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Electric Scotland's Weekly Newsletter for December 6th, 2024

Electric Scotland News

13,241
The number of deaths under Canada's assisted dying legislation in 2022 - 4.1% of deaths that year.

Source: Health Canada

I phoned Beth Gay and Tom this past Sunday to see how they were doing so thought I'd give you an update...

For those that don't know Beth was the longtime editor of the FamilyTree Newspaper and also the online Beth's Newfangled Family Tree (BNFT), both of which are on our site.

Beth is no longer working on the computer so her email address is no longer being monitored. So if you wish to contact her you can use Tom's email which is trf7280@gmail.com.

They no longer use their home phone number so you need to phone them on their mobiles so if you drop Tom an email you can request their mobile number.

Tom is doing much better in that his wound has now healed and he can now get around in an electric wheel chair. Mind you he'd only had it a couple of weeks and he had an accident which broke his leg in six places. He's now recovered from that and he's awaiting a new add on for his wheelchair which will prevent that happening again. He's planning a new business venture and he'll tell us about that next year but is something to do with the Scottish community.

Beth is doing fine but she can no longer work on the computer so her days of email and editing are now over but she says she's feeling fine and enjoying her retirement.

So feel free to drop them an email and let them know they are still in your thoughts. They both did a wonderful job for the Scottish Community so they deserve recognition for all their years of work.

You can see their work at:

Family Tree at:

<https://electricscotland.com/familytree>

and

Beth's Newfangled Family tree at:

<https://electricscotland.com/bnft/index.htm>

Got a new cleaning lady who comes from Ghana and that got me motivated to create a page about Ghana for the ElectricCanadian web site. She has an instagram account and have added a link to it on the page at:
<http://www.electriccanadian.com/history/Ghanaians.htm>

Scottish News from this weeks newspapers

I am partly doing this to build an archive of modern news from and about Scotland and world news stories that can affect Scotland and as all the newsletters are archived and also indexed on search engines it becomes a good resource. I might also add that in a number of newspapers you will find many comments which can be just as interesting as the news story itself and of course you can also add your own comments if you wish which I do myself from time to time.

Here is what caught my eye this week...

The future is nuclear

Britain was once a global superpower in nuclear energy. Sadly, this is long gone. We haven't completed a new nuclear power station in almost 30 years. If we don't extend the life of some of our existing reactors, we will fall back into relying on expensive, carbon-emitting gas.

Read more at:

<https://capx.co/the-future-is-nuclear-whether-labour-like-it-or-not/>

Trump's Revolution Has BEGUN AND The Deep State Is WORRIED!

Trump unveils his boldest team yet, Bev Turner discusses his group of mavericks ready to take on the establishment and fight for America's health, freedom, and future. From outsiders to power players, Elon Musk to Dr. Oz, Tulsi Gabbard to David Weldon, these individuals are set to shake up Washington and challenge the deep state, big food, and big pharma like never before. Find out who made the cut, and what this dream team will probably achieve!

Watch this at:

<https://youtu.be/6zxUa0yTmXI?si=-IOVzL4PrmDqmB7G>

Why Keir Starmer is scrambling to get his Chagos Islands giveaway over quickly

Our intrepid PM, Two-Tier Free-Gear No-Fear, is cracking on with his effort to sign away the Chagos Islands to Mauritius. His misguided sense of urgency is apparently motivated by an all-consuming wish to get this done and dusted before Donald J Trump is sworn in as the 47 th Prez of the US of A.

Read more at:

<https://www.express.co.uk/news/politics/1981851/keir-starmer-chagos-islands>

Why Canada Post and its striking workers can't reach a deal

Mediation talks between Canada Post and the union representing its workers broke down almost two weeks into the countrywide strike. Andrew Chang explains what the two sides hope to achieve, and why they're still so far apart.

Watch this at:

<https://youtu.be/fwrxayQjq3o?si=2TVJO484aFQWlt0y>

Conrad Black: Trump is defaming Canada
Trudeau should tell him so

Read more at:

<https://archive.is/W2P3a>

Distrust in Scottish Government surges over last year, survey finds

The 2023 Scottish household survey found 45 per cent of people polled said they distrusted the Government - below all other public institutions.

Read more at:

<https://news.stv.tv/politics/number-of-people-who-distrust-the-scottish-government-surged-over-the-last-year-report-finds>

Historic festive photos provide unique insight into Scottish Christmas

A set of five photographs have been released from the Scottish Life Archive to provide insight into how Christmas was celebrated more than 100 years ago.

Read more at:

https://www.heraldscotland.com/life_style/24765097.historic-festive-photos-provide-unique-insight-scottish-christmas/

A festival of losing

Will the Republic of Ireland ever face up to its problems?

Read more at:

<https://thecritic.co.uk/a-festival-of-losing/>

Sinn Fein's loss is the Union's gain

Despite an inaccurate exit poll that claimed Ireland's largest party would win this week's general election, Sinn Fein was the obvious loser. The left-wing, republican party lost a substantial chunk of the anti-establishment vote that they dominated in 2020. Most excitingly, their campaign for a 'united Ireland' has stalled.

Read more at:

<https://capx.co/ireland-has-rejected-sinn-fein-the-union-is-stronger-for-it>

Donald Trump picks investment banker Warren Stephens to be US ambassador to the UK

Donald Trump has nominated billionaire investment banker Warren Stephens to be his ambassador to the UK.

Read more at:

<https://www.lbc.co.uk/news/donald-trump-picks-investment-banker-warren-stephens-to-be-us-ambassador-to-the/>

When the end of the world was nigh

ANYONE TEMPTED to believe the hysterical warnings of imminent environmental collapse put out by Ed Miliband MP or Gillian Martin MSP would do well to read this book: The Genesis Strategy: Climate and Global Survival. It was published in 1976 and written by Stephen Schneider (1945-2010).

Read more at:

<https://thinkscotland.org/2024/12/when-the-end-of-the-world-was-nigh/>

First Gaelic poet appointed Scotland's Makar

The first Gaelic poet has been appointed as Scotland's Makar. Lewis-born Peter Mackay says he is keen to use his new role as the national poet to champion his native tongue, but not at the expense of other languages.

Read more at:

<https://www.bbc.com/news/videos/c3vrkrzxlno>

French government collapses as PM Michel Barnier loses confidence vote
The French government has collapsed after Prime Minister Michel Barnier was ousted in a no-confidence vote. MPs in the National Assembly voted overwhelmingly in support of the motion against him - just three months after he was appointed by President Emmanuel Macron

Watch this at:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hTsKyeWqREA>

The definitive Brexit book - for now
Shipman captures the compelling drama of Britain's greatest peacetime political crisis since the People's Budget

Read more at:

<https://thecritic.co.uk/the-definitive-brexit-book-for-now/>

Canadian Special Operations Regiment Standard Ceremony
This new standard represents the pinnacle of military excellence.

Read more at:

<https://www.gg.ca/en/media/news/2024/canadian-special-operations-regiment>

Electric Canadian

Ghanaians in Canada
Added a page for this ethnic group in Canada.

You can read this at:

<http://www.electriccanadian.com/history/Ghanaians.htm>

yourTV Muskoka
Video channel on YouTube

You can watch this at:

<https://www.youtube.com/@yourtvmuskoka>

The Canadian North-West
It's early development and legislative records, Minutes of the Councils of the Red River Colony and the Northern Department of Rupert's Land (in two volumes) Edited by Prof. E. H. Oliver of the University of Saskatchewan (1914)

You can read these volumes at:

<http://www.electriccanadian.com/history/saskatchewan/canadiannorthwest.htm>

Thoughts on a Sunday Morning - the 1st day of December 2024 - Advent
By the Rev. Nola Crewe

You can watch this at:

<http://www.electricscotland.org/forum/communities/rev-nola-crewe/26564-thoughts-on-a-sunday-morning-the-1st-day-of-december-2024-advent>

The Beaver Magazine
Added Volume 3 No. 6 (pdf)

You can read this issue at:

<http://www.electriccanadian.com/transport/hudsonbay/TheBeaverMarch1923.pdf>

Electric Scotland

The Last Poems of Alexander Robertson

You can read about him at:

https://electricScotland.com/poetry/robertson_alexander.htm

The Life of Sir Robert Moray

Soldier, Statesman and Man of Science (1608-1673) by Alexander Robertson, M.A. (Edin.) B.LITT. (Oxon.) (1922) (pdf)

You can read this book about him at:

<https://electricScotland.com/history/nation/lifeofsirrobertm00robeuoft.pdf>

Davidson, William

Baronet and Privy Councillor and Resident Agent/Ambassador of Charles II in Amsterdam.

You can read about him at:

https://electricScotland.com/history/other/davidson_william.htm

Scottish Industrial History

A Miscellany (1978) (pdf)

You can read this at:

<https://electricScotland.com/business/scottishindustrialhistory.pdf>

A Scottish firm in Virginia 1767-1777

W. Cuninghame and Co. edited by T. M. Devine, Ph.d. (1984) (pdf)

You can read this article at:

<https://electricScotland.com/history/america/scottishfirminvirginia.pdf>

The Origin and Signification of Scottish Surnames

With a Vocabulary of Christian Names by Clifford Stanley Sims (1862) (pdf)

You can read this at:

<https://electricScotland.com/history/originandsignif00simsgoog.pdf>

What's in a Tune: Lady Mackenzie of Gairloch

In this episode of What's in a Tune we hear from Margaret Houlihan about the classic strathspey - Lady Mackenzie of Gairloch. Added this video to the foot of our Pipes of War page at:

<https://electricScotland.com/history/scotreg/pipesofwarndx.htm>

James Douglas, Scottish commander

Added a 2 part video to our Douglas page about him

You can watch these at:

<https://electricScotland.com/history/nation/douglas.htm>

Flemish & Huguenot Peoples

And their connections with Scotland. Added this new section to our Scots Diaspora page.

You can get to this at:

<https://electricScotland.com/history/flemish/index.htm>

McAdam, John

International worker

You can learn more about him at:

https://electricScotland.com/history/other/mcadam_john.htm

The Highland Destitution of 1837

Government Aid and Public Subscription Edited by John MacAskill (2012) (pdf)

You can read this paper at:

<https://electricScotland.com/history/shs/highlanddestitution1845.pdf>

Race Distribution in Scotland

By John Brownlee, M.D. [Read 5th March, 1912.] (pdf)

You can read this at:

<https://electricScotland.com/lifestyle/raceinScotland.pdf>

A topographical dictionary of Scotland

By Samuel Lewis, in three volumes (1861)

You can read these at:

Volume 1 <https://electricScotland.com/history/gazetteer/topographical01.pdf>

Volume 2 <https://electricScotland.com/history/gazetteer/topographical02.pdf>

Supplementary Volume:

<https://electricScotland.com/history/gazetteer/topographical03.pdf>

An index of hereditary English, Scottish, and Irish titles of honour

By Edward Solly (1968) (pdf)

You can read this at:

<https://electricScotland.com/webclans/anindexheredita01sollgoog.pdf>

Scottish History Society

Added the third volume of the Miscellany of The Scottish History Society (Third Series).

You can get to this at:

<https://electricScotland.com/history/shs/index.htm>

The Mineralogy of Scotland

By the Late M. Forster Heddle, M.D., F.R.S.E, Emeritus Professor of Chemistry, St. Andrews, edited by J. G. Goodchild, H.M. Geological Survey, F.G.S., in two volumes (1901)

You can read these volumes at:

<https://electricScotland.com/books/pdf/minerlogy.htm>

Alice Taylor, The Shape of the State in Medieval Scotland 1124-1290
A review by Hector L MacQueen, Scottish Law Commission (pdf)

You can read this review at:

https://electricScotland.com/history/articles/Alice_Taylor_THE_SHAPE_OF_THE_STATE_IN_M.pdf

Early Records of the Burgh of Aberdeen 1317, 1398 - 1407
Edited by William Croft Dickinson, D.Lit., LL.D. (1957) (pdf)

You can read this at:

<https://electricScotland.com/history/shs/earlyrecordsoftheburghofaberdeen.pdf>

Good Words 1864
Edited by Norman MacLeod (pdf)

You can read this issue at:

https://electricScotland.com/history/macleod/good-words-and-sunday-magazine_1864_5.pdf

Lady Saltoun Obituary

You can read this at:

<https://electricScotland.com/webclans/dtog/ladysaltounobit.htm>

Lossiemouth Baptist Church
150 Year Anniversary 1861-2011 (pdf)

You can read this at:

<https://electricScotland.com/lossiemouth/150-years.pdf>

Scotland-Upon-Thames
Scotland's legacy to Richmond and Kew by Ron McEwen (2024) (pdf)

Ron sent me in a pdf file of his book with permission to put it up on our site for which many thanks and he sent in a wee bit of info about himself...

I was born in the dear Green Place, on the banks of the Molendiner, in the shadow of Mungo's Kirk. Knox on his lofty column bestowed his blessing on me. At the age of twenty-one I turned to the south and left for the land of the Sassenach.

Ronald William McEwen.

Author Ron McEwan is a Scot who has lived in Richmond all his adult life and is a voluntary guide at Kew Gardens.

You can read this at:

[https://electricScotland.com/history/england/19aScotlanduponThames\(ultra\).pdf](https://electricScotland.com/history/england/19aScotlanduponThames(ultra).pdf)

Scottish Restaurants

I'm back in the wonderful city of Glasgow and I've headed to the most iconic curry house in the city. Why? It's the oldest and the Shish Mahal is famous for being the Indian restaurant that invented the Chicken Tikka Masala!

This is his final review before heading back to England and you can view this and all his other reviews from this trip at:

<https://electricscotland.com/food/scottishrestaurants.htm>

Law, Andrew Bonar
Canadian born Prime Minister of Great Britain

You can read about him at:

<https://electricscotland.com/history/other/law-bonar.htm>

Story

Our First Week in New Zealand
March, 1864, By An Army Chaplain

We cast anchor in Auckland Harbour on the 3rd of March at seven o'clock p.m. All was hushed and silent as we threaded our way through the tortuous passage to the anchorage ground; but when the cable began to be paid out, and the noble vessel which had borne us in safety over the trackless ocean ceased to move, there rose from four hundred British throats such a ringing cheer as British throats alone can give. The pent-up feelings of months could no longer be restrained: officers and men wore equally loud and hearty in expressing their joy at having at length escaped from the tediousness and monotony of a long sea voyage. No wonder that the officers of the "Cura^oa" frigate boarded us that night, and were glad to find that we were friendly Pakehas came to aid them in subduing the hostile Maoris.

For hours we were too excited to sleep. We knew that the following day we should be dispersed in every direction, some of us, perhaps, never to meet again. We had much to regret, but nothing to forgive; we had all lived together peaceably, and some of us felt a certain sinking of the heart at the idea of parting. We thought of Coleridge's lines—

"To meet, to know, and then to part,
Is the sad tale of many a human heart,"

and indulged in an amount of sentiment little common among soldiers. But there were boxes to be packed, and letters to be written in preparation for the mail, so, one by one, our fellow-passengers disappeared, and we had all the poop to ourselves.

And there was Auckland spread out before us. The moon was bright enough to enable us to perceive the outlines of the white wooden houses rising gradually above one another, and molting away in the distance. We could see the two deep hollows or ravines which divide the town into three parts, and the rounded summit of Mount Eden in the background. The spires of the churches were bathed in silvery light, and the leaves of the tea-trees and weeping willows quivered and trembled in the light morning breeze. There was sufficient light to enable us to see the outlines of the city without cramping the imagination in its efforts to conjure up the rest.

And next morning we had all our letters. Hurrah! There are eighteen for us: many thanks to the kind friends who wrote them. We open the lint It is an invitation to an evening party in London on the 4th of December, 1863. This is the 4th of March, 1864. It is a little too late to apologise for our involuntary absence, so we pass on to others till we have read all that bear the impress of old friends on their faces. The others we reserve, as we are anxious to have a peep at the capital of the Britain of the South, as New Zealand has been named by its fond admirers. A glance suffices to satisfy us that the capitals of the two Britains have little in common: there is no noble river, no towering monument, no solemn cathedral domes, no murky atmosphere enveloping all in darkness and mystery. There stands the pretty, pretentious little town of Auckland in glittering sunshine beneath a cloudless sky. All is bright, cheerful, and inviting; that large building on the summit of the hill

overlooking the town is the barracks recently erected; that palace of white marble, which looks as if it had been transplanted, like the chapel of Loretto, from the banks of the Lago Maggiore, is the residence of the Governor. We call it a palace of marble; but, *entre nous*, it is only wood painted over; in this case, however, as in others, distance lends enchantment to the view. That lofty spire, on the eminence to the left, belongs to the library which Bishop Selwyn has erected for the use of his clergy; adjoining it may be seen the framework of the episcopal residence, which will be finished in more peaceful times. That large building to the right, far removed from the noise and bustle of the town, is the nunnery; the grounds are beautifully arranged, and for a moment we almost envy those who can spend their lives in monastic retirement. And yet who knows but the same evil passions may nestle there as among ourselves? It may be so, but we hope not.

The arrival of our ship has created no small sensation among the people of Auckland. Many of the notables hurry on board to bid us welcome. The one in whom we, and, we fancy, the majority of our readers feel most interest, is Bishop Selwyn. Let us try to describe him. He is no longer the beautiful boy bishop, whose portrait was to be seen in every print-shop some twenty years ago, when Sydney Smith was still cracking his jokes, and Maoris were supposed to retain a predilection for human flesh. Hard labour, mental anxiety, constant exposure, and the heavy hand of time have left their impress on that athletic frame, and somewhat marred the beauty of that strikingly handsome face; but they have failed to dim the fire of that clear open hazel eye, or to relax the firmness of those closely compressed lips. His is one of those faces that would arrest our attention even in the crowded streets of London: it is unmistakeably that of a high-bred English gentleman. It is such a face as Lawrence would have delighted to paint; such a head as would have sharpened the chisel of Chantrey to its keenest edges. All are familiar with the well-known engraving of Augustine and his mother; well, the Bishop of New Zealand looks like a middle-aged Augustine. The head is bent forward as if it were too heavy for the body; it is only when he begins to be animated that he raises himself to his full height, and looks you fairly in the face. The nut-brown hair has now assumed a greyish tint, but it is luxuriant as ever; and, as you mark his wiry frame, on which there is not one ounce of superfluous flesh, you can understand how he proved himself the first of athletes at Eton and Oxford. Muscular Christianity, of which we hear so much at the present, could not find a better representative than the Missionary Bishop of New Zealand. He has just returned from headquarters, where he has been doing duty chaplain, and doing his best to soften the barbarities of the sanguinary contest in which we are engaged. If he is frank and open in the avowal of his sympathies for the Maoris, let us bear in mind that the people now in arms were once his flock, on whom he has expended his time, his talents, and his fortune, and that no man can see the edifice which it has taken years to rear crumble into the dust without a feeling of regret.

The next New Zealand notable is a man of a different stamp. We allude to General Cameron. Apart from the name, one might learn at a glance that he is of northern origin. The hard, stern face, the high cheek-bones, the keen grey eyes, mark a warrior of Celtic origin, and remind us of that Colonel Cameron who led the Gordon Highlanders to victory in the Peninsula, and fell at their head at Quatro Bras. And in truth, though born in the Island of Jersey, he is sprung from the same stock—the Camerons of Fassiefern, in Inverness-shire. In height he is about five feet ten inches, but his erect figure and martial bearing give him the appearance of being still taller. He is a man of few words; he knows the eloquence of silence; but when occasion requires, he can express himself in energetic language perfectly intelligible to all. Like the late Lord Clyde, he is not very choice in the terms he employs: in a word, he speaks like a soldier of the old school who began life at a period when euphuism was unknown in the army. Sir Colin had the highest opinion of his abilities as a soldier while he was in command of the 42nd Regiment in the Crimea, and it is understood that he owes his present appointment to Sir Colin's recommendation. He has evidently made his patron his model of imitation: he is sparing of the lives of his men, and looks to slow but ultimate success rather than brilliant achievements in the field. He is naturally reserved in his manners, admitting no one to his councils, and issuing his orders only at the moment of execution. Hence he is more respected than beloved by his officers; but all, the colonists even who are eager to enter in and to take possession, have the fullest confidence in his abilities as a general. Like some other eminent men, he retains in after-life a taste for those classical authors who formed the study of his boyhood, and is said occasionally to dip into the pages of Tacitus and Cesar on the banks of the Waikato.

Of His Excellency the Governor of these Islands, we have little to say. By his diplomatic skill he has raised himself from being a captain in a marching regiment to his present high position, and his previous success in dealing with the natives was the cause of his re-appointment. On his arrival here, his undecided policy excited the distrust of his countrymen, without securing the confidence of the Maoris, and it is to be feared hurried on the present war. He has doubtless acted for the best, but the prestige of his name is gone. He is a pale, thin man, with a thoughtful, melancholy face; from his stooping gait and undecided air it is difficult to imagine that he could ever have been a soldier. These are the three notables par excellence; but there are scores of others fretting and strutting their hour on the stage of notoriety, whom we need not describe.

We take a boat and make for the shore. An Auckland waterman calls a spade a spade; to him a gentleman is a man, a lady, a woman, and he delights in showing that it is so. It is the same everywhere. The shopkeeper shakes hands with you over the counter before he serves you; the waiter at breakfast slaps you on the back and rules you with despotic sway. "I'll tell you what, my man," he says, "if you are not down by nine o'clock, you'll have no breakfast at all." Such is the freedom of colonial manners, and all have to submit to it. A servant thinks nothing of sitting down while her mistress is standing and giving her orders; at the smallest cause of offence, often without any cause at all, the former walks off and is seen no more. From the dearth of servants, the worst can always secure a good place without any inquiry being made as to their antecedents. They know this, and rule their mistresses with a rod of iron. All eyes are turned toward Miss Bye, who is here at present; the ladies of Auckland feel more interest in her and her importations of female immigrants, than in General Cameron and all the issues of the Maori War. In short, in this place every man thinks himself just as good as another, and is at no pains to conceal his thoughts. There is little wealth; and intellect, education, gentle birth, or training count for nothing; in fact, they are rather a barrier in your way. We have found an Oxford man driving a dray which was not his own property. One who held Her Majesty's commission—was once addressed by her as beloved-sleeping *d la belle toile*. Fancy the indignation of our friend the Hon. Jack Deuceace, Captain in the old Regt of Foot. Jack was our fellow-passenger, and, though the younger brother of a lord, far from proud. On landing, he entered a shop to purchase a pair of gloves—an article of dress, we may remark *en passant*, usually dispensed with here. The shopkeeper was intolerably familiar, and Jack had some difficulty in preserving his line of demarcation which ought ever to exist socially between those of aristocratic and plebeian birth. A friend of the shopkeeper entered, and, without the usual ceremony of introduction, welcomed our honourable friend to the colony by extending his hand. Jack took out his eye-glass, wiped it, fixed it deliberately in his eye, and coolly took the *dimanainna* of his interlocutor. The survey was not satisfactory: he shrugged his shoulders, and turned away in disgust. Jack's aristocratic hauteur has been the subject of conversation at every tea-table in Auckland, and, except in military circles, his conduct has been universally condemned. Jack, however, preserves his *sang froid*, and walks about with as much indifference to public opinion as if he were still in Pall Mall or Regent Street. Most of us, however, have less strength of character: we yield to the current, and are rather amused with the freedom of colonial manners.

It is the same here as in America: certain classes of traders and contractors are reaping a rich harvest by the present contest. No wonder that their spirit is decidedly martial, or that their voice is still for war. By the payment of 10*l.* for a substitute, any man may escape the conscription, and not a few have profited by this arrangement. At the same time it is only justice to admit that many of the leading settlers and citizens are in the field, sharing all the hardships of a soldier's life. At the out-stations, money is of no value whatever; at this moment I am 150 miles from Auckland, and I could not procure a box of sardines for a hundred pounds. We have all to live on our rations, and are thankful when we receive the full amount. Soldiers and officers wear the same suit of blue serge, which makes us all look unpleasantly like convicts, are sheltered under the same tents, and eat the same food. We can sympathise with the poor Hebrews who longed for the leeks, the onions, and the garlic, on which they had been wont to regale themselves in Egypt, as we think of the luxuries of home and contrast them with our meagre fare and stinted allowances. And yet we are all wonderfully healthy, and, though separated from all social ties, not so miserable as perhaps we should be. This is in a great measure due to the climate, which we believe to be the best in the world; it has all the glorious sunshine of the tropics without the unrelenting fierceness of a vertical sun. We have less sickness among the troops here than at home; in the field they are removed from all the temptations of garrison towns; and hundreds crowd to our

voluntary evening services. A day seldom passes without a skirmish with the enemy; last night, six dead and twenty-five wounded were brought in, and the fight is still going on. We have been under fire for the first time, and it is far from pleasant to hear the sharp ping of a bullet passing within a yard of your ear. Old soldiers are said to delight in such music; but for ourselves we frankly confess that we had rather assist at an oratorio at Exeter Hall, or a concert at the Crystal Palace.

We have seen but little of the Maoris since our arrival, and the few we have seen were not favourable specimens of their race. They were hawkers of fruit in Auckland, degraded by drink, and demoralised by frequent intercourse with Pakehas. In outward appearance, they are not unlike the gipsies who may be seen encamped in the neighbourhood of Norwood and Yetholm; the same swarthy features, rendered hideous by tattooing,—the same dark lines partly covering the face and shoulders,—large, lustrous black eyes, and well-knit frames. All have assumed the European costume; but there is so much similarity in the dress of the two sexes that it is difficult to distinguish the one from the other. When this war broke out, the people of Auckland, dreading that they might set fire to the town, passed a law that no Maoris should be allowed to remain in the town after sunset; but they may still occasionally be seen at night, hovering about the grog-shops. There is something melancholy and downcast in the expression of their faces; they seem to have a presentiment that the Maori race will soon succumb before the white man. Their Tohungas or priests tell them that clover is no sooner sown than it supplants the fern; that the European rat has already devoured or driven away the Maori one; and that, unless they make a bold stand against the Pakehas or white men, their fate will be the same. The grasping rapacity of the settlers has deepened this impression, and brought the two races into mortal combat. What the result will be, no one can doubt; but if we admire the Scots who bled with Wallace, or the Saxons who fought and fell at Hastings, we cannot withhold our admiration from the weak but warlike race, whose undisciplined valour has almost proved superior to all the means and appliances of modern warfare.

But we are trenching on forbidden ground, and must abstain. A more pleasing feature in the present contest is the spirit of humanity displayed by the natives in arms towards our wounded who have fallen into their hands. During the last war, they were ruthlessly murdered, and their bodies fearfully mangled; all the remonstrances of the missionaries were unavailing; the Maoris declared that the object of war was to kill, and that no mercy should be shown to any who fell into their hands. When they found, however, that their own wounded were treated with humanity, they felt ashamed of their cruelty, and have lately exhibited a more Christian spirit. The influence of missionary labour is also perceptible in the fact that they always abstain from acting on the aggressive on Sunday, and it is only when they are attacked that they defend themselves. It is matter of regret that the same feeling of respect for the Sabbath has not been exhibited by our men: Sunday has been the favourite day of attack, probably because the natives were least prepared to resist. On the first day of the week, the white flag is always unfurled on their pales or stockades, as a symbol of peace; and it is not unusual to hear the sound of Christian hymns, learned in happier times. Another trait in their character is deserving of notice. The lives of missionaries or ministers of religion have been sacred in their eyes. Bishop Selwyn was once fired upon when he had passed our lines, but we have the beet authority for stating that he was unknown to the party who attacked him. The clerical costume is a safer aegis of defence than Achilles' shield. It was only the other day that a minister was enjoying a solitary ride in a district little frequented by the natives; on turning a corner, he was suddenly confronted by a Maori, who emerged from the bush and presented his rifle within a few yards of his breast. The poor man commended his soul to God, and prepared for his fate: judge of his surprise, when the rifle was turned aside, and the native disappeared in the forest, muttering "Minity-minity"—the Maori pronunciation of minister. He had recognised the profession from his white tie, and reserved his fire for more formidable foemen. All this tends to show that twenty years of missionary labour have not been expended in vain, and that the Maori, with all his faults, is not without his redeeming qualities.

P. C. R.

END

Weekend is almost here and hope it's a good one for you.

Alastair