

some of their people spoke were for the most part sounds without any meaning. They said the Jews (Captain Levy and his brother) told them that "the new talk was Hebrew."

These two fellows appeared very civil, wished to know if I would teach them figures. I told them if they would come daily I would; they promised to do so. While they were with me I wrote a pencil note in native to Mrs. Grace, and gave it to them to read. I afterwards wrote a copy of it, and asked them to compare the two. The copy was to be kept for other Natives in case the original was sent. There was a hope of the vessel going next day.

The captain told me this morning, apparently by accident, that he intended to effect his brother's escape. Night came; Natives returned from the meeting inland, but Patara did not come, nor could I hear anything of the letter he was to send. The vessel had been given up, and news came that the meeting had agreed that payment was to be made for the things taken from the captain; but my case seemed now very dark and doubtful, and in case the captain effected the escape of his brother, hopeless. I lay down to rest, but could not sleep. In the morning Patara and his party were to start for Turanga. About twenty Opotiki Natives were going with them, which would make in all about fifty.

7th.—I had concluded during the night, if I could procure a horse to go off eight miles inland to see Patara before he started for Turanga, and make sure of the letter at least. I could not get a horse, and did not go. A few of the Natives had not yet returned, and the letter might still come. I had reason also to be disturbed at what the captain told me about the escape of his brother, he having agreed that his brother should remain, and that he himself would be the medium of communication to carry Patara's letter, and to bring back Hori Tupaea. My life was thus in his hands.

To depart now from this arrangement by taking off his brother, who was a hostage for him to continue trading, but whose life was in no danger, was to destroy all that had been settled at the trial, and to make my case hopeless. I therefore told him this, and showed him that if he had not promised to leave his brother and take the letter it would have been different, but that now it would be wrong unless he could get both off together. I expressed my willingness not to escape without his brother.

He stormed at me and cursed the trial, &c., &c. I quietly told him that he must remember I could prevent his doing so. After this I was subject to much abuse, and that too in the presence of the Natives; and was daily insulted because I would not give them a document to cover their loss.

Time hung heavily on my hands. The want of congenial society was very painful. The constant oaths and curses I was accustomed to, made me seek society amongst the Natives rather than the Europeans, except in the case of Dr. Agassiz, who was kind; but I was closely watched, and every opportunity taken to keep me from the Natives. I was glad to find a book, belonging I think to Mr. Hooper, "Memoirs of Garibaldi." This filled some of my spare time. What struck me most in reading it, was the wonderful preservation of that brave man through a long series of years under circumstances often desperate. It encouraged me to hope. Why should I doubt?

This afternoon Patara's letter arrived, the captain got it. I proposed in the evening that it should be opened, that we might know whether it was genuine, which I was led to doubt, for we had learned that the vessel was to be detained for ten days' longer. He refused to allow me to do so. I promised to be responsible for opening it, but he would not consent.

8th.—Abuse was now so common that I felt it impossible to go on; something must be done. Saw a man to-day with my red blanket and trowsers on. Told him they were mine. He said they had been given to him. I found he was from Whakatane. Spoke to him about taking Patara's letter to Tauranga. He proposed to take it overland for £5.

(With respect to this letter, on which my life depended, thus refused to be opened sent or copied, Mr. Wm. Hooper since writes me to say—"Now he the said Morris Levy opened the letter in my house; locked my house doors during the time I read over the letter, as he did not know how to read it himself.")

Had a meeting with Dr. Agassiz about giving a document respecting loss. Explained to him my position. He advised me under the circumstances to give one. I wrote one out and left it with him, and a second for the captain to sign for the delivery of Patara's letter at Tauranga. The captain, owing to my reluctance to give a document, had become so violent that I was unwilling to talk with him any more on the subject. I went out of the room, and he went in to Dr. Agassiz. My memorandum was not satisfactory. At this time a lunatic had just been discovered who had exhumed the body of Mr. Volkner, had taken off the clothes, and put them on himself. I immediately renewed my former request, and spoke to the Natives to have a proper grave, when the younger Mr. Levy abused me in their presence. Wished to know what it was to me: told me to mind my own business. Notwithstanding, I went with the Natives and showed them where I wished it buried—at the end of the church. Abused again by Captain Levy with oaths. He declared it should be buried in another place, away from the church, close to the hole it had been in. After a while as I was walking about, I saw Henare and Eru with spades looking about the spot I had fixed upon. Eru came towards me and called me to mark the place; I went and did so, and they began to dig; they were remarkably civil. I asked them if there was any objection to my reading the burial service; they said there was none, and promised to be present. I went to ask Dr. Agassiz if he would join me in reading the burial service. On returning to the grave, the captain and Mr. S. Levy were both there, with some of the sailors. I was again abused with oaths. I expressed a wish to give the body Christian burial; he cursed me and the service. I was then pushed violently away to a distance. After a time I wrote on a slip of wood requesting to see the body interred, and without waiting for a reply went to the grave. Afterwards, when I asked the Levys why they used me so, and said was it not natural that I should wish to bury my brother, the answer I received was, you repudiate our loss.

Time still hung heavily on my hands, and my feelings for my family were most intense. The prospect was so dark that, judging from appearances, I could not expect to see them again; while the daily persecution I was enduring on account of the loss the Levys said they had sustained through Mr. Volkner and myself embittered everything, but God's word strengthened me, and I was able to take comfort in reading the Evening Psalms, particularly the 42nd and 43rd, and could not help believing I should yet be free.