

Though the people of Te Whaiti had asked that Marewa should be buried there, she was taken back to Maungapohatu. It took three days for the young men of the district to carry the bier over the very steep, difficult track. Each night the party stayed at a village on the way, and there were mourning ceremonies and speeches of farewell. In each place the people asked that the child should be buried in their urupā, but her father would not agree.

In his waiata Tukua-te-rangi traces this journey to Maungapohatu, speaking as though Marewa were still alive. After crossing the Okahu Stream, a tributary of the Whirinaki, the party made their way to the summit of Tarapounamu, where Hine-okaia, one of Marewa's playmates who had died in the epidemic, had recently been buried. And finally, on the last stage of their journey, the party climbed to the summit of the peak known as Te Whakaumu.

From there they could see Maungapohatu, the tapu mountain under which they lived. Maungapohatu was spoken of as the mother of Tamakaimoana, and as their mana. The bones of their ancestors lie in caves on the mountain, near two huge rocks known as Ngā Whatu a Maru. Tukua-te-rangi tells his daughter that she will be welcomed by her ancestors, and that she will rest with them there.

Elsdon Best, who was accompanying the party, later described the ascent of Te Whakaumu:

When we reached the summit of the high, bleak range of Te Whakaumu a halt was made at the old *taumata*, or resting-place, used by these foot-travellers of the great forest for centuries past . . . Through a break in the driving storm we see the great rock bluff of Maunga-pohatu far above and ahead of us . . . Now the summit of the mountain is suddenly covered with a white pall of mist. An old man said, 'The mountain is greeting for her child.' The parents of the child are a little apart; they have chaunted a lament for their child and greeted their mountain home. Then, as the mountain-brow becomes obscured by the mists the whole of the people give voice together in an ancient dirge . . . The bitter sleet and snow, fierce-driven by the winds, pelt the mourners unmercifully. Through the drifting scud we see the great cliffs far ahead, wherein are the caves of the dead, where lie the bones of many generations of the children of Potiki. And then, with the storm fiends lashing us, we go down into the darkling valley below.³

In the second stanza of his song, Tukua-te-rangi honours his daughter by speaking of her, in traditional epithets, as 'taku māhuri tōtara', my young totara, and 'taku kuru pounamu', my greenstone ear pendant; Tawhiritari must be the name of a forest. The idea that a treasure has fallen from the sky appears to be a Christian one, the meaning being that Marewa had been sent from heaven by God. The mist of which the poet speaks must be associated with the mist with which Maungapohatu greeted her child and mourned her as she returned to rest with her ancestors. Marewa's wairua, her soul, is seen as setting out from Maungapohatu, having rested first at Ngauwaka; this is a place in the Waikare Valley near the settlement of Maungapohatu,