

ROUGH TIMES.

(Rev. Father Garin's Lecture concluded.)

AFTER that affair I went again to Kororareka, and as Te Ruapekapeka pah had been erected just in the way I had to follow, it gave me an opportunity of visiting the ruins of that stronghold. As the natives had a notion of the plans on which fortress walls are built among other nations, they had erected theirs on a similar plan, so that from inside they had the facility for firing at anyone who would attempt an assault.

The walls consisted of large and hard trees from the forest. They were stuck deep, like large posts, 15 or 20 feet high, and so close to each other that nothing could go through. As they could not have stone ramparts or bulwarks, they made them inside against the wall of trees by putting a bed of fern, then upon it a bed of clay, then fern again, then clay, until it was a solid rampart about six or eight feet thick, in order to stop the balls in case they would go through the trees. Besides they had dug deep caves, in which the women and children retired when the firing was going on. I could see the holes made by the bomb shells; some of them had penetrated the caves, in which they must have burst, spreading death about them. I was told afterwards how quickly and courageously they rushed on the shells to pull the wicks out before they could explode. There I found against the wall a heap of bombshells and balls which the Maoris must have heaped up. Through curiosity I took a large one, which must have been six or eight inches through, thinking to carry it home with me. Some travellers had already tried the same, and after having carried it a mile or two I was obliged to do as the others had done—that is, to leave it in the way, for the farther you would carry it the heavier you would feel its weight.

Another circumstance worthy of note is, that at the time the Maoris were building the pah, some chiefs were travelling, visiting tribes, in order to induce them to join them. As I was coming from Auckland, and returning home, I called at the place of a chief named Tirarau. "I am glad," said that man, "you are here now, for I want you and Mr. Buller (Wesleyan minister) to be witnesses of what I am going to do. Lately, Heke sent to me a case of ammunition as an invitation to me to go and join him. I have thrown them into the river, and now here is Kawiti who came with 200 men to make me a present of five guns for the same purpose; but to show the white men that I want to remain peaceful, I am going to send back these five guns to those who offered them to me." On that account I went with the Rev. Mr. Buller, accompanying the men who carried the guns; they deposited them on the ground without saying a single word, in the presence of Kawiti, who received them without a word. Kawiti had come with his men to encamp at a distance of five or six hundred yards, sitting there and sending the guns as I have stated. This ceremony being over, we came back to Tirarau, and then I went home.

There is another incident connected with those preparations. As a means of preventing an attack from the white men (for the Government was concentrating their forces principally in the Bay of Islands to pursue Heke), Heke was planning an attack upon Auckland. Kawiti, in order to support Heke, tried to muster the natives of Waikato and to join those of Hokianga, and to make an attack upon Auckland. Meanwhile, Auckland was fortifying and preparing to receive an attack at the very time the English troops were going to make one upon Heke at the Bay of Islands.

Being myself stationed at Kaipara, on the Mangakahia river, I found myself pretty well involved in the affair. I was on the passage through which Kawiti wanted to go to Auckland. The natives of my district, being unwilling to take any part in the war, would not allow Kawiti and his men to come through their land, some saying they would kill Kawiti and his 400 men if he attempted to pass; some others saying, "No, because if they can by some other way or by force go to Auckland and there beat the English troops, in their coming back they would slaughter and plunder all those who refused to assist them." They advised me at the same time to put a mark upon my house. They said that as we had service on Sundays in it, if I were to put a little spire on the top of it and hang our little bell in it, they would likely respect it as a church. I took their advice, and, like another Robinson Crusoe, I became my own architect, carpenter, and joiner, and soon made a nice little spire, surmounted with a cross, which perhaps had the effect of stopping their design, and who can say it had not? At all events, these Maoris abandoned their project, peace was restored, and my house was standing with its spire when I left.

It was particularly after Heke had been driven from Ruapekapeka that there existed a great excitement among the natives who wanted to go to Auckland to fight. One day we heard the report of guns. My natives told me there must be a fight at Wangarei, a place in which there were several white men settled and working their farms. Three white men coming from that place tell us that they have been plundered on the road; that all the settlers' houses have been burnt. The settlers in my district became alarmed; they secure their goods; many have already taken to the boats and gone to the vessels. Accompanied by two or three natives I start for Wangarei to see if I can do any good amongst them. On my arriving, I have the sad spectacle of natives galloping on horseback through the fields covered with crops; the fences are broken down, the houses destroyed. Maoris clothed with European dresses, *a la Maori*, and all this the result of a false alarm. About a dozen Maoris taking advantage of the panic on the news that Kororareka had been sacked, had rushed towards evening into every settler's house reporting that the Maoris in great numbers were coming to plunder and kill all the white people, and would be there surely that night. You may imagine how these poor settlers left their homes, running away, some overland, some to boats, and these Maoris plundering and taking whatever they could find and carry with them. Some of the chiefs of my district—Tirarau, Waiata, Wetekia, and others—had previously advised

me to tell those white men not to leave their homes, or not to take away everything from their houses, because after the war, if they were to come back they would have forfeited their rights, and would have to buy again those same places. But all this was very suspicious, they might advise them thus so as to have a greater plunder. In that confusion some Maoris pursued with their canoes a small schooner belonging to Mr. Mair; they called to the white men, but these being frightened all escape, leaving their schooner which the Maoris take and keep, some of them remaining on board imitating Europeans, keeping watch, striking bells, beating the drum, &c. I have an opportunity of seeing the Maori who stole the schooner—some advised him to give it back or send it to Auckland, some others oppose. I tell them that in a time of excitement they should not plunder at random, and without any cause, otherwise other nations will join the English in destroying the Maoris. For instance, the natives opposed the English, and would not let them hoist the flag. On that account the English fought the Maoris; so now, if some of the Americans who live amongst the natives are hurt without any reason they will say, let us join the English to fight the natives. However, they decide upon keeping the schooner, and if Mr. Mair comes back to kill him.

The next day (1st May) being Ascension Thursday, I muster the natives of my persuasion, and when we are at prayer we hear two reports of guns; several natives leave prayer and go towards the place where the guns had fired, the others remain; yet they appear to be uneasy for me. I felt many thoughts crossing my mind. Is it a signal to rush and kill me, for I am the only European left? They drove away all the others, threatening to kill them if they came back; I am alone, without any human means of escaping; they may look upon me as one who may reveal all they said against the English; but my confidence is in God; if they slaughter me I shall die in a good cause for Him who said—"Blessed are the peacemakers." But my time had not come. They did not hurt me, and I came back to my station. This was in 1846.

The Government thought it wise not to persist in replacing the flagstaff, and let events stand still until three or four years later, when they put it up again; but Heke, alluding to the Maori custom in regard to the dead whom they leave in the place where deposited at their death, and when reduced to dust they move to a safe place, said, "*Kua rite ki tangohia*."—It is time now that the dead should be removed. Consequently he did not think it worth while to oppose the Government who removed the flagstaff from the place where it had been lying three or four years, and put it up again.

Heke died in 1848 or 1849, and peace continued undisturbed in that part of the colony.

And for me, after having for these 36 years labored for the Europeans and the natives, in the North and in the South, here I am still among you, not knowing where I shall end my career, but hoping to die discharging my duty, working for the glory of God, the good of my fellow-colonists, and the salvation of my own soul.

THE HEAT.

THE remarkably high temperature of late has been the subject, of course, of no little conversation and comment. The ordinary Britisher is not accustomed to anything of the kind—his fears lie in an exactly opposite direction; he is not afraid of being baked but is commonly on his guard against cold, draughts, and treacherous changes. If the cold of winter and spring upsets the balance of his physical functions and endangers his life, it is the heat of the hot weather we have just been having that specially tends to disturb his moral equanimity and irritate his temper. It is a curious evidence of our utter unpreparedness for any sudden accession of heat that Anglo-Indians are wont to declare that they feel the high temperature in this country almost as much as they did the heat of India. Our streets, theatres, houses, rooms, and railway carriages are no doubt fearfully hot and stuffy, and if the heat of our hottest days were maintained for any time life would soon become insufferable; but, happily for us, it is otherwise—a breeze no sooner springs up than life is enjoyable enough. At Aldershot Camp a higher reading of the thermometer was reached lately than had been the case for the last nineteen years, and at other places also the temperature was recorded as unusually high. Several cases of sunstroke have occurred. Two soldiers of the force encamped on Blackheath, near Guildford, were stated to have died of it on the fourteenth, and other fatal cases were reported about the same time from Bristol and elsewhere. The first important thing to be observed in great heat is temperance—temperance in all things. Heat gives rise to feelings of exhaustion; this leads to the drinking repeated doses of alcohol in some shape or other, than which nothing can be worse. We do not say that a strictly temperate man never gets sunstroke; but we do say that a man who keeps his house and his person, if we may so express it, well ventilated by opening the windows of the former, and clothing himself rationally, who attends to the functions of his skin by "tubbing" regularly, and who lives temperately is a very unlikely subject indeed for sunstroke. A manifest want at this season is some non-alcoholic beverage that is cold and pleasant without being at all sweet or mawkish. Perhaps there are few people deserving of more pity than infants and little children this very hot weather. They are hot and thirsty, to begin with, although this does not seem to be generally credited by parents and nurses, who are always consuming ice or iced drinks; they require to be suitably clad for the season; and they need all the fresh air possible in their nurseries and bedrooms—points too often neglected.—*The Lancet.*

THE money collected on Sunday last, towards the liquidation of the debt incurred by the improvements being carried out at St. Joseph's Church, Dunedin, amounted, in all, to £89 4s 6d.