

remarkable as a national custom. In front were two thousand people all weeping, while behind and around me all the Lower Waikatos who had come up with us were weeping also. The effect was unique, and I could not help thinking that the music was somewhat different from that I should have heard had I been in Auckland listening to the rendering of "Il Trovatore." There is, however, a sad as well as a somewhat ludicrous side to this crying. The mortality amongst the Maoris is very great, and among them, as amongst the Scottish Highlanders, kindred is reckoned through a long and wide connection; and when a few meet together they have always to lament the death of a relative. Then the presence of Sir George Grey brought to the minds of all many sweet and bitter memories of old times and old friends. Many of them had lived near Auckland, and on the settlements of the Waikato, where Sir George had often seen them. Then, beyond all, his presence reminded them of those who had been slain at Meremere, at Rangiriri, at Rangiaohia, and at Orakau. As a matter of course, all the Europeans asked that Tawhiao should be pointed out to them, and he was soon distinguished. All the people sat close by in rows; but the King, who has been seen by so few Europeans of late years, stood up, leaning on a large staff. He stood sideways towards the visitors, and kept his eyes fixed on the ground before him. His air was that of a man of fixed melancholy; his attitude and bearing were appropriate for the head of a people who have been decimated by war, who have lost their land, and who are gradually dying out. Tawhiao had his arms bare; he wore a black vest ornamented with a thin silver cord, over his shoulders was thrown a native cloth, while around his waist was a native mat. Round his head, as a sign of mourning, he wore some flax-leaves. The Maori mourning colour, I may say, is green, and most of the women had chaplets of leaves or ferns round their heads. After the weeping had ceased, seats were brought for the Europeans; and now commenced the *Tareao* forms of worship. I looked closely at the Kingites, and I must say that they are the finest Natives I have seen; there is a large proportion of young men, stout fellows, who might yet be troublesome to us. We are better to have them as friends than enemies. The *Tareao* worship is much the same as the Hauhau forms. A man prayed in a loud tone, and then the whole assemblage chanted, in excellent time and voice, "Glory to the Father," ending with the word "*Rire*." He then ceased; a woman prayed; and the whole people again chanted the responses. There is no dancing round a pole or jabbering in unknown tongues, or any of the absurdities which I have seen in Hauhauism. It has been the policy of the Kingites to keep themselves together, to have a faith of their own, which should make their chief (Tawhiao) somewhat of a deity; and they have done very well, indeed—better than some of the white race, who make up absurdities and believe them. The King's son, Tutawhiao, is a smart-looking young fellow. Tawhiao himself is rather flat-faced, with a good-sized square head. He is heavily tattooed, and wore a long greenstone ornament in his ear.

Tawhiao was the first speaker, which of itself was a high honor to his visitor. His speech was short, and melancholy in tone. He welcomed Sir George Grey, and saluted him as one bringing healing. He contrasted the present with the past, which, he said, could not be recalled. He spoke very slowly. There was then a long pause, after which Taphana rose. This man is well known, having been taken prisoner at Rangiriri, and confined in the hulk. He has not a good reputation among Europeans, as he is said to be averse from making peace, and to be determined to oppose roads, railways, telegraphs, and, indeed, civilization in general.

*Tawhiao* said: Welcome! welcome to Waikato! Welcome, Governor Grey, the friend of my ancestors, the friend of my relatives! I welcome you for myself and those who have passed away.

*Taphana* stood up and said: Welcome, welcome. Come to Waihingatu; come to my relatives. Come and see your people; my elder brother, my father, my parent. Come! come! come! Lift up your eyes and look around. Come to Waihingatu, the place of abode of Uenuku. Come over the sea, sailing on the great ocean of Kiwa; over the great sea of Tawa, until you have reached the lands of Tawhiao; come ashore, welcome, come to me! Come to your father, Potatau! Come! Greetings to you. (Turning to the tribes:) This is Sir George Grey. Here he is come to the place of our abode, and here he sits. He has come to our village. O friend, come to me, come to your village. The speaker then sat down.

*Sir George Grey*, after some minutes, stood up and spoke in Maori, of which the following is a translation: O my friends, I greet you all. I sympathize with you all. Greetings to Tawhiao, and all the descendants of Potatau, my friend who is dead. I greet you all, the chiefs and tribes of Waikato and Ngatimaniapoto, the representatives of my friends who have departed this life. I greet you, chiefs and all the people of Ngatimaniapoto and Waikato. I greet you all, also the representatives of all my friends who have departed this life. I greet you all.

The Premier then sat down.

*Te Ngakau* said: Welcome, welcome to Waikato. Come and see the troubles that surround us. Come that we may see each other face to face—the faces that have been left by those who have gone into darkness. Come and see your father. Come that we may look into each other's eyes; that we may look at you, and you may look at us. Come to me and the representatives of your friends. Come and bring great thoughts. (Song.) Welcome! Come with your friends. That is all now; it is ended.

Need I describe the hills of food which were reared in different parts and apportioned to different tribes? In one in front of us were several hundreds of baskets of potatoes, each with a pile of dried mussels and pipis; then the carcasses of several sheep, a number of quarters of bullocks; and then the mass was crowned by several hundreds of dried sharks being piled upon it. These were somewhat odoriferous. The Europeans had abundance of Maori food offered them, but not all of them partook.

After dinner, an old friend introduced me to the celebrities of the gathering. Rewi is a hale man, and seemed in good spirits. I had a somewhat interesting interview with Tamati Ngapora or Manuhiri, as he is otherwise called. About ten years ago I went out to the Maori church at Mangere, where Tamati used to officiate as clergyman. In the pulpit was a Testament with Tamati's name upon it. I took it, telling the Maoris that I would restore it to Tamati the first time I saw him. I told him the story and gave him the Testament to-day. He looked closely at it. He said he remembered all about it. "I was told," said he, "on the Monday that the soldiers had crossed the Mangatawhiri on the Sunday, and then I felt I had no interest in the church or anything in it." I saw one Maori