

off, and offered to the hungry stomachs as clean, floury, and delicious a dish as anyone could enjoy at home. Add to this the little egg cake, as *kinaki*, and the whole moistened with a draught of clear, cold water, which you either drink in the palm of your hand, or out of the stream. Is, then, the traveller so much to be pitied, and does he not feel inclined, after such a meal, to thank Divine Providence for such a comfort?

Sometimes, if we were surprised by rain, as we had with us another kind of accommodation house consisting of an umbrella, I used to spread it, and crawling underneath, invite one or two Maoris, who were quite satisfied if they only felt their heads sheltered.

But to resume my subject. We arrive on the fourth day at Ruku's place, where I used to find a canoe or boat to cross the bay, as would be from Moutere to Nelson. But what a sad spectacle is before us! Large canoes full of sashes, doors, half-broken teacups and saucers, bags of flour with big holes, locks, hinges, iron tools which had all passed through the fire, damaged prints, candle-sticks, saucepans; women having on ladies' dresses, which from one shoulder hang down under the other, on their heads bonnets topsy-turvy. "*Haeremai!*" one cries to me with a most excitable and bold manner, "come and have a cup of tea. Here is some flour; do you want bread?" Everyone is moving about, shouting, laughing, and singing. Here stands Ruku, having on a red coat, the spoil of a soldier, a soldier's cap, and a stick in lieu of a sword in his hand, which he agitates round his head, crying loudly, "Pee off! Pee off!" to mimic the shopkeeper who used to keep the Maori away from his shop "Be off!"

My heart at this sight was so sad that I could hardly touch any food. Then when I was following him to his house, he would again boast and continue his bouncing. All the while I was thinking and saying with myself "You do not know that you are soon going to catch it." Indeed a few weeks afterwards, in an engagement with the troops, he fell dead under the first fire.

However, when we were talking together, he asked me if I wanted his boat to cross the bay? I accepted, crossed the bay, and arrived at Kororareka, where I found all the priests of the north, who had also come from their respective stations to see the Bishop. On my arriving, the Bishop asked me "How did you cross the bay?" I answered, "In the usual way." "Who lent you a boat?" I replied, "Ruku." "Is it possible?" the Bishop exclaimed. "Well, you had a narrow escape; that very man had come with all his tribe for the purpose of killing the whole of us and plundering us as a *utu* or revenge for the English who had been killed and plundered; but finding some tribes who had remained to protect us, he said, 'they had come to cry over their dead.' After the ceremony was over, they had gone home, filling their canoes with all they could find.

On the same evening we had rather a startling incident. After tea, on a clear night, when we were chatting in the sitting-room, the Bishop had gone outside and was quietly taking a walk by himself in the yard. All on a sudden, his Lordship, over whose head a Maori had raised his tomahawk, rushes in, and without saying a word, though inclined to cry out "Save your lives!" passes in the midst of us and goes behind the front door, cautiously opening it, and seeing some Maoris coming under the verandah, he says, "What do you want?" They answered, "Who was outside just now?" "It was I," the Bishop replied. "Was it?" "Yes." "All right, all right," they say; "let us go in."

The Bishop, understanding there had been a mistake, let them in. They walked in confusedly, talking loudly, armed with tomahawks, axes, guns, and spears; half naked, with blackened faces; and said that they saw somebody outside, and they thought it was a foreign spy, for all the white population had left the town. The Bishop, after having told them they were great children, and that they ought not to be so hasty in their proceedings, thanks them for their devotedness. At that moment I told my companion, if these savages mean evil, they could easily get rid of us, for we are entirely in their hands. We thank Providence, which had made use of these Maoris to protect us. The fact that I was told by the natives, when I came back from Kororareka, that it had been reported I had been killed, and my head split in two, showed me I had great reason to thank Providence.

The next day I took a walk through the burnt town, picking up by the way bullets, and saying to myself, "Perhaps these have killed somebody." I also went to the place where the flagstaff stood, laid now on the ground. I could see how cleanly the axes had cut the iron plates. I noticed holes 6ft. deep which the cannon balls had made in the clay which had been heaped at the foot of the thick planks which formed the blockade. Everything created in my mind peculiar feelings—sadness, admiration, and sympathy,—sadness at the sight of a whole town, populated before, now silenced and reduced to a heap of ashes; of so many families, fathers, mothers, and children who had lost their homes and been obliged to fly away,—admiration at the courage and bravery of men fighting for their land, and yet putting aside those savage customs of slaughtering, cooking, and eating their victims, as they not long before had been used to do.

After having paid my visit of condolence to the Bishop, I returned to my station at Kaipara.

A short time after Kororareka had been destroyed, Heke and his troop, expecting soon to have the soldiers again at his heels, retreated—first to Hoewai, where he was defeated in different engagements; and at last in the middle of a large forest, where he built at Te Ruapekapeka the strongest pah the Maoris had ever built.

Whilst the work was going on, a party of them came to see me at Maungakahia. One of them was son of Ruku. In the battle he had a bullet through his neck, which, cutting the sinews, disabled him for life, so that his arms were hanging loosely down, and he was not able to raise them. His mates said that it was a judgment, for he had been stealing the white men's horses, and

now it was impossible for him to steal them any more. This man, speaking of the pah or fortress Heke was erecting with large trees, said it was the strongest the Maoris had ever had, and that no power could dislodge them from it. I told him, although I was not much acquainted with that kind of work, that it was an easy matter for the pakeha to break down that stronghold. I even ventured to say, what in their ideas could appear reasonable, that the soldiers would point the big guns to one place—a first ball would make a little breach, a second would make it larger, a third larger still, and so they would keep on firing until a good breach was made, and then they would take them by storm. This indeed happened as I told them. But I was sorry to hear that this had been done on a Sunday. The natives, never dreaming that the white men would fight on a Sunday, had left their guns aside, and gone to their prayers, as they had been taught by the missionaries to do on Sundays. But, to their great surprise, it was at that very moment the battery began to play. The Maoris had no other chance but to evacuate the fortification by an opening in the back. They had wisely cleared through the bush a road about 6ft. wide, through which they retreated, crossing a swamp that I have crossed many times, and encamping on an elevation at the edge of another large forest, putting the English troops in the impossibility of following them, because these Maoris could disperse in that extensive forest in every direction, like rats.

(Concluded next week.)

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

As straws show the way the wind blows, so newspaper paragraphs demonstrate the tendency of their editors and of a large class of their readers. We have been treated within the past week to a few curious items of no small significance. Two notabilities passed away recently—Mr. "Speaker" Kerr and Miss Harriet Martineau, the English authoress. When Mr. Kerr was dying, the papers informed us, a valued friend wished to put a few religious questions to him: "Did he believe in a future state?" He bowed his head affirmatively. Then he was asked if he believed in the Divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ. He shook his head to express his disbelief. The papers which narrated this event hastened at once to express their approval by declaring that this gesture indicated the advanced freedom of the dying man's opinions, his nice discrimination, and his love of truth. In a word, he receives at the hands of a leading journalist in a country which still pretends to be Christian, applause for denying Christianity. If Mr. Kerr did not believe in the Incarnation it was a sad misfortune for him. But it seems to us that even nominally Christian journalists ought to express horror at such a death rather than laud it as an instance of enlightenment worthy of admiration. That a secular journal should commend this attitude was, however, not so singular.

When Miss Martineau died it is reported that her last words were to the effect that she did not believe in a future state. "She had had enough of life in this world, and saw no reason for a perpetuation of Harriet Martineau in the next." We cannot help smiling at Miss Martineau's idea that there might, notwithstanding her expressed reluctance, by some remote chance, be a possibility of her everlasting perpetuation as she was in the flesh. Nevertheless, we cannot forbear shuddering at the hopelessness expressed in the dying speech so universally accredited to her. What makes the matter worse is the fact that whereas almost every paper throughout the land has published sketches of her life and death, and the widest circulation has been given to the last speech she is said to have made, there has been but one protest made against so awful an utterance. No one seems shocked at it. On the contrary, a kind of tacit admiration has followed its publication. Possibly these words are untruly attributed to Miss Martineau, for they rest on the testimony of that not very scrupulous person, Mr. M. D. Conway, who is strongly suspected of liking sensational tales which redound to the supposed credit of free thought and free thinkers more than he loves plain truth. But true or false, the widest possible circulation has been given them, and even the story papers and the fashion bulletins repeat them without a hint of dissent or blame.

Another instance of the incessant free thought propaganda in this community we noticed in the 'Graphic' a few days since. It published a full paged illustration representing Mr. Huxley, the English materialist, at present visiting this country, with the word "atheism" on his boot, kicking at a priest who is running away, in company with other clergymen of various denominations, rather than engage in a controversy with so formidable an antagonist. A poem flourished under the picture much to the honor of Mr. Huxley. But we could multiply examples of this kind of anti-Christian propaganda *ad infinitum*. There is no end to them. They crop up at every turn and in every kind of non-Catholic publication. And, unquestionably, they denote danger.—'Catholic Review.'

The Cleveland 'Union' says on the "Press" question:—"There are fully five hundred thousand Catholics in the State of Ohio, there are fully one hundred and twenty thousand Catholics in Cincinnati, and there are certainly from fifty to sixty thousand Catholics in the city of Cleveland, yet what is the condition of the press in the State of Ohio, and in the cities of Cincinnati and Cleveland? 1st. There is but one Catholic publishing house in Cincinnati, and even that does the most of its publishing in New York. 2nd. There is not another in the whole State. 3rd. There are but three English Catholic weekly newspapers, and two of these are within the last two years, while the other—the 'Catholic Telegraph'—has had but a bare living support. 4th. The two German Catholic papers have had hardly enough support to keep them from suspending. 5th. There is not a single Catholic daily in the State—in fact there is not one in the whole country, though the Catholics number fully eight millions of the population."