

a little sprinkling of the Waves. We here found some pretty little cottages and their Gardens in high cultivation, neatly fenced and laid out, and the potatoes, yams &c all planted in separate Beds, ^{with} not a weed to be seen. In passing thro' the Village I observed a Mans head stuck upon a pole in the front of a cottage. The chief stole silently from behind me and took it down, and carried it into the Hut. He was not aware that I observed it, and by his cautious conduct I concluded he was desirous I should not, on that account, take notice, but passed on. It was from this Village the messenger had been dispatched to Gen the Otahetian, but had not yet returned: we walked about 2 miles into the interior on the path where Gen was expected to pass, attended by a considerable number of natives. In our way we saw some beautiful plantations of potatoes and other vegetables. The Women appeared as if they were little acquainted with Europeans, and most of them kept at a distance for some time and always fled away when we spoke to them, at length we were hailed by some of the natives, and informed, Gen had taken another Road and was gone down to the Beach. We returned immediately and made for the sea, but in a contrary direction from that we had been walking in. Being conducted by the natives on our way we met the chiefs son. He was dressed in the India prints I had given to his Father when on my way to the Bay of Islands. The edges of his garment were ornamented with ^{white} Dogs skin with the Hair on, and looked very handsome, the print being red and white gave it a tasteful effect, he was an exceeding fine youth and produced the printed orders of Governor Sir Durrice given by me to his Father. They were wrapped up and covered with great care in order to keep them clean. He requested I would give him a passage to port Jackson to which I consented. He told me