

1820 was, and was informed, one of the Chiefs wives who had ⁽⁵¹⁾ been
blown up with Gunpowder was deposited in it. At the time we
July 23 arrived one old Chief had just died. A Number were assembled
together to mourn over him - After we had dined we took our
leave of this hospitable Chief and his wife, and made the
best of our way to Awanghs residence, where we intended to
rest for the night. Awangh, and myself and three of our
companions arrived a little after dark very weary, having
had a long Days Journey. We saw no more of the rest of our
party till day light the next morning - They were too tired to
reach the end of our Journey and had rested by the way.

July 24. As the Tide answered early for going down the River we
24th took our leave of this fine youth, who appeared to possess every
natural endowment, for making a great man, and good
member of Society, if the means of improvement were
only within his reach. I gave him an invitation on Board the
boromandel, and he promised to pay me a visit. His Residence
from the Ship I estimated to be about seventy miles.
After leaving Awangh we proceeded down the Thames with
a strong Stream and Tide, from the late Rains, and arrived
about Midnight at the place where the Men belonging to
the boromandel were cutting spars. It had rained very hard
in the Evening which still continued. We were very wet and
cold. On my arrival I found the two Huts which had been
built before I went to ~~Mercury Bay~~ ^{Towrangh} were both burnt by
Accident, and what things I had left with Mr. Emery
were consumed in the flames, amongst which I regretted
the loss of some fine Mats - On this account there was no
place for me to sleep in, as the Hut which was just put
up was too small to afford me any accommodation.
I was therefore compelled to sit up till the return of day.
The boromandel's Launch had also arrived that Evening with
provisions for the workmen, and Mr. Addison informed
me it was his intention to proceed in the morning to the
west side of the River, to see if he could meet with any
spars. I now determined to embrace the opportunity to cross
the River in the Launch in order to visit Tipero. After a cold
wet and uncomfortable night the morning of the 25th
July 25 returned, with a fair wind, but stormy and rainy. We now
embarked in the Launch, and sailed from the eastern shore,
and got well over to the west side, where we ran up a River
called the Wyeroa in which there are a number of Islands.
We anchored under one of them during the night. A