

church at the old Royal Hotel - about eight boys, and some very fine male voices. We were clad in Eton coats and orthodox collars, but where we got these Eton coats from I cannot for the life of me remember. I am certain I did not own one or the other boys. We must have borrowed them.

A great entertainer who travelled all round (the diggings particularly) was Thatcher. He was one of the cleverest men that ever came to the Colonies. He could enter a city or town, and in an hour's time he would collect the names of well-known individuals and their peculiarities and that night they would be in song and very cleverly written too.

A sample of Thatcher's verses is as follows. At the time that the Maori prisoners were kept in a hulk in Auckland Harbour, about 150 of them escaped, Sir George Grey being then the Governor, and supposed to be controlling the whole Maori War. The Maoris escaped, every mother's son of them. This was good for Thatcher, and I well remember the refrain of his song to the tune of "Hellsie Gray" -

"Kakene Georgie Grey. You let us get away  
And you'll never, never see us any more.  
Much obliged to you we are, and you'll  
find us in a Pah,  
Rifle-pitted on the Taranaki Shore."

What I want to say next I would not have said at all, had it not been for the little Rotary notice issued to-day which contains among other items,