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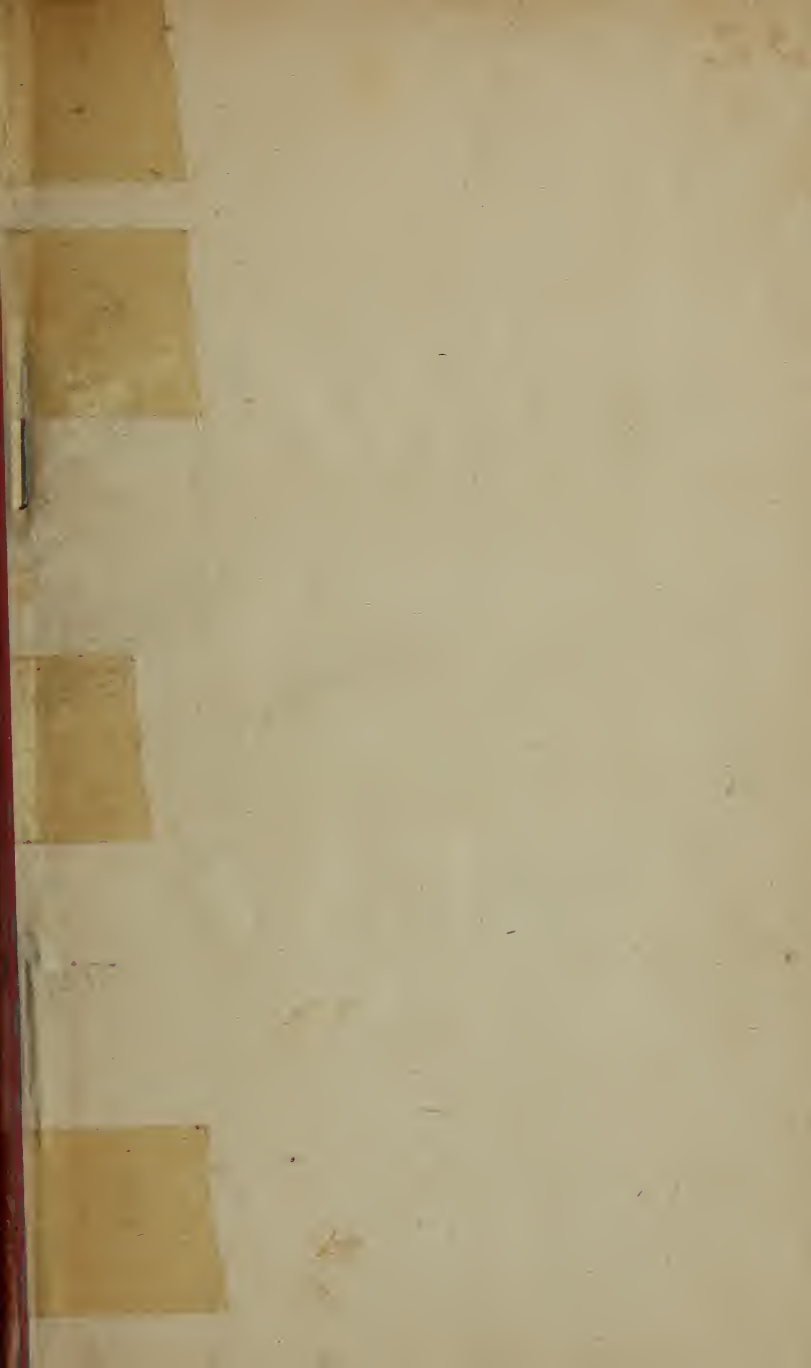
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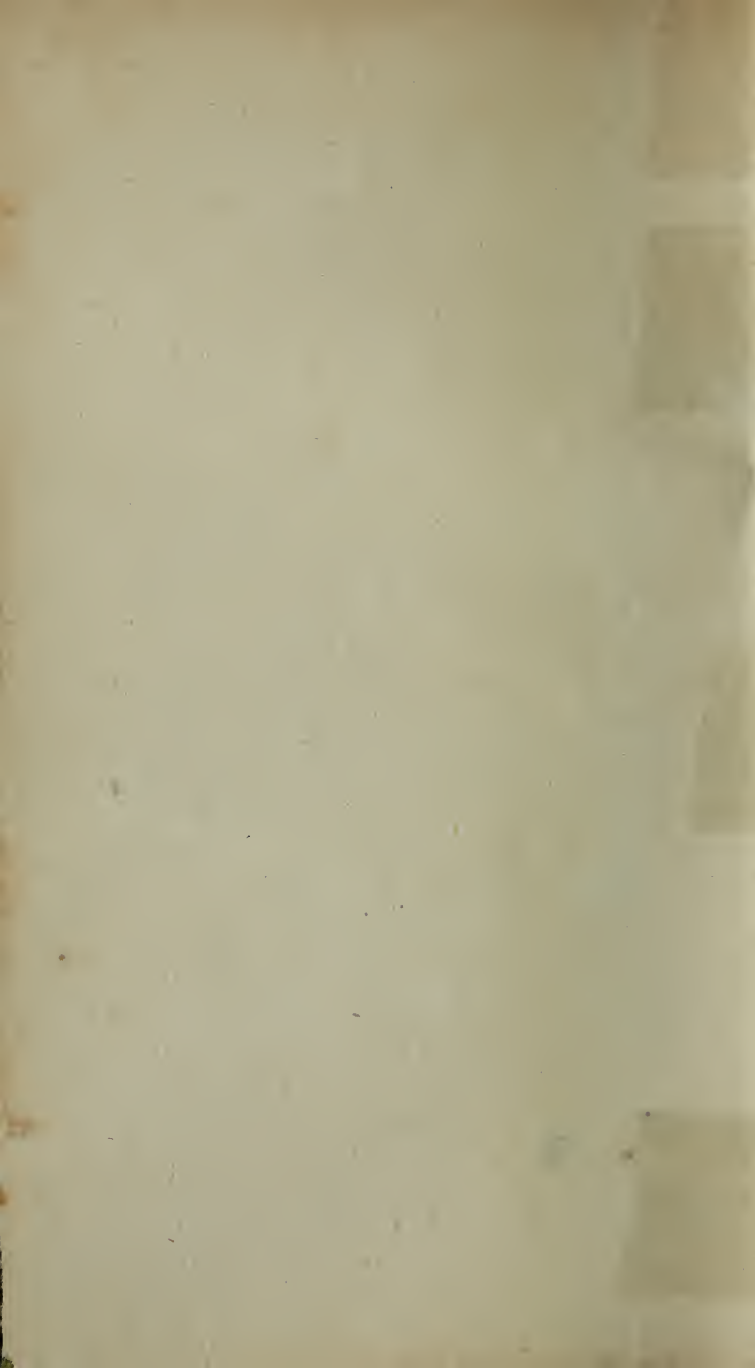
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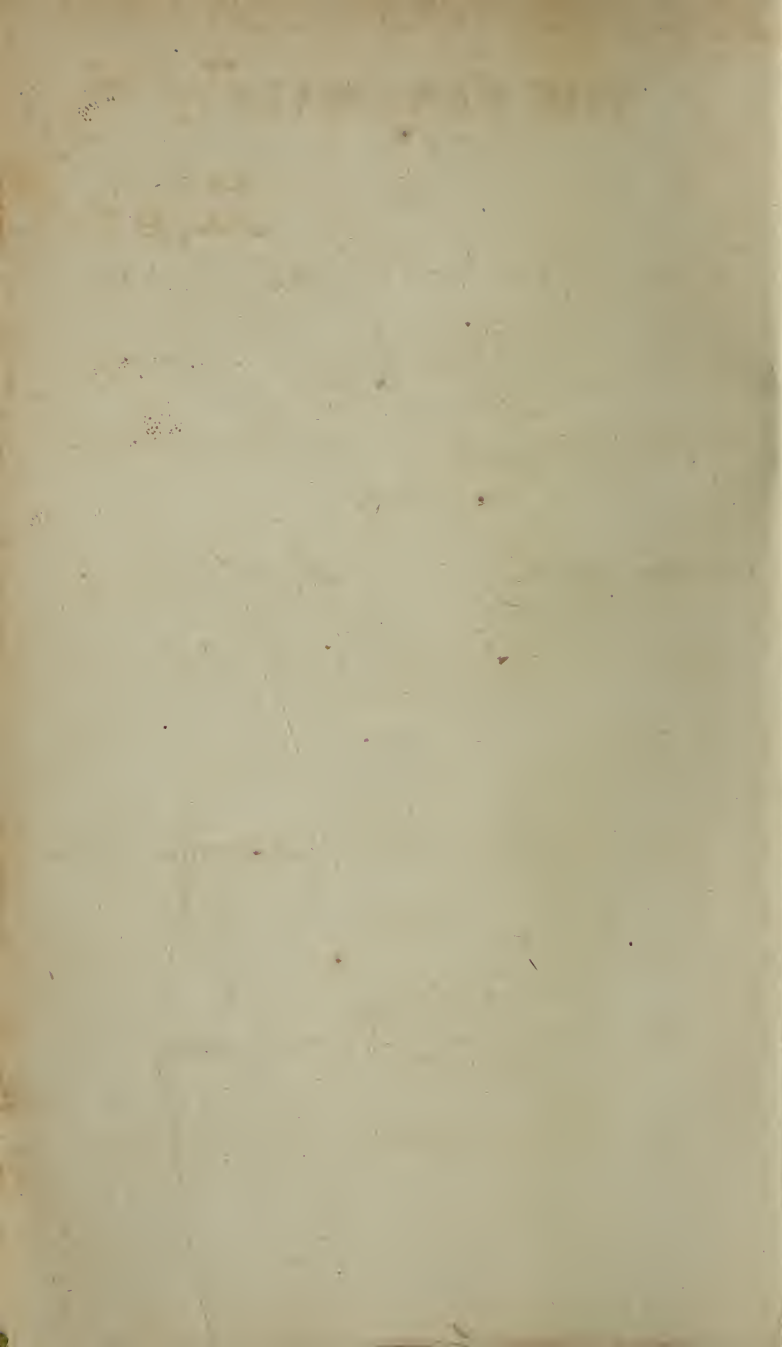
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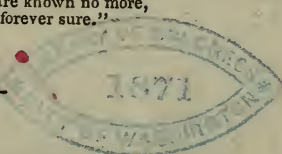
A SKETCH OF NEW ZEALAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

*The Naval Chaplain. Claims of the Africans, History of Hayti,
Malvina Ashton, &c. &c.*

"The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty."
Psalm, lxxxiv. 20.

"All hail! triumphant Lord,
Eternal be thy reign;
Behold New Zealand waits
To wear thy gentle chain;
When earth and time are known no more,
Thy throne shall stand forever sure."



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THE CANNIBALS :

OR,

A SKETCH OF NEW ZEALAND.



CHAPTER I.

Discovery—European visitor—Face of Eah-ei-no-man-we, and To-vai-po-e-nam-moo—Mountains—Valleys—Stupendous arch—Cannibals—Personal appearance, and manners of the natives—Destruction of a ship's company—Massacre of a boat's crew.

THIS country was first discovered in 1642, by Abel Jasman Tasman, a celebrated Dutch navigator, who traversed the eastern coast till he entered the strait now called Cook's strait ; but no sooner had he cast anchor than he was attacked by the natives, and immediately set sail without setting a foot on shore. The rest of New Zealand remained unknown to the world from 1642 to 1769, when it was visited by captain Cook. When he first landed it was supposed to be part of a southern continent, but after examining the coasts several

months and sailing round it, he ascertained that it was two large islands, separated by a strait, twelve or fifteen miles wide, to which he gave his own name. Another strait has been discovered more recently, near the southern extremity, by some called Tee's, from the first ship that passed through, and by others Stewart, in honor of the gentleman who discovered it. The northern island is larger than the whole of New England, being six hundred miles long, from north to south, and the average width, one hundred and fifty. The middle one is somewhat larger, making the length of the country to exceed twelve hundred miles, a greater extent of territory than is embraced within England, Scotland, and Ireland.

These islands lie between thirty-four and forty-eight degrees, south latitude, and between the longitudes of one hundred and eighty one, and one hundred and ninety-four west.

The natives call the northern island Eah-ei-no-man-we, and the middle one To-vai-poe-nam-moo. The former is hilly and mountainous, but finely wooded. Many of the forests are of vast extent, full of most valuable timber; there is little or no under-brush, and the grass grows high and rank even in the

woods. The valleys are capable of yielding the finest crops of European grain and vegetables, and under the hand of an English gardener or an American farmer, would with moderate industry afford all the necessaries, and many of the luxuries of life. The rivers, bays, and ponds, swarm with a variety of wholesome and very delicate fish, which with vegetables constitute the greater proportion of food for the natives. Excellent lobsters and oysters are found in many places.

Here is a fine field for botanical research. Four hundred species of plants were found by Dr. Solander and Mr. Banks which had not been described by other botanists. A species of flax or hemp is very plenty, which has proved superior, for most purposes, to that raised in any other country. It has of late become a valuable article of commerce.

Trees of singular appearance and enormous size are to be seen in many places; on the banks of a beautiful river that empties into the Bay of Islands, there are trees, resembling pitch pine, which measure from their roots to the first branches between eighty and ninety feet, as straight as an arrow, and very little tapering from the ground. Trees resembling the American spruce are very common, and

in swampy land mangroves (a kind of willow) are abundant.

The appearance of To-vai-po-e-nam-moo is very barren and uninviting, as it is approached by ships. Four or five ranges of hills, one above another, and beyond them all, a chain of mountains, with lofty, snow clad summits, often concealed by clouds. However, the valleys are rich and beautiful, abounding with meandering streams, with here and there a beautiful sheet of water, gleaming and sparkling in the sun-beams, and white cliffs rising above the green foliage of the trees and vines, giving beauty and variety to the scenery, much of which is indescribably wild and romantic. The southern districts present a still more barren and rocky view in the distance; but the land bordering on the sea is thickly clothed with wood almost to the water's edge; numerous birds of gay plumage are to be seen perched on the boughs of some of the most lofty trees. In the vicinity of Te-ga-doo bay there are several deep valleys, with steep hills on each side; in one of them there is an extraordinary rock, which stands like a stupendous arch, with an opening facing the sea. This apperture is nearly fifty feet in length, and almost thirty feet broad.

The bay and hills on the other side are in full view. The effect is admirable. The climate of New Zealand is very salubrious, and the inhabitants enjoy remarkable health, and live to an advanced age, without losing their cheerfulness, and uncommon vivacity. Persons who have lost their hair and teeth, and discover other marks of old age, do not appear decrepid; this is probably owing to their strict temperance. When first visited by Europeans, water was the only drink in use, but since ardent spirits have been introduced among the natives, their natural ferocity has been increased, and though they were then *cannibals*, (that is, men eaters,) yet, in those districts where they have had the greatest opportunities of getting possession of this *deadly poison*, they are more fierce, untractable and treacherous than elsewhere. They have uniformly manifested hostile feelings to all foreigners, who have called upon them for refreshments, or attempted to settle among them. Their earliest visitors obtained the most indubitable proofs of their horrid voracity, in feeding on human flesh.

Not long after captain Cook made his first visit, an English ship put into Queen Charlotte's sound, and the commander ordered a party of ten men to go on shore for a boat load of wild greens for the use of the ship's com-

pany. Not returning as soon as they had been expected, the captain felt alarmed, and despatched an armed company to go in search of them; they soon returned with the horrible tidings, that every one had been murdered, and devoured by the blood-thirsty cannibals. The mangled fragments of the bodies of their companions were found, unconsumed, and unburied.

Not more than sixteen or seventeen years ago, another English captain, with more than ninety persons on board, while laying off the coast, waiting to take in wood and water, were attacked by the natives, and with the exception of two individuals, who were made captives, were murdered and eaten by these truly savage barbarians. And since that time, similar outrages have been frequently committed upon other voyagers, who have sought refreshment upon those heathen shores.

The inhabitants of this wild country are a stout and robust people, and equal in stature to the largest Europeans. They have good features, and their countenances are bold and commanding. They have brown complexions generally, but in many instances they are not darker than the natives of Spain. The ordinary dress of the men, is a square mat, or cloth, called a *ka-bow*, the same as mantle, or *ki-he-i*,

at the Sandwich islands, which is thrown over the shoulders, and reaches to the calf of the leg. This is manufactured from the plant used as flax, and in weaving or netting them, the ends, or thrums, are brought upon the outside, and overhang each other like rows of fringe. In addition to the *ka-bow*, females wear a girdle of the same material. The women are as cruel, deceitful, and filthy as the men. Most of the natives have their faces, and often other parts of the body, most frightfully *tattooed*, in such deep grooves, as to appear like jet black ridges, though in many of them, the patterns are distinct and tolerably well executed.

They use red paints as freely as the most savage Indians in the United States, and are almost equally fond of a display of ornaments. Both sexes have great holes bored, or slits cut in their ears, through which they thrust pieces of polished wood, or bits of cloth rolled tight together. The hair is gathered in one or more knots, with a band of cloth upon the top of the head. Their manners are extremely disgusting to persons of correct feelings, being destitute of modesty and propriety.

They are notorious thieves; insolent, deceitful, and fraudulent, and whenever an opportunity offers, they will add *derision* to fraud.

War is the great business and pastime of life, and it is difficult to imagine a picture of human nature more terrific and depraved, than in the person and manners of a New Zealand warrior, fully equipped for the battle, singing the death song, or engaged in the *war dance*, both preludes to the battle. They have a variety of weapons, but darts, lances, war-clubs, shields, and battle-axes, are those in most common use.

The military achievements of their ancestors are celebrated in songs, with the greatest pleasure, and they spend their time, when not occupied in war, in these diversions, and playing upon a rude instrument, not unlike a flute. It is truly surprising to see little children, both boys and girls, imitate the frightful gestures of the aged warrior, with the most perfect ease and exactness, when aiming to terrify their enemies.

The New Zealand language is so much like that of the Sandwich, Society, and Friendly islands, that no doubt can be entertained about their common Asiatic origin. A person well acquainted with the language of any one of the Pacific islands, can very easily speak and understand all their various dialects.

In the arts with which the natives of New Zealand are acquainted, they show as much

ingenuity as any uncivilized nation whatever. Before they were in possession of any *tool* made of metal, their canoes exhibited a neatness, strength, and convenience that was astonishing. Some of them were from sixty to seventy feet long, five wide, and from three to four feet high. The more common size, however, is from thirty to forty feet in length, and from three to four in breadth. These are hollowed out of single trees, made very pointed at the ends; some have rude figures carved upon them, while others are ornamented with red paint. The paddles are long, lancet shaped, and very narrow. When they approach the enemy in their war canoes, they brandish their paddles, and menace their foes in the most terrific and insulting manner.

The winters are milder than in England, and the summers not any hotter, though more equally warm.

CHAPTER II.

Customs attendant on war—Arekees—Slaves—Sacrifices—The Hero of New Zealand—Scenes of treachery and cruelty at Bank's Harbor—A war dance, and cannibal feast—Various superstitions—Rescue of a captive boy—Witchcraft—Preparation for planting—Brightening prospects.

AFTER a battle, the heads of the vanquished chiefs are *cured*, and laid up with other spoils of war; and if the conquerer finds it expedient to bring the war to a close, he carries these heads before the assembled tribe, to whom the slain chiefs belonged; and if a great cry is set up at the exhibition of their heads, a peace follows. But if determined to resist longer, neither cries are heard, or tears seen. If the victorious chief resolves never to make peace with a hostile tribe, he sells all the heads in his possession to ships, or whoever will give him his price.

If a chief falls in battle within the lines of his own army, the enemy orders his body to be thrown over to them, and whenever the

death of a leader has intimidated his followers, the order is instantly obeyed, the head is cut off, and the army collected to witness the ceremonies of the a-ree-kee's, who are a kind of sorcerers, conjurers, wizards, or priests; their name signifying a combination of all these. If he pronounces their god propitious, the battle is renewed with fresh courage, and increased barbarity; but otherwise, the battle ground is quitted in sullen silence, and the head carried to the chief on whose account the war was undertaken. And after the body is cut into small pieces, it is cooked under the eye of the chief, and eaten by his warriors, unless it has become putrid; if it has, a substitute is eaten instead, while the bones of the chief are preserved and scattered among the leading warriors and their favorites, who manufacture them into fish-hooks, whistles, and other articles, as precious memorials of the overthrow of their enemies.

If the chief has a wife, at the time of his death on the field of battle, she is claimed by the victor, and killed; and the priestess, sorceress, or witch, overlooks the wives of the chiefs, while they prepare her body for the same bloody banquet. In passing through one of their villages, Mr. Marsden saw no less than eleven heads of chiefs elevated on poles, and raised as military trophies. They were

prepared in a way to preserve the natural appearance almost entirely perfect, with the exception of the lips, which were so much shrivelled as to expose the teeth, which gave to them a ghastly expression, shocking to the feelings of every beholder; yet the wives and children of these chiefs had been taken captives, made slaves, and their labors assigned them in view of this awful spectacle.

When a man kills another in battle, he is careful to taste his blood, imagining that it secures him from the wrath of the god of him that is fallen; believing that, from the moment he tastes the blood of the slain, the dead man becomes a part of himself, and puts him instantly under the protection of his god.

In works of revenge, blood and murder, Shunghee, the hero of New Zealand, stood pre-eminent for many years. Notwithstanding a visit to England, where he resided several months, and had free intercourse with persons in the highest ranks of society, and was instructed in every thing calculated to give him a relish for civilization, and to interest him in the Christian religion; he returned to his savage countrymen, insensible to the worth of his soul, and the value of the arts of civilized life. During his absence, a relation of his had been killed by some of his friends; he de-

clared war against their tribe immediately, and marching at the head of three thousand warriors, carried death and devastation wherever he went, and after a few weeks' absence, returned to the Bay of Islands in great triumph, and killed more than twenty slaves, roasted and made a feast of them. On one occasion, he and his party slew a thousand men, three hundred of whom they roasted and ate upon the field of battle. When the opposing chief fell, Shunghee poured his blood into his hands and drank it, and afterwards boasted of it with the highest joy.

It is a melancholy fact, that European traders have been found base enough to lend their assistance to some chiefs in their warlike excursions. Many of them are urged to such measures with great importunity by the native chiefs. Within a year or two, the captain of a fine brig, took two chiefs, and about one hundred select warriors on board his ship to convey to the scene of war. A large fleet of war canoes, well manned, and fully equipped, sailed about the same time. The ship put into Bank's Harbor, and the chiefs ordered the natives to go below, while the chief, at whose destruction they aimed, should be allured on board, under pretence of trading. This was effected with ease. Not only the chief, but

many of his people hastened on board, and commenced bartering their own commodities for such things as the captain offered. The poor chief went into the cabin where the two invaders were, and was instantly seized by the hair of his head, and told what he might expect. The select warriors went on shore in the night, captured the wife of the chief, and his daughter, a young girl of fifteen, and sent them on board; and then entered upon the work of death, which was carried on with unspeakable cruelty, till the greater part of the whole population were destroyed, excepting fifty who were reserved for a sacrifice at the feast of triumph, when they returned home. The chief and his wife strangled their daughter on the passage, to disappoint their enemies of the pleasure of torturing her frame before she was executed. The day after the slaughter or massacre, was spent in salting the bodies of the slain, which were packed in baskets, to be conveyed to the feast. When the ship anchored, the prisoners were led out, and seated on the beach, and the baskets, a hundred in number, each containing the body of a victim, carried to the shore, when the war-dance commenced. The warriors were entirely naked, their long, black hair, matted with blood, waving in the wind, each held a human head

in the left hand, and a musket with an un-sheathed bayonet in the right. The dance was accompanied by a song, the terrible expression of which, with the gestures, can never be imagined. These fiend-like figures danced round and round the victims, now and then approaching them with gestures, threatening death in almost every possible variety of torture. But none were killed. They were apportioned among the warriors as slaves, with the exception of one old man, and a little boy. These were to be offered in sacrifice to one of their demon gods.

The feast was prepared, of a large quantity of potatoes, greens, blubber oil, and the human victims which had been salted in baskets, and the old man was brought out, with the head of his son, (who had been slain in the massacre,) suspended from his neck. After undergoing all the torment his persecutors chose to inflict, he was despatched, with every circumstance of horror and atrocity. The little boy was next brought forth to suffer death, and just as the executioner had raised the weapon over his head, an English captain darted forward, seized the child, and partly by threats and entreaties, succeeded in rescuing him for the time, and afterwards purchased, and conveyed

him to New Holland, out of the reach of those cannibal savages.

The chief and his wife were hurried into the interior, and the English captain was assured that the *heart* of the chief was promised to the mother of one of the victors, and that the other conqueror claimed his *brains*. The eyes were designed for the wife, and the tongue to a favorite sister, while the rest of the body was to be distributed among the chiefs in the country.

These deluded beings believe that after death, the left eye is translated to the sky, and made a star in the heavens; therefore one of their most celebrated heroes ate the left eye of a chief whom he had slain, under an idea of increasing his own glory, when at death his own left eye should become a star.

Like all other heathen people, the New Zealanders suffer incredibly from fear of witchcraft, and the power of their priests. A few years ago, Mr. Hall and Mr. King, were passing in a canoe, from one settlement to another, in the Bay of Islands, and put ashore near a fine spring of fresh water. As the head of the boat touched the bank, they were alarmed at the sight of three human bodies laying close together, apparently just murder-

ed. Near them, was a bundle of sticks, and a cooking place partly prepared; a canoe was anchored near by, which was stained with blood. The gentlemen hastened from the spot, and when they returned to their settlement, and made inquiries, they were informed by the natives, that the dead bodies were their slaves, who were killed for *ma-koo-too-ing* a chief, (bewitching or praying evil prayers against him,) which caused his death. The sorcerers pretend to have intercourse with departed spirits, by which they are able to kill by witchcraft, any person who by accident or design, excites their anger or revenge; and such universal confidence is placed in their ability to execute their threats, that every year numbers pine away under the curses of these men, and die of despair.

They use almost numberless ceremonies, in preparing their ground for sweet and common potatoes. The priests are employed to consecrate the ground, to insure their growth, and to set apart a person as sacred, to hoe and weed them. Twenty or thirty years ago, to eat in the house where persons slept, was an unheard of thing.

Extreme cruelty to their slaves, is practised by all New Zealand masters. A female slave ran away, and after a long time had

elapsed, she was discovered by her former owner; who, without the least ceremony, led her to a tree, to which he tied her fast, and then shot her dead. A gentleman from Europe, heard of the circumstance, and went out to see if it was really so; when he arrived at the fatal spot, the girl was nearly prepared for the oven, which was heating. He expostulated with them, to no effect. They insolently told him it was not his concern, they should do as they pleased. When sick, and not like to recover, to shoot, or otherwise destroy their relatives, is a thing hardly to be noticed. Another female slave, had her limbs chopped off, before she was killed.

The people of New Zealand are allowed to be the most savage and blood-thirsty of all the heathen nations on the globe. Yet even these are capable of being reclaimed, by the preaching of the gospel, instruction in the arts of civilized life, and the example of Christian teachers. Until the last fifteen or twenty years, long ages of midnight darkness have rolled unceasingly over those benighted islands. But the dawning of a brighter day has begun to appear.

British Christians have beheld the cruel bondage of their long captivity to the prince of darkness, and knowing that the only reme-

dy for all their superstitions, and crimes, was the gospel of Jesus Christ, they have called upon the friends of religion to furnish the means of bringing them under the influence of the gospel. And several Christian heroes, have gone to that land of carnage, and with the zeal of martyrs, unfurled the banner of the cross, and already have some of the polluted heathen taken shelter under it.

CHAPTER III.

Mission at the Bay of Islands—Shunghee's visit to England—
Attack of Captain Dacres' ship—Visit to Wesley-dale—
A sick priest or sorcerer—Mr. Threlheld and his little son—
Remarkable preservation.

THE first mission ever established in New Zealand, was commenced in 1815, under the patronage of the English Church Missionary Society ; at a place called Kan-ghu-hoo, on the north side of the Bay of Islands. Another station was afterwards built at Kid-dee-kid-dee, on the west side of the same Bay, in 1819, within the jurisdiction of the renowned Shunghee, who, with a brother, ruled over seventeen large districts. He was first introduced to civilized life at the English colony at New Holland, in 1814, which is about seven hundred miles distant from New Zealand. When he returned home, the Rev. Mr. Marsden accompanied him, and under

the fostering care of this bloody warrior, was the mission established.

He was urged to abandon war and to cultivate the arts of civilized life, but he was in the prime of his days, and war was the ruling passion of his soul. However, for a few months he paid some attention to agriculture, but soon relinquished it for the pleasures of war. In 1820, Shunghee visited England, where he remained several months, and received every mark of attention from persons of the highest rank. He was accompanied by a chief named Why-ca-to. The king of England was pleased to grant him an audience, and every thing was shown him at all calculated to awaken or gratify his curiosity. When he returned home, he treated the missionaries with great coldness; spoke of the Society under whose patronage they labored, with much disrespect, and refused to let his children attend the mission school, which he had previously promised. Military stores and soldiers, were the only objects of real interest he saw while he remained in England. He returned with plenty of muskets and ammunition. Delighted with his increasing power of subduing his wild countrymen, he pursued his bloody and ambitious schemes with renewed vigor and success. At the time he was

particularly anxious to have a European settlement in his territory, a rival chief was equally anxious to enjoy the same honor and privilege, not so much out of regard to instruction, as for the presents they hoped to realize.

The missionaries found it extremely difficult to proceed. If Kor-ro-kor-ro was refused a mission at his residence, at Dar-ro-a, his hostile feelings would be aroused, and if he was gratified, Shunghee might be displeased. However, after much debating, it was agreed that there should be a mission within the jurisdictions of each; and at length the arrangements were made to the entire satisfaction of both parties. A fourth station was begun in 1825, on the river Thames, which empties into the Bay of Islands, which was called Kau-a-ka-ra.

Importunate as the chiefs were, to have a European settlement; and they were very liberal in their grants of land, yet they had no conception of the motives which influenced them to come and take up their residence with them.

The English Wesleyan Methodists, formed a missionary station upon a most beautiful river, which empties into Wangaroa bay, in 1823. It was called Wesley-dale, out of re-

spect and affection to the Rev. Charles Wesley, the founder of the Methodist sect.

The situation is very pleasant. The mission house fronted the river, and their plantation extended a considerable distance on both sides of it.

“To the right, and in full view, in the middle of the valley, stands a pyramidal mount, which the natives call ‘*e pa*,’ a place of refuge; it is a mile in circumference at its base, and tapers gradually to a point, at the top. On the sides, at the foot, and in the neighborhood of this pyramid, stand a number of native villages; these, together with the surrounding mountains, rising abruptly in broken ridges, above each other, to a great height and extent, covered to the very top, with fir-trees, forms a very romantic and beautiful scenery.” At first the mission consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Turner, two school-masters, and one or two artizans. At that time, *George*, was the principal chief of the district; after overcoming many difficulties in the *struggle* which is always to be expected in making an effectual impression upon a rude and barbarous people, this chief became warmly attached to the missionaries, and was of great advantage to them in carrying forward their enterprize. He was the same

voracious cannibal, who had led on the murderous band that slaughtered the crew of the *Boyd*, consisting of upwards of ninety persons.

About two years after the establishment of the mission, he was the honored instrument of preserving the lives of the Rev. Daniel Tyerman and James Bennet, Esqr., the English deputation, who went to visit the stations in the South Seas, under the patronage of the London Missionary Society. While passing from Ta-hi-ti to New Holland, captain Dacre, with whom they sailed, put into Wangaroa bay, to take in wood and water.

Almost as soon as they had cast anchor, the natives crowded on board, and as usual, began to steal whatever came in their way; the cook, in a tone of vexation, cried out, "they have stolen ——," some kitchen utensil; again he called out, "they have stolen the beef out of the pot!" The moment after, "they have stolen my cooking pans!" A fellow from the fore-castle, called out, "captain! they have broken open your trunk, and carried away your clothes!"

The captain's patience being exhausted, he attempted to clear the deck of all the lawless intruders; in making the effort, he jostled a chief, and he fell overboard between the ship

and his own canoe. This was their pretext for commencing hostilities. The women and children sprang into their canoes, with the *ka-bows*, of the warriors, who stripped for action, remained on the deck, and almost before their intentions had been suspected, every person on board were their prisoners, and the ship at their disposal.

They then set up a most terrific screeching and howling, while they brandished their weapons in the most threatening manner, over the heads of their prisoners on board. A chief with his slaves, surrounded the captain, with their spears almost touching his breast. Mr. Tyerman stood at a little distance, equally hemmed in by spears and clubs; Mr. Bennet was similarly guarded. Rev. Mr. Threlheld, with his little son seven years old, were passengers, on their way to England; both of them stood near to Mr. Bennet, but not so strictly guarded.

The chief, who, with his gang, had been trafficking with Mr. Bennet, putting his broad tattooed face near to Mr. Bennet's, screamed in the most frightful tones, "*Tangata New Zealandi, tangata kakino?—Tangata New Zealandi, tangata kakino?*" as fast as it was possible for the tongue to utter the words; meaning, "Man of New Zealand, is he a bad

man?—Man of New Zealand, a bad man?” Fortunately for Mr. Bennet, he understood the question, the dialect being similar to the Tahitian; and with all the self-possession possible to assume, in view of instant death, he answered with almost equal volubility, “Kaore kakino, tangata, New Zealandi, tangata kapai;”—Not bad; the New Zealander is a good man: as often as the savage monster asked his question, which might be a hundred or more times. “Why all this uproar?” said Mr. Bennet. “Why cannot we still rub noses, and buy, and sell, and barter as before?” While speaking, a stout slave drew his arms behind him, and bound them fast to his sides, without the least resistance, for Mr. Bennet knew full well, it would only hasten his death.

Assuming all the calmness of which he was capable, he inquired the price of an ornament on the neck of his ferocious *guardian*; at the same moment, he saw a huge axe raised over his head by another slave, who cast a fiend-like glance at his master, for the death-blow signal. Those who have never seen an infuriated savage thirsting to satiate his revenge, cannot form in their minds, a picture of the almost preternatural distortions of the human countenance which he exhibits.

To keep death at bay a little longer, Mr. Bennet continued his conversation, saying, "We want to buy bu-aa, ku-ma-na, ika," &c. (hogs, potatoes, and fowls,) a lad brought a fish on deck to sell. "What shall I give for that fish?"—"Why, so many fish-hooks!"—"Well, then, put your hand into my pocket, and take them." The youth did so. "Now put the fish down there, and bring some more, if you have any," said Mr. Bennet. The fish was instantly brought round behind him, and offered again for sale; without appearing to notice their fraud, he said, "What shall I give you for *that* fish?"—"So many hooks." "Take them: have you no other fish to sell?" The same fish was presented, and the same price demanded, and taken from his jacket pockets. When Mr. Bennet demanded the fourth time, "What shall I give for *that* fish, the knaves burst into a fit of scornful laughter, saying (tangata ke,) we are cheating the foreigner; supposing Mr. Bennet altogether ignorant of their tricks. A slave now came up and insolently snatched off the fur cap, on Mr. Bennet's head. He then stood in silent prayer, every instant expecting to be released from all the cares and sorrows of time. In this moment of solemn suspense, the gleam-

ing axe occasionally catching his eye, as he turned a side glance towards his beloved colleague, Mr. Tyerman, who was in the hands of another chief, and his *cookies* (slaves,) who were handling his body and limbs, evidently with the view to ascertain how well he would cut up at a cannibal feast.

The ship's carpenter walked softly along, nearly to the spot where Mr. Bennet stood in jeopardy, and having beforetimes been acquainted with the cruel customs of the New Zealanders, said, "Sir, we shall all be murdered, and eaten up in a few minutes." Mr. Bennet replied, "Carpenter, I believe that we shall certainly all be in eternity by that time, but we are in the hands of God." The carpenter soon glided away; but Mr. Threlheld's little son heard the remarks, and horror struck, he burst into a fit of loud weeping. Grasping his father's hands, and sobbing bitterly, he cried out, "Father!—father!—when—when they have killed us—will it—will it hurt us when they eat us?"

The carpenter escaped, and took his post among the rigging of the ship, for the time; and when interrogated on the subject, he replied, "I knew I must die, but I was resolved the savages should not eat me, and as soon

as ever I saw the rest cut down, I would have dropped into the sea, and only have been drowned; for I had weights about me which would have sunk me at once." He manifested greater horror at being devoured, than dying. In the moment of deepest agony, the cry, "a boat, a boat!" was heard, which sounded, Life! Life! in the ears of the captives.

It happened thus: Immediately after the ship anchored, Mr. Tyerman and Mr. Bennet expressed a wish to visit the Wesleyan mission, and a boat had been sent up the river to apprise the missionaries of their arrival. The boat returned with Mr. White, one of the missionaries, and *George*, the head chief of the district, just in time to preserve the invaluable lives of their friends. George soon put an end to the tumult; and in a few moments the disorderly chiefs were dismissed—and to prevent any further trouble, George promised to remain on board till the ship was ready to sail.

The deputation went up to the missionary settlement with Mr. White, and passed one night, with the greatest satisfaction; rejoicing in the protection and mercy of God, on account of their own wonderful deliverance,

and in his goodness to the missionaries in preserving them in safety amidst the menaces and aggressions of the savage cannibals, for whose salvation they had ventured and suffered so much.

Before leaving, the next morning, they took a ramble, and had an opportunity to see the whole settlement. The houses of the natives, or rather hovels, were scattered along the river, the banks of which were adorned with beautiful flowering shrubs, and tall trees of pine and fir. The natives whom they met, addressed them with the national salutation, "*Tenarki kakoe.*" At the door of one of the huts sat a man apparently in a weak and languishing condition. On inquiring, it was found that he was a distinguished *priest*, who had been supposed incurable, and was forsaken by all his friends, and left to perish. He had been severely attacked with pleurisy, and the superstitious people supposed that a demon god was eating out his heart.

The missionaries found him in a most deplorable condition, and with his consent applied a very large blister to his chest, which occasioned the severest pain, and made him lose his senses for a few hours, so that he ran out of his house in the night. However,

it was instrumental of curing him ; and he told the missionaries after he began to recover, that during those hours of agony, “ the bad spirit within was pulling with all its might against the Christian (the blister) spirit without, so that between them both, he was almost torn to pieces ; the Christian, however, proved the strongest, and in plucking off the plaster, fairly dragged the bad spirit out of his breast.”

The captain most gladly left Wangaroa bay the day following this little excursion, thankful to be relieved from the anxiety he experienced from apprehensions of another attack of the natives, who are more wild and untractable at Wangaroa than at any of the stations around the Bay of Islands.

The mission house at Wesley-dale, was a comfortable and convenient habitation, and the fields of wheat and corn were well fenced and in a flourishing condition, and the garden afforded the family not only many comforts, but a variety of luxuries. The mission family was composed of a little band of devoted, self-denying Christians, who counted not their lives dear to them, if they might be the honored instruments of leading some of those misguided savages into the narrow path that leads to heaven.

It seemed to the most enlightened and benevolent Christians in England, a most perilous enterprise, and for a long time after the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Turner, their friends daily expected to hear that they had furnished a *horrid meal* to the natives.

CHAPTER IV.

Difficulty at Wesley-dale—Ann-oo-doo—Dog stolen—Rencontre of Mr. White—Flight of Mrs. Turner—Peace restored—Attack of Shun-ghee—The Missionaries flee—Overthrow of the Mission at Wan-ga-roa.

NOT long after the visit of Mr. Tyerman and Mr. Bennet to Wesley-dale, a chief named Ann-oo-doo gave the missionaries much trouble. One day he clambered over the fence that enclosed the mission yard, followed by his train. Mr. Turner desired him to set a better example, and leave the premises. This reproof made the chief so angry, that he stormed and raved most furiously, brandishing his weapons over Mr. Turner's head, as if he intended to cut it off. Mr. White saw there was difficulty, and came out of the house, and with some authority ordered the chief to leave the premises immediately; this he angrily refused to do at first, but in a few minutes he left the yard, with all his followers, one of

whom conveyed away a favorite young dog, which was no sooner missed, than Mr. White pursued the thief, who, perceiving him, turned back with an apology, saying, the dog followed him. Mr. White had but just taken the dog in his arms, when a lad, the son of Ann-oo-doo, for whom he was stolen, darted forward, seized hold of one of the dog's legs and broke it, and then beat Mr. White most furiously with his spear, but did him no serious injury: he then ran in haste towards the mission house, and meeting Mr. Turner, aimed a blow at his head, but missing his mark, the blow fell on one of his arms and broke the spear in two pieces. However, another blow laid Mr. Turner senseless on the ground; at the same time the old chief had grappled Mr. White and got him down under the fence, and doubtless would have killed him, had not the friendly natives rescued him.

Other acts of aggression followed, with accompanying threats of utter extermination, and it was considered altogether unsafe for Mrs. Turner to hazard a longer continuance there. The missionaries from Kid-dee-kid-dee came up and urged the brethren to leave, as well as Mrs. Turner and the children; but having conveyed her in safety to the Bay of Islands, the brethren made a peace, and after

a few weeks the prospects had so much brightened that Mrs. Turner returned, and most joyfully resumed her cares and labors for the benefit of those ungrateful wretches, who had sought to take the life of her husband.

Dark clouds soon began to rise, and in a few days their brightening prospects were all obscured. Rumor followed rumor in quick succession, of approaching hostile parties from a distant district, and all was uproar and confusion; for it was the dreadful *Shun-ghee* that was leading on a murderous band to desolate that fruitful and pleasant valley. To add to their consternation, tidings came that Tapui, a neighboring and comparatively respectable chief, had half butchered one of his own slaves with a hatchet, and shot a near relative dead for reproving him. Tapui seemed drunk with passion, and he raved so as to make the whole valley ring with his hideous yells. One of the missionaries prepared plasters and bandages to go and dress the wounds of the poor slave, and, if possible, save his life, but just as he was leaving the house, word came that the neighbors had killed, roasted and eaten him.

In less than a fortnight after this, fresh tidings came that the war party was coming by water. Scarcely had the messenger finished his errand,

before another came in haste, saying, "they have arrived, and are now in the harbor waiting for the morning tide to bring them up!" and that they had already murdered one of Tapui's slaves, and taken two of them prisoners while they were gathering shell fish. They put the slave girl whom they had murdered into a canoe, and rowed up nearly to the mission house, where they found a native oven similar to those used at the Sandwich islands; in this she was baked, and after her flesh was devoured, they scattered her bones over the beach. She was the second human being who had been butchered and devoured near the mission house during that month (November, 1826).

It was a time of confusion and dismay to the natives, and one of deep sorrow and distress to the missionaries, though in many respects the Lord was better to them than their fears: their lives and buildings were spared, which was more than they had reason to expect. As many as three hundred of the assailants were pillaging the missionary plantation at once. The garden was wholly destroyed; and when a large company approached the buildings, Mrs. Turner expected the house would be pulled down over her head.

The missionaries had a hard scuffle with the savages when they opposed their entrance into the boat-house, especially Mr. Hobbs, whom they threatened to spear and shoot; he at last escaped, with only the loss of his hat, and the rudder of the boat; with the help of his brethren he saved the boat. After breaking the wheel-barrows and pulling up the fences, the furious creatures marched off in a body to some distant potatoe fields, which yielded them a rich booty.

A friendly chief found means to inform Mr. Turner, that a plan had been concerted to break open his house at night, and rob it of every thing valuable. But the lawless wretches did not wait till night before they paid them a most unwelcome visit,—and demanded a young girl, who had been redeemed from slavery by Mr. Turner nearly a year before. The head of the band was her former owner; and fearing a refusal would cost the poor girl her life, and him the destruction of his dwelling, Mr. Turner let him carry her off—indeed, resistance would have been as unavailing as were the tears and entreaties of Mrs. Turner, who felt a strong affection for her, and had spared no pains to prepare her for usefulness. The girl had a fine capacity and was very tractable, having become a good reader, and

learned to use her needle with considerable skill and taste.

When the whole fleet of canoes passed down the river the next morning, the poor girl rose in the canoe as it floated past the mission house, waving her hand to Mrs. Turner and the school girls; and bowing a sad farewell to all that she left behind.

Scarcely two months had elapsed before another war party, with the dreadful Shunghee at their head, marched for Wan-ga-roa. The missionaries had been apprised of his intention, and had made preparations, as they thought, for a timely removal; but, with his usual expedition, this celebrated warrior arrived at Wesley-dale, in the middle of the night, a week sooner than was expected. The family arose in the greatest possible haste, and secured the doors and windows in the best manner they were able, and, in view of the journey before them, Mrs. Turner made a cup of tea, and put up such provision as they had in the house. Some of the school boys ran to the missionaries for protection, and begged Mr. Turner's permission to follow them in their flight. This was readily granted, as Mrs. Turner had three little children to take care of, the youngest only five weeks old.

The boys were speedily dressed in some of

the best clothes of the missionaries, who adopted this method of saving them. The whole family had just finished their slight repast, as the assailants began to break into the back of the house; and they escaped out of the front door, through the garden, unperceived, making themselves a road over fences, ditches, and whatever else opposed their progress, till, overcome with fatigue, they were almost ready to faint—when, to their great joy, they met a band of their missionary friends from the Bay of Islands, who, having heard of the expected attack, set off at a moment's warning to comfort and assist them. They reached the missionary settlement in safety, after a fatiguing walk of thirty miles, and found the kindest welcome.

Shunghee took the '*e pa*,' fortified place, where all the natives sought and found a refuge in the last attack. But on this occasion it was taken, and every man, woman, and child indiscriminately massacred, without regard to age, sex, or condition. Their bodies were torn to pieces and eaten, as dogs would tear and devour the carcass of a beast. The wife of Shunghee died at Wan-ga-roa, and his excuse for destroying the lives of all the inhabitants except the slaves, was, to get "satis-

faction for her death, and divert his thoughts from his affliction."

Little children had their brains dashed out before the eyes of their mothers, before their own death was sealed. In this scene of blood and carnage Shunghee received a gun shot wound; but not till he had witnessed the overthrow of the mission house, which was burnt to ashes, after being robbed of every thing worth removing. The barn contained a year's stock of flour, which was consumed with it. All the out buildings shared the same fate.

One of the victorious chiefs, wrapped up in six blankets which he had stolen from the mission house, danced before the others, almost beside himself with savage joy. Four other blankets were used for a shroud for the wife of Shunghee, and were deposited with her. He survived his wound fifteen months, and then died in darkness. He had heard a great deal about the salvation of the gospel, but religion always interfered with his ambitious schemes, and he refused compliance with the only terms (faith and repentance) upon which any sinner can find acceptance with God. He gave orders to have the customary sacrifice of slaves omitted at his death, and requested his people to treat the missionaries,

settled in his territory, well, and never to molest or drive them away.

His remains were conveyed to a place of security by four chiefs, secretly, for fear his bones might be stolen by his enemies, it being considered the greatest calamity which can befall a tribe, to have the remains of their chief carried away. The missionaries around the Bay of Islands had anticipated his death with many apprehensions of danger; but at the time it occurred, those from whom they apprehended an attack, were at a distance on the western coast. They were not molested by any one; and the custom of sacrificing slaves at the death of a great man, it is hoped, will soon be abolished. The difference between the ceremonies performed at the death of a chief, and that of a slave, is surprising. Nearly a week elapses between the decease of a chief, or that of any member of his family, and the termination of the first funeral rites. They are dressed for the grave in several suits of clothes, and placed in a sitting posture, anointed over and over with fish oil, the hair knotted up and decorated with white feathers; and after being buried about three months, it is taken up, carried to a river, and washed—the bones scraped clean and packed in a curiously carved box, and then fastened to the

top of a high post stuck into the ground, which is enclosed by a high fence, with a wooden image standing upon it to signify that it is a *ta-bu-ed* (sacred) spot. No other ceremony attends the burial of a slave, than simply digging a hole, pitching him into it, and filling it with earth.

Almost as little ceremony is attached to the marriage rite: the lover makes the bargain with the father, and at the time appointed leads away his bride. Most of the chiefs have six or eight wives, and others are allowed as many as they choose to maintain, or rather employ. The family state in this barbarous land is often a scene of tyranny, jealousy, and revenge. Child murder is very common; mothers perform this heathen act by pressing the soft part of the head, at the jointings of the skull, in the first moments of its existence, and, horrid to relate, they then furnish a meal to the cannibal mother.

Those children who are spared, are fondled and caressed by both parents, and indulged in all their wayward humors. By right of birth, they have a full share of the wildness, audacity, turbulence, and daring, of the reckless race to which they belong. They are idle, wilful, unsteady, despisers of their parents, whom they often curse to their face; yet

frank, and always free from embarrassment, and in many respects are more intelligent than English or American children of the same age.

They are introduced into the public assemblies of their tribe as soon as weaned, and even carried to the wars. Thus they become statesmen and soldiers, in miniature, before they are five years old.

At that age they will listen to the speeches of the chieftains with a fixedness of attention truly astonishing to a European. By the time they are eight or ten years old, they have become initiated into all the habits and customs peculiar to New Zealand. To paddle the canoe, use the native weapons of war, and to dance the war-dance, and sing the death-song, are some of the first things taught a New Zealand child.

A lad who wishes to emulate the valorous deeds of his ancestors, seeks every opportunity to display his prowess before his admiring countrymen. At the age of fourteen, Repero, a son of the great Shunghee, raised himself to eminence in his tribe, by having shot a man.

Their imitative powers are uncommonly great: several of those chiefs who have visited England, after having entered the most refined circles a few times, appeared like men accustomed to move in similar society; and when

seated at the tables of the great, have watched the manners of the company without manifesting the least embarrassment, and so readily adopted them, as seldom to make the smallest mistake in the use of food or furniture, with which they were previously wholly unacquainted.

A young chief named Mayhanzer, was the first New Zealand guest England received. When, for the first time, he was seated in a coach, he looked a little alarmed, and cast an inquiring glance this way and that. A friend asked him how he liked his situation; he replied—"Very good house, it walks very fast!" When he first went to London, he appeared thoughtful and dejected; the immense throng of people, the bustle, business, and apparent wealth of that great city almost overcame him; he said, with evident sadness, "In New Zealand I am a man of consequence; but in a country like this, my consideration must be lost." While on a visit to Lord Fitzwilliam, it was expected the elegant pictures, mirrors, and other splendid articles would delight and dazzle, if not bewilder him; but they made very slight impressions, and being watched, he was found counting the chairs; when he had done, he observed, "A great number of men sit with the chief." He re-

turned to his native land well supplied with agricultural and mechanical tools; but he afterwards regretted most bitterly his want of forethought while in England, saying with tears, "When I was introduced to the king in England, I could have asked for guns instead of nails and tools, and he would have given me a hundred stand of arms!" In 1827 he had assumed the title of "*King Charley.*"

Two other youthful chiefs were so fired with a passion for adventure, after the return of their countryman, that they would not be restrained from their favorite enterprise, till a visit of several months had been made to various parts of England. Tooi had previously been instructed by the Rev. Mr. Marsden of New Holland, in letters, but the mechanic arts were his delight and admiration. He was taken to a pottery, and almost in ecstasy he said, "I make four cups. Mr. R—— tell me, you soon learn. Yes, I say, very soon learn with fingers; but book very hard. I do anything with my fingers—the book is very hard—all go away next morning."

He wrote to a person who had been kind to him: "I have been up the country in Shropshire; see with my own eye the iron run like water; my countryman no believe, suppose I

tell him. Tooi no like London—shove me about.”

After his friend and companion in the voyage had visited the Tower, he wrote to some person who had showed him much friendship: “Mr. Hall took me see the Tower—see thousand thousand guns: *no give me one at all.* See lion, monkey, elephant, and cockatoo; the cockatoo he know me very well.”

Notwithstanding Tooi’s advantage of seeing England, and spending three years in Mr. Marsden’s seminary, and learning the doctrines and duties which Christianity teaches and commands, yet, after going back to New Zealand, he soon relapsed into many of his old *savage* habits.

An English captain invited him to dine on board his ship. He went, dressed like a foreign officer, and appeared quite like a gentleman; but his conversation was a continued series of boasting of strife and bloodshed. One instance of his *generalship* seemed to give him inexpressible pleasure. He had driven a small party of his enemies into a narrow place, without any opening through which they might escape; and he had the pleasure to shoot twenty-two of them in succession, without their being able to make the faintest resistance. He remarked, however, that though his men cook-

ed and ate those dead bodies, he neither ate human flesh nor fought on the Sabbath. He used the language of piety, but it was evident it was mere display. Some one asked him why he did not turn the minds of his countrymen towards agriculture and the arts; he said it was impossible; "that if you told a New Zealander to work, he fell asleep; but if you spoke of fighting, he opened his eyes as wide as a tea-cup; that the whole bent of his mind was war, and that he looked upon fighting as fun."

Another interesting New Zealander has recently visited England, whose name is *Tupai Cupa*. When he first saw a man on horseback, he stood speechless with amazement, supposing the man a part of the animal. The cow was a subject of as great astonishment to one of his countrymen, who asked where its mouth was, the head hanging down when he first saw it. When the first horse was sent to the Bay of Islands, the Rev. Mr. Marsden was there, and mounted it; the natives stood gazing at the spectacle in the wildest amazement, as he galloped up and down the beach.

One of the chiefs had attempted to describe a horse to some of his countrymen, after he returned from England, and for want of a better word he called it a *cor-ree-dee*, the

name of the New Zealand dog. When he told them how the white men got on the back of the animal and capered about, they put their fingers in their ears, and told him they would not listen to his lies. Some, however, were more believing at first, but after bestriding the pigs and dogs, that they might ascertain the truth of his statements, they joined the rest in ridiculing the traveller, and advising him to be quiet. When the horse arrived, this chief who had been ridiculed was present, and his triumph over their unbelief was complete. It has been said that the hog, and a species of fox dog, were the largest land animals in New Zealand. There are but few of any size; but the variety and beauty of the feathered tribe make ample amends. Wild ducks and wood pigeons are abundant, and of very delicate flavor; pheasants and paroquets are plenty, and remarkably tame, and the mocking-bird is distinguished for the extraordinary variety of its notes. Another singular bird, called the *poi-bird*, is greatly admired and highly prized for its beautiful plumage, and the sweetness and variety of its notes. There is another bird which, in some respects, bears a resemblance to the English nightingale. A gentleman who heard their songs at midnight, described them as almost enchant-

ing. Their numbers are incredible. Hundreds open their little throats at the same moment, as if by concert, and chime away from midnight till sunrise, when they cease at the same moment, and are no more heard or seen till the next midnight hour calls forth their songs, which sound at a little distance like the finest musical bells.

Many of the customs of social life in New Zealand, resemble those formerly practised at the Sandwich islands. Rubbing noses at meeting—weeping and wailing, are marks of respect and affection in both countries.

The power of early habit was strikingly displayed by Repero, the son of Shunghee, who, with several other young men, sons of chiefs, had been absent a long time, at Mr. Marsden's seminary. On their passage home from New Holland, a distance of twelve hundred miles, they boasted that they would not cry at meeting friends, but would salute them after the English fashion.

The little Repero was very heroic, and forced his spirits till he appeared quite manful: but the unexpected sight of his father overwhelmed him in an instant, and he burst out in a loud wailing, and the tears poured down his face in streams. Another chief, who had been at school three years, kept his resolution

tolerably well, till unexpectedly a young chief embraced him, when he threw his arms around his neck, and wept and howled as loud and long as any of them.

The New Zealand women, like the females at the Sandwich islands, follow their husbands and relatives in their warlike excursions—not so much to fight, as to take care of the sick and wounded—to clean the firearms and other weapons of war, and to cook the food, and *prepare* (embalm) the heads that are taken in battle. They also add their shouts and screams in the war-song. A warrior generally takes but one or two wives to the battle, but a large number of female slaves, who carry the provisions and cooking utensils, which for family use are very few, consisting of a wooden pounder to beat the fern root, which is a good substitute for bread, calabashes, baskets, &c. The natives houses are long, and sometimes wide; but a common sized one measures about fourteen feet by ten, with a slide door so low, that a man must crawl in upon his hands and knees, and often so narrow as to compel him to take off his coat. The fire is kindled in the centre, without any opening for the smoke except the door. They seldom contain much but weapons of war, mats, musical instruments resembling a flute or fife,

some of which are made from the *arm bone* of a man. The same bone, or that of the leg, serves for the handles of their war-clubs and other weapons.

CHAPTER V.

Rev. Mr. Marsden—Church Missionary Society—Captain Cook—Schools—Rangatira's—Cookies—Written Language—Printing—Injustice and cruelty of Europeans—Murder of natives by Foreigners—Christianity and Heathenism contrasted—Cheering prospects.

ALTHOUGH New Zealand was discovered nearly two hundred years ago, yet till within the last sixteen or seventeen years, it had not made the least advancement in civilization. The attention of the religious world was directed to these distant islands; by the Rev. Mr. Marsden, Missionary to New Holland. This enterprising and philanthropic gentleman has devoted much time and a vast deal of labor, upon these savage tribes, but it has been to the missionaries sent there by the Church Missionary Society, aided by his knowledge, and experience, that New Zealand owes nearly all she has acquired of the arts of civ-

ilized life. Hogs, and several kinds of vegetables, especially potatoes, were introduced by captain Cook. Grain, cattle, and horses by other persons. The Church Missionary Society sent out a small mission, designed to settle at the Bay of Islands, but they were obliged to remain a long time at Port Jackson, in New South Wales, before they dared venture among such blood-thirsty cannibals. At length, in 1815, as has been already noticed, they established themselves, and in the course of a few months opened a school, with about thirty scholars, two thirds of whom were girls. However, the number of boys increased, till it nearly or quite equalled that of the girls. It seemed for a long time an impossible thing to make them constant in their attendance. It was soon discovered that nothing but the hope of getting plenty to eat, induced them to come at all. Parents nor children had any notion of conning lessons without some reward; indeed, many of the former insisted upon being paid something handsome for permitting their children to learn, besides their maintenance in the mission family. For four months very little was done, even in school hours, but shouting, dancing, and singing. It was no uncommon thing for the children to scamper off into the woods together, and the master was

obliged to follow with their lessons. The missionaries were often driven to their wits ends. At last, by increasing the quantity, and variety of their food, they began to acquire an ascendancy over them, and were enabled to keep them within doors a little time each morning and evening. But after many a weary month, one of the teachers said, "While one child is repeating his lesson, another will be playing with my feet, another taking away my hat, and another my book; all in the most friendly manner."

When the station was commenced, there was no written language, but, very soon, school books were prepared, and with all their wildness, it was astonishing to see how rapidly the little creatures learned to read, spell, and write. Had they the same advantages enjoyed by their neighbors at the Sandwich, Society, and Friendly islands, their advancement in civil, social, and religious attainments, might be equally rapid, for in intellectual capacity they are not a whit behind any other people on the globe.

One of the wives of the missionaries wrote the following account of her native assistants, in domestic labor. "The best of the native girls, if not well watched, would strain the milk through the duster, wash the tea-things,

with the knife-cloth, or wipe the tables with the flannel for scouring the floor. The best of them also will, on a hot day, take herself off, just when you may be wishing for some one to relieve you, and swim; after which, she will go to sleep for two or three hours. If they are not in a humor to do anything you tell them, they will not understand you; it is by no means uncommon to receive such an answer as, 'What care I for that?' The moment a boat arrives, away run men, boys and girls, to the beach. If there is anything to be seen, or anything extraordinary occurs in New Zealand, the mistress must do the work, while the servants gaze abroad; she must not censure them; for if they are '*rangatina's*,' (chiefs, gentlemen, gentry,) they will run away in a pet; and if they are '*cookies*,' (common men, slaves,) they will laugh at her, and tell her that she has 'too much of the mouth;' having been forewarned of this, I wait, and work away, till they choose to come back, which they generally do at meal-time."

From very small beginnings, the missionaries have so far advanced in their grand scheme of benevolence, as to have reduced the language to writing, printed books in the native tongue, for a time at Port Jackson, but more recently at their own mission press.

They have put in circulation part of the gospel of Matthew, and of John, besides small portions of the Old Testament, the Lord's prayer, and a suitable collection of hymns. Those who have learned to read, are delighted with the books, and the missionaries are encouraged to persevere in their labors, till the whole New Testament shall be completed.

Had the gospel been introduced at the time of Cook's first visit, while the natives were strangers to the use of ardent spirits and fire-arms, it is not too much to believe that long before this time their exterminating wars would have ceased, and the great mass of the people engaged in agriculture and the mechanic arts.

The temples of Jehovah would long ere this have pointed their tall spires to the sky, and the sound of the "*church going bell*," echoed sweetly amid those wild hills and lovely valleys. The village schools, the halls of legislation, the hospitals and asylums of the unfortunate, would have united in proclaiming the triumphs of Christianity.

But at what a melancholy distance from this bright picture, that country now is, a hasty glance at the pages of this little book will show, but will show faintly, when compared with a more detailed exhibition of the real

condition of the whole country. Christianity has at length entered that land of blood and treachery, taking along with her literature and the arts, and if the little band of pioneers now there, shall be sustained by the sympathies, charities, and prayers of their Christian brethren in Christian countries, the darkness of ages shall be dispersed, and the glory of heaven shall shine upon it.

The difficulties, dangers, and discouragements to be met and overcome by all who go to reclaim and civilize a savage nation, requires a great share of wisdom, fortitude, faith, and zeal.

It is exceedingly to be lamented that the conduct of Europeans should, as it unquestionably has, offer an excuse for much of the inhuman conduct of those savages. But the wanton cruelties, committed by the unprincipled commanders and crews of many vessels, that have resorted to their shores, are too well attested to leave the shadow of a doubt that the most atrocious deeds have been committed against the inhabitants of New Zealand. The English missionaries assert, that at least a hundred natives were murdered by Europeans, in the vicinity of their station, within two or three years after their settlement at the Bay of Islands. Particular instances of brutal

cruelty might be related, which would raise the blush of shame in the face of many an American; as well as Englishman. The time has been, when a society of respectable men at the English colony, in New Holland, was formed, with the governor at its head, for the especial protection of the natives of New Zealand, and the neighboring islands, against the oppression and injustice practised upon them by the crews of European vessels.

To persons familiar with the facts which have been furnished by men of principle and piety, but little surprise is excited, when they hear that the sight of the "*white man's ship*" is the signal for an attack, which usually ends in massacre and plunder.

The English mission has attached to it blacksmiths, carpenters, shoe-makers, a flax-dresser and weaver, besides school-masters, and ordained missionaries. They have five schools, which contain about one hundred and eighty scholars. Their plantations exhibit a great variety of grains, vegetables, flowers and shrubbery, in a state of great luxuriance and beauty.

Some of the neighboring chiefs have almost exactly copied the gardens and grounds of the missionaries and settlers. One of the chiefs remarked not long since, that New Zealand

would soon become the white man's country. Their fondness for "*Europe fashions*" is increasing every day, and nothing so easily raises the vanity of both sexes, as to be arrayed in English dresses. The inordinate desire for blankets, garments, tea, sugar, bread, and other comforts of civilized life, has whetted their ingenuity, and been a stimulus to industry. One of the most promising symptoms at present, is, their eager desire to speak and read English. This brings them under the influence of the missionaries, who pour into their open ears divine truth, which has recently proved to be the 'power of God, and the wisdom of God to the salvation' of many. In the vicinity of the missions, the population is divided into the *Christian* and *pagan* parties, the same as among the New York tribes of Indians. The Sabbath is regarded with great strictness by the Christian party, whether pious or unawakened.

One of the missionaries recently wrote the following to one of his patrons.

"The darkness, the almost impenetrable darkness, which, for such a length of time, hung over the New Zealand Mission seems to be giving way, and day, yea, the glorious gospel day, is breaking upon the long benighted New Zealander. Some begin to say, and feel, that,

though once spiritually blind, now they have light in the Lord. Others are walking in, and adorning, their Christian profession."

Another missionary says, "Though we are situated in the very centre of Satan's dominions, where he practices all his hellish arts, where the degradation of human nature appears in all its horrors, through men's depravity, called forth into exercise by the prince of darkness; yet, the day shall come when Satan will fall, like lightning from heaven. God has promised that, *his glory shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together.* The Scriptures cannot be broken; the time will come when human sacrifices and cannibalism shall be annihilated in New Zealand, by the pure, mild, and heavenly influences of the Gospel of our blessed Lord and Saviour: his word which is *the sword of the Spirit*, is able to subdue these savage people to the obedience of faith. It is the duty of Christians to use the means, to sow the seed, and patiently to wait for the heavenly dews to cause it to spring up; and, afterwards, to look up to God in faith and prayer to send the early and the latter rain."

About ten months ago, a scene at Kid-dee-kid-dee, on the west side of the bay, contrasted finely with one on the east side; where there is no mission, and not more than two or three

miles across ; and displayed *Christianity* and *heathenism*, in very strong lights. At the former place, they have built a little chapel, and hung a bell. One Sabbath morning, the families of the missionaries, and their assistants, their scholars, servants, and neighbors, were seen assembling for public worship, clothed decently, and carrying their books in their hands, and after they entered the house of God, all was order and decorum. On the opposite shore, crowds of warriors from various tribes had gathered together, in a "wild and savage state, many of them nearly naked ; and when exercising, entirely so. Nothing was to be heard but the firing of muskets, and the din and confusion of a savage military camp ; some mourning the death of friends, others suffering from their wounds ; and not one but whose mind was involved in heathen darkness, without one ray of divine knowledge."

What parent or child in this free and enlightened country can read of the ferocious and sanguinary New Zealanders, without lifting up a grateful prayer to God, for the blessings of our political, social, benevolent, and religious institutions ? And who can suppress the prayer of intercession for this noble race, buried in the night of barbarism, that the Sun of Righteousness may suddenly and brightly

shine in every dwelling from the northern to the southern shore. Will not teachers in Sabbath schools contrast the situation of the children under their care, with the offspring of cannibals, and awaken in their young hearts deep sympathy, and tender compassion for these perishing outcasts? Shall not the natives of those far distant islands be remembered by the people of God, in their secret retirements, when bowing round the domestic altar, and in the places where prayer is wont to be made?

Then, and not till then, will the glory of God cover that land, as the waters cover the mighty deep.

HYMNS.

“ When shall the voice of singing,
 Flow joyfully along?
Where hill and valley, ringing
 With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended ;
 And HIM who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
 In righteousness to reign.

Then from the craggy mountains,
 The sacred shout shall fly,
And shady vales and fountains,
 Shall echo the reply.
High tower, and lowly dwelling,
 Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujah swelling
 In one eternal sound.”



“ Arise ! arise !—with joy survey
The glory of the latter day :
Already is the dawn begun
Which marks at hand a rising sun !

‘ Behold the way !’ ye heralds cry ;
Spare not, but lift your voices high :
Convey the sound from pole to pole,
‘ Glad tidings,’ to the captive soul.

‘ Behold the way to Zion’s hill,
Where Israel’s God delights to dwell !
He fixes there his lofty throne,
And calls the sacred place his own.’

The north gives up—the south no more
Keeps back her consecrated store ;
From east to west the message runs,
And either India yields her sons.

Auspicious dawn !—thy rising ray
With joy we view—and hail the day ;
Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
And fill the world with glad surprise.”

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