

come in with tourists from Pipiriri. This is the boat we travel in to-morrow, she is run by the new line, the Manguni Settlers Association, whose manager is Mr. Milward, whom Hastings has seen, introduced by Mr. G. Martin of Christchurch. A great many new people in for tea - there is much going and coming during the season.

Pipiriri House, December <sup>Aotea</sup>

Packed up, leaving most of our things at Foster's till our return, and on board Aotea about half past six - a good many other travellers, boat started at seven a.m. The river sweeps round cliffs covered with bush, and there are innumerable tree-ferns. There are quantities of willows also - reaching nearly all the way up to Pipiriri and lining the edges of the banks. Most are of the English variety - but many are of the weeping willow, which so beautifies our Avon. All of these are self-sown, being descendants of trees planted by the Rev Richard Taylor an early missionary at <sup>Pan</sup> He took cuttings from the grave of Napoleon at St Helena, planted them with other trees at his settlement, and they have spread all along the banks for miles upon miles.

It will be remembered that our Christchurch weeping willows have the same common origin.

I found the rapids most interesting - one of the features of the trip. The navigation of the river is most difficult, the numerous rapids impede progress constantly, the engines being powerless against them. The steamer is literally hauled over them by ropes, one end of a thick cable is fastened permanently round a tree in the bank, the other lies in the water ready to be picked up by boat-hooks when the steamer comes up. Sometimes this is a long business, three men grappling excitedly for it with these long hooks which are cast over such as fishing lines are, the engines revolving frantically all the time to keep the vessel from slipping back, no forward movement being possible. A small oil engine on the lower deck works a windlass, once the rope is caught, the engineer flies to this, the loose end is worked round and round, men in front hauling in the rope as quickly as possible, and soon the rushing foaming torrent is passed - we are over, the little