

but on account of calms did not reach the settlement proper and Rust's accommodation house, Burnside Farm,⁵ until late that night. Anderson was much taken with the scenery at the heads and on the way upstream and was given useful information by both Walton and Rust⁶ on the district. "Wangarei is a quiet and romantic locality. There are an immense number of natives . . . but only about half a dozen settlers and two stores. . . ."

"The country it is said is overrun with wild pigs, The natives are very expert in catching them, with their dogs, a good pig dog will cost sometimes £5 or even more. Some settlers catch the pigs by making various enclosures about their fences, with a door so contrived to fall easily - The door is fixed and kept open for a week or so, and corn is laid down as a bait . . . In course of time herds of pigs come and bring others with them and the door is set in such a manner as to prevent their escape when once in the enclosure. hundreds of wild pigs are caught in this manner."

Robert agreed to accompany Dr Kenderdine "the Surgeon of the Settlement" to Maungatapere and gives a graphic description of the journey. "After fairly getting out of Wangarei we came to a large stream which the doctor crossed over by making his horse swim for it, I went further up to a more shallow place, and with great exertions got over the river, the flood carried me a considerable way down we next came to a large swamp and for about half a mile waded through up to the middle in mud water tea tree flax fern etc - we got out of this at last, the rain descending in torrents without intermission - passed over a large hill descending into several gullies, and proceeded for a few miles along the tops of ranges of hills covered with fern, tea tree and small scrub. We entered a bush by descending a steep declivity and continuing our descent which was very steep for upwards of a mile through the forest till we came to the Otaki [Otaika] river which the doctor swam. I was more fortunate here, the natives conducted me to a tree they had laid across the stream in a narrow place and with a little trouble I got over. This place is called Otaki Valley and several settlers are scattered about in its vicinity - There are a great number of natives settled here all of which are employed cultivating their land - we crossed a frightful swamp of flax etc and the doctor was rather at fault about the track which we should take. We procured a native guide who accompanied us to Dwyers creek where we had a hard job to cross - This is a savage country in the strict sense of the word, neither roads nor bridges . . . The Doctor again swam his horse, I managed to get over in seven or eight feet of water on some floating tea tree stakes - We crossed over another large swamp extending about a mile where I went in some places over the head, with fern, tea tree, flax growing from five to nine feet high - this travelling surpasses all I have hitherto experienced - we