

waves, as if they bade defiance to the destructive rocks and foaming billows that rolled over them with a dreadful noise; to direct us, where it would be safe for the boat to land.

When the Boat came near the shore a number of natives pushed through the surf, laid hold of the boat, and conducted us safely in.

The Chief's residence was on the east side of the harbour but we were compelled to land on the west side, on account of the surf, and had therefore to cross the water in a canoe.

The whole place was surrounded with broken rocks which resembled more the ruins of old abbeys than any thing else. — Some formed very large arches, others deep caverns, some were like old steeples and others like broken Maspy Columns; — in short they represented the most curious group of ruins which time, storms, and Seas have made. — A numerous crowd of men, women, and children came to meet us. — The Chief and Mayhew were overjoyed at our visit.

The Chief who had been on board was the War Commander, or one, whom the New Zealanders call the Fighting man — yet we now found there was another higher