

pressed my hand in his, and with tears in his eyes, exclaimed, 'God bless you both! we shall never see each other again.'

"We proceeded on our journey, in company with Aimy and his family, and another chief; and having walked about two miles without one word being spoken by any of the party, we arrived at the side of a river. Here we stopped, and lighted a fire; and the natives who had charge of the luggage having come up in about an hour, bringing with them some potatoes and dried fish, we cooked a dinner for ourselves in the usual manner. We then crossed the river, which was only about knee deep, and immediately entered a wood, through which we continued to make our way till sunset. On getting out of it we found ourselves in the midst of some cultivated ground, on which we saw growing potatoes, turnips, cabbage, tara* (which is a root resembling a yam), water-melons, and coomeras,** or sweet potatoes.

"After a little while we arrived at another river, on the opposite side of which stood the village in which Aimy resided. Having got into a canoe, we crossed over to the village, in front of which many women were standing, who, waving their mats, exclaimed, as they saw us approaching, "Arami, arami,"† which means, 'Welcome home.'

*The taro.

**The kumera, a sweet potato, which was extensively cultivated by the ancient Maoris.

†"Haere mai," "come here," the usual words of welcome.