

raises a commotion when he sees a favourable opportunity of troubling the hon. gentleman'.¹⁹

In the event, and in the words of the newspaper 'during the whole of the trip fine weather prevailed, and the journey of the Premier to the southern goldfields of Westland was in every respect a complete success . . . it has afforded to him pleasures, which only those can enjoy who, like him, take delight in the grand and majestic, as displayed in the scenes of a mountaneous country such as that of the Okarito district'.

The main account, headed **THE PREMIER'S VISIT TO THE SOUTH**, follows:

The Hon Mr Fox and his private Secretary, Mr Brown, accompanied by the Chief Surveyor of Westland, Mr Mueller,²⁰ started from Hokitika on Monday, the 4th inst., to visit the southern goldfields. The party having passed that night at Ross, were on the road at daybreak, and although the Wanganui Bluff was very bad and the travelling around it positively dangerous, they managed to reach Okarito the same evening. On Wednesday morning, fresh horses having been obtained, they proceeded to the Five-Mile Beach and were there joined by Mr Tizard, Mr Canavan,²¹ and others with whom they proceeded up the Waiho River, to visit the glacier on the right hand or southern branch of the river. The only road available is a natural one — the river-bed — and as that is generally composed of hard gravel, with a plentiful sprinkling of various-sized boulders, the riding is somewhat tedious, but now and again enlivened by having to ford the river, which in some places was rapid and deep, and, not withstanding the most laborious efforts of the riders to screw up their legs, the cold water frequently moistened most of them; for though the river was low the fords became worse and worse as progress was made up the stream. Occasionally, one of the packhorses would evince a strong desire to cross the river in a place deep enough to take him afloat, when instant chase would be given — visions of wet blankets and rheumatics startling the stolid into activity, whilst the bare possibility of want of tucker quickened even the most active. On the way up the river, the party called at Mr Friend's station, between the Waiho and the Totara, expecting to be able to avail themselves of his knowledge of the fords, but unfortunately he was absent at another station lower down the river, and so the party were doomed to find and select fords as best they could. Yet, notwithstanding this drawback, they safely reached the camping ground, at the foot of Mount Mueller, by 5 o'clock in the evening, no harm having been sustained through the furious eagerness of one horse to go ahead — especially in water — or the exceedingly small size of another of the animals. So anxious did one horse appear to approach the glacier, that one would have almost supposed that his