

not approve of them, and attempted to dissuade him from their prosecution, assuring him that Ngati-mamoe, then inhabiting the extreme South, was a fierce warlike race, and that it would be difficult, if not impossible, for him to gain a footing. Although Te Pauhi persisted in his designs, this information had the effect of deterring some of his men, who abandoned the project, and returned to their home in the Straits.

Ngati-wai-rangi, nevertheless, contributed a few recruits to the enterprise, and when he again set out, Te Pauhi's numbers were increased by at least one hundred. Under guidance of these allies, he landed at Awarua, now named Haast River, and fossicked a way through the pass to Lake Wanaka. There they encountered a Ngati-mamoe eeling party, whom they handled roughly, but who did not allow them to have it all their own way. The Ngati-mamoe survivors of this party fled into the Fiords' country, and, losing themselves, gave rise to the story, so long current, of a lost tribe, living and roaming amidst these fastnesses. Proceeding upon their journey, the invaders crossed the Matau, now known as the Upper Clutha or Mokio. From thence they pursued their journey down through Pounamu country (Wakatipu), crossing the Upper Nevis and Dome Pass to the Maitara, which they followed until their arrival at Tuturau.

Long, long ago, in the days when "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," in the land o' the Gael, the brother Scot—a land intimately associated with the colonization of New Zealand South—the native lords of the soil were a race of giants, anent whom it is written: "They strode over hills and dales, stepping from peak to peak, and slaking their thirst by swallowing up streams and rivers of water."

It militates against our implicit confidence in the authenticity of these fine strapping fellows to be told they had to cede possession to the Waitaha, who were eventually superseded by the Ngati-mamoe, whom we know from personal contact are men of like physique with ourselves. Tuturau pa is a relic of these shadowy

times, and as such falls to be rated an ancient and honourable land-mark to the South.

Under Ngati-mamoe occupation, it dwindled down from its high estate. It was superseded by Parangiaio, the island fortress of Ruapuke, and, at the date of which we write, it was used for no higher purpose than that of a food supply station.

The great Southern chief, Whakatapuanga, had departed this life, and the supreme control vested in his nephew Tuhawaiki (Bloody Jack of the whalers' vocabulary), and the Karetai. The latter resided at Otakou (Otago Heads), the other at Ruapuke, the home of his ancestors.

Both were on the alert for the threatened invasion. It is even said they had concerted a system of signals similar to that of the Crian Tarigh, or fiery cross of the Celt, so as to apprise each other of the approach of danger. They do not seem to have thought danger from the interior possible, as precautions in that direction were wholly neglected.

Two food supply parties were at work when Te Pauhi reached Tuturau. One was bird-snaring at Tapanui (Blue Mountain Range), the other eeling on the river at Tuturau. So sudden was the attack on the latter that practically no resistance could be offered, and Te Pauhi concluded he had killed every soul about the place. It was the security born of that belief which led to his ruin. Wearied and dilapidated by his long and toilsome journey, he and his followers gave themselves up to rest and recuperation. It proved a mere fancied security, and, as the sequel shows, lulled them to their ruin.

In the general massacre a lad belonging to the eeling party was overlooked by the invaders, and, concealing himself behind a rock on the river bank, he saw all that occurred. Under cover of night he left his hiding place, and, making all haste for Tapanui, apprised the bird-snaring party. They immediately struck camp, and skulking through Waikahu (Waikanae) Gorge, round the flanks of the Hokonui, made the