

“ period of the last three years. In November, 1868, a formidable rebellion had
 “ broken out in your immediate neighbourhood, and the rebels, after devastating
 “ the whole country to the west, had advanced to within ten miles of your
 “ suburbs.

“ Under these circumstances, and at the urgent request of the local magis-
 “ trates and other principal inhabitants, I took the responsibility of transferring
 “ hither the detachment of Her Majesty’s troops which had been stationed at the
 “ seat of government at Wellington. I also came among you myself, having
 “ been assured that my presence at that perilous crisis would prove of public
 “ advantage, especially in stimulating the zeal of your Maori allies, who, indeed,
 “ headed by the gallant Te Kepa (Major Kemp), once more took up arms at my
 “ call.

“ My second visit to Wanganui was in September, 1869, when I rode over-
 “ land from this town to Patea. All pressing danger had then passed away, but
 “ there still existed a general feeling of insecurity. Now, on my third visit, I
 “ find that the wisdom and firmness of the Legislature, ably seconded by the
 “ gallantry of our local forces, both European and Native, and by the public spirit
 “ of the population at large, have established what I trust will prove permanent
 “ tranquillity and confidence. The settlements laid waste by the rebels have been
 “ re-occupied and extended, and a public coach is now running from Wanganui
 “ to Taranaki, through the country which a few years ago could not be safely
 “ traversed even by a very large force of Imperial and Colonial troops. The facts
 “ to which I have referred are well known to all who now hear me; but it seems
 “ expedient to place them on record for the benefit of those at a distance who are
 “ deeply interested in the welfare of New Zealand.”

6. The Address of the Natives* was read on the bridge by Te Kepa, surrounded by the chiefs and clansmen of his tribe. He wore his uniform as a Major in the Colonial Militia, and the sword of honor presented to him by the Queen. I trust that your Lordship will approve the terms of my reply.†. During my stay at Wanganui on this, as on former occasions, I paid a special visit to the Maoris at their own *kainga* of Putiki, and was again received with the customary war dance and chants of welcome. In the *korero* which followed, and which was attended by several chiefs recently in arms against the Crown, all the speeches were of the most loyal and peaceful character; and I was assured that I might always rely on the active support, alike in peace and in war, of the Maori clans which have already fought so long and so bravely for the Queen.

7. The Maoris asked permission to row Lady Bowen and myself, together with my family and suite, in their war-canoes, up the beautiful Wanganui River. Except in the immediate neighbourhood of the town, no Europeans have as yet settled on its banks, but they are studded with picturesque Native villages, at each of which the Governor and his party were greeted with shouts and songs of welcome. At night we encamped under tents at one or other of these *kaingas*, our Maori hosts gathering for us the flowering shrubs of their country, which form a soft, elastic, and fragrant couch. The scenery of the upper part of the Wanganui River resembles in many of its features that of the Rhine between Cologne and Mannheim. The old towns and castles are of course wanting here, but the vegetation of Germany is far surpassed by the magnificent and almost tropical luxuriance of the New Zealand forests. Nothing can be more striking and suggestive than the sight of a fleet of Maori war-canoes, such as that which conveyed and escorted us. The prow and stern of each canoe ends in a highly curving peak, carved in fantastic shapes, gay with streaming pennons of divers colours, and profusely decorated with the feathers of the kiwi (*Apteryx*) and albatross. Each canoe is rowed by from twenty to fifty kilted warriors, while in the midst stands a chief, with the spear (*taieha*) and green-stone sceptre (*mere punamu*) of his rank, guiding and encouraging his clansmen by voice and gesture, and marking the time for the rhythmical stroke of the paddles and for the wild chants with which it is accompanied.‡

8. Although all is now calm and peaceful on the Wanganui River, it will be recollected that much sharp fighting took place on its banks in both the first and

* See Enclosure 5.

† See Enclosure 6.

‡ A sketch of a Maori war-canoe is given in the frontispiece to Sir George Grey’s *Polynesian Mythology*.