

in a body of our English soldiers under regular discipline). Those upon the hill now began to move, clapping their guns and spears, and it was with considerable difficulty that they could be kept in anything like a line, whilst descending. I saw an old chief run forward and put an umbrella to the breasts of the first three, to regulate their movement. (What would these poor creatures say, were they to behold one of our grand reviews, in which the sound of a trumpet only has such powerful influence.) As soon as they had crossed a small rivulet which intervened, they increased their speed, each endeavouring to outrun the other, and many overshot their mark (like as we see a train on a railway sometimes) passing the stage for a considerable distance. They then gathered a little together and commenced dancing to words something like the following. *Kue kue mai te hiohiore ai*, wh: I do not know the meaning of but they have something of a fighting significance, no doubt. Afterwards both parties joined together for a *korero*—in wh: grievances were brought forward, and rectified, resolutions made, and the present quarrel at *Oruru* discussed, and I think a decision given in favour of settling the matter by force—Am not quite sure of this.

I never can forget the scene. Having such a desire to sketch I did not go down close to them, and consequently cd. obtain little of detail. However I have learned that Waikato's people (who gave the feast) and Rewa danced separately first and then joined. They then rushed furiously down the hill into the flat (about 60 yds. long where stood the stage—rushing across this they suddenly dropped on one knee, as if to receive a charge of cavalry, and after a few minutes rose, and stood in order by the side of the stage before commencing their dance. These retiring left a place for John Heke's party to dance. They had been looking on from our side where they were stationed. They crossed the rivulet slowly, then rushed to the foot of the hill where Rewa's people were standing—they then danced, and collected Rewa's people now joined them in dance. And as there were about 300, stripped and armed—in battle order, with many of their faces blackened, they yelled the most horrid sounds that can be conceived. During the dance they jump'd into the air, quite straight, coming down in the same place, throwing their arms (guns and hakis) about over their heads, and shouting their song—the beauty of wh: consists in the perfect time wh: they keep—the following is the song, wh: being in an old dialect (as most of them are) cannot be translated very perfectly: “*Etama, te uana e*” “*Etama te maroro ina hokira te tohu,*