

for seed and immediately informed his Friends & the Neighbouring Chiefs of its value, and that the Europeans made Biscuit of it such as they had seen and ate on board of Ships. He gave a portion of Wheat to his Chiefs and also to some of his own common Men and directed them all how to sow it, reserving <sup>some</sup> for himself, and his Uncle Shunghee, who is a very great Chief, His domain extending from the East to the West side of New Zealand. All the persons to whom Ducaterra had given the Wheat Seed put it into the ground, and it grew well, but before it was ripe many of them grew impatient for the produce, and as they expected to find the grain at the root of the stems similar to their Potatoes, they examined the Roots and finding there was no Wheat under the ground, they pulled it all up and burnt it, excepting Shunghee. The Chiefs ridiculed Ducaterra much about the Wheat, told him that because he had been a great Traveller he thought he could easily impose upon their credulity by telling them fine stories, and all he urged could not convince them that Wheat would make bread. His own and Shunghees crop in time came to perfection and was reaped and thrashed, and tho' the Natives were much astonished to find that the grain was produced at the top, and not at the bottom of the stem, yet they could not be