

precipitating upon the rocks of the sea, from a cliff 100 feet high, another child 10 or 12 years old, who was running away to escape. Two days after (November 22nd) the news reached Kororareka; a great alarm spreads; nearly all the natives have left the town; a mournful and sinister silence prevails. However the bay is crossed by numerous boats and canoes. The Maoris on the one hand, according to their wild customs, expect a sudden rise of all the white men to rush and slaughter them at once; on the other hand, the white men think that this massacre is only the signal for the massacre of all the white men. A message is sent to the commander of an English man-of-war anchored at Russell Town, a few miles from Kororareka. A regular watch is kept during the night.

To the great uneasiness of the white population, the three men-of-war which were in the Bay sail away the next morning, when their presence was most needed. A schooner loaded with Europeans had been tacking about in the Bay all the night for fear of a murderous attack. Meanwhile, the news came that the murderer had been found out; that he is the son of a Maori chief; the natives keep him in irons among them; they have found on him two watches and a gold chain that he took from his victims. Moka, an influential chief, shows the culprit to the Europeans. The town remains in a state of stupor and fear. Some suggest that an attack should be made on the Maoris to force them to surrender the murderer; the Magistrate, Mr. Beckham, opposes the suggestion. He even forbids arming for a defence. People are surprised that he does not take any steps in the matter.

However, two Europeans go to the natives, who were meeting to consider the affair; they ask that the murderer should be surrendered. The natives make a sort of promise, but they seem to fear to meddle too much; they wish for peace, but are afraid of the white men, who want to assist them in capturing the guilty. The day is over, and nothing has been done; the anxiety continues, and apprehensions are entertained for the night. Rewa, another influential chief, has sent the news of the event to headquarters, principally to Papahia and Hokianga. His intentions are not known. A general slaughter of all the whites is still apprehended; the Maories may come to surprise us either by a small bay at the back of the town, or by the beach in front—a position very similar to ours here in Nelson, where Maoris could come by the Waimea Road from the Rabbit Island or by the Port.

In such a threatening aspect, I consult with my companions—what, in case of a general slaughter, we should do? It was decided that everyone should try to make his escape, and if we were obliged to part, and survive, we should try to meet our Bishop again.

We notice some of the natives walking apparently without fear, some carrying arms. Before going to bed, I place my Prayer-book on my table, and my Bible in my pocket, to take them with me in case I have to run away; I think with myself that perhaps to-morrow I shall be amongst the dead. Every one is on the look-out. The white men provide themselves with guns, revolvers, stabbing knives, &c. An Englishman comes to offer us four guns; we decline taking them, at the same time thanking him with gratitude for his attention. As for me, my plan is to make my escape by the back of the house over the hills, if they attack us by the front; and if by the back, I shall rush into the sea to reach by swimming an English vessel anchored at about half a mile from the shore. I have my window a little open to hear if anything happens; I resign my life into the hands of God for His glory. I wind up my alarm to rise at 1 o'clock to see if everything is quiet. The alarm sounds; I get up, but find everything silent.

On the 24th (Wednesday) the chiefs Rewa, Moka, and others send for Father Epalle and Father Petit-Jean, Bishop Pompallier being absent. They declare that although they do not like to interfere too much in that affair, yet they have sent for the father of the murderer, who comes, bringing him with him.

Numerous canoes appear in the bay. The natives show themselves again. A large meeting takes place, and they decide that Maketu, the murderer, shall be handed over to justice.

The Magistrate comes from Russell Town at 2 o'clock p.m., with 25 soldiers. Towards evening, at 6 o'clock, the soldiers march to the centre of the town; at the other extremity opposite, the Magistrate, accompanied by his officers and a long file of Europeans and Maoris, advances. It is Maketu who is led to the boat of the Magistrate, to be conveyed to Russell Town to prison; the culprit steps into the boat his countenance much cast down. Three soldiers and the Magistrate go in the boat and pull away, leaving the natives struck with that imposing countenance of the pakeha, which they had never witnessed before. They know that their man has not long to live, and that he will be rewarded according to his deserts *Tahioa ki te mate*.

The natives admire the conduct of the white men; they tell me that it is "kapai." As for themselves they say that, according to their old habits, they would have, as madmen, made a rush upon the murderer's tribe, and made a general slaughter; whereas the white men proceed slowly; the eldest of them are consulted; every inquiry is made; proper information taken; this is "kapai." "He ritenga pai tenei."—A war-dance takes place, and peace is restored.—"Ka mau te rongō."

(To be continued.)

Several German newspapers have, it is said, received letters from a secret Italian committee which has been instituted in order to agitate in favor of a reunion of Nice and Savoy with Italy. In these letters it is stated that the inhabitants of these former Italian provinces long for their reunion with the kingdom. They allege the reunion of Alsace and Lorraine with Germany, and dispute the right of France to complain of the loss of these provinces as long as she retains Nice and Savoy. They request the Germans to assist them.—'Overland Mail.'

A WOMAN'S WALK OVER THE NIAGARA.

THE 'Buffalo Courier,' July 10, says:—Maria Spelterini is a genuine belle of the Campagna, the name being her own, as we are positively assured, and her nationality unquestionably Italian. She is not particularly sylph-like, but is what might be termed buxom, and physically able to hold her own in the battle of life. On Saturday afternoon this lady accomplished a feat which no woman had ever before essayed, namely, the crossing of the gorge of Niagara on a tight rope stretched immediately over the point where the rapids boil most furiously, a couple of hundred feet beyond the railroad suspension-bridge.

At the point selected for the exhibition, the same at which the famous Blondin stretched his second rope, the gorge is something more than eight hundred feet wide, and the banks are about two hundred feet above the seething water. It is one of the wildest, most troubled parts of the river. Enclosures had been formed by rough board fences, at either end of the rope on both the American and Canada sides, and an admission fee was charged, but on the Dominion side an unruly mob tumbled down the fence and defied the toll collector. On the American side quite a large number of spectators, both in carriages and on foot, who had gained admission by paying their honest fee of entrance, were assembled, but many preferred to view the novel and startling spectacle from the bridge. This might be considered hardly the fair thing, in consideration of the fact that the Signorina had been to an expense of 640 dols. for her ropes and guy-ropes alone.

The rope is two and a quarter inches in diameter, of the best manilla, and weighs nearly a ton. It is held taught by fourteen hundred pounds of guy ropes. She started upon her perilous journey promptly at four o'clock. When those who went down by the train arrived inside the enclosure they saw a glistening figure far out upon "the straight and narrow way," and with steady, measured step, proceeding. The lady was attired with green buskins, tights, a tunic of scarlet, and a shining green bodice. A few more seconds of intense interest and she stood upon the shining shore of her Majesty's dominions. The accomplishment of her passage was the signal for applause from both banks and the bridge. Then they waited probably ten minutes. At the expiration of that time she again appeared, balance pole in hand, and stepping firmly upon the rope, began the return journey. Steadily she came back across the long line, stopping at the centre to rest upon one knee, then again stepping forward with measured and steady tread. When within a few rods of the final destination she stood immovable for a moment in statuesque pose, while an enterprising photographer secured her presentment. Then she traversed the remaining distance, and thus the exhibition of the day was closed.

The Signorina Spelterini is twenty-three years of age, dark, with an essentially Italian cast of countenance, square built, and probably turning one hundred and fifty pounds. Her features are quite regular, her expression intelligent, her manner engaging.

THE PROGRESS OF RUIN.

TIME was in Ireland when the words of Goldsmith, that every rood of ground maintains its man, were not altogether untrue. That time, however, with its sights and scenes of happy human life, and fields smiling under the hands of the husbandman, is rapidly passing away. "Ireland," said Mr. Mitchell Henry some time ago in the House of Commons, "is speedily lapsing into the condition of a European New Zealand." Places which once abounded with population are now desolate—where villages and homesteads formerly flourished, now are deserted ruins or hovels, whose wretchedness is made still more apparent by the misery of their inhabitants, and generous fields which once furnished food to men and women, are now given over to the short-horns of the English cattle-dealer. Day after day the work of rural depopulation is going on, until the stranger who only knew the Ireland of twenty years ago, can no longer recognise in the wasted outlines of the land the country of his recollections.

Were any other country able to exhibit an historical and social picture like that of Ireland, we should have little difficulty in discovering the cause. The dullest eye can at once trace to its origin the deplorable condition of the countries wasting away under the dry rot of Turkish despotism. Not one, not even the English statesman who is so lavish of his philanthropy on behalf of the sour sick man of the East, but would at once attribute the desolation of Turkish territory to the crimes and inefficiency of the Turkish Government. In Ireland, however, the causes of the ruin spreading itself around like a cancer, if no less clearly seen, are less openly acknowledged. Theory is piled upon theory to account for the skeleton-like array of facts which every new revelation of statistics lays before the world.

With one it is the inevitable cause of a civilization in which the weaker party must go the wall; with another it is the application of political economy to the affairs of every-day life. How little the theories of political economy have to do with the condition of Ireland may be learned from a consideration of some of the doctrines taught by the masters of the science. On the question of population, the doctrine of Adam Smith differs nothing in spirit from that of Goldsmith. The increase in the numbers of a nation's population he regards as one of the best evidences of its prosperity. What, then, would he think of Ireland, whose population is diminishing from year to year, and diminishing without leaving any sensible improvement in the condition of those who remain behind? It is not to political economy that we are to trace the decline of our national prosperity, but to a practical perversion of its doctrines. The vampire of centralisation is drawing the life-blood of the once comparatively healthy country. The spirit which would sweep away our political indi-