

gonts; but unfortunately the sheep died the morning after they were landed, from eating some poisonous herb. During this visit Captain Cook says of the people, "Their behaviour to us was manly and mild: they have some arts among them which they execute with patience, and they are very honest among themselves."

*Mary.*—Then I dare say, if all the Europeans had been kind to the New Zealanders, they would have been friendly in return.

*Mamma.*—Most probably they would; but the white people were not kind to them. It was more than thirty years after this visit of Captain Cook before any English people went to live there; and during this time many deeds of cruelty and injustice had been done by the English to the natives, who revenged themselves for the injuries, by murdering the English when they could; the massacre of the crew of the "Boyd" was a sad instance of their revenge.

*Emma.*—Will you tell us about it, mamma?

*Mamma.*—The "Boyd" left Sydney for England with seventy persons on board, besides five New Zealanders, whom the Captain promised to convey to their own country, as he was going to touch there on his way home. Among the New Zealanders was one whom the sailors called George: he was the son of a Chief. During the voyage George refused to work, saying, he was the son of a Chief, and, besides, he was ill: the Captain paid no attention to what he said, but twice had him tied up and severely flogged. The Captain told him he did not believe he was a Chief; to which George merely remarked, that he would see that he was when

he arrived in his own country: and so well did he disguise his revengeful feeling, that he persuaded the Captain to land at the place where his own tribe lived. On arriving, the crafty savage landed alone; and, after a short visit to some of his tribe, returned to the ship, and invited the Captain to come ashore. Three boats were accordingly manned, and the Captain landed his party, and proceeded with them towards a wood, which they had no sooner entered than they were attacked by the savages, and every one of them put to death. George and his friends then put on the clothes of the murdered men, went on board, and killed all on board, excepting five sailors, who got in the rigging, and a woman, two children, and a cabin-boy, whom George preserved because they had been kind to him. The five sailors were afterwards taken and murdered; the ship took fire, and burned to the water's edge. A short time afterward a Captain of a ship, hearing of the dreadful occurrence, at the risk of his life tried to rescue those people that George had carried on shore: he found all but the woman; the last he recovered was the little girl about three years old, who, when they asked her about her mother, looked very sad, drew her hand across her throat, and said the people had cut her up, and eat her like victuals. Now, who do you think were the brave people who would go and live with such savages as I have been telling you of, to try to civilize them and do them good?

*Mary.*—O, I can guess, mamma: it was the Missionaries.

*Mamma.*—You are right. Mr. Maudsen, a clergyman living at Sydney, saw many New Zealanders there: he was kind to them,