

Monday's Many Ceremonials.

Spectacular Glories on Land and Sea.

DOMINION'S ENTHUSIASTIC WELCOME.

Continued from page 18.

Monday was the great day of ceremonies. Admiral Charles S. Sperry, the governing hand of the great fleet which on Sunday invaded in peaceful pomp the lovely Auckland Harbour, landed amid all the glittering array of proud circumstance, and with his officers and men of the Great White Fleet, take a week's willing fealty from the citizens of Auckland and of New Zealand. And the city of Auckland went out to meet them. Our special reporter thus describes the events as they occurred. From far and near tens of thousands of eager sightseers are early astir, and long before the hands of the clock have approached to the appointed space, the thronging, jostling holiday-makers are filling vantage points about the waterfront and line of route. By half-past nine o'clock Queen-street is a kaleidoscope sight of waving flags, moving bodies of troops, which ever and anon swing into some appointed line of guard, and hurrying citizens, good-naturedly intent on dispossessing of its right what cogn of vantage may present itself. Auckland gives itself up to the spectacle with true abandon from all carking care, and the massing people already begin to cheer for very boisterous excess. A merry shout is raised as a brilliant uniform hastens past; a curious group of British jacks ashore is quick excuse to send another cheer into the quivering firmament; and all is joyousness and merriment, and expectation.

And all this while the place of chiefest interest is gradually being hemmed in and ever more closely hemmed by a seething, living, and ever and anon, as the fairway for the honoured ones is striven for, by anxious police and military keepers, somewhat tumultuously inclined concourse. The well-guarded and beautifully-decorated dais rises like a summer-bower at the foot of the wharf, while the landing stage and approach, begreined and transformed under the festive guise, appear as a wicker garden, in which the brilliant uniforms of the gathering naval and military officers spread the necessary touch of splendid colour. Without, the crowd surges to and fro, pressing in and threatening the military barrier that is jealously guarding the carriage line, while every corner available, safe and perilous, is swarmed with humming people. Some take a risky perch on neighbouring harbour piles and uprisng banks; some squat, cross-legged, monkey-like, or in any momentary fantastic shape that nature enables a man to twist himself, on roofs, overseeing poles, and pinnacles of buildings. Windows and verandah tops hold their quota, while from across the new ferry quay a straining horde catches at what it may in sound and vision. Everywhere is bustle and expectant commotion—the atmosphere itself is infectious with excited hum, and every neck is craned by one accord. The magnetism of thronging eager humanity is catching to the coldest blood, and enthusiastic intoxication is at large.

The concourse grows impatient as the moment approaches, but for a space diverts itself in sundry fashions beloved of a British crowd. The police, victims of popular quiz on such occasions, come in for ribald and unkind taunt; an impish youth catches at the tail of a trooper's shaggy charger, and a shout of joy goes up at the following antics of outraged martial dignity struggling with good-natured tolerance. It is all part of the day's show, and the audience make the most of every turn and applaud delightedly at all mischances. Boom! echoes from the harbour, where the white invasion lies in placid indifference to all this eager racket, and a great cry goes up, "The Admiral is coming!" mingled with ringing huzzas. The dis-

tinguished guests are now arriving, and as each well-known dignitary appears, he is greeted with hearty recognition and jocular encouragements. An overburdening sense of atomic importance is not a feature of a democratic British crowd, so pleasantries are large and various. But presently the British Admiral and his staff officers arrive, and then quickly come Sir Joseph and Lady Ward, the Mayor and Mayoress. Notabilities follow fast, to give the throbbing, curious throng preliminary entertainment. Up from apparently impossible points rear the apparatus of the ever-present photographers, who perch and balance on their unsteady roosts in a manner peculiar to the genus. And now cheer upon cheer rents the air, for Sperry, the representative of America's naval pride, is landing. At the steps he is received by the Hon. E. Mitchelson and members of the Harbour Board, and escorted to the dais through lines of aged but gallant veterans, drawn up as a guard of honour to receive him. The band strikes up a bar of the "Star Spangled Banner," and Admiral Sperry, amidst tumultuous enthusiasm, is greeted on New Zealand soil by New Zealand's Premier and Auckland's mayor. Almost at this moment, as if half relenting for its surliness, the clouds momentarily disperse, and the sun shines down auspiciously on a gay and picturesque scene of brilliant uniforms, gay and dainty feminine apparel, and garnishment of Auckland's best attempt, as our Waitemata city has ever witnessed.

On the dais were seated, among others, Vice-Admiral Poore and his staff officers, Rear-Admirals Wainwright, Schroeder, and Emory, also the commanders and staff officers of the American fleet; his Worship the Mayor and Mrs. Myers, the Hon. J. A. and Mrs. Millar, the Hon. Dr. and Mrs. Findlay, Mr. Prickett (Consular-General, U.S.A.), Mrs. and Miss Prickett, the Hon. J. McGowan, the Hon. George Fowlds and Mrs. Fowlds, the Hon. Ed. Mitchelson and Mrs. Mitchelson, Mr. L. A. Bachelder (Vice-Consul for America), the foreign Consuls, his Honor Mr. Justice Edwards and Miss Edwards, the Hon. A. R. Guinness, Mr. W. F. Massey, M.P., and Mrs. Massey, Mr. F. E. Baume, M.P., and Mrs. Baume, Mr. Alfred Kidd, M.P., and Mrs. Kidd, Mr. C. H. Poole, M.P., the Mayor of Wellington and Mrs. Hislop, the Mayor of Christchurch, the Mayor of Dunedin, the Executive Commissioners, the members of the Harbour Board, the Military Council, Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Wolfe, Lieut.-Colonel Abbott, D.S.O., Lieut.-Col. White, Commander Pettibridge, Chief Health Officer and Mrs. Mason, town clerks of Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch, and Dunedin, city engineer, Auckland, and the members and secretary of the Auckland Harbour Board.

PRESENTATIONS AND ADDRESSES.

The first business was the presentation of gifts and addresses. The first was the **ADDRESS FROM THE LEGISLATURE AND THE PEOPLE OF THE DOMINION.**

This was read by Sir Joseph Ward, and a copy of it will be found on page 18. In handing over the basket (elsewhere described) Sir Joseph Ward said: "I have very much pleasure, Admiral, in presenting you this as a memento of your visit to our shores. I may say that it is made of New Zealand greenstone, of New Zealand silver, and New Zealand gold. I also ask you to accept with it our kindest wishes, and best assurance of personal good will and also our delight at having you amongst us." (Applause.)

THE ADMIRAL'S REPLY.

Rear-Admiral Sperry, in reply, said:—"Sir,—We have a common blood, a common origin, and a common interest in the Pacific—(applause)—and such a combination as that is an assured basis of enduring friendship in both oceans. (Applause.) From 45 South to 20 North there is an almost unbroken chain of Anglo-Saxon possessions, and stretching through Borneo to Hawaii, North-East across the Pacific, there is another line of Anglo-Saxon possessions, all of which prove a common interest. The reception you have given us is an earnest of the strength of the ties of blood, sentiment, and common brotherhood, and testifies to a common thought which is more welcome than you can understand. We have with us a community of 15,000 active, manly young men in the Fleet. Ships are to be bought with money, but the soul of a fleet is the personnel, and that cannot be purchased. (Applause.) Therefore, we thank you all personally for the reception. We have a common brotherhood, and we like, you have had a noble race for our predecessors. In this country the Maoris proved a skill and energy in defence of their country of which any nation may be proud. (Great cheering.) I thank the Dominion Government, the people for the welcome, and also as Commander-in-Chief, I thank you for this typical, handsome souvenir of our visit."

Sir Joseph Ward then called for three cheers for the Admiral, which were duly given.

ADDRESS TO THE PRESIDENT.

Sir Joseph Ward and Rear-Admiral Charles S. Sperry then stepped to the front of the dais, amidst prolonged cheering. The Premier then read the address to President Roosevelt, a copy of which appears on the next page.

At the conclusion of reading the address, the Premier said:—"Admiral Sperry, I ask you to accept this present for President Roosevelt. It is made entirely of New Zealand materials. It is our own wood, without any colouring, our own gold, and our own silver—(applause)—and made in this city. We wish to send it to the President through you, Sir." (Prolonged cheering.)

Sir Joseph Ward then handed to the Admiral the beautiful present, a description of which has already appeared.

Admiral Sperry said:—"On behalf of the President, I have much pleasure in accepting this handsome present. Nothing can appeal so strongly as this grand welcome from a great people—a people small in number, but great in development. You are a people who are working out your destiny, and developing a free country, developing it by the people and for the people—(applause)—for the common good. You are securing all the benefits of nature for the people, in order that when they grow old they will not have to face poverty and distress. There is nothing can appeal more to the President as President, and also as a man, than this very hearty welcome that you have tendered to us. His life has been one of strenuous effort for the physical and moral development of his State and his country on the best and noblest lines, and on his behalf I have pleasure in accepting this testimony of the kindly feeling existing between newest England and newest America. (Great cheers.)"

At this stage of the proceedings the Premier noticed the Hon. Mahuta and Mrs. Mahuta, also Mr. Henare Kaihu, in the crowd in front of the dais, and at once invited them on to the platform, and introduced them to Admiral Sperry.

HARBOUR BOARD ADDRESS.

The Hon. E. Mitchelson, Chairman of the Harbour Board, next read the address presented by that body to Rear-Admiral Sperry, the text of which is as follows:—

"To Rear-Admiral Charles S. Sperry, Commanding the American Fleet.

"Sir,—The Auckland Harbour Board offers to yourself, your officers and men a heartfelt welcome on your entry to New Zealand waters and the port of Auckland.

"We feel highly honoured by the visit to this harbour of so majestic a fleet of warships as that under your command, and one which so fitly represents the sea power of your great nation.

"This port receives you all as kinemen springing from a common ancestry, and the cordiality with which we greet you is explained by the words uttered on a

memorable occasion by one of your brother admirals, that 'blood is thicker than water.'

"The whole of the facilities of our port, its equipment and machinery, as well as the services of our staff, are gladly placed at your disposal.

"We trust that your sojourn amongst us may be interesting and enjoyable to yourself and to all the members of your fleet.

"With the greatest respect and esteem,

We are,

THE AUCKLAND HARBOUR BOARD,
E. MITCHELSON, Chairman.

"Auckland, New Zealand,
August, 1908."

THE COMMANDER'S REPLY.

Admiral Sperry said:—"Mr Chairman and Gentlemen of the Harbour Board, it gives me great pleasure to accept this souvenir of our visit, and also to express to you my appreciation of the magnificence and safety of your harbour. (Applause.) I thoroughly appreciate that it can be entered with safety in all states of the tide. It is an ideal harbour, with none like it in the Pacific in that respect, with the exception of Sydney and possibly Manila. I find on all sides every facility which a sailor may desire, and I can tell you they desire a good many. (Laughter.) I am pleased to find these facilities have been supplied by the energy and forethought of your board. I thank you very much for your hospitality, and for the magnificence of our reception, also for the berthing of the fleet, and for the kindness you have shown us in many ways."

This concluded the ceremony. Following the presentations, grouped upon a handsome curved table at the crown of the dais steps, the whole assemblage of guests proceeded to the carriages awaiting them, and proceeded to the Drill Hall for the second part of the ceremony.

Sir Joseph Ward asked the officers and members of both Houses to then proceed to the Military Hall, as it would facilitate the journey thence of the Admiral and those accompanying him.

As Sir Joseph and Admiral Sperry, accompanied by Lady and Miss Ward, drove off, the crowd sent up three hearty cheers, and the landing ceremony had become a thing of the past. The people rushed the now-deserted dais for a final glimpse from this eminence of the distinguished guest, and slowly and orderly the great crowd filtered to other business.

THE STREETS.

About nine o'clock on Monday the side arteries of Auckland were ringing with the tramp of armed men, the clattering rattle of horses' hoofs linking on the metalled road, the occasional hoarse roar of officers shouting commands—all the circumstance of war. The men were making their way from all quarters to their posts in Queen street, where with gleaming bayonet surmounting grim rifle they guarded the route of the Admiral to the Military Hall, in Wellesley street, to form guards and escorts for the Governor and the Admiral.

By half-past nine the streets were lined, and the volunteers and police began their peaceful battle with the encompassing and ever-pressing crowd. Why the British matron will always put the beloved child in the most dangerous part of the crowd, even her anxiety to let them see everything will not explain. The police had to keep back the crowd at any cost, and they had to back their horses against the multitude, recklessly regardless of child or woman, because otherwise there would have been no procession. At the bottom of Queen-street there was a terrible pack, ever pressing forward, ever jostling at the police and volunteers who were only doing their duty, yet on the whole always in good temper. Cheers shouted ironically greeted every raid made by the mounted police on the surging crowd, cheers were raised mockingly at people within the line who had passed—so envious is the Britisher of privilege, even when it carries onerous duty with it—cheers and Homeric laughter greeted almost every incident of the moment. It was a good-humoured crowd, pushing and surging like the sea against the thin wall of volunteers and police; and it was remarkable, considering the vast number about the streets, how the order was maintained as well as it was.

The side-streets sloping upwards from