

of the first Families in New Zealand. He had a fire <sup>4</sup> sitting besides him a younger son - I printed him and endeavoured to console his mind by observing that this son would be his Heir, He remarked that the Mother of this boy was not of that noble Family that the Mother of the boy was who is dead, and on that account he regretted his death I felt much for his affliction for he wept sore. He said he had made a new Canoe for his boy that was dead and wished me to see it. I went with him. This Canoe was very small would carry about three boys, and in every respect fitted up like a war Canoe, painted and ornamented with feathers - He told me I must take it to Parramatta and keep it as a memorial of his Son. The other son who was sick was a young man about 17 years old - I saw he was too far gone to entertain any hopes of his recovery. when I conversed with him, he said "my eyes will soon be dark in death - I can live no longer in New Zealand, it is a bad Country, I do not like the chiefs are always fighting and distressing one another - it is a Country also where there is no Tea, Sugar, Rice, or Bread - I cannot eat fern-root, I shall soon sleep in the ground?" I never heard any person speak with more feeling than this young man, he mourned over the degraded state of his Country and appeared to have little wish to live any longer. I seldom ever visited Toyeterron, or he me but the Death of his Boy was the subject of his conversation, and at all times he expressed a