

of the shell, string them together, and hang them up over the fire to dry in the smoke. Thus prepared, they eat like old cheese, and will keep for years. The coomeras, or sweet potatoes, are also cured in the same manner, which makes them eat like gingerbread. Their potatoes the natives pack in baskets made of green flax, and in this way preserve them for the winter. There are, however, three months in the year during which they live upon little except turnips, and at this time they do with almost no drink. The baskets in which they keep their provisions, and apply to other domestic purposes, are formed with considerable ingenuity, and with some taste, in their decorations.

Notwithstanding the stormy seas by which their islands are surrounded, and the woods, swamps, and rivers, which oppose such difficulties in the way of passing from one place to another through the heart of the country, the New Zealanders are known to be in the habit of making long journeys, both along the coasts in their canoes, and through the interior on foot.

Rutherford gives us some account of a journey which he once accomplished in company with the chief Aimy.

“I took,” says he, “my wife Epecka with me, and we were attended by about twenty slave-women to carry our provisions, every one of whom bore on her back, besides a supply for her own consumption, about thirty pounds of potatoes, and drove before her at the same time