

April 18.—The morning was spent in visiting the cemetery, where the officers and men of the Imperial forces killed at the Gate Pa in 1864 were interred, and in transacting business with several Maori chiefs. The Ngaiterangis, who fought so bravely against the English in the late war, are now the firm friends and allies of the Government. Two of their chiefs volunteered to escort the Governor overland to Ohinemuri by the difficult Katikati Pass, so long closed to Europeans. Accordingly the "Luna," leaving Tauranga at 2 p.m., landed the Governor and his Native guides at 4.30 p.m. at Katikati, where they passed the night in a small house belonging to Mr. Faulkner.

On the following morning, the 19th, the party started on horseback amid a deluge of rain, which lasted the whole day. This was the first bad weather which the Governor had met with throughout the whole journey from Napier. The streams and rivers to be forded were very much swollen, and the path through the forest, in the latter part of the ride of twenty-eight miles, was positively dangerous. However, the Governor reached Ohinemuri safely before dark, and on the next morning, the 20th, was received by Mr. McLean on board the "Luna," which had come round Cape Colville and up the River Thames. A large meeting of Natives was being held at Ohinemuri, for a *tangi* on account of the death of the celebrated chief Taraia. Several leading chiefs from various parts of the Island had accompanied Mr. McLean in the "Luna," and now joined in the *tangi*. When it was over, a *korero* was held, at which the Governor and the Minister for Native Affairs addressed the assembled tribes. We annex the substance of the speeches delivered:—

WIKIRIWHI rose and welcomed the visitors as follows:—Welcome, Governor, welcome, Mr. McLean, to the place of Taraia's death! Come and see the death of Taraia, and express your regret to the people who last saw him. His soul has gone, taken hence by the strong hand of death! Welcome, O people! Welcome, Ngatiraukawa and Ngatikahungunu! Come and express your sorrow at the departure of the Taraia of New Zealand; himself selected the day for his departure. Welcome, Ngaiterangi! Had he been bound with chains it had not been possible to detain him. Though his spirit has fled, his voice still lives, and bids you all welcome.

MOWATI KIHAROA: Farewell! The forms of death are varied: some fall from trees and die; others die in their houses; others, again, fall in battle; but these are all ways in which chiefs may die. It is a broad and open road, and you can see them go—and sorrow at their departure. We come hither to show our affection. The men of great name whom you knew, Taraia, have gone. You have gone to them; and now, farewell! Other people of yours have disappeared, whose canoes you commanded. (Song.) Farewell, farewell! I greet you, the people who last saw his face.

ROPATA TE ARAKAI: Welcome, Governor and Mr. McLean! Come and see the death—the death of Taraia. It is right to show grief on this occasion—to come to the death of Taraia. What can we do? Who can avoid the stroke of death? Welcome, people, who have come in accordance with the usages of our ancestors! Welcome to Hauraki! Bring hither those griefs, and lay them in the spot where Taraia died. Nothing can be done now beyond bidding you welcome.

TAREHA: Bid us welcome! Welcome your friends, the Governor and Mr. McLean; and bid us welcome, also, according to our usual custom. The voices now are not like the old voices; it is a different voice now. We come; we come to see the death of Taraia. The grief now displayed by the Governor is not only now shown for the first time—it has been already seen at the other deaths which have occurred in this land. Taraia is dead, and here is the Governor, come to mingle his tears with yours, and to mourn with Te Hira. Welcome your friend the Governor, and your man, Mr. McLean. These are the chiefs, showing love to the people of the land. Your old chief, as well as ours, has gone; but here is your old friend come to see you. Wherever grief is felt, there are the Governor and Mr. McLean, to alleviate the distress. When troubles arise, there they are, to put them down and restore order and tranquillity. There is now only one thing wanting; that is, a Maori chief, to accompany the Governor and your friend, Mr. McLean, wherever they go. (Song.)

APANUI: Why is it you mention Ngatiraukawa, as if that were the only tribe connected with Taraia? Bid us welcome. Here we come. We are all related to Taraia. Why do not you mention Ngaiterangi, Ngatiawa, Ngatikahungunu, and other tribes, all of whom are also related to Taraia? We have come to the spot where Taraia's body lay. When the sun comes near to setting, he sinks rapidly. What can we do? The road is broad and open; it has been travelled by our ancestors from olden time. (Song.) Farewell, farewell, my father!

MOANANUI: Welcome, welcome, people of the land! Welcome! There are few to welcome you. Come to Hauraki. Welcome to Jordan; leave Egypt behind you. Come to Jordan, my friends. Welcome, each and all of you! Welcome, you, my friends, who have come to the death of Taraia, come in order that we may speak mouth-to-mouth at Jordan. Because of others not holding similar views to those which we hold, they fled away. However, you will not be able to reply to my remarks. I shall touch to-day upon all those matters. I do not go to this place and that place to collect my knowledge, but you will not be able to reply to me. Welcome, my friends—come as you have come, well disposed, to see my face; do not think I am not glad to see you. Come and see your brother Taraia. Whatever precautions people may take, they cannot avert death. Come to see the foolishness of Hauraki; there is no knowledge in Hauraki; come and see it. Welcome, my father: bring the people of the land to see us; they would not have come had it not been for you. Welcome, my father: bring hither your guests to see the foolishness of the people of this place. Come hither, my father, from the place where you have been laying down life-giving principles of action.

MR. MCLEAN made a few remarks, which were listened to attentively by the Natives. We understood him to refer to the visit of the Governor and the several chiefs who accompanied him from different parts of the Island. In reference to Taraia, he said that he had departed in the usual course from old age on the road from which no traveller ever returns. The Hauhau prophets said that their dead would come to life to repeople the Island; if they were able to bring Taraia to life again he would believe them—but if not, they must see it was full time to cast off their silly delusions. In no instance had they seen people who had trodden the paths of death return again to repeople the earth. Idle rumours were in circulation that an attack was to be made on the Ohinemuri natives by Major Ropata, of Ngatiporou. Such a report was without any foundation. The present visit was merely