision and uniformity of movement, the ground trembled continuously as though moved by an earthquake, while the simultaneous crash of open hands upon bare thighs, the menacing gestures of the frantic warriors, the fiercely distorted faces with backward rolling eyes and protruding tongues, the high-pitched and piercing yells of the leaders and the deafening roar of the chorus, were all combined in the awe-inspiring peruperu by which the Maori from very ancient days has worked himself up for battle, and with which he has put fear into the hearts of his enemies.

At the height of the uproar Mawaké-Taupo held up the weapon Pahikauré, and what had seemed to be an ungovernable frenzy ended instantly. Then came the final words of the ariki:

"The kumara is planted and it is a long time before the crop is ripe and ready for the store-house. But the thoughts of men are planted, and lo!—the crop is ripe at once. Mawaké-Taupo himself will harvest the crop which grows on the red field of war.

"Now hearken! Three hundred and forty warriors depart from Hikurangi on the second day from now.

The rest shall stay to guard the pa and shall retire to the inner palisades in case of danger. Messages shall be sent at once to all the other branches of Te Arawa. They will be invited in the name of Mawaké-Taupo to send tauas to threaten Tuhoe from the north, and to keep Tuhoe from sending forces to oppose us in the west, for, with winter approaching, we must make this war short and sharp.

"As to the war-parties of Tuhoe on the Plains of Kaingaroa, we will fight them on our way to Pukékura, for we cannot let them stay near Taupo Lake.

"Now let the chiefs and the elders and Te Werohia come with me to the meeting-house, for there is much to arrange! To-night, I would speak to Taréha alone in my wharé. Enough!"

IV. THE SPARKLING WATERS OF TAUPO

But if in distant lands they ask
"Whose sons are ye?" reply:
"(Te Arawa's) sons are known to all!"

WHITE'S Maori History.

THE chief tohunga attended on the ariki that night as bidden, but at first they merely sat and looked at each other, each busy with his own thoughts, yet knowing well what had to be said.

At last Mawaké-Taupo spoke, and there was a coldness in his tone quite apparent to his hearer:

"O Taréha, when the taua departs thou shalt remain here and take charge of Hikurangi until my return. Appoint some other tohunga, therefore, to accompany the warriors! Guard the pa well! Place a few men along the ridges overlooking the valley, that they may be free to hasten after me should Hikurangi be besieged! For the rest, thou art trained in war and thou knowest the dangers to be avoided. Therefore, enough!

"Now as to my people! These also I place in thy charge, save only Marama. Te Moana the Wise and Te Puku the Fat shall have her in safe keeping, for I am unwilling to give thee authority over her.

"Now as to the chieftainship! Well do I know that thou dost crave for power, and that, if aught befall me in the Uréwera, thou wilt claim the chieftainship in my stead. Thy supporters will say that Manaia is too young. Yet knowing this, still do I leave thee in charge on Hikurangi. Thy thoughts and thy desires

are for thee alone, but the people will decide the end of things as is their custom. To thee be the chieftainship if thou be more fitted to lead Hikurangi than is Manaia.

"One thing more! Three youths of the Wharé-wananga must be released from the tapu, that they may accompany the taua on the march. Manaia will be one, and the other two will be Rata and thy grandson Kahu. The posts of danger shall be theirs, as befits their rank. Enough!"

It was some little time before Taréha replied, for he had to choose his words carefully, showing neither anger nor weakness before the ariki. At last:

"O Mawaké-Taupo, as a chieftain of the Maori hast thou spoken, and as a chieftain of the Maori will I reply, for though thou art from Ngatoro-i-rangi the Great Tohunga, yet I am from Tama-te-kapua, the head chief of the Arawa canoe. Yes, and the enmity between them on the voyage from Tawhiti still lives in us, and always is there a striving for the mastery. Now then!

"As to the chieftainship, thou art pondering thine own thoughts, and I am pondering mine.

"As to the youths of the Wharé-wananga, they shall be released in accordance with thy wish. They shall accompany the taua, and with the warriors also shall go two of the tohungas.

"As to thy daughter Marama, I seek not the responsibility of her care.

"As to the safety of Hikurangi during thine absence, I will guard the pa as an Arawa should.

"Enough then for all those things which thou hast mentioned!"

Knowing that the conference was at an end, the

chief tohunga at a sign from the ariki quietly took his departure. Mawaké-Taupo waited for a while, and then he stepped outside his dwelling that he might have a final glance around before retiring for the night. Moreover, he desired to rid his mind of all cumbering thoughts about his chief tohunga.

As he gazed around, he saw a crowd of young people pouring forth from the Wharé-tapére or House-of-Pleasure. An entertainment in honour of the visitors was at an end, and Te Puku who was in charge would allow no one to loiter. By the light of the fires he could be seen breaking up the merry groups that tried to form here and there along the terraces. The young warriors would have to have their sleep. Therefore, no one took offence.

The sight interested the ariki. He was interested in the Wharé-tapére and in its doings. It represented a wholesome influence in the life of every village of the tribe. It enabled the young folk to give play to their abundant spirits under real though hidden supervision. It was a means whereby the young warriors were encouraged in evening recreations and contests that made for mental alertness and quickness of eye and limb. It was a means whereby the maidens could display the gracefulness and charm that appealed so much to heart and mind. What mattered the noise, the uproar, that sometimes disturbed the peace of the pa?

Returning to his dwelling, he found Manaia waiting for him outside. They gave each other greeting. Then said Manaia:

"Last night the choice was made. First this war with Tuhoe! Then will I follow in the footsteps of Tia and Ngatoro. I will see again the sparkling

waters of Taupo. The canoe-chants of Te Arawa shall float across the Taupo-nui-a-Tia. The Inland Sea shall come to know the carved prows of the rushing war-canoes of Manaia. Enough!"

Mawaké-Taupo moved across by himself to the edge of the marae, and for a long time he remained there, absorbed in thought. But now certainty had come to him at last. Did Ngatoro-i-rangi hear the whisper that came?

"For my son Manaia! The sparkling waters of Taupo! The sparkling waters of Taupo!"

V. THE BIRD-OF-TU SOARS

We hear the trumpet blast,
Sounding upon the wind.
We grasp the spear of war,
And follow Red-ey'd Tu.

WHITE's Maori History.

THE whole of the following day was marked by the turmoil of warlike preparations, and then came the morning of the departure, and with it the great day of their lives for many youths on Hikurangi. Warriors at last! The thrill of it! Away the youths went bounding up and down the marae before admiring sisters and parents. Scarcely could they stop to eat a hurried meal. Warriors at last! Their people watched them with a heart-bursting pride that could not be hidden.

In the seclusion of his dwelling, the ariki was bidding farewell to his beloved Marama, whose joyous spirits of the previous day had now departed. She clung to him, weeping quietly, oppressed by some intuition of approaching woe.

Mawaké-Taupo grew uneasy as he sensed her fears. What ailed the child? What evil could befall him in this war with Tuhoe? Had not he and his green-stone meré come unscathed through many years of battle?

"O my father!" she whispered. "Last night I saw the lightning's spear strike Putauaki's peak. Lightning out of a clear sky! An evil omen! Ah me! Now let me gaze on Pahikauré, that weapon rare, thy sign of

power! Show it to me and to Manaia here, that we may see its hue!"

He held it up so that the sunlight streaming through the doorway fell upon it. A beautiful weapon it was, a mottled greenstone of a curious grain, highly polished, almost transparent, and far harder than any other stone. No deadlier weapon in all Aotea-roa; no other so famous among the living, no other so known among the dead!

"Aué!" cried Marama. "See how a little cloud dims the lustre of that bright blade! I fear for thee, O my father. My heart will know no rest until thy return. Alas! My father!" and she clung still closer to him, as if to shield him from some coming blow.

Manaia meantime had been gazing steadily at the blade still held aloft. Was Marama cursed with the matakité or second-sight, even as Te Haahuru her mother had been cursed before her? Certainly the blade of Pahikauré had grown dull, but then that might be due to heat or moisture from the holding hand. Yet Manaia had a queer impression that the ancient weapon was responding to some force unknown.

"Ha!" cried Mawaké-Taupo at last, as he lowered his arm. "Pahikauré will soon grow bright with the blood of mine enemies. Enough! Come soon, O Manaia, for the morning meal is over and the taua is assembling! Thy little group of chosen youths is waiting for thee. Come soon!"

As he passed through the open doorway, he knew that the strong arm of Manaia was drawing Marama's drooping form into a comforting embrace. Strange that she should have no fears for her brother's safety! Why should she have such fears for him, her father? Strangel

With an effort he cast aside such thoughts. The taua called. Its serried ranks assembled on the marae presented an imposing sight, and the ariki took in the details at a glance. Ah! Clothing reduced to almost nothing! A coiled rope of plaited flax hanging from the belt of each youth in Manaia's band! And the arms! To every man a tough wooden spear, and with it a stone club or other thrusting or striking weapon, such as a whalebone patu, a stone axe, a big-headed tewhatewha, or a sharp-edged meré!

In addition to the weapons, each man was carrying a small quantity of food, principally aruhé or pounded and roasted fernroot, the sustaining food so favoured by warriors when on the march. But the taua would travel lightly, and its supplies would be renewed from time to time on the way. It would be a desolate country indeed where Maoris could find no food whatever for their needs.

As Mawaké-Taupo appeared, the sacred rite of the "Tohi Taua" was just being performed. With a branchlet of karamu and some water drawn from a tapu spring on Hikurangi, the chief tohunga was sprinkling each warrior so that he might be strengthened in spirit and endowed with courage for the great tasks ahead of him as a follower of Tu, the God of War.

The ariki waited until the ceremony was over, and then he cried:

"Hearken, O warriors, to the brief word of Mawaké-Taupo as ye depart for the Uréwera! Hearken! The fame of the Arawa canoe is in your hands. Therefore, paddle ye the canoe with skill, lest the spray of the Ocean of Tuhoe mar the sheen of the canoe's plume."

A tremendous and approving roar came from the warriors as they flung themselves with abandon into

a final war-dance, gradually working their way towards the brow of the hill, until suddenly, with one accord, they broke into a deep-chested chant:

"The Bird floats in the sky
With new-fledged pinions.
The Bird soars—the Bird-of-Tu.
Hu! Hu! Hu!
Hu! Hu! Hu!"

Then down they swept over terraces and palisades in a headlong rush—with the weird "Hu! Hu! Hu!" the sound of the war-god's wings, ever rising above the din: "Hu! Hu! Hu!"

On the flat below the pa they halted for a brief space and re-formed. Then, while Mawaké-Taupo and the young Manaia held their weapons up in farewell greeting to one lonely figure on the topmost tower, away sped the taua at a swift pace towards the outer hill, with thoughts only for the plains beyond.

VI. THE BIRD-OF-TU STRIKES

The leaping, dense, conglomerate mass of men
Now all together off the ground—in air—
Like some vast bird a moment's space—and then—
Down, with a single ponderous shock, again
Down, thundering on the groaning, trembling plain!
And every gesture fury could devise
And practice regulate was rampant there:
The loud slaps sounding on five hundred thighs,
Five hundred hideous faces drawn aside,
Distorted with one paroxysm wide:
Five hundred tongues like one protruding red,
Thrust straining out to taunt, defy, deride:
And the cold glitter of a thousand eyes
Upturning white far back into the head.

ALFRED DOMMETT. (*The Last Haka.*)

MOVING rapidly across country, the Arawas reached the northern edge of the Kaingaroa plateau before midday, and there from a small rise they looked out towards a far-off hill, upon the lower slope of which was a dark mass easily identified even from that distance. Tuhoe!

Instantly a war-dance sent its challenge rolling over the plains, and then from untried warriors came impatient demands that they be led to the attack at once.

But Mawaké-Taupo was old in war, and he knew Tuhoe, and he knew the plains. Those innocent-looking clumps of scrub in front would almost certainly hide more than one enemy toro or scout. Those hollows to the side there, filled with patches of light bush, would give ideal shelter to a hidden force. Two parties of Tuhoe had been seen by Te Werohia on his

hurried dash to Hikurangi. Had they joined forces on yonder slope, or was one there, with the other in ambush, and both waiting for Te Arawa to be caught within a Tuhoe trap? *Taihoa!* Wait!

From the far-off hill came a faint but penetrating sound, a sound that droned upon the ear like the boom of distant surf—Tuhoe throwing back Te Arawa's challenge with a war-dance of their own.

A sign from the ariki, and a few tried warriors move quickly down from the rise and away out on to the open tussock and scrub land of the plain, while behind them go Manaia and his band of youths. The rest of the taua wait, held back by a strong hand. Then events move quickly.

A sudden yell from the foremost Arawa, as he passes a patch of scrub and nimbly avoids the upward thrust of a whalebone patu, brings an answering roar from the watchers on the rise. Then three lithe forms leap out of the scrub and dash away in head-long flight.

"*Maroro kokoti ihu waka!* Flying fish crossing the prow of the canoe! Seize and slay!" cry the Arawas to their warriors in hot pursuit.

The Tuhoe runners are speedy, however, and they gain ground with every stride. The watchers on the rise give vent to furious yells. Will the Tuhoes escape? Why do Manaia and his youths follow on so tardily? Surely they can outpace the veteran warriors running by their side?

"Ah! At last they move."

An excited roar comes from the rise as the Arawas see Manaia and his youths suddenly draw away from the other pursuers and rapidly move ahead. They gain on Tuhoe, but they gain too slowly. Then out

in front darts one figure whose great bounding stride is known to all. Joyfully the Arawas shout:

"Manaia! Manaia! Run now, O Tuhoes! Bend the knees, bow the head, run, for Manaia the fleetest Arawa is at your back! Run now, O Manaia, for the mana of thy tribe is at stake! Run! Run!"

"Ah!" cries Te Werohia to the ariki. "He closes on the rearmost one. Lo! He loses not a stride as he taps his foeman's head with greenstone meré and hurls him to the ground. To Manaia is the mata-ika, the first man killed in the battle!"

"On! On! Down goes the second man. Ah! The third turns and fights. Help is near. Too late! The meré of Manaia grows red again.

"See! He holds his weapon up in final challenge to approaching Tuhoe. He dares them to come on. They hesitate. Their chiefs wave them back. They retire to the hill, there to await our attack. Now give the word, O Ariki, give the word!"

Mawaké-Taupo raised his weapon, and down on to and over the level ground surged the taua at the run, with men strung out in front and on either side and even at the back, to guard against surprise. With quick short strides, and the menace of the hissing "tsi! tsi! tsi!" the advancing warriors soon drew near to the hill, and then could it be seen how numerous the Tuhoes were, considerably outnumbering the Arawas. Clearly the two war-parties of Tuhoe had joined forces.

So much the better, thought Mawaké-Taupo, as he halted the taua and then strode off alone to inspect the hill. His commanding appearance, and a superb physique partly hidden by a black and white dogskin cape, made him an object of admiration to friend and foe alike. Backwards and forwards he stalked at

the very base of the hill, armed with Pahikauré, no one daring to attack him.

His trained eye missed nothing in the scene before him. He saw at once the strength of the Tuhoe position. Only the western end of the hill was free from trees and undergrowth, and it was occupied by the enemy. But the trees were near at hand, and into the thick undergrowth around the trees the Tuhoe warriors would try to lure the Arawas to their destruction. There the expert bush-fighters from the Uréwera would have the advantage, especially with their greater numbers.

As Mawaké-Taupo turned back towards his warriors, a Tuhoe chief began to hurl taunt and insult at the wrathful Arawas below.

At once, from each taua, there came a series of singularly wild and forced expirations and inhalings, horrible gasping sighs vibrant with the threat of death to men, and then the dreadful fury of the peruperu as the warriors quickly worked themselves up into the madness of the blood-lust, and the desire to slay, and slay, and slay. And, finally, the abrupt ending, and the brief commands, "*Kokiritia! Hoatu ki roto-é! Hoatu ki roto! Charge! Dash in! Dash in!*" as Mawaké-Taupo and Manaia led the Arawas in a sweeping rush up the hill.

Only the left wing of Tuhoe met the shock, but still the impact was terrific. The heavier Arawa crashed their way into the ranks of the Tuhoes in one sustained rush that left behind a trail of dead and dying. Pahikauré and the meré of Manaia bit deeply and often. At intervals above the din could be heard the dominating voice of Mawaké-Taupo shouting, "*Riria, é Te Arawa! Riria! Fight, ye Arawas!*

Fight!" And many a time there was heard the savage "Ooi!" or the exultant "A-ha-aha!" of a warrior as he delivered the death-blow.

Right over the hill and down the opposite slope swept the Arawas, and at the bottom they hastily re-formed. Then back they came in a compact mass to the top of the slope, only to find that the main body of Tuhoe had been withdrawn to the edge of the wood.

Straight at them the Arawas charged, and a fearful contest raged in the undergrowth along the fringe. There the lighter Tuhoes were at their best, and many an Arawa bit the fern in his death-agony. The wily Tuhoes sought to draw the Arawas farther in, but Mawaké-Taupo kept his men in hand, and soon withdrew them to the flat below the hill to rest and re-form.

The Arawa chiefs held a council of war. It was clear that Tuhoe were too numerous and too well led to be quickly dislodged. It was clear also that the Arawas must hasten on to Pukékura. Yet they could not leave a strong and hostile force behind them, to attack them in the rear, or even to move on Hikurangi, or on Taupo.

"These are my thoughts," said the ariki. "If we cannot send our foes quickly along the broad pathway of death, we should make a track for them whereby they may pass quickly back to their world of life. Give them a way to depart peacefully, and they will fly to their homes in the Uréwera, like feathers driven before a strong wind."

The advice appealed to all. But Tuhoe were proud of their fame as fighters. They would not take the track of life if it were named the pathway of defeat.

"This is my plan," said Mawaké-Taupo. "I will

challenge the Tuhoe leader, or any warrior in his taua, to single combat. If I be beaten in the fight, then the Arawas will return to Hikurangi this very day. If I triumph, then Tuhoe leave the plains this night on their way back to the Uréwera. On the word of Mawaké-Taupo they shall move unmolested by Te Arawa. Enough! Send forth the challenge, for I chafe at this delay!"

Meré in hand, he stepped forth to the base of the hill and waited while a young chief announced to Tuhoe the terms of the Arawa challenge and demanded prompt reply. Some Tuhoe chiefs moved down the slope to look more closely at that gigantic form and at the polished beauty of Pahikauré. They conferred. Then their spokesman replied:

"The terms of the challenge are proper. We take the word of Mawaké-Taupo, but we desire some other challenger. We fear not the ariki himself but rather his meré-pahikauré. Our fathers have told us about it. They have warned us of its powers. Therefore, name some other challenger, and quickly!"

Mawaké-Taupo hesitated for a moment, and then he grimly smiled as his voice rang out in answer:

"It shall be as Tuhoe wish. I have a son who has not yet finished his training in the Wharé-wananga. He shall take my place, armed only with his own meré-pounamu. As for thy man of Tuhoe, he can use meré or patu, club or stone battle-axe, short spear or long spear, or even the spear thrown with cord of flax. Nay, he can use two or more, and of any kind, for I long to see if the Arawa youth Manaia is trained for combat as his father was before him. Enough! Choose!"

He moved back to his men, and acceptance came at

once. A Tuhoe chief came bounding down the slope, and began to step lightly up and down before the Arawas. Manaia leaped out to meet him, and they circled around as each sought to gain the other's measure.

The Tuhoe man was exceptionally tall and powerful, and his reach was almost as long as that of Manaia himself. For weapons he had a taiaha spear of unusual length, while in his belt was a whalebone patu. And apparently he felt quite sure of victory over his youthful opponent, for with a queer movement of his loosely-hanging lips, he bared his teeth at Manaia and cried:

"Youth! I am Hatuma, a chief of Tuhoe. Now examine well the moko of my countenance, ere I send thee to the spirit-world! Ha! Art thou afraid of the pain of the moko, that thy face is still as clear as that of a maiden?"

The Arawas muttered savagely as they heard this taunt, but Mawaké-Taupo merely held up his hand and uttered the one word: "*Taihoa!* Wait!"

The next moment Arawa youth and Tuhoe man were joined in the deadly "*tau-mataki-tahi*," while, true to custom, the leaders of the tauas kept their excited warriors at a safe distance, under firm control, allowing no movement to take place that might distract the attention of the combatants. Yes! The time-honoured practices of single combat would be faithfully observed, lest the honour of either tribe should be besmirched.

Feet continually on the move, weapons quivering in the grasp, taiaha and meré sounding against each other in a continuous rattle, not for one moment did either Tuhoe or Arawa stand still.

Holding his long spear in both hands, the Tuhoe

used either end for thrust or parry, but ever he sought the chance to deal the finishing blow with the hard edge of his spear-blade to his opponent's temple.

Manaia bided his time. It was good to be matched against so expert a taiaha-fighter. He could now show to the watching Arawas, and to Tuhoe themselves, that the short broad-bladed meré was superior even to the taiaha in either attack or defence.

But presently a strange thing happened, and for a moment it threw the Arawa quite off his guard. The mobile upper lip of the Tuhoe chief quivered violently, and the unexpected sight made Manaia gasp with astonishment. The Tuhoe seized his chance at once and slid the taiaha through his left hand with a vigorous thrust from his right.

Well for Manaia that the carved tongue of that spear did not reach his ribs, else could he have scarcely avoided the quick blow to the temple that would have surely followed! But no! The point just missed its mark. An agile body and an agile mind saved Manaia, yet the margin of safety was very small. He bent backwards and leaped sideways out of reach, while the Arawas roared their relief at his escape, and then demanded that the Tuhoe's lip be made to quiver again.

The Tuhoe chief became more confident than ever, and he boasted that the meré of the Arawa had not even come near to him yet. Quietly Manaia replied:

"Art thou indeed a crayfish, to turn red the moment thou art thrown upon the fire? See now, the fire burns up fiercely!"

He began to attack with such skill and fury that the Tuhoe man at last abandoned his taiaha and settled down to defend his life with his whalebone

patu. For a brief space he held his own with that short weapon and parried all the efforts of Manaia to break through his guard. A great fight!

Then, to the delight of the watching Arawas, he quivered that lip of his again, and even more rapidly than before—a queer sight—a choice detail of a fight that would be told of in the pas of Te Arawa for generations to come. A queer sight; but this time Manaia only laughed, and quivered his weapon in reply, as he prepared to give the finishing blow.

Ha! How the blade of that meré leaped and danced! The whalebone patu fought bravely, but the end was near. Nearer, ever nearer, to the Tuhoe's head went the meré, until suddenly, with a "tipi" or endwise thrust, the Arawa drove his sharp-edged weapon into the skull of his foe at the side where it was thinnest, and, with a powerful turn of the wrist, wrenched the skull wide open. Death came at once, the body standing erect for an instant before it swayed and crashed headlong to the ground.

A cry of horror arose from the hill as many of the Tuhoes beheld that type of death-blow for the first time. To the Arawas it was the final test of Manaia's skill as a warrior, and they shouted loudly their approval. What other finishing stroke demanded so many years of training, required so true an eye, and so strong an arm, and so supple a wrist, as this the favourite stroke of Mawaké-Taupo? It was the stroke he had taught Manaia to use in all cases of single combat, partly so that the very difficulty of it might make the contests more equal, and partly in order that the fame and the terror of it might add to the mana of his name.

"It is sufficient," cried a chief from the hill in front. "Our word was given. We will depart as soon as we

shall have buried our dead. We shall move without hindrance, according to the promise of Mawaké-Taupo. Now take with you your dead and your wounded, O Arawas, and withdraw to the rise yonder, lest the sight of our warriors on the open plain breed fresh conflict. Our own dead we will bury on this blood-drenched slope, and our tohungas will make the place tapu for ever. Enough!"

VII. PUSHING UP THE SKY

Depart, depart, O north-west breeze
Across the Raonga range of hills,
That while the evening shade grows less
I may perceive a flash of light,
And weep my sorrow's dirge alone
For him who now is gone from me!

WHITE'S *Maori History*.

WITH a small escort of picked warriors Manaia and Rata parted company from the taua the morning after the battle, and proceeded southward over the plateau and then across the open pumice country to the east of Lake Taupo.

Mawaké-Taupo had readily acceded to his son's wish to be spared the inevitable speech-making, and the equally inevitable feasting, that would greet the victorious Arawas upon their arrival at Pukékura. He had warmly approved of Manaia's desire to see the country beyond the great pumice belt in the south, for he knew what lay behind that desire. But he had warned Manaia that he must reach the Red Hill by the morning of the fourth day, if he wished to accompany the taua on its way to the Uréwera gorge.

Morning of the second day found them far to the east of Taupo, and now they were moving cautiously among the foothills at one end of a great range of mountains known as the Kaimanawas. This was new country, land hitherto untrodden by any Arawa, and Manaia and Rata felt elated in spirit at the thought of it. Pushing up the sky to the south! Opening up a new horizon for the tribe! Arawas!

And anything might happen now. The pumice land to the north had been barren land, with scarcely an inhabitant. This new country, on the other hand, was a series of bush-clad ridges of no great height, with sheltered valleys in between. Clearly this type of country would be inhabited, and defended.

On a low-lying ridge, the party came upon the first sign of human habitation, for through the forest and up the hill ran a plainly-marked track.

The anxious warriors protested when their leaders ordered them to remain behind while they set out to explore this track. The protests fell upon deaf ears. With that complete confidence which young Maori chiefs of high rank always have in themselves, Manaia and Rata felt well able to overcome any difficulties or dangers that might arise.

They felt confident, yet, for one of them, strange influences were at work in the valley beyond that ridge. For one of them, life was about to take a different turn. Ah! Life-streams sundered in the long-ago, and in a distant land, were about to meet again. But no hint of this, as yet, had reached Manaia.

With Rata close behind him, he climbed to the top of the hill and, using the leafy undergrowth as a screen, he peered down a cleared spur into the winding valley below. To his great disappointment, not a living being could he see.

Yet Manaia would have been interested at once, had he but known that the small stream meandering so prettily down the valley was the Rangitaiki, just setting out on its long journey northward to the sea.

The banks of the stream were high in places, and were bordered with stretches of open land covered with short tussock grass. Some little distance back

from either bank was the forest, fringed with a natural belt of small trees and green undergrowth that served to give protection against destruction by fire. Here and there along its borders were groves of nikau palms, whose spreading glory provided so rich a feast for the eye. And rivalling the nikaus in grace and beauty were the stately tree-ferns, towering above a profusion of shrubs.

"O Rata!" murmured Manaia. "I tire of war already as I gaze upon this scene."

"The valley is pleasant to the eye, and it seems peaceful," replied Rata. "Yet why should those parera duck keep rising from pools or swamps away down stream? They come sweeping along towards us. They are joined by others from the pool near that bend. *Aué!* The power of death is moving in this valley. Listen, Manaia! The war-cries of Tuhoel!"

Round the bend, and along the level tussock land beside the stream, sped a maiden, and behind her at a distance came three warriors. A brief interval, and round the bend came their clamorous pursuers, gaining rapidly on the four in front and greatly outnumbering them.

The fugitives dashed across the stream, one of their number remaining behind to hold the pursuers in check while the other three fled on. For a brief space he held the bank, and even disabled a foe or two before he was overwhelmed by numbers and thrown lifeless into the stream below.

Higher up, the stream was crossed again and another warrior made a stand, only to meet a like fate.

"The maiden must be of rank," said Manaia to Rata. "Her people fight poorly yet they die bravely, seeking but to give her time to escape. Hast noticed her hair,

fairer even than mine own? But why does she hold so tightly to her garments? They hamper her in her flight. Ha!"

The last warrior had turned now upon a little rise at the base of the spur and just above the stream. The exultant Tuhoes came rushing along towards him, and the maiden, already half-way up the spur, turned as if to go back to his aid. He fiercely waved her on, then calmly awaited the end. In a moment, the pursuers were upon him.

"Guard her, O Rata," cried Manaia, "while I acquaint Tuhoe again with the meré-pounamu of an Arawa!"

He moved out from the trees and on to the track as the breathless maiden reached the top. Astonished, she drew back, and he sprang past her. She watched him as he bounded silently down the hill. And she heard the crash as he threw the full weight and strength of his powerful form into the midst of the warriors of Tuhoe.

The impetus swept some of them off their feet and over into the bed of the stream below. In the short panic that followed, several Tuhoes met death on the edge of a greenstone meré, and even the fugitive managed to slay two before he was himself dashed to earth, skull crushed in.

The other Tuhoes fought bravely, but they lacked a leader, and the continued silence of the tall stranger as he fought began to oppress them. They felt that his appearance upon the scene, down from the very sky as it were, was scarcely natural. They began to waver.

Up on the hill the maiden, hearing a sound from behind her, turned and gasped as she beheld the painted

body and tattooed face of Rata. He gave her the sign of peace, moved out in front, and then ignored her.

A heaving chest and a clenched hand told of the strain upon him. His friend in danger below, yet he must remain inactive above, guarding a maiden of no account! It was not right.

At last his feelings found vent in a single blood-curdling yell which put the chill of fear into the hearts of Tuhoe below. The four survivors fled, but only two reached the edge of the forest and escaped. The other two died on the way.

Signing to the maiden to follow him, Rata set off down the hill, but stopped at the base, for Manaia had now entered the stream and was sprinkling himself with water. He was cleansing himself in body and mind from the tapu of blood. He was performing an ancient rite of his people, and Rata dared not interrupt him.

So he waited at a distance, but not a word did he say to the maiden by his side. He did not even glance at her, or he would have seen that her bearing was as noble as that of Marama herself, and that her face was no less strikingly beautiful. With the comparative indifference of a Maori youth to the charms of maidenhood, he had but noticed up on the hill that her hair was wavy and of the colour of scraped flax somewhat bleached by the sun. He felt annoyed to think that she had deprived him of his share in the fight. Now he waited impatiently for Manaia to finish, so that he might speak the hot words that trembled upon his lips.

The maiden, for her part, was experiencing the humiliation of being ignored. A new sensation for her; yet clearly these two stranger youths were acting as if she did not exist. Did they despise her because her

tribesmen had shown such poor ability to defend her from the Tuhoe attack?

Somehow the bitterness of such a thought filled her mind, and left her almost unmoved by the sight of the slain around her. Indeed, she felt resentful towards both youths; yet her curiosity began to trouble her. To what tribe could they belong? They were not Tuhoes, and they were not of her own tribe, the Ngatihotu. And the size of them! The one beside her was tall and strong enough, but the one standing in the stream was far taller and stronger still.

She watched him, and a multitude of questions flashed through her mind as he left the water and moved slowly towards her. His name? His rank? Did fitting mind direct so splendid a form? She tried to turn her eyes away from him, but she could not. So she gave a haughty tilt to her chin, and tried to look through and beyond him.

"O Manaia!" cried Rata wrathfully as the other drew near. "Why didst thou greedily devour this battle, leaving nothing for me thy friend? I grow angry with thee. Hadst thou no thought for thy sister Marama? Better that this maiden here had been slain than that Manaia should have risked his life against so many foes."

Manaia? So "Manaia, the Handsome One," was his name! Certainly he was handsome, thought the maiden, yet those closing words stirred her to fresh resentment. She stared coldly at Rata, and then addressed herself to Manaia, now standing before her:

"That which thou hast done this day will be remembered by the Puhi maiden Rerémoa, and by the High Chief Nukutea her father, and by all the Ngatihotu tribe. Now take me to my people down the

valley, that I may be free from the presence of this youth beside me!"

Rata began to feel uncomfortable, but Manaia only smiled, and continued to gaze. For the first time in his life his interest was awakened in a maiden other than his sister Marama. Rerémoa! The name would come smoothly from the tongue, and softly to the ear.

And already he had sought to measure her spirit by his standards. He had listened to the tones of her voice, and they had satisfied. He had noticed her bearing in the time of danger, and that also had satisfied. Even the haughty tilt to that little chin had pleased Manaia. He would inquire about her. He would question her, but he would do it through Rata. So:

"O Rata, be not wroth with me! It came to me that I should fight this fight alone. Let the next fight be to thee and to thy whalebone weapon. Enough! Now ask this haughty one whence she comes, for this valley is surely not her home."

Rata put the question impatiently, and still without looking at the maiden. Why was Manaia wasting time like this?

Again she spoke to Manaia only, and her words reminded him of an oft-taught lesson of the Wharéwananga on distant Hikurangi. She spoke guardedly. She should not say too much. She should not speak of that other lake south of Taupo, where was her home.

"I come from across the Many-Isled-Sea of Kiwa, from the Hidden Homeland of the Maori, from the Gathering-Place-of-Souls, from Hawaiki. Enough! Now we must hurry, lest the main body of the Tuhoes be led hither by the warriors who escaped."

She moved away along the edge of the stream, and

on down the valley. Manaia stopped for a moment and asked Rata to follow at a distance. Then off he sped after the maiden, and soon he was striding ahead of her along the track.

Still no word did he speak to her, and she began to wonder greatly at it. She consoled herself by examining the shapely form in front of her at her leisure, and she found the poise of body and the swing of limb most attractive to watch. Her pride would not let her speak again, so on they went, both silent, but each with heart and mind unconsciously stirring to new emotions.

The track branched off into the forest, and Manaia moved more cautiously. Still no word was said. The track led over a low hill, and then down an open ridge, but Manaia had only gone a few paces down when fierce cries from below caused him to move back. The maiden, however, recognising a party of Ngatihotu warriors hurrying up to her rescue, ran down the track to meet them, then stopped and stood irresolute. She longed to take the Arawa with her, but she knew the danger. To her tribe every stranger was an enemy, a spy, a possible leader in some pending raid against Ngatihotu. The tribe would take no risks.

"Fly now, O friend, who art named Manaia," she cried from below, "and the spirit of Rerémoa will seek to guard thee on the way!"

He raised his greenstone weapon in mute reply. Then, with an Arawa war-cry upon his lips, he raised his weapon again and quivered it in defiance of the Ngatihotus as, with threatening yells and gestures, they crowded up the track.

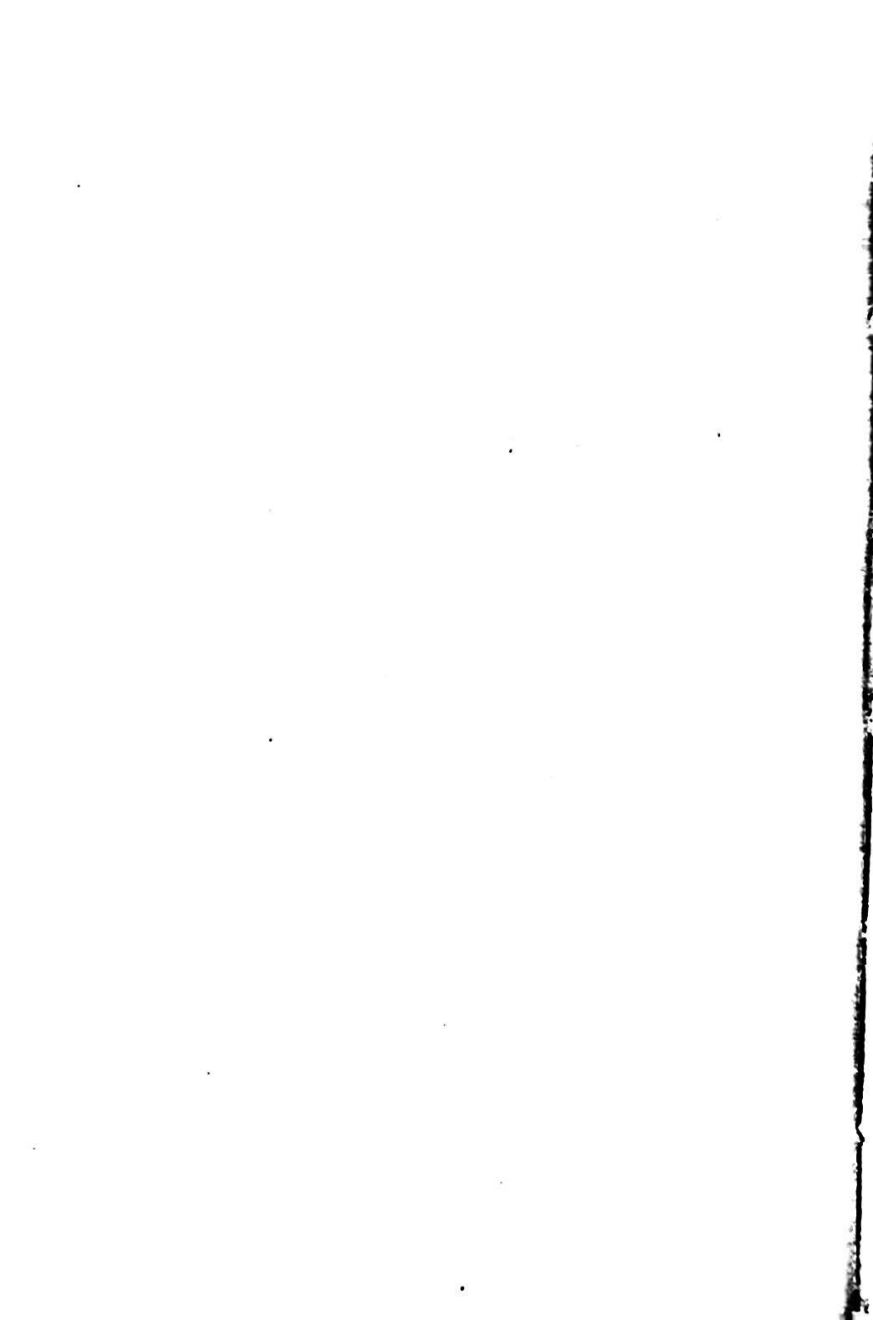
A third time he raised his meré, and this time there

came softly from his lips an ancient proverb of his people:

"Ko Hinéruhi hoe, te wahiné nana i tu te ata hapara.
Thou art like Hinéruhi of old, she who caused the
glories of the dawn to appear."

Then, as he sprang back and disappeared into the forest, she seemed to hear his unspoken promise that he would come again.

BOOK TWO



BOOK TWO

I. THE BOUNDARY POST

Sleepy are the eyes of the eel fisher;
He can doze off while fishing.
But the fisher in war, the planner
and conductor of battles, his eyes must
be ever watchful.

COLENSO'S *Maori Proverbs*.

DISTURBING thoughts were in the mind of Manaia as he led his men still farther eastward that day.

What were Tuhoe doing in among these foothills of the Kaimanawas, far to the south of their homes in the Uréwera? Was it by chance that they had almost captured the daughter of the high chief of Ngatihotu? Was it possible that the war-parties met with on the Plains of Kaingaroa had really been feeling their way towards Taupo Lake, rather than making any serious threat against Hikurangi in the north?

Disturbing thoughts, but they decided Manaia upon his course of action. He would make the most of this opportunity to measure the hold which Ngatihotu had upon the Kaimanawa country. Then he would hasten back to the ariki and beseech him to end the war with Tuhoe quickly, so that more urgent and more important work for the tribe might be carried out in the south.

Early next morning the Arawas reached the top of the watershed at the very end of the Kaimanawa Range. Beyond lay a jumble of hills and ridges and a maze of valleys and ravines—a desolate-looking country leading down towards the sea-coast far away to the east. Let other tribes claim such country, thought Manaia.

He ordered the warriors to cut down and shape a sapling, and he intoned the incantations as his men drove the long stake deeply into the ground upon the very top of the dividing ridge. Then he lined the warriors up, and they turned their faces first towards Taupo, and then towards the east, and then back towards Taupo, as they joined their leader in a brief but triumphant chant:

"The boundary-post of Te Arawa!
The boundary-post of Te Arawa!
Te Arawa is the Canoe!
Te Arawa is the Tribe!
The boundary-post of Te Arawa!"

.

On the return journey westward, the Arawas kept well up into the hills, and from time to time were rewarded with entrancing views of Taupo.

At various points along the route they saw pas, and the nearer they approached the Lake the more populous the country became. Truly Ngatihotu were a numerous people, even if they lacked in spirit, and their fortified villages were on hills that would be difficult to assault. The conquest of this Taupo country might not be easy. The full strength of Te Arawa might be needed, unless—

"O Rata!" said Manaia. "I see more clearly now.

First I will seek to conquer Taupo from Taupo Lake itself. I will capture or have hewn out a fleet of canoes. And I will seize that island yonder. Motu-taikoi! That-Island-over-There—the name given to it by Ngatoro in other days! It shall be my base. Enough!”

II. THE CHILDREN-OF-THE-MIST

*Hokihoki tonu mai te wairua o te tau
Ki te awhi-Rerenga ki tenei kiri-t,
I tawhiti te aroha é pai ana é te tau,
Te paanga ki te uma mamae ana, é te tau.*

Oft the spirit of my love returns to me
To embrace in Rerenga-land this form of mine.
Always, though far away, I dream fondly of thee,
And a sweet pain is ever in my bosom, O my love!

JAMES COWAN.

THE morning of the fourth day after the Battle of the Plains saw Manaia well on the way with his party for the Uréwera, taking a direct but very rough route across country instead of going by the roundabout way past Pukékura; and at dusk he was sitting in conference with his father and the chiefs and tohungas, gathered together upon a hill slope facing the entrance to the great gorge.

The taua had driven Tuhoe besiegers away from the Red Hill of Pukékura and had pushed them back into the mountainous country away to the north. The main object of the expedition had been achieved when the power of Te Arawa to protect an outlying section of the tribe had been proved afresh. Yet still there remained one thing to do, for Mawaké-Taupo had made a promise. He was speaking now:

"O leaders of Te Arawa, listen! At the head of yonder gorge is the pa we seek, and well is it named the Cliff of Death. Twice during my younger days did I traverse the gorge with a war-party, and twice did we reach the rock pa at the top, but each

time we were baffled, and turned back. So will it be in this case, for I will not agree to waste the lives of men on a mad assault."

Mawaké-Taupo paused, and held up a small basket in which lay a heap of reddish soil, soil from before the home of Manawa-roa on Pukékura Hill, and then continued:

"In one way, or in another, this soil shall reach the aged captive in Pari-maté Pa, for though the promise I made on Hikurangi was a rash promise, it must be fulfilled, and it will be for me or for my son Manaia here to find a way. Moreover, we will make of it a sign and a warning that Te Arawa can reach even the hidden strongholds of Tuhoe, if the need be but great enough.

"The taua moves up the gorge at dawn. Enough! The council is ended."

Murmurs of approval greeted the words of the ariki. Truly he was the preserver of his people. Not even to give effect to his spoken word would Mawaké-Taupo throw away the lives of his warriors. One by one the chiefs and tohungas moved away to attend to the preparations for the morrow's task, leaving Mawaké-Taupo alone with his son, to whom he said:

"A way shall be found, and to me or to thee will be the honour and the danger. When the taua moves, forget not the ropes of plaited flax, for they will be needed!"

"*E pai ana!* It is good!" replied Manaia. "This matter of Manawa-roa is for me."

"Yes!" agreed the ariki. "Now tell me of thy doings in the south!"

To the tale unfolded by his son, Mawaké-Taupo listened with the keenest interest. With his mind's

eye, he saw the distant Lake and the snow-capped peaks of Tongariro that held up the sky beyond. In the spirit, he followed along the track of Manaia's band across the pumice country and on into the foothills region of the Kaimanawas. It disquieted him to hear of the presence of a Tuhoe war-party there, and he readily agreed to Manaia's suggestion that the Uréwera people should be warned against any further activities in the south and west.

But when Manaia proceeded to speak of the maiden who had been saved from the Tuhoe raiders, the ariki could not restrain an exclamation of mingled surprise and annoyance. Manaia interested in a maiden at last, and a stranger at that! What would the tribe say? It would object. Yes, certainly it would object. What then?

"Hear me, O my father," went on Manaia, "even if that which I have to say pleases thee not! I am thy son. Yes, and I am known to thee, and thou knowest, nay, all on Hikurangi know, that no maiden there, save only my little sister, has ever touched my mind or heart. My body also have I kept free.

"Now there has come into my life, in strange manner, a maiden the equal of our loved Marama. She is the Puhi maiden Rerémoa, sacred to her tribe of Ngatihotu as Marama is to ours. Beautiful, yet it was a something in her voice, I think, that stirred the hidden forces in me, and made me put my mark upon her spirit. I will find her again.

"Therefore, betroth me not to any other maiden, for in this matter is my purpose fixed. Rerémoa shall be my mate; and it comes to me that she will shape my destiny in the south. Enough!"

He rose up, and began to pace to and fro, glad that

he had taken a definite stand, yet dreading a break with his father upon a subject of such importance to the tribe. Finally Mawaké-Taupo rose also, and then impulsively placed his arm round Manaia's shoulder. Manaia understood. Together they turned first towards Hikurangi in the north-west, and then towards Taupo in the south-west.

On this same night, the night of the death of the moon, away upon the topmost tower of far-off Hikurangi, stood the Puhi maiden Marama. Beside her crouched Niwareka, while on the ground below squatted Te Puku the Fat, with his bulky form resting against a stout post of the palisade.

"O Puhi maiden!" said Niwareka. "Is it not time for thee to retire? There is a chill in the air. I am afraid for thee."

"The chill that I feel is not in the air, but is in my heart," was the slow reply. "Thou dost fear for me, but I fear for my father. Night after night, and day after day, I fear for him, for Death draws near to him, and he knows it not.

"Nor can I warn him, for I am not trained, as Manaia and my father are trained, to project the thoughts across a distance. Ah! Even now I hear them calling to me, their loved one, and I am helpless to reply. Nor will Te Moana use his powers. Alas! He says the way is fixed, and must be trodden. Ah me! Ah me!"

She wept softly, but with a quiet passion of grief most disturbing to her hearers, and Niwareka sobbed in sympathy as she tried to comfort her.

Te Puku essayed to climb up from below to see

what he could do, but the pole ladder would not stand his weight, and he crashed to the ground with an alarming thud. He was not hurt, but his groans made Marama forget her sorrow as she hastened down to his aid.

Her relief at finding him uninjured turned to laughter at his plight, for he had fallen on his back into a hollow, and, try as he would, he could not raise himself on to his feet again.

"Thou art a fallen star," cried Marama, as she and Niwareka struggled to help him up; "but we will set thee in the heavens again."

They bent their strong young bodies to the task, and rolled the Fat One over into a more friendly dip in the ground. Soon they had him on his feet again, and none the worse for his fall. They warned him to be more careful with himself, and then away they went, leaving Te Puku smiling with satisfaction.

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That same night, and at about the same time, upon the top of a hill pa near the headwaters of the Rangitaiki River, east of Taupo, there stood another Puhi maiden, the maiden Rerémoa, and beside her sat her father, the High Chief Nukutea of Ngatihotu. The maiden was speaking:

"Bear with me, O my father, if in this one thing my thoughts run along a different path from thine!

"Manaia the Arawa will return. In my very heart I know that he will return. Even as I stand here and gaze out into the night, I feel an influence upon my spirit, and it stirs me to the depths. I think he calls to me. Yes, he bids me wait for him until the kumara

ripen to the harvest in the summer-time. That is the message.

"The thought now lies with thee, but deal gently with me, the last of thy line, thy sole surviving child, thy Rerémoa!"

She threw herself down beside him, and pressed her head against his knees. Deeply moved, her father for a time could only stroke the soft hair and relieve his feelings with a chanted dirge. Then:

"O Rerémoa, I had thought to mate thee with the ariki of the Whanganuis, that his People-of-the-River might join their power with ours, that together we might hold this Lake country against the northern tribes. Better for Ngatihotu to be singed by Whanganui than burnt up by Tuhoe or Te Arawa!

"And now comes this youth Manaia. No! I know not his father's name, nor yet his place of birth, but it was an Arawa taua from Rotorua Lake that reached the southern shores of Taupo when thou wert but a child. Barely did thy mother and I escape with thee. Thy brothers perished, and with them many of our tribe. Thy mother died with the sorrow of it."

He softly chanted a lament for the loved ones, and then proceeded:

"Now in mine old age am I almost as a branchless tree, yet it seems that Arawa and Whanganui seek to take from me my one remaining bough. *Taihoa!* The matter is not yet clear to me, save this, that no man not of thy choosing will be forced upon thee by thy father."

The maiden pressed her face against his hands in gratitude for that promise, but she gathered its limits by the words that followed:

"As to this Arawa of thine, we shall see what the

days bring forth. I fear that he but marks the track for a taua to come this way next summer. Now hear me, my Rerémoa! He shall not have thee if he bring red war to Taupo. Nor shall he have thee if he be from Rotorua, the home of thy brothers' slayers. Therefore, take heed!

"Ha! A thought has come to me. Why did Tuhoe seek to capture thee? Has the fame of thy beauty spread afar? Is it thee that Tuhoe, Arawa, and Whanganui want? Nay, rather it is the fertile lands of Ngatihotu that they seek as thy dowry."

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At the first glimmer of dawn the taua moved up the gorge, advancing boldly, for there was little danger of an ambush in the gorge itself. Its rocky bottom was clear of undergrowth, and the Arawas would have welcomed a battle there. Nor was there serious risk of attack from the cliffs, for on one side the precipitous wall sloped inwards at the base, giving ample cover to the advancing warriors from any rocks that might be hurled down from above.

Half-way up, the gorge widened out considerably at a point where some side valleys converged upon it and cut it in two. The rock walls gave place to easy bush-clad slopes, but at the junction, and right in the centre of the gorge, was left a mass of rock of considerable extent and height.

Here Mawaké-Taupo placed some fifty of his men, with orders to watch the valleys on either side, and to observe all movements there. Here also, for some reason known only to the ariki, were left behind the flax ropes of Manaia's band.

Then on went the Arawas up the gorge, which

narrowed again. Still no sign of Tuhoe did they see, not even when they neared the top. But there the gorge took a sudden turn, and then widened out into a basin hemmed in on every side by cliffs.

As the younger warriors pressed round this bend close upon the heels of their leader, their exclamations of surprise and consternation mingled with the warning cries of Tuhoe from the rock-pa in front.

"O Arikī! How can men of flesh and blood scale the cliffs to reach that pa? *Aue!*"

They dashed about the rocky basin, seeking a way up to the heights above. They found a track up a side ravine, but it was steep and narrow, and at the top were great boulders whose downward-sweeping rush no attackers might face—a place impossible of assault. Truly this refuge of Tuhoe had been chosen well, thought the discomfited Arawas as they gathered around their leader and awaited his command. Yet it was hard to have to stand there and listen to the insults and the taunts that flowed down from triumphant Tuhoe above.

But the Arawa leader remained calm, undisturbed by the clamour of Tuhoe or by the inability of his own men to assault the pa. If only Tuhoe could be tempted down, lured by the comparative fewness of the foe below! If only Tuhoe could be tempted down! Then would Te Arawa strike hard, and perhaps even find a way to scale the cliffs and rush the pa above.

Drawing his men up in a compact body towards the centre of the basin, and ordering them to remain silent, Mawaké-Taupo stepped forward alone. At a distance of a few paces he stopped, then raised his weapon Pahikauré as he hurled forth his challenge:

"Come down from your high place, O Children-of-

the-Mist! Come forth from the forest around, O People-of-the-Shadowy-Depths! Come down! Come forth! Here am I, Mawaké-Taupo of Hikurangi, an Arawa of the Arawas. Tread on my feet! Tread on my feet! Make haste! Make haste!"

A Tuhoe chief stepped out to the very edge of the cliff, and behind him gathered a number of the elders of the pa. In his hand was a shell trumpet, and as he raised it to his lips and gave forth a solitary and defiant blast the veterans among the Arawas knew, by the smooth quality of its note, that it was the famed war-trumpet Te Umu-kohu-kohu which had played an honoured part in many raids.

"O People-of-the-Arawa-Canoe," cried the Tuhoe chief, "what seek ye of us? Is the entrance to the other world barred and closed that ye now seek death amid our hills and mountains? Must ye break down the palisades that bar the way to death? Is death then so pleasant that ye seek it out? Again I ask. What seek ye of us? Speak!"

"Two things we seek of you," replied Mawaké-Taupo, "and these two things we demand of you in the name of Te Arawa. Listen! Ye shall deliver to us alive the aged chief Manawa-roa, for he longs to gaze upon the land of his fathers ere he dies. For the rest, ye people of Tuhoe must keep to your hills and mountains. The Valley of Pukékura and the Plains of Kaingaroa and the Great Lake Taupo are not for you. Enough!"

A roar of laughter came from the crowd of Tuhoes above, but their chief at once commanded silence. He gave another melodious blast upon the shell trumpet before handing it over to a warrior near by. Then he spoke with spirit:

"This is our reply to Te Arawa. Manawa-roa dies on the third day from now. Can Te Arawa save him?

"As to the rest, we claim the Valley of the Red Hill, and we claim the Plains and we will occupy and possess them. Too long have Tuhoe been held back by the threats of Te Arawa.

"As to the Great Lake Taupo, we claim it also. Another summer, and war-parties from every district in the Uréwera will be sweeping down upon the Lake and round its southern shores. And who are Ngatihotu that they should stand in our way? Even now a war-party is setting up the boundary-posts of Tuhoe on Ngatihotu's lands. What know ye of that war-party, O Arawas who fought with Tuhoe upon the Plains?

"But enough! Thus and thus do we reply to the threats of Te Arawa, and we care not whether thy word be now war or peace."

A vigorous war-dance by the Tuhoe warriors gave added defiance to the reply, but it merely called forth contemptuous shouts from the watching Arawas below. Unless the Mountain People could perform the war-dance better than that, they could never hope to hold an Arawa taua in a real fight.

All eyes were now turned upon Mawaké-Taupo as he moved forward a little farther still.

"Hear me, O Tuhoe," he cried, "as I speak in the spirit of Ngatoro-i-rangi, the Great Tohunga of the Arawa Canoe!

"As to some things the end is not yet known to me. But as to the Taupo-nui-a-Tia, it shall never be for the people of Tuhoe, for it is destined to be for my son and for his children for ever.

"To my side, Manaia!" he added sharply. He cast aside his dogskin cape and his waist-garment of

flax, and, in a moment, he and Manaia stood side by side, each stripped to the loin-cloth or maro.

"Behold, my son Manaia!" he cried again. "To him, I say, shall be the Great Lake and the mountains beyond. He also has erected a boundary-post on Ngatihotu's land. Ha! What know ye of that? And now I seek a sign."

He pressed Pahikauré to his brow, and waited. Manaia, however, kept looking at the cliff face as he carefully scanned every portion of its broken surface. Ah, now he understood about the matter of the ropes.

The Tuhoe warriors and the women-folk in the pa above crowded to the edge of the cliff, gazing down in wonder upon two superb forms, and freely discussing which was the nobler figure. The younger one was the taller, and gave promise of the greater strength, and the Tuhoe women openly praised his curve of shoulder and limb.

They pressed nearer to the edge to gain a better view. The Tuhoe chief, in surly fashion, pushed some of the older women out of the way, but he was caught in the backward surge, and lost his balance. He tried to recover himself, slipped, and fell sideways over the brink before a hand could save him.

Not one of the horrified onlookers above saw their chief strike a half-way ledge and bounce outwards, but they all heard his gasping scream as he fell, and they all heard the *mata-ika* cry of the Arawa chief—then came a dreadful sound, and the wailing of Tuhoe for their dead.

"Behold, the sign of fate!" cried Mawaké-Taupo. "Thus shall Tuhoe fall before Te Arawa. Enough!"

With his waist-garment readjusted, and with his war-cape again adorning his shoulders, he moved

back with Manaia to the waiting Arawas, and led them to the outlet from the basin. Then, turning, he suddenly raised his voice so that his words reverberated along the rocky walls and carried well up into the very inmost recesses of the pa:

"Hearken! The Kahu-Korako, the White Hawk of the Arawas, is spreading his wings for flight. His talons are red, but not with the blood of men. *Taihoa!* He shall cleanse them upon the top of this Cliff of Death ere he bear an Arawa chief to Hawaiki. Therefore, though the sun will set, the sun will shine again. Enough!"

"Hu! Hu! Hu!" cried the Arawas as they swept round the bend and out of sight down the gorge.

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In all that Tuhoe pa of Pari-maté, only one person really understood the meaning of those final words, and that one was the captive Manawa-roa.

To him alone had come the hidden message.

III. THE WHITE HAWK

I listen to the cry
Of yonder bird. It cries:
 "Takoikoi, takoikoi,
 Takéré, takéré!
It is a warning cry.
Our foes still wait outside.
Ki waho é! A-ha-aha!
Outside! Ha-ha-a!

JAMES COWAN. (*Sentinel's Chant.*)

"THE moon wanes and dies, but returns again. Not so, however, with you. Therefore, beware of rashness!"

In front of the ariki stood the youths of Manaia's band, and to them he was addressing words of caution.

The taua had arrived back at the central rock before midday, and the warriors were now busy clearing out scattered parties of Tuhoe from the wooded slopes near by. The Arawas required freedom of movement for that which was in hand. They required access to the forest tracks along the heights above the gorge. The gorge itself would be watched by Tuhoe day and night, and no secret movements would be possible there.

Mawaké-Taupo had explained his plan. Manaia and his youths were to avoid the foe, and seek to reach a point in the forest opposite the Tuhoe pa. Then they were to fall back, without fighting if possible, but leaving one of their number behind in some hidden spot, unnoticed by Tuhoe, there to wait for the darkness to come.

Tuhoe would fear a trap, and would be cautious. They would follow the retreating Arawas, but they

would not force a fight. They would know that near at hand were the tried warriors of the taua. The chief danger to the Arawas would lie in the impetuosity of the youths themselves, and Mawaké-Taupo was unwilling to risk his plan or sacrifice his young men needlessly. So he had warned them against rashness. Now he proceeded:

"The one who shall be left to reach the pa is Manaia. He is the White Hawk. He it is who shall bear some red soil of Pukékura to old Manawa-roa, and carry the burden of his father's promise.

"No path opens up through the side ravine, but this morning, as I called Manaia to my side, I picked out a spot where the cliff face may be scaled. Jutting rocks will hold the ropes of flax. Let my Hawk fly into the pa! It is the only way! Enough!"

No sooner had he finished speaking than out in front of him leaped Rata and Kahu. They demanded to be heard.

An impatient sign from the ariki, and Rata burst forth in angry tones, while Kahu glowered savagely from behind because he had not been chosen to speak first.

"O Ariki!" cried Rata. "I am the friend of Manaia, yet I will not allow him to always take the post of honour. I am a chief, and thou knowest my rank in the tribe. Therefore, leave this task to me and to my whalebone weapon! Moreover, Manaia promised that the next fight would be to me. Now let his word live. O Ariki! let his word live!"

Before Mawaké-Taupo could reply, the wrathful Kahu had pressed forward again and, in uncontrolled words, was upbraiding his chief for favouring his own branch of the tribe:

"Art thou afraid, O Ariki, that I, Kahu, of the blood of Tama-te-kapua, may advance my name before the tribe? Why should Manaia be chosen always? Is this the way to build up chiefs for the tribe? Shame be thy portion, O Ariki, if in this matter thou dost use thy power to favour thine own flesh and blood! Enough from Kahu! Now do with me as thou wilt!"

"So!" replied Mawaké-Taupo. "Two of the fledglings of the Bird-of-Tu dig their talons into me. So! And their talons are sharp."

He paused, and then proceeded:

"Yet their demand is just. The young hawks shall prove themselves. Both shall go. To Rata and to Kahu shall be the honour. Manaia can show the spot to them, and then move back.

"As to this red soil from Pukékura, let it be divided into three small portions, and wrapped in leaves! One portion can be for Rata, another for Kahu, and the third will be retained by me. Grieve not, O Manaia, for that third portion may yet be needed!"

Manaia made no comment, but he stared at Kahu as that elated youth strutted about brandishing his weapon and even daring to comment audibly upon the success of his protest.

It took but a moment or two to divide up the red soil, but much longer to recite the incantations over it. Mawaké-Taupo finished at last, and then came his final orders:

"Take with you your ropes of flax, O Rata, O Kahu, but cover them up, lest Tuhoe see them, and see too much. Hasten, for the way is clear, and the warriors are there to see you all safely up the tracks! *Haéré! Go!*"

As they entered the valley on the northern side of

the gorge, they were met by a party of Arawas, and led quickly into the forest and up an easy ridge. For some time they moved along a track, until a glimpse of a leaping form showed them that Tuhoes were just ahead.

Leaving a few men to hold that track, they forced a way through the thick undergrowth, until they reached another track running above and close to the gorge itself. Soon they came in touch with further Tuhoes, and these also fell back before the Arawas.

It was clear that Tuhoe felt safe in the security of the pa, and so had sent out only a few parties, with orders to fall back as soon as the Arawas advanced.

The notes of a war-trumpet now warned Manaia that the pa itself could not be far off. He halted the warriors, and then went on ahead with only his band of youths, stationing them at short intervals along the track, and warning them to be in readiness to retire.

By the time he was near the cliff above the rocky basin, only Rata and Kahu remained with him. Cautiously the three youths crept through the undergrowth and out to the edge of the cliff until, unseen by any foe, they peered through a screen of leaves, and saw in front of them, across the gulf, the great pa they sought.

For some time they lay there, thrilled with the novelty of the sight. This Tuhoe fort differed so much from Hikurangi and other pas of the Arawas. Not a palisade was to be seen except on the far side, where several rows guarded a narrow ridge leading up to the forest beyond.

The pa itself occupied an extensive area, and, scattered over the inside portion away from the

rocky edge, were many thatched dwellings, some of considerable size.

Separated from the others was an exceedingly long building of the Wharé-tapéré type, and not far from it on the southern side was a small dwelling made entirely of wooden slabs. Now in front of this slab-dwelling was an armed Tuhoe on guard.

"Manawa-roa!" whispered Manaia. The others nodded in reply.

Then Manaia pointed downwards, and Rata and Kahu saw what had escaped their notice before. The cliff face below the pa was worn in parts, no doubt by the action of alternate heats and frosts, and then by winter rains. A series of ledges had formed, while here and there were jutting rocks whose upturned points might give lodgment to loops of flax. Yes, it could be scaled, but surely not by night, whispered Kahu.

"Let the eye measure the distances between the ledges!" whispered Manaia in reply. "Each seems within easy throwing distance of the one below. See the sharp-pointed rocks above that hollow there. When darkness will have come, lower yourselves down by these trailing vines into the basin below, and feel your way across towards that hollow!

"Then throw! To what purpose were ye trained, if ye cannot judge of distance? What matters the light? Cannot the ropes of flax speak as they softly strike the rock?

"One thing more! After handing the red soil of Pukékura to Manawa-roa, forget not the word of the ariki! An Arawa must bear an Arawa chief to Hawaiki. Enough!"

He waited but long enough to see Rata carefully

hide his bundle of ropes and then himself under a fallen log. Manaia skilfully covered up the tracks as he moved away. Even a Tuhoe trained in the forest ways would not see a thing amiss.

Then Manaia looked around for Kahu, but he was nowhere to be seen. Only with difficulty did Manaia at last locate him on a little rise farther back. He was lying in a hollow under a spreading shrub, but from this spot he could see the fallen log under which Rata lay hidden.

Smoothing out the ferns and the moss near by, and slowly obliterating all footprints in the softer portions of the track as he passed along, Manaia moved back towards his band of youths.

Reaching the first one, he gave forth a defiant cry that resounded through the forest. Then, moving swiftly along and gathering in his youths one by one, he caused them each to repeat that cry. Tuhoe would not remain dumb under so taunting a challenge. Soon he heard the answering cries as their warriors followed hard upon the Arawa track.

Joining up with his main party, Manaia led his men at a run through the forest and down the slope towards the gorge, with Tuhoe close behind. Ah! The ruse had apparently succeeded, for the outside watchers had certainly been drawn away from the rocky basin, and even the sentries in the pa itself might now become less watchful.

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It was towards evening that Manaia found Kahu. He lay unconscious on the track about half-way up the slope, with blood still flowing from a gaping wound in his side. One limb bore the marks of contact with

a jagged tree stump, and lacerated knees and bleeding hands showed that he must have crawled and crawled along until, utterly exhausted, he had collapsed.

Carrying the limp form as if it were that of a child, Manaia moved quickly down the slope and over towards the great rock in the centre of the gorge. The astonished Arawas looked on in utter silence, and in silence Manaia held out his burden for his father to see.

"Ha!" cried the ariki. "One bird of Te Arawa has broken a wing, and it trails upon the ground. So much for that bird! Now what of the other? Lose no time! Kahu must speak. Quickly!"

Rough hands plucked the youth from Manaia's grasp and bore him to a fire. Green leaves upon the embers soon emitted a pungent smoke. A whiff or two, and Kahu coughed, opened his eyes for a moment, and gasped. Then with difficulty he whispered words significant of meaning to every free-born Arawa there:

"A captive! Rata—a captive!"

Evening came, then early night, and at last Manaia's conference with his father was at an end.

Mawaké-Taupo had known that objection would be useless; but in any case he would not have opposed the wishes of his son, for no one could expect Manaia to stand idly by and make no effort to save his friend.

Further, the word of an Arawa chief to old Manawaroa had still to be kept. Nor could the Arawas leave the Uréwera with this apparent defeat hanging over them like a black cloud.

In the darkness, Manaia felt a strong pressure upon his arm, and it helped him. Then:

"*Haeré ra, é taku tamaiti, haeré ra!* Farewell, O my son, farewell!"

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With no garment save a loin-cloth to hinder his movements, with nothing on him that might cause the faintest rustle to reach attentive ears, Manaia stole forth by a roundabout route towards the track above the gorge. Yet he was not altogether without burdens. Under his belt were a greenstone *meré* and a little package of soil from Pukékura, while round his waist he had wrapped coil after coil of plaited flax, thin and light but very strong, each coil weighted at one end for the running loop.

Passing the sentries, he soon reached the forest, but had not gone far along the track before he sensed the presence of some Tuhoes just ahead. Making a wide detour and carefully feeling his way through an unseen tangle of undergrowth, he at last picked up the track again and was able to move on more rapidly.

A second time was he delayed. From a dip in the track there came floating up the scent of a bark fire. Tuhoe watchers would be there, seeking warmth against the chill of the night air. Manaia passed them well to one side, and again found the track, but much time had been lost.

At last he reached the edge of the cliff above the basin. It was after midnight, for there above him in the heavens was Te Mangaroa, a continuous pathway of splendour across the sky, and its position enabled him to judge the passage of time.

But feeling uncomfortable at his close proximity to the spot where Rata had most probably been

captured, Manaia moved back along the edge to the point where the basin had its outlet into the gorge.

The whole face of the cliff on this side was covered with a mass of creepers and trailing vines hanging down from the forest above, and Manaia had ample support for even his great weight as he lowered himself down to the black depths below.

Landing on the rocky floor, he quickly skirted the bottom of the cliff for some distance, and then rested, seeking to fix his position. Soon his eyes became accustomed to the deeper gloom of the basin, and he could discern the outline of the Tuhoe pa against the background of a sky of stars. Now he knew exactly where he was, but he remained standing there for a while listening to the watch-cries of the various sentries in the pa above.

One sentry alone presented danger. He occupied a spot close to where Manaia hoped to scale the cliff, and he was wide awake. He was seeking to let the whole world know that he was awake. Clearly came his call:

"Here on the watch am I:
E—e! I a—ha-aha!
Wakeful on watch am I:
E—e! I a—ha-aha!"

Mingled with the cries of the sentries were some muffled bursts of laughter that made Manaia anxious. What could Tuhoe be doing that could keep them merry at this time of night? Were they taunting the young captive now in their midst? And how could that captive be saved, if prisoner in a crowded building?

Carefully, and slowly, Manaia felt his way across until he reached the little hollow on the far side. He stood up, and to his mind's eye there came a clear vision of projecting rocks and narrow ledges above.

He threw up one of his flax ropes to almost its full length, and missed. The rope came tumbling back without a sound. He threw again, and again he missed, but this time he felt the message the rope sent back as it struck the rock.

Manaia moved a little to the right, and threw again. The rope held. Gently he put the strain on, and the loop tightened at the top. Slowly he put his weight upon the rope, and still it held. Gently he pulled himself up and up with straight and slow lifts, fearing to dislodge the rock, or cause the loop to slip. Soon he reached the first ledge. It was wider than he had thought.

A moment's rest, and up went the loop again. At the fourth throw it held, and soon the second ledge was reached.

The third ledge proved hard to gain. Six times Manaia threw without result. He tried again on either side, but still the rope came tumbling back.

He lengthened the throw after tying two ropes together, and at last the loop held. The fourth and fifth ledges were near at hand and were soon reached, and by this time Manaia was within an arm's length of the summit.

That last ledge was very narrow, but it sufficed. With his back pressed to the rock, and with his feet wide apart to give him balance, Manaia prepared his line of retreat. He tied all his ropes securely together, end to end, then he carefully turned and hitched a special loop around a knob of rock. An upward and sideways twist from below would release that loop, but no amount of downward pull upon the rope would cause the loop to slip or tighten.

The way out was clear. Now for the way in!

Surely it was time for that sentry above to chant his watch-cry! The other sentries had repeated their calls. Ah! At last! Upon the still night air came again the watchman's cry:

"Here on the watch am I:
E—e! I a—ha—aha!"

The man chanted joyfully, knowing nothing of that lurking form on the ledge so near at hand. Manaia slid over the top and crept towards him. Not a sound came to give the Tuhoe warning. He chanted on:

"Wakeful on watch am I:
E—e! I a—ha—aha!"

IV. THE DEATH SIGN

I chant mine incantation now
To sky, to earth, to pit below.
Chant now thy song, mine enemy!
'Tis gloom on thee, but sunshine rests
On me. The mist now droops o'er thee,
But still the sun on me doth shine.
'Tis night with thee, but blaze of day
With me. And denser darkness now
Doth wrap thee round, while lifting clouds
Make clear the brightness of my sky.

WHITE'S *Maori History*.

(*Ancient Battle-chant.*)

As the sound of the chant died away, powerful fingers closed upon the Tuhoe's throat.

Valiantly the sentry strove to loosen that grip, to stay that relentless pressing backward of his head. In vain! Lifted off his feet, he still struggled, but soon Manaia exerted his tremendous strength to the full, and a sudden click came as the head fell limply to one side. Gently he lowered the body, and carried it to some distance from the edge, lest some other sentry should stumble on it in the darkness.

Then, cautiously, he felt his way towards the prison-hut of Manawa-roa. He knew it must be over there, standing by itself, near the cliff edge on the southern side. Soon his hands came in contact with the slab walls. He crept slowly, very slowly, towards the Tuhoe guard, who was softly chanting a dirge of grief at the death of some loved one:

"I weep my loss of long-kept bird,
Whose note would wake me at the dawn;
But now that bird has flown away
And gone to distance far from me."

Willingly would Manaia have spared him, but it could not be. For all the sound that came, the struggle might have been between two spirits of the dead. Ah! That ominous click again! Manaia propped the body up against the wall, and as he did so the weakly-chanted words of a captive's lament fell upon his ears. It was the death-chant of Manawa-roa:

"Here am I, weary, gaunt, captive,
Sitting aimlessly and alone
Whilst death comes near
And to its end doth draw
That path of glory, honour, fame,
Which youth laid out."

A brief pause, and then the weak voice proceeded in tones of weariness and utter despair:

"Now, crushed by shame, my spirit dies within,
As crouching, it draws near to boyhood's home.
No welcome do I hear by uttered words
That sound to all the tribe my honoured name.
Ah me! so weak am I that barely now
Could I attempt to sweep the weeds aside
That grow along the path to my old home."

The voice ceased, and then softly, and slowly, there came an answering chant from without, but this time it was a chant of Te Arawa:

"Ngatoro it was who
Saved the Canoe—
Te Arawa,
From the "Throat of—
The Parata,"
On the voyage from—
Rarotonga.
Ngatoro it was who
Brought our Canoe—
Te Arawa,
From the Isle Tawhiti—
In safety,
Across the sea of—
Kiwa."

A rustle from within, and a bony hand clutched at Manaia's knee. The hand trembled. A low moan issued through the open doorway.

The next moment Manaia was kneeling in the darkness of the hut, and was being silently *tangi'd* over by Manawa-roa. Six years a captive, but not altogether forgotten by the ariki, for here was his son, the young White Hawk Manaia, of whom he had heard! Joy and tears! Even a captive had not been forgotten! Greetings to the ariki!

Manaia pressed something into his hands. The moist leaves had kept the soil fresh, and the old chief recognised the scent at once. Only from Pukékura could this soil have come. He wept again, and very quietly he crooned:

"Mine eyes are dim
With mist of tears,
Yet now I see
The reddish hill
Of Pukékura.
I live again."

A sudden whisper from Manaia reminded him that time was pressing:

"Where lies the young chief Rata? Quickly!"

"He is in the Wharé-tapéfé," whispered Manawa-roa in reply. "In it the youths and maidens of Tuhoe are assembled still. Harken to their merriment! Perhaps they jeer at him."

"Gave he any message as he passed this spot?" asked Manaia.

"No! Not to me!" replied Manawa-roa. "Yet stay! I heard his voice raised in some lament, in which he sang farewell to home and tribe, and sang farewell to thee and to some Puhi maiden whose name I do not

know. Yet mostly I noticed a bitterness in his lament. He was betrayed."

"So!" was all the comment that Manaia made, but a hot anger in his heart left him strangely weak. He moved towards the door, seeking the reviving freshness of the night air.

That bony hand clutched at him again, and fiercely the old man whispered:

"According to the promise of Mawaké-Taupo, a White Hawk is to bear an Arawa chief to Hawaiki. I am that Arawa chief. In the spirit, I have said farewell to the Red Hill of Pukékura, and to the tribe. I am ready to pass on to Hawaiki-the-Beloved, to Hawaiki-the-Long-Remembered. My head is resting against thy weapon. Now then! Fulfil the promise of the ariki!"

For a moment Manaia hesitated. He had known that this would come and yet the doing of it appalled him. He had had enough of death that night.

Fiercely again Manawa-roa whispered:

"Hasten! Dost wish me to die a lingering death in the horror of my captivity? If I die by thy hand, then are the Tuhoes cheated, and my name may yet be held in honour by my tribe. Now quickly! *Patua! Kill!*"

"The tale of thy love for Pukékura shall wipe out the shame of thy captivity," replied Manaia quietly.

As if by instinct they moved outside. Manawa-roa could barely stand, but he would die under the starry sky that looked down upon his distant home. Nor did he forget to draw his garment over his head to deaden the sound.

The end came with one crushing blow from the greenstone meré. Tenderly Manaia lifted the wasted

form and placed it in a sitting posture to one side of the open door. In its hands he left the red soil of Pukékura, then raised his weapon in farewell, and was gone.

From the far side of the pa came the watch-cries of the sentries there. A moment of quietness, and then, from the post of the dead sentry on the southern side, came the clear reply:

"Here on the watch am I:
E-e! I a—ha—aha!
Wakeful on watch am I:
E-e! I a—ha—aha!"

Even the voice seemed the same. Manaia was leaving nothing to chance. The deception held.

He felt that he could now move freely about with little risk of discovery. But for the sentries on the far side and the young people in the Wharé-tapéré, the whole pa seemed asleep. So Manaia moved across to the long building and examined it as closely as the darkness would permit.

The sliding entrance-door was shut, and scarcely a hole could he find along the walls that might command a view within.

At last he found a crack at the corner near the door, and eagerly looked within. The place was packed with young people, except along the centre-way reserved for the dancers. But the light from the fire near each end failed to disclose the whereabouts of the captive Rata.

A burst of applause greeted a troupe of Tuhoe maidens as they launched forth into a poi-dance. It was a peculiar type of poi-dance, quite different from any that Manaia had seen before. It lacked grace and beauty, and he turned from it with distaste.

At the far end he found another crack, and thus could view the portion near the door. But still no sign of Rata could he see. Perhaps the captive was not there at all?

As the poi-maidens finished, some Tuhoe youths jumped up, taiaha in hand, and sought to show their skill with that warrior-weapon. Manaia's lip curled in quiet derision as he watched them. Clearly they were not expert, yet their efforts met with approving cries from those within. Manaia turned away again in sheer disgust.

But Rata had to be found, and quickly, for the night was wearing on. At any moment the leader of the crowd within might cry "Enough!"

Manaia moved round again to the corner near the door. With little effort, he pulled himself up with a steady lift, and then swung himself on to the thatched roof without making a sound. He waited for the next burst of applause from within, then quickly shifted his position, and in a moment had gained the place he sought along the top.

Very carefully he pulled and pulled at the thatch until he had made a slanting hole. He peered through, expecting to command a view of the scene spread out below. For a moment he could discern nothing. Then he saw that quite close to the end of the hole was a human head. The head turned, and Manaia rejoiced to see that the face was that of Rata his friend.

Now everything was clear. The Tuhoes had grown tired of their captive and had hoisted him to the roof. They had then bound him to the top part of the post that supported the ridge-pole at the doorway end. There, almost suffocated by heat and smoke, he must have endured agony in his cramped position, with

nothing to do but watch the futile efforts of the dancers below.

Futile efforts? The plan came to Manaia's mind like a flash, and with it, the certainty of success. He placed his mouth to the hole, and softly uttered the squeak of a rat. Then he peered through the hole again. Rata had turned his head and he was listening.

"Tsi! 'Tis I, Manaia!"

No reply came from the captive, but a faint movement of the nostrils showed that he had heard. He did not raise his eyes lest some Tuhoe might be watching him and grow curious as to the cause.

The whispering continued, as Manaia quickly explained his plan, but still Rata gave no sign of the wild hope surging in his breast. Only at the end did another slight movement indicate that he had heard and understood.

Down below, the interest in the entertainment was beginning to lag, when suddenly the dancing ceased, and all eyes were turned upon the captive. He had uttered an exclamation of disgust and even derision, and it had called forth the wrath of his hearers. Some were for slaying him at once, but others were curious to hear what he might say. They demanded that he speak.

"I grow weary of your dances," came the voice from above, in tones of cold contempt. "How poor and weak compared with those of Te Arawa!"

Sheer astonishment at his temerity kept his hearers silent—all except one.

"Ha! The impudence of the fellow!" exclaimed the leader of the taiaha-dancers. "Perhaps he can use the taiaha better than we."

"Of all the warriors on Hikurangi, no other could use the taiaha as I," said Rata calmly and slowly. The words almost stuck in his throat, for was not Manaia just above, listening to every word, and no doubt smiling at this hearty boast?

"Bring him down! Bring him down!" came the cries from every side, and particularly from the groups of maidens at each end. "Let him show his skill! Bring him down!"

Two active youths climbed up and unloosed the strands that bound Rata to the post, and also untied the flax rope that had hauled him up. Then down they slid, the Tuhoes landing lightly and bounding away while Rata crumpled up in a heap on the earth floor.

A gale of jeering laughter swept the building as the Tuhoes rejoiced at his discomfiture. But a kindly maiden helped him to his feet, and the blood soon began to circulate through his cramped limbs. He pounded himself vigorously, and then cried:

"Listen, O Tuhoes, to the words of Rata, a chief of Te Arawa! I am filthy with soot from this fire. Give me oil for my limbs and my hair, give me feathers as an ornament for my brow, give me a waist-garment fit for a chief, and a taiaha to my hand! Ha! Then will I show you dancing such as has not been seen in this land before. I will give the dance which we of Te Arawa call 'From Death unto Life.' Enough! Let the fires burn brightly!"

While the excited maidens hastened to equip the handsome Arawa with his needs, and the youths cleared an extra space along the centre-way, Manaia moved silently down from the high roof, went round to the far end again, and peered through the friendly crack.

There was Rata putting the finishing touches to

his hair and displaying for all to see the rippling muscles of his shapely arms. The maidens crowded around him, and one or two even went so far as to playfully pinch his smooth skin. Clearly he had impressed them.

Suddenly he brushed them aside and leaped into the open space before the crowd, and there, to the delight of all, he went through the actions of an attacking foe, gradually working his way to the end farthest from the door. Backwards he came, and this time he was on defence, the movements of feet and weapon sometimes too rapid to be clearly seen.

"Ai!" cried more than one of the Tuhoe dancers. "Never before have we seen a taiaha like this. It lives! It lives!"

Manaia moved round towards the door, but Rata went back to the far end, and there he suddenly stopped, threw down his weapon, and gasped:

"Air! Give me air! I am choked with the smoke and the heat. Slide back the door, that a cool breeze may enter and refresh me as I dance!"

Readily the maidens near the door complied, and they scoffed at a sturdy young warrior who alone rose up to stand there on guard. He took no notice. His eyes were on the Arawa. He suspected something. He would remain on guard. But what he did not suspect was that behind him, in the darkness to one side of the path of light, was another Arawa, crouching, waiting.

Back to the doorway end came the weaponless Rata, but he turned away from the open door, and careered off to the far end again in a series of supple movements that drew forth unstinted applause.

Shrilly the maidens begged him to dance on. What

mattered it to them that he was an Arawa? To them, he was as one of the heroes of old, a descendant of the very gods themselves.

Back again he came from the far end, and as he passed the second fire he kicked the blazing embers with all his force, scattering them over the frightened maidens in front and clearing the way to the door.

At the same moment strong hands gripped the Tuhoe guard by the ankles and hauled him out feet first. Through the gap dived Rata, narrowly escaping the downward rush of Manaia's meré. The guard collapsed with a groan, insensible, fortunate indeed in that the death-blow had been withheld.

As Rata bounced to his feet, Manaia seized him by the hand and quickly led him round the side away from the edge of the cliff. Ha! A terrific noise raged within the great building as those inside sought to force their way through the narrow doorway. Soon the doorway blocked. The few who had emerged groped about, but could see nothing.

Doubling round the far end of the building, the Arawas reached the cliff edge unobserved, and Manaia showed the way down on to the first ledge below.

From the pa came the sounds of conflict. In the maddening excitement of the escape, the Tuhoe warriors were blindly attacking each other in the darkness, mistaking friend for foe. The older men, aroused from sleep, felt sure that the pa was being attacked in force, and they dashed wildly about, seeking the point of the Arawa attack. But none thought of searching below the cliff edge.

As Manaia prepared to descend, he felt his arm gripped by Rata, who whispered:

"O Manaia, how may I return with thee to safety,

leaving behind the Aged One to suffer in his captivity? I will go back. There may yet be time. Give me thy weapon!"

He tried to pull the meré from Manaia's belt, but Manaia restrained him, and whispered:

"The promise of the ariki has been fulfilled. Therefore, enough!"

Without waiting to explain he quickly lowered himself down the long length of rope. Down, down, he went until at last he reached the rocky floor and breathed a sigh of relief. Ah! The combined lengths of rope had proved enough. He steadied the rope, and signalled with it for Rata to come down.

Down Rata came, but that descent in the darkness was an ordeal scarcely to be borne. The strain of the day's events had begun to tell upon him, and mentally and physically his strength was ebbing fast. The horror of the unknown gripped him. And what if the loop should slip? The vision of the falling Tuhoe chief came vividly to his mind.

Before he reached the bottom he began to sway, then down the rope he came with a rush upon the unprepared Manaia, knocking him over. The impact caused Rata to pitch forward on to his head, and a groan burst from his lips as he struck the rock.

Manaia lay still, listening, waiting for the cries from above that would indicate discovery; but no cries came. Only the distant sound of conflict continued, so the noise of the fall could have reached no Tuhoe's ears.

Quickly Manaia rose up, and jerked fiercely at the long rope to loosen its hold upon the rock far above. He jerked it outwards and sideways, with a peculiar upward twist born of years of practice, and at last, as

the loop slipped, the rope came tumbling down. He gathered it up. It might be needed yet. Moreover, the way of entry and the way of escape would now remain unknown, for the hard rock would show no tracks along the cliff edge above, nor would any tracks appear on the floor of the basin below.

Feeling around for Rata in the darkness, he shook him, and whispered to him, but no response came. So Manaia lifted him and bore him to the outlet from the basin.

A glance at the great belt of Te Mangaroa in the sky showed the dawn to be still some distance off. Through the forest above lay the better chance of escape, for the gorge itself would be well guarded, and in the darkness the Tuhoes could overwhelm him with numbers should they catch him there, especially with the unconscious Rata cumbering his every movement.

He tied one end of the rope around the limp form in a secure sling, and the other end he tied across his own shoulder and under his arm, leaving his arms free for the task ahead.

Then slowly he pulled himself up the cliff face with the aid of the strong vines and friendly creepers trailing down from the forest above. Only once on the way up did he rest, and that was when he felt a vine give way somewhat under his weight. He bedded himself into a mass of creepers while he listened to the sounds from the pa opposite.

And as he listened, there ascended from the pa a weird and penetrating cry, long-drawn-out, rising and falling and echoing along the cliffs in most strange fashion. Manaia knew that wailing cry, and he knew its cause, but still the weirdness of the cry from out the

blackness of the night affected him, and he hastened on up the cliff.

Soon he reached the top, and quickly he pulled in the slack of the line until he felt the weight of the burden below.

Exerting his utmost strength, Manaia pulled and pulled upon the rope. The strands of plaited flax bore the strain well, and at last the bulky form of Rata was pulled up over the top and into safety by Manaia's side.

The severe buffeting he had received on the way up must have goaded Rata out of unconsciousness, for he stirred as Manaia unwound the rope from his body and limbs, and he raised a hand to his injured head.

Up from the pa across the gulf came again that cry, and this time it was mingled with fierce shouts of anger. Again Manaia knew the cause, for the lights of torches were glimmering about the spot where stood the prison-hut of Manawa-roa.

"O Manaia!" came the faint voice of Rata. "Whence that cry?"

"Tuhoe, wailing for their dead!" whispered Manaia. "Here are we on the cliff edge near the gorge, but we must hasten on before the dawn comes. Hold my arm as I lead the way, and walk carefully! We dare not seek the tracks, for they will be doubly guarded now. Come!"

He raised Rata up, and together they made their way slowly through the forest, much impeded by the barriers of karéao vines and tangled undergrowth. Away before them scurried night-hunting kiwi birds, while from unseen trees came the cries of ruru owls, and an occasional screech from a kaka parrot, angry at being disturbed.

Twice they almost stepped over the edge of the cliff

into the gorge below. Finally, the way became too perilous even for Manaia's liking, and he drew Rata down beside him close to the brink.

By this time Rata was fast recovering his strength. But for the throbbing pain in his head, he was almost himself again. He placed his hand upon Manaia's shoulder, but gave no other sign of the deep emotion in his heart. Saved from captivity and worse, saved by his friend! His gentle pressure upon the shoulder brought an answering pat upon his knee.

"Listen!" he whispered presently. "I hear voices."

"Tuhoes below!" was the reply. "One of the parties we could not have evaded had we tried the gorge! Perhaps they do not know yet of thine escape."

The voices were low and sometimes indistinct, but the words carried upwards and their import could be understood. Manaia grew alarmed as he listened. *Aué!* By the light of the watch-fires, said the voices, a tall warrior had been observed to leave the Arawa camp down by the central rock, but not one of the sentries had challenged him. Some Arawas had sought to follow him, but he had quietly ordered them back. He must have been a chief, for they had obeyed. He had disappeared up the gorge, swallowed up in the darkness, and then, in the darkness, he had passed within an arm's length of a party of Tuhoes standing silently with backs pressed to the rocky wall on the northern side.

By the faint light from the stars they had seen him, and he was very tall. They had let him pass, and then had quietly sent a runner along the other side to warn the band farther up. Now they had him within the net, and they merely waited for the dawn that they might draw the net tight.

But at least one Tuhoe warrior had his anxious doubts. Said he:

"What if this Arawa should be Mawaké-Taupo? Is our net strong enough to hold that mako shark? And what of Pahikauré and its fearful bite? We are the Tuhoe net, but are we strong enough?"

No one answered him; but after a space a chorus of subdued cries went up:

"*He aha tera?* What is that? A shooting star! A shooting star!"

Across the sky rushed a blaze of light, as a meteor of unusual size and brilliance passed high overhead, travelling towards Taupo.

"Yes! A shooting star!" came an exultant voice from the gorge. "There is the answer, O doubting one! It is an omen, known to all as the death sign of the Arawa chiefs. Now see, the dawn comes! Spread the net, ye warriors of Tuhoe! Spread the net! Now for the fish!"

.

From the Arawa pa on Hikurangi far away to the north rose the same cry:

"A shooting star! A shooting star!" but the cry was shrill, and it was long-drawn-out, for it came from the lips of women.

All night long the women-folk had squatted there on the marae, facing towards the Uréwera, keeping vigil with the Puhi maiden Marama on this night of her sorrow. Upon her had come an ecstasy, the ecstasy of the mata-kité, and she had prophesied an approaching woe, woe to Mawaké-Taupo. The people were to await a sign, she had said, but for herself she knew what the sign and the end would be. Then she had

fallen into a state of torpor, and no persuasion had induced her to come down from her post upon the high tower. So all night long she had sat upon the tower—alone.

Well acquainted with the strange powers of the human mind and spirit, the people had not doubted for a moment but that the prophecy would soon be fulfilled. Gradually the old women of the pa had gathered around the base of the tower, and gradually the men-folk had retired one by one to the lower terraces.

Even her aged relative Te Moana had felt impelled to depart, but he had stopped with Te Puku the Fat and many others upon the nearest terrace, watching and waiting as the long night wore on.

It was just before the day broke that the anxious watchers upon Hikurangi saw that meteor blaze its way across the sky. *Aué!* The sign at last, the sign of approaching death, the sign in the heavens that had marked the death of Ngatoro-i-rangi himself! *Aué!*

Then with the dawn there came from the high tower a single piercing scream as Marama jumped to her feet and rent her garments from her. Not a man in all that pa looked upwards as she stood there with outstretched arms and waited.

But far away in the Uréwera, Manaia seemed to see the spirit of his sister urging him on as he crashed his way through the undergrowth in a headlong rush to reach the scene in time.

And down in the gorge itself Mawaké-Taupo was sure that he saw the spirit of his loved Marama seeking to shield him from the fury of the Tuhoe attack.

And who can say how far from the flesh the spirit may soar?

V. THE GIANT TOTARA FALLS

Oh, thou wert as the sacred tree
Of Far-Hawaiki, beyond the Isle
Of Great-Tawhiti,
The bread-fruit tree that shaded Uenuku's house.
Thou wert as the trees cut down
To build the Arawa Canoe,
The trees felled with the axe Hahau-te-rangi.
The glory of the heavens has gone!

JAMES COWAN. (*Arawa Lament.*)

WITH his back to the inward-sloping wall of rock, Mawaké-Taupo turned like a shark upon his enemies as the net closed in around him.

He had discovered the party of Tuhoe warriors near the head of the gorge and, on the near approach of day, he had moved slowly back, quite unconscious of the greater danger that threatened. But at daybreak he had seen them, some ten or twelve warriors in front of him, and a further seven or eight rushing down to their aid.

And now, once, twice, he raised his powerful voice in the rallying-cry of his tribe:

"Te A-ra-wa-a-a!"

"Te A-ra-wa-a-a!"

but the wind was blowing up the gorge, and the cry did not reach the sentries at the central rock. Yet the sound carried to Manaia as he forced his way through a tangle of vines, and he repeated that cry so that his father might know he was at hand.

By some freak of the wind, Manaia's cry carried through the forest but did not penetrate to the gorge below. The Arawas at the central rock heard his

cry, and hastily their swiftest runners dashed up the forest tracks to his aid. But Tuhoe warriors were nearer still, and they also heard that cry. Almost at once Manaia and Rata were beset on every side. Rata armed himself with the weapon of the first man slain.

Down in the gorge, the death-battle of the ariki had already begun, yet still no hint of his impending fate had reached him. Even as he fought his thoughts were on his son, but he only fought the harder for it, as with deadly thrust and skilful parry he held the Tuhoes off. Ha! The quivering Pahikauré!

They had tried to rush him at the start, but ever he had kept moving, so that only two or three might reach him at one time. In their efforts to get at close quarters they had impeded each other, and ever the Arawa had made them follow as he had moved along with his back still protected by the rock.

At each rush he had hurled them off, and at each rush the sharp-edged Pahikauré had bitten deeply into at least one Tuhoe brain. With his tremendous reach no Tuhoe could get within his guard. Already some five or six attackers lay dead or dying, while another two would fight no more that day.

The remainder drew back. Truly this Arawa shark tore holes in the Tuhoe net, but the net was still across the gorge, and the way of escape cut off.

They changed their method of attack. They hurled spears at him, but he merely laughed as he deflected them on to the rock. Child's play! The youngest warrior of Te Arawa could deflect a thrown spear or many thrown spears. Let them try something else, cried he, lest his Arawas should come and the fight end too soon!

Tuhoe did try something else. They tried to tempt him out. By one means or by another this Arawa had to be tempted out from his protecting wall. Ah! High above him along the cliff edge moved several Tuhoes, holding jagged rocks, ready to throw, but the Arawa knew it not.

The Tuhoe leader taunted him and tempted him.

"Thou crayfish!" he cried. "Come forth from thy rock, that I may fight thee here single-handed!"

He moved away from the others, and stood but a short distance off, flourishing his weapon at Mawaké-Taupo. The watchers above raised their rocks on high, ready to throw.

But the Arawa only laughed again, and invited all the Tuhoes to attack him where he stood. Sure of his weapon and of himself, and of that rock at his back, he but dallied with his foes while he awaited the arrival of his men. Surely by this time his Arawas would be running up the gorge to his aid. He would capture these Tuhoes, and drag from them some news about his son.

Not even when a few more Tuhoes came running down the gorge did Mawaké-Taupo show concern, but he was curious to know the tidings that they bore. What news did that warrior whisper in the leader's ear that caused him to start with such surprise? And why should that light of understanding appear in the leader's eyes as he listened?

"O Arawa," cried the Tuhoe, "now the light comes clearly. Thou art here to seek tidings of thy son, and in the arrogance of thy strength thou hast come alone. Now tidings we give thee. Thy son is dead."

For a while the stricken ariki could only stand in

silence there, in mental anguish from the force of the sudden blow. Manaia dead? Then, quietly:

"In what manner did he die?"

"He died, O Arawa," replied the Tuhoe, "in the same manner as died our chief, and upon the same spot. He fell over the cliff on to the rocky basin below. He could not see. His eyes were put out, by fire."

One frightful roar of rage Mawaké-Taupo gave as he leaped. The Tuhoe leader turned to fly, but was too late, for a terrific blow from Pahikauré sent him down with his head a pulp.

Beside himself with grief and fury, the Arawa placed his foot upon his fallen foe and glared around for fresh victims of his wrath. Blind with rage, he saw not the danger from above until three great rocks came rushing down upon him.

One missed him and landed with a thud at his feet, but the other two found their mark. One tore a jagged hole in his shoulder, but it was the other that gave the fatal blow. It hit his straightened leg and smashed the bone above the ankle.

Down crashed the ariki like a falling tree, but in a moment he was half-up again, and, with his weapon, had cleft the skull of a Tuhoe who had dashed in upon him to give the finishing blow. Then, heaving himself up on to one leg, he waited for the final attack, while again he gave forth the rallying-call of his tribe:

"Te A-ra-wa-a!"

"Te A-ra-wa-a!"

As the Tuhoe warriors prepared to launch a smothering rush, fierce cries from the cliff above made them all look upwards. A struggle was going on up there, but the end came quickly. Upon the cliff edge

appeared a giant Arawa, at sight of whom Mawaké-Taupo gasped with joy, while from his foes there came a cry of horror, for high above Manaia's head was held, by powerful arms, a Tuhoe, kicking.

Beside Manaia appeared Rata, and he also had his Tuhoe, but not above his head. Together they heaved, and together the rock-throwers, the one rolling over and over in mid-air and the other sweeping down to death like a bird in flight, followed hard upon the track of their rocks. More merciful was the end of the third Tuhoe lying dead upon the cliff above, but not more swift.

Then down the cliff face came Manaia, lowered rapidly by Rata from above at the end of the flax rope. Tuhoe warriors rushed to meet him, but others hurled themselves in a body upon the doomed ariki. 573

Manaia kicked himself out from the cliff wall and landed outside the group of warriors waiting for him below, then tore his way into their midst and scattered them right and left.

The next moment, down the ariki crashed again as a dying Tuhoe, with convulsive grasp, dragged his leg from under him. And, as he fell, another Tuhoe drove a heavy stabbing-spear into that mighty chest, just above the heart. The death-blow would be to him, but he would not live to boast the deed. Manaia slew him as he fled.

The survivors of Tuhoe drew back. They had had enough. They moved some distance up the gorge, and there they waited, to see the end. Not even when they saw Rata joined on the cliff above by a crowd of Arawas did they seek to fly. They were safe. No further fighting would take place. Undue haste to avenge the death of an ariki would be out of place.

Vengeance would come, vengeance full and brimming over, but not yet.

So they waited and watched as did the Arawas on the cliff above, in silence, for never again might they see the death agony of so great a chief. It would be a tale to be told with bated breath to their children's children in the years to come. So they waited.

Manaia had quickly built up a mound of the slain, and against this mound the dying chief was resting; his face towards Hikurangi in the north-west, but his eyes for Manaia alone. Presently he spoke:

"I warned the youths of thy band against rashness, yet was I more rash than they. Ah! I feared for thee, and I tried to reach thee through the powers of the mind, but could not, for the channels of thought seemed all clogged up. Yes, I feared for thee, O my son, but I would not let my warriors see this weakness in their chief. So, recklessly, I went up the gorge alone."

A fit of coughing caused blood to flow freely, but the dying man rallied. Manaia knelt beside him; he could not speak. The loved voice went on:

"Think not that they overwhelmed thy father with their numbers! Not that! They told me thou wert dead. They told me they had blinded thee with fire and made thee plunge to death on the rocks below the pa.

"O Manaia, truly the strength of the body is in the mind. For a moment my mind gave way. I leaped from the rock and, like the shark on the seashore, by my very strength was I tangled up in the net. The end came swiftly, and where now is my strength?"

He stopped for breath, as another burst of coughing came and left him weak. Of the pain from his wounds and his broken limb he gave no sign. It was the

coughing that distressed him. His voice grew weaker:

"My White Hawk reached the Tuhoe nest. Tell me ere I die how it was done!"

Briefly, Manaia described the ascent of the cliff, the slaying of the sentries, the death of Manawa-roa, the manner of Rata's escape, and the unexpected delays on the way back. To the tale his father listened with a joy that could not be hidden, and, as Manaia finished, he unbound the blood-stained Pahikauré from his wrist and, holding it by the blade, he placed the handle of that noble weapon in Manaia's grasp, saying:

"This for thee, for thou art worthy!"

Every Arawa gazing down upon the scene knew the meaning of that act. The ariki was dying, but his mana would descend upon his son. Overcome with emotion, Manaia could only press the weapon to his brow, but, as he did so, he noticed that its hue was turning black. Again the ancient sign! Weakly, the ariki went on:

"And now the end approaches, for the Canoe of Death awaits me, O Manaia. Yes, soon my spirit will journey to Te Rerenga-Wairua and then back along the pathway of the setting sun to the Homeland, to Hawaiki, to the Hono-i-Wairua, the Gathering-Place-of-Souls before Io-the-Parent, Io-of-the-Hidden-Face, Io-the-Permanent-One."

Again came that dreadful coughing, but the vitality of the man was wonderful, and, with an effort, he proceeded:

"That which I have still to say must be said quickly. As to my beloved Marama, give her the message which thou knowest is in my heart! Her spirit is with me as I speak. Ah! I know that thou wilt protect thy

little sister. But guard her mind also, for the powers of the tohungas are great!

"Be not anxious to tread in my path, O Manaia, for it has been the pathway of war and death! Rather follow the call to the south, the call that comes from Taupo and Tongariro. Then shall thy feet be upon the mountains and thine outlook be towards the distant horizon.

"And as to the chieftainship of Hikurangi, let Taréha have it if the people wish it! Thou wilt still be the ariki, and to thee the tribe will turn in time of need, for thou art Tu-wharé-toa, the Brave-House-of-Tu, the God of War."

With the end approaching, the voice trailed off into a mere whisper; but now with indomitable spirit Mawaké-Taupo signed to his son to lift him up. Yes! He would die upon his feet, and with his last bit of strength he would give his farewell message to his people.

With one strong arm of Manaia supporting him, he stood there swaying, and gazed first at the Tuhoe warriors up the gorge and then at the Arawas on the cliff edge above him. Then for a brief moment his strength and his voice seemed to suddenly come back to him, and he cried:

"Farewell to the sunlight, and to forest and hill! Farewell to the birds who have sung their morning song! Farewell to my home on Hikurangi and to the lovely valley below it! Farewell to the tribe! Greetings to my warriors, and to the warriors of Tuhoe, for they also are brave men! Greetings, and farewell!

"And now, as I die, I give a new name to my son. Manaia the youth is dead, and in his place stands a man, the man Tu-wharé-toa, Tuwharétoa of the

Arawas. And with my last breath I chant the fame of my Canoe:

"Te Arawa is the Canoe!
Te Arawa is the Tribe!
Te A-ra-wa! Te A-ra-wa!
Te A——"

The great voice ceased abruptly as the end came. Barely had Manaia the strength to support the dead.

The Tuhoe warriors raised their weapons, then moved off in silence up the gorge; but from the Arawas on the cliff above there burst forth a brief lament:

"*Aué! Aué! Aué!*
Kua hinga, kua hinga te totara-nui——
Mawaké-Taupo!
Alas! Alas! Alas!
The giant totara tree is fallen, is fallen——
Mawaké-Taupo!"

And as the spirit of the ariki passed on through the thin barrier, the rau wharangi, that separates life from death, the people on Hikurangi in the north-west heard again a piercing scream of anguish from the topmost tower.

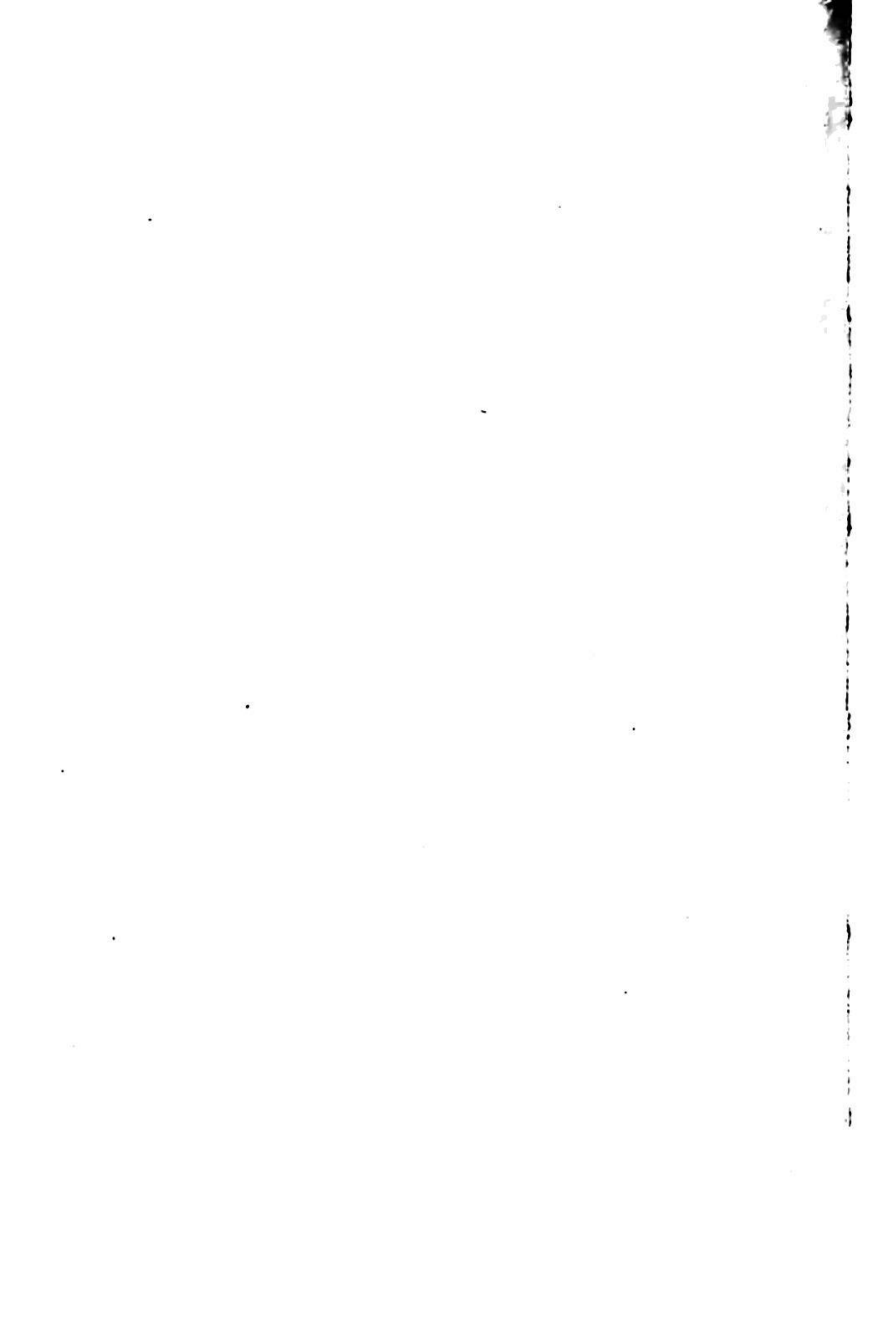
Still standing there was Marama, but now her hands were pressed against her face as if to shut out a scene revealed to her alone. Still not a man in all that pa looked upwards at that graceful form, so pathetic now in its drooping loveliness, for not thus did they wish to see the Puhi maiden of their tribe.

But presently, as Niwareka ascended and gently placed some garments around her, Marama drew herself up proudly, and gazed down upon her people with eyes undimmed by tears, while from set lips came the calm words:

"*Kua maté taku matua! Kua maté taku matua!* My father is dead! My father is dead! *Ka mutu!* Finished!"



BOOK THREE



BOOK THREE

I. THE SLIPPERY FAME

Enter deeply, enter to the very foundations,
Into the very origin of all knowledge,
O Io of the Hidden Face!
Gather into the very base of the ears,
The ears of thy son, the desired knowledge!
Descend on him thy knowledge, thy thoughts,
To the very foundations of the mind,
O Io the Wise! O Io of all Holy Knowledge!
O Io the Parentless!

ELSDON BEST.

(Tohunga's Invocation to the Supreme Being.)

Two quiet months have passed, and a new head chief is now in charge at Hikurangi Pa in the person of Taréha, the chief of the tohungas.

At a big meeting held to settle the question of the chieftainship, the young Manaia, now known to all by the name Tuwharétoa, had expressly forbidden Te Puku and others to press his claims. He had wished to see whether the people would remember the deeds of his dead father and himself, or whether they would seize the chance to try a new form of control in the pa.

Then, when the elders and people by a large majority had set aside his claims on the grounds of his youth and inexperience, he had merely smiled and uttered the brief comment:

"*He toa pahéké te toa taua!* How slippery is the fame of the warrior!"

Yet those few words had made both elders and people feel very ashamed.

In the days that followed, the signs of friction between the party of Taréha and that of Tuwharétoa became more and more pronounced, and daily there occurred incidents that threatened to engulf the whole pa in bitter strife.

The head chief and Tuwharétoa both maintained a studied silence in the presence of each other, but some of their followers would brook little or no restraint. Particularly biting were the words of Rata and Kahu to each other every time they met, and more than once it was only the weakened physical condition of the latter that saved him from open attack. At last Tuwharétoa had to speak to his friend about the matter:

"O Rata! Bear the pain of the sting of the sting-ray until the summer come! By that time Kahu will be strong again, and thine accusation can be made before the people. Then will he suffer for his treachery, and thou wilt be avenged."

But matters came to a head one day later when Kahu himself appeared before Tuwharétoa, seeking permission to approach Marama on the matter of marriage, and saying:

"In this manner can the enmity between thy line and mine be ended for ever. The love that I bear for thy sister is known to thee. Now grant that I may speak of it to her!"

"Where wert thou in Rata's time of danger before the Tuhoe pa?" was the cold reply.

That night Tuwharétoa listened humbly as Te Moana

reproved him for his disclosure of knowledge of the betrayal. Then he said:

"I was in error, O Aged One. I should have waited, as the matter is one for Rata. Alas! Strive as I may, my tongue doth leap beyond control at times. I was angered, yet this question I ask of thee: 'Does the year ever remain calm throughout all its days?'"

"No," admitted the old man, "there is sunshine and rain, calm and a raging storm. So it is with man."

For some time they remained silent, and then Te Moana spoke again:

"But a brief time is left to us if thou must take revenge on Tuhoe in the spring. Therefore, let me tear down the palisades that guard the hidden pa of knowledge! No, not yet hast thou reached the heights, O Tu, though already thy powers of mind are greater than those of the chief tohunga. But forget not that thou art still a pupil of the Wharéwananga, and that upon thee Taréha and the people will call to pass the final test. Thou art the ariki, and for thee there will be no escape. Yes! Thou must slay a man by the power of mind alone. To me a simple thing, but what sayest thou?"

"I dread the thought of it," replied Tuwharétoa. "Afraid, lest I should merely blast the mind and not the life as well! Afraid, also, to send a man to death without just cause! However, sufficient for that! What says the proverb? 'The kumara still grows on cliffs in far Hawaiki.' Therefore, a respite from all troubling thoughts! Now let me talk about my plans for the future!"

Willingly Te Moana agreed, and he listened patiently while Tuwharétoa explained that he would like to spend the evenings of this present winter with the

Wise One of Hikurangi, practising the ancient art of "makutu" whereby the mind of man can reach out to strike at a distance, practising also the projecting of the thoughts of the mind towards other minds afar off in unspoken message.

At the first sign of spring, however, he would depart with a taua for the Uréwera, and he would destroy the Tuhoe pa of Pari-maté, and he would return to Hikurangi by a western route past Taupo.

Then, with the summer, continued Tuwharétoa, he would depart from Hikurangi for a space. He would set out again for the Inland Sea, and seek to reach the mountains beyond.

He went on to speak of the fight in the valley away to the east of Taupo, and of the fair-haired maiden he had rescued there, and of her tribe, the Ngatihotu, who owned the Lake. He spoke also of the weakness of Ngatihotu, and of the measures he would take to prepare the way for a conquest by Te Arawa. Ha! The glow in his eyes as he spoke!

Warm approval came from Te Moana as he finished. The old man was glad to find that the death of Mawaké-Taupo and the loss of the chieftainship had not caused any wavering in the aspirations towards the south.

Particularly interested also was he in the description given of the stranger-maiden, for it showed that the fair-haired strain in the Maori race was more widely spread than he had thought. Still eager for knowledge, he said:

"Seek out her father, O Tu, and try to learn his ancestry! Ngatoro-i-rangi himself was fair-haired, and his skin and eyes were light of colour, yet even he knew little about the source of that strain except that it was very ancient and came from beyond the islands

of the Sea of Kiwa. *Taihoa!* Ngatoro claimed that he got his hair and his eyes and his nose from the Sea-god Tangaroa. A quaint fancy!"

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Throughout the remainder of that winter Tuwharétoa spent every evening with Te Moana the Wise in the privacy of the old seer's wharé. With incantations and ceremonies it had been made thrice tapu, and no one but Te Moana and his pupil could venture near it.

What went on inside that dwelling remained unknown, but gradually the wharés near by became deserted by their owners. Whisperings of queer happenings spread abroad, and few if any of the people of Hikurangi cared to venture from their fires at night. The elders sought to have the meetings forbidden, but Taréha admitted his helplessness to interfere.

During the daytime Tuwharétoa kept aloof from all except Marama. To her only did he unbend.

On pleasant days he would take her to the forest near by, or to the river, and in his company she began to shake off the deadening effect of her grief. To her, he remained always Manaia, and she shrank from giving him that other name. His very gentleness made her weep at times; but gradually the brightness came into her life again as she responded to the protecting comfort of his presence. So one day she said:

"Yes, I see it now, O Manaia. 'Tis fruitless love for the beloved. I must not grieve for him, for thy love for me and my love for thee are more than midnight offerings to the noble dead."

"O little one!" replied Tuwharétoa softly. "We felt the force of the gale together, and now the sun begins to shine again. Should another gale come, that also we will bear together. And together we will go to Taupo. Ah! I see the light of joy in thine eyes at last."

II. THE CANOE HULL

Alas, my chief, my ariki beloved!
Thy death was as the flaw in noble axe,
Yet there are here of thine own kindred blood
Who soon will smite with savage, heavy blow
The tribe that took thy life in (Tuhoe) land.

WHITE'S *Maori History*.
(*Dirge of Revenge*.)

THE capture of the Pari-maté Pa by Tuwharétoa and a taua of only seventy men was quoted for generations afterwards as a perfect example of a sudden raid, both in its details and in the overwhelming power of its final thrust. But only a brief record of it need be given here.

Setting forth at the very beginning of the northern spring, before the Tuhoe people of the high lands of the interior were stirring from their winter quarters, the war-party disappeared for a time from the sight of men, and no rumour of its movements or even of its departure penetrated into the fastnesses of the Uréwera.

Before daybreak on the fourth day, however, it reached the head of the gorge unobserved, and, in a surprise attack, captured the rock-pa at slight loss and quickly consigned its dwellings to the flames. Then, having seized the valued weapons of the slain, recovered the whalebone patu of Rata, and secured a prize in the shell trumpet Te Umu-kohu-kohu, the war-party retired from the Uréwera, and set out for the Inland Sea.

At dusk on the following day they reached the

slopes of Mount Tauhara, and from the crest next morning they saw the sun rise upon Taupo. Sunrise upon Taupo! The warriors were astounded at the play of emotion on their leader's face as they joined him in a chant of praise.

Presently they followed him to the western side, and looked down.

There below was a river which could only be Waikato, the mighty Waikato, springing from the Lake outlet into the fullness of life at a single bound. An island in the river not far from the outlet attracted Tuwharétoa's attention at once; it looked an ideal place from which canoes might rush forth to the conquest of Taupo. He pointed it out to Rata, and said:

"Upon that island will be hewn out our fleet of canoes. The hulls can come from those patches of forest on the river bank. Then we will seize that island over there in the Lake. A fleet of Te Arawa upon Taupo! Ha! Already I hear the swish of the paddles!"

Late afternoon found Tuwharétoa and Rata hidden in the scrub on the edge of the plateau close to the eastern shores of Taupo, looking down into a valley through which ran a river.

"It must be the Hinémaiaia," said Tuwharétoa, "for there some distance beyond it on the face of the hill is the rock-cliff of which Te Moana did tell me. Below that cliff did Tia first, and then Ngatoro, perform the most sacred rites known to our people, and from their time on has it been known as 'Taupo.' Indeed, it was from the cliff yonder that the Lake itself derived its name. A sacred spot!"

He quietly chanted a karakia, and then turned his gaze to a fortified village near the river's mouth. Suddenly he gripped the arm of Rata, and pointed. Ah! The fairness of that hair, and the style of that walk!

"The Haughty One!" said Rata.

"Yes!" said Tuwharétoa.

At dawn Tuwharétoa lay concealed in the luxuriant undergrowth of a clump of trees close to the Ngatihotu pa, and before long his position grew dangerous. Numbers of young warriors began to exercise with their weapons on the flat between the trees and the palisade, and more than once the Arawa narrowly escaped discovery.

But the danger was removed when Rerémoa and her attendant maidens appeared in view, for the embarrassed warriors retired within the palisade, leaving only a few of their number outside to act as a guard in case of need.

Rerémoa wandered about the flat, and it was some time before she caught the messages coming from out the trees. Then suddenly she realised that he was there, and the watching Arawa saw a flush of colour mount to cheek and brow.

He heard Rerémoa tell her attendants that she would enjoy the shade for a while, and that she did not wish to be disturbed. The maidens withdrew to the palisade, but remained within sight and call, while the watching guard drew off to either side.

In apparently casual fashion Rerémoa wandered over to the trees, and along the fringe of the undergrowth, until she felt the unseen presence close at hand.

Then she lay down, and soon her arms and head were hidden from view. The sentries upon the towers and the warriors out on the flat thought that she was seeking sleep, or perhaps relief from the heat and glare of the morning sun; but the maiden was holding the Arawa's hands and was pressing them softly to her face. For a time neither could speak, and then she whispered to him:

"O Manaia! At last thou hast come again. Know this, that not a day has passed but I have thought of thee! Even against my father's wishes I have thought of thee, and longed for thy return. And sometimes I have felt thee very near to me. Indeed, sometimes I have said to myself, 'It is the spirit of my love that joins me in the land of dreams.'"

Gently he returned the pressure of her hands, and she sighed her happiness at this sign, the ancient Maori sign, of love returned. Then, knowing the need for haste, she whispered again:

"My father fears and hates thy tribe. *Aud!* The word has spread around the Lake that soon the Arawas move south again, and mean to conquer. What manner of man their leader is no one can say, but his warlike name brings dread to all our villages and pas. Even Tuhoe are said to fear his wrath. Dost know this chief Tuwharétoa, O Manaia? Maybe he is of kin to thee, and will show mercy to thy friends of Ngatihotu. We are thy friends, are we not?"

A warning whisper was the only reply. The maiden rose hastily to her feet, and moved across the flat to give her father affectionate greeting. She tried to lead him away, but he would not go. He walked about the flat with her, and the watcher from the trees gazed at him with interest. Old, white-haired,

thin, and care-worn he was, yet the breeding was there, from the Homeland, from Hawaiki. Tuwharétoa felt pity for him as he thought of the troubles that were sure to come. A shame that he had no sons to share his load!

Presently, to Rerémoa's dismay, her father sat down in the shade within an arm's length of the hidden Arawa, and then, to her alarm, he began to talk about the fleet of canoes he was assembling for the defence of Taupo. In the daintiest of ways Rerémoa pressed her fingers to his lips, and begged him to rise and to accompany her for a walk around the pa before the morning meal. Later they could talk about more serious things. To the Arawa's relief, the old chief at once yielded to her whim.

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Throughout the rest of that day Tuwharétoa kept to his hiding-place, not daring to move lest he should be seen and his meeting with Rerémoa be thereby made known. But he had thought out his plan for seeing her again. Towards the end of the summer he would be back at this spot among the trees. If Rerémoa could come, he would meet her at this spot on the Mutuwhenua or last night of the moon in the ninth month of the Maori year. He would meet her just before daybreak, and he would then arrange to see her father, that he might discuss with him a matter of vital interest to two tribes.

Towards nightfall Rerémoa came back again, but only for a moment. She feared to arouse the suspicion of the watching sentries. A brief whispering, then back she went into the pa, and only her father noticed her heightened colour and the light that

shone in her eyes. He wondered, but he said nothing.

Two days later, while the Arawas were moving along the western edge of the Kaingaroa plateau on their way back to Hikurangi in the north, Tuwharétoa decided to deviate his course to the west, so as to pass through a belt of forest country bordering upon the Waiotapu River. This was ceded land, land ceded by the Kahupungapunga tribe in Mawaké-Taupo's time as the price of peace with Te Arawa, and Tuwharétoa was anxious to inspect it while the opportunity offered. Moreover, he wished to make sure that the former owners had not resumed their occupation of the land since his father's death.

Reaching the forest, he found that the tracks through it were overgrown, but passable. Such signs of occupation as were seen were not of recent date, and soon Tuwharétoa was satisfied. Yet a large clearing interested him; the wide tracks cut through the dense forest on either side of the clearing excited his curiosity.

He forced his way up the right-hand track and quickly came to its end.

Hearing his cry of surprise, Rata hastened to his side and the warriors followed. They gathered around the moss-covered stump of a totara tree, a huge totara, by far the biggest stump of any they had ever seen. But where was the tree?

Tuwharétoa examined the track, and then exclaimed:

"Ha! A giant canoe-hull has come from this tree. Here are the remains of the skids. Let us follow the tracks!"

He hastened back into the clearing and then down the track on the other side until he reached the head of a gully down which a small stream flowed towards the nearby river. And there he found it—and promptly shouted:

"Here is my fleet of canoes, O Rata; in one hull a whole fleet of canoes!"

Eagerly Rata set the warriors to work clearing away the undergrowth, and soon a half-finished hull lay exposed to view, explaining everything. Clearly the Kahupungapunga people who had been shaping and hollowing that canoe had been interrupted in their work by the ceding of the forest, and had sought to save the hull by shifting it down to the river in this unfinished state. A heavy task! Yet they had almost succeeded, for the hull lay jammed at the very entrance to the gully that would have led to the river.

And the hull was undamaged, for the enduring qualities of the matured totara wood had been proof against decay, and the trunk did not appear to have been jarred at the time of its fall. Whoever had felled that tree had been expert. No doubt other trees had been used to ease its fall, and had accompanied the giant totara to its death.

Tuwharétoa drew Rata aside, and together they discussed what action they should take. Finally it was decided that Rata and a number of warriors would remain to guard the hull, while Tuwharétoa and the rest would move on to Hikurangi.

As soon as possible, however, reinforcements would be sent to Rata in order to hasten the finishing-off of the hull. Finally, the Marangaranga people from around the Kaingaroa plateau would be pressed into

service, so that no labour might be lacking for the great work.

Thus did they plan; and then, having inspected the gully and fixed upon the site of a dam that would impound the creek, Tuwharétoa hastened on with his men through the forest on his way to the north.

III. TWO SUNS; TWO MOONS

O Fighters Bold!
Rehearse your deeds of war,
And speak of acts perform'd,
That all the warriors here,
May pow'r receive!

WHITE'S *Maori History*.

TUWHARÉTOA returned to Hikurangi; but, in the manner of his return, he inflicted upon the head chief Taréha a humiliation such as perhaps no head chief of an Arawa pa had ever suffered before.

Holding to the forest tracks throughout the daytime, and reaching the home valley in the darkness just before the dawn, the ariki led his men stealthily forward until, unseen and unheard by the sentries on the towers, they reached the flat near the bottom palisade.

Enjoining his men to remain silent, and warning them to await a signal at break of day, he left them, and soon he was feeling his way towards the palisade on the southern side. *Taihoa!* Across his back was slung the trumpet Te Umu-kohu-kohu.

With some difficulty he crossed the outer ditch and reached and scaled the bottom palisade. Ha! In the darkness, the sentries failed to see the deeper darkness that moved. Too intent were they on chanting their praises to the morning stars.

Soon the second palisade was surmounted, and then the third. Still no challenge! Tuwharétoa climbed up a tower overlooking the marae and waited; but now Te Umu-kohu-kohu was trembling at his lips.

A greyness, a very faint greyness began to show up

in the eastern sky, but darkness, utter darkness still kept the flat hidden from view. A little longer Tuwharétoa waited.

Then suddenly the voice of the trumpet pealed forth from the tower. A moment's silence, then up from the blackness below came a roar, as the warriors on the flat leaped triumphantly into the opening movements of a war-dance.

Ha! How the panic-stricken people of Hikurangi poured forth from their dwellings, and surged about the marae, and dashed to the gates, and rushed around seeking in the dim light either to find or to escape from the unknown foe!

The panic ended as quickly as it had begun. The people, with shouts of joy and laughter, hastened to the bottom of the pa to welcome home the victorious taua. And impotently the angry Taréha had to stand almost alone on the marae and listen to Tuwharétoa as he took charge of the whole proceedings and cried out to his men the ancient greeting:

*"I haeré mai i whéa,
Té-éré, té-éré, tére-nui na Tu?"*

Whence come ye,
Travellers, travellers, great travellers of Tu?"

Up from the flat came the chorused reply, as the warriors raised weapons aloft in honour of their leader on the tower above:

*"I haeré mai i te kimihanga,
I te hahunga,
I a Tu!
Té-éré, té-éré, tére-nui o Tu!"*

We come from the seeking-out,
From the searching,
Of Tu!

Travellers, travellers, great travellers of Tu!"

Again there issued that questioning cry from the heights:

"Whence come ye,
Travellers, travellers, great travellers of Tu?"

And back from the warriors on the flat below came the roar of the victors' chant:

*"I haeré mai i uta,
I haeré mai i tai,
I haeré mai i te Tu parékura—
Té-té, té-té, té-té-nui o Tu!*
"We come from the land,
We come from the sea,
We come from the battle-field of Tu—
Travellers, travellers, great travellers of Tu!"

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That afternoon Tuwharétoa went down to the river with Marama. Ah! How good it was to just lie there in the sunshine and relax, relax, relax! Yet Marama was longing for him to speak. So presently he sat up, and delighted her with tales about Taupo. And how her eyes sparkled as he told her about the giant canoe-hull of the Waiotapu, and about the new world, the wide world, the fascinating world that would soon be opened up for them in the south!

But he said nothing to her about the maiden Rerémoa, nor did he even mention the name of a hated gorge.

The evening that followed was spent with Te Moana the Wise, and greatly did the aged one enjoy himself that night. Worth remaining alive for, he said, as Tuwharétoa finished his tale.

He took a special interest in the hull that had been found. A canoe-hewing expert would be needed to finish off that hull, and to arrange for the carvings that would later on adorn it. The choosing of that

expert could be left to him, said Te Moana, as he knew all the canoe-experts of Te Arawa, and within a few days he would secure the best that the tribe possessed.

Then willingly he helped Tuwharétoa to choose the warriors who would be sent to the aid of Rata. More than ninety were chosen, all young, of good rank in the tribe, and full of spirit. But among their number there was not one follower of Taréha. Indeed, even from among his own followers Tuwharétoa chose with the utmost care, lest any element of friction or family feud should be included that might cause discord in the war-canoe later.

And the arrangements for this party would be left in the discreet hands of Te Puku the Fat.

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The next day brought further humiliation to the head chief Taréha.

Swept away by the completeness of the Arawa victory in the Uréwera, and much impressed by the spectacular return of Tuwharétoa, the fickle people demanded of the elders that Taréha be made to give up the chieftainship to one more fitted to guard Hikurangi against surprise attacks.

The council of elders gave in quickly, and brought pressure to bear on the head chief. Realising the futility of open resistance, Taréha summoned a meeting on the marae, and invited Tuwharétoa to attend.

Then, before all the people, he spoke in praise of Tuwharétoa and in appreciation of the way in which, despite his youth, he was upholding the tribal name. And finally he expressed his earnest wish that Tuwharétoa should join him in the chieftainship, and so have equal authority with him in the pa.

The compromise offered by the head chief satisfied the people, and cries of approval came from all sides. But Tuwharétoa was quickly upon his feet, and anger was in his voice as he spoke:

"O Taréha, thou hast tried to make thy words as pleasant to mine ears as the rustling of leaves, but I hearken to the thoughts within thy mind, and they sound to me like booming, noisy surf.

"Now as to the sharing of the chieftainship! Do two suns shine during the one day? Do two moons travel the heavens during the one night? No! Not in our world! Therefore, enough for thine offer to share the chieftainship!"

He turned away and addressed himself haughtily to the people on the marae:

"Hear me, O people of Hikurangi! When ye showed scant respect for my father's memory, all desire for the chieftainship of Hikurangi died in my heart. I would not take the chieftainship now if ye offered it to me, sharing it with no other. Ha! I am free; free to carry out the conquest of Taupo, for Te Arawa. Enough!"

That night Te Moana, in his mild way, remonstrated with Tuwharétoa for his scornful rejection of the head chief's offer, and even more for the taunt which he had hurled at the people. Even though deserved, no good purpose had been served by his words. Many of the people, indeed, had been deeply offended, for they had not liked being talked to in that way.

Tuwharétoa listened with a growing impatience until the aged one had finished. Then he rose, and departed without saying a word, and for a long time Te Moana sat on, thinking.

The tale of the exploits of Tuwharétoa spread quickly throughout Te Arawa, and, by the third day of his return, chiefs and elders from the various branches of the tribe began to arrive at Hikurangi Pa.

For several days they continued to arrive, and as each new party entered the pa it was welcomed by Taréha. For some reason known only to himself, however, Tuwharétoa for days remained moodily in the background, taking little notice of the chiefs and elders who had come from far and near to do him honour. Indeed, he took advantage of the welcome given to the last of these parties and managed, with the aid of Te Puku, to get away his reinforcements for Rata without having first obtained the approval of Taréha and the council of elders.

The turmoil in the pa when it was found that so many young warriors had departed from Hikurangi, perhaps never to return, gave Taréha that which he had long desired, a chance to force Tuwharétoa to face a council-meeting of the whole tribe. So he waited until Tuwharétoa reappeared on the marae, and then he brought up matter after matter in which he claimed that the young ariki had failed in his duty to Hikurangi and to the tribe. And very cunningly did he seek to obtain a mandate that would compel Tuwharétoa to follow the ancient customs of his people.

He pointed out that the ariki would neither paint his body nor have his face tattooed. It was not right, said Taréha, that an ariki should risk having his appearance laughed at in this way by enemies within or without the tribe.

He pointed out that Tuwharétoa was still unmarried,

and that he had not as yet attempted to find a mate. The expressed wishes of the people in this matter had been ignored.

He mentioned also that the ariki had repeatedly put off his final test in the Wharé-wananga. Moreover, he would not even consult with the elders on the matter of his plans for Taupo.

In all these things, said Taréha, the ariki had flouted the elders and the people, and he should now be asked to justify himself before the tribal council.

Invited to answer these charges, Tuwharétoa's reply was far from conciliatory. Clearly it angered him to have to speak at all on matters brought up by the head chief.

"Greetings to the chiefs and elders of Te Arawa!" said he. "Now hear me!

"Away back in the past, my fair-haired ancestors neither painted the body nor had the face marked with the lines of the 'moko,' yet few laughed at them—and lived. These matters are for me alone.

"As to my marrying, I will choose a maiden to be my mate, but that matter also is for me alone.

"As to the Wharé-wananga, I will comply with the tribal custom. I will submit to the test, but not yet. Enough for that!

"As to Taupo, when the people chose Taréha as head chief of Hikurangi, they left me free, and I refuse now to discuss my plans with the elders. Enough for that also!" And he walked away.

Late in the afternoon, he went back to the marae and demanded to know the decision of the council. It was given to him at once, but many a chief on that marae grew uneasy at the look in Tuwharétoa's eyes as he listened.

"Greetings, O Ariki," said the spokesman of the council, "as I convey to thee the thoughts of the chiefs and elders of Te Arawa!

"As to the painting of thy body and the adorning of thy face, those matters are for thee alone, as thou hast said. Therefore, enough for those things!

"As to thy marriage, we think it time for thee to marry, and we expect thee to visit all our villages and pas before thou dost choose thy mate. Enough for that also!

"As to the Wharé-wananga, if thou art to remain the ariki thou must pass the final test as thy father did before thee. Give heed, therefore! Ere long we will come again to Hikurangi, and then we must witness that test.

"But as to Taupo, the matter has proved too hard for us, and we must discuss it with our people. It affects the whole tribe, and it is not a matter for thee alone. Therefore, O Ariki, hold back from Taupo, hold back until the tribal council shall have given the word! Enough!"

That evening, to the great relief of Te Moana the Wise, Tuwharétoa unburdened himself of his troubles.

"O Aged One," said he, "for days I have not been myself. No sooner was I back at Hikurangi than I found that the old people had been tampered with in mine absence. Then later, when chiefs and elders began to arrive from distant pas, I felt that soon they also would be tampered with. So I held aloof from them, and waited.

"And now my fears are realised, for the tribal council has joined with Hikurangi in seeking to tie me down.

Aué! To think that it is the head chief of my own home-pa who has arranged the ropes! Dost wonder at my rage at times, O Wise One?"

"O Arikil!" replied Te Moana. "Be patient! Taupo cannot be won in a day or in a year, neither can it be won by thee alone. Thy constant fears are affecting thee, making thee overbearing in thy manner and unduly angry over opposition. *Taihoa!* Taupo will come to thee in time."

"In time?" said Tuwharétōa fiercely. "No! It must come soon. Already has almost a year passed by in conflict with Tuhoe. And now mine own people seek to tie me down for one year, two years, three years, perhaps for ever. *Aué!* Even now I feel the tightening of the ropes; but I will break free. I will break free."

"O Arikil!" replied Te Moana again. "Be patient! It is thy youth that makes thee intolerant of all restraint, impatient at any delay. Yes! Even the year of conflict with Tuhoe is begrudged by thee. Yet it has been a year of training, of preparation, a year that has left its mark upon thee and made Taupo possible for thee. Therefore, *taihoa* again! In due time Taupo will come to thee."

But Tuwharétōa rose to his feet and moved towards the door. At the door he turned, and his voice was harsh with the intensity of his feeling as he cried:

"No! Again no! Delay may be fatal. In my very bones I feel that other tribes see the weakness of Ngatihotu, and I fear greatly that the end of this coming summer will see them gathering for a feast. Ha! Must I wait, and allow Taupo to be lost to my tribe for ever? No! No! Soon, soon, I must be back with Rata at the Waiotapu. Enough!"

And as he moved through the doorway the aged seer gazed after him and murmured:

"Alas! Alas! Not for him will be the easy ways, the pleasant, the smiling valleys of life. For him will be the rough and rugged heights, the struggling, the rising, the slipping, the falling, the rising again, for he will rise, this ariki, though slowly, slowly. Yes, he will rise, and fall again—perhaps."

With the departure of the visiting chiefs and elders came a period of quietness at Hikurangi, a period during which the people of the pa went down to the fields, and tilled the ground, and planted the crops, and laboured incessantly to make up for time that had been lost.

Every morning, from the pa upon the hill, the restless Tuwharétoa looked down upon the toiling figures in the valley below, and every morning he longed to set out for the Waiotapu River. But Te Moana had made it plain to him that he must restrain his longing, for the canoe-hull would take at least one moon to complete for launching, and the tohunga expert who had been sent was a jealous expert, who would allow no one to interfere with or hasten on the work.

So reluctantly Tuwharétoa waited, but not idly. Forbidden by their rank to join in the labours of the planting, he and Marama daily went off into the forest, or up the river, or on to the Pink and White Terraces and Tarawera Lake. And the evenings Tuwharétoa spent with Te Moana the Wise, mostly in further studies of the art of *makulu* and in other practice with powers hidden in the mind. But some evenings they kept free.

Thus one evening they talked about Rerémoa, and, in reply to Te Moana's question, Tuwharétoa said that he had not yet told Marama about the maiden of Ngatihotu. Knowing that she thought she had his undivided love, he had feared to distress his sister, and he had dreaded her opposition far more than that of Hikurangi or of the tribe. Moreover, being a Puhi maiden with duties to her tribe, she would be indignant as well as unhappy if told the news, and she would spread the news throughout the land. So he had kept the knowledge from her. Indeed, only Rata and Te Moana shared with himself that knowledge, for his warriors knew nothing about his meetings with Rerémoa, and he had requested Rata to say no word.

Te Moana commended the caution displayed, and then, in kindly manner, he went on to warn Tuwharétoa against any cramping or dominating of the mind of Rerémoa before or after the taking of her to wife. Let the ariki keep her mind free from his mind, and let him treat her always as an equal, even as Mawaké-Taupo had treated his wife Te Haahuru in other days! Then would the effect be seen in the spirit of the children that would come. Yes, again would he remind the ariki to beware of the ruthless over-ruling of others, for it was the weakness of the strong!

"As to the maiden," replied Tuwharétoa after an ominous silence, "I will remember thine advice. Therefore, enough!" And Te Moana wisely left it at that.

On another evening, Te Moana revealed to Tuwharétoa the existence within the pa of two treasures from Hawaiki. In the earth before the statue of Ngatoro-i-rangi in the Wharé-wananga, said he, was buried a block of totara wood, with a hollow space inside tightly

covered at the top. Within that hollow space rested a small casket, black with age, a casket made from a strange wood, minutely and wonderfully carved in queer designs.

"O Ariki!" continued Te Moana. "Its name is 'Tangaroa,' and inside it is gravel. The casket and the gravel both came in the Arawa Canoe with Ngatoro, but, according to him, their origin was not from Tawhiti but was from the Homeland, Hawaiki - Far - Away. Greetings to the Homeland! Now from Ngatoro the casket and the gravel come down to thee. Therefore, when finally thou dost leave Hikurangi for Taupo, dig up the totara block, and take with thee the casket and its contents, and deal with them as the spirit moves!"

Treasures from Hawaiki! Eagerly Tuwharétoa sought further knowledge about those treasures, but Te Moana could only add some vague and tantalising references to a ceremony performed on Little-Hawaiki in the distant past, a ceremony in which a far-back ancestor of his named Hui-te-Rangiora had taken an honoured part. And with those fragments of knowledge Tuwharétoa had to be content.

On still another evening Te Moana urged upon the ariki the need for a ceremonial visit to all the other pas of the tribe.

"O Tu!" he said. "Courtesy and tribal duty alike demand it of thee. Ah! I know what is troubling thy mind. It is the thought of all the speech-making, and the feasting, and the one-sided love-making, that will mark thy progress through the land. Yet these things must be faced and borne by one who stands upon the pinnacle of fame. But alas, to think that the hopes of the beauteous maidens of Te Arawa are

doomed to disappointment from the start! Sad, very sad, O Tu!"

And the old tohunga chuckled over his little jest, but Tuwharétoa merely smiled and said nothing. Yet neither the advice nor the jest was wasted, for on the following morning, when all the people were present in the pa for the morning meal, it was announced on the marae that the ariki would be leaving Hikurangi shortly for a brief tour of the whole tribe, accompanied by Marama and by a guard of warriors under the command of Te Puku the Fat.

And old Te Moana chuckled again, for he knew that Te Puku was being taken to control the speech-making and the feasting, and that, as to the other matter, Marama would never throughout any of the evenings be allowed to leave her brother's side.

Following upon that announcement came another which added to the interest of the people and gave pleasure almost to all. For Marama appeared on the marae and called Niwareka to her side, and then, in the hearing of all the people, she appointed Niwareka to be her friend and companion for the coming tour and for another journey that would follow later. And the pleasure was greater when Marama turned and in sisterly fashion greeted the maiden of the people with an affectionate *hongī*.

Yet there was one person in the pa who seemed to take no pleasure in Niwareka's advancement. Up and down in front of his rock stamped Te Puku the Fat, loudly and bitterly complaining that he had been dealt a mortal blow by this rise in rank for Niwareka. Alas! What chance had he now of winning the Bright-Eyed One of Hikurangi? And how could he possibly keep watch on her during all the festivities

that would greet those who would travel under the wing of the White Hawk of Te Arawa?

"O kindly one! Just listen to that man!" cried Niwareka angrily, as the smiling Marama restrained her from effective reply. "And watch him now as he struts about and enjoys the laughter of the crowd! And look at him, just look at him, as now he moves towards me with dignity of step and with an air of proud supremacy! *Ai!* How I hate that man!"

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In due course, having sent messengers on ahead to announce his coming, the ariki set out from Hikurangi Pa, but behind him he left a very disturbed people, a people who had found out something just before he left.

Ha! So the later journey which Marama had spoken of was to be to Taupo in the south! *Aue!* Would the ariki indeed carry away their Puhi maiden to far-off Taupo against the wishes of the people, and without even mentioning the matter to the elders of the pa?

IV. NOBLE WAIKATO, SO DEEP, SO FULL

But still she will not move.
Now red, red, is the sun!
How hot, hot, are its rays!
Take ye, and hold the ropes,
And drag, with flashing eyes,
And drag, in concert all.
Moves now the prow. She moves!
She starts! Urge, urge her still!

WHITE'S *Maori History*.
(*Canoe-hauling Chant*).

In the first days of early summer, Tuwharétoa returned to that gully near the Waiotapu River, and he was more than pleased to find the great canoe ready for launching.

The energetic Rata had rounded up some hundreds of men and women of the Marangaranga tribe from their hamlets near the Kaingaroa Plains, and these subject people had willingly given their services in return for the continued protection of Te Arawa.

Early and late and day after day they had worked, neither men nor women being spared by Rata in his effort to have everything ready in time. The cutting down of small trees and the carrying of the trunks for the building of the dam, the erection of the dam itself, the cutting and laying down of skids or rollers of the slippery parapara wood, the making of drag-ropes and mooring-ropes for the canoe, the cutting and shaping of tough manuka wood for the paddles and of lighter wood for the thwarts and top-sides—these and many other duties of a laborious nature had been performed without a murmur. Thankful again were the

Marangarangas to be spared their lives and the remnant of their ancestral lands.

Nor had the Arawas themselves worked less hard. The reinforcements from Hikurangi had enabled the work to proceed apace. In charge of the operations was the old tohunga selected by Te Moana—a canoe-hewing expert from Mokoia Island, Rotorua, and famed throughout the Lake district for his knowledge of the art. He was a tyrant, but he knew his work, and the warriors had toiled like slaves for him, stone-axe-hewing the exterior and burning out and axe-hewing the interior, while he watched.

With the completion of the dam, the impounded waters had filled the creek bed, and they now extended some distance up the gully, making it certain that the force of water on the bursting of the dam would more than suffice to carry the canoe down to the river below.

Tuwharétōa was pleased with the work done. He praised the skill of his elder, the tohunga from Rotorua. He praised the efforts of Rata and his Arawas. And he spoke courteously to the Marangaranga people, acknowledging their assistance and promising to allow most of them to return shortly to their homes.

Then, without further delay, the launching ceremonies proceeded. They were carried through without a hitch, and soon the long hull slid down the slippery skid-way and floated buoyantly upon the water above the dam. The shouting warriors rushed down the slope and pulled the canoe back towards the bank, while Rata stepped forward quietly, pointed to the empty hull, and said:

"For me, O Tu?"

"For thee, my friend!" was the reply. "Take ten men, and a pole for each!"

Every Arawa there clamoured to be chosen, but Rata quickly picked the youngest he could find and hustled them aboard with their poles; not too soon nor too often could they have their taste of danger.

That nothing might be left undone, the old tohunga now stood forth and uttered his invocation to Tané, the Forest God:

"O Tané, guard this thy child of beauty, that she may reach the river below! Now for whom is this child of thine? She is for the Ariki Tuwharétoa. He has come for her, to this forest of thine, as an embracing husband, a husband of delight. Therefore, make smooth the way!"

He held up his hand, and a sharp command came from Tuwharétoa. At once the men waiting at the dam broke through its supports. The great structure sagged, then collapsed with a rending crash, and through the gap roared the pent-up water of the creek, bearing on its foamy crest the tossing canoe in one prolonged and furious drive down to the river.

As for the youths in the canoe, three of them were thrown out by the first frantic plunge she made. Another two disappeared into the foam when the canoe struck the bank half-way down the gully, but the rest with surprising agility managed to keep to their feet and even to use their poles to good effect.

Arawas and Marangarangas raced along the sloping banks, beside themselves with excitement, laughing and yelling, and shouting the most absurd advice to the distracted youths in the canoe. But the river was reached, and soon a shout from Rata announced that the canoe had sustained no damage. The overjoyed Arawas promptly executed a war-dance along the river bank.

The five youths who had come to grief in that wild rush pulled themselves ruefully out of the water, fortunate in having escaped with nothing worse than bruised ribs and a painful wound or two. They had fallen out, but soon they were reinstated in the eyes of all, for Tuwharétoa made them sit with Rata and the others at the ceremonial feast which followed.

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Two days later, the bulk of the Marangaranga men and all their women-folk were on the way back to their homes. The rest of their men, however, to the number of fifty or more, were moving southward up the valley of the Waikato on their way to the island in the river near the outlet of Taupo.

In charge of them was Rata, and with him were some thirty Arawas. Together they would prepare the island as a base while awaiting the arrival of the canoe by the river route.

As for the tohunga, he had been given a small escort and had gone back to Mokoia Island in Lake Rotorua, there to see to the completion of the carved figure-head and stern-post with which he would later on adorn the canoe.

Tuwharétoa and the rest of his party had meantime brought the giant hull down the Waiotapu River to its confluence with the Waikato, and had promptly driven the canoe out into the swift current of that mighty river.

Then the paddling had ceased as the deep voice of the leader boomed forth:

"O noble Waikato, so deep, so full!"

And reverently, as if acknowledging the mana of so great a river, the warriors had replied:

"Greetings from Te Arawa! Greetings to Waikato, deep and full!"

For several days the Arawas proceeded steadily on up-stream, marvelling often at the grandeur of the river, and finding now a new charm in the many canoe-chants that had been familiar to them from childhood days.

At Tuwharétōa's bidding, they collected lumps of floating pumice-stone, and at various points along the river he threw the pumice on to first one bank and then the other, claiming the river for Te Arawa.

At their leader's bidding also, the older and more experienced warriors taught the younger ones the finer points of paddle-work, the art of balancing the canoe so that no speed might be lost, and, in particular, the imperative necessity for all to dip and raise their paddles in perfect time with the chants.

Occasionally small villages and cultivations were seen, no doubt belonging to the Kahupungapunga tribe, who for generations past had maintained a precarious hold upon the land along the river. The inhabitants fled whenever the Arawas drew near.

It was when the canoe came to the great rapids told of in the traditions of Tia that the first serious obstacle was encountered. Ah! The rushing waters of Waikato, snow-white, jade-green!

Tuwharétōa brought the canoe up to the very edge of the whirlpool below the lowest fall, and spent some time examining the fall and the banks on either side. He soon realised that no canoe could hope to surmount even the lowest fall, and he knew that tradition spoke of other falls farther up.

The right bank of the river, with its high cliff rising above the swirling eddies of the whirlpool below, was clearly unsuited for his purpose, so he brought the canoe in under the shelter of the western bank and leaped ashore, ordering his men to await his return.

He forced his way through a mass of creepers and ferns and up a somewhat steep slope, and on into a chasm between high walls of rock. He could see at once that this was an old course the river had taken in past ages, before it had carved out for itself a lower bed. The floor of the chasm was now covered with moss and soil and trailing vines, with here and there a giant manuka tree struggling to out-top the rocky sides.

The farther he proceeded, the more he realised the quaintness yet accuracy of the tradition which spoke of Tia and his small canoe climbing a ladder of rapids. The old river bed was really a series of ledges with a gradual rise right through, and each section of it spoke of the slow but sure progress of Tia past the main obstacle in his way. Ha! Tia here, Tia there, Tia everywhere along the track—Te Ara-a-Tia-Tia, The Continuous-Pathway-of-Tia.

Throughout three long, hot, and very exhausting days the Arawas moved slowly up that rocky ladder, but only the first stage proved really difficult. The slope up from the river taxed the ingenuity of Tuwharé-toa and the strength of his men to the utmost, yet not even in their most toilsome efforts would the warriors allow their leader to give them a helping hand.

Once, when he sought with his great strength to lever the vessel off some crushed-in skids, a chorus of protests from the straining warriors made him

reluctantly desist. A chief might work with his hands alongside his men, but not the ariki, lest his tapu and mana be thereby lessened in the eyes of his tribe.

So he directed them to replace the damaged skids and to use some manuka trees near by as an aid in the hauling, and then he chanted a karakia to inspire them:

"O power! O power!
Bound round and confined!
O power! O power!
Bound round and confined!
Lift, O earth!
Lift, O heaven!
Move, O prow of canoe!
Move now, by short stages!
Pandé! Haul away!
Pandé! Haul away!"

The warriors redoubled their efforts, pulling lustily upon the drag-ropes, levering the canoe along, and chanting their sonorous response:

"*Turuki!* Move along!
Turuki! Slide along!
Ha! She comes, she comes!"

and gradually the canoe moved up the slope and on into the track through the chasm.

Then Tuwharétōa rested his men and allowed them to explore the rapids. He listened to their cries of appreciation as they stood upon the rocks and gazed down upon the rushing splendour below. He realised anew the inborn feeling of kinship and affection which all Maoris have for the wonders of Nature, believing as they do that everything they see has its *mauri* or life principle to guide and direct it along its appointed course.

On the evening of the third day, the Arawas reached the bend at the far end of the rapids, and joyfully

launched the canoe over a ledge of rock into the slack waters of a deep pool. They rested there that night.

Then on they went again, driving the canoe upstream and past a large island in the river, and on until they reached the giant falls called the Huka, or the Snow Falls.

The Ara-a-Tia-Tia had impressed the Arawas, but the Huka was more awe-inspiring and perhaps more beautiful still, for there the whole force of the Waikato swept over a high fall in one stupendous leap.

With the experience gained at the Ara-a-Tia-Tia, the task of surmounting the Huka proved comparatively easy. A few small cuttings in the western bank not far below the falls enabled a track to be formed up which the canoe was hauled with the aid of rollers and ropes, and by noon of the second day she was safely past the falls and afloat on the river again.

From there on the way was easy. A few small islands were passed, and then a terrace whereon were steaming hot springs and pools of coloured mud. Quite close to the water's edge was one particularly fine geyser which shot a stream of boiling water up to a great height.

The canoe sped on without stopping, and soon, as she swung round a bend in the river, the welcoming cries from another and much larger island in front announced to the shouting paddlers that their long journey up the Waikato was over at last.

Up swept the canoe with a final spurt towards the lower end of the island, and soon she sheered in through the sucking eddies towards the landing-skids that extended down into the river.

*"Kumā mai te waka-taua !
Haul up the war-canoe!"*

came the opening words of the chant as the Arawas on the island seized the drag-ropes and commenced to haul the canoe up on to the skids. The paddlers leaped into the shallows to their aid, and joined with them in the chorus:

*"Toia mai te waka-taua
Ki te urunga,
Ki te moenga—
Te waka-taua, é!
Pull the war-canoe up
To its pillow,
To its sleeping-place—
The war-canoe, é!"*

Then, with a rush, the lightened hull slid up over the skids and settled down on an even keel upon the bed prepared for it under the trees.

V. THE PATHWAYS OF CHIEFS

In days gone by I heard the question asked,
"What man can show the path the spirits go?"

WHITE'S *Maori History*.
(*Ancient Lament.*)

SOME days later, leaving the canoe in the safe care of his men, Tuwharétoa set out with Rata for Hikurangi Pa.

The route they chose lay through new country to the west of the river, but nothing of special interest did they see except a huge blow-hole, and then two small valleys which throbbed with power from forces hidden in the earth below.

Through one of these valleys ran a hot stream, remarkable for its coloured cascades and for the simmering pools of varied hues that lined its banks. And so soft and refreshing to the skin did they find the waters of this stream to be that they named it "Te Wai-ora-a-Tané, The Life-giving-Water-of-Tané."

The second valley was of a different type, a weird place marked by geysers that hissed and roared and shot on high their glittering spray. And down the valley flowed a rushing stream which Tuwharétoa named "Te Wai-rakei, The Striding-Water."

Leaving that valley they hurried on, and by noon they were across the Waikato again, having swum the river at a point some distance above the great bend. Then tirelessly they set out on the long final stage of the journey home.

Ha! In the mind of the ariki was already the

thought of all the troubles awaiting him at Hikurangi Pa.

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Those troubles were not long in coming to a head, for, on the very first evening of his return, Tuwharétoa heard about the nightly ceremonies of the tohungas, ceremonies which had caused much uneasiness of mind to all the followers of the ariki within the pa.

It was not until the morning, however, that he found out the full truth, and then his rage was so great that had Taréha been present before him he would have slain the head chief on the spot, regardless of consequences. But the truth was revealed to him while alone with Marama down by the river.

He had first questioned her about Kahu, and had demanded to know if Kahu had presumed to speak to her during his absence.

"No!" she had replied. "Nothing has he said to me, O Manaia, but he hovers near me, and once, when he covered me with cloak from sudden rain, he touched me, and oh, his nearness to me was rough to me as skin of shark to hand."

Tuwharétoa had made no comment, and Marama had then confided to him the more serious thing that had troubled her mind.

"O my brother," she had said. "I fear Taréha and I fear his tohungas. Listen! Night after night I have felt the moving of strange powers. Night after night there has come to me unbidden a dread, a subtle dread of Taupo. I shake it off, but back it comes with added force, and then I feel an influence that seeks to draw me to that hated Kahu. *Aud!* I fear the tohungas, for they use their powers on me and they try to draw

my mind and spirit into their hands for moulding as they will. So leave me not again, O Manaia, leave me not again!"

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By the time Tuwharétoa was back at the pa that day he had regained control of himself, but he was determined to force the issue with the head chief. So he made inquiries at once from Te Puku and also from Te Moana the Wise, and then he spoke to the head chief in the presence of a crowd which quickly gathered on the marae:

"O Taréha! Take heed! I have found out about the efforts of thyself and thy tohungas to ensnare the minds of my followers within this pa. Dangerous work! Therefore, let such efforts cease at once, O Child of Tama, lest the danger be too great even for thee and thy tohungas!

"Now give heed again! I have learned of thine efforts to influence the mind of the Puhi maiden Marama. Ha! I ask thee questions. To what purpose was thy face tattooed, that thou couldst act to her in so mean a manner during mine absence in the south? Has the head chief of Hikurangi ceased to be a chief, a rangatira? *Aué!*" His exclamation gave added force to the contempt that was in his voice.

"Now hear my final word!" he continued. "For this thy treatment of my sister, I will lay up in store for thee something that will be more bitter to thy mind than berry of mato to mouth. Therefore, *taihoa!* Enough!"

The wrathful Taréha opened his mouth to speak, but, to the surprise of the people, no speech came. The

angry tohungas who had gathered behind their leader scowled at the ariki, but they too remained silent.

Tuwharétoa turned his back upon them and moved away, leaving Te Puku to announce to the people that within seven days the chiefs and elders and tohungas of all Te Arawa would be meeting the ariki in general council on Hikurangi Hill.

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Alone with Tuwharétoa that evening, old Te Moana the Wise made a final effort to induce the ariki to modify his attitude towards Taréha. Said he:

"O Tu! Listen to this proverb of our ancestors! '*He tao rakan, e karohia atu ka hemo. He tao kii, werohia mai tu tonu.*' A thrown wooden spear, if warded off, passes away. The spoken spear, when spoken, wounds deeply.' Consider, therefore, whether thou shouldst keep on smiting the head chief with words that will rankle in his mind, words that may cause endless trouble among our people!"

Meeting with no response he waited a while, and then proceeded:

"Consider the action of thy father, O Ariki! He named thee '*Manaia*,' but not because of thy looks. No! He named thee after the mighty chief Manaia, who was the enemy of Ngatoro-i-rangi in distant Tawhiti. It was a sign to all the world that an ancient feud was at an end, and that the memory of it was no longer to becloud the minds of Ngatoro's descendants in the new land in the south.

"Therefore, O Tu, when thou wilt have left this place, remember not in the Taupo country the quarrels and troubles of Hikurangi days! Be warned by one who has seen the folly of internal strife! Let the feud

between Ngatoro-i-rangi and Tama-te-kapua, and the enmity between their descendants, be altogether forgotten, otherwise the unity of the tribe will be gradually lost, and then terrible wars may result in days to come. Now speak, O Tu, speak!"

When Tuwharétoa answered at last, his words but gave Te Moana more food for thought:

"O Aged One! The advice which thou hast given to me is good advice. Therefore, in the Taupo country I will cast aside my hate, and I will forget Taréha. Yes, I will forget him. But as to what will happen before I leave Hikurangi, I cannot say. Now let us cleanse ourselves and resume our studies in the art of 'makutu,' that I may not fail in my test on the great day!"

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On the following morning further trouble broke out, and in a fresh quarter.

A large meeting of the head chief's supporters was being held on the marae, and was being addressed by Taréha. At his side stood Kahu. Presently Tuwharétoa and Rata came striding by. They stopped. Taréha ceased speaking. Then said Rata in a voice that could be heard by all:

"See that Kahu yonder, O Tu! Back he has come to life, yet the scars remain, his body scarred, his mind scarred, even his spirit scarred by his black treachery to me."

"Yes!" replied Tuwharétoa. "And surely the shame of it must be gnawing at his heart like unto the gnawing of the Sea Maid into the sides of the Earth Mother."

Then, without heeding the angry protests of the head

chief and his followers, they walked on, with Rata knowing quite well that so plain a challenge would sooner or later be accepted by the victim of his taunt. They walked on, but in front of Te Moana's wharé they stopped again and listened to a reproof from the Aged One:

"Oh, the arrogance, the impatience of youth! Cannot ye wait until after the gathering of chiefs and elders of the tribe? Must ye display to all the world the private hates that mar the life of Hikurangi? *Taihoa* with your hates! *Taihoa*!"

Without replying, they walked on, and entered the dwelling of the ariki. Then Tuwharétoa said:

"O Rata! Perhaps the Aged One is right. Let us keep away from Taréha and Kahu for a time! Later we will strike, and strike hard. Is that good, O friend?"

"It is good," said Rata, with some reluctance.

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During the next few days party after party of chiefs and tohungas and elders arrived, and by the sixth day the greatest concourse of leaders known in the history of Te Arawa had assembled on Hikurangi Hill.

On the seventh day the proceedings opened before a huge gathering on the marae, but after the usual formalities were over the first matter for discussion was settled by the ariki with disappointing quickness.

Invited to disclose his decision on the matter of marriage, Tuwharétoa rose up and said that he had visited all the villages of the tribe and had made up his mind as to the maiden whom he would seek to win as his mate. Her name and parentage he would

announce at a later date. Sufficient for the present that she was of highest rank!

The second matter for discussion proved much harder to settle. Indeed, it took up almost the rest of that day, and more than once it looked as if Tuwharétoa would be forbidden to proceed farther with his plans for the conquest of Taupo.

The crafty Taréha contented himself with reminding the visiting chiefs and elders that even Mawaké-Taupo at the height of his power had deferred to the wishes of his people, and had refrained from pursuing his dreams of conquest in the south. Yet now his son was trying to force the people into an unwanted war with Ngatihotu, regardless of the risk of wars with other tribes as well. Had not Te Arawa enough lands, enough lakes, for all its needs? asked Taréha.

He was supported by one of his followers, who pointed out that the Ngatihotus were a numerous people, yet the ariki was setting out against them with only a small force which would be easily wiped out or driven back. Then would Te Arawa have to avenge the defeat and waste its strength on a useless war, for even if the Lake People were conquered the Arawas would not be numerous enough to occupy the Taupo country. And of what use would conquest be without occupation?

So the discussion went on, with the visitors showing more and more readiness to accept the view-point of Hikurangi Pa, and more and more readiness to forbid Tuwharétoa to use the tribal strength against Taupo. Indeed, the head chief felt sure already that he had the ariki a beaten man.

But disillusionment came quickly, and with it, another of those instances in which a Maori chief of

highest rank has been able, by his confidence in himself and by his well-chosen speech, to sway the minds of his people and imperiously to bend their wills to his.

Tuwharétoa in leisurely fashion had risen to his feet, and now his whole manner as he arranged his chieftain's robes about him reminded the people irresistibly of the Great One who was gone. Many of the people were turning their hearts towards him even before he began to speak. Then, with his opening words, there came an appeal to the imagination such as few on that marae could possibly resist:

"Hearken, O chiefs and elders! Hearken, O people! To the south is the Waikato, river of rivers. Beyond lies Taupo, the Inland Sea. Beyond Taupo is the mountain Tongariro, that was scaled by Ngatoro. Waikato, Taupo, Tongariro—*te ara o tenei ariki*, the pathway of this chief! Yes, the pathway of this chief!

"Now as to the Ngatihotus who bar my way! 'Tis true that they are a numerous people. *Taihoa!* A little cloud shall cover them. Ah! Already, with the eye of the spirit, I see my warriors dancing a peruperu of victory upon the shining pumice sands of Taupo. Ha! How the sand flies from under their feet! Arawas!

"Now hear me as I speak of that which calls me, pulls me, drives me on! I am called of the spirit. This is the call. Some of the carved posts in the House of Te Arawa have been left by mine ancestor Ngatoro for me to finish. It was my father's wish that I should finish them. And I will finish them, whether this council approve or not, for in this matter I am the Tribe. Enough! Enough!"

And it needed not the thunderous roar of a combined "haka" to show Taréha that the young ariki, for the

time being at least, had brushed aside the obstacles that had been placed in his way.

The day of the long-awaited test of the Wharé-wananga broke beautifully clear, and for some reason or other its summer warmth and brightness seemed to give more than usual pleasure to old Te Moana the Wise. From point to point along the brow of the hill he went, greeting the dawn, greeting the sun, greeting one after another the familiar spots spread out below and around.

To add to his pleasure, the tohungas of Hikurangi as well as the visiting tohungas placed themselves under his leadership, and then they followed him round and round the marae while he carried out without a mistake the intricate ceremonies required by the age-old customs of the race. A great day for Te Moana the Wise!

At noon, with tohungas and people alike worked up into the desired state of mind, and with the women and children now all excluded from the pa, the ceremonies ended, and Te Moana led the way to a small enclosure on the northern side of the marae. Soon one end of this enclosure was crowded with tohungas, while the outside was lined with rows upon rows of chiefs and elders of Te Arawa, with the warriors of Hikurangi crowding in upon them from the back.

Then into the enclosure walked the young chief Kahu. Ah! The ariki was not the only pupil of the Wharé-wananga whom the tohungas would test that day, for two others were desirous of tohunga rank; but for them the tests would be by comparison light.

As Kahu sat down by himself at one end of the enclosure it was demanded of him that he project his thoughts into the minds of the tohungas. It was a test not unduly hard for one who had spent so many years in the higher studies of the Wharé-wananga. He passed it with ease.

Then into the ground in front of him was thrust the freshly-cut branch of a leafy shrub. That he caused the leaves to wither before the eyes of all was deemed, at least by those outside the enclosure, to be only another manifestation of the intimate relationship known to exist between mankind and the offspring of Tané the Forest Father. The test was passed.

The next to appear within the enclosure was Rata. He too was able to satisfy the tohungas with his power to project his thoughts; but when a captive was brought before him and he was bidden to control the actions of that captive by the powers of mind alone, he experienced difficulty. The captive showed great fear of him. Finally, however, he brought the mind of the captive into subjection to his own, and after that the rest was easy, and the test was passed.

A subdued murmur rose as Tuwharétoa now entered the enclosure, and at once a stream of warriors began to move away from the marae and down on to the terraces below. The fear of the power of the "makutu" was strong upon them. Powers that were beyond their ken were to be let loose on the marae. Better to keep at a distance, thought they. But the tohungas and the chiefs and the elders stayed where they were, and mentally girded themselves in readiness for that which was to come. Ah! The slaying of a human being by the weapon unseen!

Scarcely had Tuwharétoa sat down opposite the

tohungas than he began to thrust out at them with a mental power that astounded them. Some of the lesser tohungas who had taken unduly prominent positions in front now hastily betook themselves to the rear. Other tohungas grew uneasy also, but held their ground. A few of the leaders hurled back thrust for thrust.

Presently Te Moana gave heed to the murmured protests of the tohungas and, to their relief, ordered the second portion of the test to begin.

But now a difficulty arose. A captive and terror-stricken maiden who was dragged into the enclosure as an intended victim for the ariki's test, was contemptuously rejected by him. Why should the tohungas insult him with so poor a test? he asked.

Having consulted together, the tohungas decided to submit to the ariki a warrior of Hikurangi who had been guilty of that much-abhorred offence, a theft. But when the warrior appeared within the enclosure, his horror of a death by the "makutu" had already made him half-dead with fright. Impatiently, even angrily, Tuwharétoa ordered the man away. Then peremptorily he cried:

"I myself will choose the test, and a worthy test. So move back to either side, ye tohungas of Te Arawa, leaving before me only the chief tohunga of Hikurangi! Upon Taréha will I exercise my powers. Enough! Move back! Hasten!"

For a moment, tohungas and chiefs and elders were dumb with astonishment. Then the storm broke, and the dignity and order that usually mark the assemblies of the Maori were swept away. Cries of protest from the visitors mingled with cries of rage from the followers of Taréha. The head chief him-

self tried to quell the tumult. He cried out that he was willing to stand the test. The uproar only increased. Crowds of warriors hastened back to the marae, and took sides at once. For a while it looked as if bloodshed must ensue.

With considerable difficulty, Te Moana managed at last to assert himself. With dire threats he compelled silence. Then scathingly he rebuked all his fellow-tohungas except Taréha for their amazing loss of self-control. Even more scathingly he rebuked the chiefs and the elders and the warriors for their presumption in allowing their voices to be heard at a sacred ceremony of the Wharé-wananga. He ordered the warriors to leave the marae at once.

Then, turning round, he sternly reprovéd Tuwharétoa for so nearly precipitating a serious crisis within the tribe. The private enmity with Taréha over the matter of Marama was of little importance, said Te Moana, compared with the welfare of Hikurangi and of Te Arawa. Moreover, it was a grievous thing to find the ariki so ready to use his powers of mind to an unworthy end. A grievous thing! Not for such ends had he been taught the knowledge of Ngatoro.

A gesture of regret came from Tuwharétoa, and the Aged One was appeased at once. It had hurt him to publicly reprove the one he loved. He moved forward now, and knelt beside the ariki, and gave him affectionate greeting. He whispered something, and the watching people saw the ariki start with surprise, then slowly lift his cape from the ground and draw it up over his brow.

Te Moana moved back, and ordered the tohungas to group themselves along the sides of the enclosure and to keep away from the ends. They quickly obeyed.

This done, he commanded the tohungas and the chiefs and elders to remain silent, no matter what they might see or hear.

Then he sat down by himself in the centre of the enclosure, with his face towards Tuwharétoa, and waited. Gradually it dawned upon all that the Aged One was offering himself up as a sacrifice, and was waiting, waiting for the ariki's attack. *Aué!*

Suddenly the voice of Te Moana broke the silence:

"O Tu! Hear me! What matters it if I take the spirit path now? Is not my house swept, clean swept, for ever swept? Are not my years almost fulfilled? Why grieve for me? Shall we not meet again, meet again where shadowy spirits dwell? Remove thy cape from brow, then strike, strike!"

But no sign did the ariki give, and his face remained hidden from view. A brief wait, then Te Moana spoke again:

"*É Tu! Kaoré ahau e maté tara wharé. A tena! Patua!* O Tu! I refuse to die under the eaves of a house. Now then! Kill!"

Still no response! Silence, a long silence, an oppressive silence, broken at last by a final appeal from the Aged One:

"O Tu! Hear the cry of thy kinsman! Is it not better for me to die weapon in hand than by the weary feebleness or the lingering sickness of old age? Listen! I am armed with the spear of the mind, and so art thou. And our spears are sharp. Do thou use thy spear upon me, and I will seek to parry thy thrusts! So may we gain knowledge. Strike, O Tu, strike! Ah! A-a-ah!"

The cape had fallen now, and the eyes of Tuwharétoa were seen to be like points of light. An upward

nod was the only warning he gave. Then, with terrific suddenness, he struck.

Ha! The alert Te Moana parried that thrust and the thrusts that immediately followed, but not without difficulty. Their penetrative power surprised him, and very real to him was the force that was seeking now to grip him. He felt it increase in power, and fade away. Then with joy, even triumph, in his voice, he described his sensations to the listening tohungas. Knowledge from the gods!

Eager for more, he issued a challenge:

"Open, open wide the door to my last home, O Tu! Then see if thou canst force me through! Yet wait! I of myself would seek to stay a while upon the edge of life, and from the edge gaze out upon the mystery and the beauty of the borderland, the dim borderland of the soul. Therefore strike, O Tu, strike hard, yet not too hard! *Aué!* Too hard!"

Some of the chiefs and elders drew back a little from the fringe of the enclosure, and even the tohungas became alarmed, for they had seen Te Moana sway a little. To their relief he spoke again, but in a voice hushed and strained:

"Mine eyes do look into the distance, but the distance is blurred as with a mist. A-a-ah! The floating shadows! The floating shadows! See! They stir! Now the mist lifts! Lo! I see the ones who in my youth did wear the plume upon the brow, the ones who in my youth did go in pride before the tribe. It is as though the dead are coming back to me in life. In life? Do I still live? Perhaps!"

He sighed, and passed his hands before his eyes as if to sweep away something that lay in front. Then:

"*É Tu, taihoa!* Drink not greedily at this spring!

Let us sip of the spring, gaining knowledge ourselves, and stirring in our brethren here some recollection of powers possessed by their ancestors in the Homeland in the morning-time of the race! Perhaps through us the secret places may be opened up. Who knows? Therefore, strike gently, gently, thus!"

.

It was late afternoon before Te Moana was satisfied, yet not once during the periods of contest or the periods of rest had the interest of tohungas or chiefs or elders shown signs of lagging. Yes, for the tohungas at least, some secret places had been opened up.

"O Tu!" said Te Moana at last. "The sun is sinking, so let the final battle begin! Ah! How warm and bright is this loved marae of ours even near the end of day! It will be good to die here where I can look upon and greet the fair world ere I leave it for ever. And with what affection do I greet and say farewell to mine only surviving parent in this world, the land! Greetings to the land! Now strike, O Tu! Strike hard! *Au!*"

The face of the ariki became white and drawn. The face of Te Moana took on a death-like hue. Then the strain suddenly eased, and for the first time since the queer contest began Tuwharétoa spoke:

"O Noble Arawa! Would that I could make thy departure be as the gradual fading away of a bright light! But alas, I am unskilled. Therefore, if there be aught remaining for thee to say, say it quickly, for soon I must strike roughly, strike to kill, to kill!"

The voice of Te Moana was faint with weakness as he replied:

"O Tu! There is still one lesson that I would teach.

Therefore, *taihoa*! Yet must I hurry. See! The sinking sun is sinking fast. Tarry a while, O Sun, and together we shall descend to the abyss! Abyss? Must the spirit of man indeed go down and down the long descent of the *Tahékéroa*? Must it indeed pass through the gate of *Muriwai-hou* into the subterranean world of the *Rarohenga*? No! No! Not thus did *Ngatoro* believe in days of old."

His voice dropped almost to a whisper so that his words might not be heard by others than *Tuwharétoa* and the *tohunga*s:

"Now hear me, ye Wise Ones of *Te Arawa*! According to *Ngatoro*, there is a period of cleansing or sloughing off after death, and then the *awé*, the refined essence of the human soul, leaves this Land of Light and leaps to *Hawaiki-rangi*, *Hawaiki-in-the-Sky*. From *Hawaiki-rangi* it ascends gradually by the spirit track of the *Toi-huarewa* to the topmost of the twelve heavens, to the *Toi-o-nga-rangi*, the Summit of Heaven, the real *Hono-i-Wairua*, the Gathering-Place-of-Souls before *Io* the Parent. Thus did *Ngatoro* believe. Yet stay! What man can prove the path the spirits go? What man? No man yet!"

His voice grew louder and stronger again: "Ah! The sun is about to set, so hasten, O *Tu*! Repeat to me the *tuku-wairua*, the incantation of the death-spell that will take life, the soul-dispatching *karakia* which I did teach thee! *Tukua au! Kia teré!* Dispatch me! Hasten!"

The lips of the *ariki* moved, but the words that came were in a strange tongue, harsh-sounding and weirdly-menacing, words that caused the Aged One to writhe in agony as he cried:

"*Aué! Aué!* The deepest darkness shoots across

my sky. Now it settles down and nearer draws and deepens. Now it rushes at me like a flood, and its crest is crimson. *Aué!* It bursts upon me, but I fight it. Roll back, roll back, thou blood-red blight of waters sweeping o'er my sight! Roll—A-a-ah! A-a-ah!" And only the ariki heard a final whisper: "Ngatoro was right. The track—the track—is the Toi-hua—hua—rewa."

At the same moment the sun disappeared from sight, then slowly Tuwharétoa drew his cape up over his brow again to hide his grief.

VI. THE HILL-OF-FAREWELLS

And yet they were but savages who stood
On Mocatoa's Hill, above the scene—
Mere savages! They knew not yet the road
To reach the standard of their better selves,
Yet they were men in all save this—brave men,
With patriots' hearts, for as they stood and gazed
O'er fair Kawhia's bush-clad hills and vales
That stretched into the sea, o'er which their sires
In ages past sailed from Hawaiki's shores,
The tears ran down their tattooed cheeks, and sobs
Welled from their bosoms, for they loved the land
With all the love intense a Maori feels
For childhood's home. The caverns held the bones
Of those from whom they'd sprung. Their legends wild
And weird traditions chained them to the place,
And ere they burst those links of love they gave
A last sad look on each familiar spot
And wailed above Kawhia's lovely vale.

THOMAS BRACKEN.

(Farewell of the Ngaitoa to Kawhia.)

FOLLOWING upon the death of Te Moana the Wise, and at the end of the customary period of mourning and talking and feasting, a striking ceremony took place on the marae, a ceremony by which every chief who was in the pa made formal and public acknowledgment of the fact that Tuwharétōa was the Ariki and Paramount Chief of all Te Arawa. Ah! A bitter moment it was for the head chief of Hikurangi when his turn came to perform the act, but, with the eyes of all upon him, he did not dare hold back.

Yet at the close of the ceremony the visitors made one matter clear before they departed for their homes. In respectful but quite decided terms that met with the cordial approval of Tuwharétōa, their spokesman

reminded the ariki that the Arawas were a free-born people and that each and every section of the tribe had full liberty of action in all matters. Therefore, in the matter of Taupo, let the ariki move slowly, move carefully, move only by himself and with his own followers for the present, and maybe ere long he would find section after section of the tribe supporting him willingly in a war of conquest in the south.

Then they departed; but no sooner had they gone than Taréha proceeded to ignore the views of the tribal council and to deal with the matter of Taupo as if it affected Hikurangi alone.

Determined to oppose Tuwharétoa to the last, he called the elders together at the meeting-house, and reminded them of the danger of defections from the pa. With apt proverb he pointed out that, once a stone had been cracked and a piece had fallen out, there would always be room for another piece to fall out. So it would be with Hikurangi. Piece after piece would fall out if the elders should fail to support the head chief now in his efforts to keep the strength of the pa intact.

But when he proceeded to urge the use of force to compel the return of the warriors who had already gone, and the use of force to prevent further departures from Hikurangi, he met with opposition even from among his own followers. Force against the ariki? No! No! Thrice no! And one elder who belonged to a different section of the people was openly suspicious about the motive underlying that threat of force. Said he, as he sniffed the air:

"Ha! I scent the breath of anger felt from ancient times, times of Tama-te-kapua and Ngatoro. Ha!" And he sniffed again.

Annoyed at being opposed by his own people, and exceedingly angry over the matter of those sniffs, Taréha stalked out of the building, and the meeting broke up at once.

The rest of the day was marked by three events which caused much stir among the people.

First of all there occurred, on the flat below the pa, a challenge fight in which Rata inflicted terrible injuries upon his enemy Kahu. Treachery avenged!

Later there was the formal announcement that the ariki would be leaving Hikurangi within two days' time, and would be taking with him Te Puku and Niwareka, as well as Rata and Marama.

And finally there was the taking down of the sacred carvings that adorned the dwellings of the ariki and Marama, and the removal of those carvings for burial in a hidden spot.

Now of these three events the one which caused the most stir was the last. Throughout the pa it was discussed and re-discussed until very late that night. *Aud!* Was the ariki about to leave Hikurangi for ever?

Tuwharétoa and Marama devoted the following day to a round of sad farewells.

Soon after sunrise they were at the Pink and White Terraces near Tarawera Mountain and Lake. Ah! The lustre, and the sparkle, and the gorgeous colouring of each terrace in the morning sunshine! Alas! To have to leave such beauty—for ever! Tenderly, reverently, they moved from place to place, caressing with loving hands the smooth warm walls that bound their favourite bathing-pools; they wept as they whispered their farewells.

And when at last they tore themselves away, they

left behind a promise, a promise that their love for the Beautiful Ones of Tarawera would not be withered by the heat of the Taupo sun but would be kept moist by the tears from their eyes.

By midday they were at the secret burial-cave "Te Atua-reré-tahi" in the rocky hills of Kawérau, and there Tuwharétoa performed a leave-taking ceremony over the bones of his ancestors. A strange place, and a strange scene!

Finally, on their way back to Hikurangi, they visited places in the forest and along the river that teemed with memories of happy childhood days! *Aué!* Their grief as they cried "farewell" again, and yet again!

Many meetings were held within the pa that night, the last night which Tuwharétoa would spend on Hikurangi Hill.

On his return with Marama from the river, he had found the people waiting for him, his own followers on one side of the marae and the rest of the people on the other.

He had been asked by the elders to say plainly whether he was leaving Hikurangi for ever, and he had replied that he was. Yes; by the very roots he was tearing up his life so that nothing might hold him back from Taupo. Yes; he could say it with grief—he was leaving Hikurangi for ever.

And immediately, amid the wailing of women, one of his own followers had moved forward and had said that the giant totara tree grew not alone in open country but always in the forest. Therefore, as the ariki was that totara tree, and his followers were the forest, the forest should move with the tree to Taupo.

Considerably embarrassed, Tuwharétoa had counselled patience. *Taihoa!* The land around Taupo would need to be prepared before it could take a new forest. A little later the forest would move. Better to stay at Hikurangi for a time! Therefore, *taihoa* again! At which advice the head chief had smiled a mirthless smile, and had made some obscure remark about a cracked stone.

Yes, many meetings were held that night, and from each meeting departed elder after elder who waited on Tuwharétoa in person and begged him, even implored him, not to forsake Hikurangi for ever. But always was the answer of the ariki the same: "*Kua mutu!* Finished!"

At last, and shortly before daybreak, the anxious elders made their final effort to persuade the ariki from his purpose. Gathering together, they approached Tuwharétoa now standing beside a fire in front of his dwelling. He listened to them as they pleaded with him. But at the end, he seized a blazing brand, and with it he set his dwelling on fire in several places. The leaping flames soon fired the thatch. Another moment, and the whole building was doomed.

Then in front of her dwelling close by appeared Marama. She too held a blazing brand. Hurriedly she applied it to the sides and to the roof, and soon her dwelling also was a mass of flame.

"Ha!" cried Tuwharétoa. "For me there can now be no retreat. See! *Ka kotia te taitapu ki Hawaiki.* The track to Hawaiki is cut off."

Upon the hill at the head of the valley, a hill ever afterwards to be known as the Hill-of-Farewells, occurred the final scenes.

Hand in hand stood Te Puku the Fat and Niwareka, weeping together and comforting each other as they cried their laments.

A little apart stood Rata and Marama. They too were weeping, and sharing each other's grief. They too were joining in sorrowful farewells.

And by himself at the very top of the hill stood the ariki, tight-lipped, dry-eyed—waiting, waiting.

But presently he called to the others, and bade them hasten. *Aué!* How the tears streamed down Te Puku's cheeks as he raised his hand in silent greeting to the loved rock on the marae! And how the tears came unbidden to the eyes of Tuwharétoa himself as he raised Pahikauré on high, that it might send a mute farewell to the distant pa!

Then the grief of all as they chanted the final dirge:

"Hikurangi! Remain!
Valley, river and hill,
Take our tears and our sighs,
We are going away.
Hikurangi! Remain!"

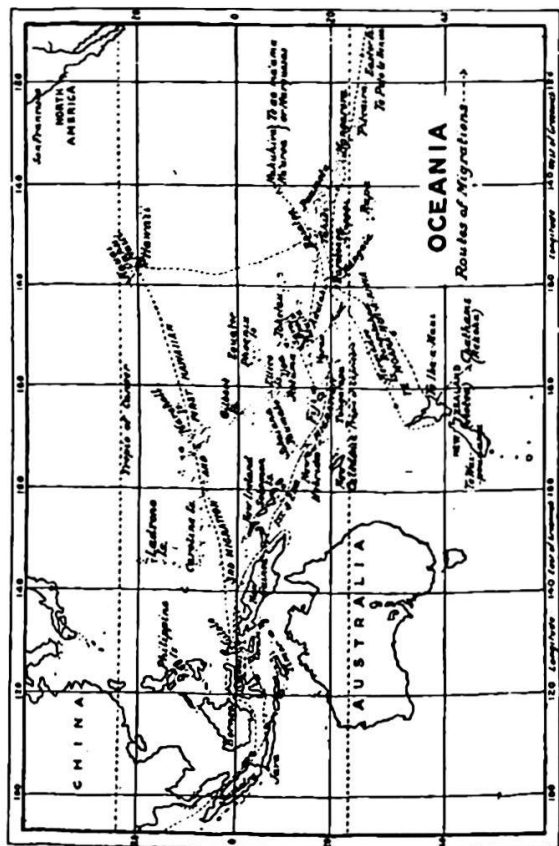
Aué! The grief of all!

But a little later, as they moved down the southern slope on their way to the island in the Waikato, a new joy began to stir in their hearts, and soon Te Puku put that joy to words in song. Gaily he chanted:

"We are the Children of Forest and Fern,
Of Raupo Hut and Carved and Plumed Canoe."

"Yes, and of Hawaiki!" cried Tuwharétoa, as he drew out from beneath his cape a carved casket, black with age.

BOOK FOUR



BOOK FOUR

I. THE ISLAND IN THE RIVER

Behold my paddle!
It is laid by the canoe-side,
Held close to the canoe-side.
Now, 'tis raised on high—the paddle!
Poised for the plunge—the paddle!
Now, it leaps and flashes—the paddle!
It quivers like a bird's wing.
This paddle of mine!
See! I raise on high
The handle of my paddle.
Ha! The quick thrust in,
The backward sweep,
The swishing, the swirling eddies,
The boiling white wake
And the spray that flies from
My paddle!

JAMES COWAN.
(*Ancient Canoe-chant of Turi.*)

"Rild, ko te rild /
Together—all together!
Rild, ko te rild /
Together, all together!"

With Te Puku the Fat as their kai-hautu or time-giver, the Arawas were carrying out their canoe-drill upon the river.

Every morning and every afternoon, whilst awaiting the arrival of the carved figure-head and stern-post from Rotorua, Tuwharétoa had taken the canoe out upon the broad waters of the Waikato. Daily he had sought to familiarise the warriors with the handling of so unusually large a vessel, and to make them more accustomed to the long and heavy paddles. Daily, with the aid of Te Puku, he had striven to

so co-ordinate the paddle-work that the downward and backward thrusts would be regular and powerful enough to drive the canoe forward with both steadiness and speed.

On this particular midsummer's morning, Te Puku was anxious to give of his best, for the Puhi maiden Marama was on board with her companion Niwareka. A low cabin had been built for their use, with a sloping and rush-covered top upon which they now reclined in comfort. It had been built close to the stern so that Marama might be near to her brother, who would share with Rata the chieftain's privilege of steering the canoe upon her course.

The Fat One, gaily adorned as to bordered waist-garment and feathered head-dress, stood now upon his platform amidships, swaying his body from side to side, and brandishing a taiaha as he kept time for the paddling warriors by the rhythmic measure of his chant:

*"Ritē, ko te ritē /
Ritē, ko te ritē /
Te ihu takoto atu.
Waenga kia hinga,
Te hei akina—
Aha-aha !*

Together—all together!
Together—all together!
Bow-paddles there, all together;
'Mid-ships there, keep time!
Stern-paddles—all together!
Aha-aha !"

The beat had been slow at first, but now it gradually quickened as the lusty voices of the warriors joined in:

*"Ritē, ko te ritē /
Ritē, ko te ritē /
Tiaia, a tiaia !
Toki hika toki !
Toki hika toki !*

Together—all together!
Together—all together!
Plunge the paddles in!
Paddle away!
Paddle away!
Aha-aha!"

The paddles swung and dipped and rose again and fell in time to the chant, while the canoe rushed forward with ever-increasing speed. Not fast enough yet, however, for Tuwharétoa!

"*Hoea te waka-taua!* Urge on the war-canoe!" he cried.

"*Hukeré—ka hukeré! Hukeré—ka hukeré!* Quicker and quicker! Quicker and quicker!" roared Te Puku.

Faster and faster came the strokes, as the brawny-shouldered crew responded. The timing was perfect. The paddles rose and flashed in the sunlight as one. The canoe seemed to almost fly along.

At a sudden command the warriors held their paddles up, while the canoe swung gracefully to either side as Tuwharétoa bent his weight this way and that upon the long steering-paddle at the stern. For some time he gave his men practice in the art of quickly turning and promptly stopping a canoe, that they might be prepared for the war conditions that would be theirs in the lake-fighting later on.

The warriors themselves took unbounded interest in these exercises, and their quick response to the various commands gave increasing satisfaction to their leader. He longed to test both canoe and men upon the Lake itself. Yet he knew the folly of too hasty a start, and he turned back ere he reached the outlet, lest the temptation of the sight of Taupo should prove too great.

On the return run to the island in the river, Te

Puku decided to add a ceremonial touch to the paddle-work. His great voice burst suddenly forth in an imperious command:

"Taringa whakarongo! Ears, listen!"

The tingling ears of the paddlers listened. Then:

"Hikitia! Lift up!"

Every paddle was lifted clear of the canoe side. The warriors in front glanced backwards and saw the expressive gesture the Fat One made. Then:

"Pakia! Strike!"

With a deft movement of his free hand each warrior slapped the wet blade of his paddle, the crash of the combined effort being startling in its suddenness and its intensity. With a clamour of sound, some hundreds of wild-fowl rose into the air from a swamp on the western bank.

"Tiaia! Drive in!" cried Te Puku.

Once more the warriors plunged their paddles in, and then delightedly they joined the Fat One in a rhythmic chant, enjoying its vigorous swing, its frequent repetitions, and the regular beat which fitted in so splendidly with the movements of the paddles.

The evenings on the island in the river were as full of interest as were the days.

Thus on moonlight nights one and all would join in tribal chants to the music of flutes, with the deep tones of Te Puku's voice in pleasing contrast with the appealing softness of the voices of the maidens.

It was during these nights on the island that Tu-wharétoa began to notice with pleasure the growing affection of Marama for her brother's friend. Evening after evening she and Rata would sit together,

somewhat apart from the others yet always joining in with them for the chants. A burden lifted off the mind of the young leader, to see his course thus made free.

Even the moonless nights were enjoyed by all; for then Tuwharétoa talked about the stars, and imparted knowledge handed down from Ngatoro-i-rangi of old.

Thus he pointed out the starry outline of the famed canoe Te Waka-o-Tama-reréti (the Tail of the Scorpion) with its high stern-post, and with its anchor down securely held by a cable of stars. He directed attention to that ancient steering-mark at sea, Te Maahu-Tonga (the Southern Cross). He pointed out the black space close to Te Maahu-Tonga called Te Riu-o-Maahu (the Coal-Sack), and he named many a cluster of stars familiar to the tohungas and navigators of former days.

Moreover, he explained to the warriors how their ancestors had discovered that the world was not flat but round. Voyaging about among the islands of the Sea of Kiwa, long before the migration from Tawhiti, they had found familiar stars disappearing and new stars rising the farther they had pressed to the south. But, on the voyages back towards the north, the old stars had reappeared above the horizon. Their disappearance and reappearance could only have been due to the one cause. The world must be round in shape, round like a berry, or like a poi-ball, said he.

Much other knowledge did he impart; but ever his talks were brief, and then would follow the chanting of songs and the piping of flutes.

Thus did the days and the nights pass quickly, pass peacefully, until one day, the day after the arrival of the carved figure-head and stern-post from Rotorua, the Arawa watchman on the river bank

up-stream gave warning of a large canoe speeding down from the Lake outlet.

The warriors upon the island rushed to the skids with intent to launch their own vessel upon the river, but the old tohunga from Mokoia Island was back at his post, and he contemptuously forbade them. Who were they, he asked, that they should dare to interfere with a canoe-expert at his work? And Tuwharétoa upheld him in his stand, rightly holding the hull to be entirely in his charge while he was fitting on the carvings at prow and stern.

The approaching canoe came within sight, but the Arawas on the island could only greet it with a savage roar. The chief in that canoe took in the situation at a glance. The look of astonishment on his face could be plainly seen. A sharp command, and the canoe swung round at once. Then away she went up-stream at a speed that soon took her out of sight round a bend.

Nor would Tuwharétoa allow his warriors to hasten along the banks to intercept the canoe at the Lake outlet. At daybreak on the morrow, said he, the Arawas themselves would be out upon the Lake. Let the Lake People have this warning of the attack that was to come!

So he merely sent runners along the banks, to make sure that the canoe would leave the river and that no other canoes were waiting for it outside. As an extra precaution, he trebled the sentries, and even sent some men to the top of Tauhara to see if danger threatened from any quarter.

Then he waited—and at last the words came.

"*Kua oti!*" cried the tohunga. "The work is finished!"

He wept as the young ariki gave him the salutation of the *hongi*.

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That same afternoon, after elaborate ceremony, the canoe was launched upon the river, the Pubi maiden Marama having first named her *Te Arawa* in affectionate remembrance of the famed canoe which had come with the fleet.

And as the canoe floated gracefully alongside the bank, the warriors on the island greeted her with an earth-shaking dance and with a chant of praise, praising her as a war-canoe at last, and acclaiming her to be a real "waka-taua"—the very perfection of Maori naval art. Yes, she was worthy of the praise, and the tohunga was not the only one who wept with joy as he watched.

A celebrating feast duly followed, and, in the midst of the feasting, Tuwharétoa announced the betrothal of his sister to the young chief Rata. Ha! The enthusiasm of the warriors as they leaped to their feet and greeted the announcement with an approving *haka*!

And the enthusiasm was renewed at the end of the feasting, for then Tuwharétoa stood forth and announced that, in readiness for the operations of the morrow, he would allow his body to be covered with the war-paint of a warrior, and his face with the markings of a family tattoo.

But when, a little later, they saw him with his fair hair hidden under a black covering of dyed flax, and saw his face tattooed with a vegetable paint that could be easily washed off, they grew uneasy, and marvelled greatly, until Rata hinted at the reason for it all.

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That night, from many a hill around the shores of Taupo, gleamed the signal fires of Ngatihotu.

Alas! for the scorching wind about to blow from the north! Alas! for the desolation and death that would mark its track!

From village after village arose the wailing cries of women.

III. THE ISLAND IN THE LAKE

Lift up the paddles
To the sky above,
To the sky far-drawn-out!
There before us lies our ocean-path,
The path of strife and tumult,
The pathway of this chief, this priest,
The danger-pathway of this crew.

JAMES COWAN. (*Canoe-chant of Turi.*)

DURING the night, the war-canoe *Te Arawa* departed from the island in the river, crept over the shallows that marked the Lake's outlet, and at daybreak was almost half-way across Taupo.

Ha! The sight that met the eyes of all on board!

Mountains on every side except the east! Mountains of considerable height, some of them extinct volcanoes, with heavy forest clothing their lower slopes! But dominating all, the towering bulk of Tongariro in the south-west!

"O Taupo-of-the-Lofty-Mountains!" said Marama softly, and the warriors at once took up and repeated her words as a chant of praise.

Then the great voice of Te Puku the Fat boomed forth:

"Ko hea, ko hea,
Ko hea tere maunga
E tu mai ra ra?
What, what,
What is yonder mountain
Standing in the sky?"

Back from the warriors came the roar of the chant:

"Ko Tongariro!

Nukunuku mai,

Nekeneke mai!

Nukunuku mai,

Nekeneke mai!

'Tis Tongariro!

Draw near to us,

Come close to us!

Draw near to us,

Come close to us!"

"Let it be to us a sacred mountain, a place of the spirit!" cried Tuwharétoa. "In days to come it will be a tribal glory, it will add mana to our tribal name. Greetings, humble greetings to Tongariro!"

"Greetings, humble greetings to Tongariro, to Sacred Tongariro!" chanted the warriors, as they held up their dripping paddles for a moment in willing tribute.

Presently, however, their leader ordered them to cease paddling. He swung the canoe round until its prow was pointing towards the sun. Then he held up a carved casket, and cried:

"Within is gravel brought to Aotea-roa by Ngatoro in the original Te Arawa Canoe, gravel that came from Far-Hawaiki. We give it now into the care of Taupo—for ever."

He handed the casket to Marama, then recited an incantation such as none of the warriors had ever heard before; and, at a sign from him, Marama slowly committed the contents of the casket to the blue-green depths below. For every Maori there it was a ceremony that took them back in the spirit to the ancient Homeland, and bound the ties afresh.

A gesture from Tuwharétoa, a dipping of paddles again, and the war-canoe swung back upon her course.

An order, and a big mat-sail was raised aloft upon a pole. The warriors rested, while the waka-taua sped forward towards Motutaiko under the urge of the morning breeze.

But after a time, Tuwharétoa ordered the sail to be lowered, and then, feeling sure that the island ahead would be defended, he gave his final directions to his men. Ha! Soon the spray was flying from paddles and prow.

Nearer and nearer the vessel drew to Motutaiko, and greater and greater became the excitement of the warriors. To them, the island had first seemed to creep along, then it had seemed to glide along, and now it seemed to be rushing along to meet them.

Tuwharétoa raised the trumpet Te Umu-kohu-kohu to his lips and sounded upon it a long blast.

The prow of a large canoe at once showed up from behind some rocks, and promptly the Arawas sent a challenging chant across the waters:

"Te Arawa the War-Canoe,
And Tuwharétoa the Man!
Ha! Keen for the conflict are we.
Ha! Hot for the slaying of men.
Te Arawa the War-Canoe,
And Tuwharétoa the Man!"

An answering shout came from the waiting Ngatihotus, and then canoe after canoe darted out from behind the western point of the island and sped forward to the attack.

Round the eastern end swept several other canoes, while from behind a projecting point on the mainland burst quite a fleet of small canoes.

The canoes from behind the island were large canoes, each one manned by some forty or fifty warriors, and the formation they adopted clearly indicated an

intention to surround the waka-*taua* and to crush it and its crew by sheer weight of numbers.

The *Arawas* merely tightened their war-belts and placed their weapons ready for use. Then they waited, paddles poised, for their leader's command.

The *Ngatihotu* canoes came on with a converging rush, and the boom of war-chants grew louder and louder. The violent gestures of the chiefs in each canoe could be plainly seen. And still *Tuwharétoa* waited. Then:

"*Hoea! Hoea! Paddle! Paddle!*"

A hundred paddles took the water as one. Once! Twice! Ha! The living power of those paddles! The waka-*taua* seemed to leap forward under the mighty impulse. Then *Tuwharétoa* pressed his weight against the broad-bladed steering-paddle, the paddles along one side gave their aid, and round the vessel swung in a perfect curve. The next moment she was in full flight.

An exultant roar came from *Ngatihotu*, and the roar increased in volume as the leading canoes began to gain upon the enemy ahead. The crews of the faster vessels, urged on by their chiefs, made desperate efforts to lessen the gap between them and their foe. Soon the canoes of *Ngatihotu* were spread out in several long lines, and the gaps in those lines grew wider and wider.

On board the *Te Arawa* the panic of the warriors seemed to increase as the foremost pursuers drew nearer and nearer. Heads turned round displayed eyes wide open with terror. The despair of the fat time-giver as he plunged about on the central platform was evident to all. And the tall leader in the stern seemed quite unable to control his men.

To the inexperienced Ngatihotus victory seemed certain, and near at hand. But, alas for Ngatihotu! they did not hear the subdued chant of Te Puku the Fat:

*"He tia, he tia, he tia!
A tena, tena! E ko tena, tena!
Dip lightly, dip lightly, dip lightly!
That's it, that's it! Now again, again!"*

as he restrained his paddlers. Nor did they hear the Fat One chant:

*"He ranga, he ranga, he ranga!
A tena, tena! E ko tena, tena!
Now a long stroke, a long stroke, a long stroke!
That's it, that's it! Now again, again!"*

whenever the pursuers seemed to be gaining too rapidly.

Nor did they hear the jests of the apparently terror-stricken Arawas whenever Te Puku narrowly escaped overbalancing and crashing down upon the warriors on the nearby thwarts.

So, not hearing these things, and inexperienced in the wiles of a warlike foe, the Ngatihotus pressed forward to their fate.

At last, with four large canoes close upon him, but with the others and all the smaller craft spread out at varying distances for a long way back, Tuwharétoa decided to strike.

He ordered the maidens to remain within their cabin. He gave a defiant blast upon the war-trumpet. He bent upon the steering-paddle, the warriors along one side lifted up their paddles, and the giant canoe responded at once. Then:

"Hoea! Hoea!"

In plunged the paddles. Ha! The forward urge! The change in the crew! And the dismay of the

Ngatihotus as the *Te Arawa* bore down upon them with a foaming rush!

The nearest canoes had been bunched together, racing side by side. Now they sought to scatter, but the two inside canoes collided, and straight at them, before they could separate, came the waka-taua.

"A-a-a! *Tiaia!* Drive in!" cried Tuwharétoa.

Ha! The strength behind those paddles!

"*Hukéré! Hukéré!* Quicker! Quicker!" roared Te Puku the Fat. "*Hapa—hapainga!* Lift her, lift her along!"

The crew gave a mighty shout, and with straining muscles and thrusting paddles they lifted her along. Then the great carved prow rose in the air as if seeking to climb over the obstacles ahead. The terrific momentum carried the whole forepart of the *Te Arawa* right across the middle of the two Ngatihotu canoes, then down she came with a ponderous shock.

The shock and the weight were too much for the canoes underneath. Prows and sterns rose in the air as the canoes broke in half. And through the gap, with not a man shifting his hands from his paddle, the yelling Arawas drove their vessel.

With commendable bravery, the Ngatihotus in the other two canoes tried to attack the *Te Arawa* from both sides at once, seeking to hold her until the rest of the fleet could arrive to their aid.

With a sudden swerve and a splendid burst of speed the waka-taua slipped across just in front of one of the canoes and, as she did so, Tuwharétoa deftly threw the loop of a mooring-rope over the passing figure-head, and shouted a warning to his crew. When the jerk came, the waka-taua staggered, but the tough rope stood the strain. The Ngatihotu canoe over-

turned, its figure-head was wrenched off, and on went the *Te Arawa*.

The warriors in the fourth canoe, seeing no hope of escape, promptly overturned their own vessel and started swimming towards the other canoes now approaching.

The other canoes, to the number of twenty and more, drew together for safety. Then around them the waka-*taua* began to move at great speed and in sweeping circles. Red-painted, carved, paddles flashing, spray flying, plumes of feathers waving at prow and stern, she presented a magnificent but terrible sight to the unfortunate Ngatihotus.

And her crew! More than one hundred youthful, muscular, virile Arawas—fire, determination, and vigour displayed in their every action! And at the stern—the savage-looking leader with painted body and fiercely-tattooed face! Arawas!

One of the larger canoes suddenly broke away from the rest and sought to escape, but with the greatest of ease the *Te Arawa* caught up with it, and played with it, and headed it back towards the other canoes. Then, as if to show the watching Ngatihotus how truly helpless they were, the waka-*taua* swept alongside the offending canoe and Rata leaped aboard it with but twenty men.

The contest was sharp but brief. A number of the resisting Ngatihotus were quickly slain. To the disgust of their chief, the others jumped overboard, leaving him alone in the stern.

Seeing death approaching, the chief decided to bring down the pride of one Arawa leader ere he died. Two derisive, upward leaps he gave upon his platform and then, before Rata could reach him, he suddenly

hurled his heavy stone club, not at Rata, but straight at Te Puku the Fat. The club caught the unprepared Te Puku fairly in the middle, and, with a yell of anguish, he fell backwards into the waka-*taua*, carrying with him several warriors and two thwarts.

The warriors underneath made their presence felt at once, and Te Puku yelled again, and even more vigorously than before. Ha! His fat legs waved frantically in the air as he sought in vain to escape the savage prods from below.

Niwareka looked out from the cabin and then shrieked with laughter at the sight. Soon almost everyone on board was laughing with her. And with their laughing, the blood-lust of the Maori died away; died away so suddenly, and so completely, that not a man objected when Te Puku, raised to his feet again, promptly seized the chance to add to the *mana* of his name.

"Ye are saved, O Ngatihotus!" he gasped. "Ye are saved, but forget not in what manner ye are saved! Ye are saved by the mighty 'puku' of Te Puku the Fat. Enough!"

In the days that followed, the Arawas slowly but surely tightened their grip upon Taupo, using every expedient known to them in an effort to make the Ngatihotus believe themselves to be a beaten people.

Every day at sunrise the war-trumpet Te Umu-kohu-kohu would be heard, its rich voice carrying across the waters and far up into the southern and western hills. Every evening at sunset the voice of the trumpet would be heard again, followed by the roar of a war-dance, and then by the boom of a chant.

And ever the notes of the trumpet, and the rhythm of the war-dance, and the boom of the chant, would be the same. To listening Ngatihotu it was plain that the Arawas were trying to bewitch them, and before long the strain of waiting for those sounds became almost more than mind and spirit could bear.

Every morning also, with scarcely a break, the waka-*taua* would set out from one or other of the coves on Motutaiko, and would cruise along the shores of the mainland near by. And then, throughout the day, the Ngatihotus would have to listen to the voice of Te Puku announcing with nerve-shattering regularity that Tuwharétoa, the Ariki of Te Arawa, was but preparing the way for a great invasion by his people.

Ha! Truly the Arawas knew how to weaken the spirit of an unwarlike tribe. Daily the dread of the man Tuwharétoa grew and grew, and his very name became a name of terror throughout the land. Yes! The "small cloud" from the north was already darkening the life of a numerous people in the south. The prophecy made on Hikurangi was being fulfilled.

Nor was the material side of things overlooked. Day after day the Arawas landed where they chose. Day after day they hunted along the shores and in about the lagoons and streams, destroying with fire such canoes as they found. As an extra challenge, they even set fire to deserted villages along the Lake fringe, and carried away the food-stores that lay to their hands. Yet, to their disgust, not once during those days were they attacked by Ngatihotu.

And daily, caring nothing for the feelings or for the future of so poor-spirited a foe, caring only about the destiny of Te Arawa, Tuwharétoa picked out

desirable cultivation-places and suitable pa-sites for his people.

Particularly did the south-western corner of Taupo attract his attention. A fascinating region! There he found hot springs and hot bathing-pools at the water's edge close to a beautiful waterfall called the Waterfall-of-the-Moa, with steaming cliffs farther back to one side.

Farther round, along the southern shore, he found a delightfully clear stream and several long and narrow inlets, in one of which the water was quite warm. And the stream, and the inlets, and the high banks of reeds adjoining, were swarming with water-fowl. A rich country for food-supplies, thought the Arawas as they saw the duck rise in clouds!

Farther on still was the widely-expanding delta of a great river, which alone would support many people, many Arawas, in days to come.

To the observant warriors in the waka-taua it was clear that their leader was "treading" the land, the new land, the about-to-be-conquered land, and was already dividing it up among his people after the manner of ancestors long dead. No futile curiosity, no mere desire to satisfy a passing whim, lay behind those daily visits to the shores of Taupo. A racial instinct was but finding expression once more.

By the time another moon had come, there was hardly a portion of the Lake frontage that was not familiar to the warriors of the waka-taua. South, west, north, and east, the whole shore-line had been carefully examined, yet still did the Lake and the country around hold the interest and grip the imagination of all. For who could grow weary of Taupo?

Often and often, however, was Tuwharétōa glad that

he had with him the maidens Marama and Niwareka, and also so helpful a man as Te Puku the Fat. The day-long cruises upon the Lake, the succession of hot summer-days marked by almost continuous paddle-work, the inevitable strain of the constant association with each other of high-spirited and physically-fit warriors in the crowded canoe, all these might easily have bred discontent or friction had it not been for the presence of the maidens and the activities of the versatile Te Puku.

Always cheerful, always charming, friendly yet aloof in demeanour, the Puhi maiden Marama was an inspiration to all on board. And many a time, aided by Niwareka, she would entertain the resting paddlers with the elaborate string games known to the Maori, or would please the men with melodious love-songs, or would rouse their enthusiasm by wonderfully varied exhibitions with the twirling "pois."

Scarcely less effectual were the efforts of Te Puku. With unexpected facility he composed canoe-chants that rejoiced the hearts of the warriors. With powerful and harmonious voices they chanted the new chants as they paddled, and somehow the paddle-work seemed lighter, grew easier.

Yet was the life of the Fat One not quite as smooth-flowing as he could have wished it to be. The wayward Niwareka was the trouble. She was young, and pretty, and vivacious. The warriors were young and strong. Moreover, they lost no chance to win her interest. But confidently Te Puku pitted against their youth and strength the quality of his mind.

Once, while the waka-taua was moving slowly past the base of the Karangahapé Cliffs on the western side of Taupo, Niwareka went so far as to sit beside a

handsome youth as he paddled, thereby showing him a special mark of favour.

Te Puku bore it for a moment, and then he left his platform and sat down in front of the youth, taking no notice of Niwareka but whispering something in the youth's ear. The youth looked up at the cliff rising sheer from the water's edge to a stupendous height. Te Puku went back to his platform. The youth, in his inexperience, failed to guard the maiden from the subtle blow. He foolishly repeated the whisper to the youth behind him. Soon from one end of the vessel to the other the delighted warriors were looking up at the heights and gleefully repeating the whispered warning:

"Women are as a cliff for men to flee over. *Aué!*
The drop!"

Almost weeping with humiliation, the angry Niwareka returned to her place on the cabin and turned round in time to see the pleased smile on Te Puku's face. It was too much for her.

"*Hu-u!* Thou of the round face!" she cried at him.

Te Puku's smile grew broader. He appealed to the warriors for sympathy:

"Ha! Heard ye that? She, she the hasty one, she the cross one, she of the uplifted nose, she does not wait to pluck me. She roasts her bird with its feathers on. I am the bird. Ah me!" Then laughingly he broke into a chant:

"Paddle on! Drive the paddles in!
Now leaps my fluttering heart, as flash
Of anger gleams from out the eyes—
Of Niwareka. Paddle on!"

With the ending of the exploration of the Lake and

its shores, the Arawas rested, and during that rest, swimming contests in the deep water near Motutaiko provided a welcome change for all.

The charm of their island home! Flowering trees and shrubs filled every nook and cranny—here the red fire of the rata blossoms, there the crimson glory of the pohutukawa, farther away the loveliness of the yellow kowhai's petals. Palms and tree-ferns everywhere—a feast of beauty!

Happy days on Motutaiko! And the evenings? Evenings as delightful even as those on the island in the Waikato!

Gorgeous sunsets! Changing colours of the twilight! The afterglow! Then, when up rose the moon, huge, round, yellow—bright tides of light, and soft peals of laughter, and the piping of flutes, and the chanting!

For twice seven days the Arawas rested from all canoe-work, but even while so resting they indulged in pastimes that kept them fit.

As a variation from haka-dancing and swimming contests, they engaged in races from the water's edge to the highest point on the island, with the two young leaders giving their men longer and longer starts until finally each race would end in a neck-to-neck struggle for victory at the very top.

On the fifteenth day, however, Tuwharétoa went to a secluded spot on the southern side, and stayed there throughout the morning. At midday he returned, and the warriors and the maidens were startled and perplexed when they saw him, for his whole appearance was so changed. His black head-gear had been discarded, his facial tattoo removed, his body cleansed of the red ochre that had been his war-paint. Even Rata was surprised, and he looked at his friend with

questioning eyes. Tuwharétoa drew him aside, and said:

"O Rata! The time has come for another meeting with the Haughty One. To her I am still Manaia. Yes, I have thought of that which is now in thy mind. She will know that I come from the waka-*taua*. No, she will not dream that I am the Ariki Tuwharétoa. It is my wish that she should not know. Not yet! Not yet!"

That afternoon Tuwharétoa forced himself to deal with one of the most difficult tasks of his whole life. How he shrank from that task; yes, shrank from it even up till the moment that his sister stood by his side eagerly waiting for him to speak! At last:

"O Marama! That which I have to say to thee will grieve thee, but it must be said. Now then! On Hikurangi thou didst hear that I had chosen a maiden whom I would seek to win as my mate, but her name and her tribe were not disclosed to thee, neither are they known to thee yet. The news will grieve thee. Yes, it will grieve thee, it will distress thee."

She drew his arms about her, and she hastened to reassure him, and she begged him to tell her the news quickly, that she might rejoice with him in his love.

By no means reassured, Tuwharétoa proceeded:

"O little one! I thirst. I thirst greatly. With the mind I thirst for Taupo. With the heart I thirst for a maiden. But if I must make a choice I shall find it hard, for with the spirit I thirst for both. Now hear me! The maiden that I speak of is the Puhi

maiden Rerémoa, daughter of the High Chief Nukutea of Ngatihotu. Ah!"

He felt the soft body of Marama grow rigid in his arms, and it warned him of the intensity of the feeling she would show.

"A Ngatihotu? O my brother! A weakling Ngatihotu! *Aué!* It cannot be! And the choice? Surely it is not hard for thee. Thou art an Arawa, the Ariki of all Te Arawa, and for thee there can be only one choice. Taupo! Taupo!"

He tried to tell her that he might win both, but she would not listen. All the tribal spirit for which Te Arawa's women are famed blazed up in the young chieftainess as she turned fiercely upon her brother and beat him upon the breast with clenched hands, and cried:

"No! No! She will drag thee down. She will interfere with thy plans. She will play with thee, and thou wilt be weak in her hands. Thou wilt lose thy hold upon Taupo. And I, I will hate this Rerémoa. *Aué!* I hate her already with a bitter hate. She will drag thee down. *Aué!* My ariki! my brother! A Ngatihotu! A weakling Ngatihotu! *Aué! Aué!"*

That night, the Mutuwhenua or moonless night of the moon in the ninth month of the Maori year, the waka-taua set out from Motutaiko—and with it went the ariki.

III. THE BROKEN WING

My bird of fame, my child, still lives,
And shall o'er chiefs in council sit,
And claim the right to order all
That mind can frame and hand can do.
And love again will show its power.

WHITE'S *Maori History*
(*Chant of Te Rauparaha.*)

At the appointed spot among the trees close to the Hinémaiaia stream, Tuwharétoa waited and waited, but no maiden came.

Anxiously he listened for sounds of life from the near-by pa, but no sounds came—no crying of the very young, no wheezing of the very old, no sentry's calls, not even the plaintive whining of barkless dogs. For such silence he felt sure there could be only one cause.

In the darkness, he felt his way across the flat. Unchallenged, he scaled the palisade and made a circuit of the area within. Ah! It was as he had thought.

Soon he left the pa by an open gate and went back to his place among the trees, and waited for the light.

At daybreak, his surprised Arawas away out on the Lake saw him beckoning to them, not from the beach, but from one of the high towers of the pa, and at once they drove the waka-taua in to the mouth of the stream, and a landing-party under Rata leaped ashore.

Quickly they searched the pa, but without result. The huts were empty. Then they felt the stones in the earth-ovens. The stones were cold. Clearly the pa had been unoccupied for days.

Sick with disappointment, and uncertain what to do next, Tuwharétoa was about to send his men back to the waka-taua, when suddenly he noticed something that lay upon the ground near the main gate, a something that peeped out from under a large flake of obsidian and shone with a well-remembered lustre. He picked it up and cried out to Rata:

"See! A lock of hair, soft and flaxen! Rerémoa's! She has been here. Maybe she was in need, and left this sign. Extend the search, everyone! Extend the search! Hasten!"

The warriors spread out from the pa in all directions, and soon one party to the south came upon the signs of a conflict—marks upon the pumice sand over a wide area, and then discarded weapons here and there showing the line of flight.

Eagerly Tuwharétoa continued the search to the south, hoping to capture some Ngatihotu from whom to drag tidings of Rerémoa. But the whole countryside seemed deserted.

Half the morning was already gone by the time he was back at the pa, and there his worst fears were soon confirmed.

On the marae lay a dying Ngatihotu warrior whom Rata had just brought in from the scene of a fight with Tuhoe away out on the plateau to the north. It was some time before the man's lips, parched with thirst, could move in speech, but at last with gasping effort he made all things clear.

The inhabitants of the pa, said the Ngatihotu, had abandoned it some days before and had fled to the hills on the approach of a Tuhoe taua. Tuhoe had occupied the pa on their arrival, and a little later, seeing a party of Ngatihotus approaching from along

the Lake shore, they had remained within the palisade and had raised the welcoming cries of the *haeré-mai*! The unsuspecting Ngatihotus had almost reached the pa before they had discovered the trap, and then Tuhoe had attacked them in the open and put them to flight, and had retired back into the pa bearing with them the maiden Rerémoa.

The High Chief Nukutea at the rear of the party had with difficulty rallied his men, and had secured aid from a Kaimanawa pa in the near-by hills. Then, two days before, he had attacked the retreating Tuhoes up on the plateau to the north, but had been beaten off. And the last thing the wounded man had heard was the cry of the captive Rerémoa: "Tell Manaia! Tell the Arawas! Tell Manaia! The Pari-maté Gorge!"

Stripped to the "maro," oiled from head to foot, Pahikauré in his belt, Tuwharétoa but waited to give his final directions to his friend:

"O Rata, give relief to this dying man, then take the canoe back to Motutaiko and remain there, but tell Marama to await a message that will surely come! Enough!"

Then away he dashed across the stream, and up the hill, and soon, with great strides that steadily ate up distance, he was bounding along across the open plateau, heading straight for a gap in the blue mountain-wall of the far-off Uréwera in a desperate effort to reach the Pari-maté Gorge in time. If only he could intercept Tuhoe and their captive there! If only he could reach that familiar spot in time!

A two-days' start and more—yet there was just a chance. If the Arawa judged rightly, Tuhoe would

have sent a small party ahead with the maiden while the retreating main body would have held the pursuing Ngatihotus steadily in check. Yet the speed of the captive would have fixed the speed of the party. Yes, there was a chance. Not yet could they have reached that Tuhoe gorge.

On! On! The edge of the plateau was much nearer now, and the mountain-wall of the Uréwera more distinct and of a fainter blue.

Then suddenly the smoothness departed from that giant stride, and a cramping fear lay at the Arawa's heart, a fear that the Tuhoe warriors might have already molested the beautiful captive in their power.

But almost at once the stride lengthened again. Tuhoe were of the Maori race, and a woman captive would be safe with them. Later she might be taken in marriage, but not yet. Tuwharétoa felt ashamed to think that even for a moment he had placed Tuhoe with the lower races of whom tradition told.

On, on, across the wide plateau of the Kaingaroa went the Arawa in an almost straight line, skilfully avoiding the larger clumps of scrub and leaping over the smaller ones that stood in his way; on, on, with not a sign of fatigue as yet; on, on—ah! the edge of the plateau at last!

No rest! Down, down into the valley of the Rangitaiki, with but a moment's stop at the river for a rinsing of the mouth and a sousing of the hair with cooling waters; then on across the river, and on, on through the broken country on the other side along the rough but direct route that he had traversed almost a year before.

Ah! The strenuous physical training on Motutaiko Island was standing to the Arawa in his time of need.

In wind and limb he was making the test. Scarcely yet was he feeling the strain of his great effort. But now in his mouth there lay a small round pebble that helped to assuage a raging thirst.

On! On! How rapidly that sun was sinking to the west! And how ardently the Arawa longed to be as Maui, the hero-god of old, to have the power to bind the sun with ropes and compel him to move more slowly across the heavens.

On, on, and up into the foothills of the Uréwera, and then over rougher country still went the Arawa, drawing more and more heavily as the day wore on upon even his great reserve of strength in his race against time.

And towards late afternoon the race was won.

At the mouth of the defile opposite the entrance to the Tuhoe gorge Tuwharétoa hid himself in the scrub close to the track, and waited, and rested. For quite a while he waited.

Then a Tuhoe warrior dashed through the outlet on his way to the gorge. He was allowed to pass. Soon, two more Tuhoes came running along, and the Arawa let them pass also. Finally a party of six appeared in view, and in their midst was Rerémoa, dragged along by a warrior on either side each time she held back. And the Arawa rejoiced to see that her spirit was still unbroken, for she carried herself as proudly as before.

Then, as they passed his hiding-place, Tuwharétoa leaped out at the Tuhoes and smote. Completely taken by surprise, they scattered, but two of their

number were left to writhe out their last upon the dusty track.

Barely had the Arawa time to seize the maiden and draw her into shelter at the side of the defile before he was hard put to it to ward off the furious blows of the four remaining Tuhoes.

Two of the warriors who had gone on ahead heard the noise and came hurrying back, and Tuwharétoa felt that he must take risks if he were to end the fight quickly. So he hurled himself at the four Tuhoes before the others could come up. He crushed the life out of two of them with terrific blows from Pahikauré, but did not come off scatheless himself, for he was bleeding from chest and thigh as he leaped back to the maiden's side.

And now the Tuhoes warriors varied their attack. They realised that the maiden was the weak point in the Arawa's defence and they turned their attentions principally against her. They cleverly kept out of reach of Pahikauré, and Tuwharétoa dared not charge in among them again lest the chance to slay the maiden should be seized at once.

At last, seeing that the Arawa would not fall into their trap, they decided to rush him and the maiden from three sides at once. So, while two warriors leaped in upon him from the front, the other two rushed in from either side and sought to reach the maiden crouching against the steep slope at the back.

With his utmost force the Arawa thrust outwards with his weapon and caught one Tuhoes under the chin with a blow that lifted him off his feet, to die as he fell. The spear of the other Tuhoes found its mark, but a crushing blow from Pahikauré prevented the thrust from being driven home.

Rerémoa herself avoided the spear of one warrior from the side, but in doing so she came within reach of the stone club of the other. Almost by instinct Tuwharétoa knew that the blow was falling, and he turned just in time to interpose his left arm above the maiden's head.

With a sickening thud the club fell on the arm above the elbow, and the crack of the bone could be plainly heard. The great arm fell limply back, but the Tuhoe was already crashing to his death under a savage thrust from the greenstone meré.

At the same moment the remaining Tuhoe, who had sought to reach the maiden and had failed, seized his chance and drove his spear into the unprotected side of his foe, then bounded away out of reach.

He stood there a few paces off, watching the badly-wounded Arawa, and undecided whether to attempt the finishing blow himself or to hurry up the gorge for assistance. But even with his broken arm and bleeding wounds the Arawa looked too formidable. So the Tuhoe began to edge away in readiness for flight.

With a swift movement Tuwharétoa let his weapon swing for a moment from the cord at his wrist, and then, to the maiden's horror, he placed the fingers of his left hand between his teeth to hold the broken arm in place as he leaped. The Tuhoe turned and fled, but he had no chance. Pahikauré fell again, and the matter was ended.

"O my Arawa! My Arawa!" Not another word could Rerémoa say as she ran to meet him. She clung tightly to one strong arm for a moment while he smiled down upon her, and then she quickly made a sling from two of the Tuhoe belts. Soon the pain

of the broken limb was somewhat eased, but she could do nothing to cleanse the wounds, nothing to stanch the flow of blood from chest and side.

He saw the anxiety in her eyes and he knew that he must act at once.

"Our only chance is to take the route by which I came. At daybreak the searchers will be out. *Aué!* The track of a bird with a broken wing is so easily seen in the fern. So will my blood-stained track be seen unless we hide it in the Rangitaiki before the dawn. Come, Rerémoa!"

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They reached the Rangitaiki before the light came, and waded up its bed for some distance until they found a hiding-place in a cave on the river bank.

There the fainting Arawa lay down, while the maiden removed as best she could the mud which he had spread over his wounds to check the drip of blood. Then she deftly set the broken arm with splints of totara bark and a bandage of flax leaves, and as she did so she saw that the fingers had been bitten through to the bone. *Aué!*

All that day they remained hidden, with no food except a few berries, and at dusk they set out for the Kaingaroa plains. All night long they travelled, making slow progress, for continually did Rerémoa have to help the Arawa as he stumbled along. Yet somehow they managed to reach the forest at the base of the plateau just as day broke, and there Tuwharétoa collapsed again.

Desperately the maiden sought a way through the tangled brakes of looping karéao or supple-jack vines

that filled every gap between the trees. Finally, at a spot where a small stream disappeared into a hole in the ground, she found a cleft in the wall of the plateau and with difficulty led the Arawa through it and up into a gully down which ran the stream.

Following up that stream to its source in a spring near the top of the gully, they came to a vast eyebrow of rock that overhung a cave-like space below.

"A rock shelter, O Manaia!" cried Rerémoa. "It is sunny and dry, and shall be our refuge-place from Tuhoe until thou be strong again."

Weak from loss of blood, utterly exhausted by his tremendous physical efforts of the previous days and nights, and now feeling the effects of a poison working in his veins, Tuwharétoa made no reply, but threw himself down before the shelter and deliberately fought back a darkness, a dizziness, that had begun to cloud his mind.

Succeeding, he allowed Rerémoa to make for him a couch of fern at one end of the shelter, and while she was thus busy he took the chance to send his promised message to Marama.

Out and out towards the island in the Lake his trained mind thrust and thrust with all the strength left at its command; out and out it thrust in a sustained effort to reach the mind it sought. Balked, balked, balked, a moment of triumph, baffled again! Ah—at last! Message upon message!

Tuwharétoa lay back and sighed his relief. His Arawas would learn from Marama that he was safe, but wounded, and that they must not seek his hiding-place.

They would obey his command to refrain from any

fighting upon the Lake until his return, and they would inform Ngatihotu of the safety of the Puhi maiden Rerémoa.

He called to Rerémoa, and she loosened the bandages around his broken arm. She was alarmed at the way the arm was swelling, but he would not let her shift the splints that kept the bone in place. In him was the inborn horror a warrior feels when he thinks of a twisted limb. What mattered the throbbing?

Yet he thought it strange that another touch of dizziness should affect his mind. He fought it off again, but with more difficulty this time. And the throb, throb, throb in the arm persisted.

He rose and sought to aid Rerémoa in her preparations for their comfort, but she gently led him to the couch of fern and insisted upon his resting there. So he lay down and watched her as she moved about, graceful as the rare white crane!

Presently she called out to him from the far end of the shelter and said that she had found a heap of river-worn stones suitable for an earth-oven, a fern-root-pounder roughly hewn from stone, and even a hué gourd or two, sure signs of former habitation. Moreover, under a cover of earth she had found charcoal. Soon she would light a fire.

Tuwharétoa promptly warned her that enemies would be on the watch, and that they would see the smoke. She laughed at his fears. Surely she could build a fire that would not smoke!

Hiding her weariness, she hunted about among the trees on either side of the shelter for a piece of kaikomako wood, but found none, so she used a piece of totara instead. With the aid of a rubbing-stick of

tawa wood she soon engendered heat. The wood-dust began to smoke, but very lightly.

"*Whakina mai te ahi!* Reveal to me the fire!" cried Rerémoa in the customary invocation, as she placed the smoking dust inside a wisp of kiekie leaves and dry moss and waved it round and round. It burst into flame. With totara bark she built up a little fire, and soon she had some charcoal in a red glow. Not a sign of smoke could be seen outside the shelter. Tuwharétoa smiled his approval.

Aué! How that arm ached and throbbed! And the shoulder was swelling now. And the attacks of dizziness were becoming more frequent, more troublesome. Tuwharétoa suddenly realised that his mental powers were weakening under the strain. Ha! What if he should faint, become delirious? Then came a queer thought. What if he should die, and the maiden be left alone?

Hurriedly he tried to tell Rerémoa what to do for food-supplies in case of need. Indignantly she cut him short. Was she not trained as well as he in the forest ways? To a chieftainess of Ngatihotu, food, sweet food, was everywhere. Even in his weakness the Arawa smiled at her boast, and the maiden turned her back on him and moved away.

Yet when he called to her she hastened to his side, and her distress was plain as she eased the bandages again. That dreadful swelling! And the perspiration upon the brow! She sat down beside him and chanted softly to him, and in a little while, to her great relief, he dozed off into a troubled sleep. Soon she also slept.

The hot afternoon sun was streaming into the

shelter when Rerémoa at last awoke, and to her dismay the couch lay empty. Hastily searching, she found the Arawa at the head of the gully. He was examining the trees, and the angry maiden knew at once the cause. He doubted her knowledge of the forest foods. He was appraising their value that he might aid or direct her in every search. And the danger to himself—ignored!

Almost fiercely she seized him by the unwounded arm and dragged him back to the shelter. She had to aid him up the slope. He was reeling when he reached the top. She had to help him the few steps to the couch. Then he dropped into a dead faint.

IV. THE ROCK SHELTER

How can I stop or deaden now
The love which comes with power untold
And dares my strength to strangle it?

WHITE'S *Maori History*.
(*Ancient Lament*.)

For the Ngatihotu maiden the first night at the rock shelter was one of anxiety and bitter sorrow.

As the night wore on, the condition of the wounded man grew steadily worse, and, try as she would, the maiden could do nothing to allay the fever mounting in his blood. Yet her presence seemed to soothe him, and for a time his periods of delirium were mild and brief.

More than once he muttered the words "Taupo—Te Arawa," but each time his lips closed tightly again as if some hidden power barred further speech. Several times he spoke softly, affectionately, of the maidens Marama and Rerémoa, repeating their names together, and even asking them to be friendly with each other for his sake. Then his thoughts wandered, and he smiled as he spoke of some incidents of his youth.

Presently, however, the intervals of rest became more brief and the periods of delirium more violent. Time after time he shouted commands to the warriors in some shadowy canoe, and the note of authority in his voice filled the mind of Rerémoa with a vague dread.

Towards midnight, with the fever rising to its height, an invisible barrier gave way, and in a moment Tuwharétoa was disclosing his inmost thoughts about Taupo:

"Ha! The unworthy, the unworthy Ngatihotu! They shall be destroyed—or driven out. They lack in spirit. Unworthy of the Lake—not strong enough to hold it! They shall be destroyed—or driven out. Yes! Taupo shall be for Te Arawa!"

The suddenness of his outburst came to Rerémoa as a mental shock, but it was the utter finality of his tone that horrified her. She seemed to feel that he spoke of something which his spirit knew would come to pass. She sought to calm him, but to no avail. He went on:

"The canoes of Ngatihotu were small canoes, waka-moki, bulrush canoes, unworthy of notice. How could they expect to stop *Te Arawa*? They were destroyed—or swept aside. Bulrush canoes! Ha!"

Bitter thoughts assailed the mind of the Ngatihotu maiden. To hear her tribe condemned, its power scorned, by the man she loved! All the passionate feeling of a chieftainess for land and tribe rose in revolt as she listened, but the voice of the Arawa proceeded as if he were discussing the matter with some friend:

"How long will burn the fires of Ngatihotu ere they be extinguished for ever? How long? Not long!" He broke into a chant:

"Taupo will soon be sounded high in fame
And spoken of as home where warriors live."

Then his voice softened again: "But what of the maiden Rerémoa? Ah! Now am I caught in a snare. My heart is hers. She is for me, yet I must not nurse my love! No, not even for her sake will her tribe be spared. *Kua ringa mau, é!* Alas! My hands are bound. I am betrothed—to Taupo."

The unhappy maiden could but call to him and try

to soothe him with her voice and name. He only tossed and moaned the more as the raging fever pursued its course. It was with difficulty that she kept him to his couch of fern.

Then suddenly, unmercifully, the blow fell. In a warning voice the stricken man cried out:

"Tell it not to Rerémoa! She must not know! To her let me still be Manaia! But alas, my father was right, for Manaia the youth is dead, and in his place stands the man Tuwharétoa, Ariki of Te Arawa. Ha! Tuwharétoa, the Slayer of Tuhoe, the Terror of Ngatihotu, the Man-Destroying Hawk of Taupo Lake! *Aué!* She must not know! She must not know!"

Throughout the remainder of that terrible night, with Tuwharétoa hovering between life and death, and helpless before her, the Ngatihotu maiden was tormented with the knowledge that she ought to slay this Arawa while yet there was time; or failing that, that she should let him die so that he would trouble her people no more. Persistently the thought came to her that she, a chieftainess of the Maori, ought to sacrifice herself and her love if thereby she might save her tribe.

But ever the remembrance of his sacrifice for her, his gentleness to her, made her spurn the hateful thought. She could not turn on him or fail him in his time of need. But again and again in justification of her weakness she had to whisper to herself the ancient saying:

*"Aroha mai—aroha atu.
Love received, demands love returned.
Aroha mai—aroha atu."*

Day came, with Tuwharétoa still unconscious, and with the exhausted maiden still sitting by his side.

At first she dared not leave him lest, in his twistings and turnings, he should open up his wounds or tear the bandages from his arm. But gradually he quietened down and then for long periods he lay as if asleep.

The maiden scarcely noticed the singing of the birds at dawn. To think that her Manaia was that feared chief, that desolating chief, the Ariki Tuwharétoa of Te Arawa! *Aud!* A cruel blow, a crushing blow to her sensitive mind and to the dreams of happiness built up! A bitterness worse than death!

She tried to thrust away her love for him, but in vain.

"Ah me!" she moaned. "A whirling power makes blank my mind and I lack the strength to sever from my heart the love I feel. O weak, weak Ngatihotu!"

She sought relief in work. She bathed the Arawa's wounds and dressed them with plasters of cool leaves. She adjusted the bandages around his broken arm, but still did not shift the splints. She built a fresh couch of fern for him, and then found she could not lift him to it.

She cleared the space before the shelter, and in this work at last was given comfort. A pair of fantails or tiwaiwakas became her friends.

Quite deliberately they left their insect-chasing and flew right into the shelter as if to pay the maiden a friendly call. They peered curiously at that limp form lying upon its bed of fern. Then almost within reach of Rerémoa they displayed their beautiful fan-tails, opening and shutting them at will, and crying

"tei, tei, tei," as if to tell her that they wished to be her friends. She felt less lonely with them near by, and she loved them for the aid they brought.

They fluttered about her as she moved away, and they watched her as she gathered in the ripe berries of a late-bearing hinau tree. A kaka parrot screeched at her for invading his food domain, and the fantails fled in haste before so distressing a sound. Rerémoa laughed softly, laughed—for the first time for days. The fantails returned.

She took the berries down into the gully and left them steeping in the running water to rid them of their bitter quality. And while she waited she busied herself with other matters.

She loosened and then detached a sheet of bark from a kahikatea or white pine tree that grew in a swampy part of the gully. She carried the bark to an open spot and exposed it to the heat of the midday sun. Soon it began to curl up, and presently it took the form of a hollow cylinder of bark.

Quite pleased at remembering a lesson taught to her in childhood days, she carried the cylinder to the rock shelter and set it up on end, with its base inserted deeply enough into the earth floor to keep the cylinder firmly upright. Then she filled it up with charcoal. In the evening she would kindle the charcoal upon the top, and it would burn steadily throughout the night, warming the shelter but emitting no smoke; and as the charcoal would burn away so would the self-burning fire-cylinder be gradually consumed. Ah! How she would surprise this Arawa who thought her ignorant of the forest ways! If only he would wake! But no, he still lay there unconscious, breathing quietly. Almost she felt sure that he slept.

She moved down into the gully again, attended by the friendly fantails. She collected the fallen leaves of every ti-palm she could find, and tore them into strips. Tough and long, they would make excellent material for bird-snares, but first they would be suspended over a fire to give them the old appearance that would deceive the birds.

Towards the middle of the afternoon the maiden rested. She had laid in a stock of maire wood and totara bark as an aid to the charcoal, and she had quickly prepared for herself a soft little bed of fern. She had even found time to build a "nikau" partition at the head of her couch.

Worn out, she rested, but not for long, for nourishing food would be needed by her Arawa upon his return to the world of light. She herself needed food.

She went down into the gully and secured the hinau berries which had been steeping in the stream. With the fernroot-pounder she beat the berries upon a flat rock, and separated the mealy pulp from the stones. Some of the pulp she mixed with water and kneaded into a paste, and from the paste she fashioned dark-coloured and oily cakes. But soon she would wrap these in the fragrant leaves of the rangiora shrub, and she would steam them for some time in the earth-oven. Ah! then would they become palatable and tasty, fit food even for a Puhi maiden of Ngatihotu.

The remainder of the mealy pulp Rerémoa set aside for her Arawa. He would be too ill to take solid food at first, so she would make for him a special rerépi or gruel called "wai-karo." She would heat the water in a hué gourd to boiling-point by throwing into the water red-hot stones from the fire. Then would she

pour in the hinau meal, and behold! there would be food fit even for the Ariki of Te Arawa!

*"Taku hei piripiri,
Taku hei mokimoki,
Taku hei tawhiri,
Taku kati taramea !*

*My necklace of scented moss,
My necklace of fragrant fern,
My necklace of odorous shrubs,
My sweet-smelling sachet of taramea!"*

As she bent over Tuwharétoa and removed the dressings from his wounds, Rerémoa chanted to him her quaint little waiata-popo or lullaby, and she smiled as she chanted.

Since his return to consciousness three days before, Tuwharétoa had rapidly gained in health and strength, and had already begun to show signs of impatience at the restrictions imposed on him for his good. Particularly had he objected to being clothed with soft garments woven by Rerémoa out of beaten flax.

He smiled with pleasure at her gentle method of reminding him that he was still as a child in strength, that he was still in need of her mothering care. He smiled back at her, and then, as she bent over him to fasten anew the bandages around his broken arm, he recognised the scent of sweet-smelling piripiri moss in a karetu-grass sachet which she wore around her neck.

"Ah!" he said. "Truly thou art the Fragrant One. Thy mind is fragrant, and thy body. I grow to feel that thy spirit is fragrant also, my Rerémoa."

She turned away abruptly. For a moment, she had longed to clasp him to her trembling breast. But no, she would not weaken.

She moved down into the gully and across to where

a network of nikau palms adorned one section of the forest fringe. She lay down beneath the spreading fan-roof of the palms, and there she sought once more to solve her problem.

If only she could influence this Arawa to ease his grip on Taupo, to show some mercy to her tribe! If only she could move him to stay his hand, to refrain from destroying or ejecting her people!

Clearly, quite clearly it came to her that the fate of Taupo and of all Ngatihotu lay in her hands. Should this Arawa, this Ariki of Te Arawa, return to his people in the north and his men boast of their deeds on Taupo Lake, then would the whole strength of Te Arawa be turned against Ngatihotu ere another year were out. And so—the death of a tribe!

No! He must not return to the north. In one way or in another she must keep him by her side. In his delirium he had disclosed the truth. He was the Ariki. In him alone lay the driving-power that could turn this raid on Taupo into a war of conquest and extermination of her people. Against him therefore would she battle for Taupo Lake and for the life of her tribe, holding the beauty of her face and form, and the appeal of her voice and mind, and the strength of his love for her as the weapons which she would use for her aid.

Yet she knew that something more would be required. She must move him in the spirit also. To this Arawa, Taupo had sent a call. His words still rang in her ears. Yes! His hands were bound. To Taupo he was betrothed—in the spirit.

From his couch up at the rock shelter Tuwharétoa watched her. He also was struggling with a problem, and he was finding it by no means an easy one to solve.

Taupo and Rerémoa! Determined to have them both, he was now realising to the full the difficulties that lay ahead. This Ngatihotu maiden was a chief-tainess of rank, a Puhi maiden, one not to be wed without her own and her father's consent. Moreover, the elders of her tribe would demand to be heard, and they would object to her marrying an Arawa except on terms.

Again, what of the maiden herself? What would she say or think on finding out his name and rank? Sooner or later she must find out. What then? Not yet quite strong in body or mind, Tuwharétoa shrank from telling her the truth. Later he would tell her. First let them have these days of happiness together! Then surely a way out would be found. Thus he thought as he watched her.

And as he watched her, he began to wonder what her thoughts might be. Almost unconsciously he opened up her mind to his and probed, and caught what passed. She was thinking about her tribe, she was thinking about its fate. Annoyed with himself for intruding upon her mind, he hastily closed the channels of thought. Vividly the warning of Te Moana the Wise came back to him. The mind of this maiden must be kept free, for she was to be his mate—the mother of chiefs-to-be. What right had he to dominate her mind?

He called her to him, and when she came he saw that she had been weeping. He made her sit beside him, and he tried to comfort her, but she wept again. Then presently she took his hand in hers, and in appealing tones she chanted portion of an old lament:

"My strong affection asks
That thou wilt come and be
As light of day to me,
And cause my tears to cease."

"*Kei whea?* Whither?" asked Tuwharétoa.

"To Rotoaira Lake, to my home," said the maiden as she pressed his hand.

"*Péa!* Perhaps!" said Tuwharétoa as he gave the answering pressure.

The days passed quickly, and happily, for who could live at the rock shelter and not share in the happiness of the birds?

One morning, as they were sitting in front of the shelter, Rerémoa asked the Arawa which bird of all that he had seen in the gully had claimed his interest the most, and at once he replied:

"It is the vitality of a bird that interests me, for size and beauty count for little. Therefore, I choose the koekoea (the long-tailed cuckoo). O Rerémoa, think of the courage shown by that land bird in its yearly flights across the Sea of Kiwa! An overcoming of obstacles! Sustained courage, like unto the courage of a sapling in dense forest struggling to reach up into the sunlight above! Yes, enduring courage, such as is needed by man in the pursuit of something that lies almost beyond reach!"

"O Manaia!" said Rerémoa quietly. "Is not the koekoea a ruthless bird that leaves its egg in another bird's nest?"

Ha! A sharp thrust! Ruthless Te Arawa forcing a way into the Ngatihotu nest! Pretending not to notice the attack, he changed the subject, and pointed across the gully.

"See that nikau palm over there, the large one that stands out in front somewhat by itself! About the same year that I entered upon the world of life, that

nikau was born. Before another ring will have appeared upon its trunk, I will have taken to myself a wife."

"Perhaps!" said Rerémoa softly, as she counted the rings that marked the nikau's age. They numbered twice ten and one.

With a calmness of manner that surprised herself she turned away from so tempting yet dangerous a subject. She placed a pepe or call-leaf of a raurekau shrub between her lips, and with its aid she gave forth a most peculiar whistle. The Arawa grew interested at once, for he too had seen a big wood-hen moving in the fern beyond the stream.

Again the maiden whistled, and this time the old weka came out into the open. His feathers were ruffled. A third time the maiden whistled, and the weka, pugnacious, eager for a fight with any feathered foe, came quickly across the gully and up the slope. Even the presence of the humans above would not deter him from accepting that challenge. But his surprise was great when the maiden whistled again and he found out where the whistle came from.

Rerémoa rewarded him with a large piece of hinau meal, and promptly, with a noisy clucking, he summoned his whole family that they also might enjoy the unexpected feast. At once from out the forest opposite there dashed the mother-weka and four sturdy young chicks. Wildly they raced across the gully, and Tuwharétoa and the maiden laughed heartily as the leading chick in its haste fell into the stream, but with a desperate effort scrambled out and still reached the top of the slope ahead of the others.

The old weka with much clucking kept guard over the piece of meal, but he fed the chicks liberally until

they had had enough. Then he fed the mother-bird until she also was satisfied. And finally, with what was left, he fed himself.

"A loving parent!" said Rerémoa.

"*Taihoa!*" said Tuwharétoa with a smile.

The days passed quickly; but now in the mind of Rerémoa was a growing dread of the time when the Arawa would be strong enough to leave the shelter, strong enough to return to that hated war-canoe on Taupo Lake. Ah! If only he would stay with his Rerémoa, and go with her to Rotoaira, and see for himself the home life of her people—and have pity!

One day he caught her weeping again, and when he pressed her for the reason, she replied:

"O Manaia! Hadst thou but been of Ngatihotu, or I an Arawa, we could have loved each other then as others love. But alas! What hope have we of love? Yet come with me to my home at Rotoaira when thou art strong again, and maybe we shall find a way!"

Tuwharétoa remained silent, so she went on:

"Think not of thy welcome, O friend! Is not my father the High Chief of Ngatihotu, and am I not the Puhi maiden of the tribe? Moreover, I can go first into the pa to prepare the people for thy coming. And perhaps through us there will come peace between our tribes."

But Tuwharétoa merely said that he would think about the matter, and the disappointed maiden turned away.

On another day, a chance came to her, and she tempted the Arawa in a subtle manner.

They were talking about her capture by the Tuhoe war-party, and Tuwharétoa asked her whether she had not abandoned hope long before her rescue.

"No," she replied, "I did not give up hope. Continually did I repeat to myself the invocation my father taught me to use in time of extreme need."

"What was that karakia?" asked Tuwharétoa with interest.

"*Ki a koe, e Io! Mau e tiaki!* To Thee, O Io! Do Thou protect me!" replied the maiden.

And when he questioned her further he found that among the Ngatihotu people, even as among the Arawas, the worship of the Supreme Being was reserved to the elect few, while the Holy Name was held in such respect as to be rarely mentioned even by those few.

"Doth thy father know much about the sacred things of life?" questioned Tuwharétoa again. And intuition told the maiden how to answer:

"He knows much, for continually and in a multitude have the voices from the past sounded upon his ears. Indeed, he is the resting-place of knowledge."

On still another day she tempted the Arawa again, for when he asked her if Nukutea her father knew much about the ancient homes of his people, she replied that he knew about the Great-Hawaiki, and about the Little-Hawaiki, and about the Long-Hawaiki, and about the Hawaiki-of-Great-Distance, and about many things of much interest not only to Ngatihotu but to the whole Maori race. Also, he had in his possession at Rotoaira a sacred treasure that had come from Little-Hawaiki, but what that treasure was she would not say.

Nor would she speak further about such matters, though Tuwharétoa begged her to continue.

Instead, she promised to give him some knowledge that was her own, and a little later, at dusk, she sat down with him under a tree close to the rock shelter, and asked him to keep still and remain silent.

There had been a little rain that evening, but it had cleared off, and presently, to the surprise and delight of the Arawa and to the joy of the maiden, they heard whisper-songs from bell-birds and tuis on the branches above, whisper-songs audible only at a short distance but infinitely charming and appealing and tender and pure.

And so caressing were those little songs that, unbidden, there came into the mind of the Arawa the thought that the whisper-songs of Rerémoa would be his at Rotoaira Pa, if only he would go with her to her home.

For a moment he dallied with that thought, whilst over him swept emotions strange, and strong, and tantalising. Then hastily he rose to his feet and walked away.

Ah! Now he knew with certainty that there, in the peaceful seclusion of the rock shelter of the Kain-garoa, and with the maiden of Ngatihotu not his only foe, he was fighting out the first stage of the real battle for Taupo Lake.

V. THE CARVED CANOES

But seek the guardian power
And rouse it now to act
Before thy great canoe
O'erturn and all be lost!

WHITE'S *Maori History*.

DAILY Tuwharétoa grew stronger, and daily the battle with the maiden of Ngatihotu continued, and daily did the Arawa discover in Rerémoa fresh qualities of mind and spirit as she fought for the Lake and for the life of her people.

Nor did she fight alone in that battle, for often and often and even against his will Tuwharétoa thought of all the things which he would see if only he would go with her to her home—the unknown Lake Rotoaira, the unknown country around the lake and beyond, and, greatest sight of all and close at hand, Tongariro. Even might a chance offer to scale one or all of the three peaks of Tongariro and, from the top, see the bounds of Aotea-roa.

At other times he tempted himself with the thought of all the things which he might learn from the High Chief Nukutea at Rotoaira Pa—the source of the strong “urukéhu” strain in Rerémoa, the origin of the Ngatihotu tribe and the connection of that tribe with the tribes of Tawhiti; and even, perhaps, more definite knowledge about the origin of the Maori race and about the relationship of man to the Supreme Being. Yes! Even might he hope to scale some of the peaks of knowledge and gaze out upon new country of mind and soul.

And daily the temptation to remain by the side of Rerémoa grew stronger also. After all, he asked himself, what harm could be done by a visit to Rotoaira? Surely even as an ariki he was entitled to a measure of human joy, and to a little relief after his illness and after all the anxieties and troubles that had for so long been his. And surely he would be strong enough to resist even the whisper-songs of Rerémoa if those songs should in the end interfere with his plans for Taupo.

Thus he tempted himself; but time and again there came to his mind the warning of Marama that he would be weak in the hands of the Ngatihotu maiden and that she would drag him down. And whenever he thought of that warning he grew moody with Rerémoa and angry with himself.

Yet they continued to have many happy times together at the rock shelter.

Ah! That great moment for the warrior, when, on removing the splints of totara bark from his arm, he found the bone to be well-knit and the arm quite in shape again! And Rerémoa rejoiced with him as she ran her soft fingers caressingly up and down that arm, and pressed her face to it, and lingered over it, ere she placed it back within its sling again.

Also, there was the daily search for food which they now always carried out together—the snaring of wood-pigeons and swamp-hens and other birds, the gathering of berries, and the stripping of mamaku tree-ferns so that the maiden might steam the soft pith in the earth-oven. But the digging of fernroot Tuwharétoa reserved for himself alone.

Daily also they found pleasure in the meal-time

visits of the parent wekas and their brood of chicks. So tame and friendly, indeed, did the old weka become that he would even take food from the maiden's hand. Yet from the very first he would suffer no rivals about the place, and some fierce encounters occurred before he could drive away certain parrots and other birds that sought to share in his pickings.

The time came when the old wood-hen even turned against his own offspring. As each chick came near him in search of food, he ruffled the feathers on his head and neck in sudden anger, and fiercely stabbed at the chick with his sharp bill. The young wekas, as each in turn met with this bewildering reception, made no effort to escape but simply crouched upon the ground and squeaked prodigiously.

To Rerémoa's disgust the mother-weka seemed to take no interest whatever in the matter. Certainly she did nothing to protect the chicks from their father's wrath. But Tuwharétoa only smiled again, for he knew that the mother-bird knew that the time had come to force the half-grown chicks to scratch for a living for themselves.

From that time on the chicks feared the old weka, and in a day or two they moved off into the forest by themselves. Life at first was no doubt somewhat hard for them, and more than once the head of a young weka was seen above the fern at the edge of the forest across the gully, with eyes gazing up at the spot where the good things of life had so often been freely given. But each time there was a hasty retreat as the old weka with shrill and angry cries set out after the young weka and made it go for its life through the undergrowth, while the whole forest near by seemed to resound with the uproar of the chase.

"A loving parent?" asked Tuwharétoa of the maiden the first time this happened.

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On the day that Tuwharétoa finally dispensed with the sling that had supported his broken arm, he began to make drawings in carved relief upon the soft inner wall of the shelter, and then for day after day he continued working upon that wall, with Rerémoa growing more and more distressed as she saw drawing after drawing take form and shape in the likeness of a waka-*taua*.

In vain did she try to interest Tuwharétoa in other things in the hope that he would desist from further carving.

Once, while he was working away, she spoke to him about a matter that for a long time had troubled her mind:

"O Manaia, what wilt thou do in the stormy days of winter, when thine ariki Tuwharétoa will have withdrawn his waka-*taua* from the Lake-of-a-Hundred-Winds? Wilt thou visit me at Rotoaira, or wilt thou return to thy home at Rotorua?"

"I come not from Rotorua," said Tuwharétoa somewhat sharply as he went on with his work, quite unconscious of the look of relief that came into the eyes of the maiden as he spoke.

On another day, when gazing out towards the Uréwera through a gap in the trees that marked the bottom of the gully, Rerémoa saw black specks moving over a hill on the far side of the Rangitaiki Valley, specks that were moving southward.

She called to the Arawa and he came to her side, but he showed little interest in what he saw.

"Tuhoe, persistent Tuhoe upon the war-path again!" he said. "But what of that? Te Arawa will deal with Tuhoe in due time." And he went back to his carvings.

Then only did the overwrought maiden of Ngatihotu give way to her feelings. Ah! Blue eyes blazing, hands clenched, she stood there before the shelter and reproached the Arawa for torturing her with those dreadful carvings. Then, in her anger, she laughed at him and at his tribe for thinking ever of Tuhoe, Tuhoe, Tuhoe.

"But what of the Whanganuis?" she asked. "Are not the People-of-the-River nearer to Taupo and more to be feared than are the People-of-the-Mist? And, whilst thou art keeping away from Rotoaira Pa, what will Rerémoa do if the ariki of the Whanganuis come to claim her as his promised wife and offer to join Ngatihotu in a war against Te Arawa? Enough! Never again will I ask thee to go with me to Rotoaira." And with haughty step she walked away.

"The blood of chiefs!" said Tuwharétoa to himself as he watched her.

When Rerémoa returned to the shelter that day her face showed signs of the stress of her emotion, but she smiled at the Arawa, and she even jested with him about the unskilful work on some of his carvings. Then, having counted the canoes, large and small, and found them to number sixteen all told, she remarked upon the fact that they were all heading the one way, like a fleet of canoes—towards Taupo.

"Yes!" replied Tuwharétoa. "They form a fleet—a vessel each for the chiefs twice seven and two who

came in the *Te Arawa* from Tawhiti long ago. *Kua oti!* The work is finished!"

And the heart of Rerémoa sank within her as she heard those words. Ah! Now she knew the reason for those carvings. This Ariki of *Te Arawa* had felt himself to be weakening in the fight, and so had called to his aid the spirits of the chiefs of his ancestral Canoe. From now on he would surround himself with forces shadowy but real and great! *Aué!* The hopelessness now of further efforts to move him from his purpose!

Scarcely knowing what she was doing, she took up a pointed stick and a flake of obsidian, and then, on the soft wall a little in front of the foremost canoe of the "fleet," she drew with incised lines the shape of a very small canoe with the prow pointing eastward. She even added at either end a line or two to represent waves of water.

"My one canoe against thy fleet, O *Arawa!*" she whispered. Then, with a pitiful little moan of distress, she swooned.

Yet recompense came to her, for when she regained consciousness she found the *Arawa* bending over her and trying to comfort her with the news that he would go with her to *Rotoaira Pa*.

Out on the island in Taupo Lake, Marama waited and waited for a message that was long in coming.

Several nights before she had stirred the warriors with the news that the Ariki *Tuwharétoa* had recovered from his wounds and was setting out for the Lake, accompanied by the maiden of *Ngatihotu*; and further,

that he had ordered all to remain on the island and await a message.

Thereafter night after night she had followed her brother by the light of the mind as he had moved across the plateau and round the eastern and southern shores of Taupo. So joined were they in spirit that she had even heard his karakias as he had forded the great river Tongariro. Then on through a maze of kumara and taro plantations and past a conical hill he had gone, then up a forest track which led over a pass between two mountains called Pihanga and Kakaramaea until at last, on the fourth night, the journey had ended.

It was now high noon of the following day, yet still no message had come. The warriors grouped below the ledge on which Marama stood were impatiently demanding to be sent at once to their leader's aid. But Marama, with her gaze directed steadily towards that gap in the mountains, still waited—and listened.

Presently, however, she gave a little cry of delight, then spoke:

"Ah! It is the beat of the White Hawk's wings. The Hawk soars. He looks down upon the lands of Ngatihotu, and sees clusters of dwellings on the fertile flats but few defensive pas on the hills around. He sees hot springs and geysers on both sides of a stream, he sees raupo swamps with small lagoons black with wild-fowl, and he sees forest bordered everywhere by sunny and sheltered slopes. Ah! Listen to his message!

"Seed, fresh seed of the ancient seed of Hawaiki-the-Beloved, shall be planted here in congenial soil. Yes; here shall be planted my people, at the heart, the very heart of Aotea-roa! Enough!"

The warriors below burst into a haka, but it ended quickly, for Marama had held up her hand with a sign for silence. Then she spoke again:

"Another message does my brother send, and it fills me with dread. He speaks of a visit that he will make to the home of the Ngatihotu maiden, near Tongariro. *Aué!* She will drag him down. No, he says, he will be strong to resist. *Aué!* The danger when he resists! Ah! He wants Rata to bring the waka-
taua in towards the waterfall to-morrow at noon and to keep her there for two days, but on no account to land his men. Alas! Two days with the maiden of Ngatihotu in her own home! She will drag him down. She will drag him down. Oh, my brother! my brother!"

VI. THE STRONG HAND

*Haere mai ! Haere mai !
E te manuhiri tua-rangi !
Nga taku potiki koe i tiki atu
I te taha atu o te rangi,
Kukume mai-ai !
Haere mai ! Haere mai ! Haere mai !*

Welcome! Welcome!
Stranger from the far horizon!
'Twas my dearest child that brought thee
From the dim and distant sky-line,
Brought thee to my home and people.
Welcome! Welcome! Welcome!

JAMES COWAN.
(*Ancient Chant of Greeting.*)

ROTOAIRA!

On the day fixed by Rerémōa for the entry of her Arawa into the pa, events occurred which caused the Ngatihotus to abandon their intended hostility to him, and in the end led them to welcome him with every sign of public favour. And those events were important for Tuwharétōa in another way also, for they gave him his first contact with the Whanganuis, the People of the Wai-nui-a-te-Rua River.

It was early morning when a small war-party of Whanganuis to the number of twenty or more arrived at the foot of the slope below the pa, and caused a great commotion among the inhabitants by demanding the instant opening of the gate. Refused admittance before disclosing their purpose, their chief Te Hakuwai announced that he came to claim the maiden who had been promised to his ariki Te Kanawa in marriage. He peremptorily demanded of Nukutea that he give up his daughter Rerémōa at once.

Refused again, he cried out angrily:

"Then death shall come to thee, and captivity to her. Ha! What says the proverb? '*He wahine, he whenua, e ngaro ai te tangata*. By woman, by land, is man destroyed.' Now hear the words, O Nukutea, that mine ariki commanded me to speak should the maiden not be given up! These were his words: 'Soon I will clear the weeds from off my land, and I will set fire to the scrub so that the flax plants will give forth new and vigorous shoots in the spring. And each shoot will be a Whanganui.'"

A mocking laugh came from the edge of the forest near by, as out stalked a man whose startling height put a spell of silence on Whanganuis and Ngatihotus alike. They watched him as he calmly approached the palisade and swung himself up on to the tower above the gate. There Rerémoa joined him, and placed her hand in his. Then he laughed again.

Provoked beyond endurance by those laughs, and feeling certain that the Ngatihotus would on no account commence hostilities, the Whanganui leader hurled a taunt at the tall man on the tower:

"Ha! Thou Long One! When I return I will seek thee out in the assault. Then shall thy knees be loosened, and thy long body shall come to rest on the middle of my spear."

Tuwharétoa said nothing, but his flax cape slid from the shoulders and exposed his mighty frame. The chief below at once swished his waist-garment at him in most insulting fashion. He then went farther. He challenged him to single combat. But still Tuwharétoa made no reply.

"*Ai-i!*" cried the Whanganui chief in tones of contempt. "I see that thou hast the form of a war

god but the heart of a pigeon." He spat upon the ground to show his disgust.

Restraining the angry Rerémoa, the Arawa merely raised his open left hand above his head and closed the fingers in the gesture known as the "kapo," to show that he had grasped the insult and would avenge it. Then he lowered himself lightly to the ground outside the palisade.

The Ngatihotu warriors within the pa at once began to threaten the People-of-the-River. The Whanganui chief, aware of his danger should Ngatihotu find a leader, grouped his men together in readiness for retreat; seeing which, Tuwharétoa called out mockingly:

"The neck of the shag is stretched for flight!"

Yes, just as a shag straightens and stiffens its long neck and spreads its wings before taking flight, so the war-party below was now ready to run.

Caring nothing as to whether Ngatihotu assisted him or not, the Arawa moved slowly down the slope, and as slowly the Whanganuis retreated. The sight was too much for the warriors of the pa. Uttering threatening yells, about fifty of them scrambled over the palisade, and in a moment the Whanganuis were off, with Tuwharétoa behind them.

Then did the Whanganuis realise all too late that they were in contact, not with a weakling Ngatihotu, but with a stranger chief, a fighting chief of a warrior tribe.

Aué! The ease with which he passed them and brought to earth their swiftest runner away out in front! And the assurance of the man, as he now turned and roared a warning to the Whanganuis to forsake their leader if they valued their lives!

Changing their course and grouping still nearer their chief, the Whanganuis let loose a flight of spears as they passed the stranger by. Without difficulty he evaded their spears, then down he came upon their flank with a rush, and at once with an outward swerve he was away, leaving behind him a wounded man to mark his track.

Three times did he turn, and three times did he utter that ominous warning, and three times did he go back and strike, until finally the Whanganui chief, knowing the stranger's purpose and unwilling to allow the pursuing Ngatihotus such a leader, told his men that he must leave them. Watching his chance, he broke away suddenly and sped off to the north, hoping to reach the shelter of the forest on the near-by hills. Ah! As he had expected, the stranger at once circled away from the other Whanganuis and swung round in pursuit of their flying leader.

The Whanganuis, freed from the menace of the tall stranger, and more than anxious about their leader's safety, seemed now in no hurry to escape. Indeed, ignoring the Ngatihotus shouting and leaping at a safe distance in the rear, they even stopped, and watched with amazement the pursuit that was going on before their eyes. And the Ngatihotus, fearing to attack without the Arawa to lead them, seemed glad to hold back. Soon they also watched, fascinated by the scene before them.

And a queer pursuit it was, for time after time the pursuer got within striking distance of his quarry, but merely passed him by, and circled round ahead. Time after time the Whanganui tried to make for the hills, but each time he was relentlessly headed back towards Rotoaira. And once, when three Ngatihotus sought to

intercept the Whanganui, the pursuer turned upon the three with fury, striking them down one after the other with blows to the shoulder, then bounding away after his man at a speed that amazed the onlookers.

The end came as the Whanganui reached the base of the slope before the pa, and stood upon the very spot from which he had hurled his insult. There he turned upon his pursuer and, for a moment, with gallant effort, he held him off.

But the longer reach and the greater strength and skill of the Arawa were too much for him, and soon he was disarmed. Another moment, and he was hurled down and seized by the hair, and then, with the struggling burden dragging behind him, Tuwharétoa walked slowly up the slope, followed by the fifty Ngatihotus joyfully returning from their bloodless victory.

"Behold!" cried the Arawa as he reached the top, and found Rerémoa waiting for him before the open gate. "A pigeon has captured a hawk, but it has not the heart to slay that hawk. Therefore, the hawk goes free."

Then, placing the Whanganui upon his feet again, he pointed to the west, and said:

"Go! Go while the way is still open! Go to Te Kanawa and say that Rotoaira is not for him, and that the maiden Rerémoa will not be given to him for wife. Enough! Go!"

Without waiting to watch the Whanganui as he fled down the slope, Rerémoa took the Arawa by the hand and led the way through the gate, and to her joy and relief the people of the pa joined with Nukutea and the elders in the welcoming cry "*Haeré mai!*"

Crowding in front of the pair, and breaking into a

chant, the women-folk and the maidens moved slowly backwards, each one waving the right hand with the inward motion of the powhiri or welcoming gesture. The warmth of their welcome was evident to all, for eyes which under other conditions would have looked upon the stranger with hate now flashed upon him with glances of admiration and respect. Ah! Such limbs! Such strength!

Somewhat shyly, but with a happy little air of possession, Rerémoa led the Arawa to her father and then across the marae to the guest-house, and as he stooped to enter she cried:

"Manaia-of-the-Strong-Hand has arrived. Now let the scent of the mokimoki fern give forth its sweetness!"

Going inside, he found the floor strewn with layers of karetu grass and mokimoki fern, the whole interior being perfumed with the sweetness of the scent. He lifted up a small gourd of oil which had been left for his use, and found the oil to have been delicately scented with tawhiri. Near at hand was a taha bowl full of clear water, and upon the top of the water had been placed some fresh fern leaves to give the water that cool appearance which is so agreeable to the sight.

Tuwharétoa noticed at once the delicate carving of the panel-work on the walls, and the neatness of the lattice-work of yellow reeds showing up between the panels, and the brightness of the red, white, and black scroll-work on the rafters above. Some of the designs employed in the carving of the panel-work had clearly been evolved from a study of nature. In one could be traced the curve of a wave, in another the unfolding of a fern frond, but the design that pleased the Arawa the most was the one showing the drooping beauty of the kowhai's petals.

He invited Rerémoa and her maidens to enter, then said to them:

"Not even among the Arawas have I seen a guest-house the equal of this. Refreshing to the body, and refreshing to the mind! Tell me the name of the man who designed this place, my Rerémoa!"

She blushed with confusion, and said nothing. At last one of her maidens answered for her:

"*E koro, e!* O Sir! Permit that I speak! It was our Puhi maiden herself who designed this place upon her return from the Kaimanawas about a year ago. We aided the craftsmen who followed her designs. Thou art the first guest to enter this dwelling. We see now that it was built for thee."

"And for thee, my Rerémoa?" he asked softly.

"Perhaps!" she whispered.

VII. "I AM AN ARAWA"

He puképuhé maunga, e pikitia e te tangata.

He puképuhé moana, e ekeina e te waka.

He puképuhé tangata, ehoré e pikitia e te tangata.

The mountain summit can be reached by man.

The waves of the ocean can be topped by a canoe.

The human summit cannot be scaled by man.

COLENSO'S *Maori Proverbs*.

THE guest-house of Ngatihotu at Rotoaira Pa sheltered no guest that night, for the guest slipped away from the pa at the close of a conference with Nukutea and Rerémoa, and when morning came he was aboard the waka-*taua* on his way to Motutaiko in Taupo Lake.

Ha! The joyful chant of Te Puku the Fat:

"Paddle! Paddle! Paddle!

How bravely, how bravely

Fly the feathers

That deck our war-canoe

Te Arawa! Te Arawa!

A-ha-aha! A-ha-aha!"

and the deep-chested, full-throated response of the crew:

"*Te Arawa* is the War-canoe,
And Tuwharétoa is the Man,"

as the great vessel sped forward in its swirling rush towards the island ahead!

Motutaiko! On arrival, Tuwharétoa somewhat relieved the curiosity of all by a brief account of the rescue of the Ngatihotu maiden and by an even shorter account of his own return to health and strength. Soon he drew Rata and Marama and Te

Puku to one side, and to them he explained his plans for the coming days.

First, he said, he would aid Ngatihotu against the Whanganui, who would be sure to attack the pa at Rotoaira before the winter. He mentioned the threat uttered on the previous day. Now then! Could Ngatihotu be left without a leader and allowed to be overrun by Whanganui or forced into an alliance with Whanganui? Could he, an Arawa, stand by and allow Whanganui to secure a footing near Taupo Lake? No! No! Better to keep Ngatihotu as a barrier against Whanganui until such time as the Arawas themselves would be ready to conquer and to occupy the whole of the Taupo country!

Also, in repelling attacks upon Rotoaira Pa he would gain knowledge of value, knowledge about the fighting qualities of the warriors from the River, knowledge about the experience and the ability of the leaders of Whanganui.

Moreover, continued Tuwharétoa, he would be able at the end of the fighting to wander about and find out for himself many things, such as the numbers of the River People, the full strength of their war-parties available for a summer campaign, the location and the size of their fighting-pas, the distance of those pas from Rotoaira Lake, and much other information essential for Te Arawa to have.

Furthermore, if a chance should offer he would scale the peaks of Tongariro, and from the tops he would fix the boundaries of the lands which he would claim for his people.

And lastly, he would seek knowledge from Nukutea about many things.

Thus would the days pass until the coming of

spring, said Tuwharétoa, and by then he would be ready to rejoin the waka-*taua* and to resume his operations upon the Lake.

"O my brother!" said Marama to him as he finished. "One matter thou hast forgotten to speak about. Bear with me as I ask a question. What part will the maiden of Ngatihotu play in thy life at this pa of Rotoaira?"

Te Puku and Rata rose up and moved away. Tuwharétoa remained silent. Marama began to sob, sob quietly. Then her hand reached out and touched her brother's and caressed it, and in a little while there came reply:

"Daily, O Marama, yes, daily will Rerémoa fight for the existence of her people, and daily will I fight for a secure and a final abiding-place for my tribe. But what the end will be, who can say? Sufficient for the present that the Puhi maiden of Ngatihotu and the Ariki of Te Arawa do not marry—at least, not yet!"

He called the others back, and he asked Rata to take the waka-*taua* to the island in the Waikato and to keep it there until the spring. Thus would the winter storms on Taupo Lake be escaped, and the problem of food-supply for the warriors be made more easy. Moreover, the warriors could take turns in revisiting Hikurangi, if they wished.

"Should not half the crew go with thee to Rotoaira?" asked Rata.

"No," replied Tuwharétoa, "for Ngatihotu would only lean on them and let them do the fighting. Enough, O friend, enough!"

.

That afternoon the ariki exercised one of the

privileges of his rank, and with due ceremonial declared Rata and Marama to be man and wife. And somehow the happiness of the two and their joy in each other made things hard for Tuwharétoa.

Then later, during the marriage feast, another trial was his, for the warriors made no secret of their delight at the thought of even a short visit to their homes in the north. And when Te Puku, to hide his own emotion, referred with gusto to the pleasure it would give him to see rows and rows of sun-dried eels at Hikurangi after having seen no eels at all at Taupo, Tuwharétoa by a queer turn of the mind was made to yearn for a glimpse of the Pink and White Terraces of Tarawera, with a deep yearning difficult to smother.

That night Te Puku the Fat was in charge of the waka-taua when it drew back from Taupo's shore. A lonely figure was left standing upon the pumice beach, greenstone meré Pahikauré in hand, war-trumpet Te Umu-kohu-kohu raised to the lips. A single wailing and most melancholy note pealed forth. Then the figure moved off—disappeared into the gloom. Te Puku wept. *Aué!* The rough pathway of a chief!

Under the influence of a driving force such as the Ngatihotu people had never known before, the works for the defence of Rotoaira Pa daily became more and more complete.

Already a ditch deep and wide stretched along the whole front of the pa, and daily was it extended farther and farther along the palisade at either side.

Within the pa another palisade had been erected, and from the space between the palisades all dwellings

had been removed as a precaution against fire. In place of the dwellings now stood heaps of dampish soil and bracken fern and piles of saplings that would all be needed should breaches be made in the palisades during an attack.

And throughout the pa were those other signs of readiness for a defensive battle—patakas or storehouses full to overflowing, cool earth-pits holding hundreds of hue gourds full of water, piles of rocks and stones and long "huata" spears on the fighting-platform above the entrance gate, piles of weapons stacked up inside the dwellings, and so on. Also, a sure sign of coming danger, there was the absence from the pa of most of the women and maidens and of nearly all the children and old people—sent away to places of safety farther east.

From the very first there had been available an abundance of labour, for an urgent summons from Nukutea had brought to the pa large parties of warriors from the other settlements of Ngatihotu, even from those far away in the foothills of the Kaimanawas.

And how those warriors had stared and gasped when, on their arrival, they had found in command at Rotoaira Pa an Arawa chief, young, but battle-scarred and huge! Then how surprised they had been at the speed with which he had sorted them out—ordering many to the digging and others to the palisading, and without hesitation picking out the best of the warriors for special training for the coming fight! And how they had marvelled at the haughtiness with which he had handled them and compelled them to give him obedience and respect!

But such warriors! *Ai-i!* Few of them had ever been in a fight where wounds were seen and felt.

Inexperienced, unskilled—fit material for a massacre, thought the Arawa as he watched them. It annoyed him to even watch them, let alone train them.

And such a site for a pa! Prettily situated, but so hard to defend! A daily annoyance to one who had seen perfection in Hikurangi Hill! Hikurangi Hill? *Aué!* The longing to see that hill again!

Other things also annoyed the Arawa—annoyed him greatly.

Learning of his wish to climb Tongariro, Nukutea and the elders forbade him, saying that it was the Sacred Mountain of Ngatihotu, and strictly tapu.

Again, to his nightly efforts to persuade Nukutea to discourse on the origin of the race and about the source of the urukéhu strain, the reply was always the same—*taihoa, taihoa, taihoa!*

And so irritating did Tuwharétoa find these and many other things to be, that in his mind there grew up a determination to fight just once for Ngatihotu and then to leave Ngatihotu to the fate that was in store. But Rerémoa? Whanganui? No! Not even for Rerémoa's sake, and not even to preserve her tribe as a barrier against Whanganui, could an Arawa chief put up with Ngatihotu much longer. To think that such a people should be encumbering the Taupo country with their presence and with their claims of ownership! No! Not with such a people would Te Arawa have anything to do. Mere weeds upon the field were they, waiting to be torn up by some strong hand!

Almost unconsciously the Arawa turned even against Rerémoa. He loved her still, but he avoided her company whenever possible. And she noticed his coldness to her and she grieved over it, but in her heart

she did not reproach him for it. She knew the cause. Taupo had called to him, was still calling to him, would continue to call to him—with a call persistent, potent, compelling.

And against that call, what had she, the maiden of Ngatihotu, offered to this Ariki of Te Arawa? Only her love for him, and the prospect of whisper-songs to come, and some fragments of knowledge that might influence the mind but not the spirit! Not enough! Far from enough for such a man! Not for such things would he turn from Taupo. In the spirit she must reach him, or soon would come the end of her tribe. *Aud!* How the shadowy chiefs of those carved canoes of the Kaingaroa must have laughed at the weapons which so far she had used in the fray!

But very bravely she whispered to herself *Taihoa!*

.

The first warning came from flocks of birds that rose in hasty flight from a patch of forest hidden by a hill, away there to the west.

The second warning came from the watchmen stationed on trees high up behind the back of Rotoaira Pa.

The third warning came from the booming voice of the war-gong in the pa itself—a huge slab of matai wood hanging between poles and vigorously beaten with a wooden club.

Then over the brow of the hill swept the Men-of-the-River. Ha! The hair bristled at the back of the Arawa's neck. Warriors, real warriors in sight at last!

Down the slope they came, in admirable formation, one, two, three, four hundred of them and more. And at that distance they seemed to move along with a

creeping, swaying, undulating motion—a most unnerving sight for the waiting Ngatihotus.

"Bind, tightly bind! Be firm! Be firm!" cried Nukutea as he noticed a wavering in the ranks of the warriors at the palisade. Almost had a panic set in before a blow had been struck. The ranks steadied.

Nearer and nearer came the warriors of the approaching taua—much nearer now, painted bodies and tattooed faces easily seen. Big men, tall men, strong men, savage-looking men—teeth grinning above the spears!

A second time the Ngatihotus wavered, but the Arawa this time was quickly among them, threatening to kill the first man to move. Then from the fighting-tower above the gate came the appeal of the High Chief Nukutea:

"O my people, hearken, hearken! The parent who maintains us is the land. It is all we have. So, live for the land! Fight for the land! Die for the——"

The answer came with a roar as the Ngatihotus, roused at last by the appeal of their chief, responded to his call with a defiant war-dance! *Aud!* The appalling response of the Whanganuis, now lining the foot of the slope below the pa, as they too gave way to the maddening impulse of the battle-lust!

The din continued for some time, but as soon as it ceased a tall chief came out in front of the Whanganuis and gazed up at the pa. At once Rerémōa called the Arawa to her side at the palisade, and he peered through.

"'Tis the Ariki Te Kanawa himself," said the maiden, "and that chief with short-cut hair who joins him now is that Te Hakuwai who gave thee insult."

The two chiefs down below kept gazing up at the pa

as if looking for someone, and at last Te Kanawa cried out in loud and impatient tones:

"O Hakuwai, I see the kiwis, a whole host of kiwis, but where is the giant moa-bird that will lead them in the fight? Ha! I would find out some things about that bird. Now then! Where is that bird? I cannot see it. Has it developed wings and flown away? Ah! There it is! A-a-ah!"

Beside the High Chief Nukutea on the tower above the gate now stood the Arawa. He was stripped to the waist, and no ornaments did he display except his scars. But from his belt there hung a war-trumpet, a shell trumpet of queerest shape. And in his hand was a greenstone meré of unusual length and great beauty. And the man and the trumpet and the meré combined to cause a tremendous stir among the Men-of-the-River.

"Of what Canoe from Tawhiti art thou, O Stranger?" cried Te Kanawa. Then, as if by an afterthought, he added: "Perhaps I have heard of thy Canoe."

"Perhaps thou hast heard, O Whanganui," replied Tuwharétoa. "But if not, the fault must rest with thee, for the fish in the water, the birds in the forest, and even the creatures that creep in the scrub, have heard of my Canoe. I am an Arawa."

And he raised Te Umu-kohu-kohu on high and sounded it melodiously in honour of his famed Canoe.

From the Whanganuis below came a chorus of friendly greetings. Yes! They knew about the Arawa Canoe, second only to their own Canoe, the *Aotea*, said they. Then, laughing over their little jest at the expense of the smiling Arawa above, they listened while their leader asked another question:

"Art thou a great chief, O Arawa, among thine own

people—a man of mana, a man of influence, a man of fame?"

"*Kaoré-péa!* No—perhaps!" And the Whanganuis were greatly impressed by that reply, for had the Arawa been a minor chief he would have boasted mightily about his rank and fame. Keenly interested, they listened again, for their leader was asking still another question now:

"What is the name of thy fighting-pa, O Arawa?" And Tuwharétoa replied:

"It has a name, but I am trying to forget that name. Now then! Let me give it a new name! Let it be known hereafter as 'Wai-taha-nui, the Big-Calabash-of-Water, so full that it brimmed over!'"

"So! So!" remarked Te Kanawa. "Then it seems thou art a wanderer, a man without a home?"

"Yes—perhaps!" replied the Arawa. Then, well knowing what the next question would be, he added sharply:

"*Kua mutu te kupu*—the word is ended. Enough!"

Following the custom in inter-tribal war, the Whanganuis on that first day of their arrival made no attack, but retired to a distance, lest even the Ngatihotus might deem them undignified in their haste to possess the pa.

Yet their scouts remained near by, hovering around continually in unsuccessful efforts to find out the width and the depth of the great ditch. But near that ditch the Arawa would not allow them to go, lest they should find out the length needed for light bridges to cross it.

The afternoon passed quietly. Then came night,

and while the Whanganuis waited impatiently for it to pass, the Ngatihotus dreaded the dawn that was to come, and sought to beat down fear with martial sights and sounds—watch-fires blazing, warriors dancing, war-gong booming, trumpets sounding, and leaders haranguing until about midnight.

Thereafter a strange quietness came over the pa, and no sounds were heard except the watch-cries from the towers. A little while, and one by one the sentries ceased their chanting. A little while, and one by one the watch-fires died down, leaving the pa in deeper and deeper gloom. And so long did the silence continue that to enemies outside it seemed obvious that the whole pa slept, slept soundly. But towards morning, and just as the Whanganuis crept up to the ditch, there came from out the blackness ahead a mocking chant:

"A-ha-aha!
The gods of darkness have not shown to me
Within the bounds of Rotoaira Pa
Piled heaps of dead at coming dawn of day.
A-ha-aha!"

For a moment, from sheer disgust with themselves for having been deceived as well as discovered, the Men-of-the-River remained silent. *Ai-i!* That Arawa! Then, with a savage roar, the warriors in front hurled themselves forward, leaped short, and crashed down upon each other in struggling, yelling, heaps at the bottom of the ditch. Ha! The commotion in that ditch!

Over the top of the struggling warriors now rushed other Whanganuis, striving desperately to climb the high bank and the high palisade on the farther side. And down upon them came a shower of rocks and stones from the fighting-tower above the gate.

In vain did fresh ranks of the Whanganuis seek a clear run at the palisade so that it might be broken through by sheer weight and strength. The light and narrow bridges they carried were far too short to bridge that Arawa ditch. So over the top of dead or dying or living and struggling warriors rushed still further warriors who used those bridges as ladders, and from those ladders sought to climb over into the pa.

But at their sides thrust unseen spears that pierced. And down upon their heads swung unseen clubs that crushed. Alas! The death-cries of many brave men!

At last, discomfited, decimated, fatally hindered by the very darkness which was to have been their aid, the Whanganuis retired to the base of the slope before the pa, leaving behind them in the ditch about forty of their number in piled heaps of dead to await the dawn of day.

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Throughout the morning that followed, three further assaults were made upon the pa, and each assault was of greater intensity than the preceding one.

During the first of these assaults the Whanganuis made a bridge of bodies across the ditch, and over that bridge they carried the trunk of a tree with which they smashed a way through the palisade; then through the gap they poured. But at them, straight at them came the Arawa and his Ngatihotus, and after a terrific struggle drove them back into the ditch outside. Then quickly the Ngatihotus closed the breach with sapling stakes and alternate layers of earth and fern, and soon the palisade was strong again.

During the second assault the Whanganuis, vigorously led by their chiefs and greatly aided by longer

bridges' which had been quickly built, broke through the outer palisade in three fresh places simultaneously, only to be attacked again by greatly superior numbers of Ngatihotus the moment they entered the pa.

But this time the attackers squeezed big groups of the defenders between the three parties that had entered, and soon, to Nukutea and Rerémōa watching from the inner palisade, it was clear that the Ngatihotus were suffering fearful losses at the hands of the skilful, experienced, and savagely-determined fighters from the River. Clear also was it to them that only the superhuman efforts of one man were barring the way to a complete victory for the Whanganuis.

"See!" cried Rerémōa to her father as the Arawa went bounding past. "He charges now upon a thicket of spears. *Auē!* He will be slain. No! He has leaped over the spears and the warriors behind, and has reached the chief Te Hakuwai, and has slain him, and has plunged through to safety on the other side. Ha! Back he comes now with our Ngatihotus behind him. Lo! He cleaves a path through the enemy as a wedge of mairé wood splits open a fallen tree. Through, safely through! Oh, my Arawa, my Arawa!"

And when at last the Whanganuis, temporarily exhausted, began to retire in good order through the gaps in the palisade, leaving behind them piled heaps of Ngatihotu dead within the pa, Rerémōa turned to her father again and said:

"The truth cannot be hidden. Alas! Whanganuis as well as Tuhoes and Arawas are like the kernels of the fruit of the tawa tree, exceedingly hard and not easily broken. But our people of Ngatihotu are as the soft pulp of the tawa berries, easily crushed in the

hand or under the foot. *Aué!* I fear that the next assault will mark the end."

And the same fear was with the Arawa, for he hurried across to Rerémoa and begged her to escape from the pa into the forest while yet there was time. But she would not go, and reluctantly he left her and hastened back to the palisade, and urged on the Ngatihotus who were blocking up the gaps.

Then he noticed the Whanganuis collecting brushwood and dry fern and the boughs of trees, and at once he ordered wet earth to be thrown upon the thatched roofs of the dwellings close to the inner palisade, lest flames or sparks carried by the wind might bridge the space between the palisades and set fire to the whole pa.

Yet the effort was wasted, for the Whanganui leader made no attempt to fire the pa. Instead, great heaps of scrub and fern were placed outside the ditch and set on fire and fed with leafy boughs, green and damp. Soon great billows of pungent smoke rolled over into the pa, and behind this screen the Whanganuis chose their points of attack and broke through where they willed.

In the fury of the onslaught that followed, a panic seized those of the Ngatihotus who had come from the Kaimanawas, and they sought refuge behind the inner palisade. But the warriors from the shores of Taupo Lake and of Rotoaira fought bravely, if weakly, and they did their best to obey the Arawa as his rallying-cries, "*Kia kaha! Kia toa!* Be strong! Be brave!" resounded above the din of conflict.

Suddenly, a change in the wind caused the smoke to blow to one side, and to the dismay of the Arawa he saw Rerémoa leading the Kaimanawas back into the fight. One section of the Whanganuis saw them also

and, rushing to meet them, seized the maiden and easily put the Ngatihotus to flight again.

Then down upon those Whanganuis came the Arawa and the men of Rotoaira with an irresistible rush, and in a moment Rerémoa was swept up into strong arms and carried off to temporary safety behind the inner palisade. Then back into the thick of the fray rushed the Arawa.

But the battle was turning more and more in favour of the Whanganuis, and soon the Ngatihotus began to crumble everywhere, leaving the Arawa exposed to a series of attacks so dangerous that time after time it was only his own agility and the length of his reach and the biting qualities of the meré Pahikauré that came between him and death, and enabled him to escape with but trivial flesh wounds.

At last, in his extremity, he fell back upon a ruse which he had planned with some Ngatihotus stationed as a covering force in the forest behind the pa. With a desperate effort he forced his way to the gate and then suddenly leaped and swung himself up on to the fighting-tower above, and sounded a loud blast upon his war-trumpet, and shouted:

"To me, my Arawas! Hasten! Hasten!"

Astounded, completely taken by surprise, the Whanganuis did not raise a hand against him as he stood there upon the tower. All fighting throughout the pa ceased as if by magic. Again he raised his cry:

"To me, my Arawas! Hasten! Hasten!" Then from the near-by forest came the many-voiced answer: "Te Arawa! Te Arawa! Te Arawa!" And at once the Whanganuis, fearing to be caught in a trap, rushed for the gaps in the palisade, scrambled through, crossed the ditch, and began to rally to the call of

their leader as they reached the base of the slope beyond.

Then did Tuwharétoa, knowing how even the bravest of warriors are liable to panic, threaten to "makutu" the Whanganuis should they remain any longer near Rotoaira Pa. He would "makutu" them, he said, in the name of his ancestor Ngatoro-i-rangi, the Great Tohunga of the Arawa Canoe. Following up his threats, he uttered some menacing "karakias," and such was the fame of the power of Ngatoro even among the Children of Aotea, and such was their inborn dread of the "evil eye" of the "makutu," that many of the Whanganuis broke away from the ranks at once.

The finishing-blow came with an invocation by the Arawa to his ancestor, an invocation full of meaning to a Maori, and pregnant with power:

"Whispering ghost from the north,
I brought thee here
To this pa.
Now strike!
Whispering ghost from the north,
I brought thee here
To this pa.
Now strike!"

Simultaneously Tuwharétoa thrust out at the mind of the Whanganui leader with all the mental power that he possessed. Caught unawares, the mind of Te Kanawa failed to withstand that thrust, and the will to resist was swept away. Another moment, and the Whanganuis were in full retreat.

And a little later, after following them for quite a distance to the west to make sure that they would not rally again, Tuwharétoa turned southward, then south-eastward, on his way to the peaks of Tongariro. Ah! Tongariro, at last!

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It was early the next morning that Tuwharétōa reached the snow-line on the southernmost and highest peak of Tongariro called Ruapahu (Ruapehu), and on reaching it, greatly moved already in mind and spirit, he broke into a chant:

"The Bird-of-Tu now folds his pinions close.
But spreads again, to soar in gentle air,"

to show the Mountain that he came in peace and climbed humbly, reverently.

And to him, from beyond the beetling crags and overhanging cliffs and lifting tiers of rock that marked the snow-line, there seemed to come the Mountain's welcoming call:

"*Piki mai! Kake mai!*
Ascend hither! Fly hither!"

So on he went, with the body climbing and the spirit soaring, on past the crags and cliffs and tiers of rock, and on up over frozen snow slopes and a field of glacial ice, until at last and long before midday he gained the top of the northern pinnacle of Ruapahu—and gazed around, spellbound by the sheer magnificence of the view.

For to the north rose Auruhoe (Ngauruhoe) and Tongariro-Tika, both close at hand, and beyond them, for as far as the eye could see, stretched heavy forest country. To the north-east, shimmering in the rays of the morning sun, lay Taupo. And beyond Taupo rose Tauhara, and farther north still the peak of Putauaki close to Hikurangi, and then, farthest north of all and showing up dimly through the haze, a mighty steam-cloud that marked an island-volcano out in the sea.

"From Tongariro to the northern sea," said

Tuwharétoa aloud, "shall stretch the territories of Te Arawa, Te Arawa."

He turned towards the east, and observed the jagged peaks of the Kaimanawa Mountains, and saw away to the north of them the familiar Plains of the Kaingaroa, and beyond the Plains the mountainous land of the Uréwera, and he spoke again:

"From Tongariro to the boundary-post at the end of the Kaimanawas, and from Tongariro to the Uréwera, shall stretch the territories of Te Arawa, Te Arawa."

Then he turned round and gazed out towards a cone-shaped snow-capped mountain that rose lofty and lone far away to the west—and he hesitated. But as no spirit-call came to him from Taranaki Mountain (Egmont) he refrained from claiming that mountain, and confined his attention to the rolling plains that lay at the foot of Tongariro and extended westwards to a belt of forest country. Then:

"From Tongariro to the forest yonder, and to the north and to the south of the plains that lie between, shall stretch the territories of Te Arawa, Te Arawa."

Finally, he turned towards the south, but there the top of Ruapahu barred the view. Now across that top stretched a great snow-field, and from a basin near the end of that snow-field rose clouds of steam.

Curious about that steam, Tuwharétoa scrambled down and moved across the snow-field without undue discomfort to eyes or skin, for a belt of clouds high overhead continued to screen off the rays of the sun. Soon he reached the basin, and at the bottom of it he saw a crater-lake green-blue in colour and bounded in parts by ice-cliffs.

He worked his way round to the eastern side and

slid down a snow-slope, and reached a point at the lake's edge where the water was quite warm. And there, humbled and overwhelmed in spirit, he offered up his cry:

"*Homai te wai ora kia ahau, e Io!* Give unto me the Water of Life, O Io!"

He sprinkled himself with water from the lake, and cried again:

"Let me bathe in the brightness of that Water of Life and be washed clean in the spirit, that I may be fit to chant my sacred songs to Thee, the One Supreme, O Io!"

And gradually, as he stood there and offered up the ancient chants, a clearer vision seemed to come to him.

At midday Tuwharétoa stood upon the southern and highest pinnacle of Ruapahu, but he made no claim to the lands which he saw stretching down to the sea far away to the south. Rather did he show interest in the distant Straits of Raukawa (Cook's Strait) and in the mountains of Te Wai-Pounamu (the South Island) looming up beyond. Of themselves, the words came to his lips:

"I sing a song,
I sing a song,
I sing a song of Kupé.
He scoured the Kiwa Sea,
And cleft this land in twain."

So he chanted, and as he chanted he thought of the storm-battered Canoe *Te Matahourua* forcing her way through those straits ages before in the days of Kupé the Great Navigator. Greetings to *Te Matahourua*, and greetings to Kupé!

That afternoon Tuwharétua climbed to the top of the active volcano Auruhoé, and then explored the enormous dead craters on the adjoining peak Tongariro-Tika. Below the Ketétahi Geyser on its northern slope he stayed for the night, greatly enjoying the luxury of continuous mud baths in the oily hot stream that flowed from the geyser above—a most refreshing and delightful experience at the close of a strenuous day—moreover, so soothing and cleansing for his smarting wounds.

Then for a while, still luxuriating in a shallow hot pool with his body completely covered by oily mud, he slept soundly. But after midnight sleep left him, and he lay awake gazing up at his friends the stars. And soon the thoughts that had been his at the crater-lake on Ruapahu came back to him.

Yes; again did he feel in his inmost being that Tongariro Mountain and Taupo Lake were alive and spirit-guarded; that in them was the "mauri" or life-principle of all Aotea-roa, and that therefore, being places of the spirit, they would need to be won in the spirit—if won at all.

Yes; again did he feel that if he were to grasp at Taupo and Tongariro hastily and greedily, and seize them arrogantly and ruthlessly by force of arms, he would in the end lose them, and his tribe would lose them—perhaps for ever.

VIII. THE PLUME OF THE ARAWAS

Whence may come the terms of peace so lasting,
That rage and battle-strife will cease to be.

WHITE'S *Maori History*.
(*Ancient Chant*.)

"*E iti noa ana, na te aroha.* A little gift indeed—still, it is given with love."

The words falling so softly from the lips of the Arawa thrilled Rerémoa, and caused her hands to tremble as she accepted that which he offered—his first gift.

Standing there with her by the lake-side, whither he had fled after all the speech-making and the praising that had marked his return to the pa that morning, he watched her. And the longer he watched her the more embarrassed she grew, as she kept turning over and over in her hands a small piece, an insignificant-looking piece, of half-decayed wood.

Presently, however, she noticed that an opening in the centre of the wood had been closed with moss. She pulled out that moss slowly, hesitatingly, and there in the hollow below she saw a solitary flower, delicately marked and of most exquisite shape, a very small flower whose fragile beauty cried aloud as to its place of birth.

"O Manaia!" said Rerémoa as she looked up at him with eyes shining through her tears. "The gift is precious to me, and the manner of thy giving will never be forgotten by me. Yet one question I must ask of thee. Hast climbed the Sacred Mountain of my people?"

"Yes!" he replied. "The Mountain called to me. Therefore, inevitably, I climbed. And from the top I saw things which had been hidden from my sight before."

Then she, quite unaware of the thoughts that had stirred him on Tongariro, felt sure that he spoke merely of the things which usually draw a Maori chief to a mountain-top in new country. So she asked quietly: "Boundary-marks, O Arawa?"

"Perhaps—perhaps not!" replied Tuwharétoa. Then, feeling somewhat ashamed of himself for that meagre reply, he proceeded:

"Up on the heights the Mountain did whisper to me, but some of its words I could not quite catch, words about thee, and about thy tribe. Moreover, the Mountain spoke of a sacrifice, but the nature of that sacrifice was not made clear to me. Therefore, I will wait at Rotoaira for a little while, and if the Mountain speak not to me plainly, I will climb its heights again, for I must learn soon what is to be my path."

"O Manaia!" said Rerémoa sadly. "Would that the Mountain might whisper also to me, for I am its Child of the Spirit even more than art thou! Yes, would that it might speak to me in the spirit, showing me the way, the way!" Then, weeping silently, she left him.

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That night, the Mountain whispered to the Puhī maiden of Ngatihotu, whispered tenderly; and the following morning she began the first of a series of hidden but far from feeble attacks upon the heart and the mind and the spirit of the Ariki of Te Arawa in a sustained and final effort to save her tribe.

For her first attack she called to her aid the children of the pa, who had all returned with the women-folk and the old people some days before, and who now entered with zest into what they thought was an entertainment for the Arawa in return for all his efforts in the recent battle. So, hidden behind the palisade, a large party of them watched Rerémoa as she walked slowly down to the lake-side. And their excitement grew when they heard her voice sweetly chanting a Ngatihotu love-song:

"Lonely I sit by Rotoaira's shore,
Dreaming about my long-lost love. Ah me!
My head doth bow as droops the mamaku,
And weeping eyes do weep as flowers of flax
Do weep their honey-showers in summer's wind—
Ah me!"

The Arawa also heard that chant, and it drew him quickly to the maiden's side; but no sooner had he reached her than a whole crowd of children with shrill cries dashed out of the pa, and scrambled over a bridge across the ditch, and raced each other to a bank which sloped steeply down to the water's edge.

Along the top of that bank they placed the severed heads of many ti-palms, and then upon each head sat a laughing child with legs raised up off the ground and with hands holding on to the leaves; then away they all went down the bank at a great pace, shrieking merrily as they collided with each other or found it impossible to avoid toppling over into the water at the bottom.

Other children then took their turn, and so pleased was the Arawa with them all, and especially with the youngest ones who were barely old enough to walk, that he smiled at them and offered them a kindly

greeting, with a heartiness that gave great joy to them—and to Rerémoa.

"All those children were born within sight of Tongariro," said she as she led the way back to the pa, "so perhaps they are part of Tongariro, even as I."

The Arawa said nothing, but he wondered greatly at that fresh thought which Rerémoa had tried to sow in his mind. Part of Tongariro?

Entering the pa, he heard one of the elders reminding the people that the star Puanga had appeared in the heavens and that soon it would be followed by the constellation of the Mata-ariki (the Pleiades) as the morning star Te Whetu-o-te-Tau, ushering in the joys or the sorrows of a Ngatihotu New Year. Also, cried the elder, the New Year festival would be made a special one this time as a "whakatau-maha" or thanksgiving to the gods for the recent victory over the Whanganuis.

Now at first the Arawa took little notice of that announcement, for of what possible interest could a Ngatihotu festival be to him? Surely of no interest whatever, thought he.

But soon he was made to realise that some of the children of the pa thought otherwise, for one bright-eyed and sturdily-built young boy waited for his chance, and then went up to the Arawa and asked permission to speak to him. Encouraged by a smile, he whispered something, and the Arawa gave a sign of assent and walked off beside the boy, accompanied by some twenty other boys of about the same age. Yet when others of the people of the pa sought to follow, the Arawa sternly ordered them back.

Led by the boy, the little party passed through the gate and then went down into the great ditch and

along to a place that was not overlooked from the palisade above. And there those boys experienced first abject fear and then an ecstasy of excitement as they watched and sought to imitate the vigorous movements of an Arawa war-dance.

Ha! In a little while their spirited leader was able to put them through the opening movements of the dance himself, and with a vigour and an accuracy that surprised the Arawa.

"*A-a-a!*" he would cry to the "warriors" who were kneeling in the ditch waiting for his command. "*Whiti! Whiti—e!*" And up they would spring. A shrill yell, "*A-a! He ringa pakia!*" from their leader, and thereupon all the "warriors" would commence to strike open hands upon bare thighs. Another yell, "*A-a-a! He waewae takahia!*" and the legs would be called into action with a rhythmical stamping as the right feet of the dancers struck the ground as one. Then would follow the rolling of eyes, the protruding of tongues, the quivering of fingers, the violent gestures, and the leaping, and the yelling.

But at the end, when the Arawa climbed out of the ditch and found Rerémoa waiting for him, face flushed and eyes sparkling with pleasure, he realised that he had been attacked with a very subtle weapon.

Throughout the whole of the afternoon Rerémoa made no appearance upon the marae, for she was busily engaged with her attendants in the big Wharé-tapé-*ré*, preparing the maidens of the pa for the special part they were to play in the festival to come. But what went on inside that building aroused no interest in the Arawa, sitting with Nukutea upon the high tower, both gazing at Tongariro towering up beyond the lake.

The sight seemed to bring to the old chief memories of nobler days. He felt compelled to speak:

"Listen, O Arawa! Tongariro holds the bones of mine ancestors. Great chiefs! Great tohungas! Yes; theirs was the true tohunga-craft so spoken of by trembling lips of men, for they breathed the ancient songs and chanted them to earth and sky, and raised aloft the sacred power, from Io. Alas! Alas! Who now of our tohunga-priests can chant the incantations to an angry sky or coming evil turn aside? Not one! Not one!

"Listen again! In my youth the fruitful winds of years of plenty blew; but then came stalking through the land the red-eyed God of War, and my people withered under the blast, withered mentally and spiritually.

"Alas! Now in mine old age comes the final peril, from Tuhoe, Arawa, and Whanganui. Soon shall I weep and mourn the death of all my tribe. Yes; soon will the ancient tribe of Ngatihotu be as extinct as the tribe of the moa-bird; and in after years the people who will occupy this land will find our bones in the vast caves under Tongariro, and will wonder what manner of people were we. Unhappy fate!

"No," he concluded in mournful tones, as he continued to gaze at Tongariro; "for me the shining sun has naught to gladden now, and yonder peaks, oft gazed upon in days of joy, but prompt the sigh. Indeed, from them now comes a biting wind with power to drive me down to deeper depths of weariness and woe. Ah me!"

Knowing quite well who was the "biting wind" that the old chief spoke of, Tuwharétoa sought to bring about more cheerful thoughts.

"Hast thou no garment warm to wrap thee in against the chilling gale?" he asked gently.

The face of Nukutea brightened at once, and there was a different tone in his voice as he replied:

"Yes, I have Rerémoa, in whom alone now lives the real, the true, the ancient spirit of my tribe. Ah! How nobly she has filled the place of those my tall red-painted warrior-sons who died by Arawa hand.

"Yet not from me does she get her spirit, O Arawa," he continued. "No! Her heart and mind do glow with that which came to her from her ancestors of the very distant past." Then, seeing the look that came into the Arawa's eyes, he added "But as to those ancestors, *taihoa, taihoa!* To-morrow night perhaps, or the following night! This evening I would devote to a sharing with thee of sacred knowledge—about Io, Io the Withholder. It is the wish of Rerémoa that we meet. Therefore, enough for me!"

"Enough for me also!" said Tuwharétoa; but into his mind, under the hidden attack, there had crept another new thought. Io, the Withholder?

That evening, having first purified themselves with the recital of *karakias*, the High Chief of Ngatihotu and the Ariki of Te Arawa gave to each other without reservation such knowledge as they possessed, or thought they possessed, about the relationship of man to the Supreme Being.

And while on some points they entirely disagreed, on others they were relieved to find themselves in perfect accord.

Thus they were both agreed that it was Tané the Great-Male-of-Heaven who fashioned Hiné-ahu-oné the

Earth-formed-Maid out of soppy mud and breathed into the lifeless form the breath of life. And they were also agreed that the organs of the body, and the blood, and the manawa ora, or breath of life, and the hiné ngaro, or spirit, and the wairua, or soul, which were implanted in that form were all procured by Tané from Io the One Supreme. Also, they were agreed that there was a distinction, a very fine distinction, between the hiné ngaro and the wairua, but that each was deathless.

And lastly, they were agreed that the Supreme Being was a Being superlatively holy in character and limitless in power, and known by many names. Thus "Io the Wise" was also

Io Nui, Great Io;

Io Takétaké, Io the Unchanging;

Io Matua, Io the Parent;

Io Matua-te-Koré, Io the Parentless;

Io Mata-Ngaro, Io-of-the-Hidden-Face;

Io Mata-Aho, Io-that-cannot-be-gazed-at;

Io te Wai-Ora, Io the Source-of-all-Life;

Io Wananga, Io the Source-of-Sacred-Knowledge;

Io Mata-Kana, Io the Vigilant;

Io Tikitiki-o-Rangi, Io the Supreme-One-in-the-Sky;
and

Io te Koré-te-Whiwhia, Io the Withholder.

Now of all those names it was the last name that held the Arawa absorbed in thought as he rose up to depart that night. Io a Withholder as well as a Giver? The very name seemed to open up new lines of thought.

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On the following morning a great meeting of the

Ngatihotu people took place on the marae, and at that meeting the question of the marriage of the Puhi maiden Rerémōa to the Arawa Manaia was discussed and re-discussed with the keenest zest, although everyone knew that the tribal consent to their union would not be withheld.

And man and maiden had to sit there and listen, and suffer silently. How the Arawa longed for all the talk to cease! Yet at the last he was given reward, for a bored-looking old elder stood up and with his quaintly-worded speech brought the meeting to a merry close.

In apparently serious tones he said that he felt compelled to object to the marriage on grounds which so far had escaped the notice of the unthinking crowd. Then, having made it clear by the accompanying gesture that he included nearly all his hearers within that term, he went on to point out that both Rerémōa and the Arawa were fair-haired and light-coloured of skin, and that, worse still, they each had such a queer-looking nose. Indeed, neither of them had at all the correct shape of nose for a Maori. Therefore, said the elder, it was most undesirable that by their marriage they should be encouraged to foist an even worse type of nose upon the race. On behalf of the very old people of the pa he protested against the marriage.

Then he sat down and listened with real enjoyment to the coughs of admiration which rose from all over the marae, and he listened with even greater delight to the "*Kia ora koe, kia ora!*" which the smiling Arawa threw across to him in friendly greeting. But when he looked at Rerémōa he quailed before the glance which she gave him. Yet to his old eyes she looked wondrously beautiful at that moment; skin

suffused with a most delicate tint of colour. So he continued to gaze at her—until she smiled at him.

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That evening, seated with Rerémoa and her father in the high chief's dwelling, the Arawa gained much knowledge about the origin of the Ngatihotu people and of the whole Maori race, knowledge which made a lasting impression upon his mind. Ha! So the Ngatihotu people were of ancient lineage and of the same ancestry as Te Arawa, after all!

"Yes!" said Nukutea in reply to a question. "*He kakano i ruiruia mai i Hawaiki.* We are seed scattered hither from Hawaiki. Which Hawaiki? The real Hawaiki, the Hawaiki-of-Great-Distance, the Hawaiki about which our people have this saying: '*Ko Hawaiki te whenua e tupu noa mai te kumara.* Hawaiki is the land where the kumara grows spontaneously.' That is the Hawaiki from which we came, O Arawa! How long ago? Ages and ages ago! Now listen, as I go back along the ocean track by which we came!

"Nearest of all to Hawaiki-tautau, which is our name for this land which you call Aotea-roa, lies a group of islands of which one is named Tonga-tapu and another Wawau. Beyond that group lies another group called Hamoa. Now it was from Hamoa that our Canoe *Te Hotuhotu* sailed on its voyage to Hawaiki-tautau, stopping only at Tonga-tapu and Wawau on the way. How long ago? Long, long before either *Te Arawa* or *Aotea* reached this land! Sufficient for that!

"Beyond Hamoa the track to Hawaiki turns sharply north-westward and passes various islands of the Sea of Kiwa, until it reaches a great branching-off

place of the race, a place from which our own migration and several others turned south-eastward and reached Hamoa (Samoa) and Tawhiti-nui-Ruamatu (Tahiti) and Rarotonga and other places whose names are known to me, a place also from which at least one other migration turned north-eastward and reached a group of islands known to us afterwards as Waihi (Hawaii)."

He paused for a moment to satisfy himself that the Arawa knew about the remainder of the track for as far back as Great-Hawaiki (Borneo) and Little-Hawaiki (Java), and then he suddenly changed the direction of his thoughts and asked his hearers to accompany him in mind and spirit to the very birthland of the race, and from there to move forward and eastward with him along the first portion of the ancient track. Then slowly, with the Arawa eagerly listening to and carefully memorising the words as they fell, the narrative proceeded:

"In very remote times, the ancestors of the Maori were a fair-skinned and dark-haired people who dwelt in a land called Uru, or Uru-nui, Great Uru. But in the days of a famous ancestor named Ngana-te-Ariki, from whom Reremoa here can show unbroken descent, they were driven out of Uru by another fair-skinned dark-haired people who came from I know not where.

"Driven from the Land of Uru, Ngana-te-Ariki and his people migrated south-eastward to a land called Irihia (India), a land known also as Atia-te-Waringa-nui, but a land which our people now refer to as the Homeland, Hawaiki-pa-mamao, Hawaiki-of-Great-Distance, Hawaiki-Far-Away.

"In Irihia, Ngana-te-Ariki became supreme chief and ariki of the extensive Kura-nui district, while the

chiefs of other migrations from the Land of Uru seized control of the districts called Hawa and Tawhiti. From Hawa comes the great name 'Hawa-iki.'

"As to the descriptions of Irihia in our traditions, alas! they are very meagre. Merely do they tell us that Irihia was not an island but was a mainland, a 'tua-whenua,' a great outspread land with high mountains on the inland side and with vast plains on the side towards the sea. Across those plains ran the Sacred River Tohunga—Tohunga, perhaps.

"Now then! Ngana-te-Ariki took to wife Tangi-te-Ruru and had issue Atia-nui-Ariki, who took to wife Ania-Ariki and had issue Hui-te-Rangiora. Ha! I saw thee start, O Arawa. *Taihoa! Taihoa!*

"For many generations our people lived in that hot country of Irihia, and were called the 'Ma-uri' People by the natives of that country on account of their fairness of skin. Gradually, however, they grew less and less fair of skin, partly perhaps through generations of life under a scorching sun, but more certainly through the influence of a new blood-stream which began to find its way into the race. Yet ever did our people retain the characteristics which distinguished them as Children of the Land of Uru, and ever did they retain their ascendancy over the tribes among whom they dwelt.

"But tradition states again and again that they had many enemies in other parts of Irihia, and that in course of time they began to feel the pressure of fierce wars, continual wars.

"Finally, in the days of another Hui-te-Rangiora, a great canoe was built called '*Te Tuahiwi-o-Atia*, The Mountainous-Backbone-of-Atia,' and in that canoe the second Hui-te-Rangiora, accompanied by his daughter Puhi-Ariki and by a number of their

people, sailed from Irihia eastward, and after a voyage of ten days and one day reached the land known to us in tradition as Hawaiki-roa, the Long-Hawaiki (Sumatra). From there they moved on eastward to Little-Hawaiki, where they settled for a time and were joined by others of their kin from Irihia.

"And now, O Arawa, I come to the wonder-part of my tale, for it was on Little-Hawaiki that the beautiful Puhi-Ariki was given in marriage to a stranger chief who came from the north. Tradition speaks of that man as having been a 'godlike man of gigantic stature,' and of his canoe as having been a 'huge canoe of most extraordinary shape.'

"But, *taihoa, taihoa!* To-morrow night I will speak the things I know about him. Sufficient for the present that from that one man, according to our traditions, came the 'urukéhu' strain into the Maori race! Ha! I saw thee start again, O Arawa."

"His name? His name?" asked Tuwharétoa as calmly as he might.

But with true Maori reluctance to disclose important knowledge too soon, the old chief merely said "*Taihoa! Taihoa!*"—and with that answer Tuwharétoa had to be content, for that night.

For the greater part of the next day the Arawa, while apparently taking pleasure in his frequent if brief meetings with Rerémoa, preserved in her presence a strange silence, a silence particularly trying for her, in view of her need for some indication that his thoughts were changing towards her tribe.

Late in the afternoon, however, when she came out of the Wharé-tapéfé, she saw the Arawa close by, and she whispered to her attendants, and then she went

over to the Arawa and stood beside him, while long lines of maidens issued forth from the building.

Now the older maidens for some reason remained in the background, but the younger girls walked straight on, and as their leader passed in front of the Arawa and Rerémoa the whole line broke into the merriest of chants, and every girl as she passed looked up at the Arawa with smiling eyes. And the Arawa felt a soft little hand creep into his hand. Then:

"O Manaia, be merciful, be merciful, for in thee alone lies the power to keep those children in the world of Light!"

Tuwharétoa turned quickly and looked down at her, wondering how much she knew, surprised indeed at her emphasis upon that word "alone." She waited for him to speak, quite unaware that her open mind was tempting him. And still he gazed at her, saying nothing. Finally, exasperated beyond endurance by his continued silence, she cried at him:

"Oh, would that thy thoughts might flower into speech, thou man, thou Arawa!"

And she would have left him and fled, but she could not, for he held fast to her hand, and he made her listen:

"As to my thoughts," said he, "*taihoa!*, *taihoa!* But as to thy meetings in the Wharé-tapéré, what of them? Art thou reciting incantations that will have soft power over the hard heart of an Arawa? Speak, my Rerémoa, speak!" And he smiled down upon the maiden in a manner that gave her hope.

"*Taihoa! Taihoa!*" said she.

When evening came, the Arawa joined Rerémoa and Nukutea in the latter's dwelling, and presently the old chief proceeded with his tale:

"Listen, O Arawa! At this late stage in our history we know of three races of men, namely, the Black People of the Western Isles of the Sea of Kiwa, the Brown People of the Tangata Maori, and the White People referred to in our ancient traditions.

"Now the common belief among our people is that the Maoris are descended from Tangaroa-te-Ihu-Pu, Tangaroa-of-the-Exact-or-Perfect-Nose, while the White People are descended from Tangaroa-te-Ihu-Hau-Papa, Tangaroa-of-the-Cold-Nose." He paused for a moment, and smiled as he saw the Arawa look round at Rerémoa. Then he proceeded:

"As for the Black People, it is said that their ancestor had no nose at all, but nostrils only, set between side-glancing eyes in a flat face. *Ai-i!*" He paused again, as if to rid his mind of an unpleasant thought. Then:

"*Taihoa!* There are two other races that live near the Sea of Kiwa. To the east our navigators found a race of Red Men, while to the west and north they found a race known as the People-with-Uplifted-Eyes. However, sufficient for them!

"Now the Black People that I spoke of are exceedingly black in colour, but the White People are not exceedingly white, certainly not white of the whiteness of the snows on Tongariro. Rather are the White People Pakéhakéha, about the colour of the driftwood on Taupo's shores.

"Thus do I come to the point where I left off last night, for the stranger chief who took to wife the daughter of Hui-te-Rangiora on Little-Hawaiki was of the White race. According to tradition he was a man of very fair skin, and had blue eyes, and had fair hair of a distinctly reddish tinge. But the most extraordinary thing about that man was that from

just above his ears there grew two small wings, one on either side of the head. Incredible—perhaps!

"Tradition records also that the stranger chief was the eldest son of the ruler of some cold country far away in the north, and that he was a great voyager, and an expert at navigating a vessel upon the ocean. Indeed, it would seem that he taught our people much that was of value to them later in their migrations across the sea. Ah! There is a question hovering upon thy lips, O Arawa. His name? His name was 'Erika.'"

Acute disappointment filled the mind of Tuwharétora, for the name "Erika" was a new name to him, and a strange name. Now the names "Hui-te-Rangiora" and "Puhi-Ariki" had been quite well known to him, for they were on his own line of ancestors in the whakapapa or pedigree handed down from Ngatoro-i-rangi. But, according to that whakapapa, Puhi-Ariki had married the Sea God Tangaroa. "Erika"? That was surely not a Maori name?

"His name was 'Erika,'" repeated Nukutea, "but, because he pronounced his name as if its ending had been bitten off, Puhi-Ariki did not like that name. Therefore, upon her marriage to Erika, she gave him a new name, the name 'Tangaroa.' Ah! That name is known to thee, O Arawa? *Taihoa!*

"In due time sons were born to Puhi-Ariki and Tangaroa, first one son and then another, and they also had blue eyes and had fair hair somewhat reddish in tinge, but their skin was shaded with brown. According to our traditions those two sons of Puhi-Ariki were the first 'urukéhus' born to the Maori race, and in later times their descendants preserved their characteristics and were referred to often as 'the fair-haired offspring of the Sea God Tangaroa.'

"Now, after the birth of his second son, Tangaroa

departed from Little-Hawaiki in his queer-shaped vessel, voyaging to the eastward in an effort to find a new track to his home country in the north. But though he promised to return, he came not back.

"Years passed, and then the grief-stricken Puhi-Ariki with her two sons joined Hui-te-Rangiora in one of the migrations proceeding to the east, in the hope that in some way or other she might reach the unknown country whither her loved one had gone."

He paused, and made a sign to Rerémoa. She rose up and went to the far corner of the dwelling. Soon she came back, and in her hands was something the sight of which caused the Arawa to leap to his feet in sheer astonishment. Then he sat down again, but he was trembling all over, for that which Rerémoa held was a casket, a carved casket, black with age.

Courteously appearing not to notice his agitation, Nukutea proceeded:

"That casket, O Arawa, bears the name 'Puhi-Ariki,' and to me and to Rerémoa it is a thing of the spirit, a treasure of the ages, a treasure of Little-Hawaiki, a treasure of Hawaiki-Far-Away. Now hearken!

"Before the departure from Little-Hawaiki, the most sacred portion of the Tuahiwi-o-Atia Canoe was cut out and fashioned into two caskets upon which Hui-te-Rangiora executed carvings with his own hand. Then did he bestow one casket upon one son of Puhi-Ariki, and the other casket upon the other son, bidding them to ever keep in fond remembrance the beloved Homeland from which the wood of those caskets had come.

"Now from generation to generation comes this casket down to me, for I am in the direct line of descent from the younger of those two sons of Puhi-

Ariki. But as to what thing was placed within this casket by Hui-te-Rangiora, or as to what became of the other casket that I have mentioned, our traditions are silent. Sufficient for me that this casket, though empty, is my sure claim to honour and respect from every tribe of our race! Therefore, O Arawa, enough!"

"Truly thou art the resting-place of knowledge," said Tuwharétoa, after a period of silence. "Therefore do I give thee greetings, with honour and respect. Nevertheless, it seems that I am thy senior, for I come from the elder son of Pubi-Ariki and Tangaroa, and in the direct line also. Moreover, my casket was named 'Tangaroa,' and in it was gravel from the sea-shore of Hawaiki-Far-Away, and that gravel had already been emptied into the Sea of Taupo. Therefore, enough also!"

"My senior? Thy casket?" gasped Nukutea. "Who art thou, O Arawa? Who art thou? Speak!"

Then, whilst Tuwharétoa was wondering how best he might break the news to Rerémoa gently, the maiden herself answered for him:

"Alas, the truth must now be told to thee, O my father. Know that among his own people Manaia the Arawa is of the highest branch of noblest tree."

But still her father did not seem to understand. Again he asked:

"Who art thou, O Arawa? Who art thou?" And again it was Rerémoa who gave him answer, and a plain answer this time:

"*Aué! Aué!* He is the Plume, the Plume, the very Plume of the Arawas—the Ariki Tuwharétoa."

For quite a space of time she did not dare look up. She knew that the eyes of the Arawa were upon her. She knew also that the eyes of her father were upon

the Arawa. Presently her father spoke, spoke slowly, but not to her:

"So thou, thou art the Man-devouring-Bird, the Hawk of Taupo Lake! Thou! Thou!"

The Arawa took no notice of him. His eyes were still upon the maiden. He waited until she looked up, and then he asked:

"For how long hast thou known, O Rerémoa?"

"For a long time," she answered.

"When didst thou find out the truth, my Rerémoa?" he persisted.

"On that first night of horror at the rock shelter of the Kaingaroa," she replied.

Then did Tuwharétoa draw his cape up over his brow, while to himself he whispered:

"Surely the spirit of Rerémoa must have been made in the heavens above the mountain tops—of Tongariro!"

That night, the Ariki Tuwharétoa of Te Arawa communed again with the Sacred Mountain, and this time his path was made clear, at least as to part.

That night also, after much difficulty, he sent forth a mind-message to his sister Marama, bidding her to come with the waka-taua to the Waterfall-of-the-Moa, bidding her to bring with her the carved casket, and bidding her to have on board the canoe a long and well-adzed totara post which he would put to some special use.

Now the final words of that message to Marama caused real consternation on the island in the Waikato that night, for they hinted at a sacrifice. *Aué!* A sacrifice of what, and by whom?

IX. "MINE IN THE SPIRIT"

Farewell, O Nobly-Born!
As parapet thou wert
And ditch and tow'r to fort
To stay the anger'd foe.

WHITE's *Maori History*.
(*Dirge of Love*.)

JUST before dawn on the morning of the fourth day, the day that was to bring to an end the efforts of Rerémōa to move the Arawa from his purpose, the watchers at Rotoaira suddenly raised the cry "Te Whetu-o-te-Tau-e-e-e! Te Whetu-o-te-Tau-e!" and at once from every dwelling in the pa there rushed out people old and young to greet with dancing, and with chanting, and with joy and tears, the Star of the Maori New Year.

The Arawa also came out on to the marae, and for a space he felt quite homesick, for he knew that in just such fashion and at that very time were the people of Hikurangi offering up their greetings to the New Year. Then came over him the feeling that he was out of place in a Ngatihotu pa on such a day.

But no sooner had the first feast of the festival ended than the children made it clear that they looked to him for added happiness that day. Indeed, wherever he went they crowded around him in joyful groups, and in all the games and contests that followed it was his smiling approval which always they sought to gain.

The competition in war-dancing was won easily by the boys whom he had trained, and their exhibition of an Arawa "peruperu" thrilled the people, who clamoured for more. *Aué!* By comparison how

feeble, how painfully weak, were the war-dances of Ngatihotu!

So pleased was Tuwharétoa with those boys that he willingly yielded to their wish that he display to them the art of "karo," or the parrying of missile spears by the use of the hand alone. And a wonderful display he gave. Yet more than once, as she watched a flight of spears rushing towards the man she loved, Rerémoa regretted that she had sown the seed of that wish.

Following upon that display the Arawa gave an exhibition of jumping and leaping which astonished the people, for he cleared with ease the high inner palisade, and then with equal ease he jumped over the heads of warriors standing four deep, and finally he even leaped right across the wide outside ditch—a great leap.

"O friend!" said Rerémoa to him. "Just a little more help like this, and maybe the spirit of daring would return to my people—perhaps?"

"Perhaps!" said he.

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When the evening celebrations began in the Wharé-tapére at Rotoaira that night, the Arawa and Rerémoa were both aware that the crisis in their lives had come at last, and that for one or other or for both of them the evening could not fail to end in sacrifice.

But no hint of that knowledge did the Arawa give as he sat beside Nukutea in the place of honour. And no sign of her anxiety did Rerémoa show as she directed in minutest detail the final scenes.

First there appeared in the open centre-way of the crowded building a number of young mothers, each with her babe held in loving arms. And to those babes

the mothers chanted very tenderly a Ngatihotu lullaby. Soon, however, an anxious note crept into their chanting, and then a note of fear, and then a wailing as the mothers clung to their babes and sheltered them, as if to guard them from blows unseen. But almost at once the wailing ceased, and despair gave way to hope, and hope to joy, joy at the escape of little ones from death. Then, smiling happily, the mothers fled away with their babes.

A sign from Rerémoa, and a party of very old men advanced into the open space, and gave an action-chant to represent the digging of ground for a kumara plantation. They were followed by a party of bent but still active old women who, in their action-chant, imitated with remarkable exactness all the movements of a planting. Now in each of those quavering chants was a quiet content, followed by anxious fears, and then by distress, and then by hope, and finally by joy again. Yes, even the old people of Ngatihotu wished to cling to what remained to them of life.

Much affected, Tuwharétoa turned to Nukutea and said:

"Thus and thus did the Sacred Mountain speak to me last night about the babes and about the old people."

Still overwhelmed in mind and spirit by that which had been revealed to him, the old chief made no reply.

From Rerémoa now came another sign, and gradually the people joined in a series of combined chants descriptive of the history of their tribe from the time of the migration from Hamoa. Yet again did that note of fear creep in, and soon the chants became mournful dirges, as if the people were chanting the death-songs of their tribe. Indeed, unbidden there burst forth the wailing notes of the "tangi."

But Rerémoa, sensing the danger of a too heavy

appeal, cried sharply, "Enough! Enough!" and the chanting and the wailing ceased. Then followed some homely scenes such as contests between old men and young men at the complicated string game called "whai," then races between old men and young men to be the quicker at generating fire—contests in which the victories of the old men gave much pleasure to all.

At last there came a brief but marked lull, during which the movements of Rerémōa told the Arawa that the main attack was drawing near.

Ah! Into the centre-way now glided maidens to the number of thirty or more, maidens just hovering on the border of maturity, maidens pretty of face and supple of form, maidens brightly garbed in short feather-cloaks and flax-string piupius and neat little aprons of dressed flax marked in quaintest designs of colour.

Ah! Out in front of the maidens moved Rerémōa, garbed as they. And she was beautiful, with a beauty of an inward and an outward glow that caused the Arawa to catch his breath at sight of it. *Aué!* To turn away from, to give up such beauty!

The cry of a bird—and from each maiden's hand dropped a poi-ball, a be-feathered little poi-ball, held by its controlling string. Another cry, and with a sudden whir the poi-balls took the air and fluttered about the ears and about the hair of the maidens as if enchanted, then sank to caress with lightest touch the rounded shoulders and the shapely limbs before returning with fresh messages of love for ears that seemed to listen. No, not even at Hikurangi had the Arawa seen anything quite so charming as this bird-poi.

For only a brief space did the poi-balls fly happily, and then fear seemed to come upon them suddenly,

and first to one side and then to another they flew as if trying to escape. But quickly their strength seemed to fail them, for their fluttering grew weaker, and weaker, until at last they were at the feet of the maidens, and fluttering around as if longing to remain in the world of life. Then did the tearful Rerémoa make her appeal to the Arawa:

"O Manaia, I weep to see these singing-birds who of myself are part. Ah me! Must all now droop and die, and thus their songs be hushed?" But the only answer was a murmured *Taihoa!*

Weaker, still weaker grew the poi-balls. Upon the very ground they fluttered like birds with broken wings.

"Alas!" cried Rerémoa. "Alas, my flock of forest-birds that flew about from tree to tree in happier times—now fast in woodsman's snare! *Aué!* The sorrow within me! The sorrow within me!"

Almost overcome with emotion, but showing no sign of it, the Arawa waited, for now, as the weeping bird-maidens fled away, their place was taken by other maidens, younger maidens, maidens barely adolescent, maidens who quivered with excitement over the honour that was theirs. Ah! Were they not picked maidens, specially trained by Rerémoa for some final and mysterious attack upon the godlike Arawa?

In two long lines they came, dark eyes shining, bodies softly swaying, piupius crackling, little feet stamping; then, to the time of a melodious canoe-chant, up rose the poi-balls, the many-coloured poi-balls, and down sank the maidens, down they sank gracefully, into sitting postures one behind the other, faces all turned the one way—towards the Arawa.

To her place at the end of the "canoe" went Rerémoa. A command; then backwards and forwards and to either side leaned the maidens, with the twirling

poi-balls rising, and falling, and dipping, and thrusting with admirable precision and harmony of action in a skilful imitation of the movements of paddles.

But soon the "canoe" ran into a "gale," and began to quiver, and to shake, and to toss about as if buffeted by waves. Into the eyes of the maidens came a look of alarm, and into their chant came a wail. Then the "storm" grew worse, and some of the maidens rolled from the line as if swept out by intrushing waves. Alas! The confusion, the panic, that followed!

In vain did their leader seek to rally the crew. Overcome by their fear, they ceased to paddle. Then did Rerémoa herself seem to abandon all hope, for she mournfully cried:

"*Aué! Aué! Aué!* Lost on the rocky shore of death will be my crew——"

"No! No! No!" thundered the Arawa as he leaped to his feet. "It shall not be! It shall not be! Enough! Enough!"

Then, realising that his sudden outburst had given the cowering maidens a far bigger fright than ever the "storm" had given them, he spoke gently to them, and asked them to gather round him. Also, he called to the boy-leader of the war-dancers, and invited him to draw near with his band. Finally, he turned to Rerémoa, and his voice trembled as he spoke to her:

"O Puhi maiden of Ngatihotu, for several moons thou hast been weaving for thy people a protective cloak of finest texture, and this night thou hast put to it a border, a very beautiful border. Enough for that cloak!"

Then he turned from her, and said:

"Now hear me, O High Chief and People of Ngatihotu! Because of these children here, and because of the old people, and because of the manner in which

Rerémoa and Tongariro have stirred me to the depths, I will grant you peace from Te Arawa during my lifetime.

"Yes, though I bring upon myself the wrath of mine own people, I will hold back my tribe from any conquest of Ngatihotu. And I will hold back Tuhoe also. And, if ye ask it of me, I will show you how to hold back Whanganui by building a strong island-pa in the shallows at the end of the Lake below. Enough for the holding back!

"Now hear me again! As an emblem of peace between Te Arawa and Ngatihotu, I will erect near the foot of the Waterfall-of-the-Moa a tall post, a carved post; and I will name it 'Te Riri-koré, The Cessation-of-Anger,' and it shall stand for my lifetime, and be a barrier between you and death.

"Nevertheless, O Ngatihotu, take warning that it is a respite, a breathing-space only, that is offered to you now, for at the appointed time my people will occupy the whole of the Taupo country in your stead—yes, in your stead. So spake Tongariro to me. Therefore, enough!"

He picked up his cloak, and the people, utterly bewildered by what they had heard, waited, and wondered who was this Arawa who could presume to speak with such authority and confidence on matters affecting the destinies of tribes.

But when he placed his cloak about his shoulders, his action filled Rerémoa with instant alarm—dismay. She moved to his side, and she said to him:

"Thou art not going away, O Manaia? Surely thou art not going away?"

"Yes, I am going away, my Rerémoa," he replied. "But do thou come to the Waterfall-of-the-Moa to-morrow morning, bringing with thee the sacred casket

'Puhi-Ariki.' Then, ere I rejoin my people on the waka-taua, we can bid each other—each other—farewell, farewell."

"Another sacrifice, O Manaia?" she asked.

"Yes, another sacrifice—if need be," said he.

He could not look at her, but he gave her hand a gentle pressure as he turned away. Then he stooped, and gave to Nukutea the salutation of the "hongi." With the same salutation he honoured the young leader of the war-dancers. With kindly eyes, eyes that showed more than a hint of tears, he smiled down upon the worshipping poi-maidens. Then, as he moved towards the door, the stricken Rerémoa cried out to her people:

"Bow the head, bow the head, ye people of Ngatihotu, for the man who stalks before you is the Ariki, the Ariki, the Ariki of Te Arawa, Tuwharétoa!"

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Morning—at the Waterfall-of-the-Moa! On the mound near the foot of the fall—the ariki, alone! And, quite close up to the shore of the little bay below—the war-canoe *Te Arawa*! The calm voice of Tuwharétoa, speaking:

"To me, O Marama, Tongariro is a place of the spirit, a place set up as a high mountain where, in days to come, the Maori may build again his hopes and his aspirations—and where again he may reach the heights of mind and spirit that were his in the distant Birthland of the race.

"Also, to me, Taupo-of-the-Sparkling-Waters is now a Lake-of-Beauty, a Sea-of-Splendour which, in days to come, will be an inspiration to our people, and a safe abiding-place for them, rather than a cause of war and strife.

"But Taupo and Tongariro demand a sacrifice. Therefore, enough!"

He waited, hoping that his sister might give some sign that she understood.

But from Marama there came no sign. Close to her feet lay a long post, a totara post—and the sight of it still filled her with anger, anger against a maiden of Ngatihotu, anger against her brother. Alas! The purpose for which was wanted that post!

Beside her, in the stern of the canoe, stood Rata, hating the sight of that post almost as much as did Marama.

In strong contrast with them was Niwareka, crouching under cover in the cabin near by, not in the least bit interested in the post—but dreading the outburst that was sure to come.

As for the warriors who crowded the thwarts, they had made it clear on their arrival that morning that no hands of theirs would touch that post. They waited, still sullen, still determined to disobey any command to move that post.

Only from Te Puku the Fat did any greeting now come. A quiet "*Kia ora!*" came floating across from the canoe, and the ariki opened his hand and closed it to show that he had grasped the greeting. Then he spoke again, still to his sister:

"Listen, O Marama! When my father was dying he told me that my feet would be upon the mountains, and that mine outlook would be towards the distant horizon.

"Now then! My feet have been upon the mountains, and I have seen the distant horizon, but, to my surprise, that horizon was of the spirit rather than of the eye. Yet must I press on to that horizon, for only thus can I be sure of winning Taupo and

Tongariro for my tribe. However, enough! Now send ashore that post! Marama; Rata, warriors, send ashore that post!"

On board the waka-*taua* not a word was said, not a finger was raised to obey. For one moment, anger, a terrible anger, showed up in the eyes of the *ariki*—then faded away. Quietly, and calmly, Tuwharétoa again demanded the post. Then did Marama reply, very coldly:

"O brother, the Puhi maiden of Ngatihotu has dragged thee down. For her sake only art thou doing this thing. Yet I, the Puhi maiden of Te Arawa, will not agree. Neither shall thy people agree. Therefore, with thee or without thee, we fight on. Enough!"

"So!" said Tuwharétoa, as he made a move towards the water's edge. "Then it seems that I must take out the post with mine own hands."

"*Taihoa! taihoa!*" cried Te Puku hastily. "I will bring it to thee, O Arika."

He plunged along over the thwarts, bursting his way through with little regard for the feelings or for the shoulders of the angry warriors, until he reached the stern. Then he said to Marama:

"O Puhi maiden, bear with me as, for the first time since thou wert a babe about the size of my foot, I act against thy wishes!"

Marama turned her eyes away, and then, in an unsteady voice, she ordered the warriors near by to take their feet off the post, and to replace their weapons in their belts, and to raise no hand against Te Puku or against the *ariki* in the matter of the post. Reluctantly the warriors obeyed.

So, unmolested, the Fat One lifted out the post, lowered himself and the post over the side of the canoe, and waded ashore. Then did he hold the post

firmly while the ariki, with greenstone weapon pressed against the wood, marked in with a sharp stone flake the outline of the meré Pahikauré. Ha! So that was the "carving" which was to decorate the post! An ominous carving, a threatening carving, a carving and a warning which no Arawa would find it easy to ignore!

But now a fresh trial came to all on board the waka-taua, for along the shore of the Lake came a crowd of Ngatihotus, led by a fair-haired maiden whom Marama at once knew to be the chieftainess Rerémoa. Stirred beyond control at the sight of her, Marama taunted Tuwharétoa:

"There she is, O brother, come to take thee with her to her home—for thy reward. *Aud!* She will cling to thee as clings the clasping vine to forest tree. Yes, in spite of all thy strength her soft little hands will twine around thee and will strangle thee. Alas! my brother!"

Tuwharétoa continued working away at the post, making more clear the outline of Pahikauré. He did not even look across at Rerémoa, now close at hand. Nor did he look down at Marama; but he was listening, listening intently—to Marama's mind. Suddenly he turned, and cried to her, sharply, fiercely:

"Say it not, say it not!"

Ha! Almost had Marama called out to Rerémoa: "*He taurekareka koe!* A slave, thou!"—so angry was she.

"O Marama!" continued Tuwharétoa. "Had thoughts taken form in speech, scarcely could I have forgiven thee. However, *taihoa!* First this post, and then will I tell thee things that will make thee ashamed of thy thoughts."

At his bidding, some Ngatihotus came forward and dug a deep hole upon the top of the mound, and quickly

retired. Then did Tuwharétoa step forward with the post, and cry:

"Its name, O Arawas, is 'Te Riri-koré.' Therefore, take heed, for I am setting it up as a sign that there is peace between Te Arawa and Ngatihotu!

"Now hearken, and take heed again! This post is my right arm. Also, this post is Pahikauré. Therefore, should any man, Arawa or Ngatihotu, strike it down, Pahikauré and I will be swift to avenge.

"Ha! Now will I sink the post, and beneath it I will bury my youthful ambition to be the conqueror of the land which is to be the final home of my people. Yes, I will bury it with the post. See! Down it goes!"

A wailing cry burst from Marama, and from the warriors rose a dirge of grief. Almost it seemed to them, as they watched Te Puku throwing in and stamping down the soil around the base, that the ariki himself was being buried beneath that post.

But now Tuwharétoa was speaking again, and in his voice there was an intensity of feeling that thrilled Arawas and Ngatihotus alike, as he cried:

"Now then! Though by this act I give up Taupo and Tongariro from the grasp of my hands, nevertheless, Taupo and Tongariro are mine, already mine, mine in the spirit—and from my spirit's grasp they shall not be torn; no, they shall not be torn.

"Now hear me, O Marama, as I deal with thy thoughts about Rerémoa! Know this, that she has come to me now, not to take me back to her home at Rotoaira, but to say—farewell. Yes; she knows that I am not willing to sacrifice the destiny of my tribe. Yes; she knows that in due time my people will supplant, must supplant, dispossess, destroy her people because of the vision that is mine. Therefore, how can I live with her among her people, or how can she

live with me among my people, or how can I expect her to be my mate—knowing the fate that is in store for her people? Alas! the fate!

"Nevertheless, though I give up my dreams of happiness with Rerémoa, yet she is mine, already mine, mine in the spirit—and from my spirit's grasp she shall not be torn; no, she shall not be torn."

His voice had trailed off towards the end, had become husky with emotion; but as he finished speaking he unslung Te Umu-kohu-kohu, and sounded upon it a long and mellow blast—a blast which to the Arawas was a challenge, and to the Ngatihotus a promise, and to Rerémoa a lingering farewell.

Yes, to Rerémoa he was offering farewell; but no sooner had the notes of the trumpet died away than the maiden stepped forward, and softly cried:

"*Taihoa, taihoa*, O Friend! Last night, after thou hadst gone from Rotoaira, the Mountain did speak to me, bidding me to accept the respite which thou didst offer, bidding me also to go to thee—to be thy mate.

"Therefore, relying upon thy promise to protect my people, but realising at last that nothing can save them from the fate that will be theirs, I come to thee, O my beloved, to be thy wife. Yes, and where thou wilt go, I will go—to Motutaiko, or to the island in the Waikato, or to the rock shelter of the Kaingaroa, or even to thine own people in the north, if need be.

"Moreover, because of the sacrifice which thou hast made, never again will I seek to influence thee in the spirit to give up Taupo and Tongariro. To thee thy dreams! To me my dreams! Enough, O Friend, enough!"

She waited for a moment, and then she addressed herself to Marama:

"O Beautiful One! Have pity on thy brother, even though in thy heart there is no pity for me! Nay, be just to him, for not once during all his days of trial did he forget his duty to his tribe; no, not once, though I tempted him and tempted him! As for myself, remember that I too am a Puhi maiden, with duties to my people, even as thou! Therefore, enough from Rerémoa!"

Marama wept. Yes, she wept for her brother, and she wept for Rerémoa. *Aué!* To think that in her thoughts and in her speech she had been so cruelly unjust to them both!

Penitent, determined to make amends, she lifted her hand, and at once there came from Rata an order. A moment of suspense, then the warriors dipped their paddles and backed the canoe in, stern first.

Springing lightly ashore Marama ran towards her brother, and threw herself into his arms, clinging to him, and sobbing as she made clear to him her remorse. Presently, she turned from him, and made a step forward, and hesitated. Then she gave a cry of astonishment, for in the hands of Rerémoa was now a casket, a carved casket, which she had carried within the folds of her shoulder-cape.

Amazed, Marama called out to Rata, and from its place of honour in the stern of the canoe was lifted up another casket, identical in shape and size and carving with the one which Rerémoa held.

Then did Tuwharétoa say:

"O Marama, know that the Puhi maiden of Ngati-hotu and the Puhi maiden of Te Arawa are of kin to each other, both coming from the same ancestors of the distant past. The caskets also are of kin to each other, born of the same parent, indeed. Ah!"

Down from the mound moved Marama, and across

to meet her went Rerémoa. At half-way they met, and there they wept over each other, then whispered to each other, then smiled happily at each other—until at last Marama looked up towards her brother upon the mound, and spoke tenderly, affectionately:

"O Manaia, my brother beloved, let all the words which I have said to thee about Rerémoa be as if they had never been spoken. Yes, now do I see that she is fit mate even for thee, the Ariki of Te Arawa.

"Now hearken, for we have arranged the day, and the place, and the time! Ah! It is the wish of the High Chief Nukutea that thou shouldst perform the ceremony thyself, seeing that thou art his senior in line of descent. And it is Rerémoa's wish that the marriage take place at the edge of the forest close to the outlet of a track that is known to thee—a lovely spot, she says, from which to gaze down upon Taupo Lake.

"Ah! And for witnesses, she desires merely the birds of the forest, and the first rays of the morning sun. A beautiful thought!

"And the day? The seventh day; at sunrise on the morning of the seventh day!

"*Taihoa!* In her happiness, Rerémoa wishes the caskets to be united also, that they too may be happy. May I speak for thee, O my brother? Yes? Then let the caskets be placed together in a cave on Tongariro Mountain, there to end their days—in happy peace.

"Now greetings to thee, O Manaia, and to Rerémoa, and to the caskets, and to Hawaiki-Far-Away!"

X. WHISPER-SONGS

Spring up, faint light of dawn!
Ah! See it rush forward!
It is the coming day,
It is the morning light—
Ha! Behold! The dawn!

WHITE'S *Maori History*.
(*Ancient Chant.*)

"NIGHT!—Night!—Night!"

Slowly, sonorously, a deep voice boomed forth from the darkness, from the blackness at the edge of the forest close to the track where stood the maiden Rerémoa. Then silence—for a while.

"Night!—Night!—Night!"

Again that rich voice boomed forth, and again it caused the heart of the maiden to beat strangely, wildly.

Silence again! Then, without a warning, came the screech of a parrot—followed by the voice:

"*Ka ao!* The dawn approaches!" A mellow clang from a bell-bird, answered by the melodious notes of a tui! Again the voice:

"*Ka ao!* 'Tis breaking day!" More bell-birds, more tuis, chiming and chanting! Still again the voice:

"*Ha! Ka awatea!* The dawn!" And with the dawn came a medley of music from the birds in the forest around as they joined their leaders in the brief but glorious tribute of song. Then out from the edge of the forest moved Tuwharétoa.

To an open space on the 'top of a ferny slope he

moved—and there he waited. Joined immediately by Rerémoa, they both waited, waited expectantly—for the sunrise. And while they waited, the Arawa solemnly chanted the sacred ritual of the marriage ceremony required for the union of man and maiden of highest rank.

Suddenly, as the first flashing ray leaped from the east, the meré Pahikauré was raised on high, and Tuwharétoa cried:

"Te Ra! Whiti te Ra! The Sun! The Rising Sun!"

Then he turned, and took Rerémoa by the hand, and said:

"Man and wife, man and wife—at last, my Rerémoa!"

Now away down on Taupo Lake the keen-eyed watchers in the war-canoe had seen the flash of sunlight on Pahikauré, and up from them on the morning breeze came, faintly, the roar of a chant:

*"Ko Taupo te Moana ;
Ko Tongariro te Maunga ;
Ko Te Arawa te Iwi ;
Ko Tuwharétoa te Tangata !
Taupo is the Sea ;
Tongariro is the Mountain ;
Te Arawa is the Tribe ;
And Tuwharétoa is the Man!"*

Again was the greenstone weapon raised on high, this time in greeting; and after a space there sounded upon the air a distant crash, as of paddles raised aloft and struck by hand.

"Yes; at last are we man and wife, O my beloved!" murmured Rerémoa happily, as she allowed his arm to go about her.

Up from the Lake came now another sound—the far-carrying sound of Te Puku's voice:

"*Tena korua! Kia ora ra korua!* Greetings to you both! Happy life to you both!"

A third time was the *meré* raised aloft, and then, instead of moving down the slope towards the Lake-shore, Tuwharétoa led the way towards the forest. Surprised, Rerémoa hesitated.

"Go we not to the *waka-taua*?" she asked.

"No, we go not to the *waka-taua*," he replied; and she sighed her relief. Yet she was mystified; for, if not to the war-canoe, then whither? To the rock shelter—perhaps?

Reaching the edge of the forest, Tuwharétoa paused, and listened. Ha! The magnificence of the vocal effort of Te Puku the Fat as he hurled his final words through space! Clearly, and slowly, came his cry:

"O Arikil! O Arikil! Hearken! Hearken! The proverb says that the warrior is killed in battle, and that the scaler of cliffs is dashed to pieces, and that the tiller of fields dies peacefully of old age. But what fate is in store for me, for me, Te Puku the Fat?"

A pause—and then came floating up on the breeze a mournful wail:

"*Aué! Aué! Aué!* I am doomed, I am doomed, I am doomed—to marry Niwareka! *Aué! Au——*"

As they moved off along the forest track, Rerémoa could not help asking the reason for laughing over so queer a lament. But Tuwharétoa only said:

"*Taihoa*, my Little One, *taihoa!* During the long evenings of winter I will tell thee many things about the owner of that voice, and perhaps thou wilt grow to love him too, for truly he is one of the great men of our race—great in body, great in mind, and great in spirit, I think. *Taihoa!*"

For quite a distance they proceeded along the track,

and then turned sharply away from it to the left-hand side, and soon Rerémōa became aware that she was passing through a forbidden or tapu portion of the forest. Ah! Now she knew whither she was bound!

The way grew rougher, and presently Tuwharétoa insisted upon carrying his wife in his arms. Oh, the softness, the yielding softness of her! He trembled, and she trembled. He noticed her trembling, and he questioned her, asking if she feared him, or feared the forest around. But she hid her face against his shoulder, and answered him with a little chant:

*"Ko te riri i ahau
Kei te rau o te wiwi,
E wiwiri nei
He nui no te aroha—e!
I am like unto the
Leaves of the wiwi-reed,
Quivering, shaking, trembling,
With the strength of my love—
Ah me!"*

To which he replied:

"Ka nui taku aroha ki a koe. Great is my love for thee." And she gasped as he crushed her to his breast.

Still carrying her, Tuwharétoa hastened on, thankful continually that a bent sapling here and a bent sapling there saved him from straying off the route which he had set. And such good progress did he make that, long before noon, he emerged into the sunlight and gave to Rerémōa her first entrancing view of her new domain.

There before her, in a hollow upon the shoulder of Pihanga Mountain, nestled a lake of the colour of greenstone—the tapu Greenstone Lake, placid, secluded, heavily wooded to the very shores—except for a small and sandy beach at either end.

With little cries of delight Rerémoa hurried down to the beach at the northern end, and there she found a small bark-canoe, neatly lined with reeds, and caulked with flax, and stayed with cross-pieces of mako wood, and bound round with lengths of karéao vines—altogether a quaint little craft, of which the craftsman seemed inordinately proud as he held it up with one hand to show how light it was.

Setting it afloat in the shallows, he lifted Rerémoa into it and knelt down behind her, and to her surprise it floated buoyantly, even under his weight. Then, with two paddles dipping lightly, the bark-canoe glided out from the shore.

Beautiful Rotopounamu—so peaceful, so serene! Hardly a ripple! Not a sound! *Taihoa!* From somewhere near a high point at the southern end of the lake, came the flute notes of a tui, followed by the soft and gentle call of a wood-pigeon, ku-kuing to its mate. Then, as Rerémoa looked round and smiled at him, Tuwharétoa said:

"Upon that projecting point, O Loved One, I have built for us a pretty little nest, a nikau wharé. See! There it is! So sheltered! So sunny! And I have named that nest 'The Abode of the Wood-Pigeons,' for I want thee to feel that it will be for us both a home of peace. Moreover, lest the tapu of lake and forest be defiled, I will not snare any birds around this lake. Therefore, the birds can freely sing to us their songs."

"Thou art my friend," said Rerémoa softly.

Slowly they paddled on, drawing nearer, ever nearer, to the wooded bluff ahead. Almost they seemed to drift in towards the shore, so slowly did they paddle.

"At this sunny spot," continued Tuwharétoa, "the birds are so happy that they sing to each other all day long." Then, as the canoe drew up to a landing-place near the foot of the cliff, he said:

"Listen! Even now they are singing to each other in the tree just above our heads."

"I cannot hear them," replied Rerémoa.

"Listen again!" said he. "Surely thou canst hear them?"

Ah! From bell-birds and tuis hidden in the foliage above came songs, barely audible songs, but songs infinitely charming, and caressing, and tender, and pure. A moment's hesitation—then back upon her Arawa leaned Rerémoa. For quite a while they remained there, in the little bark-canoe, listening. Then:

"Whisper-songs?" said she.

"Yes! Whisper-songs!" said he.

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