

lava. The soil in the neighbourhood of the craters is richer, looser, and more fit for cultivation than in other places.

Dr. Pickering made a visit to Hokianga, on the western side of the island, and found that it had more of the forest character than the eastern. He took the direct road to Waimati, which is fifteen miles from the Bay of Islands. The river Waitanga was very high, and one of the chiefs, a large and muscular man, seemed to take particular interest in getting them across safe and dry; but notwithstanding his stature and all his care, he could not prevent a slight immersion.\* The Doctor arrived at Waimati at 4 p. m., and was kindly welcomed by Mr. Davis, the Methodist missionary, to whom he had a letter of introduction. It was not without surprise that he found here a water-mill in operation, which the guides took care to point out with no little exultation. This, together with the fences, and well cultivated fields, were the works of the missionaries. He remained with Mr. Davis for the night, who advised his proceeding direct to Hokianga; but the guides who had hitherto accompanied him were ignorant of the route, and another became necessary.

The next day they passed over the flank of Te-ahooahoo, a volcanic cone, and the most prominent elevation in this region. A little farther on, a fine lake was passed, about three miles in length. At nine miles from Waimati, the wooded region was entered, which extended to Hokianga. Just before crossing the Hokianga river for the first time, the Baron de Thierry was met with, who was exceedingly polite. The road after this became difficult, it being necessary to cross the river repeatedly, and to follow the stream for some distance. The usual manner of crossing here is to be carried. The guides, under various pretexts, prevented them from reaching Hokianga, and they were compelled to stop four miles short of it, at a chief's called Tooron, of rather doubtful character.

Tooron, with his family, had worship both morning and evening, as is customary with converted natives, he himself officiating. The accommodations were none of the best. An open shed, with fire and blanket, were, however, sufficient to insure a good night's rest. Tooron was liberally paid, and so well pleased, that he said he was determined to carry his guests over the river himself. The road was any thing but good, being miry, and filled with roots of trees, so that

\* On the banks of the Waitanga, the adult inhabitants, to the number of twenty, were collected in a circle, each armed with a musket, and several had been met on the way, all armed. The cause of this unusual occurrence was not known. They are very fond of fire-arms, and on welcoming any one, particularly a chief, all the people of the village assemble and salute him with a number of rounds, in proportion to his rank.