



Pegler. PORO-O-TARAO RAILWAY EXTENSION WORKS.

out before one's eyes an interesting scene, the border-line, where for a score of years civilisation was stayed by the wall of barbaric obstruction. From here the best part of the beautiful Waipa valley may be seen. Below our feet is a rolling, undulating tract of fern land diversified by swamps, and relieved here and there by the stray cultivations which mark the pre-runners of settlement. Looking north-east to the settled lands of the Europeans, divided from these boundless wilds by the winding Puniu stream, we see the neat homesteads and fenced fields of the *pakeha*, the farming districts of Te Awamutu, Kihikihi and Orakau. On the distant slopes of the Orakau farms the eye lingers with more than usual interest, for there the Ngati-

maniapoto, the Ngatiraukawa, and the wild warriors of Tuhoe made their heroic stand against the Imperial troops, "sustained," as a venerable survivor of the native garrison relates, "by the recital of the brave deeds of our ancestors, whose motto was '*Me mate te tangata me mate mo te whenua*' ('The death of the warrior is to die for the land')." "

Turning southwards, on yonder slope there stood, when I last passed that way, the *kainga* of Arakotare, where the people of Ngatimatakore lived a quiet uneventful life, and cultivated industriously under their patriarchal old warrior-chief Hauauru (the "West Wind") who was one of the most closely-tattooed natives I have seen. At Arakotare the passing traveller, whether Maori or *pakeha*, was always sure of acordial welcome and an invitation to come in to *kai*. Hauauru was a fine old-fashioned Maori, who had generally two or

three wives to uphold the dignity of his name and dispense hospitality.

Looking westward from our elevated position, we see the distant blue hill cones of Te Kawa and Kakepuku. Nearer is Puketarata, on whose rich slopes European settlers have already taken up their holdings. Away to the south and east are miles upon miles of fenceless breezy open country, great fern stretches where pigs and rabbits and wild horses and cattle roam, and deep swamps where the long-legged *pukeko* stalks through the bright green *raupo* sedge. Maori tracks wind in and out through this waste volcanic loam country, dipping down through the tall rank fern and *tupakihi*, and skirting the edges of swamps and the banks of little creeks whose