

houses of Hamilton, Cambridge, Whatawhata are dotted. Maungatautari Ranges formed a grand view in this direction. Looking eastward are seen Te Aroha Ranges, Rangitoto, Ruapeku, half enshrouded in white clouds resembling curtains.

THE WELCOME.

A small volume of smoke ascending is plainly visible. Ascending the hill, Sir George Grey and Mr. Sheehan leading, we discerned what at first might be mistaken for a close fence, with pallisade tops; but, on closer inspection, it became ranks of men, women, and children, in one long dense line, five hundred yards. As details became distinguishable the lines were seen in an animated state, fuglemen and women running about in front. We are now on the southern half of the amphitheatre, with extensive half-wooded valleys on the left, and with trees and vistas, like moving figures. Every shade of colour is flitting before the eyes with kaleidoscopic variety. Simultaneously, one long shout of welcome burst forth from the left, where Tawhiao, with the Ngatihaua to the right, running a long angle, with great rapidity. It was a perfect shout of joy, exultant, like the cry of a people suddenly restored. Then the regular tramp of the war-dance, weapons bristling in line, and a regular chorus of "*pouwhia*" or "welcome": "Draw hither the canoe to its resting-place! Come here visitors from the heavens! I was the man who invited you from the distant horizon."

Few shots were fired, the Natives sparing their powder. The Natives continually used the words, "Come here, Governor."

The first welcome being ended, the Natives filed off, Tawhiao in the rear. The visitors proceeded through the lines of *whares*, and past a neat, white fence grave of Takerei te Rau. Here the widow and relatives held a *tangi*. At the place selected for the European camp, which is on a small flat, made ground, bounded by a fern breastwork on the edge of a valley, the Natives halted and ranged themselves on the slope of the hill, within fifty feet of the visitors—a vast concourse, resembling an assemblage on the side of a coliseum. There was an extraordinary variety and contrast of colours—red predominated. Both sides regarded each other with absorbing interest. Sir George Grey seated himself on the stump of a fallen tree, where Tawhiao came forward to welcome him.

After a few preliminary observations,

Sir George Grey said: You do not look so well as when I saw you last.

Tawhiao: I have been unwell, but am recovering. You are old too.

Sir George Grey: You must not think me an old man yet. I have many years' work left in me, I hope.

It was a most gratifying sight when the Maori children, who were numerous and healthy, came forward and shook hands with the Europeans.

Tapihana passed, wearing his wife's petticoats. It is not known whether she wears the breeches.

The Natives next escorted the party to the encampment, where all distinguished men shook hands.

Tents were pitched, and Sir George Grey and Tawhiao took tea together in one.

An unusual body of men and women were present.

There were 3,000 small kits of potatoes, kumaras, pipies, and yams, half a bullock, and two pigs. A chief came forward and presented these to Sir George Grey, Mr. Sheehan, and friends.

Mr. Grace, interpreter, next presented this to the whole party, and there was an immediate onslaught. *Mamaka*, made from the juice of a punga, was also served. It is sweet, and not unsavoury.

A Maori clergyman conducted the Church of England service. Sir George Grey and other Europeans attended. The *Hauhau Parakia* followed some time after, and was largely attended.

THE KING'S OWN.

During the day the Native police, a hundred strong, kept excellent order. The King's body guard is a hundred strong, dressed in clean white sheets, wound round their waste as kilts. One Native carried a sword, which evidently belonged to some infantry officer, probably a captain.

The Natives maintained splendid order last night. Their police were stationed all about, excluding interruption of dogs, and comparative quiet reigned. There is a law here against drink. Europeans may have it only inside their tents.

OUR SPECIAL'S QUARTERS.—HIS INTERVIEW WITH TAWHIAO.

Your special was taken in the evening by Whitiora Wikomiti to his *whare*. There met Tawhiao. Whitiora presented your special with a splendid mat. I learned, in conversation, that Te Kooti got drunk and went about the village, boasting. Tawhiao told him he must be quiet or leave, and he preferred to leave. He had only ten followers. He has lost caste.

Tawhiao was reticent. I asked, "Do you object to reporters coming here?" Reply: "Haven't you been here twice before; did I tell you then that I objected to you?"

Tawhiao took a fancy to a Tyndall pipe, which I gave him. He appears always absorbed in thought. Apparently some trouble weighs on his mind.

NUMBERS PRESENT.

Various estimates are made of the number present. Yesterday the lines extended 500 yards varying from eight to five deep, but many were not present. The following are the Kingite chiefs here: Tawhiao, Tu Tawhiao (his son-in-law), Mauuhiri, Patara te Tuhi, Whitiora, Takerei te Rau, Te Ngakau, Arama Karaka, Taupiri, Riwi Hoani Wetere, Tamihana, Pakeho, Rehua, Te Tihiratu, Kereopa, Hone One, Teira, Whakaari, Alipene Kaihau, Tapihaua Paraoihi, of the Ngatimaniapoto; Paku, Rowatu, Hauauru, Raureti, Te Ruhina, Tuhoro, and 150 to 200 of the Ngatimaniapoto tribe. In all, I believe 5,000 are present.

Tawhiao's house is temporarily fenced, and six sentries with guns are posted round. No Natives or Europeans are permitted to enter. Candles were sold in the camp last night at 4s. each, for card-playing. Some Natives proposed a big dance.

The *korero* commences after food, on the top of the hill. A *wharepuni* for Wheoro's people, 100 feet by 40 feet, was built in nine days. The whole aspect of affairs is promising.