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was the constant topic of his conversation, - namely the means of civilizing his countrymen.

He said with joy and triumph in his eyes. "I have now introduced the cultivation of wheat into New Zealand. - It will become a great country; for, in two years more I shall be able to export wheat to Port Jackson, in exchange for hoes, axes, spades, and tea and sugar" - Under this impression he made arrangements with his people for a very extensive cultivation of the land, and formed a plan for building a new town, with regular streets, after the European mode; to be erected on a beautiful situation, which commanded a view of the Harbour's mouth and the adjacent country round. - We together, inspected the ground fixed on for the township, and the situation of the intended Church. The streets were to have been all marked out before the Brig sailed for Port Jackson: but at the very time of these arrangements being made Duaterra was laid on his dying bed.

I could not but look on him, with wonder and astonishment, as he lay languishing under his affliction, and could scarcely bring myself to believe that the Divine goodness would remove from the earth, a man whose life was of such infinite importance to his country, which was just emerging from barbarism, gross darkness, and Superstition. - No doubt, he had done his work, and finished his appointed course; though I fondly imagined that he had only begun his race. -

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