

had two more rivers to ford in one of which the doctor was thrown off[f] his horse and plunged in the stream – we got gradually out of the valley and entered the forests at the base of Maunga Manu and Taupere . . . about eight o'clock we came in sight of Mr Walton's farm, the finest it is said in New Zealand – here the soil is rich volcanic and of extraordinary fertility. it was dark when I dismounted the doctor's horse which he had given me for the last half of the journey. The sight of an enormous fire cheered us and Mr Walton gave us a kind and cordial welcome . . .”

Next day the weather cleared and the three men climbed some distance up Maungatapere to gaze “with insatiable eyes upon one of the loveliest and grandest sights that the world possesses . . . Eden was there fulfilling every requisition of the imagination . . .” Anderson's text continues for a page in lyrical, if scarcely original, praise of the view and the land, so it was only to be expected that the following morning when Walton and Kenderdine showed him an unsold area within a mile of the Maungatapere farm he should have virtually decided upon it. However caution reminded him of his original purpose to inspect some land ten miles further on at Maungakaramea. Equipped with sketch maps he set out spending the first night at Dwyer's cattle farm. Dwyer “an old Irishman who has been settled with his son and two daughters for eighteen years at Hokianga and recently removed to Otaki Valley . . . I met with a cordial reception as indeed I did at every hut, or settler's house I called at in the bush.” His journey to Maungakaramea was through the seemingly already familiar swamps and fern hills. The block had recently been surveyed and laid out in sections but Anderson considered it too far from Whangarei.

Maungakaramea stood out – “a volcanic hill, covered with bush at its base, and one large tree standing prominently out on its summit . . . I examined one block after another as they were laid out on my chart, with the aid of a compass, but at No. 15 I could penetrate no further.”

After making sketches he accordingly returned to Dwyer's and the coast. While waiting for the *Petrel* to take him back to Auckland he was invited by a Mr “Pettingale⁷ to ‘kill an hour or so’ at his orchard which is the finest it is said and most extensive in New Zealand, here there is a great variety of each kind of fruit from all parts of the globe. The place is situated . . . close to the landing place it is kept in splendid order and realizes a large income to its enterprising owner . . . [On the *Petrel*] Mr Pettingale was a passenger – a most eccentric character into the bargain – he brought a large kit filled with books for no other purpose but to read on the voyage to Auckland, also a huge fruit pudding which he placed on the cabin table . . . [In Auckland] I was glad to learn that my brother had been doing very well at the portraits, during my absence. I gave him my notes of the tour I had made and advised him