

encamped, waiting for reinforcements. Meanwhile messengers were continually passing from the one party to the other, with messages concerning the war.

“One of them informed us that there was a white man in his party who had heard of and wished to see me; and that the chiefs, who also wished to see me, would give me permission to cross the river to meet him, and I should return unmolested whenever I thought proper. With Aimy’s consent, therefore, I went across the river; but I was not permitted to go armed, nor yet to take my wife with me. When I arrived on the opposite side, several of the chiefs saluted me in the usual manner by touching my nose with theirs; and I afterwards was seated in the midst of them by the side of the white man, who told me his name was John Mawman, that he was a native of Port Jackson, and that he had run away from the “*Tees*” sloop of war while she lay at this island. He had since joined the natives, and was now living with a chief named Rawmatty;* whose daughter he had married, and whose residence was at a place called Sukyanna,† on the west coast, within fifty miles of the Bay of Islands. He said that he had been at the Bay of Islands a short time before, and had seen several of the English missionaries. He also said that he had heard that the natives had lately taken a vessel at a place

*Raumati.

†Another rendition of Hokianga.