

We endeavoured to explain to him, that our God made every thing, that he was always present with us, and continually took care of us, and heard and saw all that we did or said. The Chief wished an European would come to teach them, and said he would give him a farm, and he should live near him. Mow-Euna and his people, live in a rich and fertile Valley. There are a great number of fine Children, and a very important station might be established in this Valley for Missionaries, and I cannot doubt, but they would be kindly received. We had much Conversation on this Subject, with the Priest, and Mow-Euna who appeared a very mild man. After dinner, in order to relieve ourselves from the pressure of the People, we took a walk upon the beach. The natives followed us in crowds, we desired them to return, as we wished to be more alone. They immediately complied with our request.

We returned in a few hours, and spent the Evening in useful Conversation. Monday 4 Oct. We rose early this Morning, with an intention to examine the entrance into the River. It blew very fresh. The Priest said we should have his War Canoe, and he would accompany us, and prevent the winds and waves from rising. As soon as breakfast was over, the Priest, Mr. Will^m Puckey, and a very fine Crew of native young men, launched the Canoe, and we set off for the Heads, which were about 4 Miles distant. Ta-mang-hena told me not to be afraid, he would not allow the winds and waves to rise. There are two large Rocks at the Heads, in which the Gods of the Sea reside, according to the opinion of the Priest, and the inhabitants on the banks of the river. The Priest said he would command the Gods to be still, and not to disturb the Sea, till we had made our examination, and sounded the Shoal and Channel. We were no sooner in the Canoe than the Priest began to exert all his powers to still the Gods, the winds and waves. He spoke in an angry commanding tone, however, I did not perceive either the winds, or waves to yield to his authority, and when we reached the heads I requested to go on shore, till the Priest and Mr. Puckey went out to sea, to sound the sand bank, as the water was rough. I landed near the sacred rock, and one Chief with me, who expressed great alarm, lest I should tread on the consecrated Ground, and said the God would kill him, if he suffered me to do so, and he frequently laid hold of me in great agitation when he thought I approached too near. I was obliged to