

and friends, and embarked, with his uncle and a few other natives, for New South Wales. About a month after, he, once more, reached Parramatta in safety.

During his stay at my house, I often observed him to be very thoughtful, and I asked him the occasion of his uneasiness.

He replied "I fear my head wife is either dead, or very sick". What the Priest had told him, respecting his wife's dying during his absence, evidently made a deep impression on his mind. - Though he had been about three years in my family before, and had acted with great propriety all that time, and willingly received religious instructions, on all proper occasions; yet, the superstitious notions of the religion he had imbibed from his infancy at New Zealand, were deeply rooted in his ideas. - He had great confidence in what the native Priests asserted, and in the effects of their prayers. -

His death has been the subject of much pain and regret to me, and appeared to be a very dark, and mysterious dispensation.

- During the last ten years of Duater's life, he had suffered every danger, privation, and hardship, that human nature could well bear: - and on my arrival at New Zealand, with him and the settlers, before named, he appeared to have accomplished the grand object of all his toils - an object which