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same time, I anticipated with pleasing sensations, that glorious period, when through the influence of the Gospel, the voice of joy and melody would be heard in these habitations of darkness and cruelty, where nothing now reigns but savage joy on one hand, and weeping and mourning on the other. In returning thro' the Potatoe Grounds, we met with the Chief Racow, Duatteras Father in Law. I wished to visit the sacred grove, which was near, where he died, but as I understood it was taboed, I should not presume to enter without permission of the Chief. Mr. Kendall spoke to him, and told him what I wanted. He came and pointed out the tree, where his daughter, Duatteras Wife hung herself: and shewed us the spot, where both their bodies were deposited. The sacred spot was enclosed with a fence about three yards square: Here the bodies remained together till the flesh was decayed; when their bones were carefully collected, and carried to their respective family Sepulchres. How mysterious are the ways of God. Duatteras once prided himself in the prospect of raising his Country to the rank of a civilized nation, and was cut down like a flower, in his first attempt to put his benevolent intentions into execution. The ground where he intended the Church and European town to stand is now under cultivation, and divided amongst different families by his successors, while about half an acre is reserved, as sacred to his memory, where no shrub or tree is suffered to be cut down, and where apparently, no foot had trod, since the last funeral rites were performed for him and his faithful partner, before our this Evening. In passing thro' the Village of Ranghee Hoo on our return I stopt to speak to the Chief Werric, and observed the head of a Woman upon a sacred ark near the Hut: I inquired who's head it was formerly: Werric said it was the head of his wifes sister: that his wife and her sister had been brought as prisoners of war by Munghee to Ranghee Hoo: He obtained them both as his slaves. One of them he took for his wife, and the other for his servant. That the servant died a natural Death. At the time of her Death, his wife requested to have her sisters head preserved in order that she might relieve her mind by weeping over it: And it was kept for that purpose. Having never seen any thing like the Ark when last at New Zealand, on which the head was placed, I wished to know the origin, and use of it.

Mr. Kendall and Werric