

were placed before us. I could not but admire the admirable way in which the thing was done. There was no bustle, no fuss or confusion, but it was done quietly, unobtrusively, and gracefully. As a matter of simple courtesy we were bound to eat some of this food; if we had allowed it to remain untouched it would have been construed into a disregard of the hospitality of our friends. We each ate a few potatoes, and to Mr. Hettit (who came most opportunely to our rescue) we were each indebted for a rib of the pig. It was a wild *poaka*, and the flesh was tough. While we were eating, Whitiara, or Wiremu te Kumete, walked out into the space between the two lines formed by the Natives, and prepared to address us. He was dressed in a Native mat made with sleeves like a coat, and called a *kouru*, moleskin trousers, and knee boots, and while he spoke he held his cap in his hand. His commanding figure, and manly intelligent features, no less than the deep energetic tones in which he spoke, were sufficient to strike the observer with admiration. I could not help thinking, as I looked at him, of the character of the *Barbarian* in the play of "Ingomar." This chief, I ought to remind the reader, was the commander at Rangiriri, and by his courageous bearing on that occasion was the admiration of the Europeans as well as of his fellow-countrymen. Addressing Mr. Davis he said, "Welcome, Charles Davis, come along the path of peace. Don't you suppose that peace emanated from you (the Europeans). No, but it has emanated from me (the Maoris). But for that peace you would not be able to come here now. Welcome to this district, torn by the ravages of war formerly, but now peaceful. We are here to welcome you. Come with your friend Mr. Firth, whose arm was strong formerly in support of war, but whose arm is now becoming weak to make war (*i.e.*, his work formerly was that of war, but now it is that of peace). Welcome, Mr. Davis, with your friend Mr. Firth."

Mr. Davis, in reply, said: What you say is right. I come in the paths of peace. There is no greater thing than this peace; to establish this peace God came down from heaven. It is true that you have said of Mr. Firth, that his present work is peace. It is on account of this that he has come up now to see you. The fact of our being here together is sufficient evidence that we all desire peace, speaking mouth to mouth, you looking at us, and we at you. Formerly there were thorns and briars strewn our paths, but now these have been cleared out of the way. My heart rejoices in consequence of your call of welcome, and that welcome is the basis for the establishment of peaceful relations.

Te Aroha then rose and stalked in great dignity out into the space in front of the whare. He said: Welcome, Mr. Davis, welcome hither. Come straight up. This is a time of rejoicing. There are signs of peace. The black cloud is being cleared away from the heavens, and the day looks brighter. Welcome to us now, as you were welcome formerly, leaving with us words of remembrance to which we hold fast now. The world was not made for you only, but for both of us. The Almighty is as willing to look in pity upon us, with our brown skin, as on you with your white skin. We both sprang from the same seed, planted by the Almighty. His grace is as free for us as it is for you. We were created the same day. Come straight on. I am living on the branch of a tree. Do not be nervous hearing what I have to say. Give back the soil, give back Waikato, give back Tamaki (*i.e.*, Pukaki, Mangere, &c.) Although I am living on the branch of the tree I still cling to the soil (I will not give up my right to it). We are like wandering Israelites without a home; we are living on the branch of the tree. The day, the day, this day is given to us by the Almighty for the purpose of uniting us in the bonds of peace. This word of peace was neither yours nor mine, but it was first instilled into our hearts by the Almighty.

Mr. Davis: Call to me, my friend. What you have said is excellent and true. We are both engaged in the same work. What good work is so great as this, the saving the lives of men? It is true as you say that this work is not our own, but we are permitted to do it by the Almighty, for He is the fountain of peace and of all good. And think you that it is a matter of indifference to the Almighty; think you that the angels are not rejoicing over this work, and the hosts of heaven? The proclamation was, "Peace on earth and good will towards men." Although this work is the work of the Almighty, let us who have been impressed with it set to work at once, so that the Pakeha and the Maori may dwell together in unity. Your thoughts are wise, and loving, and good. I have little to say in reply, because you are imbued with the same feelings as I am myself, that is, the work of peace.

This talk had gone on while we were eating, Whitiara (Wiremu te Kumete) having apportioned the food outside to the Natives by waving his hand.

When we had partaken of the food, the baskets were removed into the whare where the chiefs were assembled. While they were at dinner we were examined with great curiosity by the women and children, and one of the former suddenly conceived an almost irresistible desire to possess my pipe. I slyly threw her a piece of tobacco, being apprehensive that I should sink in the estimation of the chiefs by condescending to speak with a woman on such an occasion. When the chiefs had dined there was a movement into the open air. Tamati Ngapora came out, quietly squatted down in front of Mr. Davis, and looked intently into his face. To squat down with any degree of dignity I have always regarded as a most difficult and dangerous operation, but I never could have believed that the movement could be performed with so much grace and dignity as it was by Tamati Ngapora. As he came up he drew round him his handsome mat (which alone would have marked him as a person of distinction), and he bent down in a deliberate dignified way, but nevertheless with that grace and ease which is so common amongst the children of the forest. His features and his attitude were a subject worthy the pencil of a Salvator Rosa. He is closely tattooed, with short hair plentifully besprinkled with grey. His height is medium, and he is well made and robust looking, though age has evidently begun to tell upon him, for the nimbleness and vivacity of youth have disappeared. He moves in a deliberate dignified way, as one might suppose an American Indian chief would walk, and he speaks in a quiet reserved tone, but withal very pleasingly. I thought as the old man sat before me and talked with us that I detected an air of sorrow in his looks. Now and then there was a twitching about the mouth, and the lines with which age and care had furrowed his face contracted themselves. He was evidently ill at ease. The eyes of his people were upon him, and every word of his was eagerly listened to, and would be repeated in every *kainga* in the country. The Europeans before him were also weighing every word and tone of his voice, anxious to elicit something from him that would indicate the true state of his feelings and that of his party; while the old man on his part seemed to have steeled his heart and to have deter-