

Convicts, too, occasionally make their escape to New Zealand, and attempt to secrete themselves in the interior of the country. When the "Active" was at the Bay of Islands in 1815, two men and a woman of this description were sent on board to be taken back to New South Wales. The woman, Nicholas says, was particularly dejected on being retaken; and it was found that while on shore she had done everything in her power to prevail upon one of the native females to assist her in her attempt to conceal herself. Her friend, however, resisted all her entreaties; and well knowing the hardships to which the poor creature would have exposed herself, only replied to her importunate solicitations, "Me would, Mary, but me got no tea, me got no sugar, no bed, no good things for you; me grieve to see you, you cannot live like New Zealand woman, you cannot sleep on the ground."

The Rev. Mr. Butler, in March, 1821, found two convicts who had escaped from a whaler, in the hands of one of the chiefs, who was just preparing to put them to death. On Butler interfering and begging that their lives might be spared, the New Zealanders replied: "They are nothing but slaves and thieves; they look like bad men, and are very ragged; they do not belong to you, and we think they are some of King George's bad cookees." After a great deal of discussion, however, they yielded so far to Butler's entreaties and arguments as to