

dressed with black and blue war-paint, and their hair decorated with feather plumes. The night was an exceedingly warlike one, as the tribes, yelling their battle songs, fell in in companies on the parade ground. They crouched down a short distance in front of the stand, weapons in hand, waiting for the arrival of the Royalities. About two thousand Maoris were gathered here to take part in the dances, while about another three thousand natives were spectators.

The leading company, occupying the position a little ahead of the other bodies, was the Ngapuhi tribe, of over a hundred dancers. On the extreme right was the great body of the Arawa tribe, all stripped to the waist, and wearing flax waist mats armed with wooden-plumed battle-axes, while on the right were the Whanganui, Hawke's Bay, Lake Taupo, Wairarapa, Urewera and other tribes. Immediately in front of the stand was placed the model canoe, which the Arawas were to present to the Duke, covered with mats, on which were laid Major Fox's presentation sword and rifle.

As the Royal party took their seats the great body of the people, widely excited, rose up, with spears, taiahas and war axes in hand.

Then began a splendid martial scene, the like of which will never be seen again in New Zealand. The Ngapuhis performed a war dance, and then moved off. Then came Te Arawa, who also, with their weapons in hand, went through the warlike drill with machine-like precision, singing in great chorus a song of welcome, roared from several hundred throats, led by old Major Fox, who, sword in hand, danced wonderfully energetically.

Then came the war dance of the Ngaiterangi tribe, from Taunanga, armed with sharp spears, and with white feathers stuck in their hair. They sang their welcome song, then yelled the well-known old war song, beginning "kia kutia," etc. A Wanganui tribe then, dressed only in flax waist mats, danced some splendid hakas, which were loudly applauded as they moved off.

Then the chieftainesses advanced and laid handsome mats at the Duke's feet. Next the Arawa tribesmen came on again, attired in waist garments and performed hakas exceedingly well, the roaring choruses from hundreds of throats, and simultaneous thud of hundreds of feet on the ground making the performances most impressive. Led by their chiefs, they chanted appropriate songs of welcome to the grandson of the Queen. Then the Ngaiterangi tribe again came on the scene, leaving their spears behind. Led by their chiefs, they performed a good haka to the accompaniment of a fine song, in which they greeted the Duke with the words, "Oh! welcome here, draw near to us. Oh! our treasure from afar." Then they retired with loud hurrahs.

The Ngapuhi warriors, from the far North, gave another war dance, led by an old warrior in front, almost entirely naked, to show his remarkable breech tattooing. They marked off, singing an ancient song of welcome to their great guest from beyond the far boundaries of the sky.

Next came a splendid exhibition, which carried one in imagination to the olden days. The young chief Te Heuheu, feathers in hair, legs bare and native mat round him, taiaha in hand, rushed down the centre of the field to where a small army of half-naked men were crouching on the ground, with spears in their expectant grasp. When a short distance from the warriors he hurled a spear at them in the ancient fashion of the "Wero," or challenge, and at once turned and fled back, pursued at racing speed by the warriors, their bare feet thundering on the ground as they ran. These were Heuheu's tribe, the Ngatituharetoa, from Lake Taupo, about two hundred strong, including a large party of splendid-looking women in flax, feather mats and capes. Just in front of the Royal stand they halted in fighting array. Then followed a thrilling peruperu, or real old war dance, far exceeding those which preceded them.

At the word from their chiefly-looking leader, Te Heuheu, they sprung up and yelled out their song of jubilation in honour of the visit, jumping this way and that, their faces grimacing and eyeballs glaring, all keeping splendid time with their forest of spears.

At intervals in the dancing the ceremony of presenting gifts to the Royal visitors took place. A line of men and women advanced, facing the ranks, and deposited their treasures at the Royal pavilion, at the feet of the Duke and Duchess. Every tribe had given its most precious heirlooms, and some were very rare and priceless in their historic associations—mere of whalebone and greenstone, beautifully worked mats of kiwi feathers, or coloured flax handsome feather kits, korowais, and pūpūis in wonderful variety of form and colour. One gift was an old-time banner of flax, another a beautiful mat of pigeon feathers. The gifts, numbering dozens, were piled high in a heap on the floor of the pavilion before the Royal couple, and Mrs Carroll fastened a handsome greenstone tiki round the Duchess' neck. The Maori address of welcome, beautifully framed, was laid on top of the pile.

### A Memorable "Hui."

"Haere, ra! Haere ra!" ("Depart, depart") was the loudly-chanted farewell with which the assembled thousands of the Maori race at Rotorua bade adieu to the Royal visitors on Saturday afternoon. Assuredly the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York must have felt that there was nothing forced or artificial about their reception at the hands of the generous open-hearted native people.

Well, it is over now—the greatest "hui" Rotorua ever saw, or ever is likely to see. The Heir-apparent and his gracious consort have seen the Maori in his native "wonderland," and now that their Royal Highnesses have departed, now that the excitement has subsided and the echo of the last cheer died away, one can sit down at last in peace and quietness, and review the many memorable incidents of the past few days. For, though but a flying visit, the trip to Rotorua was crammed full of incident, and the Royal party, in Yankee parlance, "jumped" from place to place with a celerity that gave but little leisure to the small army of special correspondents, who chronicled their movements.

Looking back on the trip to Rotorua, one thing is certain—and that is that the visit of the Duke and Duchess of York was a splendid success.

That they enjoyed themselves most heartily throughout the trip was very evident; and, indeed, both the Royal visitors, before leaving Rotorua, were kind enough to express in warmest terms the keen pleasure they experienced in their brief glimpse of the thermal wonderland and the King's loyal Maori subjects. It is stated that both the Duke and Duchess remarked that they were better pleased with the Rotorua trip than with anything they had gone through during the whole tour, and again, after Saturday's great demonstration, His Royal Highness thanked the Hon. Jas. Carroll very warmly for the splendid native reception arranged for them. Much as they had heard of Rotorua and the Maoris, the reality (said His Royal Highness) far exceeded all their anticipating. Such expressions of appreciation from the lips of the Royal visitors must have been very gratifying to Mr Carroll and those who worked with and under him, but it required no words to show how keenly both the Duke and his consort enjoyed their three days' outing. One had only to see their smiling faces and hear their hearty laughter to realise that. After all, it must be more enjoyable to spend the whole day under a blue unclouded sky amid surroundings and scenic charms as pleasant and picturesque as novel, than to undergo the round of levees, receptions and other solemn functions with which a more civilised society thinks fit to entertain a visitor of ultra-high degree. It is surely pleasanter to sit in the open air and watch the rhythmic Maori dances—the weird "peruperu," the graceful "poi" dance—than to struggle—be it never so valiantly—through the dreadful ordeal of shaking some thousand unknown persons by the hand. The comparison seems quite superfluous.

The Royal party were fortunate as regards weather while at Rotorua. For ten days before their arrival rain fell more or less continuously, and when the Royal train drew up at Rotorua platform on Thursday last heavy showers of cold, drizzling rain

swept over the waiting thousands, and converted the fine broad streets into seas of mud. But the next morning broke fine and clear, and thenceforward the weather was absolutely perfect, the cool clear air tempering pleasantly the brilliant sunshine from a cloudless azure sky. Rotorua, with its lovely lake and green-clad hills and island, never looked more beautiful. The reception at the station on the afternoon of their arrival was marred by the wretched weather, but every other part of the programme went off splendidly. It was just as well the Royal party did not visit Waitapu, otherwise they must have missed many novel sights, of which as it is they carry away the pleasantest recollections. The welcome ceremony at Ohinemutu on Friday was a most interesting native function, and the dances on the racecourse that afternoon enabled the natives to give many dances which time would not have permitted on Saturday. The Geysers at Whakarewarewa could not fail to impress Their Royal Highnesses, and brief as was their glimpse of Tikitiki, that weird region of boiling mud pools will leave a vivid recollection in their memories.

But the feature of the visit was undoubtedly the great native assemblage on the racecourse on Saturday. Such dancing, and on such a scale, has not been seen in Maoriland for very many years, nor is it likely that the equal of this great "hui" or Maori inter-tribal carnival will ever be seen again; for "tempora mutantur, et nos" is as true of the Maori as of the Roman or any other mortal. It was the sight of a lifetime, that great gathering on Rotorua racecourse. Four thousand Maoris, representing all the tribes from the far South to the Bay of Islands, were mustered in battle array, and all in the old-time costumes now fast passing out of use. Only twelve or thirteen hundred of the natives actually danced, but the number was quite large enough to be impressive. It was a grand sight to see the long rows of dusky, half-naked warriors, their bare feet beating time with a measured "thud, thud" that made the ground tremble, brandishing their weapons in perfect unison, as in deep-throated chorus they intoned their poetic chants and invocations. Inspiring too was the "swing, swing" of the graceful poi dances of the women, as the pairs of little raupo balls struck head and breast and legs in perfect time. Anything that might have been objectionable in the dances had been carefully eliminated; there was practically nothing to which exception could be taken. Dance followed dance in quick succession, and the great demonstration passed off with scarce a hitch from first to last. It was, in short, a memorable spectacle, and those who had the privilege of seeing it are not likely to forget the scene. A striking feature of the demonstration was the ceremony of presenting gifts to the Royal visitors. The Maoris' generosity was truly remarkable—all the more so, as one aged chieftain remarked, when on considered by way of comparison the extent of the average white man's prodigality towards his Maori brethren. Costly and rare were most of the presents they laid at the feet of the Duke and Duchess. One appreciated their loyalty and open-handed generosity, but could not help regretting that so many priceless souvenirs of a romantic past should leave this country—priceless, because mere money could not replace their historic associations. But the tribes vie one with another in lavishing their gifts upon the Royal couple, and laid their dearest treasures in rich profusion at the feet of their distinguished guests. Some of the women half stripped themselves to furnish presents to the Duchess. It was impossible to count the gifts on Saturday, or estimate their value on the spot, but it is not beyond the mark to say that the presents given by the Maoris to their future King and Queen that morning represented fully a thousand pounds. The kiwi mats alone must have represented nearly half that sum. The greenstone weapons and ornaments were very valuable, especially the carved adze presented to the Duke by old Major Fox. His Royal Highness evidently appreciated

the value of this adze, for he carried it around with him all day on Friday, and brought it out himself next morning to the racecourse. He also wore in his hat several of the valuable hula feathers presented, and throughout the ceremony at the racecourse both Duke and Duchess wore long Maori mats over their ordinary attire. These delicate compliments on the part of Royalty pleased the Maoris immensely, for it showed that Their Royal Highnesses had a due appreciation of the value of the gifts, and prized them accordingly.

It was a fine sight to see the Maori chieftainesses fling out to lay their presents at the Duchess' feet. Almost all were tall, handsome well-built women, and they carried themselves like princesses. The women of the Hawke's Bay, Wairarapa and Wanganui tribes were particularly handsome, and the high born daughters of the Ngatituharetoa compelled admiration as they walked with stately carriage to the grandstand, and unfasting their beautiful white kiwi and other feathered mats laid them at the Duchess' feet.

One old Maori warrior had a curious method of presenting his offering, a rustling waist mat of coloured flax. Stalking out from among his tribesmen as they stood before the pavilion, the old man marched straight up close to where the Royal couple were seated, and without a vision of a smile flung the mat over the railing on to the stand; then, turning on his heel, stalked solemnly back to his tribe. It is questionable whether the Duke half liked this very casual presentation, though he evidently could not resist a smile. Very different was the demeanour of a grizzled veteran who brought a long flat hoeroa (two handed whalebone sword), ornamented with dog's hair. Reverently the venerable warrior carried his precious weapon to the Duke, and when His Royal Highness courteously accepted the gift, the old man's tattooed visage wreathed itself in smiles, and he nodded and smiled and nodded again all the way back to his place in the dance.

It was strange after the departure of the Royal couple to notice how quickly the old-time Maori aspect of the camp ground was, so to speak, toned down, if not entirely altered. Prosaic coats and trousers of a cut not exactly irreproachable, hid the broad dusky frames of the dancers; feathers vanished from their hair, and battered hats of many shapes replaced them; spears and axes were put aside, and the semi-European aspect of the modern native for the most part replaced the picturesque barbarian whom the Royal visitors had watched dancing his wild tungarahu only an hour since. It seems an anti-climax to mention the transformation. After all it is very like hauling up the curtain again five minutes after the tragic drama has reached its impassioned finale. If the lifted curtain should reveal perhaps the far from picturesque stage hands running off with the carpets and the table, it will not aid the impressiveness of the play itself. In the same way there is no need to dwell on the aftermath of one of the most picturesque functions ever known in Maoriland since the advent of the pakeha.

After the hakas, previously described, came more war dances by tribe after tribe. That of the Ngatituharetoa people, from Lake Taupo, was probably the most realistically savage of any. The solid column of bare backed men shouted in a chorus which might have been heard in the distant hills their war song and saluting chant to the Duke, whom they saluted as the present personification of the dead Queen. They leaped in the air this way and that, with indescribably fierce actions, the spears in their grasp now raised high in the air, now lowered in lightning time to the barking chorus of the peruperu, in just such a manner as the cannibals of Taupo might have danced a hundred years ago. Te Heuheu led on his men in a splendid manner. Great applause greeted the exhibition of what these Taupo fierce-eyed men could be in war time.

Next came the turn of the people from Tai Rawhiti or East Coast, including the Ngatipou and Ngatituharetoa tribes, mustering in all five hundred men, whose physique excited