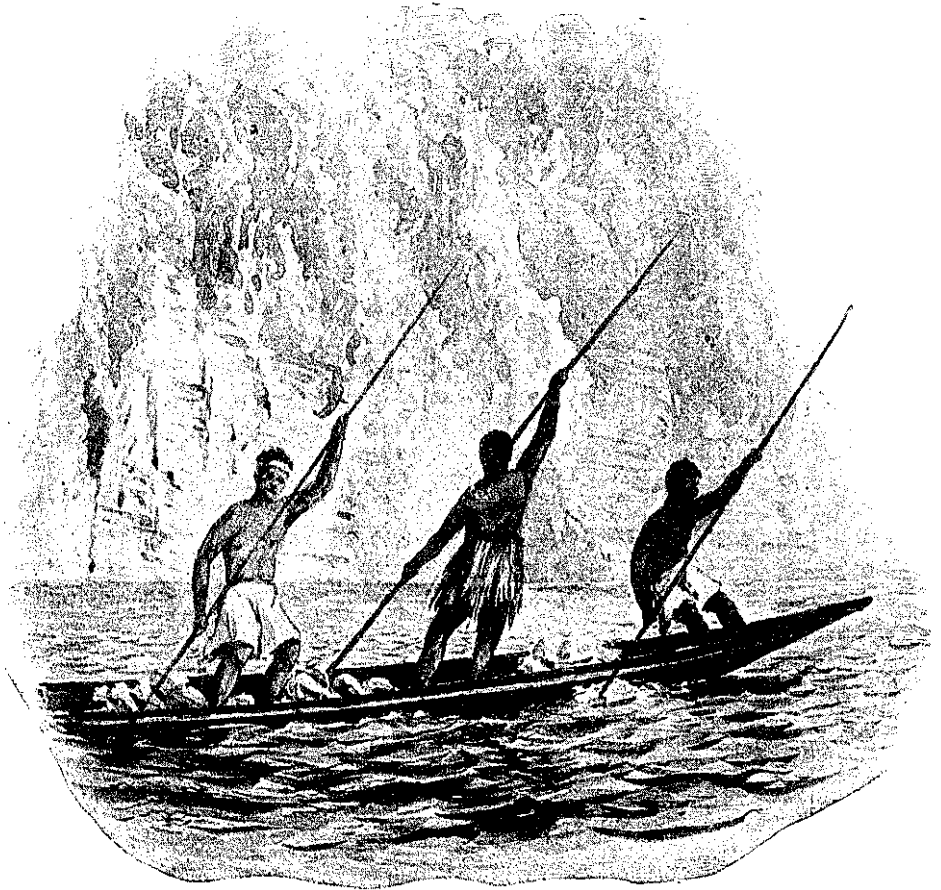


many people dwelt in olden days. The fertile river flats were series of neat cultivations, in which great crops of *kumara*, *taro*, *hue* and, in later days, potatoes were grown. They are now covered with scrub and bush and fern. On the hills and spurs were the strong forts of the men of old, with earthworks of great size, deep ditches and rows of palisades crowning the whole. Herein

Hades. They have vanished before the *pakeha* as the mist melts before the sun on the forest ranges.

Away up on that great cliff to the right runs the trail from Upoka-ngaro to Corinth. A party of natives are riding down the zig-zag trail. It seems a marvel how the horses can keep their footing. A small village lies beyond, containing a score or so



POLING UP A RAPID, WHANGANUI RIVER.

were stored food and water and fuel. The houses were neatly built and arranged within these defences, the plaza was kept clear for meetings, receptions or ceremonies. Such were the homes and defences of the neolithic Maori. The crumbling walls of those forts are now hidden by fern and bush. And the people? They have long gone to the drear *Moria-a-Nuku* which lies on the trail of

of natives. Hard by are the walls of yet another old *pa*.

A little further up stream is *Pari-kino*, the largest native village yet seen, and well situated. On a spur on the left bank is the old *pa* known as *Te Arero-ki-te-uru*, and another is almost opposite, on the right bank. The traditions and old time lore pertaining to these forts of the men of old would fill a