

be to them. At last he resolved to seize some by force. So, one day, seeing two canoes filled with natives, he sent a ship's boat with orders to seize some of the natives and bring them on board. The people in one of the canoes saw what they intended, and escaped to shore. The others were overtaken by the ship's boat, and the sailors tried to seize the men; but the natives were not to be taken so easily, and fought desperately for their liberty.—At length the order was given to fire upon them. Four out of seven were killed; one man jumped into the water and swam to the shore; the remaining two, who were boys, were carried to the ship.

Emma.—O, they should not have killed the poor natives, they had done no harm.

Mamma.—It was very cruel. The two boys were kept on board a few days, and then sent on shore laden with presents. About the same time that these four natives were killed by the English, a French captain behaved very cruelly to the New Zealanders. A French ship visited their shores; the natives received the French very kindly; the Chief allowed their sick men to be brought on shore, took them into their village, and treated them very kindly. The French Captain returned their kindness by the most base ingratitude; for, enraged by the loss of a small boat, which he fancied the natives had stolen, he invited the chief on board his ship and made him prisoner. He then burned to the ground the village in which his men had found shelter in their need, and then weighed anchor and sailed for South America, bearing with him the unhappy chief, who pined away and died after three months' captivity.

Mary.—Poor man! What did his people say, when they found their chief carried off?

Mamma.—Can you wonder that

these poor savages determined to revenge themselves upon the next white men that came to their shores? They knew it would be madness for them to attempt to kill the Europeans in open warfare. They had only their stone hatchets to fight with: so they resolved to follow the example of treachery and ingratitude they had just received. About three years after their chief was carried off, another French ship reached their shores. The natives appeared very friendly, came alongside the ship in their canoes, went on board, accepted the presents given to them, and several of them remained all night. The Captain was treated with every mark of affection; and he, in return, trusted them as friends. Days and weeks passed on in this friendly intercourse, till at length the time came for them to take revenge. One day the Captain and a party of twelve men went on shore; they were attacked by the natives, and all killed and eaten by the natives, save one man, who escaped back to the ship.

Emma.—I did not know that the New Zealanders were cannibals.

Mamma.—Yes; they used to eat the enemies that they killed in battle. And sometimes they would eat bodies that had not fallen in war.

SIMSON, AN INDIAN BOY, OF MUNCEY MISSION.

The following obituary of a little Indian boy, was written by an Indian at Muncy Mission; and we give it in his own language, with very few corrections:—

Died, 2nd October, aged 4 years and 8 months, little Simson, the son of Edward Skenido, the grandchild of Dr. John, the brother D. John, and one of best members in church; and he exhorter and class leader; and he good educate his little grandchild, in the knowledge of prayers. So the little boy he learns to pray and give thanks