

of the shark. With this he cut open the stomach of the *taniwha*, and that fearsome demon was thus slain, and so drifted to the shore at Tawhauaroa. Then Aokehu, strange man, stepped out of the beast, and his heart was joyful. For he had avenged the dire insult levelled at him by his wife. The Tini-o-Ngongotaha were no more. Also had he slain the fierce monster that ravaged so long the Great River of Tarawera, and taken toll of many a hapless canoe. Freed from this horror, his people increased and waxed powerful, and spread abroad across far lands.

Now, before Tutae-poro-poro was slain, the whole valley of Whanga-nui was full of water, indeed, only the summits of the hills were seen by the eyes of man. But when the *taniwha* was slain and his body drifted away, then the waters receded and became low. This monster lived just below the bridge, in a great cave in the river bed. His lurking place may still be seen. And see what a fine river we have now!

Then Aokehu settled down here. But his fame spread far and wide, and many tribes spoke his name. The men of Raa-nui heard of his great deeds, and sent messengers to ask him to go north, toward Puke-o-naki (ancient name of Mount Egmont) and slay the man-devouring monsters of those lands. So Aokehu and his party fared northward. They travelled in a peaceful manner, but what was that to the Ngarauru, who attacked them, but were defeated by Aokehu, the Dragon Slayer, and his people! Then he sought to destroy the dragons of the north. Ika-roa was killed, and as the morrow dawned, Te Wiwi and Te Wawa fell in death. Thus all three of those fierce beings were slain. They were caught in snares formed of strong ropes of *ti* fibre, which were placed in the paths frequented by them. Then great joy was felt by those people, they were saved from a frightful death, saved by Aokehu. So they took the woman, Takanga-iki, and gave her to Aokehu as wife, and as a token of their gratitude. (Genealogy No. 2, in a later issue).

It is also stated that Aokehu slew a *taniwha* known as Ngahapi.

RAUKAWA, THE SACRED SEA.

It may not generally be known that Cook Strait was a sacred sea to the old time Maori. Thickly overlaid with the dread *tapu* was that restless highway.

My old friend and *ruanuku* (wise man) Te Karehana Whakataki of Ngati-Toa, takes the chair.

"This sea of Raukawa is *tapu*. When a person crosses it in a canoe he may look neither to right nor left, nor yet behind him, even until he reaches the further side. But when a man has made the passage twice, he is then freed from these rules. They apply only to strangers. If such a person looks about him, the canoe will be held in that spot for a night and a day. Only the invocations of a priest can relieve it. All people on board a canoe carefully cover their eyes with leaves of the *karuka* tree, that they look only into the canoe, lest they see the land. The priests of Ngati-Kāhungunu were possessed of the knowledge of how to release a canoe when so situated. In starting across Raukawa, the priest would say, 'Let the eyes of all *tauhou* (new hands) be covered.' This was a precaution, lest they look upon Kapiti Island or Nga Whatu-Kaiponu (the Brothers). The latter is an extremely *tapu* place. On arriving at the *tuahiwi** the priest would cry, 'Oh children, it is the *tuahiwi*!' He would know it by the sign of the drifting seaweed. The two sides of the Strait are very deep. Just the other side of the shoal place, that part is known as Takahi-parae. On arriving there the priest would cry, 'Oh, children, it is Takahi-parae!' Then the voyagers would know that they were nearing the further side, and their hearts would begin to be glad.

"Once upon a time the canoe of Tungia, † father of Te Pirihana, sailed for the other Island. The priest on board was Te Rimu-

* Tuahiwi.—A shoal said by natives to exist in the middle of Cook Strait.

† Tungia was one of Te Rau-paraha's companions, and a chief of Ngati-Poa. He took the Wai-mapihi pa at Pukerua, near Pae-Makariki. His son Te Pirihana, or Ngahuka, still lives there.