

Chiefs still pressed me to take their sons with me to Port Jackson, as the wind was against us and I wished to visit a District up the River Coowa down I ordered the Boat and the Rev. Mr. Butler accompanied me, when we arrived at the Native Settlement about ten Miles up the River, we found the Chief whose I wished to see was from home, the Natives in the Village gave us a most Cordial Welcome here we met with some of Mowhees Relatives, who when they knew Mr. Butler had seen him were much affected, and Mr. Butler and the Natives wept together while he gave them an account of Mowhee, they expressed the greatest affection for Mr. Butler and he was equally affected towards them, he Promised to visit them again, we Stopped and dined at the Village as there was plenty of Fine fish and left the Hospitably Natives deeply affected with Joy and Sorrow when we departed, they rejoiced to see us and Mourned and Wept at the Remembrance of Mowhee.

We returned to the Active in the evening after the Sun had gone down. The wind became fair and we weighed Anchor, The Chiefs still remained on Board with their Sons some of whom I had promised to take but was Compelled to Refuse others, The Chiefs took leave of their Sons with much firmness and Dignity in the Cabin while on the Deck the Mothers and Sisters of the Boys were cutting themselves after their Manner and mingling their Blood with tears, Thunghoo the head Chief Parted with his