

“All the persons to whom Duaterra had given the seed-wheat put it into the ground, and it grew well; but before it was well ripe, many of them grew impatient for the produce; and as they expected to find the grain at the roots of the stems, similar to their potatoes, they examined the roots, and finding there was no wheat under the ground, they pulled it all up, and burned it, except Shungie.

“The chiefs ridiculed Duaterra much about the wheat, and told him, because he had been a great traveller, he thought he could easily impose upon their credulity by fine stories; and all he urged could not convince them that wheat would make bread. His own and Shungie’s crops in time came to perfection, and were reaped and threshed; and though the natives were much astonished to find that the grain was produced at the top, and not at the bottom of the stem, yet they could not be persuaded that bread could be made of it.”

Marsden afterwards sent Duaterra a steel mill to grind his wheat, which he received with no little joy. “He soon set to work,” continues Marsden, “and ground some wheat before his countrymen, who danced and shouted for joy when they saw the meal. He told me that he made a cake and baked it in a frying-pan, and gave it to the people to eat, which fully satisfied them of the truth he had told them before, that wheat would make bread.” The chiefs now begged some more seed, which they sowed; and