

with Potatoes. In this part there is a large quantity of good land, that never has been in Cultivation, and would make a beautiful settlement. There appeared a great number of People here, in this very retired nook. As I passed along the Village, I observed a young man lying, and a Chief tattooing, or carving his breech. The operation appears to be painful: he cut deep every stroke, and continually wiped away the flowing blood. This is a very barbarous Custom. After remaining a few Hours, we left these Villages, with the return of the Tide. An old Chief with a very long beard and his face Tattooed all over, had accompanied us from where we slept last night. He wanted an Axe very much. At last he said, if we would give him an Axe he would give us his Head. Nothing is held in so much veneration by the natives as the Head of their Chief. I asked him who should have the Axe, when I had got his head. He replied, I might give it to his son. At length he said, perhaps you will trust me a little time, and when I die, you shall have my head. I promised him he should have an Axe, and he gave me two Mats, in order to secure one. I told him I had not one left, they were all at Ranghee too - He said he would send a man for it, which he did, when we finally left the River. We hastened back as fast as possible, and arrived at our lodgings about 6 o'clock, having gone by estimation little less than 40 Miles by water. The war canoes go at a great rate when well manned. We told the Chief Ta-ra-who-ka that we must leave him in the morning. He provided us with his presents of Potatoes, and two Hogs to take with us. The Priest of the Heads was our constant companion: as he was so well informed, upon all subjects relative to his Country, and Religion, I wished to learn from him, who was the first man, at New Zealand. He answered, that the first man who visited New Zealand, from whence all originated, was named Mowhee. That he had left his own Country with his followers, on account of public troubles, and was afterwards conducted by the God of Thunder to Thoorakkee, or what we call the River Thames. That Ta-urakke the God of Thunder sat at the Head of his canoe, and brought him safe to Land. His name is held in great veneration, and he is worshiped as a Deity. For several miles on the south west side of the river, the beach is covered with round stones of various descriptions, from 6 feet to one in Diameter. I asked the