

to his original condition; and he at last quitted the house of his protector, and contrived to find his way to New Zealand. Here he settled among a people even still more uncivilized than his own countrymen, and married the daughter of one of the chiefs, to whose territories he had succeeded when Nicholas met with him.

Jem (that was the name by which he had been known at Port Jackson) was then a young man of about twenty-three years of age. Unlike his brother chiefs, he was cleanly in his person; and his countenance not being tattooed, nor darker than that of a Spaniard, while his manners displayed a European polish, it was only his dress that betokened the savage.

“His hair,” says Nicholas, “which had been very carefully combed, was tied up in a knot upon the crown of his head, and adorned with a long white feather fancifully stuck in it; in his ears were large bunches of the down of the gannet, white as the driven snow, and flapping about his cheeks with every gale. Like the natives, he wore the mat thrown over his shoulders; but the one he had on was bordered with a deep vandyke of different colours, and gaily bedizened with the feathers of parrots and other birds, reflecting at the same moment all the various shades in the rainbow. He carried a musket in his hand, and had a martial and imposing air about him, which was quite in character with the station he maintained.”