

## THE UBIQUITOUS BROWN.

I don't mean a penny; I beg to say I don't usually indulge in slang, and, besides, "browns," are not ubiquitous; some people would be precious glad if they were. I mean parties by the name of Brown—the name which Arthur Scratchley has immortalized. There was a party by the name of Brown here many years ago—long before bell-toppers, and parasols, and "own correspondents" got here. Brown was an aristocratic "sprig" from Home, out on a tour, with letters of introduction to Sir George Grey; and Brown's heart panted to see the aborigines. Brown's desire was more than satisfied before he had finished. He came to Whatawhata, he saw (the fair young daughter of a chief), and he conquered. Poor Brown's too susceptible heart surrendered itself up to his idol, and—ecstasy!—the fair enslaver reciprocated Brown's affections. They were married (according to the Maori fashion, I suppose), and then Brown was happy. But, and alas! all earthly happiness is a fleeting thing. The Maoris had got hold of a good thing in Brown—a *rangatira* of great *mana*—(the benighted savages did not know what a multitude of other Browns there were in the world), and they did not want to lose him. They knew the fickleness of human love. So they made a sort of distinguished slave of poor Brown, and kept him a close prisoner for six years. Brown's wife presented her lord with several whitey-brown Browns. But a chance of escape came, and he skeddaddled to Auckland, and he travelled away into far off lands, leaving Mrs. Brown and the young Browns to mourn. Some of the descendants of Brown—they have transmogrified him into "Te Pariona"—may be up there on the bank for aught I know.

P.S.—I hope no one of the very distinguished and influential Browns who are now shining ornaments of society in Auckland will imagine for a moment that I allude to him.

## THE SOLDIERS' GRAVES.

The floods are making sad havoc with the river bank here. They have undermined the cemetery where repose all that is mortal of many gallant soldiers who succumbed to Maori bullets, tomahawks, and disease in the neighbourhood. There is one grave which may be carried away any hour into the river. The dead bones would repose as well in the bed of the Waipa as anywhere else, but it is scarcely decent, scarcely grateful to the memory of those men who died to win these homes for their fellow-countrymen and countrywomen for all time to come that they should be allowed to drift away into the stream like dead weeds. Then, moreover, the names which kindly hands have carved, albeit rudely, on these boards are being fast effaced by Time's destroying fingers, and soon all identity will be lost. I believe the Hon. the Native Minister, having had his attention called to this matter by Mr. Hunt, has expressed his intention to have the whole of the remains in the various old military cemeteries disinterred and removed to one central cemetery, with a handsome monument with the long roll of the departed brave engraved deeply upon it. In me, who fought through the war of 1863-64 shoulder to shoulder with many gallant souls of whom nothing now remains but these poor bones, this project of the Hon. John Sheehan, on whose native soil the soldiers fell, arouses hopes of a graceful tribute which might serve to keep fresh and green the memory of many an old and trusty comrade.

## NOT "DIGGING ROUND" BUT PLANTING.

Comparatively few of the great peach groves remain here now. I remember how we used to luxuriate on fruit at this spot in 1865. Oh, the big "gorges" we had for nothing in those days. Do you know who gave the Natives those fruit trees? It was Sir George Grey, many years ago. I trust the settlers about here, when they go on their holiday picnics to the peach groves that survive the ravages of the ruthless "clearing for the plough," the fire, and stray cattle, will occasionally remember that they owe it to Sir George Grey that they can eat this luscious fruit.

We reached Te Rore at 6 o'clock. It was a thick, murky night, but the steamer made good progress, and reached Alexandra at 9.30 p.m.

It is half-past 2 o'clock in the morning as I write these concluding lines. All but myself have long since "gone to roost," and sleep in tranquility, all except one old *rangatira*, my room-mate, who (I have moved from the billiard-room) shall be nameless. He lies stretched on a bed just two yards away, with his tattooed face looking like a great round junk of mahogany. One hand descends from the sofa on which he is stretched to the floor, and is in loving proximity to a capacious pair of boots. If I had a telephone between this room and Auckland I could produce some rather remarkable effects just now. The way that aged *rangatira* is snoring is quite frightful to hear. "Synerk—Gnoo—Peah—Synnor—r—r—k!" Wouldn't I just wake you up—that's all. The cartilages of that old *rangatira*'s nose I'll warrant good for door-handles, washers, or fiddle-strings. There's gwine to be a burst up d'rectly I think. Good morning.

[From the Auckland Evening Star, 10th May.]

## THE GREAT NATIVE MEETING AT HIKURANGI.

(By Telegraph. From our Special Reporter. By Special Carrier and Telegraph from Alexandra.)

IMPORTANT PROPOSALS BY SIR GEORGE GREY.—HE OFFERS TAWHIAO £500 A YEAR AND HOUSE AT NGARUAWAHIA.

TAWHIAO AT HOME.

Hikurangi, Thursday, noon.

No meeting was held yesterday, and probably nothing will be done until this afternoon. Rain threatens. All accounts show that Tawhiao has long been anxious to mingle with Europeans, but is deterred by the fear of losing the respect of his followers. He always goes dressed in European clothing, and appears to have several changes. When he takes a fancy to anything his people have he sends for it, and no one ever dare refuse. His movements are jealously watched by his people.

## PURUKUTU'S OCCUPATION.

This morning Purukutu was very busy superintending the guard mounting. He took all the arms inside to examine them. He has a most forbidding aspect of countenance, and eyes all Europeans with