

the present instance, Moodeewhy had killed three of his hogs. Every time he mentioned his loss, the recollection seemed to nerve afresh his aged sinews: he shook his hoary beard, stamped with indignant rage, and poised his quivering spear.

He exhorted his tribe to be bold and courageous; and declared that he would head them in the morning against the enemy, and, rather than he would submit, he would be killed and eaten. All that they wanted was firmness and courage; he knew well the enemies they had to meet, their hearts did not lie deep; and, if they were resolutely opposed, they would yield.

His oration continued nearly an hour, and all listened to him with great attention.

This dispute, however, partly through Marsden's intercession, who offered to give each of the indignant leaders an adze if they would make peace, was at last amicably adjusted; and the two, as the natives expressed it, "were made both alike inside."

But Marsden was a good deal surprised on observing old Warremaddoo, immediately after he had rubbed noses with Moodeewhy in token of reconciliation, begin, with his slaves, to burn and destroy the fence of the enclosure in which they were assembled, belonging to Moodeewhy, who, however, took no notice of the destruction of his property thus going on before his face. Upon inquiry, he was told that this was done in satisfaction for a fence of the old man's which