

who cut off his head. The scene when this was done appears to have been most dreadful. They were eager to taste his blood, and many rubbed it on their faces, and some of his old friends took part in all this. From my own observance the people appeared to me for the most part to be half lunatic and so worked up by their new religion, as to be ready for any work of the Devil.

In cleaning the head, pieces of the flesh were thrown about with the bones of the neck. Kereopa forced out the eyes and swallowed them, and afterwards desired the body to be given to the dogs. Some one also wished it buried. It was at length thrown into what appeared to be a dry unused water closet, and very lightly covered with earth.

It is a significant fact that Pokeno, the son of Aporetenga, the Opotiki chief murdered by Tohe's wife in the fight near Matata, was the individual who put the rope round Mr. Volkner's neck.

March 3rd.—This was a dreadful day of bitter suspense. The excitement great. I now learned that Patara had not returned. I was under the impression that Mr. Volkner had not only been killed, but eaten. It was not therefore too much to suppose that I should be taken off and served in the same way, having been told "that my turn was to come next." At an early hour I heard the noise of their horrid worships, I saw their ovens lighted, but all passed over without their interfering with me. At this time I learned some particulars relative to the murder, and supposed in the course of the day I should be marched off. In the forenoon, Deborah, the wife of Henry, an old Native teacher, came to me to inquire what things Mr. Volkner had brought down with him in the vessel. I told her I knew of nothing but a dozen bottles of wine for the sick, which had been given him, and some medicine. In the most scornful manner possible she said in bad English "it is all gammon." After this I understood they were holding a meeting. I thought it well to send a proposition to them by a Native, I proposed the sum of £500 as a ransom. To my great comfort I found this morning in the house, amongst some books of Mr. Hooper's, a small prayer-book, which, with his kind permission, I made use of. I afterwards found it had poor dear Volkner's name in it. Some of the Psalms for the days appeared written for the occasion.

About noon I had an interview with the captain, when for the first time he told me that his loss was occasioned by us. He was exceedingly urgent for me to give him a document to that effect. I declined doing so, on the ground that I was not aware we had occasioned his loss, and that the present was not the time to investigate such matters. I expected every hour to be taken off to die. I was much cast down at this request, it made an impression upon me that I cannot forget. The day had passed, Patara had not returned. Not having slept since our arrival, I was quite exhausted, and this night I slept soundly.

4th.—Another day of suspense; another request from the captain for a document. This repetition destroyed my confidence. He was angry that I had proposed a ransom of £500; he should now have to ransom his men.

Mr. Volkner, who knew Patara, had spoken of him as a bad Native, so that I had little to hope for on his return. Having spoken about the body of Mr. Volkner being properly buried, Captain Levy assured me to-day that he had supplied clean coverings for the body, and had it decently interred. This turned out afterwards quite false. During the day I had heard it said that I was to be sent to Taranaki. In the evening it was reported that Patara had returned.

5th.—Heard the meeting was to take place in the forenoon. I sent a request to see Patara. He passed Mr. Hooper's house, where I was, and shook hands with me. The few words I had with him made me hopeful. About an hour after we were summoned to the meeting. What kind of trial, and what sort of charges were to be brought against me I knew not. On my way the feeling of conscious helplessness flashed across my mind, followed by the words of our Lord, Matt. x. 19—"But when they deliver you up take no thought," &c. We assembled in the new church, to the building of which our friend had directed so much labor and care. Chairs from Mr. Volkner's house were brought for all Europeans, besides the Taranaki fanatics, who took their seats within the communion rails; there were perhaps a little over 300 Natives of the place present.

THE TRIAL.

Patara sat outside in front, about three yards from the communion rails. He commenced with expressions of anger against all Soldiers, Ministers, and Englishmen; but for all Jews, Frenchmen, Scotchmen, Austrians, and Germans, he had love.

MR. VOLKNER'S CASE.

Three charges were brought against him by different Natives to justify his death.

- 1: His going to Auckland as a spy for the Government.
2. A cross had been found in his house, and therefore he was a Romanist and a deceiver.
- 3: He returned to Opotiki after having been told to remain away.

The witness to the first charge was named Timothy, formerly a Native teacher. He said that Karawera (Father Garavel) I conclude he meant, had told them that they would all be "mate" (dead) through Mr. Volkner going to and fro to Auckland to take korero (talk) to the Governor.

Second charge respecting the cross broke down.

Third—Several witnesses spoke to this, who had told Mr. Volkner not to return. I was able from their own remarks to show that no committee had been held to tell him to stay away, but only a few separate individuals had told him to do so. Patara very cleverly, in winding up, tried to make it appear that he should have stayed away because he knew we were at war, but he did not say that he justified the murder; I think he regretted it.

MY OWN CASE.

Patara: What did you come here for? To go to Whakatane and Matata at the request of the people themselves.

What did you go to Taupo lately for? To fulfil my promise, and in answer to several letters sent to Auckland asking me to go.

Why did not the Governor let them have clothing? Because they were at war.