

on the Village, on account of his Wifes Fathers bones. They informed me, there had been a very large meeting of natives from different parts, and several hundreds from the North Cape. The object of their meeting was, to mourn, and weep with Topira the Chief of Wangharoa, and to comfort him for the loss of his people. One of the Chiefs from Ranghee Boo informed me Topira wished me to go to Wangharoa and see him. If I could not go he would come to Ranghee Boo, before I returned to Port Jackson. He wished to obtain an Hoe, Spade, Adze, and a few fish hooks. Topira is considered as a very mild sensible man, and much averse to war, and greatly respected by his Countrymen, as well as by the settlers. It is not intended to call upon Thunghee for Satisfaction for his attack upon the Villages, the inhabitants having given the first offence by spoiling the Sepulchres of the bones of his wifes Father, as already mentioned. (In walking thro' the Village of Ranghee Boo this Morning, I observed the Chief Towhee tattooing the Son of the great Tippakee, on the seat, and upper part of the Thigh. The operation was very painful. It was performed with a small chisel, made of the wing bone of a Pidgeon, or wild Poul. The instrument was about one quarter of an inch broad, it was fixed upon a little handle 4 inches long, so as to form an acute angle at the head, something like a little pick with one end: with this chisel, he cut all the straight and spiral lines, by striking the head with a stick about one foot long, in the same manner, as a farrier opens the vein of an Horse with the fleam. One end of this stick was cut flat like a knife to scrape off the blood, as it gushed from the cuts. The chisel seemed to pass thro' the Skin every stroke, and cut it as a carver cuts a piece of wood. The chisel was constantly kept in a liquid made of soot from a particular tree, and afterwards mixed with water, which communicates the blackness, or as they call it, the Smoko. I observed proud flesh rising in some part of the breech, which had been cut almost one month before. The operation is too painful to bear the whole tattooing at one time. They appear to be several years before they are perfectly tattooed. On my return thro' the Village, in company with Mr. Kendall, I observed the heads of four chiefs stuck on four poles, at one of the Huts. I requested Mr. Kendall to accompany me to the hut, in order that I might ascertain the cause of the death of these chiefs, and from whence they had been brought. On making my inquiries of the People I received the following account. Some years ago, a vessel from Port