

it at the expense of the original offender, a poor servant woman, belonging to a relation of hers, was seized and put to death. Utu, or satisfaction, on equally indiscriminate terms, was sought and obtained, and so reprisal followed reprisal until these sub-tribes found themselves plunged into the horrors of internecine warfare. Although not directly interested in the *mélee*, the sport was too good for Otahou and Murihiku men to stand aloof. An armed force under command of Taiaroa hied away north for the ostensible purpose of assisting the Tau-mutu. Taiaroa on the occasion appears to have acted a double part. Professing to assist his friends, he was mainly instrumental in warding off the blows aimed by them at their enemies. On the theory that the end justifies the means, this conduct may have been commendable. After a deal of hard fighting with varied success, Otakou and Murihiku warriors returned home to the south, carrying with them the entire population of Tau-mutu, fearing to leave them behind, exposed to the vengeance of the survivors of the *pas* that had suffered at their hands. A chief, or chief person of the refugee tribe, named Taki-anau, was amongst the number. He and a few immediate followers separated from the main body of the fugitives, who took up their abode at Parakaunui, outside Blueskin Bay; Taki-anau and his followers going on to Waihora (now Waihola), on the south-eastern bank of which, not far from its confluence with the river, they built a *pa*. Taieri travellers, prior to the railway advent, recollect the *pa* well. It was within a few yards of the traffic road not far from the river crossing. Many a tired swagger and heavy laden teamster *en route* to Gabriel's Gully and the woolshed used it as a halting place for the night.

Tradition describes Taki-anau as a mild tempered, reflective man, and we can understand, after the fierce battles he fought, his then comparatively quiet retreat at the Taieri would be doubly welcome.

His eel weirs and cultivations must have been prolific. The alliance between his Ngaitahu friends and their old enemies the

Ngatimamoes, coupled with their remoteness from the bloody Kai-hunga and its strifes, rendered the situation comparatively safe. We may therefore conclude it was just what the soul of the mild reflective man would delight in, being in effect a scene of peace and plenty. Unfortunately the green-eyed monster was at hand. Tribal contest left him alone, but the tender passion whipped up a tumult which drove him into deeper exile, and eventually brought about his ruin. His son, on whom a name signifying the voice of the gods had been bestowed, was amongst his followers. Koroki-whiti was the name of this gifted youth. His dulcet tones seem to have been heard at the mouth of the Taieri, where a crusty old Ngatimamou chief, Tu-wiri-roa, had long resided in a *pa* commanding the entrance to the river. He was a cantankerous old fellow, just the sort of man for heavy villain in a dark plot, or harsh parent of a love stricken maiden. As luck would have it, he had an only child—a daughter. Her name—Haki-te-kura—in some way imports red frills or flutters, but whether the allusion was to the colour of her hair or her complexion cannot now be ascertained. Be that as it may, our youth of the heavenly voice and this young lady established a good understanding, and all unknown to the lady's friends, had a trysting place on the sands, "where the river tides run low." There they appear to have spent a good deal of time in the society of each other. What a rousing romance this would have been for the ploughman poet, had his muses extended to the Taieri! His "Banks and braes o' bonnie Doon" would not have bloomed more "fresh and fair" than Taieri river rippling with a tide on the eleventh moon. As for "Mary in Heaven," the chances are she was not more enraptured than our dusky Haki-te-kura, under the spell of Koroki-whiti's god-like intonations.

The course of true love did not run smooth, It got in amongst snags, and a good many knocks ensued. The crusty old Ngatimamoe sternly forbade the clandestine meetings on the river sands. They were nevertheless persisted in. The stern parent locked the