

THE TANGI.

Nothing surprises Europeans so much as the Maori style of crying. They all gather together for the set purpose, arrange themselves in proper order, have before them the person (or article) who awakens their feelings for the dead, and when everything is properly prepared they commence. They also stop at the word of command. The *tangi* of Friday last commenced at the extreme left of the line, where the immediate relatives of Takerei were, and where all Te Wherowhero's own *hapu* were assembled, and then extended to the right till all hands joined, like a *feu de joie* of musketry. Sir George Grey stood during the whole time the *tangi* lasted in front of Takerei's widow, with his eyes fixed on the ground, while behind him were the few Europeans who accompanied him, and in rows the Lower Waikatos, who had come in the canoe, leaning on their paddles. Europeans are inclined to say that there cannot be sincerity of grief with such a methodical display, but I doubt whether they are entitled to do so. Tawhiao said to Sir George Grey on Saturday, "While the *tangi* was going on I saw pass before me all the faces of those who have been slain in war, or who have died since I first knew you."

TE KOOTI.

Te Kooti, I may mention, on some reference being made to Purukutu, said that surely it was not thought that that man had so much to say in defence of himself as he (Te Kooti) had. Sullivan was killed in cold blood, while his deeds were done when he was being chased and driven about. The sentiment of the Natives is strongly with Te Kooti, but there is not a man amongst the Kingites who does not regard Winiata as a murderer. His capture, however, they regard as our affair.

CROWN GRANTS TO THE KINGITES.

The three pieces of land for which the Kingites are desirous of receiving Crown grants have each a history. The first is "Tangi Rau," of 300 acres, near Ngaruawahia. The name means "The Place of a Hundred Wailings," and it is so called because it has been a burial-place from time immemorial. The Kingites desired that it should be made absolutely inalienable, and that there should be no power of selling or even leasing; but Sir George Grey thought they should have the power of leasing, and they accepted his advice. Te Pukapuka is a valuable piece of land beyond Remuera, owned by Te Wherowhero. It is said that when the war broke out it was let by the Ministry, at a very low rent, to an Auckland citizen, and it was subsequently held for several years by Mr. Crummer, of Remuera. The rents were paid to Dr. Pollen, but nothing has been paid to the owners of the land. It escaped confiscation by having been the particular property of Te Wherowhero. Sir George Grey said to Manuhiri, when he spoke of the land, that he ought to have all the back rents. Manuhiri said he would not take the money. "Well," said Sir George Grey, "that money will be brought up here in a bag, and if you will not take the bag, the contents will be poured out on the ground before you." The piece of land at Mangare was, we believe, given to Te Wherowhero by Sir George Grey, to induce him to reside near Auckland, so as to secure it from attack by the Waikatos.

POTATAU.

In 1853, when Sir George Grey was leaving New Zealand to become Governor of the Cape of Good Hope, and when it was thought that he was bidding New Zealand good-by for ever, a number of addresses were presented to him from the Natives, which were afterwards collected and published by Mr. C. O. Davis. In a note to that book we have the following respecting Te Wherowhero, to whom frequent reference was made at the meeting:—"Te Wherowhero is the principal chief of Waikato, and has great influence amongst the tribes. At his mandate a few years ago 4,000 warriors rushed to his standard in defence of their chief, and many hundreds more would speedily have been raised. At this juncture (1854) it is said that he sways the following tribes—the numbers attached are merely the fighting men of the tribes:—Ngatimaniapoto, 800; Ngatihaua, 540; Ngatitahinga and Ngatimahanga, 400; Ngatiapakura, 400; Ngatiruru, 200; Ngatihinetu, 200; Ngatipou, 400; Ngatitipa, Ngatinaho, Ngatiwharaua, and Ngatitamaunu, 400; Ngatimaru, 200; Ngatiteata and Ngatitamaoho, 340; Ngatiumutoto, 200; and Ngatimahuta and Te Ngaungau, 400. . . . Tawhiao was the first name of this distinguished personage. Potatau was the name of one of his daughters, which he took on the occasion of her death; Te Wherowhero, which means a reddish colour, was given him in consequence of his father being wrapped after his decease in a scarlet garment, given to a New Zealand chief, by one of the first English navigators that visited the Thames." It is stated that Te Wherowhero, at the capture of a certain pa, killed 600 persons with his own hand, but probably the number is exaggerated.

OLD FRIENDSHIPS.

To an address presented by the chiefs of Waikato to Sir George Grey, on his leaving in 1853, we find the signature of Takerei te Rau. In this address it is stated: "On your arrival in this Island the rain was beating, and the wind blowing fiercely, and then you lifted up your voice to calm the raging elements;" an allusion to the disturbed state of New Zealand on Sir George Grey's arrival, and to the immediate results of his administration in quelling the rebellion. To the same address is attached the name of Te Wetine Taiporutu, who went over to Taranaki when the war broke out, and who was killed there, as well as the names of several others who were killed in the war in Waikato. After Sir George Grey had left in 1853, Manuhiri (then called Tamati Ngapora) sent after him an address, of which the following is a translation:—"My affection for you is great. You are indeed a loving friend to us. You have been energetic as respects the good regulations for schools and Native villages, therefore I consider that the orphan has found a protector in this Governor. These things are alike beneficial to body and soul. These are my reflections since you left, and my sentiments of regard are embodied in this song:—

See, springing from her aerial couch, the placid orb of night,
On Albion's lofty mountain range, throws back a stream of light;
'Tis thus, O Governor, thy love comes darting o'er the sea,
And steals upon these saddened hearts, which ever dwell on thee.