

Captain Johnson landed, and as he was going to Whangaroa the next day, after surveying the West Reef, I decided to go with him.

On the 6th I went on board, and landed at Whangaroa with Captain Johnson and Te Roiri (the Native engaged as pilot during the marine survey of the Island), the same day. This place possesses a fine deep bay, which appears to offer safe shelter for shipping in all weather. The appearance of the land is not prepossessing, and it would seem that the Natives are of the same opinion, as there are only five living here altogether—two men and three women. Te Roiri, who passes much of his time here, invited us into the best of two houses, and sent for a jug of milk, which we found very acceptable. Keta te Kopu lives here. He is a very old man, but hopelessly deaf, and rarely speaks to those about him for days together. We saw four cows, three steers, and 150 sheep, besides several horses, and a few pet pigs, all in good condition, except the horses, which are ridden by Natives without a spark of consideration.

On the 8th, having secured two available horses, I left with Captain Johnson for Tupuangi. The land over which we passed is flat and swampy; there is not a tree in sight, and nothing to attract attention except clouds of smoke issuing from the burning plain, which is composed of peat to a depth of several feet. The greater portion of this land might be drained at a moderate cost, and would then be better adapted for grazing purposes. On arriving at Maunganui we heard that all the Tupuangi Natives were there at work in their cultivations. Captain Johnson moved on to take an observation, while I went to see the Natives; they gave me a very kind reception; and by the time Captain Johnson returned, I was enabled to offer him a dish of Irish stew, besides an abundance of fried pork and potatoes, and some wholesome Kawa Kawa tea. This is a pleasant place, and just the country for cultivation; the land is covered by bush, and the soil, though mixed with sand, is very productive; the Natives grow fine potatoes, Indian corn, onions (small but of good quality) pumpkins, and rear many pigs, as well as horses and cattle, the latter generally run wild in the bush. Here I engaged a strong horse for the rest of the journey, and taking leave of the Natives and Captain Johnson, who returned to Whangaroa, proceeded to Tupuangi, accompanied by Hakopa, a Moriori, who acted as my guide. This is an open roadstead to the North and Eastward, but affords good shelter, with winds from other quarters, when boats can land. The village is large, but many of the houses, having long been vacant, are in a dilapidated state, and the church, which was once an ornament to the place, is fast falling to pieces. A large number of Natives lived here a few years ago, attracted by the pleasant aspect and inexhaustible supply of very fine pauas (shell fish), much sought after by Natives generally; but an epidemic overtook them and carried off nearly all the adults, male and female, and reduced them to their present limited number.

On the 9th, started for Wharekauri, with my friend Hakopa, a most communicative companion, but a very indifferent guide, conducting me as he did across extensive swamps instead of skirting the edges, where the path is tolerably good. After floundering through a succession of swamps, at the risk of leaving our horses behind us, we reached Wharekauri, more by good luck than management, as I was afterwards informed by Natives and Europeans. Here I met Mr. Patterson, a gentleman keeping sheep with Mr. Chudleigh, who was from home, and received a polite invitation to go to his house. I sent Hakopa to the Native village, about a mile distant, to engage a guide to Kaingaroa, as he had no desire to go further, and as his horse was knocked up. He returned in the course of an hour, and told me that the Natives were away, and not likely to come back till late in the afternoon. I therefore accepted Mr. Patterson's invitation to stay for the night. This station is well selected, and the condition of the sheep sufficiently testify to the goodness of the feed upon it. There is an abundance of bush and fertile land in the immediate neighbourhood of the homestead. The swamps, over which I had passed, afford, as I was told, good feed for the sheep, where they graze during the day time, and make for the higher ground towards evening. I went to the village with Hakopa, and met Wiremu (a Moriori) his wife, and an American Negro, the rest of the people had not returned. Wiremu, who had heard of the meeting held at Waitangi through my loquacious friend Hakopa, told me that the Morioris would agree to the survey, but they did not know the views of the Pakehas (meaning the Government) on the subject of the ownership of the land—the Morioris think the land is theirs, the Maoris say the land is theirs, but we do not see it, because they came here as strangers. He said, "Do not delay the sitting of the Court, because the Morioris are few enough now, and each year decreases their number; if you keep the Court back five years there will not be a Moriori left to prefer his claim." After a little mental calculation Wiremu said that in former times the Morioris were a numerous people, now there were not more than sixty men and forty women left; there are no children, those we had are all dead. He alluded to the persecutions endured by the Morioris at the hands of the Maoris, and said that the difference of the treatment now received was owing to a conviction that the Government would eventually assist the Morioris; this ended the conversation.

On the 10th, after breakfasting off some fine mutton, I left with Wiremu, my new guide, for Kaingaroa. The tides were unfavourable, and the riding over the soft sand was very labourious for the horses. We stopped two hours at Matarakau, where we refreshed ourselves and our horses. This is a charming place as seen from a little rising ground about a mile from the village, and is not unlike Wharekauri, for the beauty of the scenery. Ihaka Ngapuke lives here, and acted as my escort. He afterwards accompanied me to Kaingaroa, where we arrived at two p.m. The schooner "Dispatch" was at anchor in the bay, and created quite a sensation, judging from the number of Natives on the beach. This bay is small, but affords safe shelter to small vessels in all winds except North, when the sea breaks over the reefs, inside of which is the anchorage. Pamariki Ranmoa took me to his house. We were followed by Riwai Taupata, assessor; and other prominent Natives. Pamariki said, "That when the people heard of my return from Te Whanga to Waitangi, they were disappointed. Now that I had come amongst them so unexpectedly, their minds were at ease, and they were glad to see me in Kaingaroa. He would not ask me to stay now for a 'korero,' but if I would meet the people here to-morrow, they would be pleased." I replied, "That the long stay of the steamer had enabled me to see Whangaroa, Tupuangi, Wharekauri, and Matarakau, and that had I left without seeing Kaingaroa, my disappointment would have been very great; that I was not at all fatigued; but as a