

From F. Hall [to CMS Secretary Josiah Pratt]

Brompton 9 Jan^y 1819

Dear and Rev^d Sir

Having been with Tooi and Teeterree some time, I have been desired to write a few words respecting them before my departure. I do it with diffidence on many accounts. I trust their very kind friends M^r Eyton and M^r Mortimer will furnish a little narrative during the time they were in Shropshire which will be interesting.

I have seen in them much to admire, and but little to censure. Some opposition and obstinacy has been shewn by them from time to time, particularly the latter, and chiefly with respect to their book, but these errors are so counter-balanced by good conduct in general as scarce to deserve a name: besides I apprehend there would have been less of this opposition if they had had a companion of a more lively turn, nearer their own age, and possessing more address than myself.

The interesting simplicity of Teeterree's manners, in general, I think, give him the ascendancy on a first appearance, but Tooi improves more upon acquaintance. The more any one knows of him, I am sure, the more they will love him. Teeterree is of a more worldly disposition than his companion, but they both know how to be generous at times. When their justly esteemed friend M^r Eyton was dangerously ill, and they were [f] anxiously desiring to know how he did – on passing thro' the Village one day a poor beggar craved their charity and said he

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came from Wellington: they instantly enquired after the health of M^r E. and were informed he was much better: they were both so delighted that they gave him all the money they had, amounting I think to about nine pence. — And, one day as we were walking to the Iron bridge we saw a poor little child in great sorrow and distress, returning from carrying its fathers dinner it had lost a spoon, and dare not go home. Tooi out of his slender finances, in a moment made good the loss, and sent the poor little lamb home rejoicing. In a former letter I mentioned a Christian man of colour calling upon them — one John Thomas — who talked to them in the most sweet persuasive and and [sic] interesting manner about Jesus Christ: His spiritual robe was complete, but the cloathing of his body was a good deal worse for wear. One of them gave him a pair of Trowsers and a Shirt, and the other something else — One of M^r Mortimers Servants remarked- was it right to be thus generous with the things supplied to them by the Society? They replied — that the articles thus disposed of were purchases at Batavia with their own money: that they should not have thought of giving away the Cloaths which the Society had kind[l]y given them. They are exceeding careful of their Garments and will patch and mend their old ones themselves with much neatness. They are naturally, high spirited, “Sudden and quick in quarrel.” And subjects likely enough to seek the bubble reputation [f] even in the cannons mouth”, if they had any cannon to fight with. But I trust this fire is quenched in a great degree, in one of them at least, by the grace of God: and that henceforward the weapons of his warfare will not be

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carnal, but mighty thro' God the pulling down strong holds. As when the sun shines in at the window and puts out the fire, so may the Sun of Righteousness shine in at the windows of both their Souls, and burn out every flame for war except it be to fight the good fight of faith, under the banner of the cross, as good Soldiers of Jesus Christ. It appears that they are trained to war from their very childhood by a skilful person appointed for that purpose – Tooi represents himself to have been very daring and mischievous in his early years, and on one occasion he so offended his father, on being concerned with some other boys in robbing the Kings Garden, that he was banished of the country with severe restrictions, and not suffered to see his parents all that time.

I have never seen Tooi and Teterree really angry with each other but once: they were very violent and at one time I thought they would have come to blows. This was occasioned by Teeterrees accusing Tooi of doing something of which he was perfectly innocent. As the Storm rose higher and higher one of the maid servants came in and told Teeterree that the needle w[hi]^{ch} he positively declared he saw Tooi take from off the kitchen table was laying on the floor (I fancy he had swept it off with his coat as he passed without knowing it). Teeterree's confusion on having falsely accused his friend, was manifest in his countenance, but before he had time to express his Sorrow [f] with his lips – Tooi with his characteristic quickness and generosity instantly thrust out his hand for his companion to shake, in token of forgiveness accompanied with a tear – and he who but a moment

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before with his coat off exhibited the hunted lion, was as sudden as a flash of lightning changed into the Gentle Lamb. — I have never witnessed such a scene of sorrow on freinds [sic] parting as was shewn by them the day they bid farewell to Madeley. They had arrived from Wellington that morning to pack up their cloaths (and returned in y^e Even[in]g) as soon as they entered the Vicarage they went into the room where we usually sat, looked at each other, and without speaking a word, they mutually burst into a flood of tears— and what with taking leave of one and another of their kind hearted, much loved friends in that hospitable Village their cheeks were scarcely dry during the day— The weather providentially happened to be exceeding tempestuous which prevented them going to take leave of several familys in the neighbourhood, or I think the trial would have been too much for them. As we journeyed to Wellington in the Evening their silence was now and then interrupted by one of them moaning out, poor M^{rs} Mortimer, poor M^r Futton, poor M^{rs} Dutton &c &c accompanied by a tear.— I was not with them when they parted with M^r Eytons family on the morrow but the scene must have been very affecting, the following passage from M^r E [sic] letter will describe it

“We parted amidst many tears and many prayers. There was not a dry eye in all
“our family and the tenderness and sorrow of our two friends I shall never “forget.
They wept till [f] like David they almost exceeded. May the Lord be ever “with you
and your tender hearted amiable and hopeful companions. —

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With respect to honest Tooi, I beg leave to mention one of his exploits which he told me some time since. It happened during the first trip he had on board a South Sea Whaler. The Ship was laying at Anchor in a bay and had dispatched all her boats to an island at a considerable distance to catch Seals, and did not expect their return for several weeks. They had a favourite Newfoundland Dog belonging to the Ship who one night leaped overboard and swam on Shore, and after remaining a time, he came down to the beach and made piteous howling to be taken on board. But they had no boat. Tooi and the Captain set about constructing one, of Hoops and Seal Skins, and when finished, the former Volunteered his Service to fetch off the poor Animal. He padd[l]ed himself on Shore very well, and got his freight on board, and the Enterprize would have succeeded had the Dog remained still: instead of which he got his feet upon the Gunnel of the frail bark which capsized her in a moment. The tide was drifting them with great rapidity towards the Ship— The Captain and people on board were anxiously on the look out and when near enough threw out a log line, which Tooi laid hold of, but the tide was running so strong, that it broke ere they could get our young hero on board. Good swimmer as he was, it was impossible for him to bear up against such a tide. The early probability of saving his life was by swimming to a point of land about 3 or 4 Miles off in the Bay to which the Tide was drifting him. [f] The anxious Captain hailed him with the Trumpet. Encouraged him, and recommended him to make for this spot, Tooi and his canine companion swam down with the tide together. At

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length the Dog got tired first, and attempted several times to get upon Tooi's back to rest himself on which occasions T[ooi] dived down and laid hold of the Dogs legs pulled him under water and kept him there a little time as a punishment for his ill manners. At last to the great joy of the Captain and people, they saw Tooi and his Dog arrive safe on shore. Our friend now travelled many miles round the bay to get opposite the Ship again. He became very hungry, and very weary, but the place afforded no friendly inhabitants to supply his wants. He dived down amongst the Rocks and got a good supply of Oysters, made a fire and roasted them and got a Comfortable meal. He made a hut of the bark of trees and got some sleep— but to his grief he could not find any water, after searching several miles round in every direction: nor had he any thing to allay his thirst for two nights and almost two days save a little dew which he got from the leaves of the trees. At length, for want of nourishment his strength began to fail and he determined to make another attempt to gain the ship by swimming and made a Signal to the Captain and people, who were watching his motions, of such intention— He embraced the time of the tide most favourable for his purpose. They took care to have a rope stout enough, which he laid hold of and was got on board, to the inexpressible Joy of his Shipmates. [f] But he was so ill and weak with privation, fatigue and anxiety that he kept his Hammock several days. His intrepid behaviour much endeared him to the Captain and crew. The dog swam off and was saved also. With respect to spiritual things, on the part of Teeterree there is a

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declension – he seems rather intoxicated with the gifts and benefits and kindnesses he has received, and thinks somewhat more of himself than he ought to think. This is not to be wondered at: it is rather matter of astonishment that they are as they are, particularly to those who know what is working in the heart of a regenerate person from day to day. But if ever there was any real work in his heart he will come back by and by, perhaps with weeping. He is still very interesting and engaging and gains himself friends wherever he goes. But Tooi since he has been indisposed, I think has shown more decided marks that the good work is begun – he has constantly been meek patient and resigned: willing to live or die, as it pleased God. Says he is not afraid to die, because Jesus came into the world to save Sinners; and Jesus is the Son of God, and able to save. And several times when the blood of Jesus has been mentioned as cleansing from all sin, his countenance has brightened, his Soul seemed all alive, and he has fervently exclaimed Thank God Thank God! Amen Amen! And some times accompanied with tears. I believe he is sorry for Sin con? In his own country – he mentioned this in a letter to M^r Eyton as we were going down the river to join the river to join [sic] the Baring – and there was a time when he would not admit it – Whatever real Christians disagree in besides, in this I am sure they will agree, to hate that bitter thing which nailed Jesus to the tree. I believe Tooi hates sin and loves Jesus. Since he has been indisposed he has been very [f] hoarse, has spoken with difficulty and talking often brought on a fit of coughing; but a few words from him now and then

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has cheered me. One day lately he said – “When I in New South Wales my heart no good – I came to England and heard “the word of God, and I think O dear me, I want a new heart. I began to pray to “Jesus to give me a new heart – In my own country I sin very much and when “in the Southsea the Sailors teach me to curse and swear – miserable work! But “the blood of Jesus runs down my heart and washes away my Sin – and my “heart feel comfortable and happy, and I no fear to die – Believe in Jesus is the “way go up to Heaven and be happy for ever with Jesus, and M^r Pratt, and M^{rs} “Pratt, and M^r Bickersteth, and M^{rs} Bickersteth, and M^{rs} Gannon, and M^r & M^{rs} “Mortimer, and M^r & M^{rs} Eyton, and M^r & M^{rs} Cooper, and all Christian friends.” Another time when Teeterree had been seriously talked to, but did not seem to mind what was said to him Tooi with some warmth said – “I no like to go to “Hell. I bought with Jesus Blood” – On Another occasion he exclaimed “O I wish “my heart like M^r Bickersteths heart- he know thousand times more than me – “The sweetest Christian I ever saw in my life.”

You will observe D^r Sir that poor Tooi in his simple Epistle to M^r Bickersteth hopes that his heart will be quite good by the time he gets to New South Wales. But I find that in mine, which grieves me from day to day.

He likes to hear hymns sung – And on Sunday Evening he requested me to read to him in the Bible about our Saviour going up to Jerusalem to be crucified –

One day speaking of a certain person he observed “he is a bad fellow” why I asked – “because he no loves Jesus Christ” was his reply. – [f] One Morning he

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told me his dream of the preceding night. He said his father, sometime since dead, and his brother who hanged himself on that occasion, appeared at his bed Side and asked him “for why you pray to Jesus Christ? Tooi answered because Jesus Christ make me good, make me happy. They then hid their faces and went away sorrowful. These seem to imply, in addition to what I have said, that Tooi loves Jesus and prays to him. And he says he will boldly speak of him to his friends if it please the Lord to spare him to see them again. If so, he will be of incalculable benefit to the good cause in New Zealand. May the God of Peace himself carry on the blessed work which he seems gloriously to have begun.— By his amiable upright conduct in general, but more particularly by his patient behaviour during his indisposition and his immediate compliance with every thing I proposed to him for his good— he has so gained upon my affections that I love him as my own child— And I humbly hope and trust that had it pleased the Lord to have called him away, he would have fallen asleep in Jesus—

Monday Jan^y 11-19 On Board

The princess Royal Boat running down

The Medway to join the Baring

Thanks be to God Tooi was well enough to go to Church yesterday, and is bravely

Today and so are all the party —

The Baring in sight

Friday Morn^g, Jan. 15

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Joined the Baring on Monday – Putting to rights on Tuesday. Sailed on Wednesday. Anchored at Night off the North foreland Thursday got under weigh at Day light round SW working for the Downs. The wind increased to [f] a smart Gale which obliged us to put back and Anchor in Margate Roads several Miles further from New Zealand than where we lay the Preceding Night – Several of our party sickly.

Friday a beautiful Morning. Weighed at day light and at 11 Oclock anchored in the Downes [sic]. The wind seems likely to get more to the North^{wd}- if so shall get away Tomorrow if the Lord will. Tooi and Teeterree are quite well – The port Pilot is going on shore – With affectionate regards to all fr[ien]ds

I am

Dear Sir

Your very ob[e]d[ient] Serv^t

F. Hall