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Presented to Com. of Gov. June 4th 1812.

Read at Com. June 5th 1812.

No 130 Rev. S. Menden to Secretary 4
Parliament Nov. 20, 1811

Rev. Sir

~~1698 241~~ 1698 241 No 130

I mentioned in my letter of yesterday's date that while I was writing to you, two of the sons of Chiefs from New Zealand paid me a visit & invited them to stay all night, when Jerrais son told me he had come up to Perwarattua in order that he might see Quater's Parson. we spent the evening in various conversations. I inquired after Mike Quater's wife, he afterwards entertained me with a song which is called Mike's song, and which Mike used to sing when she mourned the Absence of Quater. He told me that the English treated the New Zealanders very bad. A Ship on her way to India from Port Jackson put in to the Bay of Islands, with his Father's Commodore. The master agreed with Jerrais his Father to load his vessel with Masts and Spars - Jerrais fulfilled his Contract, and treated the Captain and Crew well.

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When the Captain had got all his Masts and
Spars on board - he sailed without giving Terra
so much as an Adieu, for all his Labor, in cutting
and bringing the Timber to his Vessel - The young man
remarked very peevishly upon the Fraud of the
Captain; and told me if his Father had been in
England and had been guilty of such a Crime
he would have been put in Goal. I spoke to him
about the Boyde - he was much concerned about
what had taken place with respect to that Vessel,
and said his Father was now at war with that
District, where the Boyde was cut off. But in
consequence of the Conduct of the English, the New
Zealanders (to use his own Expression) thought
the English had brought the Devil with them
who would kill all the men in New Zealand.
Terra had sent his son to Port Jackson to see if he
could learn any thing, or obtain any useful Articles.
He had entered on board a sailing vessel, which
proceeded from New Zealand to Macquarries Island

He was put on shore there along with a party of
men, and the vessel returned to Port Jackson - Their
provisions were soon all expended, and the party were
compelled to live on the Eggs of Sea Turtles, and Sea
Elephant Tongues - This Island is situated far south
of his own latitude, and very cold. Here his sufferings
were great for about ten months according to his
Statement from Hunger and Cold. The owners live
at Port Jackson - what he has received from them
he tells me is one Shirt, or Handkerchief and one
Pair of Trowsers, all which he had one, and all he
received with three Shillings in money from them.
I shall see him redressed in this. I asked him how
he was employed - he answered - I was a King in
New Zealand, but now I am a Cook at Port
Jackson - I make Fires on board of the Ship and
on shore, and cook in both places. when I return
(he added) my Father will say, Carreetee Teetooa
(For that is his name) what have you brought me?
what have you learned? what kind of a Master
had you? I tell him I brought nothing, I learn
nothing white men at Port Jackson make me a

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Cook. my father will be very angry with me
for King at home, & a Cook at Fort Jackson. I told him
I would enquire into his complaint. we had much more
interesting conversation. This morning I took them
in my Chaise to see Quater's Farm, when they
saw his wheat just ripe, his Peare bears &c.
they were highly gratified. and in a few minutes
I observed them marking a line across my Farm
and cutting notches with a Knife in the stems
of the Trees. I enquired what they were doing -
They told me they were marking out a Farm for
Jouettee. Teetooa, that he would return to the
Island the first opportunity, and bring one
hundred men to work upon the Farm. I told him
I would give him as much land as he liked. and
he might begin to morrow. I think he will try
what he can do - if he cannot return for assistance.
In going along in the Chaise one of them told me
that English was sweeter much. that this was
very bad - that he had never sworn an oath
in his life -

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if he should swear at a tree, or a man, or woman or
at any thing, his Father would punish them very
much. I asked him why New Zealand men did
not swear - he answered, because when they die
they would go to God, and he would send them to
the Devil who would tattoo them, and burn them.
The two years that Quaterma was with me I never
heard him swear, nor any one of his three Com-
panions. The more I see of these people, the more I
am pleased with, and astonished at their moral
Ideas, and Characters. They appear like a superior
Race of men. was Christianity ever received
amongst them, New Zealand would be one
of the finest parts of the globe. As I have
already mentioned Agriculture will meet their
wants, and bind them constant Employment - and
probably tend more than any other natural
Cause to reconcile the different Tribes, and prevent
their wars - Growing no Grass, and nothing
but Potatoes, without manure, must impoverish
their lands - and compel them to trespass upon

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one anothers Estates in order to obtain Food for their
 Support. All who are acquainted with Agriculture
 know that Potatoes alone (and without manure)
 will soon exhaust the richest Soil. If the inhabit-
 ants of England were to live upon Fish and
 Potatoes, there would be hard fighting some
 times for a little Ground. A very great Chief lately
 named Mucā, Uncle to Quaterna, was obliged for
 the support of himself and Subjects to go into
 another Chiefs District to grow Potatoes, which
 brought on a war, in which he and many of
 his men were slain. They now grow a little
 Maize, if they acquire the Knowledge of
 growing wheat, Pease, Beans, Vegetables, &c. &c.
 The different Seasons will supply them with
 different Food, which would prove the greatest
 temporal Blessing to them. I shall go myself
 to New Zealand if Providence should open
 my way, at least I have the most ardent
 wish, should that wish ever be gratified.

(4)

I rely much upon Quater na - I think he will do great things in this respect. I shall try to get one of their Priests over if I can. and see what can be made of him. A School for them we must have here and ~~Mr. Jewell~~ Mr. Kendall may come the first opportunity -

I am,
Sir,
yours most respectfully
Samuel Marsden -

Rev. J. Pratt -

Nov. 20/11

No 130

London,
Dec. 19th 20th 1911,

Dear Mr. Merrick

to

Mr. J. Merrick