

while I derive no profit from it. Why should I be deprived of my money? You say let the vessel be the amount drawn this time. But my wish is, let me have back the vessel and the money that all may be right. Now if I were to demand moned without a claim, it would be right for you to act thus. But I give you an equivalent for your money in land. As the matter now stands I will not take the vessel. I will return in a Maori vessel because I am grieved that I should have come up on a fruitless errand to ask for money from you, and from your friend Mr. McLean, and now you turn your backs upon me. I will do the same to you. Then you will say I am creating an evil, but it is not so, it will be your fault. That is all.

Now this is a song for my friend Governor Wynyard.

“Sail slowly, O clouds above the town of Auckland, where dwells the Governor. O listen to my application, borne on the South wind. It was not thought of by me; it was you who sought me out in my far distant home, and now I return confounded and ashamed.

From your friend,

(Signed)

TE HAPUKU.