

a good country estate and is consequently a rich man. Judge in land disputes – holds sessions in his office – naturally indispensable because of his influence with the natives. Same reasons for Tari's appointment. The government fears them and pays them.

'A German had a house near the Hoka River estuary on the slopes of the Sandon Hills, sheep raising, earns money, since good grass . . .³⁴

'I pass drift-sand hills for a couple of miles on the journey up; we were sinking down to our knees. Grass. *Desmoaschoenus* [?] and one *Coprosma*, one *Arundo*-like plant and *Cassinia*, the only vegetation. A Maori boy riding on a horse came after us in order to go fishing mussels on the beach. Whale . . . on land in one place, colossal. A Maori girl on some of the far out cliffs, fishing in the whirling waves, in her fluttering clothes she sits like a statue on the cliffs that are washed over and over by the breakers; a picture worthy of the chisel. I saw her in Moetangi when she returned with a little basket on her back – the windblown hair concealing the wellformed face but not the brown eyes.

'Evening meal in the Maori house near the German's place when we came back in Yarborough's lost boat. Tea, kumara and a bit of fish . . . Fire in a little iron kettle, I warm my feet. One eats with one's fingers after an unsuccessful effort with a knife . . . the sugar . . . tea was served by the servant girl who was sitting outside. The man a great chief and a "nice fellow". He is not very talkative, more like a young bearded Maori chief . . . in his being, feminine, meek, mild, smoking his pipe and now and then participating in the conversation with a few words. When we in Taumatawhiwhi saw the boat drifting out in the storm and a fire burning on the beach our suspicions were aroused: they had not moored it. Grace asked if they could swim, "Badly". Asked a man in Russel's³⁵ house, a Maori, but he did not want to . . . Got a skiff, one oar each, came up to the boat which was half full with water. Difficult to row, extremely tired. Blisters on the hands, were drifting in the wind. Landed further down. Grace arranged a sleeping place for me with the Maoris – Yarborough was there . . . the morning after we had sailed to Yarborough in beautiful moonlight . . . At 10 o'clock Yarborough's boat sank with the flour sacks. One oar and one sack was rescued by a healthy Maori boy (15 years old) and another Maori. He was dressed in a long uniform coat with red braids. Cheerful and quick and fearless when he saw the boat out at sea, and although a poor swimmer he went out with his clothes on, then came back to take them off and then went out again. Was almost drowning before our shouts could prevail on him to return. He wrapped himself like in a bag at the prow during the way home. I found another oar the following morning when I was walking on the beach together with Manning in order to look at the globular sandstone formations. Had to scoop the water