

when he was at the Thames, on a former occasion, a Chief had then given him a Maree (one of the war instruments) to sell for him, and to get him an axe in return — this instrument was made of Tale, which they highly value.

Timmoranga got only a small tomahawk for it, which he considered to be much below its real value — The chief (who employed him) was very angry; and sent him notice, that if he did not procure an axe, the Priest should be engaged to Kill him by incantation. Poor Timmoranga, wished to assure me, that he would surely die, if the Chief put his threat in execution; and begged an axe to save his life. — I endeavoured to convince him of the absurdity of such a notion; but to no purpose, he still persisted that he would die; maintaining that the Priest possessed such power, and, the better to convince me of this Idea, he drew the supposed lines, of incantation upon the deck, to show how the operation was performed. — He also said, that the chief's messenger was waiting alongside for his answer. — Finding it, useless to argue the case further with him; I gave the axe, which with the greatest joy, he delivered to the messenger, with a request that the, aforesaid, Chief would be satisfied, and proceed no further against him.

Such are the strong Chains of Superstition, with which, the Prince of darkness binds these poor heathen captives.

What an infinite blessing will divine revelation be, to the inhabitants of New Zealand; when its glorious light, shall have broken in upon them. — At present their minds are tormented, by the most painful (but groundless) fears — on the slightest occurrence