

ment officer ever did more than he in the native department, though, of course, without pay or status from the Government. His loss will be mourned by the whole community, and I am persuaded that numbers of the Maori people are horrified at the atrocious deed.

It was a wild day, Saturday, the 13th ultimo, when in the morning he left his family, as was his custom, that he might visit a number of isolated settlements, at each of which he intended to hold a short service on the following Sunday. His extreme appointment was at Pukearahu, near the White Cliffs, about thirty-six miles north of the town of New Plymouth. There he was to sleep. He stopped at a farm-house within five miles of his destination, and partook of tea with the family. He appeared in high spirits, and spoke somewhat hopefully of native matters. He purposed to return thither early on Sunday morning, for worship. But he was never seen alive again but by his murderers. From all that we can learn he reached the gate of the Redoubt about dusk, and was surprised at finding a number of Mokau natives prowling about. Some of them (as now reported by themselves) desired him to return, but he declined to do so; supposing, no doubt, that his presence might prevent bloodshed. Whereupon they shot first his horse, and then himself. It is said that this party numbered from thirty to fifty. The weather proving very bad on Sunday, there was no surprise at Brother Whiteley's non-appearance. A gentleman was riding to the Redoubt on Monday morning, and came upon his dead body. He at once returned, and gave the alarm, which filled the town with consternation. Major Strapp, commander of the militia, immediately proceeded to the fatal spot with an armed escort. They found the corpse of our late brother lying a few yards from his dead horse; his coat and waistcoat were gone, and one leg was doubled under him; but it does not appear that he was at all mutilated. He had five bullet wounds; all the inmates of the Redoubt were found frightfully tomahawked. Lieutenant Gascogne and his family had been rudely buried;

Milne and Richards were found outside; all the buildings had been burnt. The following is the list of those who perished, most probably before our dear brother reached the place:—John Milne aged forty years; Edward Richards, aged thirty-five years; Bamber Gascogne, aged thirty-eight years; Annie, aged twenty-seven years; Laura, aged five years; Cecil John, aged three years; and Louisa Annie, aged three months. This mournful event has made a profound sensation, not only at Taranaki, where the out-settlers are now quitting their farms, and, moved with fear, are coming into the town, but all over the colony. After years of war, the expenditure of millions, and the cost of many lives, we are in a more desperate case than ever. This cruel onslaught, not without reason, looked upon as only part of a deep-laid plan by the rebel tribes, for the extirpation of the whites. Not one of the unfortunate victims had given them any provocation. Six months have not elapsed since the horrible massacre at Pverty Bay. On the Whanganui coast our commanders are out-generalled, our forces beaten, and the country devastated by that arch scoundrel, Titokowaru. There numbers of enterprising settlers are utterly ruined. Many of our bravest officers have fallen, and the victory is virtually on the side of the savage foe. Great alarm is being felt in the Waikati District, which is comparatively defenceless; and, if a furious horde should sweep these plains, there is nothing at present to stop them coming to the very vicinity of Auckland itself. We are in a pitiable state. I pray God to restrain those bloodthirsty and cruel men. No one is safe when Whiteley is shot! Extermination of the white man is the only meaning of the foul deed. Alas! what a sad change has come over the character of this people! And to what is it owing? There are not wanting men who ignorantly or wickedly say, "To the failure of missionary effort." But I will give the right answer in one word, and that is, *mismanagement*. The Government is paralyzed: the rebels are desperate, and the whole colony is jeopardized by a miserable indecision.