

(c.) A peaceful arrangement, not inconsistent with the suzerainty of the Queen, with the chosen chief of the Maoris.

I have, &c.,

His Grace the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos.

G. F. BOWEN.

Enclosure 1 in No. 1.

Sir G. ARNEY to the GOVERNOR of NEW ZEALAND.

MY DEAR GOVERNOR,—

Auckland, 16th November, 1868.

I hope that I am not addressing you too familiarly thus, for indeed my intention is to use a term of loyalty to "my Governor," and not to presume upon the kindness which you have so lately extended to me at Wellington; but at any rate and risk I cannot forbear from offering you my sympathy on the sad intelligence, which I know will have caused you much sorrow, from Poverty Bay, while it will have filled you with anxiety for the future.

It is singular, and now marks your conversations with me as prophetic; I mean how you expressed, earnestly and repeatedly, to myself, your fears for outlying settlements, and your wishes that from some at least of them the scant population of Europeans should for a time retire, and come into those points of concentration at which redoubts might exist, and themselves be protected; and I think you especially named places along the East Coast whence the disastrous news has come. But, certainly, I little dreamed that I should so soon meet the schooner on the waters of Hawke's Bay, which spoke and boarded us on Wednesday last, with her freight of helpless women and children, to realize your worst apprehensions. It was a sight I shall not soon forget. All nature seemed so fresh and fair, sea and sky, and those noble mountain ranges that encircled the Bay at our back, but before us the small schooner's deck, crowded by those poor wan-visaged outcasts from Maori savagedom.

I will not venture to speculate on what may be done. But of this I feel convinced, that the Colony must brace itself up to hold its own until the time may arrive when the Native race may feel constrained to respect us in our strength, as they now despise us in our weakness. Meanwhile I do not envy you, having to take up the government of this beautiful country at precisely that period of its history when I believe it has been left more embarrassed in its finances, more crippled, relatively, in its power, and more exposed from its advanced settlements and increased cultivations to the savagery of the Maori race, than it ever has been left to any preceding Governor; I only hope that we may find our respite from destruction in the distracted councils and divided allegiance of the Natives, the mass of whom know full well that they have received little wrong and much good from the settlers.

You received the sad account of Poverty Bay by telegram (I presume) on Wednesday evening; I wonder if it arrested you from your visit to Wanganui projected for the next day.

It was well I did not venture to attend upon you thither. For on arrival here upon Friday morning I found my Court fixed "In Bankruptcy" for that same morning, and held the sittings at once, and in Chambers afterwards.

I have, &c.,

His Excellency Governor Sir G. F. Bowen, &c.

G. A. ARNEY.

Enclosure 2 in No. 1.

His Honor Mr. Justice JOHNSTON's Charge to the Grand Jury at Wellington.

THE JUDGE'S CHARGE.

His Honor then addressed the Grand Jury as follows:—

MR. FOREMAN AND GENTLEMEN OF THE GRAND JURY,—

It is usual, as you are aware, for judges, in addressing Grand Juries, to advert to the state and condition of the district for which they are acting, in respect of the maintenance of law and order; and although we are, fortunately, able to assemble together to-day in this place in the usual state of tranquillity, and, undisturbed by any immediate fears for ourselves, to assist in the calm administration of public justice, it would be but a stupid affectation in us to ignore what is passing around us, the imminent danger or too well-grounded apprehensions of many of our fellow colonists, the occurrences, unsurpassed for atrocity in the history of the world, which have recently taken place at no great distance from us, and the grave and critical emergency which the Colony is at this moment called upon to meet.

We see around us rebellion and anarchy, rapine and murder, in their foulest and most hideous forms, as developed by an organized fanaticism, devastating our borders, turning the garden into a wilderness, and with indiscriminate and inhuman ruthlessness sacrificing at once the brave man, the devoted woman, and the helpless babe in their demoniacal orgies.