

they formed a kind of rough stage outside the palisades, and from which they proceeded to crush the upper part of the *rangi* by means of casting down great stones and heavy pieces of timber, so that they were then able to slay the men in the cage by means of long spears. The enemy retired discomfited, and took up a position on the slope above the fort, while the garrison, crowding on to the *pawhara* or fighting platforms inside the defences, chanted the following *ugeti* or jeering song, amid the frantic yells of the whole *hapu* :

“Te rongo mai koia koe
 Ko te waro hunanga kai tenei
 Ko te waro hunanga tangata tenei
 Ko nga tuatara o Kawakawa.
 Kei ngenge kau o turi
 I te hapainga i te kakau o te hoe
 A kia riro atu te toka i Matai
 E tu ake nei te whakawehi o te riri.”

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“Hast thou never indeed heard
 This is the chasm where all things disappear.
 The deep chasm where man is lost,
 The famed tuatara of Kawakawa.

Let not thy knees tire in vain
 In uplifting the handles of the weapons.
 When the rock of Matai is carried away,
 Then shall we feel the fear of angry strife.”

The rock of Matai here alluded to is a rock which stands in the river near the *pa*.

Near Karatia (Galatea) we see the remains of the “Tuhua,” a baby steamboat of days gone by, which was here wrecked. On these reaches the scenery is most picturesque, the wild gorges and bush-clad cliffs are especially attractive to the camera fiend, as also are the native villages, many of which form most pleasing pictures.

At Rua-pirau, just below Galatea, are two more old Maori forts, but the most famous is the Puke-ika *pa* at Ranana. Rua-pirau was also the abode of the dread *taniwha* (water demon) O-tara-huru, of famous memory.

Ranana and Hiruharama are most charming little settlements, and the scenes of native

life are interesting. Fruit is abundant all along the line—in season. The gentle autochthones, however, are not energetic in turning benefits to account. They are camped by the Fire of Pawhera for all time.

Just above Ranana we negotiate an awkward rapid, though the little “Ohura” and her crew treat it lightly. The little one struggles bravely against the swift waters, and throws out her stilts, two on either side, which help her somewhat. The whole vast mass of surging waters is here confined to a narrow channel, down which it rushes in foaming swirls. The “Ohura” butts her nose into the tail of the race, and the fight begins—Clyde *versus* Whanga-nui. The heaving waters lash her as she struggles to conquer them. By lining objects ashore, one can see that she is just gaining at about the rate of a yard per hour. Men grope hurriedly for the friendly wire which lies hidden below that foaming mass of waters. They lift it not, it must have been shifted somewhat by the current. The lever is jerked over to half speed ahead, a bell sounds below, another jerk of the lever, the bell rings again, the swirling waters lift and cast the dauntless “Ohura” from their troubled surface. But even as she begins to drift rapidly down stream, the rope is secured, hauled on board, passed rapidly round the winch spool, and trails away over the quarter. Steam is turned on to the winch gear, it pulls out across the waters in laboured white jets. The bells are jangling again below, as her nose sags round until the whole Whanga-nui River strikes her. The wheel spins round and the wire coils over the spool to crawl back into the deep waters astern. Then, steadied by the friendly wire, she swings round to her marks, and no longer attempts to hold back the river's volume, but fights her way up through the raging waters.

We have, however, passed the historic battlefield of Moutoa, a shingle islet in the river, and where the natives of the lower river defeated those of Tuhua and the headwaters, in pitched battle. This was during the troublous times of the sixties, when war raged over the land. The Hauhau fanatics