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TE WHANGA-NUI-A-TARA.

WELLINGTON IN PRE-PAKEHA DAYS.

By ELSDON BEST.

[This paper has already appeared in the columns of the *New Zealand Mail*, of Wellington, in 1894, but it is considered to be of such value as an historical document that it has been decided to reprint it in our JOURNAL, whose readers will probably appreciate it more in this form than in that of a newspaper.—EDITORS.]

THERE is a wide difference between the results of the conquest of a people in these modern times and in the remote period when the mighty empires of Egypt and Assyria, of Chaldea and Persia, were striving for supremacy in the ancient world. At that time the religion, mythology, and folk-lore of the conquered race almost invariably became mixed with those of the conquerors, being usually altered to a certain extent by the latter, to adapt them to their own modes of thought or linguistic peculiarities, but still having a great effect on their own system. The conquest of the Accadians by the Semites would appear to be an extreme instance of this influence, inasmuch as the latter people, though imposing their language on the descendants of the Fish God, borrowed from them their religion, mythology, and traditions. In later times, however, each people would seem to preserve their own beliefs, and in the event of one being destroyed by another, their old-time knowledge dies with them, unless placed on record by some enthusiastic anthropologist. The difference in these results is probably to be accounted for by the wide dissemination of the art of written language in modern times, which art, by preserving ancient history and creeds, and keeping such continually before the eyes of a people, enabled them to retain their former knowledge almost uninfluenced by foreign incidents. At a time when this knowledge was chiefly preserved by oral tradition, such purity was extremely difficult to maintain, and mixtures of various national mythologies, &c., took place, which now present many difficulties to those engaged in the tracing of their origin.

When a civilised race is brought in contact with another in a low state of culture, there is a great tendency among the former to despise and look down upon the simpler beliefs and traditions of the lower race. We are apt to forget the lessons we have learnt from our own historical- and folk-lore, and how much there is to be gleaned from such things in regard to that most interesting and instructive subject, the development of a race.

Thus, when the English pioneers of this land migrated from their far northern homes and located themselves in New Zealand, they brought with them not only the knowledge of their history and intellectual development, but also many reminiscences of their ancient beliefs, mythological and otherwise, which are preserved by written language for the edification of children—and anthropologists. For thus it is that the man learns from the child, even as a people advanced in civilisation learns much from those in a lower grade of culture.

We often hear the remark made that this new home of our English-speaking people has no aboriginal history—that there is nothing to chronicle in regard to the Native race of pre-Pakeha days. But knowing, as I do, the tenacity with which the Maori preserved the history of his tribe, and the intense pride he displayed in handing down from one generation to another the doings of his ancestors, their wars and migrations, their genealogies, mythology, and personal achievements, then am I truly justified in stating that he knows the history of his people as well as it is possible to be conserved by oral teaching. In such a history there is, of course, a strong element of the marvellous, and god-like powers are attributed to men, animals are endowed with the faculty of spoken language, monstrous dragons are supposed to exist in lonely places, and the forests and mountains are peopled with fairies and strange wild creatures. It is the widespread adoption by a people of a facile form of written language that is the most powerful agent in destroying such beliefs, even as it has extinguished the wondrous miracles wrought in former times by saints, tramps, and holy relics. Cheap editions are rapidly forcing the miracle business into “innocuous desuetude.” Those who are inclined to deprecate the ability of a people to preserve their history and literature in this manner, should study the Iliad, a colossal composition handed down for many generations, until the adoption and vocalisation of the Phœnician alphabet by the Greeks. As also the Kalevala, the great Finnic Epic of 20,000 verses, preserved orally for untold centuries.

Respecting the powers of memory possessed by the Maori, it is but a few weeks since I wrote out from the dictation of an old native many old time traditions, and no less than eighty-eight *waiatas*, or songs,

all of which he remembered perfectly, and even gave me the circumstances connected with them, and the genealogies of many persons named in them. Some months ago I received a bundle of MSS. from an old Ngati-Awa friend containing nearly 150 such *waiatas*, all of them being known and written out by himself. Many proofs might be given as to how the use of a system of written language impairs the retentive powers of the memory.*

The pre-Pakeha history of the Wellington district is not easy to obtain at the present time as there are few descendants of the original people now alive, those who were not killed having been driven from the district during the fifteen years between 1820 and 1835, by the invasion of the warlike tribes of Ngati-Awa and Ngati-Toa. This much, however, is certain, that the shores of Whanganui-a-Tara, or Port Nicholson, and of Porirua, have been inhabited from a very early date. There is no place in the district, however small, no stream or vale, hill or gulch, but bears a native name, and to these names are attached traditions innumerable; tales of war and trouble, of brave deeds and strange beliefs, of old-time folk-lore and weird religious rites; stories of many migrations and tribal calamities and fights fought long ago. These traditional accounts of the Maori extend back into the past for at least four centuries, the tribe who occupied Te Upoko o Te Ika-a-Maui† at the beginning of the 17th century being still in existence, I refer to the Ngai-Tahu of the South Island, which people left Hataitai‡ (Lyal Bay district) for the South somewhere about the middle of the 17th century.

There is, however, a still older history of Whanganui-a-Tara, if we could but collect it; a history of the time when the now extinct Ngati-Mamoe held possession of these lands, and still further back, when the ancestors of the Waitaha passed southwards on their way to the greenstone country. These Waitaha were a numerous tribe who occupied the South Island long before the arrival of the historic canoes from Hawaiki, and were not descended, as is generally supposed, from the Waitaha of the Arawa migration. “Waitaha covered the ground like ants,” is an ancient saying in regard to this people which has been handed down. Possibly older than the date of the Waitaha was the time at which the moa roamed over the sand dunes of Hataitai, and left their bones in the Para swamp to puzzle future archaeologists.

* We have on record a series of genealogies tracing down the members of a tribe from their original ancestor who flourished thirty-four generations ago in this country, the recital of which before an official court of the colony took the reciter three whole days, and involved the recollection of nearly 700 names with their relation to one another. All this was given in regular sequence and in an order so clear that no mistake could enter.—EDITORS.

† The “Head of the Fish of Maui,” a name applied to the south part of the North Island.

‡ Whataitai—EDITORS.

The first man who visited Whanganui-a-Tara, according to Maori tradition, was Kupe, an ancient Polynesian navigator who is credited with the discovery of New Zealand. Kupe crossed the Great Ocean of Kiwa—the Pacific Ocean—from Hawaiki in the canoe Matahourua, and sailing down the west coast of the North Island, he reached Hataitai, in Port Nicholson. He named the Pinnacle Rock at the entrance to Port Nicholson after himself, and the two islands, Ward and Soames, after his two nieces, Makero and Matiu. He then went to Te Matakiki-a-Kupe, near Cape Palliser, and from there to Te Matau-a-Maui, by Cape Kidnappers, whence he returned to Te Rimurapa, near Terawhiti.* From that place he crossed Raukawa, or Cook Strait, to the South Island, where he killed the gigantic octopus known as Te Wheke-a-Mutu-rangi. During this expedition he left his two daughters, Mohuia and Tokahaere, at Te Rimurapa, and they sorrowing for his long absence, lacerated themselves after the manner of the Maori, so grievously indeed that the blood ran down the rocky cliff, dyeing it a deep red. "Should any go to seek this blood-red rock, it will not be hidden," saith my informant. And the tall isolated rock at that place is still known as Mohuia, in memory of the daughter of Kupe. Returning by the west coast, Kupe left a token of his visit at Patea (*he taumaha kainga*) and sailed from Hokianga, or Te Hokianga-a-Kupe, for Hawaiki, the traditional home of the Maori race.

The knowledge of this ancient voyager is almost universal among the various tribes of Aotearoa, and the Mua-upoko tribe of Horowhenua claim descent from him.

There is another interesting relic of Kupe's visit to be seen between Taupo and Horopaki, on Porirua Harbour. This relic, which was pointed out to me by the Ngati-Toa people of Takapuahia, is known as Te Punga-o-Matahourua—the Anchor of Matahourua. It is a block of volcanic stone of singular form, with a hole at one angle for the cable to pass through. This hole is round and beautifully formed, being bevelled smoothly off where the strain of the cable would come. If this is the result of the erosive power of water then it is assuredly one of the most singular effects of that power that I have ever seen.

Te Punga-o-Matahourua is treated with great respect by the Maoris, more so, I think, than Te Ahu-o-Turanga, the canoe of Te Rauparaha, now lying at Motuhara, Plimmerton. Or even than Te Ra Makiri, that most sacred of sacred canoes, which lies at Mana Island, and of which it is said that if any hapless individual cuts or

* Te Ra-whiti, or sun-rise, which is a name given by the natives of Queen Charlotte Sound to Captain Cook, and is properly a general name rather than the name of that particular Cape.—Eds.

breaks off even the smallest portion, instantly there arises a most appalling storm, when the flashing lightning and pealing thunder betoken the anger of the gods. "Of course," said my informant on this matter, "this would not occur in the case of a Pakeha, for the gods of the Maori do not possess influence over the white man, and, after all, friend, the Pakehas are a very ordinary people, they have no *mana* like unto the Maori of olden times."

When the soldiers under Major Last were stationed at Paremata in the forties, some vandal among them broke off several pieces of this stone anchor, to the great annoyance of the natives. Shortly afterwards some of the soldiers were drowned in the harbour by the capsizing of a boat. This catastrophe greatly pleased the gentle aboriginal. Thus, Te Kahurangi to the writer: "Think you, friend, that they could have drowned on a calm day by ordinary means? No! it was the anger of the gods at the act of desecration. *Kaitoa!*"

The foregoing is but another link in a long chain of circumstances which have led me to think that if men who are sent to open up communication with native races, or to command an armed force in their midst, were selected not only on account of their physical fitness and skill, but also for the possession of powers of adaptability and those pertaining to the science of anthropology, men who would learn the language of the people among whom they live, and acquire a knowledge of their religious beliefs and superstitions, their customs and mode of thought—how many troubles, quarrels and even wars might be averted by these means. In these new lands many a savage deed has been committed in revenge for acts performed by men who were ignorant of having given offence or transgressed any sacred rule.

Whatonga
TARA
Pehinga-i-te-rangi
Hine-one
Tukupu
Turia
Te Hapai-o-te-rangi
Te Rangi-tuatahi
Te Rae-kau-moana
Tau-i-ao
Te Uri-popo
Pa-te-ika
Te Uri-popo (ii.)
Tawha-tahi
Te Ika-a-mau-wawe
Te Whanake, or Taiaha
Kekerengu
Te Mihia-o-te-rangi
Te Ruihi (living)
Te Whanake married Tamai-rangi, referred to in this narrative.

Whanganui-a-Tara, the original name of Port Nicholson, comes from an ancestor of the Ngati-Kahungunu tribe of the Takitumu migration. This Tara lived some 18 generations ago (see margin) and by, or after him, the harbour was named Te Whanganui-a-Tara, or The Great Harbour of Tara, though it was sometimes called Te Wheke-nui-a-Tara and Te Whanganui-a-Roto. A similar name is borne by a spring of fresh water situated close to the Pilot Station in Worser Bay, which spring was, in olden times, sayeth the legend, surrounded by carved stones (*he mea wha-kairo*). Whether these stones were carved into some form, human or otherwise, or whether they bore marks of a symbolic nature, depo-

nent sayeth not. The old old-time folk-lore asserts this harbour to have been formed by a *taniwha* in very ancient times, and which mythical creature is, in some unknown manner, connected with Mount Victoria—Tangi-te-keu. Another of these *taniwhas* is Mukukai, who is said to live at the mouth of the Wairarapa Lake, and still another is at Oterongo, between Ohiro and Te Rawhiti.

These singular folk-lore stories of the Maori anent the *taniwha*, are an interesting problem to the anthropologist. Whether are these weird tales a local production of some Polynesian Ananias, or whether are they simply localised traditions of some fierce man-destroying creature encountered during their ancient and forgotten sojournings in other lands?* It is a mythological axiom that a barbarous people are ever prone to localise a tradition or story. As a recent proof of this may be cited a strange expedition organised by the Ngati-Whakaterere, of Manawatu, some forty years ago. When these people received copies of the Maori edition of Robinson Crusoe (Wellington, 1852), they evolved the brilliant idea that that old wanderer was located on the headwaters of the Manawatu, and therefore did proceed, by divers ways, to explore that country in the hope of discovering a man who had been past the help of rescue parties for some centuries.

But to digress still further. How did the Maori reach this land? In what manner did they discover it, and whence came those early navigators who settled in New Zealand at least 500 years before the present Maori people appeared on these shores? Who and what were the pre-historic race who roamed over the Pacific Ocean long centuries before the Western World was known to Europeans? Whence came they who erected the colossal stone buildings of the Caroline Group, the imperishable temples or forts of Rapa, and the cyclopean *maraes* of many other isles? What restless race was that which spread itself over such a vast extent of ocean and left a people speaking one language from Madagascar to Easter Island and from Hawaii to New Zealand? Who these people were and whence they came will probably never be known by us, but still the human mind is ever apt to look backwards into the remote past with a curious longing to unravel that most wonderful of mysteries—the origin and development of the human race.

How did the Maori reach New Zealand?

Afar off, upon the many isled sea, where the waves of the great Pacific wash the shining sands of many a coral shore, there floats a canoe filled with strange men clad in garments made from the bark of

* We hold a strong opinion that the *taniwha* stories are localised recollections of the alligators with which the ancestors of the Maori must have become acquainted on the long migration from the North-West.—Ed.

trees. They are of stalwart form, these Vikings of the South, and commanding stature. Their features are pleasing to the eye and their language soft to the ear, for they are not yet greatly altered by admixture with aboriginal races. They appear like unto a blending of the Aryan and Semitic types, and many words of their language would sound strangely familiar to Teutonic ears. Anon they are joined by other canoes, which are also filled with men and women, who bring with them domestic animals and seeds of various plants, together with fresh water and provisions for a long sea voyage. These canoes are of great size, many of them being double, and each contains many people. Also the voyagers in each canoe bring with them their high priest, learned in the sacred lore of his race and in the numerous rites of the tribal gods. For they are forsaking their ancient home, these wanderers, forsaking the beautiful, sun-lit isles they love so well, endeared to them by many recollections of former happiness and by the sacred sepulchres which contain the bones of their ancestors. But their tribe has become too numerous for so narrow a sphere as these sea girt isles, and so dissensions and wars arose. Being driven from their homes by these troubles, they determine to seek another land where they may live in peace and where war shall be forgotten. So these ocean Berserkers embark their few household goods in their canoes and steer boldly out upon the great ocean of Kiwa. For they have heard of a land which lies far to the south, a strange land, containing many strange things, and which has been visited by the men of yore. As they glide out upon the ocean solemn prayers are offered up by the *tohungas* to ensure the success of the voyage. Actuated by one common impulse all these wanderers turn and look back upon their former abodes with keen sorrow and regret. For it is borne in upon these homeless ones that they never more will return to those beautiful isles, never more wander through those lovely palm groves, never more gaze upon the long wash of the white waters on the guardian reef. Silently and with deep emotion they bid an eternal farewell to their deserted lands. And then there arises a long wailing cry from the women, and high upon the air is borne the refrain of their song, a song of love and farewell to their homes. With the mournful notes of the lament still sounding in their ears these dark hued Argonauts hoist the sails of their canoes and go forth upon the waters to seek a new home for the future. They keep to a set course and steer by the sun and stars. Storms arise upon the great ocean and scatter this primitive fleet; some of the canoes being lost and never more heard of. But the survivors sail onward, and after many days arrive at a small island in mid-ocean, where they land and refit their vessels. Here also a sacred altar is set up and a sacrifice made to the gods, together with other rites of an ancient religion.

Out upon the wide waters again they sail, onwards until the winds grow colder than they have yet known them, and their guiding stars assume strange positions in the heavens. Onwards across the dark ocean, creeping southwards day by day amid the waste of waters, oppressed with a vague dread of the unseen powers and the awful *Waha-o-te-Parata*,* these stalwart rovers come. Day after day they look forth upon the vast expanse of landless ocean, nor craft, nor isle, nor bird breaks the drear monotony. One to another these voyagers speak of strange tales handed down from primitive times, tales of god-like men of old, who visited far-off lands, and even entered the spirit world, who drew up lands from the deep waters, and performed many other wonderful deeds. Then it is that the inborn-daring and energy of these people is shown, and the memory of the achievements of their ancestors nerves them to pierce the unknown world which lies before them. For are they not the descendants of that ancient *rangatira* race who lived in the original Hawaiki long ages before they wandered to Waerota and Tawhiti-nui, to Te Hono-i-Wairua and Tawhiti-pamamao.

But still they sail southwards, ever southwards, though food and water are fast failing, and they know that they must soon reach land or perish. At last, as the darkness of one memorable night passes away, they behold, far away in the distance, the glistening shores of Aotearoa—the great White World is found.

Even so the Maori came to New Zealand, and yet another item was added to the long list of racial migrations and supplantings by which the human race has gradually progressed from unknown centres of utter barbarism.

On their arrival in this land the migrants find it inhabited by a numerous population of a people somewhat akin to themselves, speaking a dialect of the same language, but who are an earlier offshoot of the primal stock which came from the Hidden Land of Tane in times long past away.

These *tangata whenua* (people of the land) are of a lower grade of culture than the new-comers. They do not cultivate the products of the soil, but live on fish and roots and the fruits of the forest. They gaze in wonder upon the sons of the ocean, and are pleased with the new varieties of food brought from beyond the dark sea. So in many cases they welcome the strangers, and give them land whereon to cultivate the *kumara*, the *taro*, and the *hue*.†

* For the meaning of this name—or Te Korokoro-o-te-Parata—see this JOURNAL, Vol. ix., p. 225.—ED.

† It is probable from several things that the *hue*, or calabash, was possessed by the *tangata-whenua*.—ED.

As time wears on the migrants increase in numbers and then, from those two world-wide causes, land and women, come wars and quarrels, and fierce reprisals, and all the old trouble is back upon them once again. They move from place to place in search of a resting spot, but there is no peace; they must still fight. Many of them leave the northern lands and come southwards, to the "Head of the fish of Maui." to Whanganui-a-Tara. And still they seek peace, and still they shall not find it.

Generations pass by and these Hawaikians have become numerous in the land, and they turn upon their assailants, who again retaliate upon them, and there is fighting from Te Reinga to the Greenstone Country.

Centuries come and go, and behold! the *tangata whenua* are no longer a tribal people, but have been destroyed and their descendants are mixed with those of the migrants. But the savage instincts of the now dominant race are thoroughly aroused by long continued wars, so they turn on each other, and desolating, intertribal strife rages throughout the land. War is now their delight, war their school, war their profession, and cherished far above other feelings is the savage yearning for revenge. Whole tribes are swept away, others, torn by internal dissensions, fight fiercely among themselves. In the words of old, every man's hand is against his neighbour, and even worse, families are divided, and dare not to trust each other. Far and wide over this fair land are seen fighting *pas*, deserted *kaingas*, hosts of fierce spearmen and clansmen fleeing for their lives. High above the din of combatants and the sound of burning villages, resounds the hoarse roaring of the war trumpets, the exultant cries of those engaged in horrible cannibal feasts, and the wailing of women and little children is heard in every quarter of the Great White World.

NGA TANGATA WHENUA—THE ABORIGINAL PEOPLE.

The district extending from the Wairarapa Valley to the Porirua Harbour would seem to have been in former times the scene of many sanguinary wars, and the abiding place of many different peoples. In no other part of New Zealand do so many different tribes appear to have been located at various times. This may be accounted for in the following manner:—The northern part of the North Island was probably always the most densely populated, inasmuch as immigrants from Hawaiki generally made the land in that locality, and there settled. Also, the climate of that portion of the country was better suited to a race which had migrated from the tropics. There also would it be easier to cultivate the tropical food plants which they

introduced into this country, as also the *aute* shrub which they brought here, and from which the *tapu* cloth was made in former times, but which is no longer to be found in the land. It was always a cultivated plant and hence, on the introduction of European clothing, the Maoris ceased to cultivate the *aute* and it disappeared. In any case it appears that few *hapus* have gone to the South Island to reside until forced to do so by the pressure of circumstances, that is to say, to escape the ovens of their enemies.

The northern tribes, both aboriginal and Maori, on finding that their numbers were increasing, and therefore needing an enlarged territory, would proceed to attack their neighbours with commendable promptness. These would cheerfully respond, and the belligerents would then exert all their energies towards killing and eating each other until one or the other was exterminated or driven from their lands. There being no available country towards the north in which to locate, fugitive tribes almost invariably migrated southwards. Thus it was that tribes were being continually forced towards the south, and Te Whanganui-a-Tara being on the highway to the South Island, this district became the halting place of such migrating peoples until pushed across the sea of Ruakawa by another *heku* from the north. In truth there must have been, from very early times, a succession of peoples moving on Whanganui-a-Tara from the upper portions of the Island. Both by sea and land they came, by the Wairarapa Valley and the coast line, by the Seventy-Mile Bush, and down the Manawatu, wave after wave of invaders surging down from the prolific north upon the great harbour of Tara. The *hapus* in possession of this district would be displaced by these northern Goths, and be forced to retire to the Wai-Pounamu (South Island), where they would soon come into collision with the people of that land and there being no further retreat possible for the latter, a war of extermination would inevitably ensue. Thus Te Rapu-wai, Waitaha, Ngati-Tu-Matakokiri, and Ngati-Mamoe were destroyed, and had not the coming of the Pakeha put an end to tribal wars, the name of Ngati-Tahu would soon have been but a memory among men. Even as those barbarian Teutons, of whom we love to read, emerged from their savage wilds, and hurled themselves in countless thousands upon the colossal Roman Empire, so did the south-bound *hekes* of Aotearoa sweep down upon the luckless clans of Mohua (South Island). And all these far separated peoples, Goth and Aboriginal, Vandal and Polynesian, were but obeying that old, old law of Nature—the survival of the fittest.

In regard to the peopling of the South Island, it will be as well to note what divisions of the race have held possession of that land at different periods, for the reason that most, if not all of them, were migrants from the North Island, and more immediately from the

classic shores of Te Whanga-nui-a-Tara. It is a recognised fact among those who have studied the subject, that the South, as well as the North Island, was populated by a division of the great Polynesian race centuries before the arrival of the present Hawaikian Maoris in the historic canoes "Arawa," "Tainui," "Aotea," "Mataatua," "Takitumu," and "Matahourua." "The Kurahaupo" I have not included in this list of canoes, for the reason that she never arrived in New Zealand, being wrecked on the voyage, or, as the Taranaki people say: "in unknown parts, far away across the ocean." The "Kurahaupo," which was known as "Tarai-po" in Hawaiki, was under the command of the chiefs Turu and Te Moungaroa, and when she founded at sea her crew and cargo were transferred to the "Mataatu," which brought them to Aotearoa. It is customary, however, among the Maoris to speak of and trace their descent from the "Kurahaupo," as if she had arrived in this land. The Ngati-Kuia, of Pelorus Sound, claim to be descended from the "Kurahaupo" migrants, as also do the Taranaki and Ngati-Ruanui tribes.†

The origin of the *tungatu whenua* (aboriginal people) of New Zealand is unfortunately lost to us, and we have little to chronicle in regard to them, with the exception of some of their genealogies which have been preserved by the mixed descendants thereof, and by their conquerors. These genealogies are useful to students of Maori history in that they show the point of connection between the aborigines and the Maori people. It would be interesting to ascertain from what part of Polynesia the former migrated when they came to these shores. If their original home was in a different group to that of the Maori, the circumstance would account for some dialectic differences of speech noticeable among South Island tribes. Notably the change of the nasal "ng" to the hard guttural "k," and the elision, or rather softening, of the semi vowel "r."

It is possible that the Moriori race of the Chatham Islands is allied to the pre-Maori tribes of New Zealand. Some of their genealogies agree down to a certain point, and other evidences exist to show that that southern outpost of the Polynesian race had, at some time in the remote past, a knowledge of New Zealand. Likewise, in the language of this people are remarked peculiarities most interesting to the philologist, but for a full knowledge of which we must await the appearance of the Moriori vocabulary now being prepared by Mr. Shand. Very little is known of this interesting people, and the articles on their history and traditions now being contributed by Mr. Shand to the JOURNAL of the Polynesian Society form one of the most valuable ethnological essays that have appeared of late years.

† In connection with the wreck of the "Kurahaupo" canoe, see this JOURNAL, Vol. ix., p. 218.—Ed.

The first people of whom tradition speaks as inhabiting the South Island are the Kahui Tipua, a tribe of whom many weird tales are told, and who are generally classed as a kind of supernatural beings, hence the name given them—Te Kahui Tipua—the band of ogres.

After these eccentric creatures came Te Rapuwai, of whom also but little is known, but in whose time it is said that the moa was exterminated, and the forests of Canterbury and Otago destroyed by fire.* Although the above are generally looked upon as semi-mythical traditions, it is probable that they contain an element of truth, and that Te Kahui Tipua and Te Rapuwai were early migrations of the aborigines of the North Island. These *tangata whenua* tribes of the south must have occupied that land for long periods to have become as numerous as they undoubtedly were, as they would not migrate south in large numbers for reasons already stated. Thus they would for some time be compelled to maintain a friendly attitude towards their powerful predecessors, in fact to adopt a "peace at any price" policy, a most repugnant line of action to a savage people.

These aborigines appear to have spread over the whole country in much the same manner as did the Maori of later times. They were found in many places besides those noted. Tamatea, who came in "Takitumu," is said to have encountered them at Whanganui and Taupo during the course of his remarkable journey. Turi, the chief of the Aotea, also found tribes of these *tangata whenua*, known as Te Kahui Toka and the Taikahu, holding the country about Patea on his arrival in this land. Manaia, of the Tokomaru canoe, in the *heke* (migration) from Hawaiki, landed at Tongaporutu, whence he marched his followers to Waitara, where "there were people at that place, the original inhabitants of this country, who were destroyed by Manaia and his party, who took possession of their lands."†

Whatever part of Polynesia these old time clans came from, it is certain that they must have been located in New Zealand at a very remote time, according to our ideas of Polynesian chronology. However alarming the statement may sound to those who uphold the theory of the recent arrival of the Polynesian in New Zealand, I firmly believe that they were a numerous people in this land at the time that the Norman invaders landed on our English shores. For, in the face

* Travelling over the Canterbury and Otago country at the present day, it is difficult to believe that large areas were once covered with forests. But in a great many places, especially on some of the lower mountains, the indications of those forests still remain, indeed in some parts the charred *totara* logs may still be seen.—Eds.

† In the original: "Na, he tangata ano i reira, ko nga tangata whenua ake ano o teni motu, oira, ka patua ratou e Manaia ma, ka mate, ka riro te kainga i a Manaia ratou ko ana tama." Nga Mahinga, &c., p. 123.

of evidence which is accumulating day by day, we must admit, in spite of assertions to the contrary, the truth of a remarkable statement, namely, the early distribution of man throughout the island system of the Pacific.

The next tribe who appeared in the South Island were the Waitaha. The genealogies of this people show them to be descended from one Rakaihaitu, who came to New Zealand in the canoe "Uruao" some forty-three generations ago (as against nineteen to twenty-two generations of the Maori genealogies). Traditions attribute to these people a profound knowledge of *karakia* (incantations) and of the science of navigation. At Cust, in the South Island, were to be seen some years ago the remains of an ancient fort, the walls of which were three miles in length, and which *pa* is said to have been occupied by the Waitaha in olden times. The immense kitchen middens met with in that island are also attributed to those people.

Here the Waitaha pass off the stage, and we now come to their destroyers, the Ngati-Mamoe, who were also an aboriginal tribe, and the last one of the *tangata whenua* who held possession of Te Whanganui-a-Tara and the South Island. For the reign of the aboriginal is drawing to a close in Aotearoa and the greenstone land, while afar off, in some unknown part of the Pacific, coming events cast their shadows before. It is an era of singular unrest, and of far-reaching voyagings throughout Polynesia, as the island race experiences one of those strange epochs of restless migrations, which all nations would seem to have passed through at certain times in their history.

The Ngati-Mamoe were, as stated, an aboriginal people, though in later times they became mixed with the "Takitumu" migration of the present Maori race. Ngati-Mamoe took their tribal name from Hotumamoe, who flourished some twenty-one generations ago, or about the time of the arrival of the Maori. Hotumamoe was, however, a descendant of Toi (Toi-kai-rakau), a famous chief of the original people, and who lived seven or eight generations before the time of Hotu.* Toi resided in the Bay of Plenty district, and his name is well known to the Maori, many of the latter tracing their descent from him, it being a known fact that many of the present tribes have a heavy strain of aboriginal blood in their veins. Toi is also known to the Morioris of the Chatham Islands.

The Ngati-mamoe originally came from the East Coast of this Island, and I have been informed by one of the leading Wairarapa Natives that when the ancestors of his tribe (Ngati-Kahununu of

* The genealogical descent from the ancestor Hotumamoe to the present day will be seen at p. 11, Vol. iii. of this JOURNAL. He flourished twenty-two generations ago.—Ed.

"Takitumu") first reached Te Whanga-nui-a-Tara, they found Ngati-Mamoe living there. This latter tribe was evidently one of a line of *tangata whenua* clans who, on the arrival of "Takitumu" and the other canoes, held the country from Te Whanga-nui-a-Tara to Turanga-nui-a-Rua, or Poverty Bay. Some time after the arrival of the "Takitumu" at Whangarā, near Gisborne, under the chiefs Paikea, Tahu-potiki and Tamatea (father of Kahungunu, ancestor of Ngati-Kahungunu), the new-comers began to press upon the *tangata whenua* to the southward. At that time an aboriginal tribe known as Te Tauira occupied the Wairoa and Mahia districts of Hawkes Bay. These people were defeated by the descendants of the "Takitumu," migration and fled to Wairarapa. The Napier district was at this time in the possession of other divisions of the original people known as Te Tini-o-Awa, Te Tini-o-Ruatamore, and Te Whatu-Mamaoa. These tribes were destroyed by Te Ao-Matarahi and his famous band of warrior chiefs some fifteen generations ago.

It is impossible to say how long the Ngati-Mamoe occupied the Whanga-nui-a-Tara before they were forced southwards by the "Takitumu" people, who gradually over-ran the East Coast, from the East Cape to the Sea of Raukawa (Cook Strait). It is certain, however, that they were compelled, like their predecessors, to fall back on the South Island (known as Te Wai Pounamu, Mohua, Tumuki, and Aropawa), where they proceeded to destroy the Waitaha with pious zeal. In this they succeeded to perfection, performing the task with that energy and thoroughness that characterised those simple-minded children of nature. The survivors of the Waitaha became incorporated with the Ngati-Mamoe, those again with the Ngai-tahu, and the descendants of this mixture are a small tribe now living at Waitaki, South Canterbury, being known unto fame as the Ngati-Rakai.

In proceeding to speak of the Ngai-Tahu, I do not deem it necessary to give an account of the many wars which took place between them and the Ngati-Mamoe, with the exception of such as immediately concerned the Ngai-Tahu, of Hataitai (Lyal Bay district, Wellington).

Thus it was that the aborigines of New Zealand passed off the stage of history and went to their own place. Like numberless other nations who have lived and flourished, loved and warred, conquered and been conquered, in the days of long ago, they passed away and left no sign of their former presence but a few fading traditions and other remains interesting only to the antiquarian.

To the anthropologist it seems a mournful thing to contemplate the extinction of a race, and to know that the land shall know them no more, that their origin, history, language, arts and achievements

are lost beyond recall. Yet it is he who loves to study the human race and to note their gradual advancement and intellectual development, who can see most clearly, that, be they never so savage, each division of mankind which appears and runs its course on this earth, is surely fulfilling a great law of Nature, and is a necessary link in the endless chain of human progress.

HOW THE MAORI LIVED IN THE DAYS OF YORE.

The Maoris of New Zealand form one of the most interesting divisions of the great Polynesian race, and the student of anthropology may find much to interest him in their many singular customs, traditions and rites. These people had evolved, at some remote period in their history, a most complete and unique mythology. Thus they possess many wonderful legends concerning the Creation, the separation of the earth from the heavens, the origin of man, the obtaining of fire, and of the doings of the many gods of olden times. To the Maori of pre-Pakeha days the *atua* were an ever present fact and influenced every act of his life. That most sacred institution of Polynesia, the *tapu*, was nowhere more rigid and exacting in its laws than in these isles, and woe betide the unhappy wight who transgressed those unwritten edicts. If no worse fate befel him he would die of fear, a victim of superstition and of the power of the mind over the body. Many such cases have been noted by early settlers in this land. When a chief wished to secure anything to himself he had but to place a *tapu* upon it and the object, be it weapon or land or growing crop, was held sacred unto him.

The laws of *tapu* were inexorable, no one was exempt from it, from the supreme *ariki* of the tribe down to the meanest slave. In fact the system of *tapu* constituted the laws, religion, and ethics of the Maori, and though a wonderfully complicated institution when this race first became known to Europeans, it probably sprang from a much simpler system of bygone times. Though irksome and pitiless in the extreme, yet was it on the whole a good thing for the native race, as its intricate forms, rites and penalties imposed on the people a restraint not otherwise possible among the independent Maori. It probably represented the only means by which his fierce and warlike nature could be controlled. By its agency many crimes were prevented or punished, and food, cultivations, fish, birds and forests were preserved. It influenced every act of his life and even clung to him in death.

One of the most rigid forms of *tapu* was that imposed upon those selected to be initiated into the sacred lore of the tribe, their mythology, priestcraft, and ancient history. During the imparting of this sacred knowledge of the *Whare-kura*, or House of Knowledge, both pupil and

teacher were isolated from the people. The teaching was carried on during the night, according to the tribes of this district. While the *tohunga* or learned man was repeating long genealogies and other unwritten records of his race, the pupil was not allowed to speak. Should he utter a word, all his recently acquired knowledge would forsake him, that is to say, he would break the *tapu*, and that type of erudition cannot be acquired without its potent aid.

In the morning fern root would be prepared for the morning meal of the vigil keepers, and great care was exercised by the women in this task. Were any of the edible part of the root left adhering to the *paoi* (pounder), or other utensil, and were this eaten by any other person, then again would the pupil lose all memory of what had been taught him. Innumerable instances might be given of the many ways in which the far-reaching *tapu* exerted its influence.

Most careful was the old-time Maori in preserving the history and sacred knowledge of his tribe, and woe betide the man who strayed from the true path in imparting such knowledge. Is it not recorded how the chief Te Wera, of the Ngai-Tahu tribe, whose place of abode was the islet of Tapu-tē-ranga, at Island Bay, Wellington, gently reproved one Kiri-mahinahina, who taught false history. This last was a presumably learned man, but committed the fatal mistake of stating that *Tiki* was the Creator of Mankind, whereas the tribal *tohungas* had always taught that *In* was responsible for that great art. During the wars in the South against Ngati-Mamoe, this deluding Kiri fell at the battle of Taraka-hinatea, near Moeraki, and the ever-practical Te Wera adopted a novel method of preventing the spirit of this false teacher from escaping, and taking up its abode in any other *tohunga*. This he did by plugging up the mouth, ears, and nose of the heretic and then consigning his body to the oven. With the help of sundry members of his party he managed to eat the entire body, and thus happily prevented the further expounding of false doctrines. Should any harassed School Board or theological body think fit to read a lesson from the grand moral contained in this story of Te Wera, they are quite free to make use of the same, the copyright of that simple and touching parable is not with me.

What was the manner of life of the old time people who inhabited Te Whanga-nui-a-Tara in those pre-Pakeha days? I may state here that the life of those primitive people was, on the whole, a happy one. Unless they were being harassed by an enemy of superior force, these children of Tahu-Potiki enjoyed life after the manner of their kind.

In the first place they were diligent in what is often termed the curse of mankind, but which is, in reality, the salvation of the human race—labour. Each season of the year and division of the day held its own special task for the ancient Maori. The women performed the

household duties, such as cooking, keeping the houses in order, and the making of sleeping mats and others of finer texture used as garments. They also accompanied the men to the cultivations, where they cooked the first meal of the day, at about 10 o'clock. Here also they did their share of labour in the field, and the whole party returned to the *kainga* about 3 in the afternoon, when preparations would be made for the second and concluding meal of the day. The men had many labours to perform, cultivating their food products and gathering the crops, building dwelling and store-houses, making canoes, fishing, hunting, and many other items. Other endless occupations were the making of nets and cordage, carving, grinding by friction to form weapons and implements of stone. Food was plentiful in the land of Tara, and no famine visited the land as long as a comparative peace prevailed.

Then in the long winter evenings they beguiled many hours of the night by revelling in the unwritten literature of the Maori. They recited tales, myths and other traditional lore. They told strange fairy tales and chanted the numberless poems known to them, and also performed *haka* and played games of various kinds.

As a specimen of the tales with which the Maori wiled away the winter nights, I subjoin the story of Hine Popo, as being a local tradition it is the more applicable. On account of this district having been occupied by an alien tribe since the early 'thirties, these local legends are not to be obtained here, and he of antiquarian tastes must go to the Ngai-Tahu, of the South, the Ngati-Kahungunu, of Wairarapa, or the Rangitane, of the Sounds, in order to procure the pre-Ngati-Awa history and folklore of Te Whanga-nui-a-Tara.

The following legendary tale was given me by Te Pakauwera, of the Ngati-Kuia tribe, of Pelorus, and has lately been published in the original. When I asked my informant if he thought it possible that this lady could have swam across Raukawa (Cook Straits), his answer was brief and convincing:—"Friend, think you that Hine Popo was an ordinary mortal like you and I? Not at all! She possessed god-like powers such as were common in this world in the days of old."

HINE POPO :

AN OLD-TIME LEGEND OF TE WHANGA-NUI-A-TARA.

HOW HINE POPO CROSSED THE SEA OF RAUKAWA.

This is the story of Hine Popo, an ancestress of the Rangitane, which tribe formerly occupied Te Whanga-nui-a-Tara:—

In those ancient times there were two brothers living in this district, and the name of the elder was Te Hiki-paroa and that of the younger, Manini-pounamu. The younger brother married Hine Popo,

MAORI ORATORY.

The power of oratory possessed by the Maori has been remarked by those who have become acquainted with the race and their language. The Native tongue, so rich in figurative expressions, singular idioms and poetical sentiments, is peculiarly adapted to the purpose of the orator, and these barbarian people knew full well how to take advantage of these peculiarities. They had a good command of language, and could ever express themselves with much feeling and descriptive power.

At a meeting of Natives held at Waikawa, Picton, in 1856, when their lands were sold to the pakeha, Te One struck into the ground at the feet of the Commissioner a greenstone axe, saying:—"Now that we have for ever launched this land into the sea, we hereby make over to you this axe, named Paewhenua, which we have always highly prized from having regained it in battle, after it was used by our enemies to kill two of our most celebrated chiefs, Te Pehi and Pokaitara. Money vanishes and disappears, but this greenstone will endure as a lasting witness of our act, as the land itself, which we have now, under the shining sun of this day transferred to you for ever."

When Te Rauparaha, of Ngati-Toa, applied to the Ngati-Raukawa tribe, at Taupo, for assistance in the good work of destroying the tribes of this district, Te Ahu-karamu, a leading chief of the latter people, selected sixty tried warriors, and fought his way through hostile tribes to Otaki, where he had an interview with Te Rauparaha and other chiefs of Ngati-Toa and Ngati-Awa, who were, at that time, placed "between the devil and the deep sea." His Satanic Majesty being represented by the Muaupoko, Ngati-Apa, and Rangitane tribes, the original owners of the lands between Pae-kakariki and the Whangaehu River. Te Ahu-karamu returned to Taupo, where he spoke in glowing terms to his people of the fine lands awaiting them in the South. Ngati-Raukawa does not appear to have been elated at the prospect of forsaking the Taupo country, whereupon Te Ahu ordered them to burn their villages, and march at once for the coast. This was accordingly done, and like those ancient Tigrini, of whom Cæsar tells us, who fired their towns and villages in Helvetia, and swarmed down upon the fair plains of Aquitania, so did the Ngati-Raukawa destroy their homes around Taupo Moana and migrate to the shores of Raukawa.

Some time after this *heke* (migration) took place, there occurred a quarrel between Te Ahu and Te Rauparaha concerning the encroachments of the Pakeha. The description of the scene that followed is well described in Wakefield's "Adventures in New Zealand." Te Ahu wished to take some cows to Ohau, to which Te Rauparaha objected,

and was reminded by the former of "the war parties which he had brought him on his back to assist him against his enemies, through dangers and troubles more than he could count." How "he had burned the villages of this tribe at Taupo to make them come with him to be by the side of Te Rauparaha on the sea coast." He counted "how many times they had adhered to him in his feuds with the Ngati-Awa, and how much blood of the Ngati-Raukawa had been spilt for his name." Te Ahu now commenced to warm with the subject, and began to *taki*, running up and down, bounding and yelling at each turn, and foaming at the mouth, as the Maori does when he means to speak impressively. Te Rauparaha, thinking that his opponent's eloquence was becoming too powerful, jumped up also. They both continued to run up and down in short, parallel lines, yelling at each other, grimacing and foaming, quivering their hands, and smacking them on their thighs, with staring eyes and excited features. "No," cried Te Rauparaha, "No cows, I will not have them." "Let them go," yelled Te Ahu. "Yield me my cows. The cows will not hurt you." "No cows, no white men! I am the king. Never mind your war parties! No cows," answered Te Rauparaha. "When the soldiers come," persisted Te Ahu, "we will fight for you, but let my cows go." "No! no! indeed," firmly replied the chief, as he sat down.

Te Ahu-karamu remained standing. He took breath for a minute, then he drew himself up to his full height, and addressed his own people in solemn kind of recitative:—"Ngati-Raukawa," he sang, "Arise! Arise! my sons and my daughters, my elder brothers and my younger brothers, my sisters, my grandchildren, arise! Stand up the families of Ngati-Raukawa! To Taupo! To Taupo! To Maungatautari! To our old homes which we burned down and deserted. Arise, and let us go! Carry the little children on your backs as I carried you when I came to fight for this old man who has called us to fight for him, and given us land to dwell on; but who grudges us white people to be our friends, and to give us trade."

As he sat down a mournful silence prevailed. An important migration had been proposed by the chief, which, no doubt, would be agreed to by the greater part of the Otaki, Ohau, and Manawatu Natives, on whom was Te Rauparaha's chief dependence for his defence.

Scarcely less fine was the speech by which Te Rauparaha overthrew the whole effect of Te Ahu-karamu's beautiful summons to his tribe:—"Go!" said Te Rauparaha, "Go, all of you. Go! Ngati-raukawa to Maungatautari! Take your children on your backs and go, and leave my land without men. When you are gone, I will stay and fight the soldiers with my own hands. I do not beg you to stop. Te Rauparaha

is not afraid! I began to fight when I was as high as my hip. My days have been spent in fighting, and by fighting I have won my name. Since I seized by war all the land from Taranaki to Te Whanga-nui-a-Tara, and from Blind Bay to Cloudy Bay beyond Raukawa, I have been spoken of as a king. I am the king of all this land. I have lived a king, and I will die a king, with my *mere* in my hand. Go! I am no beggar! Te Rauparaha will fight the soldiers of the Queen when they come, with his own hands, and with his own name. Go to Maungatautari." Then, suddenly changing his strain, he looked on the assemblage of chiefs before him, saying in a softened voice, "But what do I say? What is my talk about? You are children. It is not for you to talk. You talk of going there, and doing this and doing that. Can one of you talk when I am here? No! I shall rise and speak for you all, and you shall sit dumb, for you are all my children, and Te Rauparaha is your head chief and patriarch."

Thus he completely won his point by this fearless rejection of their assistance, ending in an arrogant assumption of absolute authority over their movements.

HOW THE DESCENDANTS OF THE CREW OF "TAKITUMU" INVADED THE HARBOUR OF TARA, AND OF THE FIERCE WARS OF HATAITAI.

So the Ngati-Mamoe dwelt in this land for many generations, and kept sending colonies of their people across to the South Island, where they made a name for themselves and lived joyously upon the products of the land—that is to say, upon the bodies of the unhappy Waitaha. For these simple children of Nature relied upon their own personal prowess to gain for themselves new lands, not yet being acquainted with the modern arts of the Pakeha in that direction. But the reign of these *tangata-whenua* was now drawing to a close, and events were taking place in the north which foreshadowed the expulsion of Ngati-Mamoe from the Wellington district. For the descendants of the "Takitumu" migrants from Hawaiki were multiplying in the land, and were beginning to push the aboriginal tribes southwards. The Awanui-a-Rangi and other divisions of the original people at Heretaunga (Hawke Bay) were defeated by the on-coming Maori, and the great Otatara *pa* at Taradale, which covered 80 acres of ground, fell to their victorious arms.

The "Takitumu" migrants left Hawaiki on account of the frequency of wars in that far land. In this canoe came the chiefs Paikea, Tahu-Potiki and Tamatea, together with others of that ilk. The last-named chief was father of the famous Kahungunu, from whom the great East Coast tribe takes its name. Tamatea, better known as Tamatea-pokai-whenua, was the hero of a disastrous attempt

to shoot the Huka Falls at Taupo, which we all wot of. It is said that during the voyage from Hawaiki to Aotearoa the people of "Takitumu" were reduced to great straits on account of the scarcity of food. So they agreed among themselves that one of their number should be sacrificed to provide food for the rest. The lot fell on one Motoro, who, like a loving and prudent parent, transferred the honour to his son, who was forthwith killed and eaten in his stead. I merely mention this little incident to show the height of self-denial to which some natures can rise in the presence of a great danger. Some authorities state that this canoe came on down the coast to Rangihakaoma (Castle Point), and thence went to the South Island, to Otakou, where she may still be seen in the form of a rock.

The original people of Heretaunga were thus destroyed or forced southwards, while some became incorporated with their conquerors. The new-comers fought their way down the coast until they reached Te Whanga-nui-a-Tara, and, it is said, first settled at the "Spring of the Tara," in Worser Bay. And so upon the Great Harbour of Tara, there came this new wave of invaders from the dreaded north; a vigorous war-like people, armed with the rude weapons of a barbarous age, with stone axes and clubs and spears they came. Who also brought with them certain *atua*, crude symbols of the tribal gods and others of even more primitive design. The very stars in their courses would seem to fight against the *tangata-whenua*, who are everywhere defeated and driven across Raukawa. Perhaps their *atua* had deserted them in their hour of need, perhaps the *mana* of the Maori was too powerful for them. Who, indeed, has the knowledge of these things?

In regard to the early occupation of Te Whanga-nui-a-Tara by the Maori, there is considerable difficulty encountered in determining what branch of these people first settled here and the order of the various occupations by different tribes. According to the data in my possession, it would appear that the Ngai-Tahu and Rangitane tribes lived here at the same period. However, some of the old people of Wairarapa and the Sounds assert that Ngai-Tahu only occupied Hataitai, and did not spread over the district as did the Rangitane, which tribe held the Porirua and Pauatahanui lands. The Ngai-Tahu, a "Takitumu" tribe descended from Tahu-Potiki, commenced to migrate to the South Island some four or five generations after the arrival of "Takitumu," and, as before stated, the last of them left Hataitai (Miramar) about the middle of the seventeenth century, about which time the Ngati-Ira came down from the north and settled at Wairarapa, Wellington and Porirua. The Rangitane were living at Wairarapa, Hataitai and elsewhere in the time of Te Rerewa, who lived eleven or twelve generations ago, and in whose time the Rangitane ceded their lands to the Ngati-Kahungunu and retired to the