

he had received. It is more than probable he esteemed the plane from the greatest present he had ever received. I was anxious to reach the head of the river, as soon as possible, as the weather was now fine, and therefore left the Venerable Chief. When we had gone about three miles further we came opposite to a village called We-te-oha-hetee situated upon an hill, as soon as they saw us they waved a mat as a flag, and called aloud for us to visit them. The fighting men came running down with Muskets, Spears &c. They fired their Muskets and danced the war dance, in order to pay us Military Honors, according to their Custom. We stopt to speak to them, we told them we could not visit them on our way down the River, but promised, when we returned, to spend a night with them. I gave the Chief a Plane Iron, and we past on. About 4 O'Clock, we got within a mile of our journey's end. Our servants were hungry and tired, and wished to go on shore to Cook some provisions. We therefore landed, near the residence of the Chief who had accompanied us from Ranghee Boe. He immediately caught an Hog, killed it, and our servants dressed it for themselves in a short time. While we were here taking some refreshment, the Inhabitants of the Village nearest the Head, called Weedee had observed us, and immediately a great priest named Ta-man-hena, who is priest of the Head of Shokee Bangha, and supposed to have absolute Command of the Winds and waves, came to visit us, and to invite us into the Village, to the Chief Mow Enna who is the Head Chief of the River. When we had dined we proceeded to the Village where we were cordially received by the joyful Inhabitants, Mow Enna had heard of our coming to see him, and had prepared a good shed for us. We spent the Evening in conversation with the priest, and the Chief, upon the works of Creation, the being and Attributes of God, on the institution of the Sabbath Day, and the resurrection of the dead. The Priest was a very sensible man, as far as the law of nature could direct him. He spoke of having communication with the Atua of New Zealand, that he answered him, when he prayed unto him. I told him that I had never heard the Atua of New Zealand, nor could I believe, he had, unless I could hear him myself and I wished him to pray, that I might hear him, while I was with him. He replied, when he came to see me at Ranghee Boe I should hear him. He believed all the New Zealand Chiefs, went to a place of Happiness when they died. The power of their Chiefs, the Rites and Ceremonies of their Religion, and the Glory of war, are the grand Subject of their Conversations. Their memories are very strong, and they shew a great anxiety to increase