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NGAM1HI;

OR,

THE MAORI CHIEF'S DAUGHTER.
NGAMIHI;

or

THE MAORI CHIEF'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE WAR IN NEW ZEALAND.

By ROBERT H. SCOTT.

"Let no soldier fly:
He that is truly dedicate to war,
Hath no self ove."

—King Henry VI.

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1895.
ROBERT H. SCOTT.
TO

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN FLETCHER OWEN, R.A.

(GENERAL OFFICER COMMANDING TROOPS AT MALTA,

AND

LATE COMMANDANT QUEENSLAND FORCES),

THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED BY THE AUTHOR AS A

SMALL TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.
THE following narrative of events which I humbly lay before the public, are taken directly from my diary, written at the second Maori War, through which I served in the colonial forces. I may, therefore, assure the reader, that the incidents herein related are not overdrawn. Of course I had to alter names for obvious reasons, as many of the characters are still in New Zealand and Australia.

I have endeavoured to describe the principal physical features of New Zealand, and the peculiar characteristics of the Maori Race. Whether I have been successful or not, of course I must leave that to the decision of my reader. Perhaps I can do no better than copy the written criticism of Mr. Fred Warbrick:

"A perusal of 'Ngamihi' will be found interesting to any one acquainted with the Maoris, or possessing a slight knowledge of their country. For several reasons the book should be a success, chief among them being that there are no works of any size, as far as I know, in which Maori characters are introduced in a tale of fiction in conjunction with European actors. Ngamihi or Zada, one of the foremost characters in the story, appears to be a true type of a Maori Chieftainess, simple yet brave, resolute yet generous. The other Maori actors, making due allowance for the license allowed a writer, have not been unnecessarily exaggerated. A perusal of the book will not only afford an hour or two's pleasant recreation, but from it the reader will glean much information regarding the characteristics of the New Zealanders, their country, their habits, and their customs, which, so far as I am aware, are not generally known to the ordinary reading public."

(Signed) Fred Warbrick.

R.H.S.
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CHAPTER I.

GENERAL CHARACTER AND SUPERSTITION OF THE MAORIS.

HE incidents here related occurred in New Zealand during the second Maori war, nearly thirty years ago, and as some of the principal persons concerned are still living, I will content myself with supplying fictitious names and altering the localities.

I was a non-commissioned officer in the 1st T——Rifles, and bore my share of the hardships and dangers connected with the savage warfare during the early settlement of New Zealand. The Maoris are a fine race of people, brave and hardy, but extremely sensitive to insult, and ever ready to defend their rights. Their code of honour naturally differs from ours, but in general warfare they take no mean advantage of a foe, and I know of instances where they have rendered aid to some of our wounded soldiers by giving them water to drink.

Throughout the whole campaign the war generally was of a skirmishing description and I do not know of one single instance where the combatants met on equal conditions. Sometimes a small number of Maoris would be entrenched in a pah besieged by a force of soldiers almost double their number, whilst at others a small party of troops would be set upon by a band of
rebels at odds of almost three to one. Nevertheless the fact cannot be denied that the natives are a brave and intrepid race, and the skill with which they extricated themselves from the most perilous positions has been the theme of admiration from even their bitterest foes. This is the dictum of a celebrated chief: “I have stood five successive engagements with the soldiers belonging to the greatest white nation in the world; the soldiers, that we have been told, would fight until every man was killed. But I am now perfectly satisfied that they are men, and not gods; and had they nothing but muskets like ourselves, I should have been in my pah at the present time.”

The custom of tattooing the face and parts of the body is still common among the Maoris, though it is not so much practised now as formerly.

New Zealanders of advanced age, even at the present time are often found elaborately ornamented with graceful circles and Vandyke patterns all over the body, particularly the face. A well tattooed Maori in his ample flax cloak is quite a stately looking personage. These cloaks are covered with peculiar squares and broken zig-zag lines in red, black and white, so beautifully regular that Europeans have copied them in many ways. When a Maori is injured by a pakeha (European) it sometimes happens that an innocent person is made to suffer for it. Little provocation is required to excite a quarrel, the most trivial occurrence will do for a Casus Belli. Instance the affair at Wanganui in 1845, through an accidental shot from a midshipman. Until utu (compensation) is satisfied the injury is handed down from father to son like the Corsican Vendetta.

Habit is a second nature with the Maoris as with most of us. Fighting and a disregard of life is to them a virtue. Cuvier
says "that it takes forty generations to make a wild duck a tame one," and with the same reasoning it would take some time to cool a Maori's wild blood. I have known Maoris who were upright, honourable men, and friendly to the whites, yet their sons assisted to build the pahs, and used the "tupara" (double-barrelled gun) against the English on every possible occasion, and frequently to with fatal effect.

The rapidity with which they construct pahs of heavy timber for a permanent defence, and of erecting lighter pickets to prevent their rifle pits in the rear of their stockade from being rushed; also their power in paddling and their skill in managing their canoes, either for warlike or peaceable purposes, demand admiration.

There are many stories told of the Maoris' courage during times of danger and pain. I have heard of a Maori who was mortally wounded by a cannon ball, which came through a fence and knocked his leg off. When he saw his leg was off, he cried out. "Look here, the iron has run away with my leg, what playful creatures these cannon balls are!" He immediately afterwards fell back and died smiling.

The missionaries in general were firm friends of the Maoris. A good story is told of the late Bishop Selwyn, who was well-known during his university days as a devotee of the noble art of self-defence. He incurred a great deal of animosity from a certain section owing to his sympathy with the Maoris during the war. One day he was asked by a rough, in one of the back streets of Auckland, if he was "the Bishop who backed up the Maoris." Receiving a reply in the affirmative, the rough, with a "take that, then," struck his lordship on the face. "My friend," said the Bishop, "my Bible tells me that if a man smite thee on
one cheek, turn to him the other;" and he turned his head slightly the other way. His assailant, slightly bewildered, and wondering what was coming next, struck him again. "Now," said his lordship, "having done my duty to God, I will do my duty to man," and taking off his coat and hat, he forthwith gave the anti-Maori champion a most scientific thrashing.

The Maoris think it unjust to punish a soldier for cowardice or desertion. They say that if a man is a coward it is a sign that he will be killed, either in war or by some other violent means. It is not well they say to disregard omens. When a man feels courageous let him fight, and he will be fortunate. The original religion of the Maoris was of a very vague description. They believe in an "atua" or great spirit, and also in a water god.

Like all savage races superstition is rampant among them. The "Tohunga" (high priests) are the chief men, even the leading chiefs being subordinate to them. Mr. J. White of Wanganui, an authority on these matters, thus describes a fanatical incident that took place during the struggle with the British.

"Kaitaki pah, a very strong position held by the rebels about ten miles south of New Plymouth was taken by Colonel Warre and a combined force of regulars and local forces on the 24th of March 1864. The native works were taken possession of, and occupied by a detachment of the 57th regiment, under Captain Lloyd. A few days afterwards that officer with a force of 100 men, was scouring the spurs of the adjacent hills to see if there were any cultivations in that direction with the view of destroying them. Having traversed a considerable distance without seeing any traces of Maoris on the move, his men appear to have got into loose order, when they were suddenly set
upon by a body of rebels, who came over a ridge, and were completely defeated and routed, with a loss of seven killed and nine wounded. Captain Lloyd, who exhibited great gallantry was among the killed. The Maoris drank the blood of those who fell, and cut off their heads, burying for the time the heads and bodies in separate places. A few days afterwards, according to the native account, the angel Gabriel appeared to those who had partaken of the blood, and by the medium of Captain Lloyd’s spirit ordered his head to be exhumed, cured by a peculiar process, and taken throughout the length and breadth of New Zealand; and from henceforth this head should be the medium of man’s communication with Jehovah. These injunctions were carefully obeyed, and immediately the head was taken up, the spirit appointed Te Ua to be high priest, and Rangitauria, Hayaniah, and another to be assistants, and communicated to them in the most solemn manner the tenets of the new religion.”

This body of fanatics were termed Hauhaus, and became a source of much hindrance to the peaceable settlement of New Zealand. Te Kooti, the famous warrier chief, who for many years resisted all the efforts of the Imperial Government to capture him, and who in the end was finally pardoned by the New Zealand Government, became the head of this band after his escape from the Chatham Islands, and continued so up to the time of his death. His followers implicitly believed that it was impossible for a bullet to penetrate Te Kooti’s body, and also that he could prophesy future events. The power of “Makutu” (witchcraft) was laid to his charge, and many mysterious deaths have been attributed to his supernatural powers. The Hauhaus have decreased considerably of late years, but remnants of them are yet to be found in the North Island.
CHAPTER II.

PAKEHA V. MAORI.

The pseudo prophets had very little difficulty in persuading their brethren that they were the possessors of miraculous powers. The following is an instance: An old Maori woman had purchased in the town of Wanganui some articles of clothing which had been wrapped up in a newspaper. Rangitauira, one of the prophets obtained this paper, and to display his supernatural gifts, read it aloud in a jargon which the crowd was assured was the English language. When he had finished reading, he obligingly interpreted to them that this was an English newspaper, giving an account of the Waitotara War, in which the number of soldiers killed was 3,800, and the number of friendly natives 400, of these last, 40 Wisemnu Kingi's people; and that the Queen wished it to be understood that when the present war was over, all the surviving natives should be used as beasts of burden, and to sweep the streets and cleanse the most filthy localities in European towns.

The despatches published at the time by the late Native Minister, Sir William Fox, give an account of an attempt to prove the Hauhau's invulnerability to English bullets (foretold by the prophets) which occurred at Sentry Hill, a redoubt about six miles north of New Plymouth, occupied at that time by seventy-five men under the command of Captain Shortt, of the 57th Regiment.
The redoubt stands on an open plain with a slight rise towards the earthworks. It was a beautiful moonlight night, at about eight o'clock, when the men in the redoubt saw a Maori coming across the flat, throwing his arms about in a very wild manner, and singing what appeared to be a native hymn. Walking boldly up to the parapet, he sat down on the edge of the ditch. Some of the men wanted to shoot him, but the officers said, "No, no, go out and take him." A party of one sergeant and ten men went out; and as the sergeant approached the Maori jumped up, threw a stone at him, hitting one of the men, and then bolted. The men, though taken by surprise, fired a volley at him, at which he sat down on a large stone and went on with his song. Another volley being fired, he took to his heels and disappeared. It was evident that the soldiers did not want to kill him, as many of them were first-class marksmen. A few days later the detachment in the redoubt heard the Maoris in the pah at Manutahi chanting their war songs in the early morning. The noise gradually approached till the party causing it crossed the Waiongana river, when a force of at least 300 armed Maoris was seen at a distance of 800 yards. They advanced along the road slowly in the military order called "fours," making steadily for the redoubt. Captain Shortt kept his men down behind the parapet till the Maoris arrived within a distance of about 100 yards when they were seen to halt. The word was then given and the troops jumped up and poured in a withering fire on the advancing column, backing it up with grape shot from two small guns. The Maoris stood the fire with great im-perturbability as if they did not expect to be hit, but at last they broke and fled, leaving thirty-four dead and wounded behind them. Our men being under cover, suffered no serious damage. When the Maoris advanced towards the redoubt, our troops saw to their surprise a few yards in advance of the main body, ap-
apparently the very same Maori who had visited them a few nights before, again singing and throwing his arms about. This time, however, he was less fortunate; for a rifle ball laid him low. This was in all probability Hepaniah, one of the principal prophets of the new superstitious, who is known to have fallen on that occasion. A new prophet named Matene or Martin sprung into prominence, who did a great deal of damage to the settlers. The incantation "Hau Hau," always preceded their fights. Matene was eventually killed with an axe when swimming a river, by a native policeman named Te Moro. Nearly one hundred sovereigns were found in his camp.

The English Government treated the Maoris with great consideration and paid them fair prices for their land. Millions of acres were purchased from the Ngapuhi, Manawatu, Waitotara, Ngatiwhatua, and a number of other tribes whose names would be unpronounceable to the general reader. The Government also at various times spent large sums of money for benefitting the native race.
CHAPTER III.

ZADA, THE MAORI CHIEF'S DAUGHTER.

The company that I belonged to, commanded by Captain Wilson and Lieutenant Boyd, were ordered to Wairuara, a small township surrounded by a thick forest of kauri pine (Dacrydium Australis) and supple-jacks. The latter is a kind of vine that climbs to the top of the highest trees and hangs down, taking root again when it touches the ground, and so on making a network so thick in places that it is a very difficult matter to get through it. Supple-jacks have been more troublesome to bushmen and the cause of more tall swearing than any other plant in New Zealand. We were several days on the march and suffered no end of hardships as the weather was showery and the ground very boggy. On the second day's march we discovered two Maori girls camping contentedly under a tree, and on seeing us they attempted to run away, but we soon captured them. One of the girls was extremely good looking and much lighter in complexion than her companion. She wore a short skirt of native flax cloth, or matting, closely covered with split quills of different colours, which shone in the sun like a coat of mail. The upper part of her body was draped in a toga-like scarf, also of native cloth, covered with fantastic patterns. Her companion seemed of lower caste, and was much darker and coarser in features. She carried on her back a bag made of flax
full of potatoes and karakas (a native wild fruit); she had also a couple of Maori hens in her hand. A Maori hen is a kind of wild fowl that runs about the forest and swamps, and many of the settlers put them in their fowlyards to breed with the other fowls, and the cross produces a bird of singular appearance. We did not intend ill treating the Maori girls when we made them prisoners; on the contrary they were treated with the greatest respect. We usually detained stray Maoris for the sake of getting all the information possible regarding the movements of the enemy.

On one occasion I was scouting with one of our men, when we came across an old Maori woman, asleep. Waking her up we asked her questions on some important points which we believed she could answer. We tried in vain for some time, and even offered her money. At the sight of the money her eyes glistened, but she still kept silence. My companion pretended to get into a furious rage, and took out a large clasp knife, which he commenced sharpening on his boot.

"Be the girl that loves me in Ireland; I will cut your ugly old body into pieces if you don’t answer me at once; do you hear that?" said Regan.

The old woman thought her last hour had come. The threat had evidently loosened her tongue, and she began to talk volubly.

We got the information we wanted in broken English, and sent her on her way rejoicing through our unexpected gift of two shillings. The information we received led to some very good results. In Regan’s opinion the five pound note we afterwards shared between us was the best part of it.*

The Government often gave small rewards in such cases.
The girls were brought before our captain, who spoke to them in an affable manner. He asked the light coloured girl her name and she answered proudly:

"Zada, I am the daughter of the great chief Te Pehi, who will make the pakehas tremble and wish they had never entered the land of the Moa."

"We are not as bad as you think, my girl," answered the Captain, "are there many of your people near here?"

"Zada will not answer questions about her people," she proudly replied.

"Supposing I make you?"

"You can kill me, but you cannot make me speak."

Captain Wilson concealed his chagrin and tried other means to get the information he required, but without success.

While Zada and the Captain were speaking, the other Maori girl was crouching on the ground keenly watching her mistress.

"Well Zada," said Captain Wilson, "I have no wish to harm you, and as you won't give me the information I required, you and your companion can go now. I hope you will excuse me for detaining you."

The two girls instantly glided away over the green turf, but after they had gone about twenty yards, Zada stopped, hesitated for a moment and returned. Walking over to Captain Wilson, who appeared much astonished at her return, she said earnestly: "Pakeha, I thank you, I believe now that you are not all bad. Zada and Hema are two—I will save two Pakehas in return."

Before Captain Wilson could recover from his surprise the two girls had disappeared among the trees.
CHAPTER IV.

A Rescue.

SOME distance from where we encountered Zada we pitched our camp. We would have proceeded much further but that we had to march on soft sand—terribly hard work, though far preferable to cutting our way through the supple jacks and prickly whin bushes. Next afternoon near sunset we camped about two miles from Wairua, our destination.

Captain Wilson intended to march us in next morning and get us settled in our quarters. After I had satisfied the inner man with a good supper I asked the Captain to allow me outside the lines for an hour or two, and receiving the required permission, I strolled out with my rifle. As it was a bright moonlight night, I sauntered through the forest where walking was possible, towards the township until I came to a large natural clearing about two acres in extent. I had often noticed these open spaces. At first sight they looked like selections cleared by farmers and abandoned, but on closer inspection they are found to be perfectly natural clearings. As I was feeling rather tired, I sat on a log at the side of the clearing with my rifle between my knees, and had fallen into a deep reverie when suddenly I heard a scream a long way off in the direction of the township. I listened, and it ceased. In a few minutes a rushing sound like someone running through the underwood became audible, and a
tall Maori dashed across the open space with a white woman on his back. My first impulse was to fire, but I was afraid of killing the woman. On seeing me she struggled desperately and cried out.

"Save me, oh save me! for God's sake! fire, even if you kill me!"

At that moment the Maori, still on the run, hoisted her up on to his shoulder. I fired at once, and he fell with a sharp cry of pain. The woman jumped on to her feet and ran over to me, and after uttering a few incoherent words, sank fainting at my feet. In the meantime the Maori sprang into the low brushwood on one leg, and was gone in an instant.

I got some water in the hollow of a large leaf, and bathed her face, particularly her lips, which were very much bruised and cut, and soon had the pleasure of seeing her senses returning. The young lady appeared to be about twenty years of age, and after she had gathered her long fair hair into a tidy knot, I felt a glow of satisfaction for being the means of rescuing so much youth and beauty.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet."

I had great difficulty in stopping the torrents of thanks which she was inclined to deluge me with for her deliverance, and assured her any other man in my place would have done the same. My only regret was that I had allowed her assailant to escape so easily. "Pour encourager les autres." When the young lady had calmed down a little, she informed me that she was the daughter of Mr. Kenneth Munroe, and had been in the colony for over eighteen years. Mr. Munroe had used his little capital with judgment, and was now living at his ease after all his hard work. Some few years ago he returned to Scotland with his family, intending
to end his days in the land of his birth, but, like most colonials, he got restless after the first twelve months, and thought that the climate of Maori land would suit his old age better. One of his daughters died suddenly while they were in Scotland, and as her death was attributed to the change of climate they returned to New Zealand at once, and were now living on the outskirts of the township of Wairaua.

Mr. Munroe's residence stood in the midst of a large garden, which it was the old gentleman's hobby to keep in first-class order, with the help of a labouring man occasionally. On this evening a party of friends were visiting at the house, and after they were gone, Miss Munroe tired with her efforts to amuse the company, went into the garden and sat down on a rustic seat.

She was aroused by a quick movement behind her, and in a moment she was seized from behind, and a gag was forced into her mouth before she could utter a cry. Her assailant, a tall powerful native, put her on his shoulder, and after jumping a low wall, ran to a portion of the forest a short distance from the house. After he had got well under cover, he settled down to a quick steady trot. After going some distance Miss Munroe got the gag out of her mouth, and screamed for help, but as very few people were about at that hour, her cries met with no response. The Maori threw her on the ground, and succeeded in replacing the gag. It must have been about this time that I heard her scream, and it was fortunate that I had brought my trusty rifle, otherwise the rescue might not have been accomplished so easily.

As Miss Munroe appeared to have recovered from her fright I asked her if she could walk to our camp. She inquired where it was situated, and became my guide by a much shorter route than I would have taken. When we were passing the first
sentry, he told me that Captain Wilson was annoyed at my long absence, but remarked with a smile, "that perhaps my companion would very likely make some excuses for me."

"Indeed I will," said Miss Munroe with a grateful look, "I can prove that he has made the best possible use of his time. I shudder to think of my fate if Mr. Douglas had not been out."
CHAPTER V.

MISS MUNROE'S ESCORT TO WAIROABA.

I conducted the young lady to the Captain's quarters, where I explained matters to him. He congratulated me on the success of my chance shot, and suggested that if Miss Munroe were not too fatigued, I had better complete my adventure by taking her home, as her parents were probably alarmed at her long absence. Six of our men were then called out, and ordered to escort us to the township. We had not proceeded far when we heard a number of shouts, and saw a large body of men in the forest with lanterns and torches. As we drew near, I sent one of the men to inform them of Miss Munroe's safety, as we supposed they were searching for her. In a few minutes there was a joyous shout in all directions, and about a hundred and fifty men crowded around us. When they saw Miss Munroe, they cheered lustily, and all began asking questions at once. I held up my hand and asked for silence, while Miss Munroe spoke to them. Afterwards I wished that I had myself explained as her description of the rescue was so glowing, that I hardly recognised the hero, and thought in the words of the old song, "Sure this can't be I."

We marched in triumph to the township, our procession becoming larger every moment. Considering the lateness of the hour, it was wonderful where all the people came from.
One of the first houses we came to was a large hotel, and everyone wanted to "shout" for our men. I cautioned them not to fall out of their ranks, and not to take too much drink.

In a minute or two a buggy was dragged out of the yard, and Miss Munroe was asked to take her seat in it. For this I felt glad, as the poor girl looked half dead with excitement and fatigue. Someone then brought a horse, but it was sent back, as the crowd intended to drag the buggy themselves. When all was ready, I gave the word to march, but found that we were hemmed in by the crowd so that we could not move. I noticed the men passing a large arm chair over their heads, and in a moment I was placed in it, and held aloft on their shoulders. I resisted with all my might, amidst cheers and laughter, but was eventually obliged to submit. The order to march was again repeated by someone in the crowd, and we proceeded without further delay. The procession was headed by myself in the armchair, Miss Munroe next, and the escort on either side, followed by the crowd with torches and lamps. About a quarter of an hour later we arrived at Mr. Munroe's house, and as the news of the young lady's safety had preceded us, we found the family waiting on the balcony.

Mr. Munroe came out and embraced his daughter amidst the wildest excitement, and then led her into the house. Wishing to get back as soon as possible, I was just on the point of giving the order, when Mr. Munroe returned and invited the men and myself into the house. The men were given a good supper and plenty of drink was placed before them in one of the back rooms, and I was ushered into the drawing room, where I was lionised generally. Mrs. Munroe, a fine handsome old lady with white silky hair, said little, but smiled her approval at what was said. Mr. Munroe asked me to deliver a note to Captain.
Wilson, and said that he hoped to see me next day. After partaking of some refreshment, I gave the men orders to fall in, and we returned to camp.

Very little time elapsed before a number of the townspeople visited us, and brought offerings for our breakfast, such as fresh eggs, butter, milk, meat, &c, which were very acceptable, as we had been living on "hard tack" for some time, and the change was most agreeable.

"It's a good thing, Corporal," said Andrews, an ex-trapper from America, "that you came across the young lady last night, for it makes the folks over yonder well disposed towards us. It strikes me we have "struck ile" in coming here."

Captain Wilson sometime later called me aside and told me that Mr. Munroe had requested him to grant me fourteen days leave of absence, and that he wished me to become his guest for that time.

"I will grant the request with pleasure" continued the Captain, "as under the circumstances I think you deserve it, only I must stipulate that you are to return to your duties should I at any time require your services."

I thanked the Captain warmly for his kindness, and said that I would be happy to accept Mr. Munroe's invitation.

"Very well, you can go off duty after four o'clock this afternoon, as I expect the men will be settled down in their quarters by that time."

Just then a messenger arrived post-haste from headquarters recalling Lieutenant Boyd (an Imperial officer who had seen service in Africa, and who was extremely popular with the men)
to Auckland, on account of important family matters. I may here mention that he never returned, as he had to leave for England at once.

After a good breakfast, we struck camp and marched to the township, where we were comfortably installed in a row of neat cottages that had been fitted up for the occasion.
CHAPTER VI.

MURDER OF THE REV. MR. VOLKNER.

The next thing that I had to think of in connection with my visit was a decent suit of clothes and other necessaries. I fortunately found a tailor that fitted me out "like a swell," as Andrews said. About five o'clock I rang the bell at Mr. Munroe's gate, and was shown into the drawing room. Miss Munroe was there, and on my entrance stood up and looked at me inquiringly. I made an awkward bow, and felt very hot about the temples.

"Ah, how stupid I am, Mr. Douglas," she said, "I did not know you at first in your change of dress. I will call my father; he said that he expected you—excuse me a moment."

She tripped away, and soon came back with her father, who received me with a hearty welcome.

"Now, Mr. Douglas," said he, "are you going to stop with us? I thought I had better see if you could be spared by your Captain before I asked you."

On answering in the affirmative he at once despatched a servant for my portmanteau, and I was formally installed as one of the family for the time being.
Miss Munroe (Jessie) played some excellent music during the evening, and my host entertained me with some of his experiences. I remarked that I wondered at him returning to New Zealand while the war was in progress, at which he said that he would not have done so but for a lull in the hostilities, which at that time had every appearance of being permanent. The barbarous murder of Mr. Volkner, however, added to the daily increasing boldness of the Maoris, had roused the Government to action again, and no effort was now being spared to subdue the turbulent natives. The murder alluded to is one of darkest spots on the records of the early history of New Zealand, and gives a painful insight into the worst phases of the Maori character. The friendly natives were horrified at the atrocious deed, and in conjunction with the British troops spared no efforts to bring these Hauhau fanatics to justice.

Mr. Volkner was a Prussian by birth, and belonged to the Lutheran Church. He came to New Zealand in connection with a Hamburg Society, but afterwards joined the Church of England, and was ordained by Bishop Williams of Waipu. He was a man of remarkable character, and of an extremely conciliatory and kindly disposition. He had been stationed for some time at Opotiki, at the south-eastern extremity of the Bay of Plenty, among some of the wildest tribes in New Zealand, who had had little or no intercourse with the English and no religious instruction. He gradually won his way among them until he had gathered together a large body of converts, and a handsome church and house were built. When the war broke out in the Waikato, and the East Coast tribes were getting implicated, Mr. Volkner was put under arrest, but was subsequently released, when he availed himself of the opportunity of taking Mrs Volkner to Auckland for safety. During his absence, a party of
Hauhau fanatics from Taranaki led by Patara, arrived at Opotika, carrying with them the head of a European, also a captive soldier who had been taken prisoner and dragged through the country with them in great misery. Notwithstanding the rough treatment he had received, nothing could persuade Mr. Volkner that he was jeopardising his life, and during the war in the Waikato and Tauranga, he often paid visits to his church.

On the first of March, Mr. Volkner, accompanied by the Rev. Mr. Grace, arrived at Opotiki in a small schooner called the Eclipse, commanded by a man named Levy, who had a trading store there. The vessel was no sooner inside the bar than she was boarded by a strong party of Hauhaus, and the two missionaries were dragged ashore. It was soon announced to Mr. Volkner that he was to be killed, but to the last he refused to believe that such was their intention. A night of miserable suspense ensued. The next morning Mr. Volkner executed some few commissions which he had undertaken at Auckland, and in the afternoon about twenty well armed warriors came to the house, and after performing some ceremonies outside, called Mr. Volkner out and took him away, locking up his companion in the meanwhile. Mr. Volkner was then taken to the church, when his coat and waistcoat were taken from him, and he was then led to a willow tree at a little distance, where they had rigged up a block and tackle which they had procured from the schooner. He now for the first time realised that they were in earnest, and asked for time to pray. After a few minutes he rose up, and said, "I am ready." While

* Mr. Grace not many years ago met with a horrible death at his residence in Tauranga, a seaport village in the province of Auckland, where he permanently took up his residence after the Maori troubles were over. While walking through one of his paddocks he was rushed by a cow, whose horns penetrated his abdomen. After suffering intense agony he died not many hours after the tragic event. He was a fluent Maori speaker, and was held in the highest respect by the natives, among whom he laboured with much success.
he was shaking hands with some of his murderers, many of whom he had converted, a rope was thrown over his neck, and he was run up to an arm of the tree. There he hung for an hour, when he was cut down. They then cut off his head, and a savage called Kerlapi tore out his eyes and swallowed them. They drank his blood, and smeared their faces with it, many of his old friends assisting in the diabolical deed. The women were worse than the men, and scrambled for his blood as it dripped on to the ground. His body was then thrown to the dogs, but was taken away from them and afterwards buried by Levy and some of the friendly natives. Levy afterwards rescued Mr. Grace at the risk of his own life, and put him on board the Eclipse.

The Government did their best to punish the murderers, and most of them have since suffered for their crime. The savage, Kerlapi, was shot through the head by one of our men soon afterwards. These particulars may seem exaggerated, and the horrors depicted overdrawn, but they are quite true and are inscribed on the records of the early history of New Zealand.
CHAPTER VII.

ZADA KEEPS HER PROMISE.

A few days later Mr. Munroe hinted in as delicate a manner as possible that he would like to give me a substantial reward for the services that I had rendered his family but as I was quite content with the thanks that I had already received, I expressed a desire that no further fuss should be made of the matter. He then offered to write through Captain Wilson to headquarters, recommending me for promotion, but as I expected shortly to return to England, I would not allow him to do so.

My fortnight's leave passed very rapidly as my friends did all they could to make me comfortable. My hostess and I soon became great friends and we had many an interesting conversation together. She usually reclined on a couch placed before the window, where she was always to be found busily engaged in some crewel work. She was rather tall and must have been graceful in her youth, and her face which still retained a winning smile, bore traces of beauty of no mean order. Her dress was plain with the exception of an expensive antique lace cap which confined a few silky white curls on each side of her face, and she wore black lace mittens and a black shawl, fastened by a broach containing her daughter's miniature. Altogether her appearance
was striking and imposing. When I was leaving, Miss Jessie gave me a gold pencil case accompanied with many blushes, and her father insisted on my taking a handsome gold watch.

Shortly after rejoining my comrades, information was brought in that a band of hostile Maoris had been seen some miles away, and it was believed that they had some white captives with them. Orders were on the point of being given for thirty-five men to go in the direction indicated, when four miserable looking objects unexpectedly made their appearance and asked for our captain. They informed him that they had been prisoners to a party of Hauhaus, about forty miles away. Five of them, including a boy, were surprised by the savages in a small deserted whare (hut) while on their way to a diggings that had just broken out. As they were unaware of the danger they were in, they had taken no precautions for their safety. The Maoris soon made them prisoners, and they were tied to saplings outside the whare. They all believed they were intended for some terrible death, and their worst fears were confirmed when they were dragged to a spot where a large group of the fanatics had gathered. Suddenly a young Maori girl in a quaint native dress, walked in among them with a haughty gesture, and was received with extreme respect. Walking up to the chief, a tall fellow with beautifully tattooed marks on his face, she spoke to him for some time in their own language. He did not appear to relish what she was saying, as he danced with rage and seemed to defy her. The girl drew herself up, and spoke some sharp words of authority, whereupon the chief yelled out something, and immediately the savages in a body rushed up to the captives with clubbed rifles and rusty swords with the evident intent of killing them. However, before they could accomplish their purpose the girl sprang to their side and waved
over their heads a short curiously carved rod, which she carried in her hand. At sight of this the Maoris stopped at once, awed by some mysterious power which the maiden evidently possessed.

The young girl then quietly cut the tora tora that bound the captives, and told them to follow her. To their surprise the Maoris in sullen silence watched them depart, and made no show of interference. When she had led them about three hundred yards from the camp fire, she stopped and turned.

"Have any of you pencil and paper" she asked hurriedly.

They gave her what she required, and she remarked gently:

"A good pakeha taught Zada many things once—well for you and others that he did."

The girl paused for a moment and then wrote rapidly on the paper, and desired them to go to Wairua at once, and see the Pakeha Chief Wilson, to whom they were to deliver the letter, and to make as little delay as possible. She then called a girl they had previously noticed following, (Hema) and gave her some orders. The girl hurried away and soon returned with a flax bag, filled with cooked pig's head, dried hapuka (cod fish) and a kind of eaten cake. Their dusky friend after giving them the food, waved her hand with a smile and disappeared in the forest, followed by her companion.

"You may be sure we made tracks as quickly as we could," said one of the men, "but we could never have done it, only for the food given to us—bless her heart."

† A kind of strong creeping plant like a small rope.
One of the men then handed the Captain a piece of paper. It was discovered that the contents were written in the Maori language, but it was ultimately translated as follows: "Zada promised the pakeha Wilson two tions: she has given four: Zada has kept her promise."

"Indeed she has faithfully kept her promise," said Captain Wilson warmly. "I wish some others would follow her example. You are fortunate men in getting off with your lives, be more careful in future when you are travelling."

"You may be sure we will, sir, as I don’t think we will forget in a hurry the experiences of the last few days. Ugh! it makes me shiver to think of our narrow escape, for I have no doubt they intended to kill us all at some convenient time."

Next morning we started on our reconnaissance, accompanied by a young native lad named Hoani, who was well acquainted with the country. Hoani had been discovered by Captain Wilson some time before in a destitute condition, wandering aimlessly in an old deserted Maori pah. He was brought into the barracks, where under the influence of kind treatment he developed into a fine steady young fellow, and became greatly attached to the men, among whom he was a general favourite. He was usually employed as an interpreter whenever we captured stray Maoris, and lately his services had been in great request owing to an unusual number of spies that had been found prowling about the township. Towards Captain Wilson he evinced a deep affection, and nothing pleased him better than to be in the company of the Captain when on some of his solitary rambles in the forest."
CHAPTER VIII.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Our first days march was through very rough country, with mountains, chasms, and brawling streams in every direction. Crossing the streams was a great trial to us, as the water, coming from the snowy ranges was icy cold. In some cases the beds were covered with large round stones, all loose and rolling over, and knocking against each other with a sound like thunder. The rush of water is so great on some occasions, that to ford in safety it is necessary to join hands, and in this peculiar manner the opposite shore is reached with very little danger. When the Maoris have to ford a swift torrent they enter the water close together in a line parallel with the banks. The first one thus breaks the force of the current while the others support him. To gain greater steadiness they usually carry a log, or large stone on their shoulders, which gives them greater weight and helps to keep them in line.

Towards sunset we came to a small level valley well covered with the rimu, or black pine (dacrydiun cypressinum) very much esteemed by furniture makers, also some splendid totara trees. This tree ranks next to the kauri in value, and is in great demand among the settlers.
Our Captain decided to camp here for the night, and all the following day. Next morning a few of us were ordered to search for traces of the rebels within a couple of miles round the camp. On the way back by another track we came upon the remains of a large Maori pah, apparently only recently deserted, but no traces whatever could be discovered of its inhabitants. We returned to camp without meeting any other signs of the rebels.

On the following evening eight of us were ordered to do scout duty for the night, but we received strict orders not to fire a shot if we could help it. Our plan was to make our way singly some distance apart towards a small mountain, called the Spirit Rock by the Maoris, in consequence of some legend connected with it. Hoani was to go direct to the rock so as to guide us back after the moon went down. But circumstances slightly altered our programme. Soon after we started the moon became obscured, and a heavy thunderstorm came on. The darkness was so intense that I became completely bewildered, and I was alarmed to find that I was entirely out of my bearings. However, I kept on, when suddenly a very vivid flash of lightning revealed the dreadful danger I was in. Three feet in front of me yawned a deep chasm; an instant later and I would have been hurled nearly three hundred feet below into the rocky bed of a stream, which was rushing with great velocity from the snowy mountain. I was so startled that I staggered and fell back, and lay there for a few minutes, when the cold rain roused me. My ride must have fallen over the chasm in my fright, as I could not find it. After looking round for a few minutes I saw, with the aid of a vivid flash of lightning, the outline of the Spirit Rock on my left about half a mile away.
CHAPTER IX.

ANDREWS' ADVENTURE.

By this time the storm had cleared off and I was enabled to walk without difficulty. As I drew near to the rock, the dark shadow of which I could distinctly see looming up ahead of me, I was surprised to hear a hoarse shout, and running forward, I found Andrews struggling on the ground with a Maori. Both were in a desperate embrace, and Andrews was doing his best to strangle his antagonist. He cried out when I came up: "Hurry up, mate, and give us a hand! I have had a tussle with this coon. Just hold on to his legs while I tie him up."

After looking closely at his prisoner I said: "Let him go, Andrews. I don't think there is any occasion to tie him up, he appears to be half strangled! You have given him some ugly wounds and nearly choked him—see his tongue! The Captain I think would like you to bring him in a prisoner."

"But the tarnation critter gave me no chance," said Andrews, wiping some blood off his hands. "I was going quietly to the what-do-you-call-it rock, when this critter pounced on me from behind, like one of the crawling painters (panthers) in my country, and tried to put this long knife into me. Snakes alive! but that was the closest bit of huggin' I ever did in my life. I got a pretty good dig of his ripper on the shoulder-blade, but as we
still kept huggin', he had no chance to repeat the dose. The cuss tried to get away after a while, but I guess he didn't know that he had got hold of a grizzly bar. When he began to get tired of it, I got hold of the knife and I guess I used it before I let go. He tried to get away even then, so I had to do the chokin' business. But look! I think he is done for now."

A heavy groan had interrupted Andrews, and bending down we turned the Maori over, and found that he was quite dead.

I then got Andrews to strip and show me his wound—a nasty cut on the shoulder-blade, but not dangerous. After binding it up as well as I could, we searched for his rifle, and found it about twenty yards away. We soon found out the direction of the Spirit Rock, and hastened forward as speedily as possible. When we arrived there, all our men turned up with the exception of John Shanklin, a private.

After Andrews' shoulder was properly washed and dressed, we found time to answer the questions of our comrades. They had nothing particular to report, except that some of them were in great danger of losing their way during the storm.

When Hoani heard of the narrow escape I had had of falling over the precipice, he said that "plenty of men and horses had gone over there at night."

"Has anyone ever explored that chasm, Hoani?" I asked.

"Yes, one pakeha gentleman went down one day in a flax basket tied to a rope. He was very much frightened, as he saw plenty of skulls and bones like a wahi tapu (old burying ground.) The old people say that there is a great taniwha (monster) down there which kills everybody who comes within its reach. The gentleman did not stay down long and soon called on us to haul
up the rope. When he was near the top of torers (dark pit or chasm) two strands of the rope were cut against a sharp rock, and we thought he would be killed, and we would lose our utu. After some trouble we got him up, but said nothing to him of the danger he was in."

"How came the skulls and bones there, Hoani?" asked one of the men.

"One time long ago—long before the white man's ships found 'Te Ika o Maui,' a chief named Te Rauparaha was at war with some of his old enemies. He was the only son of a fighting chief who was a great warrior in his day, and who made all the other tribes kiss the ground and submit to his authority. Two chiefs jealous of Te Rauparaha's power, rose up against him, and blood flowed like water, the hatred between them being very bitter and deadly. After great fighting—such fighting as was never known before in the history of the island. Te Rauparaha defeated them with great slaughter, capturing many prisoners. The number of killed were as the stars. Some of Te Rauparaha's leading men wanted to kill the prisoners at once, but their leader would not allow it, as he loved one of the women captives—Ngapuni, the beautiful daughter of one of his deadliest enemies. But one night, without the knowledge of their chief, all the prisoners with the exception of Ngapuni, were gathered together on the edge of the deep chasm and pushed over, and their bones have lain there ever since. Evil spirits haunt that dark abyss, and the long horns and glaring eyes of the taniwha are sometimes seen peering over its brink when everything is peaceful and quiet."

Hoani concluded with a slight shiver at the mention of this indefinable monster. All his old superstition seemed to be revived,

—The North Island of New Zealand called by the natives the "Fish of Maui." Maori mythology states that Maui who was out one day fishing in his canoe hooked up New Zealand on his line.
and he looked round him in evident apprehension as if one were about to confront him. To this day a Maori cannot satisfactorily explain what a taniwha really is. Sometimes it is human in form, at others it assumes the shape of a gigantic fish, but generally it is described as a wild beast of human shape possessing claws with pointed horns protruding from the forehead.

Some cold provisions and a couple of bottles of rum were produced by Hoani, and after refreshing ourselves we started on our return journey, Hoani taking the lead. None of us had been successful in finding traces of the enemy. Andrews being the only one of the party who had met a native, and he said that it was his "tarnal luck" to do so,

Next morning at daybreak a party was organised to search for John Shanklin, the missing man. After some time spent in rambling about we discovered the poor fellow half dead with cold and pain lying at the foot of a cliff among some bushes. He had fallen down a steep bank in the darkness of the storm, and sprained his ankle very badly. He was going to shout for assistance, but was afraid of attracting the attention of some prowling Maori. He tried to creep on his knees, but was soon exhausted, so he made up his mind to remain where he was until daylight, as he was sure we would spare no efforts to find him.

A couple of the men took turns in carrying Shanklin ambulance fashion—back to the camp, where his injuries were soon attended to.
CHAPTER X.

THE HOT SPRINGS AND VOLCANOES.

We spent one more night under the trees, and started on our return march to Wairuara by another route, as we intended entering the township from the other side, Hoani as usual acting as guide. During our journey we came across several hot springs, within a few feet of cold running water. The temperature of some of them was as high as 212°, and enables fish to be boiled in a similar way to that practiced by Lord Lovel, who, as a sort of cruel joke, had a large pot boiling on the edge of a salmon lesp, so that when the fish missed their spring, they might fall back into the hot water and boil themselves. The story, however, can be taken for what it is worth.

The springs had a quantity of sediment round the basins resembling coarse salt, which tasted like soda. On the left of us a small volcano was rumbling and hissing, occasionally throwing out showers of stones and mud. I also noticed a quantity of beautiful talhua, or volcanic glass, lying about, that glistened in the sun like so many jewels. A stream flowed within a short distance of where I was standing, carrying large quantities of light ashes and pumice stone to the sea. This volcano appeared to be only a portion of a large volcanic centre, as was apparent from
traces of the original crater for some distance round. It reminded me of the Danish raths or forts, only on a larger scale, that are frequently met with in the country districts of Ireland, particularly in the County Mayo.

It is curious to observe how luxuriant is the grass and foliage which grows almost to the edge of these volcanoes. Settlers have informed me that splendid crops can be grown on these volcanic slopes. The only thing is that it is risky, like working the flooded land in Australia. People may manage all right for years, but they are subject at any moment to have all their labour and improvements destroyed by a sudden convulsion of nature.

A Mr. Atkinson had a farm on one of these places; one day his son and a labourer were ploughing in a paddock, and as the indications of volcanic activity were so slight, not the slightest danger was feared. Suddenly there was a terrible roar, and an immense quantity of large stones were thrown into the air. Before the men could recover from their surprise, a large stone struck Atkinson on the head and killed him instantly. Another stone hit one of the horses and broke its back. The other man and surviving horse made their escape. Three hours afterwards the entire farm, excepting the house, which was built on a small hill, was covered with mud and lava to the depth of some inches.

In many parts of the country earthquakes are severely felt, and there is still great activity in the volcanic country round Tongariro, a mountain 6,500 feet high. Tongariro is no longer active on an extensive scale, although vast clouds of steam continually rise from its crater. The last eruption occurred in July, 1871. This mountain was for many years held sacred by the Maoris, and the dead bodies of their great chiefs were cast into the crater. The idea of making it the tomb of celebrated warriors
and chiefs, was grand in the extreme, but the practice was discontinued as the Maoris came more under the influence of the pakehas.

A great eruption took place at Tarawera (a mountain which had been regarded as extinct, and situated within a day's ride of Tongariro) in 1886 and 120 persons were killed. Stones ten pounds in weight were thrown a distance of fifteen miles, and the dust was so thick that it penetrated closed doors and windows at Tauranga, forty-two miles away. Cattle and birds, particularly pheasants, died in thousands, and the sulphurous fumes rendered breathing difficult. About the first of June 1886, strong indications were given of an approaching disturbance. On the morning of the tenth these premonitory symptoms ended in a calamity, the like of which was hitherto unknown in the history of the Island. The inhabitants were awakened by a terrible roar, and the tumult of violent earthquakes. Simultaneously Tarawera was beheld crowned with flames, after which a deafening continuous roar was heard, and another pillar of black cloud uprose, unfolding the fiery pillar in dense darkness, only relieved by appallingly vivid flashes and sheets of lightning, but of a blood-red tint, caused by the intervening dust clouds. This was accompanied by a terrific thunderstorm, and the sky was for hours lighted up by the lurid glare of the lightning, while the atmosphere was poisoned by a suffocating sulphurous stench, accompanied by heavy showers of ashes, some of which fell on the sea-board forty miles away. Earthquake shocks, in the meantime, continued without intermission. In the course of a few hours seventy distinct tremors were counted, and until noon the darkness continued. Then when a gleam of light came, it was seen that the face of the country was covered with ashes, and that hundreds of new boiling springs had burst out in every direction, some throwing off boiling mud. Many of these springs actually
formed in the middle of the roads, rendering travelling a matter of great danger. Panic naturally seized many of the inhabitants. They fled, not knowing in which direction to seek refuge. Nor was the terror allayed by the tidings which came dropping in. The flourishing settlement of Wairoa was destroyed and a number of lives were lost, many houses being thrown down by the earthquakes or overwhelmed by the showers of stones and mud. All landmarks had been completely obliterated, and the face of the country had undergone such a change as to become unrecognizable. Mokoia, an island in the centre of Lake Rotura, burst into an eruption of steam, and hideous mud and sulphur banks appeared at Tikitera on the shores of Rotoiti, which is separated from Rotoura by a narrow isthmus. Miles of country were covered with the pumice and ashes which formed the first portion of the discharge from Tarawera, or with the showers of mud which followed. The volcano itself was rent by two huge fissures, into one of which the drainage of the mountain had emptied, forming a new lake, absorbing and extending the little Lake Rotomakariri, while another little green-coloured lake filled a crater 75 yards in diameter. Lake Rotomahana had almost disappeared and its entire aspect was altered. The bed of the lake is now 500 feet below the old level, and is considerably lower than lake * Tarawera. But to the sightseer the most lamentable result of the terrible destruction done on the fatal tenth of June was the irreparable loss of the Pink and White Terraces. An enterprising speculator had commenced to build an hotel on the Pink Terrace. Had the eruption been delayed a few months longer the hotel would have been entombed with all its contents.

All the "Lake region" as it is called, from the presence with in this and of Taupo, Rotoura, Rotomahana, Rotoiti, Tarawera,

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and other sheets of water, is a district of volcanic action. Hot
springs, geysers, and mud pools are numerous. Lake Rotorua is
everywhere bordered by distinct traces of fire and water combined,
in the shape of silicious and sulphurous deposits. Lake Rotoiti is
of much the same character, while the waters of the warm lakes
known as Rotoehu and Rotoma, are rendered a grayish opaque color
by the action of subaqueous springs. On the Western side of
Tarawera, (1864 feet high) a range of conical shaped volcanic hills
stretches away in the direction of Taupo. This range is sur-
rrounded by hot springs, and, until 1886, by the wonderful Pink
and White Terraces formed by the silica-laden water of the neigh-
bouring hot springs.

Some of the mountains in the neighbourhood of Taupo are
covered with snow all the year round, and in many cases the
singular spectacle of snow and fire is witnessed side by side.
Sunset and sunrise is a scene something to be remembered. The
snow on the mountains assumes all colours, from a beautiful pale
pink to dark red, and then shades off into other hues.

"Till now you dreamed not what could be done,
With a bit of rock and a ray of sun."

We camped for dinner near the hot springs among some
kauri and pohutukawa (metrosideros tormentosa) trees. The latter
are in great demand for knees and ribs in shipbuilding. Some of
these valuable trees are inaccessible, and cannot be got at until
the country is properly opened up and roads made.

A few of our men bathed in the springs, and appeared to enjoy
themselves. The Maoris looked upon these springs as possessing
great curative qualities, and brought their sick from great dis-
tances to bathe in its warm waters. The water in colour was of a
bluish-green, not unpleasant to the taste, and had a very
strengthening effect on the system.
After a rest of two hours we felt ready for our afternoon's march, and were about to start when a Maori rode up to us at full speed, waved his hat and cried out, *tena koe* (how do you do).

We recognised the rider at once as a friendly native named Ngahoia. He had fallen into our hands in a skirmish with the Maoris and being delighted with the treatment he received, he refused to accept his liberty, and expressed a desire to remain in our service. He was occasionally given employment by the townspeople of Wairua, and as he soon learned English, his services were often in request as an interpreter.

"Well, Ngahoia," said the Captain, "what is the matter?"

"Many Maoris come soon to fight pakahas in Wairua. They have plenty men, and plenty rifles; it is very bad. Sergeant sent this."

Ngahoia handed a letter to Captain Wilson, who hurriedly glanced over it, and ordered the men to fall in at once. I saw the letter and found that it was from Sergeant McCormack. It stated that information had been received that an attack by a large body of natives was about to be made on the township, and requesting assistance at once. The informer was a native woman, who stipulated that no harm should come to the chief Te Pehi.
CHAPTER XI.

AN AMBUSADE.

"NOW," said the Captain turning to Ngahoia, "I want you and Hoani to guide us to the nearest cover at the back of Brodson's buildings. If I am not in time for the opening of the ball, I shall at least be able to take the rebels in the rear. I know a surprise like that goes a long way. Hoani and Ngahoia, you understand? I want you to settle between yourselves as to the nearest way. There are some nasty places in the direct line, I know, but I must get there as soon as possible."

The two natives commenced a hurried conversation in their own language, when suddenly Hoani seemed amazed at something Ngahoia was saying, and clapped his hands in the wildest joy, and said:

"Captain, Ngahoia knows good way, we get to Wairuara. pretty quick now—grand short cut by torere."

Hoani then took the saddle and bridle off his horse and concealed them in the bushes. The horse was then let go and we started off on foot at once, Ngahoia leading the way. The route proved a rough one, and we experienced much difficulty in making progress. We discovered a path, evidently often used by someone, and from the nature of it, by Maoris only. After travelling for some time through burrows in the supple-jacks we came to a deep-
wide chasm, which seemed an insurmountable obstacle to our further progress. The two natives, however, with all possible speed, made some torches out of splinters from a dead resinous tree, and led the way down to the bottom by a narrow path that only those in the secret could have discovered. We walked in single file picking our way out with great care, as a false step meant certain destruction. The ravine was almost dark, and seemed about five hundred feet deep. Our nerves were so highly strung by the awful dangers of the path, that a sigh of relief was uttered by all when the bottom was reached. After a little search Ngahoiia found the opening to a small cave, and some of the torches were lit.

"Now, every man follow me," said Ngahoiia with a grin, as he entered the cave, Hoani being ordered to walk in the rear with his torch to equalize the light.

As the cave was extremely narrow, we had to march in single file, but got along with little difficulty. All at once something flew against Ngahoiia's torch which extinguished it, instantly followed by a loud flapping of wings.

Ngahoiia called out "Every man lie down."

The order was obeyed with alacrity, as we were somewhat tired, after the difficulties of our walk. For fully three or four minutes the loud rushing noise continued, and at last ceased. When we stood up the torches were relit, from the light of which we discovered a large bat on the ground, probably the one that came into collision with Ngahoiia's torch.

About fifty yards further on the floor of the cave became level, and then gradually began to ascend and widen. After what seemed an interminable distance the floor again became level and we beheld a most beautiful sight: Imagine one of the jewel caves in
the Arabian Nights—nothing better could describe it. Beautiful stalactites hung from the roof and glistened in the light of the torches with all the colours of the rainbow. Pillars and arches of the most fantastic shapes appeared everywhere, some of them so true in proportion that it was difficult to believe it was only Natures handiwork. Truly God has built his most beautiful temples in the bowels of the earth.

Our guide gave us very little time to admire our surroundings, but hurried us on to the further end, where the path was so steep and narrow that we had great difficulty in proceeding.

After toiling upwards for some time we caught a glimpse of daylight, and very soon stood in the open air. We passed quickly through the forest, and saw from several signs that we were near our destination.

Suddenly we were startled by hearing a volley of rifle shots in front of us, about half a mile away, followed by another straggling volley and a number of dull reports which we recognised at once as coming from the "tupara," or double-barrelled gun of the rebels.

Captain Wilson halted the men, and passed an order round not to make any noise, and that the chief Te Pehi was to go unmolested.

We crept forward very quietly through some high flax, and soon came in range of about two hundred Maoris. Our men were distributed so as to appear double the number. Each of us was to select a man, and orders were given not to waste a shot. We waited impatiently for the word of command to fire, and when it came every rifle sent forth its message of destruction. The rebels were completely taken by surprise, thinking that a large reinforcement had arrived, and fled panic stricken in every direction.
The force from the township under Sergeant McCormack soon joined us, and the savages were quickly dispersed. The townpeople reported having found seventy dead rebels, while the losses on our side were only two killed and one wounded.

Wairuaara was en fête that evening, and it was freely admitted that the sudden surprise which our men gave the rebels by attacking them in the rear was more effective than if we had been fighting inside the township.

One dying Maori informed one of our soldiers that Te Pehi had no idea that such a large party of ‘fresh’ troops were coming to the township’s assistance, otherwise the attack would never have been made. Our trusty guide, Ngahoia, came in for a share of the honours, as we would have arrived at Brodson’s two hours later if we had gone by the ordinary road. The short cut through the cave was known to none of the whites, and by very few Maoris.

In reference to the native woman who gave the information of the intended attack by the rebels, and her request that Te Pehi’s life should be spared. Of course those who had met Zada guessed that it was she, though her reason for helping us was not apparent until afterwards.
CHAPTER XII.

THE EARTHQUAKE.

THE usual quiet routine of duty went on for a few days, when Captain Wilson sent for me. I found him sitting in his little orderly room with Mr. Munroe and a few of the leading gentlemen of the township. When I had saluted and stood to "Attention," the Captain said with a smile.

"Corporal Douglas, I am happy to inform you that Mr. Munroe and some other gentlemen, have recommended you to headquarters for promotion. You are now sergeant, and will take Mr. McCormack's place, as he is transferred to Auckland. If you remain in New Zealand and the war continues for a little time, I have no doubt you will get a commission."

Mr. Munroe stepped forward and shook hands with me and congratulated me on my promotion. I then saluted and retired, feeling not a little proud of my advancement.

My fidus achates, Andrews, was also promoted to the rank of corporal on the same day. Captain Wilson knew that Andrews and I were firm friends, and he always allowed us to "hunt in couples" if possible. Although Andrews was rather rough in his manner, he was a brave man, and I had the greatest trust in him.
The day after my promotion the Captain ordered me to take four men and do patrol duty for the day. The weather was excessively sultry for New Zealand. The earth, parched and hard, was cracking on the surface into fantastic shapes; seemed charged with condensed heat, and difficult to breathe. A suffocating oppressiveness lurked in the atmosphere, undisturbed by the faintest breath of air. Nothing stirred, not even a blade of grass, as we marched through the forest.

"Somethin' is goin' to happen in the shape of a storm, I fancy," said Andrews, wiping his face.

"Don't you think," I observed after looking about me closely, "that we are somewhere near the site of Ngahoia's cave. I wonder if we could find it."

"It is near here, sergeant," said Ryan, "I remember that rock distinctly."

"If we want to find it, we will get no assistance from Ngahoia, I asked the cuss to show it to me, but darn him, he won't do it, and said that the great spirit would not show it to us critters," said Andrews.

We searched for some time but could find no traces of the cave. Andrews was greatly disappointed, as he prided himself on his woodcraft.

About midday we camped for lunch in a defile between two rocky hills that seemed at one time to have formed one huge mountain, judging from the marks on both sides, which was like a loaf of bread cut in two with a blunt knife. Some great convulsion of nature had evidently separated them ages ago. Nature has played some queer pranks in this Wonderland of the South.
After lunch we lit our pipes, and prepared to make ourselves comfortable for half an hour. In a few minutes, however, we heard a slight rumble like distant thunder, and then felt three sudden jolts. I jumped up and looked round. Andrews who was half asleep, roared out.

"Earthquake, by Jingo."

We were on the alert in a moment, and hearing a loud crashing noise over our heads, looked up to see that the rocky point above us had given way, and was rolling down in two great pieces.

I called out, "Don't run boys, until we see which way it is coming." One large rock rolled sideways, and met the other that was coming in our direction, with a loud crash. The collision probably saved our lives as both of the rocks altered their course and rolled down about a hundred yards away from us. During this time other portions of the rocky hills became detached, but we fortunately escaped without any injury.

I thought it best to return to the township as soon as possible under the circumstances, and we lost no time in getting away, for we were in fear of the performance being repeated. Rumbling noises underground could still be distinctly heard, and a slight shock of earthquake was experienced on our way home.

When we arrived at Wairuara, we found the inhabitants in a great state of excitement, but I was surprised to hear that beyond a few fallen chimneys and some minor casualties no serious damage had been done. Next morning I heard that one of the principal wells in Wairuara, from which was drawn the chief supply of water for the town, had dried up as a result of the convulsion. Also that the bed of a small stream at the back of
our quarters had been rent asunder, the waters disappearing through a large crack into the bowels of the earth. This was one of the strangest freaks of the earthquake, the water pouring down into the rent with a noise like distant thunder.

Apropos of earthquakes I was one night in a hotel talking to some gentlemen when we felt a very heavy shock which almost threw us off our feet, immediately followed by a noise like the discharge of artillery. We ran out to the open space in front greatly alarmed followed quickly by most of the inmates, many of whom were in their nightdresses. One wing of the building collapsed, burying in its ruins two old ladies and three children, their bodies being recovered next morning terribly crushed and mutilated. Several other slighter shocks were felt, but did not equal the first in severity. As a rule, however, earthquakes of recent years have not been productive of fatal results. The shocks are of less duration, and, if sufficiently severe to stop clocks or throw down crockery, the greatest alarm is felt by the inhabitants, who at one time perhaps, would have allowed the occurrence to pass unnoticed.
CHAPTER XIII.

ZADA'S INFORMATION.

AFTER dinner I got a few hours leave and paid a visit to Mr. Munroe. We had a long talk about recent events, and I asked him if he had seen the person who had brought in the information about Te Pehi's intended attack.

"Yes," he said, "I saw a very handsome Maori girl keenly watching the progress of the rebels' attack. I know the men got instructions from Sergeant McCormack not to shoot the chief at her request, but I firmly believe her greatest solicitude was for the safety of your Captain. The fact of it is, Douglas, the girl has formed some attachment for him. Only for that fortunate fact, the rebels might have murdered everyone in the township. Neither Sergeant McCormack, nor anyone else, had the slightest idea of an attack, and heaven only knows what would happen if we were taken unprepared. When the Maori girl, Zada, I think they call her, saw that Captain Wilson was safe, she must have left the township, as no one saw her afterwards. But come into the garden and see the wife. She has been busy all the morning transplanting some camellia plants which arrived yesterday from Auckland. Jessie is supposed to be assisting her, but I fancy she is more in the road."
The genial old gentleman conducted me through some neatly laid out paths to a spot at the further end of the garden where I discovered Mrs. Munroe and her daughter. They were busily engaged amongst a lot of pot plants, but she stepped forward on seeing me, and greeted me kindly, while Jessio rewarded me with a pleasant smile.

After this Mr. Munroe settled himself comfortably by the fire, and a few minutes later Jessie went over to the piano and began carelessly to run her fingers over its keys. After a little persuasion I prevailed on her to sing "Robin Adair," an old favourite song of mine, and one which never failed to recall the boyish scenes of my youth in a certain secluded hamlet in distant England. She had a well-trained voice, not powerful, but strangely sweet, and she rendered that beautiful old ballad with a tenderness and feeling that almost brought tears to my eyes. Strange how the most hardened of human kind is susceptible to the refining influence of music; frequently it is not the actual words nor yet the excellence of the rendering which creates the charm. The first chord of some old familiar air is no sooner struck than the mind unaccountably drifts back to the dear and sacred memories of the past. Old scenes are suddenly conjured up in all their native freshness; for a brief moment we are transported to those days of innocent youth, far from the maddening crowd indeed, and undistracted by the worries and anxieties of the fleeting present. Gladly do we take a short respite on the road and look back, willfully blinding ourselves to the impenetrable gulf of time which irrevocably separates us from those tender associations. Truly the human mind is a marvellous piece of mechanism. Cast down in the deepest depths of despair, overwhelmed by a sorrow under whose weight we are ready to sink, the most trivial incident will serve to divert the thoughts and bring up a
smile. As long as Nature commands us to cling so passionately to what we yet must lose so certainly, and may lose so suddenly and so soon; as long as love continues the most imperious passion, and death the surest fact of our mingled humanity, so long will the sweetest and truest music upon earth be always in the minor key.

We look before and after, and pine for what is not,
E'en our sincerest laughter with some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those which tell of saddest thought.

"I hear, Mr. Douglas," said Miss Munroe, closing the piano, "that several of your men have got into trouble, and one is at present in the guard-room. I hope it is nothing serious."

"Oh no," I answered laughing, "I daresay they will be liberated in the morning. Owing to the hospitality of some of your good people about here they took more liquor than was good for them, with the result that they were taken into custody on the charge of drunkenness."

"What was done to Connor?" queried the old gentleman.

"His sentence was close confinement to barracks for one week."

"Poor fellow," said Jessie, "he will sadly miss his usual ramble of an evening."

"The sentence is not at all severe," returned her father. "The officers, so far as my observation goes, have set a good example to their men since their arrival in Wairaua, and it is only right that they should be made to suffer if they offend against the rules. On the other hand I have known officers to punish their men severely for what they themselves were guilty of privately."

"But, father, don't you think their conscience would prick them for being so unjust."
"Some men have none," was the grim reply.

"That reminds me," I said, "of something that occurred at a court-martial in the West Indies. My father was a captain in the ———th Regiment, and was one of the officers who tried the prisoners. But as it is getting late I will retire now, and perhaps if you will permit me I will relate the story on my next visit."

"No, no, Mr. Douglas," said Miss Munroe coaxingly "please tell it now. If you refuse I will take other measures to compel you," she added with playful authority as she walked over to the drawing-room door and locking it, put the key in her pocket. "So there!"

"'Pon my soul, Douglas," said the old gentlemen laughing heartily, "the little minx is getting excessively bold, and I don't know what you will think of her. However you had better give in this once, my boy."
CHAPTER XIV.

A TALE OF THE WEST INDIES.

VERY well, Miss Jessie, I will relate as near as possible in my father's own words what happened to John Fly.

Well, to begin shipshape, as your friend Davis says, I will commence with the Court Martial order which read as follows: 'A regimental Court Martial will assemble in the officers' mess room, at 11 o'clock to-morrow morning, for the trial of No. 1284, Private John Fly, ——Regiment, and such other prisoners as may be brought before it. J. GARDNER, Captain ——Regiment.' This order, my father read from the book handed to him by a sergeant of the company one afternoon as he reclined in a grass hammock on the piazza, of the barracks of that 'little military hothouse,' Nassau, Bahamas, vainly endeavouring to keep himself cool by frequent recourse to a glass of iced sangaree, which stood on a chair beside him. John Fly was a cymbal player in the band, and one of the most diverting characters in the regiment. He was a native of Africa, of the Coromantee nation; black as the ace of spades, with a splendid set of white teeth. His features were well shaped, presenting but few of the characteristics of his race, while his nose was not too flat, nor were his lips too thick for those of an ordinary European. He was possessed of a good deal of shrewdness, and
would have been invaluable as a corner man to a troupe of minstrels, he was also a prime favourite with both officers and men of the regiment. He had but one fault—an overweening love for white rum, which caused him to be in perpetual trouble, and, on this occasion, was the means of his being on trial on a charge of 'habitual drunkenness'—i.e., three times drunk within twelve calendar months.

On the following morning the officers comprising the Court Martial were, in pursuance of orders, assembled in the mess room. Captain Gardner, one of the senior officers, a fine good-humoured looking man of about forty-five years of age, whose bronzed face bore evidence of exposure to a tropical sun, and also some unmistakable indications of generous living, now entered the room—a spacious apartment, having a large window at the end, through which the prisoner and escort could be seen standing in the courtyard, and from whence the interior of the next room was equally visible.

'Good morning, gentlemen,' said the Captain, glancing at the clock, and wiping the perspiration from his forehead. 'I see it wants twenty minutes to the time yet. Dear me, how dreadfully warm it is, and the doctor has not come yet. If I'd known I would have been so thirsty this morning I would have drunk more last night. Here, mess-waiter,' he continued, raising his voice, 'bring me a glass of brandy and water. Ah,' he said, after swallowing it and rubbing his hand caressingly over his stomach, 'I feel somewhat better after that. So that poor devil, John Fly, has been making a fool of himself again. Those band fellows give us more trouble than all the rest of the regiment put together, and all through taking too much grog.'

†The sea breeze, which in the West Indies always sets in at 11 o'clock in the morning.
After chatting some little time longer, Captain Gardner began to get rather fidgety, giving sundry glances at the empty tumbler on the sideboard. At last he said:

'Well, just to pass away the time, I think I will take another drink. Mess-waiter, bring me another glass of brandy and water.
CHAPTER XV.

JOHN FLY TURNS THE TABLES.

MR. DOUGLAS, please desire the Sergeant to march in the prisoner and witnesses—but stop one moment," he added, "this is going to be dry work; so I'll just fortify myself with one more glass before I commence." And for the third time the services of the mess-waiter were requisitioned. Everything being now ready, the prisoner was brought before the Court, and the order for its assembly having been read, the question was put by the President:—"Private John Fly, have you any objection to the President, or any of the members present, sitting on your Court Martial."

"Me hab no jec'tion to any of them officers try me," answered the prisoner looking round the room. "But Captain, me hab jec'tion to you. Me try for 'bital drunk,' because me drink two glasses of white rum, and just before you sat down dere," pointing to the president's chair with his chin, (an African always points with his chin) "me see you drink one, two, tree glass of brandy and water. Me look through the window dere, and after dat me say you no fit for try me. Dat is all my jec'tion."

Had a bomb shell exploded on the table before him, the President could not have looked more astonished, while the rest
of the officers could scarcely conceal their amusement. Someone suggested that the court should be cleared.

"March the prisoner out," said Gardner, "and move him a little further away this time."

"Well, gentlemen," he continued, after his order had been obeyed, "you have heard what the prisoner has said, allow me to ask if you consider me to be in any way unfit for my present duty."

They were unanimous in assuring him that they believed him quite competent and that what he had imbibed had appeared to do him more good than harm; notwithstanding which they could not help seeing the necessity of recording the prisoner's objection on the face of the proceedings. This having been done, the court was adjourned for the purpose of allowing the President to report to the Colonel how matters stood.

"A pretty mess you have made of it," said the old Colonel, half angry and half amused, when he had heard Gardiner's story. "I know it would require more than you took this morning to have any visible effect on you. In fact, I suppose it was only about enough to steady your nerves after last night. Still the prisoner's objection, although it might be overruled, would not look much to your credit on paper. By jove! I think the only thing for it is to let the fellow off. Very fortunate for you that it happened to be only a Regimental Court Martial, and that I have the matter in my own hands. Send the prisoner back to the guard room, and tell the Adjutant I want to see him."

The same afternoon the following order appeared:—"The Regimental Court Martial, of which Captain Gardner is President, is here hereby dissolved, and the prisoner No 1248, Private John Fly, will return to his duty."
On reading which Captain Gardner was heard to remark, "This will be a lesson to me; I will never again take even one glass of brandy and water before sitting down to a Court Martial, unless it is some place where there's no confounded window that the prisoner can look through."

* * * * *

"That is the end of my story, Miss Munroe, and though it occurred many years ago I have always remembered it for the great amusement it caused when my father was relating it to his friends."

"Well done, my boy; it just shows how careful officers ought to be in their conduct. It is only 'human natur' as Josh Billings says, for uneducated persons to copy their superiors. I cannot help laughing at the fix Captain Gardner was in when John Fly made his objection. But Jessie my dear," continued Mr. Munroe, "unlock the door; Mr. Douglas will be afraid to come here again if you place him under arrest."

"Many thanks for your story, Mr. Douglas, I do hope you will think of some others without my again placing you under restraint," remarked Jessie with a smile.

"Thanks are all very well my dear," remarked the old gentleman, "but I think you ought to reward our storyteller by singing the little love song you were practising this afternoon."

After a slight demur Miss Munroe seated herself at the piano and sang the following with great expression.
†The Maiden's Song.

Oh! time thy swift pinions,
    For me fly too slow,
And we, earth-born minions,
    Must move as you go;
But the soul all undying,
    Can laugh at your pow'r,
And the thought, as 'tis flying,
    Won't wait for the hour.

Joyous fancy untir'd,
    Now wafts me along,
To that day so desir'd
    On the bright stream of song;
When the hero from glory,
    Returns to his love,
And the eagle all gory,
    Will mate with the dove.

I love him—I love him;
    This bosom can tell
How wild's the notion—
    How deep is the spell;
When his voice strikes mine ear,
    When his hand touches mine,
Soul enraptur'd I fear
    Neither Peril nor Time.

Ye waves of the ocean,
    Ye spears of the foe,
Be gentle in emotion,
    Nor lay my love low;
Oh haste them, fly quicker,
    Ye hours! nor delay,
This life does but flicker,
    While he is away.

† By Captain Robert Morgan Scott.
After thanking Miss Munroe for her song, I looked at my watch and rose to retire, when Mr. Munroe, taking a bottle from a sideboard, remarked:

"Talking of brandy and water, it may be very good for those that like it, or the white rum that got John Fly into trouble, but in my opinion old Highland whisky like this is far better. Jessie bullies me for keeping it here, but I like my medicine handy. Nothing like a bottle in the drawing room, and another in the dining room, still I never drink too much. Nothing like moderation. Just you sample it before you go."

We both sampled it, and found it as good as represented.

"Oh you two topers," cried Miss Munroe. "Don't let dad, father I mean—persuade you to take much of that, or I will have to make you a bed on the sofa, and then it will be your turn to get Court Martialled—Hark! what is that?"
CHAPTER XVI

WE ARE CAUGHT IN A TRAP.

As training our ears we heard the thud of galloping horses and shouts in the street. The old gentleman hurried to the top balcony that commanded a good view, and called on us to follow him. The night was beautifully fine, and we could see plainly the red glow of a fire in the forest some distance away.

"Here comes a horseman from the forest, apparently from the direction of the fire." said Miss Munroe.

"Yes, and in a deuce of a hurry too" returned her father.

The horseman approached at a gallop, and when he was passing the house, Mr. Munroe called out, "what is the matter?"

"Fire! murder!" was the hoarse response as the man dashed past.

"Join your men at once, my boy," said Mr. Munroe hurriedly, "you may be wanted at any moment when fire and murder are on foot."

I hurriedly took leave of my friends and ran down the street, but not before Miss Jessie had murmured something into my ear.
about taking care of myself. I waved my adieu, and soon got to my quarters, where I found the men getting ready for a double quick march.

"I sent a man after you a few moments ago, Sergeant," said the Captain. "Look sharp and get fifty men ready; acting-corporal Stone will be left in charge here while we are away. Those devils have been up to some mischief!"

In a few minutes we had left the township behind us, and had entered a road which lay through a dense scrub. Trees of enormous size were on either side, which met overhead and completely shut out what little light the stars afforded us. On the way Andrews hurriedly whispered that the Maoris had attacked the house of a German settler named Gustave Hirch, murdering some of his family and levelling his house to the ground. It was the intention of our captain to intercept the rebels, and we had taken a much shorter route to the scene of the outrage so as to arrive with all possible speed. The men pushed forward in gloomy silence, each breast filled with a dire thirst for revenge. The inoffensive German was well-known in Waiouru, and the attack on him was entirely unprovoked. No sound was heard save for the regular tramp of the men, and the gaunt trees glided past us like phantoms in the indistinct light.

Suddenly a man's voice rang out in the darkness, given in a stern tone of command. "Patua te pakeha" (kill the white man.) Instantly the trees above us become a blaze of light, and a deadly volley of rifle shots was fired into our midst. Before we could recover from our surprise a second volley was poured into us, which completed our discomfiture, and the men broke and fled in all directions. We could not return the fire, as it was impossible to locate the position of our enemies, owing to the
extreme darkness. If the Maoris had set a trap for us they had succeeded beyond their greatest hopes, for we were utterly routed without even firing a shot. It was afterwards ascertained that they had skillfully concealed themselves in the trees, and after delivering their fire they had immediately slipped down from their perches and made off.

I felt the blood dripping from the fingers of my hand, and became conscious of a severe pain in the upper part of my left arm. While I was binding a handkerchief round my wounded limb to stop the bleeding, I heard a groan close to me in the darkness, and a voice said:

"Holy Moses! what's the matter? Am I kilt entirely."

I recognised the voice and answered.

"Is that you, Doolan?"

"Yis, Sergeant, what's left of me. Thank God there is someone left by me while I am dyin'."

I felt him all over, and asked him where he was hurt, as I could find no wound.

"I don't know where, sir; but it's dyin' I believe I am."

With some difficulty I got him on his feet, and discovered that beyond a severe fright he was quite uninjured.

"I believe I am all right after all, sir," said he shaking himself, "but I know that I got a regular knock over. Ah, here is my cartridge box all knocked to bobby rags. That stopped the bullet from killin' a good man, anyhow."

I could not help laughing at his odd manner, and said, "you had better come and help to find the Captain."
We fortunately had plenty of matches between us, and at once commenced searching about the road. The light thus afforded revealed a good many of our poor fellows lying dead in all positions. Doolan presently called out.

"Here's the Captain sir, as dead as a door nail."

I went over and found the Captain lying on the ground, his face covered with blood. At first sight I thought it was all over with him, as his body was doubled up and two dead comrades lay across his chest. I opened his tunic and put my hand on his heart.

"Get some water quick, Doolan; he is still living." I said as I supported his head.

Doolan fortunately had water in his bottle (a small cask-like bottle used by soldiers on the march, and fastened to their belt by a strap) and I washed the blood off the captain's face. To my intense relief I found that the bullet had only grazed his temple, a wound that is painful for a time, but not dangerous if the skull be not fractured. When the cold water touched the wound it roused him to a half consciousness. He muttered something feebly, felt for his sword, and I could just catch the words:

"Charge! Chester, charge! On! Stanley, on!" when he sank back insensible.
CHAPTER XVII.

THE VARMINTS HAVE THEIR INNINGS.

DOOLAN made a bright fire to disperse the darkness and got some handkerchiefs from the pockets of some of his dead companions, and we then bound the Captain's head as well as we could.

A footstep sounded among the trees close behind us, and I made out Andrew's honest face peering at us from the underwood. He came forward cautiously at first, leaning on a stick, and took my hand, while he brushed something like moisture from his eyes with the other.

"I thank the 'tarnal God that you are all right, Mr. Douglas. I made tracks like a good many others, as it was no use in stoppin' to be shot down like dogs. I got struck on the leg and could not go far, so I planted myself in the high grass. Soon after I saw the critters shin down the trees and clear off. Some of them nearly walked over me, but as there were too many of them I thought it better to lay close if I wanted to get off with a whole skin. When all was quiet I came back to look for you. I guess the varmints had their innings this time. I call it an almighty smash. Some of the townspeople will turn up soon most likely."
Doolan, who was supporting the Captain’s head, looked up and said:

“Sergeant, who were those fellows “Stanley and Chester” that the Captain was telling to charge, I don’t remember the names in our company.”

“The poor fellow was delirious, and didn’t know what he was saying, I will show you their names in a book some time,” I replied, amused at Doolan’s question.

“Oh, I see, people often talk of what they have read when they are ‘off their pannikin.’ For my part I think reading is not good when it makes you do that.”

“Then I suppose by the same rule you should not eat for fear you might choke; I saw a fellow choke once with a lump of bar’s meat, when he was laughing at a yarn that I was tellin’, one night, when a few of us was camped on the mountains in my country,” said Andrews.

“Then don’t tell any more of them yarns now; there’s enough kilt to-night anyhow,” remarked Doolan, rubbing the place where the cartridge box was usually fixed.

About twenty of our men had put in an appearance by this time, many of them more or less wounded. I posted four on the lookout for fear of a surprise, and set the remainder to look after the wounded and dead. The latter were put side by side under a tree on one side of the road, and the wounded were made as comfortable as possible on the other side, until they could be properly attended to.

Soon after we were delighted to hear a party of horseman approaching from the township. While I was listening a
sudden faintness came over me from loss of blood, and some of the men assisted me to the side of the road, and put me in a sitting posture with my back to a tree, while Andrews got some water and washed my wound. He was fixing the bandage which had become loose, when about thirty men arrived, followed by a buggy. One of the first that rode up was Doctor Gill, our Wairuarua medico. He was off his horse in a moment, while the others looked round in surprise.

"What is the matter my lads? I thought we would find you nearer Mr. Hirch's house, said the doctor.

He was soon in possession of the facts, and at once turned his attention to the wounded. The buggy moved in front of me, and I was astonished to see Mr. Munroe and his daughter seated in it. Andrews was just giving the last touches to my bandage, when Miss Munroe caught sight of me. She cried out, as she sprang from the buggy: "Oh my poor——!" and then suddenly stopped in evident confusion.

Her father seized her arm, and said something hurriedly in a low voice, after which she walked over and said gently:

Mr. Douglas, I hope you are not badly hurt; how pale you are. Can I do anything for you?

"I thank you Miss Munroe, my friend here has done all that can be done for the present. My wound is of very little consequence, and I have no doubt the doctor will soon make me right again. It is merely a scratch, though it has made me a little faint."

"I have something in the buggy that will perhaps revive you."
CHAPTER XVIII.

MISS MUNROE A LA FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

WHILE Miss Munroe was away, I said to Andrews:—

"Pull some branches, like a good fellow, over the dead bodies. I would not like her to see them if it can be avoided."

Miss Jessie soon returned with a bottle of the Highland whisky that her father had recommended so highly earlier in the evening. I needed no pressing to take a stiff dose, and felt much benefitted for it.

What induced you to come here, Miss Munroe? I thought ladies were too timid to venture into the midst of fighting and bloodshed.

"Well, to tell you the truth, I felt so uneasy that I gave dad no peace until he had consented to follow in the buggy. Poor dad never dreamt that I intended going with him. While he was fussing about, I quietly took my seat in the buggy. You should have heard him storm! He soon calmed down, however, when he saw that I was determined to keep my seat. But you must excuse me, she added abruptly, "I must deserve dad's good opinion and see if I can be of any use to some of the other poor wounded fellows."
She then went over to her father, who was helping Doctor Gill. After a few minutes Mr. Munroe came over to me and grasped my hand cordially.

"Well! my boy, I am sorry to hear you have been hurt. I have been helping the doctor, and would have come to you sooner, but I saw that Jessie was attending to you. By jove! the girl took me by storm—took complete possession of the buggy, and came in spite of me! Fortunately her mother had gone to bed before you left the house, otherwise she would have found it a difficult matter to be here to-night, bless her heart; it may be all for the best. There she is now? bathing a bullet wound in a man's leg. I thought she could not bear the sight of blood. Some of the men that were badly wounded might have been dead now but for the whisky she has forced them to drink."

"How many have been killed, Mr. Munroe?"

"I believe there are ten killed and seven wounded—three of the latter seriously. Doctor Gill has just sent for two or three carts to take them home."

"Have you heard anything about the German's family?"

"Yes, no use in going there now, as the rebels have decamped. Two men who have been to the house, informed the doctor that the old man and his wife are lying dead in front of the gate. The dead body of a young woman was hanging out of one of the lower windows—one of his daughters, I suppose, from the description."

"Where is the other daughter?"

"I do not know. She has probably made her escape or has been carried away a prisoner—we will know more soon. It is
nearly daylight now, and the sooner we are out of this the better. Can you walk now?” he added kindly.

With his assistance I got on to my feet, and felt much better, but rather shaky. Just then three carts and a van arrived from the township. I hinted to Mr. Munroe the advisableness of withdrawing his daughter for awhile until the carts had received their sad burden. “All right,” he answered, “I will come back when they are ready to start.”

All the men had returned about this time excepting three, and for the next few minutes we were busy putting the wounded and dead into the carts. I was pleased to find that Captain Wilson had recovered his senses, though unable to sit up. We made him as comfortable as possible in the van, and Andrews, who was slightly disabled, sat with him in case his services might be required.

Mr. Munroe wanted to give me a seat in his buggy, but as my arm felt comfortable I preferred walking.

Our melancholy cavalcade arrived at Wairua in about an hour. A large number of the townspeople lined the streets, and expressed great sympathy for the disastrous and unexpected reverse which we had suffered. The most absurd rumours had been circulated in regard to the surprise. Many of the people believed that our detachment had been completely cut to pieces. Some of the young women that had sweethearts in our ranks were overjoyed on seeing that they had escaped uninjured, but there were others whose grief at the loss of their loved ones was very painful to witness.

A cottage next to our quarters was immediately fitted up as a temporary hospital, and Doctor Gill soon had his hands full. Miss Munroe preferred her assistance as a nurse, and two other
young ladies followed her example. As Miss Munroe had been a member of an ambulance class for some time, the doctor found her a great acquisition.

My arm became extremely painful in the course of the next few days, and the doctor jokingly threatened to take it off, unless I gave it complete rest. Under these circumstances, I accepted Mr. Munroe's invitation to spend the greater part of my time at his house.
CHAPTER XIX.

THE MAORI MAIDEN TURNS DOCTOR.

About a week later Captain Snell arrived from Auckland to take charge of the company, Captain Wilson being confined to his bed with a bad attack of brain fever which followed on his recent wound. Captain Snell was a gentleman in every respect and we had many conversations about the late disaster. I was anxious to know what was thought of the ambushade into which we had fallen, and if people blamed us for being so easily led into the trap. Captain Snell assured me that though a painful sensation was created when the news arrived, no one at headquarters blamed us in the slightest. In that kind of warfare whatever success the Maoris had gained was principally due to surprise of this kind.

"I question very much," he said, "if our men could have climbed those trees with their rifles, and concealed themselves with the same skill. Those fellows can take advantage of cover far better than our men, and they are more accustomed—in fact, better adapted to this skirmishing kind of warfare than the European soldier."

A day or two later as I was rambling after breakfast in the forest at the back of Mr. Munroe's house, I met, to my surprise,
the Maori girl Zada. She looked ill and tired, but brightened up as she caught sight of me. It was obvious she wished to speak to me, and as I was passing she crossed over in front and said:

"Stay Pakeha, Zada wishes to speak."

"Well my girl," I said, stopping, "what is it?"

"Is the Pakeha Wilson very ill? Zada saw him lifted into the cart."

"The deuce you did!" I muttered under my breath. And then aloud, "did you know we were running into an ambush?"

"Zada is sorry, she said, hanging her head." She would have warned the good Pakeha Wilson if she could, but she was many miles away and hurried to warn the Pakehas of the danger, but was too late. Zada was watching when the Pakehas returned home."

"Have you a message to deliver?" I queried as I noticed a certain restraint in her manner.

"If the Pakeha Wilson suffers from the burning sickness (fever) Zada can cure him," she replied with a slight shake in her voice.

"Well, you see my girl, Doctor Gill is a clever man, and if he cannot pull him through, I don't think you can."

"You are a good Pakeha, and do not look down on Zada?"

"No indeed, my girl, I do not look down on you. I believe you are a good well-meaning girl. Too good for your brute of a father," I muttered in an undertone.

"Zada will explain. The daughters of warrior chiefs are
taught the secret medicines. Zada knows them and will save the Pakaha's life."

"You are very good Zada, I will see Doctor Gill about it and ask him to give you a trial; but don't be too sure. Doctors do not like interference."

"Do not delay, but bring me an answer at once. There is no time to lose. Can you meet Zada here in three hours time?"

"Yes; and in the meantime I will do all I can for you."

She suddenly bent low, and giving me a pitiful look, vanished among the trees in a moment.

I turned my steps towards the township in hopes of finding the doctor at his residence, and soon descried him on the verandah smoking a very shabby looking black pipe. He greeted me with a smile, and asked how my arm was.

"Getting on pretty well thank you, but I cannot take it out of the sling yet. By the way, Doctor, how is Captain Wilson?"

"Very bad, I am sorry to say. Brain fever seems to have pulled him so low that I have very little hopes of his recovery. His skull was slightly fractured by the bullet, and that makes matters worse.

"Then I suppose it is a case of kill or cure with him."

"What do you mean?" asked the doctor inquiringly.

"Would you go out of your regular beaten track if you heard of something that might save him."

"Decidedly I would."
"Have you ever heard of the Maoris effecting wonderful cures?"

"I have heard of their tohungas and priests doing wonderful things with herbs that we Europeans know nothing about."

I then told the doctor of Zada's wishes, and after listening attentively he appeared disposed to give her a trial at once.

"Meet the girl by all means, and tell her that I will not interfere with her wishes. Miss Munroe is at the hospital now, but will be home by that time. Tell your Maori girl to go to Miss Munroe, and she will arrange the rest; I will see Miss Munroe in the meantime. Direct the girl where to go."

I had two hours to wait for Zada, so I went round to the hospital to inquire after Captain Wilson, and also to see Miss Munroe. She called me one of her out-patients and insisted on my reporting myself every day—a duty in which I found some little pleasure.
CHAPTER XX.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

MISS MUNROE was just leaving the hospital when I arrived, so I turned back and escorted her home. I inquired after Captain Wilson's condition, and she said that he was now quiet from extreme weakness. The day before he was very violent, and tore the bandages off his head. Two men, besides the nurse, had to watch him constantly.

"Do you think he will ever get better, Miss Munroe?"

"Well, I don't know; he has had every kind of nourishment, but it seems to do him no good. I believe he is dying," she added gravely.

"Perhaps some one else could cure him," I said.

"I don't think so—no one in this part of the country at least, and it is too late to send elsewhere."

"Do you know the Maori girl Zada?"

"Yes, by repute. I have never seen her?"

"What is your opinion of her?"

"I think very highly of the girl," she answered, "I have often wished that I could be her friend. The misdeeds of her
terrible father, Te Pehi, shou'd not be laid to her charge. I think everyone in Wairau is under a heavy obligation to her on account of the information she gave about the rebel attack. Besides, Captain Wilson has also told me about the four men that she liberated."

"Well, Miss Munroe, this Zada whom you admire so much, has offered to restore Captain Wilson to sound health again. Do you think it safe to let her try?"

"Oh I'm so glad to hear this. I have often heard that some of the Maoris are very clever, and are possessed of some secret medicines of their own. As for being safe, I have the best possible reason for thinking that your Captain will be in good hands."

"Why should he be safer in her hands than in anybody else's?" I queried with an amused smile. "Very likely she will poison him."

"No, no, I don't think that. My father told me——" she hesitated and looked on the ground, "that—she—is—in love with him: now you know."

"Yes," I answered, smiling at her blushes, "I think that is the best guarantee we could have."

I then explained to her about my meeting with Zada in the forest, and my conversation with Doctor Gill, his opinion of the offer, and my promised meeting with the Maori maiden. By this time we had reached the house, and descried the doctor walking quickly towards us. I was about to take my leave when Miss Munroe said:

"Stop a moment, Mr. Douglas, would you have any objection to my going with you to meet your dusky friend? I
have often wished to see her, and you can give me an introduction. I have heard that she is pretty, is that true?"

"Yes, she has a strange kind of wild beauty that many would admire."

"Don't you?"

"No; I prefer beauty like"—here I hesitated and gazed at her significantly—"she is rather too dark for my taste."

She blushed with confusion at my implied compliment, and told me to go inside while she spoke with the doctor. "You will find my new album and scrap book on the table."

Miss Munroe returned in about ten minutes, and we started to keep my appointment.

Zada was standing beside a large tree when we approached, and I was glad to note that she had evidently taken some pains with her dress, as her appearance was improved considerably. She had with her a small jar, and a bundle of herbs was in her hand. She gave me an anxious inquiring look when I came up, and then glanced at my companion.

"Well Zada, I have managed to get you the required permission.

This lady is Miss Munroe, and she wishes to be your friend. She will take you to Captain Wilson, and I trust your efforts to secure him will be successful."

Zada took Miss Munroe's hand, kissed it, and murmured, "kau i taku aroha whine," (great is my love for you, lady) in a low tone.

"Have you come prepared Zada?" I asked.
"Yes, Zada thought you would grant her request, so she brought her medicines."

"Come with me then," said Miss Munroe, taking her hand, "We will first go to my house, and then to the hospital."

As we walked along I could not help contrasting the two girls. One tall, supple, and queenlike in motion, with dark well formed features, black eyes, hair as black as the raven’s wing, and picturesque costume that showed the beautiful outline of her limbs. The other nearly as tall; her skin of a creamy tint that set off the delicate colouring of her cheeks, rippling golden hair that would become rough, eyes of a dark blue colour, in whose dreamy depths there was a world of tenderness. There was a graceful air of refinement about her that education and birth can alone implant, which would have forced a stranger’s attention anywhere.
CHAPTER XXI

RANDWICK'S ESCAPE.

As we were nearing Miss Munroe's house, a letter was handed to me by one of our men. After glancing over it, I handed the letter to Miss Munroe.

"I see Captain Snell asks if you can report yourself fit for duty at once. I think that is a question for the doctor to decide."

"My arm is getting better now," I answered, "and if I can keep it in the sling, I could yet do a little. However, I will leave you now and see Captain Snell at once, as I think he is in a hurry over something. Perhaps he wants me to do some special duty."

"Mind you don't leave the township without first seeing us."

I promised obedience, and went to Captain Snell's quarters.

He informed me that one of the three missing men had just turned up and reported that he and his two companions were captured by the rebels when they were trying to make their escape, after the late disaster on their road to Hirch's house. His two comrades were killed, but he made his escape by getting into a swamp during a heavy shower, and lying in the mud and
water among the bunches of native flax, with only his mouth and nose visible. His captors searched the swamp for over two hours, but fortunately the mud and water concealed his tracks. After the Maoris had gone the poor fellow made his way back, and was now half dead from fatigue and starvation.

"What makes the matter serious," continued Captain Snell, "is that Randwick says they have a white girl with them, who, he believes, is Arline Hirch. The girl tried to speak to him, but the Maoris kept them apart. She called out something once in a loud voice, but he could not catch the words, as her captors hurried her away. Now as Randwick says that the rebels are not far away, I think we would be only doing our duty if we made an effort to rescue her. I know nothing of this district, and it is for that reason that I wanted to ascertain if you could accompany us. I will give you no active duties if possible, and will take Anderson with us as your doctor. He has had plenty of experience in the Army Hospital Corps. I want fifty men ready at nine o'clock to-morrow, with Ngahoia and Hoani, who will act as guides. Randwick will be all right in the morning and will help us to follow the trail. I think you had better see the doctor and get his opinion on the matter. In any case you will let me know this evening, as the arrangements must be hurried on without delay."

"I decide to go, Captain, without any further pressing," I replied simply. "That's right, Sergeant, I am glad to hear it. Please God we will give the rascals a peppering. We must take two or three days' provisions in case we are detained."

I proceeded at once to carry out the orders that I had received, and found the men all eager for a chance of getting even with the same band of rebels who had trapped them so nicely.
Twenty young men from the township volunteered to accompany us, and offered to bring their horses. Captain Snell consulted with Hoani and Ngahoaia about the horses, and they both considered that the country was too rough for them. The services of the men however, proved a welcome addition to our forces. They had all belonged to volunteer forces in Australia and New Zealand, so that they could not be called an armed mob, like some hastily formed companies that I could name, where, in many cases, friends were in as much danger from their rifles as from the enemy's.

I sat in the orderly room making out the roll for the morning, when Doctor Gill walked in.

"Well, Sergeant," he said, "so you are going to rescue Hirch's girl and punish the rebels to-morrow?"

"Yes, doctor, I hope we will be fortunate in both errands. By the way, what sort of a girl is this Arline Hirch?"

"Oh, about the general run of German girls—fat, fair, and dumpty—no beauty, but a very good girl. Her sister Gretchen, who was found at the house dead, was considered good looking. Poor girl she is gone now, and I trust you will be able to punish her murderers. Of course taking vengeance will not return her to life, but if those savages are punished severely it will have a deterrent effect on their future conduct. What about you arm?"

"It is no worse, doctor. Do you think the trip will injure it?"

"Well it may not, but you must be careful with it. Your friend Miss Munroe is very cross about your going—but I must not tell tales."
"How is Captain Wilson?" I asked, ignoring the latter remark.

"Very low indeed—in fact I do not expect him to see the night through, unless perhaps that Maori girl succeeds with her unknown remedy. Good-bye, Sergeant; I wish you all success on your trip"
CHAPTER XXII

PIGGY AND THE AMPUTATED LEG.

AFTER I had finished my work, I went to see Miss Munroe, as I had promised, and found her in the garden.

"I was expecting you Mr. Douglas. I have already heard that you are one of the company that is going out to rescue Miss Hirch, and I am sorry dad is not here to see you before you go. He has been away since morning looking after some cattle. When do you march?"

"At nine o'clock to-morrow morning."

"I consider it a shame to put you on duty with such a bad arm," she answered, plucking a rose impatiently and scratching her finger with a thorn. "But how silly I am," she continued with a forced attempt to smile.

I bound her finger with a slip off my sling, and thought it best to change the subject by asking after Zada.

"I took her home first and induced her to eat something, after which I tried to make her wear one of my spare dresses, but she told me 'what did for the forest, must do for the
pakehas,' still I must say that her present dress is very becoming."

"Did you then take her to see Captain Wilson?"

"Yes; she was all impatience to go. Captain Wilson was unconscious when we entered, and after bidding the nurse to get some warm water and fresh bandages, Zada made a sign for her to leave the room. I was on the point of going also, as I thought she wished to be left alone with the patient, but she asked me in her quaint way to remain."

"How did she prepare the herbs?" I asked.

"She first made a poultice with them, and then sprinkled a dark powder on it, which she took from a small bag concealed in her bosom. Then she removed the dressing and bandages from the Captain's head, and substituted one poultice. She next poured about a tablespoonful of a green liquid into a glass, humming at the same time a low monotonous chant. After she had finished the chant, or karakia (incantation) I believe it was, she gave the dose to the Captain. The whole affair seemed so weird that it made me almost shiver. On asking her when the patient would feel the effects of the treatment she answered, 'this time to-morrow, if the Great Spirit wills it.' Strange is it not?"

"Yes, very; but I have usually found that most of their wonderful cures have been effected after a somewhat similar display of mystery. Is Zada still at the hospital?"

"Yes, she gave me to understand that she would watch by him alone, until this time to-morrow, and would eat nothing during the interval. So I compromised matters by saying that
the nurse would be in the next room if she should require assistance. I am going to make some jelly for her and will leave it outside the door this evening."

"Strange girl," I said, "I believe she will succeed in saving his life. I am sure she believes it herself. Do you think Doctor Gill will now leave the matter in her hands, and on the conditions you have mentioned?"

"Yes, I told him all about it, and he said that it was 'Hobson's choice.' So you intend risking your life among those savages for the sake of this German girl? If the wound mortifies through over-exertion you will probably have to get your arm amputated, and what will you do then? Besides what good can you do with one hand?"

Very little I know, Miss Munroe, but as Captain Snell wished me to go, I could not very well refuse."

"You must think highly of this Arline Hirch. I suppose you have known her for some time?"

"I have never seen her, Miss Munroe," I answered. "Doctor Gill has told me something about her family, and from which I conclude that they have been singularly unfortunate, and I for one will do what little I can to rescue the surviving daughter."

"You plead you case so well Mr. Douglas, that I now think you are quite right in going. There's the tea bell! come inside."

Mr. Munroe had just returned, and greeted me warmly. When we were seated at the table, he inquired:

"Did you hear of the scheme between Jessie and Doctor Gill?"
"No," I answered, "I suppose it must be something good."

"Well, yes, good may come of it. Jessie and the Doctor have arranged to form an ambulance class for ladies and gentlemen. Any of your men that are so inclined can join. Lectures will be given in the School of Arts hall, and some of us old fogies here will find funds for prizes and certificates. What do you think of it?

"Just the thing," I answered, "everyone would find it very useful to possess a general knowledge of first aid to the wounded. Many valuable lives are lost while waiting for the Doctor. I remember an instance," I continued, "when we were stationed in an isolated place some distance from Wanganui. One of our men had his leg badly shattered by a rifle ball, just below the knee cap. The poor fellow knew quite well that unless his leg was amputated at once there was no hope for him. I offered to do it if he would take the risk, and he consented. We placed him on a high bed, and did the job neatly. The leg was taken off at the knee, and placed at the foot of the bed. But the most curious part of it is that just when we had almost finished dressing the stump, the man began to revive, and as we did not wish him to see the limb, I quietly put it in the corner of the room out of his sight. While we were completing the dressing, a large half-wild boar that was in the habit of roaming about, looked in at the door, attracted, I suppose, by the scent of blood. The brute saw the leg, and seizing it was off in a moment. The alarm was quickly raised, and a minute or two later the whole garrison were out in hot pursuit, and after a most exciting chase succeeded in shooting the boar, but the leg was never recovered."
CHAPTER XXIII.

THE NEW ZEALAND WILD BOAR.

MISS MUNROE was horrified at my story, but her father burst into a hearty fit of laughter, and for a few moments was unable to speak.

"Did the unfortunate man recover?" presently inquired Miss Munroe.

"Oh yes; he was sent to his home in Victoria, and has since become a wealthy squatter."

"Your story reminds me, 'remarked the old gentleman, 'that some wild boars were seen the other day about five miles from here—a most unusual thing, as they seldom venture so near the township."

"Is the wild pig indigenous to New Zealand?" I inquired.

"No, I think not, Douglas. The best authorities say that they are the descendants of some that were left here by Captain Cook when he first landed on these shores. They are easily distinguished from the domestic pig by their length of snout and a general lanky appearance. There is no lack of food for them in this country, the prolific roots of the wild fern offering a never failing supply. The boars are particularly dangerous when
aroused, and I have heard of dogs (they are chiefly hunted by dogs) being ripped almost in two by their formidable tusks."

"Has anyone ever been killed about here in a conflict with them?" I asked.

"Yes, only three months ago a man was gored to death by a wild boar. Two Germans were out shooting tuis (parson birds) when they accidentally stumbled across one of these animals having an afternoon’s nap. They were only armed with fowling pieces, and one of them very foolishly fired at the animal, the small shot scarcely penetrating its hide. It served however, to rouse the ire of the boar who instantly rushed on the man, and before he could get away had pinned him to the ground. It gored him dreadfully, and when some time afterwards his companion descended from a tree in which he had taken refuge he found his friend quite dead. The body was frightfully cut up, and the face was disfigured almost beyond recognition. By the way, did Jessie ever tell you of her narrow escape from being killed by a wild boar?" continued Mr. Munroe. "I assure you, Douglas, it was the narrowest shave I ever saw in my life."

"No, indeed," I returned much interested, "she has never said anything to me about it. Is it possible, I said, turning to Miss Munroe, "that you have been through such a trying experience."

"I am afraid, Mr. Douglas, that father is exaggerating what really did occur," was the answer, given with a slight blush.

"Ha, ha! Jess," broke in her father, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "so you are too modest to relate your own doughty deeds, eh? Well, I will just tell it in spite of you. You see, Douglas, Jessie had arranged with me to go into the forest on a shooting
expedition after Maori hens. I had been giving her some lessons at firing at a fixed mark, but she got ambitious, and was very desirous of trying her hand at wild fowl, so I had at last consented to let her accompany me on one of my usual trips. We rode some distance out of Wairuara to a favourite spot of mine where we dismounted, leaving the horses in charge of a Maori boy who followed us. Have you ever noticed a mountain a few miles from here with a great rent down its centre and huge boulders scattered about in all directions?"

"Yes, I believe I have, Mr. Munroe. I think that is the place where we felt a rather heavy shock of earthquake the other day."
"Yes, it is the same, for I have since heard of the great danger you were in from the falling rocks. Well, down that great crack or rent there is a narrow opening just wide enough for a man to crawl through, the cliff on both sides rising abruptly hundreds of feet in the air. About two hundred yards from this pass was a small swamp where we expected to find our game. We had arranged to fire from different sides, and after a good deal of scrambling I got into position. We were both armed with fowling pieces, while I had a Colt's navy revolver in my belt, as it is an extremely useful weapon on occasions of this kind. The swamps were swarming with game, the hens running backwards and forwards in the greatest trepidation. We had been engaged for some time keeping up a continual cross-fire, when I was greatly startled to see a huge boar rise suddenly out of the soft mud and reeds where he had been basking. A ferocious appearance he presented as grunting savagely he looked around in search of an enemy. I fired both barrels at him in quick succession, chiefly to draw his attention away from Jessie as I knew the shot could take no serious effect owing to the distance. Almost at the same moment Jessie fired, and the brute evidently badly hurt made over to the spot where she lay
concealed. Needless to say I was greatly alarmed for her safety, and shouting out at the top of my voice for her to run up the passage, I hastily prepared to go to her assistance. But Jess, you tell what followed,” said her father.

“Very well,” she answered with a slight blush. “On hearing dad call out I turned and ran up the passage as quick as I could, but soon found that the boar was fast overtaking me. I could hear its heavy breathing, and feeling that my only safety lay in killing it outright or effectually disabling it, I turned suddenly and faced the infuriated animal. I shall never forget the horror of that situation. A shudder went through me at the sight of its frothy mouth and long tusks, but I felt that everything depended on my coolness, and levelling my gun as steadily as I could I aimed at his muzzle and pulled the trigger. The shot, however, only partially disabled him, checking for a moment his further progress. Recovering quickly the boar was preparing for another rush when I fired a second shot at a distance of about ten yards, which hit him full in the chest. Everything seemed a blank after that, and I remembered nothing more until I saw dear old dad bending over me.”

“I should think so,” said Mr. Munroe with a husky ring in his voice as he looked fondly at his daughter. “After I called out, I ran round, jumping over holes and sliding down rocks in the most reckless fashion. I wonder now that I did not get killed; I certainly could not repeat the feat without a serious accident. When I got into the passage I was horrified to see Jessie stretched out on her back with her gun still tightly grasped in her right hand, while a few feet away was the boar lying in a perfect pool of blood. I feared the worst as I rushed up to Jessie, but was overjoyed to find that she was only in a
faint. I quickly brought her round with a good nip of whisky, and found that beyond being a bit shaken by the fright, she had not met with any serious injury. She gradually recovered after a little rest, when I congratulated her on killing the largest boar that had ever been seen in this part of the country. We then proceeded to where we had left our horses, and sent the boy to pick up the Maori hens that we had shot. In the meantime we refreshed ourselves with the contents of our luncheon basket, which had been well stocked by Jessie the night previous. The boy soon returned with fifty-two birds across his horse—not a bad morning’s work by any means! I directed him to return to the township as speedily as possible to secure assistance to carry the boar home, and some time later a cart made its appearance, into which the boar, after some little difficulty, owing to its enormous bulk was eventually transferred. When we got into Wairua it was viewed by a great number of friends who could hardly credit that Jessie, single-handed, had vanquished such a formidable foe."

"Indeed, I think she deserves great praise for her courage, Mr. Munroe," I said. "It required no ordinary courage to perform such a deed, and I cannot refrain from expressing my admiration of her valorous conduct."

"Not at all," he replied. "In a new country like this everyone, irrespective of sexes, is liable to dangers of this kind, and there should be a certain preparation for the unexpected. At the same time, however, I consider that my little lass did her duty well. There are many heroes and heroines about us in every station of life who only require special circumstances to show the latent courage that is in them."
"Very true," I replied. "Without a fair opportunity a man is often branded as a coward, who, when the proper test is applied, emerges from the ordeal with flying colours. But I perceive that it is late, so I will now wish you good night. I suppose I will not see you for some days as there is no telling how long we will be away, but I hope to find Captain Wilson fully recovered on my return."

Father and daughter both wished me a cordial good-bye, and the latter murmured something about taking care of my arm.
CHAPTER XXV.

TO THE RESCUE OF ARLINE HIRCH.

NEXT morning at daybreak the men were mustered and prepared for the march. The volunteers from the township had turned up early, and they proved to be a fine body of men, well equipped, and capable of bearing a good deal of rough work. At eight o'clock everything was ready for a start, and we marched out of the township with Hoani, Ngahoia, and Randwick in front—seventy-five all told.

It was a beautiful morning, and as we neared the forest the landscape seemed to unfold itself in all its native beauty. The air was pure and fresh, and the spirits of the men rose higher as they tramped cheerfully along the roadway. The sides of the hill, volcanic in origin, lately bare of all vegetation, were now beautifully clothed in a mantle of green; while the tall broad leaves of the valuable flax plant flashed brightly in the sun, relieved here and there by the delicate fronds of the tree-fern, which waved gracefully to and fro in the breeze. In the damp and gloomy ravines could be heard the melodious notes of the tui, and occasionally the dark-plumaged kereru (wild pigeon) could be seen winging its silent flight through the intervening trees. The lovely clematis with its white star-like blooms, clinging from the topmost bough of the knotty pohutukawa, presented
a gorgeous appearance, and by the margin of the stream could be seen the yellow kowhai, and the crimson flowers of the elianthus. From under foot even the crushed plants gave out refreshing odours, and on either side the ti-tree was gay in its coating of snowy blossoms. There was no danger from snakes or venomous animals, even the deadly katipo being far removed from such uncogenous surroundings. Nature indeed was clothed in her best garments, and the most callous was compelled to admire the picturesque scenery which at every step disclosed itself.

Our guides, assisted by Randwick, soon struck the trail of the rebels. Their tracks were plainly discernible in the soft earth, and no difficulty whatever was experienced in following them. About midday Hoani discovered a piece of torn ribbon, which was quickly recognised as belonging to Miss Hirsch, and some distance further on another bit was found, then some more.

"That girl no fool, she know we come after her," said Ngahoia with a knowing shake of his head. "No loose our way if she keeps this up."

We followed the trial all that day, and at evening camped under a group of puriri trees. No fires were kindled, and every precaution was taken to keep our presence from becoming known to the enemy. We had our tea in silence, after which the men quietly rolled themselves up in their blankets. It must have been about ten o'clock when I felt someone tugging gently at my leg. I was on the alert in a moment, and was just in the act of grasping my sword when I recognised Hoani's honest face peering at me through the gloom.

*The Katipo is a poisonous spider, the bite of which produces a great swelling, and is frequently fatal. With this solitary exception the New Zealand bush is free from anything that is venomous, and a man may go to sleep on the bare ground in perfect security even in the most isolated and wildest parts.
"What is it, Hoani?" I asked hurriedly, as I felt sure he had some important communication to make. "Has anything fresh turned up?"

"No, not exactly; but I must see the Captain at once. We have just made a slight discovery, and further delay would perhaps be dangerous."

The Captain was soon aroused and paid the greatest attention to Hoani's report.

"Ngahoaia and me," he said, "have been looking about, and we are sure from the signs that the enemy is not far away. If you could get your men to surround them while it is yet dark they would wake to find themselves in a complete trap."

"Yes, that is all very well; but how are we to find them in the dark?"

"Captain," said Ngahoaia, coming forward. "I know this place well; no trouble for the soldiers to surround them if you trust us to lead."

"Oh, I trust you fully," was the reply, "but I would like to hear further of your plans. Is it your intention to take us there at once?"

"No, not just yet," answered Ngahoaia. "We have had a long korero (talk), and decided that if you will permit us we will go together and try and find out the exact situation of the Maoris' camp. We will not be gone more than two hours."

"Very good, my boys; you can start at once, and good luck go with you. The girl must not only be rescued, but a severe lesson must be taught these scoundrels for their dastardly outrage. Give them a stiff glass of rum, sergeant, and let them go.
See that the men are kept in readiness to start at a moment's notice, and be very careful about the placing of the sentries."

The scouts disappeared silently in the darkness, while the men were quietly got under arms, the contingent of civilians having to be well shaken before they could thoroughly realise their position. After a long and silent wait Hoani and Ngahoaia emerged cautiously from the gloom of the trees, and the Captain eagerly advanced to meet them.
CHAPTER XXVI.

A SUCCESSFUL STRATAGEM.

"WELL, my men, what have you discovered?" he inquired quickly.

"We have found the girl and her captors camped not very far from here in a narrow pass," answered Hoani. "I knew we would find them there as it is one of their old resorts, and that is the reason why I wanted to follow them to-night. The pass is very narrow, and if you could get your men inside without a disturbance, their escape is almost impossible."

"What is your opinion on the matter, Ngahoaia," asked the Captain turning to the other scout.

"Hoani says well. My pakeha friends can revenge themselves on the bad rebels and women stealers. The Maoris' camp is dark, but we will make many torches and *korai fire balls quickly. Then I and three men will carry them to the top of the rocks over the Maoris camp. When Hoani leads your men inside wide part of pass he fire shot for signal; then I light torches and fireballs and throw them down. Soldiers have

*A kind of tow-like substance that burns with a brilliant flame. It is found in the forest among decayed timber.
plenty light then, shoot quick, and make bad rebels suffer. Captain can see where white girl is, and not kill her. When Maoris see fireballs come down, they think Great Spirit angry and lose courage."

A dozen men were at once told off to assist the guides in making the torches and fireballs, for which there was plenty of material close by. When all was ready we struck camp and made our way silently behind Hoani. Ngahoia took another direction with five men well loaded with torches and fireballs.

We marched slowly through the forest in order to give Ngahoia time to reach his post before we arrived at the pass. Our guide led the way, and we reached the open space without alarming the enemy. This surprised me, but probably they felt themselves secure in their retreat, and had taken no precautions to guard against a surprise.

Just after the men had been drawn up under the cliff, a tall Maori suddenly sprang up out of the long grass at our feet, where he had been hidden. Before he could cry out however, he was seized from behind by half-a-dozen of our men and secured without the slightest noise having been made. The capture was managed so smartly that nobody knew anything about it but those immediately concerned.

When all was ready, Hoani fired his signal shot. Instantly there was a loud yell from the Maoris, and immediately a shower of fireballs fell apparently from the heavens. The effect was singularly grand, and the whole place was lit up in a moment. A large number of the rebels, instead of dashing at us as we expected, appeared dumbfounded at the unexpected spectacle which the raining fireballs and torches presented to their half awakened senses.
“Don’t fire into that corner!” cried Hoani, excitedly pointing to a stoney rise at the side, “pakeha girl there!”

When the rebels had somewhat recovered from their confusion they jumped up and cried out, “nga pakeha hoia” (the white soldiers), followed by cries of “kiatoa, kiatoa” (be brave, be brave).

They quickly formed into line with the intention of firing a volley, but before they could do so, we poured a heavy fire into their midst with deadly effect. Our men then spread themselves out towards the spot where the white captive lay, so as to protect her if necessary. By this time the Maoris had managed to fire several irregular rounds at us, and a few of our men fell severely wounded. Captain Snell then ordered us to take cover behind several large boulders and small rocks near the side of the cliff, and from this shelter our men could fire in perfect security. The rebels were fully exposed but for the long dry grass in which they were lying. Suddenly it took fire from the numerous fire-balls that still kept raining down, and many of them were frightfully burned. Our men kept picking them off as opportunity offered, and in a short time we were masters of the situation. The heat and smoke were so intense that we were obliged, for awhile to lie down on our faces until it cleared off.
CHAPTER XXVII

ARLINE HIRCH IN DANGER.

I HAD previously noticed a fine young fellow named Frantz Otto, belonging to the civilian volunteers, casting anxious glances towards the corner where the captive girl lay bound. As there was no grass near that side, she was in no danger from the fire, and Captain Snell supposed she was safe for the present. Suddenly Otto cried out:

"They are trying to get at the girl! for heaven's sake, come quick, or she will be murdered!"

"I looked over and saw a group of Maoris creeping through a cloud of smoke to the corner where the girl lay, and I quickly followed Otto, who had already dashed through some burning grass. Before he was halfway across, however, a shot came from somewhere, and the poor fellow fell with a cry of despair. At the same moment one of the enemy cried out in a voice of triumph, † "mate rawa."

I was quickly by my comrade's side. "Help me—on—my legs, quick, I can run—yet," he said, gasping for breath. I lifted him up and he staggered forward, though suffering much

† A cry announcing the death of an enemy.
from pain. The delay nearly proved fatal, as the Maoris had reached the little screened corner before us. When we came up we found a Maori holding Arline Hirsch by the hair with his left hand, and was bending her head back to enable him to plunge a knife into her throat. Before could accomplish his purpose, Frantz Otto rushed at him with a kind of choking cry, and with a terrific blow dashed out the savage's brains with the butt end of his rifle. Immediately after, as if the effort had been too much for him, a gush of blood came from his mouth, and Otto fell dead.

In the meantime I stood before the girl and kept the others at bay, and in a few minutes a number of our men arrived on the scene and soon ended the conflict. Captain Snell shortly after came from the other end of the open space and was glad to find that the girl was safe.

"Those devils," he said, "were nearly doing a lot of mischief under cover of the smoke. I thought the fight was all over when I suddenly heard a row on this side. Not knowing what was up I told a few of the men near me to run over. I could not go with them, as I had hurt my foot. A Maori in his death struggle seized my toe in his mouth, and nearly bit it off through my boot. As my boots are light, he might have succeeded, only that I strangled him with the other foot."

When the bodies of the slain Maoris were collected, they presented the appearance of a particularly powerful set of men, gigantic even is their proportions. Sad indeed is the contemplations of war, with all its horrors and attendant miseries. Looking on these fine specimens of manhood—stretched out in the still silence and sublimity of death—those splendidly formed limbs and broad chests that, but a short time before had heaved
with all the fiery passions of an active and free life—one could not refrain from dwelling for a little while on the terrible responsibility that is attached to a declaration of war. Melancholy in the extreme is the reflection. These inanimate forms that were so recently possessed of all the strength and activity of vigorous manhood, were now but mere clods of the earth, whose spirits perhaps—who knows?—were even at that moment gazing down from some other world in pitiful commiseration on their soulless bodies and relentless slayers. Martial grandeur and victory certainly has its glories, but on the morning of a battle a brave man should consider—

What shall he be ere night? perchance a thing,
O'er which the raven flaps her funeral wing;
By his closed eye unheeded and unfelt,
While sets that sun, and dews of evening melt;
Chill, wet, and misty round each stiffened limb,
Refreshing earth—reviving all but him!

Many of the dead Maoris had ornaments of great value, consisting principally of greenstones, ear-rings, and massive clubs made of whalebone. On a chief was found a valuable greenstone club, elaborately carved on the handle, and an expensive dress sword was buckled to his waist with the monogram "A.B.B." engraved on the scabbard. It's original owner had no doubt been an officer who had either been killed or murdered in some previous engagement with the natives.

The girl Arline Hirch was sitting by herself in the corner staring vacantly before her. The dead body of Otto was lying almost at her feet beside the remains of his Maori victim.

"I am glad to say, Miss Hirch, that all danger is now over," said I gently. "Come with me, and I will try and make you a little more comfortable until we return to Wairuarn."
She made no answer, but looked in a dazed sort of way at the dead body of her countryman.

"Come," I repeated, offering my arm, "this scene must be very painful, and sitting here will do no good."

After a little more persuasion she reluctantly got up and walked with me, still keeping her eyes fixed on the body of her dead friend as if fascinated. We had not proceeded far when she suddenly wrenched herself free, and with a wild cry of anguish ran back and threw herself prostrate on the body of Otto.

"Let her alone for a while. A good cry will do her good, a woman's brain is always relieved by tears, and it often prevents them from going into hysterics."

"She seems to have been very fond of him," I remarked, as we watched her sobbing bitterly and kissing the dead face.

"Yes, indeed," answered the Captain, "I believe young Otto was engaged to her dead sister Gretchen, whose murderers we have just punished. By some means Gretchen found that her sister loved Otto, and that the feeling was reciprocated. Consequently things became rather strained between the girls, and Gretchen made it rather uncomfortable for her sister. Although Gretchen was rather good-looking, most people liked Arline the best, and probably Otto had reproached himself for unwittingly being the cause of the estrangement between the two sisters. I noticed that he was about the first civilian that volunteered to come with us, and as he appeared greatly agitated by some suppressed excitement, I guessed how matters stood. I was rather interested in the romance, so I soon found out the particulars."
MISS HIRCH was made as comfortable as circumstances would permit, and in the meantime the wounded and dead were sorted out. Considering the briefness of the engagement the casualties were unusually severe, the rebels suffering a total loss of twenty-five killed and sixteen wounded. The volunteers, who displayed great intrepidity, had six men killed, while we suffered a loss of eight men besides having several badly wounded. I had just completed the list when a heavy groan behind made me turn round, and I was grieved to see Doolan lying prostrate on the ground with his hand pressed tightly to his side.

"Are you badly hurt, Doolan?" I asked, gently raising his head.

"Yes sir," he answered faintly; "I've got a bullet in my side, and the pain—" here he broke off with a short gasp, as a spasm of pain passed across his face. "I am done for this time, sir—shot in the lungs."

"Bear up a bit, man," I said, trying in vain to be cheerful, for I could see that the case was well nigh hopeless; "the doctor will soon be here, and he will speedily have the bullet out."
The poor fellow grasped my hand tightly, while a slight tremor went through his body. After a moment of silence he said huskily:

"No use, sir; I am beyond all aid. Promise me, sergeant to write to my wife, and tell her—tell her—that I—"

The unmistakable hue of death had crept over his face, and his voice died away to an inarticulate whisper. After a few short struggles he died in my arms, choked by a great gush of blood, which came in a thick red stream from his mouth. I laid his body gently back, and was going over to the men to give them instructions when I was surprised to see Dr. Gill appear on the scene with his boy, followed at some distance by Hoani.

"Good morning Doctor," said the Captain, "how did you get here? I sent for you, but hardly expected to see you so soon."

"Well, the fact of it is, I got the fidgets, a very serious complaint you know, and started after you with my boy yesterday afternoon. When it got dark, we camped and made ourselves comfortable for the night. Early in the morning we started on the trail again, but got into a mess. The boy wanted me to go one way, while I was equally determined that we should take the other. Fortunately we met your messenger, Hoani, and here I am. As I can see that my services will be fully required I would advise you to send for spring vans and stretchers at once. In the meantime as I have plenty of lint, bandages, carbolic oil, &c., I will get to work without delay.

Several fires were alight by this time, and all hands were soon assisting to get breakfast ready. A bullet wound is very often succeeded by an intense thirst, and it is wonderful how wounded
men enjoy a pannikin of tea. We had almost finished breakfast when I noticed everyone looking in the direction of the narrow pass. On turning round I was astonished to see half a dozen Maoris advancing, accompanied by one of our sentries. The leader, evidently a young chief to judge by the feather in his hair, carried a white handkerchief fastened to a stick as a flag of truce.

Captain Sholl beckoned to me as they came up, and we both awaited their approach. They stopped about twenty paces off, and laid their arms on the ground. The flag bearer, a fine athletic looking fellow, stepped forward and said:

"Pakeha chief, we submit ourselves to you; the pakehas are generous foes, and do not take mean revenge on their enemies. We made our escape when the smoke was thick, for we were afraid when we saw the Great Spirit helping the Pakehas by raining fire down upon us. We ask you to allow us to remove our wounded, and bury our dead in our own way. We believe the Pakeha chief will listen with his ears open, and we now await his answer."

"Your request will be granted," answered the Captain, "as you have been well punished for your attack on our people. I believe many of you are honourable men, but you are led away by the sophistry of your tolungas. You are in perfect security here, and may do as you wish."

"I am treating your wounded like our own," interjected the Doctor, "and I trust you will do as much for our people if they should happen to fall into your hands."

"Pakeha chief and good doctor," answered the young chieftain, "you have done more to soften our hearts than twenty defeats. Taipua will not forget!"
Several of our men called out to the Maoris to partake of some breakfast. The young chief, Taipua, turned to the Captain and said:

"Your fighting men are gentleman. They bear no malice after a fight, but holding up their tin cans call out, 'haere mai ki te kai!' (come and have something to eat.)"
CHAPTER XXIX.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

The Maoris then made search for their dead and wounded, and found that Doctor Gill had bandaged and strapped the latter far better than they could have done. In a few minutes they were enjoying a good meal with our men. At first they were rather reserved, but under the influence of a hearty welcome, they became as cheerful and lighthearted as boys. It was a singular sight to see these men, who had so recently been engaged in a deadly conflict, thus fraternising like old friends.

"The drays for the wounded and dead cannot arrive before evening," said the Captain, so we will be obliged to camp here for the night. Ngahoia is delighted with the success of his rain of fire stratagem. Do not allow the artifice to become known to the Maoris, as the mystery must be prolonged as long as possible. I have mentioned my wishes to Ngahoia, and some of the other men. Of course it will leak out like all matters you want to keep secret; still the temporary mystification will be beneficial."

The men made a huge fire and formed a ring round it, and the Maoris were invited to sit down with them. I was pleased to see that everyone treated them as friends. They proved to be
of a very sociable disposition, and interested us greatly in the narration of some of the legends of their country, the young chief, Taipua, especially displaying great fluency of speech. His language and gestures were very eloquent, and his whole manner was most impressive.

The day passed quietly, and in the evening a good supply of rum was served out. As I was passing a group which was seated round a fire, I heard Regan being called upon to give a toast. As he was such a droll fellow I stopped to listen. He waved his pannikin wildly over his head and sang the following:

Here's a health to Martin Flannigan's aunt.
An I'll tell you the rason why,
She ate whin she was hungry,
And she drank whin she was dry.

"And if ever a man stopped the course of the can,
Martin Flannigan's aunt would cry,
Blessed be your sowl, why not pass on the bowl,
How d'ye know but you neighbour's dry".

The toast was received with much laughter and created great amusement for a short time.

"Did you ever suffer much from extreme cold in your last winter's camping out?" I asked of one of the men, who was relating his experiences in the mountains.

"You bet, sir; we had some very cold weather. One time after a few days rain it began to freeze hard. In the morning the blanket covering me was like a sheet of iron with the frost. My limbs were so numbed that I could hardly move. After I had shaken myself up a bit, I put the blanket standing on end against a tree, and—-."
"Draw it mild, draw it mild, Bill," said an old ex-sailor, who was known by the name of Blowhard.

"Quite true, mate," said Bill, "I never would have believed it but that I saw it with my own eyes."

You have told us yourself, Blowhard, that you on one occasion had to take your rum and whisky in square inch blocks."

"Yes," growled the old sailor, "but that was when I was whalin' in the South Seas."

"Tell us about it, old man," someone called out. "All right young'uns," but it is a long story, so I will light my pipe and then fire away.

'We were a good bit south, and met a vessel one time sailin' along quietly close to us. Our skipper hailed her, but got no answer. As we were short of grub, he put out a boat, and went alongside her. The skipper and me clambered on board, and left the others in the boat, they being quite willin' to stop there, as they thought we might find small-pox on board. There was no one at the wheel, so after securing her from runnin' away with us, we looked down the cabin and was astonished to see five men sittin' down at the table quite comfortable like. The skipper put his head down the hatch and called out. "Below there, shipmates, didn't you hear us hail you. A pretty set you must be to let the ship go to h—in this way with no one at the wheel. As there was no answer, and everything seemed so silent and mysterious like, the skipper turned a bit pale and asked me to go below and see who they were. "After you, sir," I said, not likin' the job, and wishin' him to have the honour of goin' first. After some palaver a we both went down, and I slapped the nearest man on the shoulder and said:
'Now then mate, can't you answer a civil question?' The
man I had touched gave a lurch against the skipper, and almost
sent him on his beam ends. The old man swore a good 'un
while he picked himself up.

No use at swearin' at dead corpses sir,' said I; everyone of
them is as dead as a marlin' spike. Sure enough they were, and
all sittin' at the table with good grub in front of them, although
a bit stale. They had a pleasant look on their faces too, only
rather white about the gills. The skipper at once ordered the
others out of the boat, and a thorough search was made of the
ship. There was men lyin' on different parts of the deck dead,
as if they had been friz subliment. Two women were in the cabin
quite stiff, but looked as if they was sleepin' comfortable like.
One was a pretty young thing with a nice figure head, and I
reckoned they were the skipper's wife and daughter. All hands
were soon piped to the funeral, and we quickly had them in
canvas well weighted with old iron, and overboard. It was
now gettin' dark, and every appearance of a cold night comin'.
The skipper got us to haul the craft alongside our ship and we
made her fast. That was a cold night if you like! The quick-
silver in the weather fixins' went down so low that I thought it
would never rise again above freezo or zero, I think they call it.
I turned out for my watch on deck at eight bells, and didn't like
the look of the coffin ship alongside of us at all. At first it
snowed a little, but in the mornin' it friz horrid. All the grog
in the bottles was hard, and we had to break it with a cold
chisel. We found plenty of good grub on board the dead ship,
and shifted it to our vessel. After that we got everythink out
that we wanted in the shape of togs and spare sails. As we was
short handed we was a considerin' what to do with her, when it
came on to blow very heavy, and after setting her on fire, as we
did not want her to run foul of other ships we cut her adrift. My word, didn't she burn; I never seed a ship a'fire before, and it was a beautiful sight to see her sailing away all ablaze. If I had to go to "Davey Jones" I would sooner be drowned than roasted."
CHAPTER XXX.

Blowhard's Yarn Continued.

"In a short time," continued Blowhard, "the craft went down, and we had as much as we could do to prevent our ship from afollerin' of her example. I never seed such a blow, except goin' round the Horn."

"I hear it blows pretty lively going round there Blowhard," remarked one of the men with a wink.

"You bet it does," he answered. "I'll give you a notion of the big guns it blows round the Cape. One night during a big-wind, when you might have thought that all the devils in hell were let loose, such tearin' and screechin' there was, we sprung our main to-gallent yard badly. The carpenter was sent aloft to fish it, and the wind blew off half his beard, and the teeth of the saw."

"You must have been a smart chap then, Blowhard," remarked one of his listeners with a broad smile.

"Indeed I was, sonny boy! One time me and one of my mates were working up aloft, when somehow he slipped and fell. You needn't believe it, but I slipped down the ropes that quick I actually caught him before he got to the bottom."
"You don't say so," said one of his audience in astonishment.

"I expect he stopped and had a smoke half way down?" remarked Regan.

"I wasn't as heavy as I am now, sartinly," continued Blowhard; "At that time I was thin enough to crawl through a porthole."

"Draw it mild, draw it mild," growled someone.

"That's nothin'; I heard tell of a man so thin one time, that when the bum-bailiff's were after him, he crawled into his rifle and watched the enemy through the touch hole."

"Belay there, Blowhard," said one of the men amidst a roar of laughter.

"All right, said the old fellow as he gravely folded his blanket and prepared to lay down. "If you young know-nothings had knocked about the world as much as me, you would see queerer things than that. I'll take my watch below now."

In a few minutes old Blowhard was sound asleep, and soon a deep silence reigned around the camp, broken only by the mournful cry of the owl, or the flapping of some wandering night bird in the distant trees.

Captain Snell had ordered me to post a sentry at the narrow gap, to prevent anyone entering or leaving the camp without our knowledge, and another to watch the group of Maoris in case of treachery. As everyone but the sentries, and those attending to the wounded were wrapped in their blankets, I soon followed their example, and in a little time was fast asleep.
The carts and vans arrived next morning outside the gap, soon after breakfast, and the wounded and dead were at once carried out. A member of the civilian contingent died during the night from a bullet wound in the thigh. He was a fine young fellow named Harding, and fought bravely, and I was extremely sorry to hear of his untimely death.

About a dozen of the townspeople came with the drays, among whom I noticed Mr. Brodson, and one or two other prominent residents of Wairuara. When Mr. Brodson saw me, he came forward and shook hands.

"Good morning Douglas, I hope your arm is no worse for your trip?"

"No worse, thank you Mr. Brodson. One of our men, Anderson, has just dressed it, and it is quite easy now," I replied looking round among the new-comers.

"I suppose you are looking for your friend Mr Munroe? He intended accompanying us, but his daughter insisted on coming also, and under the circumstances he thought it wise to remain behind."

"Miss Munroe rendered much assistance to the wounded after that slaughter on the road to Hirsch's house," I remarked, feeling a little disappointed.

"Yes, so I have heard, and it is greatly to her credit. Miss Jessie has thought of the wounded this time also, and has sent a supply of old linen for bandages and other necessaries, supplemented by a present from her father of some old Highland whisky, which he declares is the best medicine they can take. The hotel-keeper has also sent a small keg of rum for the men, a cooked ham, a few dozen of bread, and a quantity of fresh milk, so your men will fare well on the way home."
The carts were soon ready to start, and we resolved to go by a road that was pretty level, though much longer than the route we had previously taken under Hoani’s leadership. Miss Hirch appeared more composed, and was mounted on a spare horse, so that she could travel with us.

“What will you do with your Maori prisoners?” asked Mr. Brodson of Captain Snell.

“I have made no prisoners,” was the reply. “The Maoris came back when the fight was over under a flag of truce. They asked me for permission to bury their dead, and attend to their wounded, which I granted, and told them they were quite safe. I believe the conduct of our men has created a good impression amongst them, as they mixed freely over the camp fire. Their weird stories of old Maori mythology found an appreciative audience amongst the men. The young chief sitting on that log is a splendid young fellow, and appears far above the average run of Maoris.”

“I have often thought it a barbarous thing,” said Mr. Brodson, “for the soldiers to slaughter their Maori prisoners in cold blood after a fight.”

“I think you are under a wrong impression altogether,” answered the Captain. “I know that an idea is prevalent that the English soldiers kill their prisoners. How it was circulated I don’t know, but I think the rumour received some colour from the fact that many Maoris who had been taken prisoners were subsequently found murdered. We were, perhaps not unnaturally under the circumstances accused of this summary way of getting rid of them. It is unnecessary for me to say that we were quite innocent of anything so atrocious. But it was to hostile Maoris who dogged us about that those bloodthirsty deeds were justly imputed, for they fell upon their defeated brethren on every possible occasion, as they consider it an everlasting disgrace to be taken prisoner by the pakehas.”
CHAPTER XXXI.

"TAIPUA YOU'RE A BRICK!"

In a short time we were ready to start, and Captain Snell sent one of the men for the young chief.

"Taipua," said the Captain, "we are going back to Wairua now. When are you going to bury your dead?"

"When the pakeha rangatira (chief) and his men leave the Moa Bird's Nest, we will commence our 'tangi' (mourning)."

"Why do you call this place the Moa Bird's Nest?" inquired the Captain with much interest.

"The moas lived in this part of the country when my father was a child, and their bones are widely scattered over this place."

"Are traces of them to be found here now?" asked the Doctor, coming forward. "Could you show me some of their remains?"

"Taipua is glad to please the 'Koti-roa,' (long coat) and will show him the Moa's bones."

He spoke to his companions in their own language and they commenced to busily search in several places about the detile.
Above is portrait of Natai, from d'Urville's visit to N. of 1827.
In a very short time they brought several long bones to the doctor, who pronounced them genuine specimens of the great extinct elephant bird, the *Dinornis* or *Moa*. Some of the bones proved the bird to have been at least twelve feet high. It is said that the old Maoris have killed and eaten them within the last thirty years. The doctor was delighted with the specimens, and offered in payment some money to the chief.

"Taipua wants no *utu* from *Koti-roa*," he said with dignity. "The Doctor was good to our people when they were in pain—gave them strong water (whisky) to keep up their strength, and dressed their wounds with cooling oil. Taipua and his brothers may do something for *Koti-roa* some day."

"By jove! you are a fine fellow, chief! and I wish we could meet as friends," said the Doctor.

"Taipua's *hapu* (family) hates the pakehas, but he will try and soften their hearts. But taioha, (wait) some day we may yet be friends with the pakehas. Then there will be no *tuma muro* (robbing expedition) and all will be peace."

"I sincerely hope what you say will come true," said the Captain, who had listened to the conversation between the Doctor and chief with great interest. "And now you must let me give your men some provisions to help them home. We have plenty and can spare some."

"Taipua is grateful. Some day your kindness to us will be requitted. Would 'Koti-roa' like to keep this *mere ponamu* (greenstone)?" added the young chief handing the Doctor a valuable native weapon."
"Chief, you're a brick; I will keep this with pleasure," said the delighted Doctor taking the greenstone and examining it closely.

"You say that Taipua is a brick," said the young chief with a puzzled look. "What do your mean by that? I know the pakehas use bricks for building their walls and houses."

"Well," answered the Doctor slightly embarrassed, "that is an expression of approval that my countrymen often use."

"The pakehas language is very hard to learn, there are so many words with different meanings. Why do the pakehas use the word 'brick' as you use it?"

"Well, chief, there is an old story current which it is said gave rise to the term, and as you seem interested I will tell you about it. Long years ago a great king paid a visit to another king. In those times cities and towns were surrounded by high walls to keep out enemies, like your paus, only these were stone. The king showed his visitor round, and all the soldiers and fighting men were assembled on a large plain before the city to do him honour. The strange king was very much impressed with what he saw, and said: 'Everything is good in my sight; but I see no wall round your city. Where is it?' The king pointed to his fighting men, and answered, 'there is my wall, and every man is a brick.'"

"Taipua understands now. The pakehas are very wise," said the chief still with a perplexed though interested air.

We parted from our enemies, or friends, I hardly know which to call them, on the most friendly terms, and commenced our march back to Wairuara, Hoani leading Arline Hirch's
horse by the bridle. We camped for lunch in a beautiful basin-like valley between two hills heavily fringed with timber. After a cool drink in a stream of the clearest water, I found time to admire the many beautiful ferns that surrounded us. There are very few countries that can equal New Zealand in the variety of its ferns. They grow luxuriantly throughout the length and breadth of the Island, the roots of the coarse kinds being a staple food of the wild swine. Close to me I noticed the beautiful little *Hymenophyllum*; the lovely todea (*Leptopteris superba*), and the gigantic *Dixonia antarctica*; and also a species of fern which grows in the greatest profusion, called the "Kidney fern."

The fern embellishments of most New Zealand ballrooms are usually elaborate and on a grand scale, and when artistically arranged and placed they present a striking as well as a pleasing effect. In the midst of such enchanting surroundings, while yet the glamour of soft words and shy glances are still fresh, it is little wonder that so many young fellows lose their heads and give themselves up for a brief moment to the voluptuous influences which encircle them; forgetful alike of home and friends, honour and duty, to taste once more if only for the last time the intoxicating sweets of the present. What a memory hours like these bequeath after we have settled down into the calm occupations of common life! How beautiful through the vista of years seem that brief moonlight track upon the waters of our youth!
CHAPTER XXXII.

CAPTAIN WILSON RECOVERS.

We reached Wairuara about dusk, and were welcomed by a large number of the townspeople who were watching for us. Though our expedition had been successful in every way, quite a gloom was cast over our return by the loss of some of our brave comrades who were all more or less intimately known to the townspeople. Miss Hirch was taken care of by some of her German friends, and many were the expressions of sympathy that greeted her appearance.

After tea when everything was quiet, I went to Mr. Munroe's, as a messenger had brought me an invitation from the old gentleman. Both father and daughter gave me a most cordial welcome, and asked a thousand questions about the rescue of Arline Hirch and the state of my arm.

"Before answering your questions, dear friends, would you tell me if Captain Wilson is still living?"

"I am thankful to say," said Miss Munroe, "that he is now out of danger. That strange girl Zada has snatched him from death's door with her wonderful medicines. She adhered
strictly to her previously expressed intention of keeping every body out the sick room for at least twenty-four hours, and refused to eat anything herself during that time. You may be sure I was at the door when the time had expired with something tempting, for I knew the poor girl was famished. When I entered the passage I heard the door being unlocked. I cannot imagine how Zada could have guessed the time so well, as there was no watch or clock in the room. Opening the door quietly, I saw Zada standing by the bed looking at her patient with a tender expression in her beautiful eyes. Captain Wilson was sleeping calmly, and I felt convinced upon the restful expression on his face that the crisis was passed."

"Can you come into the next room with me," I whispered.

"Yes," she answered, "Zada can leave the pakeha rangatira now, he needs her no more. *Tino tangata! tino tangata!*" (best of men, best of men), she murmured with tears in her eyes as I drew her gently out of the room. I was quite overcome by the intensity of her emotion, and with considerable difficulty persuaded her to take something to eat.

"Has the Captain been very bad, Zada," I asked after we had been silent for some minutes.

"Yes, he has been very near 'te whenua o te pa,' (land of darkness) but the Great Spirit has lifted the darkness from him. A deep sleep has come upon him, and life has now returned."

"Has he spoken or recognised you?" I asked.

"No; Zada will go to the forest now, before he wakes. Give him no medicine, only chicken water (broth) at first. The forest leaves must be taken off his head at sunset, and your good doctor can do the rest."
"She poured what was left in the jar over the fire and prepared to leave the room."

"Zada," I said, "I want you to come to my house until tomorrow at least, just to please me. I will leave you there to partake of some much needed rest, and then I will return here, as I would like to be near the Captain when he wakes. The nurse is in the next room, and will see to him in the meantime."

"Zada thanks the pakeha girl, and is grateful for her offer, but if you want to see the good Captain wake, you must soon return."

"I then hurried her here, and after she had taken a cup of cocoa, I persuaded her to take some rest. I was afraid she might leave the house during my absence, as she is such a wild creature, so I first made her promise to remain until my return. I then returned to the Captain's bed side, and the nurse told me that he had given several signs of waking during my absence. I told her that I would relieve her for an hour, and she took the opportunity of running home to see her family."
CHAPTER XXXIII

RENDEZ UNTO CESAR, THE THINGS THAT ARE CESAR'S

"Shortly after the Captain gave a sigh, opened his eyes and looked up at me." I remained silent until he spoke.

"Miss Munroe," he said, "how good of you to look after me. How can I repay you for your kindness?"

"You owe me very little Captain Wilson," I answered, "but that will do another time. You must not talk too much now, as you have been very ill. A few words perhaps will do you no harm if you don't over exert yourself. How do you feel?"

"I think I am all right now," he answered with a faint smile. "The horrible pain is gone from my head, and I feel quite cool and comfortable. My dear young lady you must let me again thank you for your care of me. I was quite conscious last night when you put some cooling applications to my head and made me take strange doses of medicine. Of one thing I am sure, and that is, that it was not the nurse who was so attentive to me. But then—something else puzzles me."
"What is it, Captain?" I asked.

"I hardly like to say, Miss Munroe. It may have been imagination—or a dream."

"Yes, of course," I answered, not wishing to inquire too closely. "All sorts of things flit through a person's brain when they have been ill. However, I may as well tell you that the whole credit of your recovery belongs to the Maori girl Zada, who was your nurse throughout your illness, and who alone deserves your thanks."

"Ah," he cried with a start, a light breaking over his countenance, "that may account for something that has puzzled me."

"Now, pray do no excite yourself," I remonstrated, as he attempted to sit up.

"But you will explain matters, won't you? I know I am weak, but I promise to control myself. To think of Zada saving my life; God bless her! But where is the doctor?"

"He has followed the expedition which went to look for Arline Hirch. He knew you were in good hands, otherwise he would have remained behind—but I forgot, you know nothing about it."

"No; but do tell me about Zada, I will keep quiet, and listening will not harm me," said he with feverish eagerness.

"I then told him about your meeting with Zada in the forest; her request to be allowed to nurse him, and of the answer we brought her together. How the doctor despaired of his life, and had given up all hope until Zada's providential
appearance. How Zada turned the doctor and me out of the room for twenty-four hours. Her frantic joy at his recovery, and her wish to leave before he awoke. After I had finished I asked the Captain if he could eat anything."

"Yes, I believe I could manage a grilled chop," he answered absently.

"No, you can't have that," I replied. "Doctor Zada has ordered you chicken broth first. Later on, perhaps, you can have something more substantial; in the meantime I will give the nurse directions, and will come and see you again shortly."

"There's a yarn for you," said Mr. Munro.

"What do you think of it, Douglas?"

"I am delighted to hear of Captain Wilson's recovery," said I warmly. "Have you seen him since, Miss Munro?"

"Yes, and as his appetite has considerably improved, think we can now safely consider him convalescent. And now, Mr. Douglas, we will hear of your adventures since you left. I know the expedition was successful in rescuing Arline Hirsch, Dad—I mean father—and I were in the crowd when you returned. How pleased the poor girl looked on seeing so many of her friends congregated to welcome her back. It is a great pity, however, that so many lives were lost in the rescue of one person."

"That is not the point my dear," answered her father. "an outrage like that should not be allowed to go unpunished if only to show the rebels that we will not allow them to murder white people with impunity. They should be taught from the outset who is master, and then the country will be governed in safety."
"You are quite right Mr. Munroe," I replied. "I believe we have gained a double victory, as you will hear from my narrative."

I then gave them a brief resume of what occurred during our expedition.

"I expect," said the old gentleman, "that that rain of fire must have thrown the rebels into the greatest confusion. It was a grand idea of Ngahoia's, and he certainly ought to be rewarded."

"I suppose there will be a large funeral to-morrow. What time will it be Mr. Douglas?" asked Miss Munroe.

"At ten o'clock. Will you be there?"

"Yes; dad and I will follow in the buggy. Poor old mater is laid up in her room with a severe cold, so I am mistress of the house for the present," she answered with a smile.

"Yes, I know that," said her father, with a grimace.

I shortly after took my leave as I wanted to have a chat with my old chum Andrews before going to bed.

The funeral passed off quietly next morning, and was well attended by the townspeople. Some days later Captain Snell informed me that a detachment of twenty-five men under Lieutenant Lovelock was expected next day. He gave me instructions to arrange for their accommodation as they were intended to replace the men we had lost in the fight.
CHAPTER XXXIV.

ZADA HEARS BAD NEWS FROM THE FOREST.

Lieutenant Lovelock belonged to the 1st T— Rifles, and was only a recent arrival from England. The authorities intended to send him with us when we left Auckland, but he exhibited great reluctance to leave, and by a strange coincidence suddenly became 'vey ill indeed,' 'too weak to twamp to that beathy hole.' As he had great interest at headquarters, he was allowed to remain behind, and eventually became a standing ornament and regular lady's man in the drawing rooms of Auckland society. His manners and supercilious airs became so insufferable, however, that he was soon received everywhere with coldness and reserve so that ultimately he was only too glad to clear out of Auckland and go to the 'beathy hole,' as he called it. In appearance Lieutenant Lovelock was very like Southern's character of Dundreary, without his lordship's good points. There was a lurid look in his deep blue eyes, like the light in a thunder cloud. Though undeniably handsome, there was something repellent in his glance. There was a coldness, an apartness in his look, which seemed to say, "I am sufficient for myself; don't interfere with
me.” His hands and feet were unusually small and well formed, apparently indicating that he had some patrician blood in his veins; at the same time noble blood is not always represented in that way. He was decidedly coarse in his mental tone, and inclined to personal braggadocio. He gave no one credit for a good motive, and usually judged people by his own standard, and accepted things and people at their lowest level. He possessed a keen sense of self importance, which may have overawed his friends in England, but which rather amused the colonials. Nothing annoyed him so much as a feeling that at times he was being made fun of by the outspoken though hospitable colonists. Although I disliked the man, I was often secretly amused at his affected drawl and lisp.

Lieutenant Lovelock prided himself upon always speaking his mind, which in practice meant that he had a decided inclination to make himself disagreeable. It is possible that a good deal of the politeness and civility one meets with in ordinary life, is nothing more nor less than the language of conciliation. In some instances it is really the language of fear; and much of it would be changed to indifference or positive rudeness, if subordination or expectation of advantage were exchanged for complete independence.

About dinner time next day the detachment arrived, and a fine lot of men they were. Hoani was sent to meet them early in the morning, for the purpose of conducting them by one of his short cuts. I believed he managed to get them into some outlandish places on purpose. I spoke to him about it afterwards, and he said with a grin: “The boss of the new men called me ‘nigger,’ so I showed him what a grand country we were in.”

‡ Maoris dislike the term ‘nigger.’
The Lieutenant looked very limp when he arrived, and after shaking hands with Captain Snell, remarked with a drawl:

“What a hawid country this is—beathly hole. How can you manage to exist in it?”

“For goodness sake Mr. Lovelock don’t commence like that or the good people here might make it uncomfortable for you.”

“Aw, there are good people here then—wouldn’t have thought it,” he simpered as he adjusted his eyeglass.

“Come in to dinner,” said Captain Snell, with ill-concealed amusement.

“Afterwards you may look at things differently.”

Lieutenant Lovelock was evidently out of sorts, and had to resort to whisky to recruit his exhausted energies. He imbibed so freely that two of the men had to put him to bed shortly after dinner. As he was being carried away he expressed his opinions pretty freely on the ‘beathly hole’ he had been sent to.

Next morning the township was thrown into a great state of excitement by the vagaries of a madman named John Trant. His wife and children had had a bad time of it, and they had done their best to hide his state from the public with some little success. Trant seemed to have a method in his madness, like Hamlet, and had managed to keep out of the reach of the law for a considerable time. As his condition was daily becoming worse, his wife threatened to send him to Mount Eden; upon which he grew more violent, and one night tried to smother her with a pillow, as Othello smothered Desdemona. The poor woman was in constant fear of her life, and was finally compelled

\* Asylum at Auckland.
to report the matter to the police, who lodged him in the lockup for safe keeping. Doctor Gill saw Trant, and made arrangements to have him sent to Auckland for examination by the medical board, and for detention there in the Asylum if found necessary.

One evening I was chatting to Mr. and Mrs. Munroe, when Doctor Gill called to see Zada. Miss Munroe had persuaded the girl to stop for a day or two, and was trying to wean her from the free life of the forest. The Maori girl Hema, Zada's constant companion in her wanderings, was often seen in the township, evidently on the lookout for her mistress. Miss Munroe on hearing of it, sent for her, and told Zada to expect her friend. The two soon met, and Hema, who was much agitated, must have delivered some important news, as after a hurried conversation in their own language, she left in haste and entered the forest, leaving Zada in a profound reflection. Soon after Zada spoke to Miss Munroe in the garden.

"You were kind to Zada in asking her to stay here. She will remain now with you until Hema's return."

"Very well, Zada" answered Miss Munroe, "I am glad to have you on any conditions, and hope you will ultimately be prevailed on to stop with me altogether."

"Miss Jessie is very good," said Zada with some emotion as she grasped her hand.

During the ensuing week Zada appeared much worried and evidently had something on her mind. Her face wore an anxious expression, and she took little or nothing to eat. She frequently took long rambles in the forest alone, but always returned before dark. Dr. Gill had noticed how thin she was getting and had
persuaded her to take some nourishing food, and now began to regard her as one of his special patients.

"Well, Miss Jessie," said the Doctor, "how is my Maori princess."

"She has just returned from one of her long rambles, and seems greatly fatigued. I am convinced that she has a deep motive for these long walks."

"I have noticed her watching for Captain Wilson two or three times. I believe he has not seen her since his recovery," remarked the Doctor.

"No. He called yesterday, leaning on his servant's arm," said Mr. Munroe, "and inquired for Zada. He said that he wished to thank her for saving his life. I looked to find her, as she was present when he arrived, but she had suddenly vanished."
CHAPTER XXXV.

"Shure they make very small glasses now."

When is your lunatic patient going away Doctor?" asked Mrs. Munroe from her corner.

"As soon as possible. He swears that he will cut his wife and children into small pieces when he gets out, and he informed one of the police where he had concealed a sharp razor for the purpose. The constable went to the house to test the truth of his story, and found the razor in the place as Trant had described. I think the latter incident reconciled the woman to parting with her husband, and she has now consented to his removal to Auckland."

"I should think so," interjected Miss Munroe.

"I never thought it possible for a lunatic to be so cunning, said Mrs. Munroe with surprise.

"I assure your madam," answered the Doctor, "lunatics are very intelligent in their own peculiar way, and by knowing their peculiarities, you can make them do almost anything. I was talking to a man a short time ago, who had just resigned his appointment as warder in a lunatic asylum, and he told me some very queer stories about them. I was very much interested in
one case he mentioned. Doctor—had been confined in a mad-house for some time suffering from some wild delusion. Although violent at times, a polite request to be quiet was generally sufficient, particularly if given by one of the warders. As Doctor—was very clever in writing prologues, his services were often largely availed of at the amateur performances at the asylum, and in the township close by. The warders were willing when permission was given by the superintendent, to take him to the township if he pledged his word not to give any trouble. They often brought him to the good templar’s concerts, which was a new thing then, and got him to write prologues for the entertainments. The warder was kind enough to give me some copies of productions by the lunatic doctor, and in their way they are very remarkable.

"Have you got them with you, Doctor?" asked Miss Munroe eagerly.

"Well, no; you surely don’t think I carry lunatic’s poetry about in my pocket?" he answered with a smile.

"Of course I don’t, Doctor; but perhaps you can send for them? Pat, the gardiner, is in the kitchen, and won’t be five minutes going. Your housekeeper knows where your papers are."

The Doctor rubbed his chin, and considered for a moment.

"You might as well give in Doctor," said the old gentleman "She will give you no peace if you don’t."

"Well, tell Pat to ask Mrs. Hood for my little yellow desk," said the Doctor at length with a resigned look.

Miss Munroe sent at once for the papers, and in a very short time Pat returned out of breath, and swearing he would never go another message.
“Sure!” he said, running his fingers through his hair; “when I was runnin’ along, some gossoons sung out ‘Fire!’ and others axed if me grandmother was dead, bad luck to them!”

“Never mind Pat, I will ask dad to give you some of his medicine,” said Jessie soothingly.

“No medicine Miss, sure I had enough of that when I was a child. Och! but the breath is out of me!”

“I mean some Scotch whisky, Pat.”

“Troth, an’ I’ll have as much of that as you like, whether it’s Scotch or Irish. You would be tired of pouring it out before I’d be tired of drinkin,” he answered, a broad smile relaxing his hard features.

“Thank you Miss” he said as Miss Munroe poured him out a glass, “That’s the rale Scotch stuff, first cousin to Irish. Sure they make very small glasses now, don’t they?” he remarked, turning the glass upside down after drinking.

“Take another glass Pat?” said Miss Munroe laughing

“Ask a cat will she drink milk! Sure an’ I will, just to please you and meself, avick. Here’s to you Miss, and to Mr. Douglas the haro, and may you be ——but bad cess to me tongue, I may be after sayin’ too much.”

After Pat had retired, Miss Munroe turned to the Doctor and said:

“Now, Doctor, for your poetry.”
CHAPTER XXXVI.

EXTRAORDINARY POETRY.

"I CAN only find two pieces here," said the Doctor, after turning over his papers, "but they will do as a sample. If you bear in mind the clouded state of the unfortunate author's brain, you will find it easy to excuse the rambling sentiments that are expressed in the following effusion. This piece was recited at an entertainment in aid of a building fund, and commences with a verse of an old Scotch song."

The Doctor after looking round, commenced to read:—

"'Green grow the rashes, O,
Green grow the rashes, O,
The wisest man the word e'er saw,
He dearly loved the lasses, O.' (Burns.)

"Old Solomon was right, and liked a ladies' spree,
A stunning example for the I.O.G.T.,
Let's mingle mirth with earnest in a precept handy,
Stick to the girls, and fun, and leave alone the brandy.
The human mind is not a dungeon cell
Of gloomy air, nor yet a mental hell
Of self-inflicted punishment, the ring,
Divine of God's own voice sounds, ' Dance and Sing.
'There is a time for love ' and kindly glee,
Leading to 'matching and hatching,' d'ye see?
Thus fulfilling that pleasant Divine Command,
'Increase and multiply' in this goodly land.
Here's S.—— and O.—— full of fun to the brim,
But both 'rather stout,' for the part of Slim Jim,
Here too's the whiskerless phiz of young Kelly,
Quite fit to enact either Sall, Sue, or Nelly.
Our scenery is first-class, and on his flute,
Blunt is first fiddle, for our painter is cute;
Then we have Mapston, bold Cramb and Deacon,
Each in his own way a Hardy beacon.
Nothing cures dulness like a musician,
And Hagarty here will be head physician,
Why this is far better than soaking and drinking,
Till your eyes are blood-shot, and your breath is quite stinking.
Then give us, amateurs, your charming smiles,
Assist us, fair ones! with your kindly wiles,
And I'll be sworn the Eden Good Templars' spree,
Will end this night 'wi' muckle, mirth and glee.'"

"The man that wrote that had something in his brain besides madness," remarked Mr. Munroe. "You have still another piece, Doctor?"

"Yes; this is a prologue spoken at a theatrical performance in the asylum:—

'Ha! ha! my boys! here's a hubbuboo,
A jolly good play at Toronoo,
Charles Twelfth was mad—so are we,
There's a royal example d'ye see.
Everybody is mad at times,
Poets are cranky in their rhymes,
And fair ladies—when madly in love,
Coo like a demented turtle dove.
A very little touched does not much matter—
Tradesmen are often as mad as a hatter;"
Then for good fellowship, let's all be mad,
A grave face to-night shows a solemn cad.
"Poor Tom's a'cold" was once the madman's doom,
The horrid day of chains and dungeon gloom
Is past, a kinder treatment reigns, plays, music, mirth, and laughter,
Dancing with fair young girls, and no sermons, or soda water
Then let us be happy together, and not care one rap
For critics, or drudges, but give three loud cheers for 'Snap,'
And I am sure we must succeed, for I see angels—hush,
Their eyes directed to the stage, must make the boldest blush.
I feel so bashful when I stand in presence of the fair,
It makes my heart go pit-a-pat—I must have some fresh air;
Now do be lenient to us, and treat us not as boors,
You know we're not professionals, only poor amateurs
Good music you will have to-night, before you sup,
Our band it is A1—Blunt, my boy, strike up.'"

"Well done, Doctor!" said Mr. Munroe, "I don't pretend to be a great judge of poetry, but I think that is very fair for a lunatic. But are you sure that a lunatic really composed it?"

"Yes, I am quite sure of that fact."

"Did the poor man recover his reason?" asked Mrs. Munroe.

"I believe he did, and received his liberty too, but unfortunately he was sent back again."

The next morning Captain Snell informed me that he intended to relieve me of some of my duties in consequence of Lieutenant Lovelock's arrival. As my arm was far from well this information was very acceptable. I then went round to Captain Wilson's quarters and found him prepared for a walk.
"I was just going out, Douglas, for my constitutional, and if you have time, I would like the support of your arm—your good arm I mean. The other one is not of much account yet I suppose."

"Well, no," I replied, "but I hope it will be all right in a few days."

We strolled leisurely along in the direction of the forest, and at length sat down under the shade of some large rata trees.
CHAPTER XXXVII.

CAPTAIN WILSON CONFESSIONS HIS LOVE FOR ZADA.

"HAVE you seen Zada lately, Douglas?" asked my companion after musing for some time.

"Yes, I saw her at Mr. Munroe's. She asked after you, and said that you should be careful and not go far into the forest unless you had protection; from her statements I gathered that your movements are watched, and that you have some secret foe who intends to do you an injury."

"What does she mean, I wonder? and what particular enemy can I have?" he asked earnestly, as he looked sharply at me.

"I don't know," I replied, "But I am sure she has some good reason for warning you."

"Strange girl, she is wonderfully keen and observant and yet modest. When I recovered my senses after my illness, I was under the firm belief that it was Miss Munroe who was my nurse, and yet somehow when I was lying partly unconscious I had a vague sort of feeling that the liquid dark eyes that were often fixed on me did not belong to Miss Munroe. As we are old comrades Douglas, I will make a clean breast of it. When
I was hovering between life and death, I distinctly remember feeling the warm lips of a woman pressed to my brow, cheeks and hands—somehow at the time it seemed to give me comfort, and I felt in no way surprised at these marks of tenderness. I also knew that my nurse sat on the floor beside my bed, and held my hands for hours, wetting them with her tears. At other times I was aware of a low sweet voice chanting a wild and weird song in the native tongue, which had a peculiar though pleasant effect on my senses, and I would dreamily lie and listen to it with an intense satisfaction. When Miss Munroes told me who it was that nursed me during the crisis of my illness, I somehow felt that it was—as it should be." My companion here paused, and appeared greatly agitated.

"I can sympathise with your feelings Captain Wilson, and I am sure they do you honour."

"I know that old fellow, or I would not have been so outspoken. I confess, although it may appear strange to those who know me, that I love the girl Zada with an intensity that I her not think myself capable of. I always admired her, and did devotion during my illness—her services rendered to me unsought and unasked—has completely broken down the barriers of caste and religion, and I now feel indifferent as to what the world may say to such an alliance—that is granting she will have me," he added quickly.

"Nothing remarkable about that, Captain. Many English gentlemen in good positions are married to Maori ladies. Zada is beautiful, noble, and naturally refined. I am sure were she educated to the customs and usages of European society, few could compare with her. Her native way of speaking in the third person appears peculiar, but that could easily be overcome.
Miss Munroe, who has great influence over her, has persuaded her to lay aside her native dress and few would now know her from an English brunette."

"You are a good comforter Douglas, and I feel the better for speaking to you.—What is the matter?" he said anxiously as I gave a sudden start.

"Nothing," I replied, as I did not wish to tell him what I had seen.

While we were speaking I was astonished to observe Zada glide from behind one of the rata trees and conceal herself behind some brushwood. That she had seen us I was certain, but our conversation was carried on in too low a tone for her to have heard it. Somehow I felt convinced that her motive in thus spying upon us was not an unworthy one, for all her actions from the time we had first seen her were frank and beyond suspicion. I was quite at a loss to account for her strange presence, and the thought that we were in danger from some hidden enemy, I banished from my mind as ridiculous.

"I have made every effort to see Zada," pursued the Captain quietly, "but so far without success. It is singular that I cannot meet her in spite of all my efforts to do so, and I have finally come to the conclusion that she is wilfully avoiding me. I don't know what cause I have given her to make her fear me; but that she purposely shuns me I am certain."

"I think you must be mistaken, Captain, for she makes no attempt to conceal the interest she feels in you. The difficulty, I am sure, will yet solve itself," and it did in a manner we little expected.
"Let us call on Miss Munro on our way home," said the Captain getting up and taking my arm, "I have a great deal to thank her for also, perhaps we might come across Zada. By-the-bye, I wonder where she got that name from? I do not remember ever hearing it before, and my friends only the other day were chatting me about her nationality and peculiarity of manners. But after all, what's in a name. That of a rose by any other name would smell as sweet. But enough for the present," said he abruptly, squaring his shoulders.

Miss Munro was in the garden clipping a basketful of flowers when we appeared and greeted us warmly. After shaking hands, Captain Wilson thanked her for the attention she had given him during his illness.

"I have already told you that somebody else was responsible for that affair, and that in thanking me you do an injustice to another. I was merely an assistant—not by any means the principal," she added with a smile.

"Nevertheless I am grateful for what you have done, Miss Munro. I know to whom you allude, but so far I have been deprived of the opportunity of personally thanking her. I am sincerely glad to hear that you have prevailed on her from returning to the wild life which she has hitherto led in the forest, for although nature may have its charms, civilisation has far greater permanent attractions. Is Zada in the house at present?" he inquired as we entered the nice old-fashioned drawing room.

"No," answered Miss Munro, "She has gone off on one of her usual rambles. Regarding the little I have done for her, I assure you it has given me the greatest pleasure. She is a
most entertaining companion, and if she could be induced to adopt European dress and habits, I am afraid she would leave poor me in the shade. Amiable and straightforward in disposition, she has already endeared herself to me, and it is my greatest wish that she should reside permanently with us.”
CHAPTER XXXVIII.

JESSIE RELATES ZADA'S HISTORY.

CAPTAIN WILSON's face was a study while Miss Munroe was speaking. His eyes brightened, and his pale face glowed with a bright hue like the old days.

"Have you seen our new Lieutenant, Miss Munroe?"

I interfered to enable Captain Wilson to recover his composure.

"No; but from what I have heard, I do not desire the honour of his acquaintance. I shall probably be introduced to him, but I suppose I must bear the infliction, if only for the honour of Wairuara."

"He asked me to——"

I stopped suddenly on hearing a slight rustle behind me, and turning quickly saw Zada quietly entering the room. For a moment I hardly recognised her, so complete was the change of attire which she had undergone. Her splendid figure and full bust were set off to advantage by a tight fitting dress, which was neat and in the best of taste, while her bearing was composed and dignified. She greeted me with a smile, but when she
observed Captain Wilson, her composure entirely forsook her, and she turned hastily as if to leave the room. Before she could do so Miss Munroe had interposed.

"Stay a moment, Zada," Captain Wilson has just called on purpose to see you."

"Zada stood quite still in the centre of the room with one hand pressed tightly to her bosom. Her face flushed painfully, and it was obvious that she was greatly embarrassed. As she made no offer to speak, Miss Munroe continued—

"He desires to express his gratitude for your goodness to him in his illness. I have told him about your wonderful medicine, and we all believe including Dr. Gill, that he would now be in his grave but for you."

Zada still remained silent with her eyes fixed steadily on the floor. Her quick breathing alone betrayed how deeply she was moved, and for an instant she nervously looked round as if seeking to escape from the room. At this juncture Captain Wilson rose from his chair and walked across the room to where she was standing. Leading her gently to a seat beside Miss Munroe, he reverently raised her hand to his lips and kissed it. The effect on Zada was instantaneous. With a swift glance of her large dark eyes, which had suddenly become strangely tender in expression, she almost compelled Captain Wilson to meet her gaze, and for an instant the two stood as if transfixed. Hastily letting her eyes fall, she caught his hand, and after passionately kissing it fled from the room with an articulate sob.

It had all occurred so rapidly that for a moment we were mute with astonishment. Captain Wilson looked around him.
with a vacant look in his eyes, and after taking a few steps as if to follow Zada, sank helplessly into a chair. Miss Munroe, to break a silence which was becoming extremely painful, said with ill-concealed emotion—

"You will, I am sure, Captain Wilson, forgive my protégé's strange conduct. She has not been very well lately, and has suffered a good deal from nervousness and depressed spirits. Her unexpected meeting with you, added to the tender respect which you paid her, no doubt proved too much for her feelings, which I could see she was vainly endeavouring to suppress, and resulted in her complete breakdown."

"Indeed I have nothing to forgive," said the Captain with a quiver in his voice. "She is a noble girl; and nothing that I can do will ever requite the debt of gratitude I owe her." Here he paused while a shade of softness passed over his handsome face, and his head sunk on his breast as if in a deep reverie.

"Zada well deserves the good opinion of any man," Miss Munroe continued. "Her early life was passed in the midst of bloodshed and war, when murder and cannibalism were regarded rather as virtues than crimes. The only daughter of a powerful and warlike chief—her slightest wish was law, and while her people were engaged in those fearful feasts on human flesh, common at the time, she kept herself free from the ghastly custom, retaining through all the temptations and vices which surrounded her on all sides, the fine and truer instincts of a pure woman. For these very qualities she was at the same moment disliked and feared by her father's people. You must know, Captain, that Zada has had some education. When she was quite a child a vessel was wrecked on the coast near her father's village. Several of the men managed to reach the shore, but the greater
number were drowned. The survivors met a cruel fate at the hands of the hostile Maoris, with the exception of one who was saved by the intervention of little Zada, who in her innocence asked that the captive pakeha be given her for a playmate. Owing to the status which her father's hapu occupied in the great fighting tribe of the Ngatiwhenuanui, her request met with no opposition. The man whom she had thus unwittingly rescued from certain death was a Clergyman of the Presbyterian Church who was going out to one of the Islands as a Missionary. He became much attached to his little mistress, and as several chests containing books and papers were cast on the rocks, he was enabled to teach her to read and write English. He also inculcated the first principles of religion, and gave her character a good foundation. Her original Maori name was Ngamihii, but her tutor baptised her under the name of Zada, with her father's permission.”

“How long did her tutor remain with the tribe?” I asked, a good deal interested at the strange story.

“He was with them about five years, when he was killed through a terrible fall off a high cliff. He tried at different times to preach the Gospel publicly to the people, among whom he was thus so strangely placed, but his efforts met with poor success.

“I wonder that the good teachings of her captive tutor did not have a better influence over Zada, with regard to the feelings for the Europeans,” remarked the Captain. “Don't you remember, Douglas,” he continued, turning to me, “when we met her on the road to Wairua, how proudly she told us 'that she was the daughter of the great chief Te Pehi, who would make the cursed pakehas tremble.' She certainly betrayed a bitter hatred for the white people.”
CHAPTER XXXIX.

ZADA'S HATRED OF THE PAKEHAS EXPLAINED.

"Zada has related to me something regarding the pakehas cruelty, which accounts in a measure for her bitterness against the English," resumed Miss Munroe. "She felt keenly the death of her tutor, and gradually her books were entirely neglected. About this time a band of lawless men—beach combers, I think they were called—landed on the coast, and being well armed, they drove the Maoris from their kaingas and compelled them to return to the mountains. They pillaged the villages and cruelly treated every Maori who fell into their hands. Another party surprised and took a village, and butchered all with the exception of a few young girls. These they took captives, and carried them off in their boats. Some days after the dead bodies of two beautiful girls were found on the rocks horribly mutilated. Their companions were never heard of, and it was surmised that they met a similar fate. These atrocities, in addition to many others that were committed without the slightest provocation against the natives, was chiefly responsible for the bitter hatred which Zada felt for the white people."

"No wonder, poor girl," said the Captain, "scoundrels of the type described have been the indirect cause of preventing th
speedy colonisation of this country, and have hindered and
harrassed the work of the missionaries to an incalculable degree."

"Did Zada say anything about her father?" I queried.

"Yes, he was kind enough to her in his own rough way, and
she assisted him in many ways in his operations against the
whites. Recently her opinions have somewhat changed, and she
has done all that was possible to frustrate his projects against
the Europeans. Once when going on an expedition against
some pakeha settlers, her father was astonished to find that all
his gunpowder was wet. You know some of her good deeds
here. Since the discovery by her father of the change in her
views, her life has not altogether been a bed of roses. To make
matters worse Te Pehi wants her to marry one of his sub-chiefs
named Kiapo. She treated the offer with scorn, which so
enraged her father and would-be lover, that they swore to be
revenged. Somebody has informed Kiapo that Zada has formed
an attachment with a pakeha, and he has threatened to shoot the
man that comes between him and the object of his affections.
This latter information was brought to Zada by her handmaiden
Hena, a few days ago, and its receipt has caused her a good deal
of anxiety."

I gave Captain Wilson a meaning glance and remarked—

"I suppose Zada will stay with you for the present?"

"I sincerely hope so," answered Miss Munroe.

"Although she has offended her people, she still possesses a
good deal of authority over them in virtue of her descent. She
showed me a peculiar short carved rod that she carries under
her dress. It is supposed to confer mystic powers on the
You will remember the remarkable effect it had on the Maoris some time ago when she waved it over their heads."

Captain Wilson fell into a brown study, and the conversation began to flag, when I gently reminded him of the doctor's instructions regarding his medicine, and we soon after took our leave. On our way back he suddenly said:

"You see, Douglas, in spite of all my efforts I had no chance of thanking Zada to day; in fact I did not utter a word while she was in the room."

"Never mind, Captain," I replied.

"I think Miss Munroe has said all that was required, and I am sure Zada's answer from those eloquent dark eyes of her's must have convinced you that you are not indifferent to her."

"I trust you are right, but do you think I was imprudent?"

"On the contrary you did quite right. For the present, however, you ought to treat her as an esteemed friend, and by this means you will be able to observe her better. Afterwards you can make up your mind what to do."

"Quite right, Douglas," he answered brightening up, "you always seem to set matters right. I will take your advice and not worry her with sentiment at present. Heigh-ho! this is a strange world! I suppose you know Captain Suell will be away all day to-morrow slaughtering the wild ducks."

"Yes, so he told me; I have arranged to go with him on his next expedition, as I think my arm will be well enough by that time."
CHAPTER XL.

TAIPUA MAKES HIS APPEARANCE.

ABOUT eleven o'clock next morning six Maoris were escorted into the township by a party of our civilian contingent, who had formed a patrol party, and placed themselves under Captain Snell's orders. As Lieutenant Lovelock was in command during the absence of Captain Snell, they were marched to him for instructions. I was writing when Andrews came in and said:

"Sergeant, a party of Maoris have just been brought in. I'm afraid our Lieutenant will make a mess of their reception. The critters mean well, and have voluntarily given themselves up, so I don't think he need talk their heads off as he is doin'. Hurry up and stop his gag if you can. I wish some of our boys had him out in the prairie, they'd make him sing small."

"Don't speak like that of your superior officer, Andrews," I said, greatly amused.

"All right, I'll let the cuss alone, but of all the tarnation critters I ever seed in uniform—"

I left Andrews musing to himself and proceeded to the Lieutenant's quarters. I found him standing on the doorstep
talking to a group of Maoris, while about a dozen of our men were measuring out pieces of rope.

"Ah, Sergeant," he said as I came up, "just see that these webels are twied up, and put them—aw—into the gward room. I think we will shoot the demd fellows at two o'clock."

I knew he was talking nonsense, but said nothing. One of the 'webels' here stepped forward and seized my hand in a strong friendly grip.

"Taipua!" I said in astonishment, "what brings you here? I hope you are not in any trouble?"

"Kahore (no), pakeha. When Taipua last saw you and your good Captain and Kiti-roa, he promised to hold tapu (sacred) the pakehas, and their property. Also to submit to their mana (authority.) Is the Rangatira Snell here?"

"No, he will be away all day; I wish he were here. How is it that you are—?"

"Sergeant, stop talking to the webels, and march them to the gward room. Get them twied up first."

"Excuse me, Lieutenant Lovelock, but I would suggest to you not to illtreat those natives. Although they have been rebels, I believe they are now friends. The young man who was speaking to me is the chief, Taipua, Captain Snell and Doctor Gill think very highly of him. Besides, Taipua is not a rebel now, and if we treat him with proper consideration he may become a most powerful ally to the troops."

"Do as I order you Sergeant, and don't attempt to dictate to me. I will do as I wish; I am your superior officer, and I
don’t—aw—choose to take advice from any non-coms. It’s like everything else in this beastly hole! Twy them up, I say!"

The Lieutenant gave this order with an air of great importance, standing with his legs rather far apart, and swinging his gold eyeglass with his left hand, while he caressed his pet dundreary whiskers with his right. I had the greatest difficulty in controlling my temper, and from the men’s glowerings looks I was afraid they would resent his insolence. From what I heard afterwards the Lieutenant would have been only too glad of a chance to bring a charge of insubordination against me. I whispered to the chief in a low tone—

"Try and put up with this for a little while, Taipua. I will see that you are not prisoners for more than an hour or two."

"I heard your words to the kapua manu (black cloud), and we have every trust in you. Tangata kino tona (that is a bad man)" said he, glancing at the Lieutenant.

"What did the webel say in his linga, Sergeant?" demanded the Lieutenant, looking up sharply.

I was hesitating what to say when Andrews observed with a grave face. "He was just wishin’ you long life and happiness, sir."

The Lieutenant looked doubtful, but said nothing. In a few minutes the Maoris were secured and put into the guard room, and I hastened to see Captain Wilson to inform him of what had occurred. I found him at his quarters and when he heard my story, he expressed great indignation at the vindictive way in which the Lieutenant had acted.

"Confound the fellow; he will undo all Captain Snell’s good work. A few friends among the Maoris is a thing much..."
to be desired. From what I have heard, Taipua is a chief of some consequence, and his services would be extremely useful to us at the present juncture."

"I told him, Captain before coming here that he would be free in an hour or two, as I thought you might be able to do something."

"Quite right Douglas. Although Lovelock is in charge, I will advise him what to do. Officers who have nothing but the amount of their private influence to recommend them, and who are utterly ignorant of the Maoris character, do an immense amount of harm by this lack of tact and discretion in dealing with Maori questions. Come with me at once to his quarters, and take no notice of his rudeness."
CHAPTER XLJ.

LIEUTENANT LOVELOCK GETS 'SAT UPON.'

We found the Lieutenant regaling himself with a cigar and a glass of whisky and water.

"Aw, Captain Wilson, how do; try some whisky and water."

"No thanks, I don't require any, I want to—"

The Lieutenant here gave me an angry glance and said—

"I suppose Douglas has been running to you with a report. He should not trouble a sick man I think."

"It is not his habit to do so, but in this case he has done his duty. Douglas has informed me that you have lodged six Maoris in the guard room. You have heard how the doctor and Captain Snell became acquainted with Taipua, and now when he shows himself in accordance with his promise given after the fight, you thrust him into prison with his five companions. Winning over by kindness a man like the young chief is a victory more to be desired than one gained by fighting, and does more good to our cause than you imagine."
"How did I know that it was Captain Snell's particular friends that I had got hold of?" he drawled indifferently, helping himself to another glass of whisky and water.

"Sergeant Douglas knew the men, and advised you not to insult them."

"Aw—did he really? well the aw—fact—of it is, I don’t take advice from non-coms. Fact, 'pon honor."

"It is not beneath any officer to take advice from his subordinates," answered the Captain sharply. I may tell you that Colonial regiments do not work on the stiff lines that they are worked in England. I believe commissioned and non-commissioned officers can be close friends without the discipline of the regiment being interfered with in the slightest. But I didn't come here to preach. You had better liberate your prisoners at once, and I will hold myself responsible for their conduct during Captain Snell's absence."

"Aw—well I suppose so" he drawled; "Sergeant," he continued in a sharp voice, "let the prisoners out of the guard room, and take them to h—if you like."

As I had succeeded in my object I hastened to obey the order—not the latter—and when I got outside I found Andrews waiting for me.

"Is it all right about them critters the Lieutenant sent to the guard room, Sergeant?" he inquired eagerly. "Yes, it is all right; and I am now going to let them out. I will ask old Mr. Davis to let them have his empty house for the present. There is a little furniture there, and we can supply them with blankets."

"I thought Captain Wilson would bring the cuss of a Lieutenant to his senses. A word with you, Sergeant—look out.
for him! Perhaps you don’t know that the Lieutenant is in love with Miss Munroe, and hates you in consequence. Marry her to spite him!”

“Nonsense, Andrews; Miss Munroe and I are great friends but that is all. Were I a commissioned officer, I might try and compete with him; but it would be presumption on my part to do so while in my present position.”

“Never mind, I reckon I was a good hunter once, and can see a little ahead yet. Very few fools come off the prairie,” was the reply.

I thought over what Andrews had said, and—

“Hope filled with flowers her cork-tree bark,
And lighted her helm with a glow-worm spark
Then love, when he saw her bark fly past,
Said lingering time will soon be passed!
Hope out-speeds time.”

We soon had our Maori friends at liberty, and endeavoured in every way to let them see that the treatment to which they had been so unceremoniously subjected to was no fault of ours. Captain Wilson came to see them and had a long conversation with the young chief, his reception being most cordial, and when he left, all unpleasantness, if any existed, had been removed.

Captain Snell returned after dark from his shooting excursion, having had some splendid sport, pakuras, ducks, and pigeons being very plentiful. He was greatly annoyed at what had taken place in his absence, and severely censured the Lieutenant for his arbitrary action. The latter had excused himself by saying that he had had too much whisky and water—“in fact had to take it to prevent him from getting the blues in this beatly hole,”
As I was off duty that evening I determined to pay Mr. Munroe a visit, as I wished to see Miss Munroe in reference to a concert we were getting up in aid of the Ambulance Class. Several lectures had been given by Doctor Gill, which were greatly appreciated. A number of our men had joined the class, and the Doctor was greatly pleased with its prospects of success, which he attributed much to Miss Munroe's zeal.
CHAPTER XLII.

A DELIVERY OF THE MAIL, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

As I was going in at the gate I heard a shout, and on looking round saw that a gentleman had been thrown from his horse. Pat, the gardiner, came out and looked up the road also.

"Who is it, Pat?" I inquired, "I cannot recognise him from this distance."

"Troth, I think its the parson, sir," he answered shading his eyes with his hand.

"Perhaps you had better go and see if he requires assistance."

"Troth and its little time I have now," he answered, lighting his pipe, "besides he won't be wanted until Sunday."

I waited a moment and had the satisfaction of seeing the clergyman remount his horse and ride away apparently not much the worse for his fall.

I found Miss Munroe and Zada having a confidential chat. The latter had made wonderful progress in every way. Her manner was easy, and her peculiar style of speaking in the third.
person had modified greatly under Miss Munroe's tuition. We succeeded in arranging a good programme for the concert, and although that kind of thing was new to Zada, she appeared greatly interested, and made some valuable suggestions. Mrs. Munroe was confined to her room, and shortly after Zada went to sit with her.

"Good night Mr. Douglas," she said extending her hand, "I will go and sit with Mrs. Munroe. You, I daresay will not miss me," she added rather significantly.

When she left the room, Miss Munroe said:—

"What do you think of Zada now, Mr. Douglas? She has never called you 'Mr. Douglas' before, and she speaks of herself as 'I,' and not 'Zada,' as has been her usual custom."

"I hardly know what to say Miss Munroe. If I were to tell you my opinion you might think it was flattery and not believe me."

"I will take it for granted then that you said I was clever, and good, and—all that sort of thing," she said laughing.

"Did you experience much trouble with Zada in her tuition?" I asked.

"No, very little, Dad says I have done very well."

"Who is that speaking of dad?" said a voice from the door, and Mr. Munroe suddenly appeared with a packet of letters in his hand. "I was having a conversation with Captain Wilson," he continued, "when the mail arrived. As there were several letters for Mr. Douglas, I took the liberty of putting them in my pocket, as I thought that I would find him here. And now my boy, I must be off again, I have to see old Davis on business."
After he was gone, Miss Munroe rose from her seat and said: —

"I will leave you to read your letters now, Mr. Douglas, and in the meantime I will go upstairs for a few minutes and see how the matter is."

One of the letters was from my mother informing me that I must leave New Zealand at once on urgent business, connected with some property. She herself did not know the full particulars of my mission, but said that I would be fully informed on the receipt of a letter from her solicitors, as they intended to write by the next mail. She begged me to resign my present position, as she yearned to see her boy again.

It was with mixed feelings that I contemplated the desire of my mother for my return to England. For many reasons the idea of leaving New Zealand, and Wairuarara in particular, saddened me greatly, and the thought of leaving Miss Munroe, for whom, with the arrival of this sudden and unexpected news, I was now fully conscious I had conceived a deep affection, was not pleasant to contemplate. While in this perplexed state of mind, racked by the uncertainty of unrequited love, and tortured by conflicting doubts, Miss Munroe suddenly re-entered the room.

"Pray what is the matter, Mr. Douglas," she said with the greatest concern, "I hope you have not heard bad news."

"It may be bad news—and yet it may be good news, Miss Munroe," I said with difficulty controlling a desire to clasp her to my breast. "I have just received word from my mother craving my return at once on important family affairs."

"Yes, yes," she faltered; "and you must go. Your first
duty is to—your mother. And—and I hope, Mr. Douglas, that you will think sometimes of—of” Here she turned her face away, and I thought I heard a stifled sob.

“Miss Munroe—Jessie—is it possible that you care for me—that you love me?” said I, grasping her hands, the touch of which strangely affected me.

For one brief moment she cast her eyes up and met my burning gaze, and then let them drop as if afraid that they had betrayed too much, but not before I had seen enough to fill me with a tremulous gladness. Slipping my arm around her waist, I drew her unresisting form to the sofa, where, folded in my arms, she burst into a flood of tears.

What relish is this? how runs the stream?
Or am I mad, or else this is a dream.
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe sleep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep.

I will not reveal all that passed during the next half hour. It is enough that we were happy, and time and place were alike forgotten in the tender exchanges of vows which I fondly hoped would be consummated at the marriage altar.

“Why have you so long delayed telling me of this, Lance?” Jessie inquired a little shyly.

“I have loved you, Jessie, from our first meeting, when I bathed your head after the rescue in the forest; but my position and unworthiness, and a slight doubt that after all I might be mistaken in your love kept me from declaring sooner how dear you were to me. And then again I considered that my position as a non-commissioned officer was not sufficient to warrant me in asking for your hand.”
The play of rosyate light on an autumnal sky at evening could not have been more beautiful than the changing tints that passed over her beautiful face as I spoke. For a moment she was silent, and sat musing with a happy expression on her countenance.

"You silly boy! A soldier—and yet so timid! You might have known my answer," said she half reproachfully.

"Ah, Jessie, I know I am a terrible coward, but your sweet words have given me courage. Am I to retain these dear hands for ever? Not one, Jessie, one will not satisfy a love like mine—a love that is interwoven with my whole being."

"Yes, you may have them both, dear Lance, and can keep them until you—grow tired of me," said she half playfully.

"That will never be, my own. But, dear, what about your father! I should have asked his permission first before speaking to you, but this has happened so suddenly that even now I begin to think that it is all a dream."

"No, Lance dear, it is not a dream but a happy reality, and this is a proof." Drawing my head down she pressed her lips to mine with all the fervour of a pure love. "Do you know those beautiful lines from Byron?" Jessie continued softly—

Think'st thou that I could bear to part
With thee, and learn to halve my heart?
Ah! were I severed from thy side,
Where were my friend—and who my guide?
Years have not seen, Time shall not see,
The hour that tears my soul from thee:
Even Azrael, from his deadly quiver,
When flies that shaft, and fly it must,
That parts all else, shall doom for ever,
Our hearts to undivided dust.

"And do you love me so much as that," said I gently.

There was no answer. Only a slight pressure of the hand,
and a soft arm stealing gently round my neck—and I was quite content.
CHAPTER XLIII.

"What a Pity that I had Slippers on."

After some moments of exquisite silence, Jessie remarked, nestling close to me:

"I believe, Lance, that Lieutenant Lovelock insulted you this morning? Do not mind him dear, as I am sure he is not a gentleman. He was introduced to me a few days ago by the Doctor, and I found it difficult to be civil. He haunts me wherever I go, and glares at me so through his eyeglass, that I am sometimes afraid that he intends to do me harm. It often reminds of some lines from Beppo, the Conscript:

'Our Laura's Turk still kept his eyes upon her,—
Less in the Mussulman than Christian way—
Which seemed to say, 'Madam, I do you honor, And while I please to stare, you'll please to stay
Could staring win a woman, this had won her; But Laura could not thus be led astray,—
She had stood fire too long and well to boggle
Even at this stranger's most outlandish ogle.'

I overheard him say to a person, 'pon honour she is not too bad, only she is too fond of mixing with non-coms. I knew what he meant, and felt angry enough to do him an injury.'
"I should not like to offend you dear if you look as fierce as that."

"Never mind, I will keep my fierce looks for objects like him," she answered, giving me a kiss.

"Oh my, good gracious!" said Mr. Munroe from the middle of the room, "What a pity I had slippers on!"

Jessie instantly bolted out of the room, leaving me covered with confusion.

"Well sir," he continued, "is this the way you conduct yourself in my house?"

My confusion increased, and I stammered out something, when the old gentleman began to roar with laughter.

"Mr. Munroe," I began as soon as I was able to speak, "pardon me for allowing you to find out a secret which I had hoped to—"

"Secret!" he said, laughing, "well, go on."

"I had hoped for a more fitting occasion than the present to ask you for permission to pay my addresses to your daughter, but circumstances unforseen have forced me to speak now. The letter that you gave me this evening was from my mother recalling me to England on family matters—I—that is—we—found out the state of our feelings—and—and—the fact of the matter is, I love your daughter, sir, and trust you will forgive my presumption."

"Forgive you, Douglas?" he answered, pretending to get into a rage. "But," he added kindly, "don't mind me. This is no secret, for I have long suspected how matters stood between you and Jessie. She is a good girl, and I know of no one to whom I
could better intrust her than yourself. Take her my boy, and as she has been a good daughter, I have no doubt she will make a good wife. And now as to your future, of course you will leave off soldiering. I don't think the troubles can last much longer. Many of the chiefs have followed Taipua's example, and the Government are doing all they possibly can to arrange a peaceable settlement of the whole native difficulty. Jessie will have nearly all my property, so you need not trouble about the future."

"Words cannot express my gratitude for your kindness Mr. Munroe—but really—"

"There that will do; tell the rest to my lass; Jessie" he called, "are you there?"

"Yes, dad," answered Jessie making her appearance, her face suffused in blushes.

Mr. Munroe folded her in his arms, and then suddenly disengaging himself, said huskily:—

"There my dear, good night, I can't stand any more now," and hurriedly left the room.

Our conversation during the next half hour would not interest my readers. Suffice it to say I took my leave, the happiest man in the world. I felt indeed that life had brighter prospects for me than I had ever dared to hope, and with the love of Jessie had dawned a future, the brightness of which almost dazzled me.

On my way to the barracks, I met Andrews. He generally managed to waylay me before going to bed, and we usually walked over the events of the day.
"You seem particularly spry to-night, Sergeant," he remarked.

"Well, I do feel happy, Andrews. I have taken your advice and proposed to Miss Munroe."

"Hooray!" he answered, "I'll take my davey you got the right answer!"

"Yes, I got the right answer, Andrews. I had no idea of putting my happiness to the test to-night, but something occurred and out it all came, and I have been accepted."

"Snakes alive; but I'll put a nail in the Lootenant's coffin in the morning. I'll tell his servant of it, and he'll soon know."

"No, Andrews, say nothing about it at present, I would rather Mr. Munroe speak first of our engagement."

Next morning Captain Snell told me that he intended to hold an inquiry into the burning of Gustave Hirch's house, and the abduction of his daughter Arline. The inquiry which was purely formal, was held more particularly for the object of letting the townspeople hear the particulars for themselves of that sad affair.

"Many of the people," said the Captain, "have a grudge against Taipua, and as it was chiefly owing to his exertions that Arline Hirch was rescued, I want to let them hear all about it. Give notice to the men who brought the Maoris in, to attend at the orderly room at eleven o'clock, and let Arline Hirch also know of it, as I want her evidence. The Doctor and several others will be present. There is something else I wanted to say—Oh, yes; tell Andrews to bring to the orderly room, all the arms and other things which were taken from the Maoris. And now come round to the men's quarters with me, I want to show you how I want the new shelves arranged."
CHAPTER XLIV.

ARLINE HIRCH GIVES EVIDENCE IN TAIPUA’S FAVOUR.

WHEN we entered the cottages that did duty for barracks, one of the men was brushing some clothes. As he appeared annoyed about something, he did not notice our entrance. Captain Snell, with a smile, made a sign for me to be silent while he watched Murphy’s peculiar way of brushing a pair of trousers.

"Be me sowl," he said, the tailor that made them pants sought to make another pair and then hang himself. To think that I want brushin’ up and down like this, it’s a caution."

Murphy followed on for some time in this strain, occasionally using expressions more forcible than polite, when the Captain inquired with a smile of amusement:—

"What is the matter Murphy? you appear excited."

"Beg your pardon Captain," said Murphy standing at attention. "I didn’t know you were there."

"All right, my man, but what is the matter with your trousers? Why, this is one of the new issue, too," continued the Captain. "Dont they fit? the shape seems all right."
"The fit is all right sir," said Murphy, "but you see sir, I have to brush one leg up and the other down."

"What do you mean? I don't understand," answered the Captain looking puzzled.

"Well you see sir, the tailor, bad luck to him—beg pardon Captain—made a mistake and turned the grain of the cloth the wrong way in one leg. You see this leg brushes down all right, while this leg gets as rough as the back of a cat stroked the wrong way if you brush it the same way."

"Oh, I see what the matter is," said Captain Snell with a smile. "Sergeant, see that Murphy gets another pair of trousers; these will do him for barrack duty."

"Thank you Captain," answered Murphy, saluting. "I don't mind the up and down brushing if I get an extra pair."

After Captain Snell had given me instructions about the shelves, he said:

"As Andrews’ leg is better, he can assist you in arranging for the inquiry. Lieutenant Lovelock, I understand is unwell."

At eleven o'clock there was a good gathering in the orderly room. Most of the leading people of Wairuara were present, including Mr. and Miss Munroe and Mr. and Mrs. Brodson. Captain Snell conducted the inquiry, and nearly all the visitors were accommodated with seats, while a great crowd of Maoris and others were collected outside. The young chief was called forward, and Captain Snell addressed him in a kind voice:—

"Taipua, you must not suppose that this is a trial. I simply want to get at the truth of many things that occurred when Hirch's house was burnt by your band, and of
after events also. I will ask you questions from time to time, which I am sure you will answer truthfully. I give you my word that neither you nor your companions here shall suffer for it."

"The pakeha Rangatira says well. Taipua will be glad to speak the truth to his pakeha friends. His eyes now see good, where the tohungas said there was none."

"Miss Hirsch," said Captain Snell, "will you kindly come forward and tell us what you know of the unfortunate events that occurred on the night when your house was burned down and your subsequent rescue from your captors?"

Arlene Hirsch came forward from among the crowd near the door, and as she was passing the young chief, she turned and shook hands with him most cordially, to the evident astonishment of many in the room.

"On the night you speak of, sir," she said a little nervously at first, which however, soon wore off, "I was in the garden, when a Maori—that man," pointing to the young chief, "jumped over the fence. Before I could move or utter a cry, he said, 'do not fear, Taipua means you no harm; I came to warn you that some of my people are coming to destroy this place. Taipua can fight like a man against the pakehas and their soldiers, but does not like murder. Your father was kind to Taipua when he was a boy. Tell him that he must hide in the forest quickly, or it will be too late, as my brothers are many. Taipua is a chief, but Te Pehi is all powerful and his commands are law. Before I could make any reply he had jumped over the fence and was gone."

"Very good Miss Hirsch, what followed?" asked Captain Snell, looking kindly at the girl.
“I at once told my father and mother, but father only laughed and said, ‘that there had been too many false alarms for him to be afraid now.’”

“Did he take any precautions for his safety?” questioned Captain Wilson.

“No sir; he told me a few minutes later to go to a little field near the house, and bring in an old horse, which he wanted to use in the morning.”

“Could he not go himself?” interrogated Captain Snell.

“He had hurt his foot during the day, sir, and did not care about walking. We had two men working on the farm, but they lived about a quarter of a mile away.”

“Tell us what occurred after you got the horse?” was the next question.

“When I was leading back the horse, I saw that the house was surrounded by Maoris. As I felt frightened I hastily turned the horse loose and hid myself in the forest.”

“What did you see from your hiding place, Miss Hirsch?” asked Captain Wilson.

“I don’t remember anything very clearly after that, sir, I believe the fright made me faint. When my senses returned, I found that I was being dragged by two Maoris through the underwood, towards some of their companions who stood in the forest. They tied my handkerchief over my mouth and nearly smothered me. Besides that my arms were tied behind my back, and the cords gave me great pain.”
A murmur of sympathy went round the room as the witness described the manner in which she was bound.

"When Taipua saw me," continued Miss Hirch, glancing at the young chief, who stood with his head bent, "he took the bandage from off my mouth, and untied the cords, which was a great relief. Shortly after he whispered, 'Taipua will try and save the pakeha wahine (girl.) Drop bits of your dress, or anything as you go through the forest, so that your friends may be able to follow you. They will soon look for you.' (Taipua at this period raised his head and gazed intently at the witness.) I took his advice, and tore some ribbon into small pieces, and dropped them at intervals."
CHAPTER XLV.

"I wish I had the power to try you up."

When did the Maoris capture their three prisoners, Miss Hirch?" inquired the Doctor.

"Next day sir; the Maoris soon camped and I was removed some distance from their fire. Two of the prisoners were killed, although Taipua did all he could to save them. The other made his escape. They searched some time for him, but without success, and would have killed me in their rage, only for the young chief. Afterwards they camped in the place where I was rescued by the soldiers."

"Thank you Miss Hirch," said Captain Srell, "you have told your story well, but I must yet ask you another question. Who was the leader of the civilian's patrol who brought the Maoris in?"

"John Rodgers, sir."

"Mr. Rodgers, would you please tell us about your meeting with Taipua and his men?" continued the Captain turning to a young man who was sitting in the body of the room.

"Yes sir, I will with pleasure," said a young man coming forward. "Twelve of us went out armed to patrol the district,
and caught sight of a small party of Maoris coming towards the township. As there were only half-a-dozen, we prepared to make them prisoners, and I accordingly posted my men to intercept them. Having covered them with our rifles, I called out to them to surrender. The leader said ‘we are going to Wairua to make friends with the pakehas, and do not intend to fight.’ ‘All right,’ I answered, ‘If you mean well, put your tuparas on the ground.’ They did so, and we carried their arms between us. Taipua asked several questions about Miss Hirch and Ketiroa, as he called the doctor. When we arrived, I reported the matter to Lieutenant Lovelock, who took them into custody, treating them I must confess with unnecessary severity."

"Confine your remarks to the subject, fellow," drawled the Lieutenant.

"I will not be rebuked by Lieutenant Lovelock," replied the witness with asperity. I am here independent of him, and I dare say that if he were a gentleman, and better acquainted with the natives whom he pretends to govern, he would be more respected by the townspeople."

"D—the fellow!" shouted the Lieutenant, angrily jumping up. "I wish I'd the power to twy you up, I'd——"

"That will do gentlemen," said Captain Snell severely; "I cannot allow this to continue."

"Is an officer and a gentleman to be insulted by every cad in——"

"No more of this Mr. Lovelock. If you cannot act as

*A great deal of mischief has been caused by officers not understanding the Maoris' character, and being above taking advice from their subordinates. The above scene actually occurred as described, and as settlers had to suffer for mistakes, they may be pardoned for showing their feelings a little.
becomes your position, kindly leave the room; I consider that you are greatly to blame in this matter," interposed, Captain Snell.

The Lieutenant stalked out foaming with rage.

Captain Snell and a few of the other gentlemen, conferred privately for a few minutes in an undertone. At length Captain Snell said:

"Call Ngahoaia, Sergeant."

When Ngahoaia came forward, Captain Snell gave him some instructions in a low tone. Ngahoaia then made a short speech to Taipua's followers in the Maori language, and they answered him in Maori, accompanied with nods and smiles.

"They will do as you wish, Captain," said Ngahoaia.

"Taipua," said Captain Snell, turning to the young chief, "I am now satisfied that you and your companions are firm friends of the pakehas. We do not expect you to fight against your countrymen, but I want you to promise before my friends here, to assist in every way against pillage and murder."

"Rangatira Snell, and other pakehas present, Taipua says the pakeha friends will be his friends, and the pakehas enemies his enemies. He will hold tapu the pakehas taonga, and will be proud to submit to their mana. The pakehas have many taō's (heroes) among them."

"I am quite satisfied Taipua of your loyalty," said Captain Snell, "and so are my friends here. All the arms and other things that were taken from you are in that corner, and you are at liberty to take them."
Mr. Munroe whispered something to Captain Snell, who hurriedly added:

"Before you go Taipua, I would like to ask you what became of your chief, Te Pehi?"

"He made his escape during the big smoke at the battle of the Moa Birds' Nest," the young chief answered briefly.

"Thank you, Taipua; that will do."

"Now my friends," added Captain Snell, standing up, "I trust that you are satisfied with what you have heard. This inquiry was held because, as you all know, doubts were entertained as to the loyalty of our friend Taipua and his followers. You have heard Miss Hirch's story, and I feel sure that no one will doubt now that Taipua's motives and his conduct throughout were above suspicion. Winning over a few Maoris in this friendly way is of more importance than the greatest victory achieved in the battle field. I have reason to know that this case is only one out of many that has occurred lately, and I trust that the bloodshed and crime which has so recently deluged this fine country—perhaps the finest country in the world—will soon be things of the past. I thank you all for your attendance," he concluded, bowing.
CHAPTER XLVI.

THE TAPU FRUIT AND WATER.

As my arm was now better, Captain Snell gave me orders to take out twenty men, and do a couple of days patrol duty. The young chief, Taipua, asked permission to accompany me, and Hoani attended as guide. Although I knew the country fairly well by this time, the latter was useful in finding short cuts or tracking enemies.

I had several conversations with Taipua on different subjects, and was surprised at his intelligence. As his confidence in the teaching of the tohungas was now shaken, I had no difficulty in showing him how erroneous his former opinions were.

"One of the men," he said, "told me that Te Pehi's daughter is staying in Wairuara. Her name was Ngamihi when she was a child, but she was afterwards called Zada."

"Yes," I answered, "she is staying with some friends of mine, and they hope to keep her altogether; not as a servant, but as a friend and companion. Zada is a good girl, and is fitted for far better things than a savage life."

"Kapai" (good) he said, putting his hand on my shoulder, "Zada will do well to stop with her pakeha friends. A tohunga..."
kino (a nobody) called Kiapo intends to take her away by force and make her his wife. Te Pehi has given him mana to do so."

"He will have to spell 'able' first, as the school boys say, Taipua. Zada however, deserves a better fate. What sort of man is this Kiapo? It seems that you are a friend of his. Do you know him?"

"Taipua knows him, but he is no friend; he is a "taurekareka," (slave) said the young chief clenching his fists.

"Does he intend to make his attempt soon, Taipua?" I asked.

"Don't know," said he, shaking his head, "Kiapo never tells his thoughts to anyone. Taipua spoke to Te Pehi about giving his daughter to Kiapo, but he answered 'eahu manu (what's that to you)? and that he was giving her to a man with plenty of taonga.'"

Having selected a comfortable camp for the evening among the rata trees, Taipua entertained me with some legends of this country, and I was greatly surprised and interested at some of the stories which he related regarding the early history of New Zealand.

Next morning we started on our return home, and on the way the young chief showed me a good place for wild ducks. I took special note of it for future reference, and told Hoani to take its bearings. Towards the afternoon, I was greatly surprised on coming to a small flat, to find that it was well planted with fruit trees of different kinds. The peaches were the largest I had ever seen, and apples and pears were growing in the greatest profusion. As it was near dinner time we decided to halt, and soon the men were busily engaged plucking the fruit
to carry back to camp. Taipua, however, I noticed, appeared to be uneasy, and refused to join us. He walked some distance away and sat down by himself, watching us with a rather peculiar expression on his face. I felt some little surprise at this strange conduct, but as I was enjoying the fruit I did not for the moment pay him much attention.

"We musn't forget the lay of this camp boys," said one of the men, "and if we get the chance we will come here again."

"Bet your boots, sonny boy! I've got the latitooode and longtitoode," said Blowhard, "I've never had such a tuck in of fruit since I wor in Jamakey, I remember one time I was——"

"Fall in men," I called out.

On our way back to Wairuara, I asked Taipua the reason why he did not join us at the fruit grove.

"The fruit was tapu and Taipua could not eat it, as the ground also was tapu," he answered gravely.

"What do you mean Taipua?" I asked, a little surprised.

"The place was at one time an old burying ground. When the pakehas first commenced fighting with the sons of te ike'a mani, a great battle was fought there, and many pakehas and Maoris were slain. The dead were buried among the young trees, and since that time it has been held tapu by the Maoris. The pakeha's are the only people who will eat the fruit now."

"You have some most peculiar customs, Taipua," I answered, but for my part I thought the fruit excellent, and surely after such a length of time the tapu ought to be now removed. I have heard of similar places elsewhere. Can you tell me anything about them?"
"At the foot of the great burning mountain Tuhora," said Taipua with a serious face, "there was a celebrated Wahi Tapu of the Maoris. The ground was divided into many sections for each tapu. After some time when the bones became dry, they were exhumed and carried up the mountain and deposited in large caves. At last the mountain was blown up by a great fire, and the bones were scattered far and wide. A river flowed from the mountain, and another stream joined it lower down from another place, and the two became one and flowed through the country to the sea. The water from Tuhora kept by itself, although in the same bed, and would not mix with the other, and the two went down with the same current, one a dirty white in colour, while the other was pure and fresh. The Maoris who lived on the banks of the river had to cross in canoes to the other side to procure their supplies of fresh water, because the water nearest them was tapu.

"I really cannot understand this tapu of yours," I remarked. "It seems to me that superstition is the root of it all."
CHAPTER XLVII.

MISS MUNROE'S SUITOR.

We reached Wairuara before dark, and I reported myself to Lieutenant Lovelock. He received me in the most insulting manner, and glared at me in a way that made me doubt his sanity. Connor subsequently told me that the night previous the Lieutenant was very drunk when he went to bed, and he had heard him swearing at me several times.

"I don't see why the Lieutenant should swear at me behind my back, Connor," I said. "I have always treated him with respect as my superior officer."

"Yes, I know you have sir, but he seems to have a great down on you for something."

"What did he say, Connor?" I inquired.

"He coupled your name with a certain young lady's, and said a non-com. was not good enough for her, and that she ought to aspire higher. He also said that you had come to New Zealand to lay a trap for a girl with money, and that he could prove that you have a wife in England. But don't take no notice of him sir; I wouldn't let it bother me if I were you."
"No indeed, Connor," I answered. "If it amuses him to talk like that in barracks, it does not harm me in the slightest. At the same time if Captain Snell or Captain Wilson were to hear of it, the Lieutenant might be obliged to curb his tongue a little more. By the way, where is Captain Snell this evening?"

"Mr. Davis gave a dinner party this afternoon, and Captain Snell was invited. I believe he is there."

"Tell Andrews I want him, Connor."

In a few minutes my American friend made his appearance. After giving him some directions I told him that I intended to go to Mr. Munroe's for the evening.

"Be careful Andrews while I am away. The Lieutenant will be only too glad to seek a disturbance while Captain Snell is off duty."

"Yes, but he will find me equal to the occasion," was the grim answer. "I saw him goin' into Mr. Munroe's house yesterday evenin' while you were away. When he came back there was the devil to pay. I never seed whisky go down a man's gullet as quick in my life. I thought the show worth 25 cents to anyone. Somethin' you have done has put him out awful. He would be delighted to hear that some of the Maoris had put a bullet through you. He can beat some of our backwood men at swearin', an it takes an almighty lot to do that. Take care of him pard. A critter like him is not to be trusted."

A little later I was comfortably seated by Jessie's side. Mrs. Munroe was in her room, and the old gentleman was at Mr. Davis's dinner party, so that we were quite alone.

"I have had such an honour done me since I saw you last, Lance," said Jessie after the first greeting was over.
"Well dear, you know I am glad to hear of any honour that you may receive—but what was it?"

"I am not sure whether I shall tell you," said the dear girl blushing and looking down.

"Why do you torture me thus?" I answered mockingly.

"What will you give me if I tell you?" she said putting her lips very near mine.

"A kiss, my darling." I answered, suiting the action to the word.

"Very well, I won't tease you any longer. Yesterday evening Lieutenant Lovelock suddenly appeared at the drawing room window and requested an interview with me alone. He had such a solemn, serious look on his face, that I feared at first he was the bearer of bad news. He commenced with telling me about his family in England, and of some large estates he expected to inherit. I listened as patiently as I could, wondering what was coming next, when suddenly he spread his handkerchief on the ground at my feet—fixed his eyeglass firmly, and dropped on his knees before me. In this ridiculous attitude he made me a proposal of marriage, pouring out such a torrent of words about his great love, that for a moment I was completely bewildered, and could hardly prevent myself from laughing at the ludicrous faces he made in trying to keep his eyeglass in its place. Imagine a man making a proposal with his face screwed all on one side!"

"Poor fellow," I answered, "he was rather late. What did you say to him?"

"Well dear, I told him that I was fully sensible of the honour that he had done me, but as I did not love him, I could never be his wife."
"How did he take that?" I inquired.

"He would not take 'No' for an answer for some time. I was inclined to answer him as an American girl did when a would-be lover importuned her:—'In the first place, I do not love you; in the second place, I don't want to love you; in the third place, I couldn't love you if I did want to.' After a little more persuasion he attempted to embrace me, which made me so alarmed that I threatened to call the servants to put him out of the house. At this he got into a terrible passion. When he had cooled down a little he asked me if I loved anyone else. I told him that he had no right to ask such a question. It was enough for him to know that I did not love him, and that the very sight of him was hateful to me."

"That was very rough on him, Jessie," I answered. "Still he should not have pressed you in that way. How did it all end?"

"He seemed to entirely lose all control over himself, and stormed in such a dreadful manner that I got frightened. I tried to get him out of the room quietly, but he seized me by the wrist, and hissed into my ear that you had a wife in England, and was the father of three children. He also said a lot more that I do not remember, as I was nearly fainting with fright. I made another effort to get away from him, when to my relief Dad walked into the room."
CHAPTER XLVIII

LIEUTENANT LOVELOCK RECEIVES HIS "CONGE."

"YOU scoundrel; unhand my daughter this instant," cried out dad in a stern voice. "What do you mean by this outrage?"

'I have just made your daughter an offer of marriage,' said the Lieutenant quite coolly, adjusting his eyeglass.

'Nice way to go about it, I never saw the girl so frightened before; I suppose she has refused you. Why do you not take your congé like a gentleman and go. I might add that you would have saved yourself much mortification if you had mentioned your intentions to me, and to save further trouble I will inform you that my lass is engaged to a gentleman who has received my full consent to the marriage.'

'The devil!' answered the Lieutenant, white with rage. 'And may I ask who he is?' with a sneer.

'Shall I tell him, my lass?' said dad, turning to me.

'No, I will tell him,' I answered, putting on a bold front to the enemy, although I was inwardly quaking. 'Mr. Lovelock, I am engaged to Mr. Douglas, with my father's permission.'
The Lieutenant's face turned deadly pale and he tried to speak, but the words were choked in their utterance. He swore to be revenged on you until at length dad, losing all patience, ordered him out of the house. As he was leaving he sneeringly remarked, that he hoped to get an invitation to the wedding, as he would like to be present at such a happy event.

"You impudent cad," roared father. "Don't dare to come here again or I will get you kicked out by the servants."

"All this accounts for his black looks when I returned from patrol duty," I remarked slowly.

"You must be careful Lance, dear. A vindictive man like that may try and do you an injury, and then what would Jessie do? He, however, I think, is a coward at heart, and I really do not think he could put his words into deeds."

"No doubt he feels much grieved Jessie," I answered, "so under the circumstances I will put up with a great deal from him. The world is governed by jealousy, some call it love and some ambition, but when all is said and done and all philosophy is exhausted, the motive for all worldly effort is discovered to be jealousy—jealousy of possession, and is this not the mother of ambition—even the ambition of loye?"

"I suppose there is something in your reasoning Lance, but I don't quite understand it."

"Neither do I," said Mr. Munroe, from behind our chairs.

"Now dad," cried Jessie, in some confusion, "I don't think it's fair to steal in on us like that."

"But my dear," said the old gentleman, "If you had not been so much engaged you would have heard me crossing the
room. I couldn't help hearing Douglas lecturing you on the mother of ambition. Who is she, Douglas? I am compelled to wear light boots on account of a pet corn, but I suppose I will have to tie a little bell to my coat to let you know when I am coming. Well Lance, my boy,” he continued, “has my lass told you of the row last night?”

“She has told me of an unpleasant scene with Lieutenant Lovelock, sir.”

“Unpleasant! I should think it was! Why, he frightened the lass out of her wits, but she plucked up courage afterwards, and spoke to him pretty freely. He talked a good deal about his connections in the old country, said he had brilliant prospects, and that he was heir to a title and a large fortune. But you know, Douglas, that ‘not always knightly spurs are worn the brightest by the better born.’ Much more he told me, but his extreme egotism and overbearing manner became so insufferable that I could hardly restrain the temptation of laying hands on him and forcibly ejecting him from the house. But enough of him. I was going to ask you to join me in a day’s shooting—that is, if you’d care to come. I have a splendid spare gun and no lack of ammunition, and as the patrols report no rebels about you should have no difficulty in getting off.”

“Thanks, Mr. Munroe, I am sure I am much obliged; but I have had so little practice lately that I am afraid—”

“Nonsense, man, nonsense; you’ll do it all right. If you take Hoani, I will get my boy to follow with a pack horse. He can take the grub, and carry back whatever we may slaughter. I will go round to Doctor Gill, or Kori-roe, as nearly all his friends call him now, as he may like to come also. Try and be here at seven o’clock in the morning. We will breakfast together and start as soon as possible afterwards.”
"Dad, don't you think you could make room for poor little me in your party?" said Jessie coaxingly.

"Nonsense lass, girls are awkward in shooting parties," said her father testily.

"You didn't always think so dad," she said, with a pout, "you know I can shoot fairly, and Zada can take care of mother."

"Was ever a father bothered with such a lass?" said Mr. Munroe with a groan.

Jessie gave me an appealing look, and I felt prompted to say something.

"I really don't think she would be much in the way Mr. Munroe. She knows how to handle a gun, and I think she can be depended on not to shoot any of us."

"Of course you will back her up Douglas. Very well Jessie, you had better tell the boy to get your pony ready early. Better tell him now, and see also about the provisions. As you are riding, perhaps I had better arrange to have a mount for each of us. But I am forgetting about Doctor Gill, ladies always upset 'the best laid plans o' mice and men,' I must now run round to the surgery. Good night."
CHAPTER XLIX.

A DAY'S SHOOTING.

"YOU are a dear good fellow Lance," said Jessie when we were alone, "for backing up my petition. I would not have cared so much, only that I want to see what duck shooting is like."

"I am glad that I have pleased you dear—but I won't keep you talking as you have plenty to do."

"Not very much; fortunately I have plenty of 'grub,' as dad calls it. If you like you can help me to cut the sandwiches. You sportsmen eat such a terrible lot when on these shooting excursions."

"I know of some dieaway sentimental young ladies who can eat a powerful lot too at picnics, especially when the gentlemen are not looking," I retorted.

"I hope you don't class me among the dieaway young ladies," said Jessie. "For my own part I think no lady ought to be ashamed of a healthy appetite. But here is the ham, so we will commence work at once."

"How is Zada getting on?" I inquired after we had been engaged for some time cutting and slicing.
“Very well indeed; she is with the mater most of her time, but strange to say she still has her usual rambles in the forest every day. By some means or other she knows exactly when Captain Wilson is going for his constitutional, and I have found out that she is generally in his vicinity without his knowledge. I fancy she thinks he is in danger from someone.”

“I suppose she is playing the role of guardian angel,” I answered, laughing.

“You have no business laughing at the failings of my protégé, sir. If you knew that I were in danger, I believe you would be found not far away.”

“Yes, certainly; but surely that absurd threat of Kiapo’s is not frightening her?”

“I believe it is.”

“Have you heard anything about Kiapo lately?” I inquired.

“Yes, Zada told me that Hema still keeps her informed of his movements. The girl only stops a short time and then returns to the forest.”

“Do you think he is near Wairuara at present?”

“Yes, Zada believes he is still watching for Captain Wilson, and it makes the poor girl very unhappy.”

“I wish some of our patrols could catch him, and I fancy Taipua would do all in his power to help us. I will speak to Captain Snell about it.”

Our united efforts soon made a small mountain of sandwiches, and the cook got orders to prepare other delicacies.
“Good night, Jessie, I must be off now. Oh! there is another important thing I must remind you of,” I said with assumed gravity.

“What is it Lance?” she inquired gravely.

“As it is a matter of some importance I must whisper it.” She inclined her pretty ear. “Don’t forget to smuggle away some of your father’s Scotch whisky.” Before she could reply I was out of her reach, just escaping a sandwich which she pelted after me.

I called round to Captain Snell’s quarters about my leave, and it was arranged to my satisfaction. I informed him about Kiapo’s movements, and he said that he would consider the best course to pursue under the circumstances.

Next morning was beautifully fine, and the air was sweet and fresh in consequence of a heavy thunderstorm that had kept most of us awake during the night. I arrived at Mr. Munroe’s a few minutes before our appointment, and found Jessie in high spirits at the prospect of the day’s sport. Just after breakfast Doctor Gill arrived on his cob, and we lost no time in getting away. I got a horse for Hoani, and Mr. Munroe’s boy rode behind in charge of two well filled hampers. Our way led across the clearing where I had rescued Jessie from her Maori abductor. She pointed the spot out to her father, who expressed some little surprise at the great distance which her captor had traversed in the little time he had at his disposal. A little further on we came to the swamp where we intended to do our shooting, and after dismounting, the horses were left in charge of Hoani. Mr. Munroe soon posted us in our places, and as the swamp was alive with ducks and Maori hens we were soon all busily engaged with our guns. After a few minutes Jessie
succeeded in killing the first blue duck with a good shot, the
bird being on the wing. After that the shooting became general.
The blue duck (*Hymenolaimus malacorhynchos*) is about the
size of a widgeon, and though a very fast and erratic flier,
it evinces a great disinclination to be on the wing, and
will not rise until thoroughly disturbed. We frequently
had to pelt them with stones to bring them together
so that we could fire into their midst. The fun was great while
it lasted, and at lunch time we had a pretty fair bag.

We spread out our provisions under some black pine trees,
and the pleasant perfume of the crushed leaves, the beautiful
hills in the far background covered with fine forest trees, added
to our recent exhilarating exercise, seemed to give a fresh zest to
our appetite, which we were not slow to recognise. Jessie
proved a splendid caterer, and she seemed by some strange
intuition to know exactly what we all wanted. Has the reader
ever observed how cheerful young and old become—how their
spirits rise in the joyous unconventionality and freedom of such
occasions as these? "Far from the maddening crowd" indeed.
Mr. Munroe and the Doctor were like two young schoolboys,
and vied with each other in relating stories of their old schoolboy
days.

"How many are there Jack?" said Mr. Munroe, lazily
lying on the ground puffing contentedly at his pipe, to the boy
who was counting the slaughtered game.

"Forty-nine blue ducks, sir, and ten Maori hens," answered
the boy.

"Not bad, Kotiroa?" said Miss Munroe, looking at the
Doctor, "considering that we have still the afternoon before us."
"Mr. Munroe," protested the Doctor with mock solemnity; "don't you think it hard lines that I should be saddled with a name like Koti-roa, because I happened to be wearing a long riding coat when I first made my bow to the natives of this country?"

"You must not mind that Doctor," I said slightly amused. The Maoris canonize you under that name, and speak of you as Koti-roa, the Good Doctor."

"Oh well," said the Doctor, stroking his beard and still grumbling, "I suppose I must submit, but I would rather that somebody else was burdened with the title."

"We all have our crosses Doctor," remarked Jessie smiling. "Consider that one of yours."

"Come Douglas, you are not eating half enough," said Mr. Munroe turning to me.

"Yes, do take some more, Lance," said Jessie, "For I am sure you must be famished after the dreadful havoc you made amongst the ducks."

After lunch Hoani offered to conduct us to a secret haunt of the large paradise ducks, where he said they often congregated in large numbers. We followed leisurely, Mr. Munroe and Dr. Gill smoking in silence, while Jessie and I brought up the rear.
CHAPTER L.

TE RANGEWHENUA GIVES A WARNING.

We had not proceeded far before a tall strong looking Maori suddenly stepped from behind a tree, and stood in front of our horses, to the utter amazement of everybody but Hoani. Jessie saw him first and gave a slight scream. Hoani who appeared greatly pleased, commenced rubbing noses with the stranger, and made other demonstrations of joy at the meeting.

"Tenakoe" said the Maori civilly bowing to us when he had finished the ceremony of greeting with Hoani.

"You seem disposed to be friendly my man. Who are you?" asked the Doctor.

"My name is Te Rangewhenua and I am a friendly Maori. One time I was a great Rangitira in my own tribe, but I did not agree with my people, because they did murder and would not fight fair so I left my kapu for ever. I have seen a tau (war party) some distance away under a bad man named Kiapo, and I have come to warn you in time."

"Is it a big force?" inquired the Doctor.

*The Maori mode of salutation.
"No, only eight men, Koti-roa," answered the Maori.

"You seem to know me," said the Doctor perplexed.
"Where have you seen me before?" he continued.

"Many Maoris have spoken to me about you, and I know you by your appearance."

"Have you any idea where this war party is going to?" interrupted Mr. Munroe.

"I do not think they intend to attack your Kainga," answered the Maori, "as their numbers are too small, but I am certain Kiapo is after no good. My brother, Te Tangemoana, told me that Kiapo loves Te Pehi's daughter, who is with the pakeha's in Wairuara, and I think he is going there."

"Hum," said the Doctor, rubbing his chin. "That is the girl Zada; she is quite safe, I think, as everyone in Wairuara would fight in her defence. So you know Hoani?" said he turning to the Maori.

"Yes, I knew him a long time ago when we were 'tamarikis' (children), and I am very pleased to see him again."

"Are you on your way to Wairuara?" asked Mr. Munroe.

"No, not now; but I am going there soon with my brother."

The Maori after having a few more words with Hoani, vanished in the forest, as suddenly as he had appeared.

"Come on," said Mr. Munroe, "this need not spoil our afternoon's sport."

About an hour's slow riding brought us to the spot where
Hoani had promised us good shooting. It was a swamp similar to the one we had just quitted, but of large dimensions and half dry, surrounded by tall rushes and ti tree, in which we soon found ample cover. We found the paradise duck (Casarea variegata) rather hard to get at, as they were extremely timid, and we had great difficulty in getting within range. However by dint of great patience, and not a little inconvenience sustained in cramped positions, we managed to get thirteen of them. They proved to be much larger than the others and were in splendid condition. By this time the Doctor and Mr. Munroe had both agreed that they'd had enough of it, and the latter proposed to camp for half an hour before going home, and sample the whisky bottle.

"I think we have had a very good day's sport, Doctor," he remarked, munching at a sandwich. "How many did you kill, Jessie?"

Two paradise ducks, five blue ducks, and two Maori hens, dad," she answered a little proudly.

"Well done, lass; let me see," said her father counting on his fingers, "that makes seventy-two ducks and ten hens. Mr. Lovelock would call that 'vewey good, vewey good indeed.'"

"Speaking of the Lieutenant," said the Doctor glancing at Jessie, "reminds me that he is telling everyone that you are engaged."

Jessie blushed and looked confused.

"Well he is telling the truth for once in his life," broke in her father. "Did he tell how he spread his handkerchief on the carpet, and flopped on his knees before Jessie, and his coarse behaviour when she refused him?"
"No, I heard nothing about that," said the doctor interestingly.

"Ma conscience," said the old gentleman choking and laughing over a piece of cake. "If he tells the truth, he ought to tell the whole truth. And now I will have a stretch on the grass while you folks talk."

"Allow me to congratulate you Douglas, on making such a conquest," said the Doctor, turning to me. "I had an idea it would come to this in the end, and I can assure you that your choice does you infinite credit. Heigho!" said he sighing, "I was in love myself once with a beautiful Spanish girl in Cuba, but she met with such a horrible death that I have put all such thoughts out of my head since."

"I have never heard you allude to your past life before, Doctor," remarked Jessie kindly.

"No, it seems like a dream now," he answered thoughtfully, gazing into vacancy.

"If it would not be too painful Doctor, I should like to hear it," said Jessie, with a sympathetic look in her eyes."

"Well, my dear, there is not much to tell. When I was a young fellow and just started in my profession, I went to Cuba as ship's doctor in the 'Neptune.' After our arrival there I went on shore, and started on a long ramble among the hills with a few of my companions. Each of us carried a leather bag well filled with provisions, including some wine, as we intended to camp out in the open air. We each carried a revolver and rifle for protection, as it was well-known that a lawless band of thieves were lurking somewhere among the hills. By some means or other on our first afternoon out, I somehow got
sperated from my companions, and in trying to regain the lost ground I unfortunately fell down a deep narrow hole, and would certainly have been killed but for some bushes and stunted trees which broke my fall in the descent. I must have lain unconscious for some hours, as it was night time when I regained my senses, and an inky blackness enveloped me so that I could not see what kind of a place I had fallen into. I tried to stand up, but my ankle gave me such pain that I was unable to bear its weight on the ground. I lay patiently waiting for daylight; but the question arose: 'How was I to get out of this place on one leg?' I was feeling a bit drowsy when I suddenly felt something cold creeping over my neck. I shook the horrible thing off with a cry of horror, and tremblingly struck a match. The sight that met my gaze made me bristle with fear, for right in front of me was a nest of large snakes, some of them fully twelve feet long, crawling about and uttering strange sounds in the most hideous fashion. The light from the match appeared to fascinate them, and they remained quiet so long as it burned. Fortunately I had a good supply, and gathering together some dry sticks I made a fire, which appeared to daze them as they remained quite motionless. The bottom of the hole appeared to be about ten feet square, so that there was very little room to move about in.

The reptiles evidently did not like the smoke, and I observed that it had a stupefying effect on them. In a little while I noticed that, as the smoke grew more dense, they perceptibly moved further away, and one of them started to crawl up the side of the wall. He was followed by the others, and with a great sigh of relief at my providential escape, I watched the last disappear from view over the top of the hole.
CHAPTER LI.

DOCTOR GILL'S EXPERIENCES IN CUBA.

"By this time," continued the Doctor, "daylight began to appear at the top of my prison, and I congratulated myself on having so easily got rid of my unwelcome companions. Fortunately during my fall my provision bag had fallen with me, and I was thus enabled to make a good breakfast. The hole that I had fallen into was narrow at the top, and became wider towards the bottom, so that it was utterly impossible for me in my present condition to climb it. I kept up a good fire as the smoke would act as a signal to anyone who might be in the vicinity. Well, to cut my story short, I spent three days in that dismal hole, and on the morning of the fourth day, when I had almost given up all hope of being rescued, as my provisions and water were now exhausted, I heard to my great joy voices at the top. I gave a loud shout and directly afterwards a voice called out, 'who is there?' Doctor Gill of the 'Neptune,' I answered. 'Put your fire out, and we will lower a rope' came back the response. I stamped the fire out, and immediately a stout rope was let down and I was soon hauled to the top. I found myself amongst strangers, and was looking about bewildered when a kind old Spanish gentleman ordered his servants to carry me to his residence about a mile away, at the same time inviting me to
take a drink out of his wine flask, which I gladly accepted. I learned that only for the smoke I might never have been discovered. It seems that one of the country people saw the smoke coming out of the hole, and finding my rifle at the brink, he at once gave information at the Spaniard's house, with the result that my rescue was soon compassed. The residence of my Spanish friend was like a palace, and I was treated with the greatest respect and kindness. A doctor was called in immediately after my arrival, and my foot was properly attended to. I refused to stay in bed, and was installed in a most luxurious room and was paid the greatest attention. My couch was covered with the richest silk—but there, I cannot describe it, it was all so grand. My nurse was Donna Madalena, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of my host. She was a splendid musician, and could play exquisitely on the guitar which was generally her accompaniment in her songs of Old Castile. She informed me that for two days my friends searched for me, and, finally, believing that I had been murdered by brigands, the ship put to sea. Things continued like this for—"—"

Here a violent snort from Mr. Munroe interrupted the story.

"Poor dad, he is asleep, I will cover his face with my handkerchief," said Jessie, going over to her father. She was soon back again and said:—

"Excuse dad interrupting, Doctor, please go on."

"Well, as I was saying, things continued like this for a few weeks, and gradually I became conscious that I was in love with my beautiful nurse, and that it was reciprocated. I believe the old Don noticed what was going on, but he said nothing. English gentleman were greatly respected at that time. As my foot
grew better, Donna Madalena would take me for little walks round her father's beautiful garden, and she also showed me her marble bath which was considered one of the wonders of the country. It was sixty feet long, and forty feet broad. An ornamental shed was built over it, and by a clever contrivance a series of screens shut in the place by simply turning a handle. A broad flight of marble steps led down to the water, the depth of which was from one to ten feet. One morning Donna Madalena went to have her usual bath, accompanied by her Octaroon maids. Shortly after we were alarmed by violent screams issuing from the bath house. I ran in with her father and a number of the servants, and was horrified to find a large alligator in the bath lashing about in great fury. The water was tinged with the blood of Madalena, who had literally been torn to pieces by the infuriated monster, which it was surmised had come from a stream at the back of the house during the night, and concealed himself in the bath. The alligator was soon despatched by the men, and the mutilated remains of poor Madalena were mournfully gathered together for fitting burial. I was so shocked at the dreadful fate of the poor girl that I left Cuba as soon as possible afterwards."

"How dreadful," said Jessie, "I am sure it must have been a great blow to you, Doctor."

"Oh well, that is all passed away now. But my dear young lady your father is in the land of dreams; rouse him up, it's about time we were making a start for home."

Mr. Munroe was lying on his back indulging in long drawn snores, when Jessie walked over and shook him.

"Dad, it's time to go home now."

The old gentleman sat up and rubbed his eyes.
"Oh yesحاض, so it is, I believe I was narrowly asleep."

"Yes, nearly asleep dad," she said demurely.

"Well, if you are all prepared to start, I'm quite ready," said Mr. Munroe, getting up and shaking himself.

"Hoani and the boy were ordered to follow us home as quickly as possible with the game, and we cantered back to Wairuara well pleased with our day's outing."
ZADA was waiting for us at the gate when we arrived looking exceedingly becoming in a white muslin dress with a fine red camelia fastened in her breast. She gave the Doctor a letter, and then handed another to me.

"Captain Snell sent them here as he knew you and the Doctor would soon be back. A good natured looking fellow—I think you call him—gave them to me. He was so droll in his manner that I could not help laughing at him," she remarked smilingly.

"That is only his way Zada," I answered, "because I know he thinks highly of you."

"Oh, he was not rude; but he had such funny sayings," Zada said laughing.

"Has anyone else been during our absence?" inquired Jessie.

"Yes, Captain Wilson was here for a little while," answered Zada, a little confusedly.

"Oh, I'm so glad he was here," said Jessie, a smile lighting up her face. "I hope you entertained him suitably, Zada?"
"Yes, he was very kind," answered Zada, with the least bit of hesitation in her manner.

When the Doctor had finished reading his letter, he turned round to the company and said:—

"Doctor Preston, son of an old friend of mine, will arrive here to-morrow, and is going to stop with me as my assistant. I am getting rather old now and cannot run about so much as I used to."

"Good chance for Miss Davis," I said, alluding to a young lady that set her cap at everyone.

"I hope he is young and good looking, if only for the sake of the girls here," said Mr. Munroe.

"He is only a mere youth just commencing to learn how to kill people in the most approved scientific style," said the Doctor with a merry twinkle in his eye. "As to his being handsome," he continued, "that is a question for the girls to decide. He was only a child when last I saw him."

"You appear to have good news Douglas?" said Mr. Munroe coming over to where I was standing, reading my letter.

I motioned him aside, and placed the letter in his hands.

"Hum," he said after reading it. "In consequence of a lot of property left to you by your uncle, you are requested to return to England at once. Well, I am very glad to hear of your good fortune, my boy, and so will Jessie. Go to her and let her hear the good news.

I soon found Jessie, and needless to say how glad she was to hear of the alteration in my prospects.
"I intend to celebrate the event by giving a dinner to-morrow Doctor," said Mr. Munroe, "when we will be able to sample some of our ducks. We will expect you at half past six, and if your assistant should arrive in time bring him also. Jessie will sing a song or two, and Doctor Preston might also assist."

"That reminds me," said Doctor Gill laughing. "I was informed by a friend that my new assistant is very fond of showing off his singing qualities, but as a matter of fact, he has a most discordant voice and cannot sing a bit, although like many others he thinks he can. However, you will be able to see him for yourself."

"Do bring him, Doctor, I will soon find out what he can do," said Jessie laughing.

"None of your tricks with him young lady," said the Doctor, shaking his finger at her. "Recollect that he is under my care."

"I shall be very tender with him Doctor, I assure you," answered Jessie with an arch smile, "and Zada will help me—won't you Zada?"

"I think you will do well enough without any assistance from me, Miss Jessie," said Zada demurely.

"And now Doctor," continued Jessie, "the evening is young yet, so you must tell me the story you promised the other day about Lieutenant Crozet's adventures near Cape Brett. Don't go away Zada, come here and sit with me, for this promises to be very interesting."

"You should not make rash promises to Jessie, Doctor," said the old gentleman laughing. "She has a good memory,"
and has a knack of giving a gentle reminder at the most inconvenient times. I should like to hear this story myself, however, so you can put the whisky and glasses on the table Jessie, and bring out that new brand of cigars which came by the last boat from Auckland."

"About the middle of the year 1772," began Doctor Gill after we were all seated comfortably, "the ships 'Mascarin' and Castries,' commanded by Captain Marion of the French East India Company, came in sight of the Bay of Islands, near Cape Brett. As they neared the land three canoes came towards them crowded with Maoris. There was not a breath of air, and the sea was as smooth as glass. As the foremost canoe approached the vessel the sailors, by friendly signs and trilling presents, after some little difficulty, at length persuaded them to come on board. They were treated with great kindness by the ship's crew, who offered them food and showed them the various articles of interest on board the vessel. The Maoris appeared delighted with everything they saw and allowed themselves, with evident pleasure, to be dressed by the kind hearted sailors in European attire—i.e., shirt and trousers. They betrayed a great greediness for hatchets, chisels, and such like tools, and when they were made presents of some they made great demonstrations by signs and gesticulations of their satisfaction. After being some time on board they descended into their canoes in evident glee at their kind treatment. When they had gone a little distance from the ship, they divested themselves of their European clothes and resumed their habitual costume, which at best was very scanty. The other two canoes seeing how well their companions had been treated, in turn visited the vessel and they also were given presents which pleased them greatly.

In the evening the wind increased almost to a gale and
compelled the canoes to depart, but several of the natives who had got very friendly with the crew remained on the vessel. After a good supper with the sailors, amongst whom they freely mixed, they slept on beds prepared in the cabin without the least suspicion or fear of the white people among whom they were thus so strangely placed. Their chief, Takouri, who showed considerable alarm every time the vessel rose against the waves, was a fine middle aged man, elaborately tattooed, and possessing a great deal of authority over his people. Towards morning the weather moderated, and after breakfast the commandant sent a detachment ashore to erect tents on a small island near the mainland, where there was an abundance of wood and water, as well as a good landing place for the boats. There the sick were established under a suitable guard. The native name of this island was Motuarao. They had scarcely landed before a large flotilla of canoes arrived loaded with fish, and they were soon busily engaged bartering for small pieces of iron, &c. As some of the officers could use the Tahitian vocabulary they spoke in jest, and were surprised to find that they were understood. After that there was no difficulty in trafficking with the natives. At night the canoes departed, leaving behind several of their number, who passed the night on terms of cordial friendship with the men.

On the following day the canoes went out to the ships which were both securely at anchor, taking with them their daughters and wives. They also brought fresh quantities of fish, and received in exchange glass beads and nails. Many of the chiefs who were recognised by the plume of birds feathers stuck in their hair came on board, and were shown the cabins and firearms, all of which seemed to greatly impress them. The married women were distinguished by an ornament of plaited
rushes on their heads, while the young girls wore their hair falling in perfect freedom about their necks without any ornament to bind them. The savages themselves made the men acquainted with these distinctions in order to secure a proper respect for their married women.

Some days after Captain Marion and Lieutenant Crozet having received a cordial invitation to go ashore, embarked in the ship's shallop with a detachment of soldiers, and rowed to a point in the bay where they could see a large number of kaingas standing some distance back from the beach.
CHAPTER LIII.

THE STORY CONTINUED.

As soon as they had landed, the natives came in great numbers to meet them—men, women and children, in fact the whole village. They were received with every mark of respect and kindness, and there was much joy and feasting in honour of their visit. When Captain Marion expressed a desire for some timber for new masts, many of the natives volunteered to assist the crew in felling the trees, and insisted on helping to level the paths on the hills, so as to facilitate their removal to the sea shore.

A temporary workshop was established for the squaring and sawing of the timber, two-thirds of the boat's crew being retained for this work, while they were assisted by more than twenty stalwart Maoris, who made splendid workmen. The ships' dispatched provisions for the use of the men, so that they were not altogether placed at the bounty of their friends. The intercourse with the savages had now become so friendly that many of the men daily traversed their kaingas, with the greatest freedom, and frequently shooting parties went inland in quest of wild ducks, accompanied by the natives, who bore them on their shoulders like children, across the marshes and rivers. At first they were always on their guard against treachery, and their
boats never went ashore without being well armed, while the Maoris were never permitted to come on board the ships until they had first put aside their weapons. But after a long interval of tranquillity their caution relaxed, and the boats went to and from the shore unarmed. They had not learned that Captain Cook discovered these natives to be cannibals, and nearly lost his life in the bay where they rested in fancied security.

Captain Marion completely trusted the natives, and at times stayed on shore with them in perfect security. When on his vessel his state cabin was always at the disposal of his intimate friends, with whom he could now converse with some degree of fluency. It was well known that he was the chief commander of the two vessels, and every day the natives brought him a splendid turbot, as he was very fond of fish. Whenever he went ashore all the savages accompanied him with a festal air; the women, the maidens, even the children doing him homage.

Takouri, the leading chief of the kainga, one day brought his son on board the vessel, a youth of about fourteen years of age, whom he appeared to love very warmly. The boy shared Captain Marion's cabin, and was treated with all the respect due to his rank. Takouri gave many other proofs of his friendship, and after so many marks of hospitableness and personal kindness who can wonder that the blindest confidence was reposed in the Maoris. Most of the officers had private friends among them, and some very sincere attachments existed between some of the sailors and the native women.

A month had elapsed during which the two vessels had undergone a thorough overhaul, when Captain Marion went ashore, accompanied as usual by a troop of savages. He was welcomed with demonstrations of the liveliest friendship, even
more noisy and ostentatious than on any previous occasion. The native chiefs all assembled together and unanimously agreed to recognise him as the sovereign of their country, and they stuck in his hair four white plumes, the distinctive sign of his lofty rank. That afternoon, Lieutenant Crozet on board of the "Castries" was visited by a young Maori for whom he had conceived a great affection, and who usually came to see him daily. He was a fine specimen of young manhood. Handsome, well made, of agreeable features, and without those obnoxious marks of tattoo to conceal an unusually intelligent face. There was a great restraint in his manner, and his face wore an expression of sorrow and gravity, which the Lieutenant had never seen there before. He brought as presents some beautiful ornaments made of greenstone or jade, which the Lieutenant had previously admired when in the young man's whare. He would accept of no mānuka for the gifts, which he gently rejected with a sad and melancholy shake of his head. On taking his leave he displayed some little emotion, and casting on the Lieutenant a glance of inexpressible grief, muttering repeatedly the words, "taka koa te aha" (it cannot be helped), he abruptly withdrew, leaving his pakeha friend a good deal puzzled at his strange behaviour. Many other native friends of the officers, who came in the same canoe, made similar demonstrations of farewell and disappeared in a like manner. The very next day Captain Marion went ashore in his gig with twelve men, accompanied by two young officers, a volunteer, and the Captain of Arms—in all seventeen persons. Takourī, with a large body of his followers happened to be on board at the time and accompanied the commandant, who intended to partake of a grand kahunganga (feast) of fish and oysters, arrangements having been completed some days previously for his reception. In the evening Captain Marion did not return to the ship, but as the crew had every confidence in
the natives they were not at all disquieted by his absence, as they supposed that he and his followers had slept ashore in the tents, or had been prevailed on by Takouri and his chiefs to spend the evening in their kainga.

The next morning the "Castries" sent her shallot to procure some water and wood for the day's consumption, and when about half a mile from the shore they descried a man swimming towards them. The boat was instantly turned in his direction and the poor fellow who proved to be one of Captain Marion's crew, was dragged on board more dead than alive. He was in the last stages of exhaustion, and his head bore the marks of several cuts, while in his side he had two severe lance wounds. After he had been revived by a drop of brandy and had eaten of some refreshment he recounted the events that had taken place since he had left the "Castries."

The savages, he said, were drawn up on the shore without their arms, and went through their ordinary demonstrations of joy and friendship. We naturally did not expect any treachery, as in fact we were wholly unarmed. Proceeding along a narrow footpath that led into the nearest kainga, without the least suspicion of danger, we were suddenly confronted by a large body of Maoris, with Takouri at their head, armed in all their war gear, who threw themselves with terrible fury upon our small party. What became of Captain Marion I cannot say for I instantly hid myself in some brushwood near the seashore, but not before I had received two of these wounds. From my place of concealment, I saw some of my unfortunate companions slain, and as they were utterly defenceless, they were quite incapable of making any resistance. While the natives were absorbed in their treacherous work, I plunged into the sea and resolved to swim to one of our vessels, when you fortunately came to my rescue."
CHAPTER LIV.

SOME OF BLOWHARD'S NAUTICAL EXPERIENCES.

"Now, Jessie," said Mr. Munroe, "I propose that, as the Doctor must be a little tired, and as the whisky bottle is low, that we let him off the remainder of the story until to-morrow evening."

"Two bad of you dad, when we were just coming to the climax," answered Jessie.

"Douglas, of course you must help us at the dinner to-morrow," continued Mr. Munroe. "Tell Snell I want you to dine here."

Doctor Gill and I took our departure shortly after, and as we were enjoying a smoke on the way home, my companion remarked meditatively:—

"I wonder what Zada thought of my story. She appeared to be greatly interested, though the occurrences were not at all flattering to her people. However, things have altered very much since then, and mark my words for it, that these troublous times through which we are now passing is but the prelude to a future of peace and prosperity, when New Zealand will shine as one of the brightest ornaments in an already bright empire; the
focus to which the commerce and trade of the Southern Hemisphere will be attracted; and Macaulay's prediction of the Maori gazing down on the ruins of London may yet be an established fact. But here we are at my gate! Well, good night, Douglas! See you to-morrow!"

The genial doctor left me in a profound reverie, from which I did not recover until I had reached my quarters.

Next day while the men were at their dinner, I had occasion to visit them, when I found Blowhard (Thomas Shotter on the books) grumbling at his beef being tough. One of the men remarked—

"I suppose you have had worse meat than that before you Blowhard, in your time. Perhaps you have had to eat some of your mates on board ship, eh, old man?"

"Well, no, not exactly as bad as that; but jelly near it once."

"Tell us about it Blowhard," asked several of the men.

"Right you are my hearties, as I've finished my dinner I don't mind spinning the yarn. Well, before I began spokin', I went to the South Seas in the Saucy Polly, as tight a little craft as ever went whalin'. All went well for a long time, and when we got to our cruisin' ground, we soon got any amount of blubber in our hold. We was thinkin' of makin' for home, when the dunkest storm I ever seed came on us. If I was to tell you all about it, some of you land lubbers would not understand me. Well, the Saucy Polly went down, and I thought my time had come. I was on the deck when she sunk, and the suck of the ship was so great that I was a long time comin' on top. I got hold of a hen coop with some drowned fowls in it, and kept
myself afloat as well as I could, but as it was a dark night I could do nothin' but hold on, an' that was a job too. Daylight came at last and I had the good fortune to see a boat driftin' near me. I managed to get on board of her, and got the dead fowls out of the coop. After lookin' round a bit, I picked up five of my mates that was clinging to some spars; but there was no signs of the skipper or the others—they were gone to Davy Jones' sure enough. We lived three days on the fowls, and caught enough rain water to keep us goin' after the beaker was dry. Things then began to get from bad to worse, until one of the men died. A chap called Spanish Jim wanted to cut him up, but we would not let him. Another died next day ravin' mad, and I dropped him over the side before my mates could interfere. Two more days went by, and Spanish Jim persuaded us to cast lots, as one would have to die for the sake of the others. For my part I had made up my mind not to join in with them when feedin' time came. The lots were cast and poor Joe Strapper drew the death ticket. Spanish Jim took out his long sheath knife and moved over to Joe. 'Hold hard mates,' said Joe, 'give me a few minutes, and Spanish Jim, you go to the other end of the boat until the time comes; you seem rather too anxious to act the butcher. In a few minutes Jim calls out: 'Time's up!' 'Wait a moment Jim,' said Joe, 'I have just found a loaded pistol under the seat, and as it's all the same to you, I would sooner blow my brains out than to feel your knife.' Joe then put the pistol to his forehead, but before he could pull the trigger, Spanish Jim called out:—'Don't let him do that, I like brains.' 'Hold hard Joe,' I said, slippin' to his side quickly and getting hold of the pistol, I pointed it at Spanish Jim, at the same time saying:—'You appear to have eaten men's brains before now, so don't come near this end of the boat. I propose mates that we leave Joe alone until this time to-morrow, and perhaps by that time we might get rescued by a passing ship.
I will stand here and will shoot anyone that lays a hand on him.' The other men nodded their heads, seein' as how they were too weak to speak, but Jim made a rush at me. In his rage he tripped over something and fell overboard. That was the last we saw of him, and you may be sure none of us wanted him back. About an hour after I found a fishhook in one of the lockers of the boat, and managed to catch four large fish with a bit of red rag. The next day a vessel picked us up and our troubles were ended."

A dead silence followed Blowhard's yarn. Some of the men looked rather incredulously at one another, and Blowhard seeing that his story was received with some doubt, observed laconically:

"Fact, mates. It was the narrowest escape I ever had from being a cannibal."
CHAPTER LV.

"I CANNOT SING THE OLD SONGS."

I managed to get to Mr. Munroe’s before the guests had arrived, as I wanted to have a few minutes with Jessie alone. Shortly after the Doctor made his appearance with Doctor Preston, who was a tall nice looking fellow with a small black moustache, and a touch of effectation in his manner. The dinner passed off very pleasantly, despite an animated argument between Dr. Gill and Mr. Munroe as to whether duck or pigeon shooting gave the greatest amount of sport.

"I had some fun today sharing the ducks among my friends," remarked Mr. Munroe. "I found it rather hard to manage without offending someone. By the way, Miss Davis was anxiously inquiring when Doctor Preston was expected in Wairau?"

"Indeed, I feel flattered to hear it," said the new arrival modestly.

"What did you do with your lot of ducks?" interrogated Mr. Munroe, turning to Doctor Gill.

"Do with them! What on earth possessed you to send so many?" answered Doctor Gill.
"Well, you were entitled to your share. Did you boil them down?" said Mr. Munroe.

"Well, no; after I had sent some to the barracks, I gave the remainder to the boy with instructions to leave a pair with each patient as far as they went, beginning with the poorest."

Jessie here interrupted.

"Doctor Gill, would you please finish your story now about the old days in New Zealand," she asked coaxingly.

"Very well, my dear," answered the doctor.

"Wait a moment," said Jessica, rising, "I will call Zada, she is very much interested in it."

In a few moments the two girls returned, and after making themselves comfortable the Doctor continued:—

"I believe I left off my story at the time when one of the men made his escape from the savages. Well, after the officers had heard the man’s story, they consulted together as to the best means of ascertaining if there were any more of the party left alive. The shallow of the ‘Mascarin’ was at once despatched with an officer and a detachment of soldiers to examine the shore for any signs of Captain Marion and his gig. After a vigilant search he discovered the gig drawn ashore close to Takouri’s village, and surrounded with savages armed with all sorts of weapons, which they had taken out of the boat. They took possession of the boat without being attacked by the natives, who stood off some distance intently watching what was taking place. The men were burning to be revenged on them, and when they heard that Captain Marion had been killed, their anger knew no bounds. In the detachment were some good marksmen, who,
hearing that their commander was slain, burned to avenge his death, and trembling with rage, demanded permission to fire at the horde of savages who appeared to threaten them.

I will not weary you with an account of how the savages were punished. Suffice it to say that the Frenchmen administered a severe lesson to their false friends. In the meantime no certain intelligence respecting the fate of Captain Marion and his unfortunate men had been received, though there was now little doubt left of the cruel and untimely end which had overtaken them. The escaped sailor could add nothing more to what he had already related, beyond saying that there must have been seven of them killed at the first attack, the remainder being taken prisoners. It was decided after a hasty consultation to despatch a large force to Takouri's village, and one of the boats was immediately fitted up with several guns and blunderbusses. The officer in command landed at the spot where Captain Marion's gig was first discovered and at once pushed forward. The village was found deserted and Takouri could be seen at a distance, out of gunshot, wearing on his shoulders Captain Marion's cloak, which was of two colours—red and blue. He retreated on seeing them approach, and disappeared in a large swamp behind the kainga. In the village were found some old men who had been unable to follow their fugitive families, and who were tranquilly seated at the doors of their houses, like Roman Senators awaiting death in their curule chairs. The men were so enraged that they wanted to kill them, but were forbidden by their officer. In Takouri's whare were found several articles of war belonging to Captain Marion, amongst them being his gold rimmed cap and a small telescope. In another hut was found a shirt belonging to the Captain of Arms, whilst in various other huts were discovered portions of the clothes, and arms of De Vaudricourt, (one of
Captain Marion’s officers). Finally they found the arms belonging
to the boat and the clothes of the unfortunate sailors. After having-
collected these relics of their murdered comrades, they set fire to
the whares, and the entire village was reduced to ashes. They
then proceeded to another village whose chief was called Piki Ore
an accomplice of Takouri’s, where they found more traces of
Captain Marion’s ill-fated party. This village they also reduced to
ashes. After these severe reprisals, the two ships set sail from
New Zealand to continue their exploring voyage among the
islands.”

“Such, my dear friends, is the narrative of one of the most
deplorable events in the history of the early connections of
Europeans with the natives of this country. Intercourse and
civilisation with the pakeha have considerably altered their views
since then, and in the unfortunate wars which they have so long
maintained against our colonists and soldiers they have shown-
themselves, while possessing all their pristine courage, to have lost
much of their native ferocity. It is commonly held that the
Maoris must eventually give way to the Anglo-Saxon—that the
superior race should supplant the inferior—but for obvious
reasons I am inclined to think differently. I am led to this
conclusion by a careful study of the Maori character, and I see
no reason whatever to suppose that like the gigantic moa bird,
this fine race of people must ultimately die out, and that in a
few years hence their memory will be but a dim recollection of
the vanished past. This theory may well apply to the other
races; but I am yet to be convinced that the Maori can come
within its meaning. The impartial Englishmen, however, will
not refuse to him the meed of admiration which his courage and
patriotism undoubtedly deserve. I trust, my dear young lady,”
continued the Doctor turning kindly to Zada, “that I have not
wounded your feelings too much. These troubles I am confident will soon be over, and in the near future I hope to see your people living in perfect harmony with the pakehas, and that in the place of enmity and hate there will spring up a reign of peace and quietness which will forever remain unbroken between the two races."

Zada's face had betrayed great traces of emotion during the Doctor's recital, and she looked up gratefully at his concluding words. Her eyes were fast filling with tears as she crossed the room and took his hand warmly between her own.

"Thank you, Doctor," she said simply with a slight quiver in her voice; "you are more than kind to palliate the crimes of my unfortunate people. I sincerely echo your hope that the time is not far distant when we can all live in unanimity together. Only a little while ago I felt the greatest hatred for the white people, whom I regarded as my bitterest enemies; but happily that is all past now, and the prejudices I once entertained have long since vanished under the kindness and sympathy which has on all sides been bestowed on me by my European friends." Here she smiled faintly, and going back to Jessie kissed her fondly on the cheek, and with a hurried 'good night,' glided softly from the room.

"May God bless her," murmured Jessie, the tears starting to her eyes, and this fervent wish found a responsive echo in the hearts of all those present.

After some general conversation, Mr. Munroe at length suggested some music, and Jessie shortly after got up and went to the piano, followed by Dr. Preston, who had previously been looking over some songs which he had found on the music stand. Dr. Gill was anxiously watching his assistant, and when
he saw him cross the room he dug his hands deep into his trousers pockets, settled himself comfortably in his chair, and glanced significantly over in my direction. Dr. Preston required little persuasion to favour the company with a test of his vocal abilities; and indeed in this respect he did not differ very much from the average present day young men. The poor fellow attempted two or three different songs, but did not succeed very well in anyone of them, the while being alarmingly unconscious of the painful infliction which he was causing his hearers. Jessie's face throughout was a mask. She played with a gravity that was irresistible, at the same time wilfully ignoring Dr. Gill, who was vigorously shaking his finger at her from behind his assistant's back.

"Oh, Dr. Preston, here is a lovely song, which I am sure will just about suit your voice," she said reaching for a piece of music. "You must know 'I Cannot Sing the Old Songs.' It was sung, I believe, with great success at the Auckland concerts recently. "Do sing it," she added persuasively, giving him an appealing glance.

"Why, really, Miss Munroe, this is a particular favourite of mine," he answered with vivacity, taking the music in his hand and scanning it critically. "Ah, I notice it is in a key a little too high for my voice, but nevertheless I think I can manage it," he continued with a modesty that was delightfully refreshing considering his previous efforts.

I was not long left in doubt as to the truth of his last statement.

"'I cannot sing the old songs,'
Bawled forth the timeless youth;
And every word he uttered showed
He spoke the awful truth.'"
Whether the song was pitched in two high or two low a key I was not exactly certain, but it was painfully evident that the most uncultivated ear could have detected something radically wrong in the manner of its rendering. Blissfully oblivious of time, expression, or tune, and disdaining even to strictly follow the accompaniment, the young vocalist was wading through it with great gusto and verve, when Doctor Gill, who had been fidgetting uneasily in his chair, got up hurreidly and came over to me.

"This is atrocious, Douglas!" he whispered with the slightest trace of annoyance in his voice. "Get him away from the piano at all risks, or else he will drive us all out of the room. Miss Jessie is doing her best to plague me to-night I am sure. Imagine her asking him to sing that song of all songs! A nice bit of sarcasm, wasn't it? Say what you like, but at all hazards make some effort to cut this short," he added, desperately glancing with ill-concealed irritation at the unconscious subject of his remarks.

"Very Well, Doctor, I will do what I can," I answered, somewhat amused at his excitement; "but remember that if any discourtesy is shown you must bear the responsibility."

I crossed over to the piano, and after giving Jessie a meaning look, I delicately suggested that, as it was a beautiful evening, we ought to take a turn round the garden. My suggestion fortunately met with no objections, and a look of great relief passed over Dr. Gill's face, when, a moment later, they all got up and went out into the grounds.

Half an hour had elapsed when I found myself seated alone with Jessie in the drawing-room. No sooner were we seated than she burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, which did not subside for some time.
"Do excuse me, Lance," she said at length with a mischievous twinkle in her eye; "but really I cannot get over such a huge joke so soon. You don't know how much I suffered when that poor young doctor was struggling through that last song. The others were bad enough, but that capped all. His friends ought certainly to persuade him that singing is not his forte," added the dear girl merrily.

"But, dear, you know you led him on, and probably he would not have favoured us with his last selection if you had not encouraged him. I must give you credit for concealing your feelings so well, for no one would have suspected that you were purposely drawing him on.

"Ah, Lance, you have much to learn yet, for you certainly will be deceived if you put your trust altogether in mere looks, unless indeed you meet with some unsophisticated girl like Zada. I confess, though, that when I saw Dr. Gill shaking his finger at me from behind Dr. Preston's back I was within an ace of breaking down," and Jessie indulged in another peel of merriment.

"Now, my dear," I said taking her unresisting form in my arms, "do be serious for a moment as I have something very important to say. You know, Jessie, I shall be obliged to leave for England shortly, and I am daily expecting my discharge. I want you to fix the date of our marriage, so that we can leave here as soon as possible after it has taken place."

"But, Lance, what about your mother? She may no approve of your taking to her a daughter whom she has not seen, and probably not even heard of."

"Indeed, she has often heard of you through my letters, and is quite acquainted with all the details of your rescue, and
many of the events that have subsequently happened, from which I am sure she has guessed how matters stand between us. She will make no objection I am sure, for she will be quite content in the knowledge that I am happy,” I answered kissing her tenderly.

“But, dear, what a dreadful hurry you are in! I am sure I’m not half ready yet, and then I have no dresses prepared, and there are so many other arrangements to make. But, there! I won’t tease you any longer,” she added with a slight blush, as she hid her face on my shoulder. “Name the day yourself; I am ready when you are ready.”

I kissed her gently, and suggested two months from that date, subject of course to her parents’ permission, from whom however, I did not expect much opposition.

I took a tender leave of my future bride, and outside met Mr. Munroe walking up and down the front of the house enjoying his pipe. I at once broached the subject to him and asked his consent to our arrangements.

“Very well, my lad, you know you have my full sanction all through. I am very sorry to lose the lass, but I must do that sometime I suppose. I know her mother is fond of you, and would agree to anything for the child’s happiness. Ma conscience!” he continued reflectively, with a slight shake in his voice, “it seems only yesterday since she was a child—well, well, time rolls on. You must visit Maoriland now and again, Douglas, for I cannot bear to lose sight of my lass altogether.”

“You will not Mr. Munroe, as I expect to return here after I have fixed things up a bit. Communication is much easier than formerly, and a visit from England is now accomplished with little difficulty. Good night, sir.”
Next morning Captain Snell informed me that Kiapo's band had been seen by the patrol during the night, who immediately gave chase but lost sight of them among the hills, where it was believed they were concealed in some of their caves. Zada's maid Hema, also said she had seen them two miles away, apparently, to judge by their movements, on the lookout for someone.

"I wish we could catch him, sir," I observed. "The friendly natives here are quite convinced that he is plotting some mischief."

"There is no doubt about that," he answered. "Two Maoris have just come in—Te Tangemoana and Te Rangewhenua—and they report that Kiapo is not far away. We have determined to send an expedition out without delay to hunt him down, and these two natives will accompany us—in fact they are very anxious to go. We will also take Ngahoia and Hoani as guides, who will also be invaluable in discovering to us some of the secret haunts of this wild band. Their services in these matters cannot be over-estimated. See that fifty men, besides those that I have already mentioned, are ready to-morrow by nine o'clock, and take provisions to last until the following day, if needful. Do not mind going to the Lieutenant for orders, I believe he is ill," added the Captain with a smile.

I then arranged with Captain Snell about my discharge in a few weeks, and he expressed his sorrow at losing my services.
CHAPTER LVI.

A Fatal Shot.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you," said the Captain returning, "that Captain Wilson has requested me to allow you off duty this afternoon, as he wants your company at his quarters. Miss Munroe will probably think this an encroachment on her privileges, but under the circumstances she ought to excuse you. I am delighted to hear of your approaching marriage, and I am sure you will be given a very good send off. Before going round to see Wilson give Andrews orders for the afternoon, and send word to the natives about the expedition to-morrow, and also see that the men are all armed."

On my way to Captain Wilson's quarters, I met Doctor Gill, going home. After our first greeting was over he laughingly referred to the fun of the previous evening, and said that the way Jessie had led Dr. Preston on was too bad.

"Did you ever come across such a tease? I quite regretted telling her of my assistant's weak point, for she took every advantage of his failing. Indeed I could not help pitying the poor fellow."

"But you will forgive her, I am sure, Doctor, as it was only pure fun on her part," I remarked with a smile.
“Of course I forgive her, Douglas; she does pretty well what she likes with everybody. But here we are at my sanctum. Come in and try my new imported cigars.”

Doctor Preston was standing at the door with a cigar in his mouth when we approached.

“Many patients yet Preston?” inquired Doctor Gill.

“No,” he answered, “there appears to be nothing else to do here but to kill time.”

“Well, said Doctor Gill laughing, “you'll find that good practice, this place has been getting disgustingly healthy lately.”

“It is said that doctors find it was rather hard to live even in Auckland, but evidently things are worse here,” remarked the young assistant as he knocked the ash off his cigar.

“Yes,” answered Doctor Gill with a smile, “I believe that if it were not for the casualties that we occasionally suffer in our skirmishes with the Maoris, there would be no necessity for us at all. This climate is exactly suited to a British constitution, with the additional advantage of being free from the fog and generally unhealthy surroundings of the towns of the old country.”

After smoking a cigar and conversing pleasantly, I took a hurried leave and wended my way to Captain Wilson’s quarters.

“Good day, Douglas,” he said, rising and shaking hands; “I was getting the blues, and wanted your company this afternoon, so I took the liberty of asking Captain Snell to let you off duty. Of course I know your time is pretty well taken up elsewhere, he added with a significant smile, “but I am sure she will not
mind your being with me for a little while. You are to be congratulated in making such a conquest, for Miss Munroe is a lady in every sense of the word, and held in the highest estimation by everybody in Wairarapa. Captain Snell has informed me of Mr. Lovelock's wild proposal, which so far as I can understand was more of a burlesque than anything else. The refusal that he received, however, he appears to take to heart very much, as he consumes whisky and water all day, neglects his duty, and vows all kinds of revenge on you. I hardly know whether it is disappointed pique that has driven him to such a condition, or whether he really possesses in that cold nature of his a spark of some genuine attachment for Miss Munroe. But come out for a walk in the forest, as there are many things I wish to speak to you about—nothing like the open air on a fine day."

We walked slowly through the township, and soon found ourselves in the forest at the back of Mr. Munroe's house. A thrill of fear went through me as I caught sight of Zada and her maid Hema standing under a tree watching our movements. Instinctively I felt that some impending danger was lurking near us, and the astonishment I might otherwise have felt vanished as I saw the two girls. I refrained from telling my companion of my fears, who was very silent and appeared to be thinking deeply. At length he said:—

"Douglas, old fellow, you know all about my first meeting with Zada, and the subsequent events that brought us nearer together. I have taken your advice, and during the last few weeks have treated her as only a valued friend. I called at the house when you were all away the other day, and spent a couple of delightful hours with her. I was astonished when her first shyness had worn off, at the knowledge she displayed on the subjects we conversed about, and the natural refinement of her
manner and her easy style of conversation. In fact Douglas, I have never met a truer or more nobleminded girl. Her’s is a nature deep and affectionate, and I am sure she would give her life freely for one that she loved. As for her beauty there can be no doubt about that. Do you agree with me, Douglas, from what you know of her?”

“I do, Captain Wilson,” I answered with sincerity. “She is indeed all that you say. I have before extolled her good qualities, and since she has been residing with Miss Munroe she has developed traits of character which has considerably increased the already high opinion I had formed of her. She is a companion and friend that any gentleman might be proud of.”

Captain Wilson’s eyes glistened, and he seized my hand warmly.

“Thank you, Douglas, old fellow. I value your opinion because you have had better opportunities of observing her. Well, to continue what I was saying:—When I bade Zada adieu after our long and happy interview, I left her more in love than ever, and I have now determined to ask her to be my wife. In her innocent way she betrayed by something in her manner that she cared for me, and I intend—”

There was a quick rustle in the underwood close by, and suddenly Zada sprang across the path with a wild scream. Throwing her arms quickly round Captain Wilson, she backed him swiftly against a tree, but too late. Almost at the same moment a rifle shot rang out with startling distinctness, and a white puff of smoke could be seen coming from the trees, followed by a piercing cry of pain from Zada as she sank to her knees, struck by the bullet intended for the Captain. Immediately after the shot half a dozen wild looking Maoris, their
faces distorted with demoniac glee, headed by a tall cruel looking chief, whom I at once recognised as Kiapo from his description, sprang upon the path and all levelled their rifles at Captain Wilson alone. Zada, though apparently mortally wounded, on catching sight of Kiapo, with a great effort rose to her feet, and pulling the carved rod from under her dress held it aloft, at the same time crying out in a voice which shook from the intense pain she was suffering:—"Kua mate ahu, Kiapo; kei te ora te pakeha (it is I that is shot, Kiapo; the pakeha lives)."

Had a bombshell been exploded in their midst it's effects could not have created greater consternation. They looked blankly at one another, and trembled visibly on seeing the symbol of authority which Zada still held in her hand. They turned angrily on their leader, who appeared dumbfounded at the turn events had taken, and muttered some words in a sharp undertone. Kiapo, however, appeared too agitated to hear them, but kept looking at Zada as if fascinated. Suddenly rousing himself he stepped forward and then hesitated, upon which he was seized by his companions and dragged off, when they presently disappeared among the trees in great haste.

"After they were gone Zada became insensible from loss of blood, and Captain Wilson was almost frantic with grief as he threw himself by her inanimate form lying at his feet.

"Oh, my darling! my darling!" he cried wildly, kissing her face and hands passionately; "you have saved my life at the cost of your own! My God! that it should come to this!" and here he gave way to a flood of tears.

Hema now appeared and threw herself on her knees beside her mistress, sobbing violently and murmuring:—"E noho e hine; e noho!"

‡ An expression used at parting.
"Run, Hena!" I cried as I found that Zada's heart was still feebly beating, "and tell Dr. Gill to come here quickly— you know where he lives."

The girl understood and vanished in a moment, while I did what I could to staunch the blood with my handkerchief and the sleeve of my shirt.
CHAPTER LVII.

DEATH OF NGAMILL.

In a few minutes several men arrived with Doctor Gill and his assistant, followed by the Ambulance men with a stretcher. Doctor Gill gravely and with tender care examined Zada's wound, but refrained from expressing an opinion until after further investigation. He ordered the men to place her on the stretcher gently, and take her to the hospital.

"Will the bandage I put on do for the present, Doctor?" I inquired.

Yes, you have succeeded in stopping the blood," he answered, "and I could do no more for the present."

Just as the melancholy procession was about to start, Mr. Munroe hurriedly arrived, and insisted on having the unfortunate girl brought to his house.

"Very well, Mr. Munroe," said Dr. Gill. "Preston," he added, turning to his assistant, "would you please go round to the surgery, and get the necessary instruments for taking out the ball, as quickly as possible?"

We soon arrived at Mr. Munroe's house, and Jessie's grief was pitiable when she saw the condition of the protegé. Zada
was carried to one of the bedrooms on the ground floor, as the Doctor would not allow her to be taken upstairs to her own room.

"I want everyone to leave the room now while I examine the patient," said the Doctor with a serious face, "but as I require an assistant, will somebody please go for the hospital nurse at once."

"Can I be of any assistance, Doctor?" inquired Jessie, who had been standing by, in a gentle tone.

"Yes, Miss Jessie, but are you sure your nerves are strong enough?"

"I believe I will be better than a stranger, Doctor. Please let me do all I can," she added—pleadingly, choking back her tears.

The Doctor and Jessie remained closeted in the room for some time. Doctor Preston presently arrived with a small parcel, and after gently knocking at the closed door, Doctor Gill opened it, and, taking the parcel, told him that he would call him if he were required. In a couple of minutes Jessie again opened the door and beckoned to me.

"Get me a large jug of hot water from the kitchen, Lance," she said in a suppressed whisper.

I hastened to do her bidding and soon returned with a steaming jug of water. We spent an anxious half hour, as no one cared to go away until they had heard Doctor Gill’s opinion of the nature of the wound. The news of the outrage had evidently become known throughout the township, as a large number of people were gathered to hear the latest particulars, outside Mr.
Munroe's house, not from mere idle curiosity, but out of genuine respect for Zada, who was respected and loved by everyone to whom she was generally known as the 'Maori Princess.' Hema had followed us from the forest, and now remained crouched at the door with a hard fixed look on her face.

Doctor Gill at last made his appearance, and seeing that we were on the point of asking him questions, he said gravely:—

' My friends, I am sorry to tell you that the poor girl is in a very low state indeed, and I am afraid—very much afraid—that she is past all human aid. I have taken the bullet out—here it is,' he said, showing us a rifle bullet.

Captain Wilson, who had covered his face with his hands, appeared too agitated to ask any questions, so I inquired:—

"Has she recovered her senses yet, Doctor?"

"Yes, but she is extremely weak. I have given her something that will keep up her strength for a bit, and——"

Here the door opened gently and Jessie signed to Doctor Gill. They conversed in a low tone, after which the Doctor called Captain Wilson aside. The latter got up slowly, and Jessie then led him into the sick room, where she left him, closing the door gently behind her as she came out.

Half an hour had passed before Captain Wilson, with a grief-stricken expression on his fine face, and his eyes red and swollen with recent weeping, emerged from the sick room. No one ever heard what transpired during that sacred interview, but it is safe to say that it was fraught with the most poignant grief to at least one of them. Mrs. Munroe came downstairs a little later and asked the doctor for permission to see his patient
which he allowed, but told her not to stay long. Doctor Gill returned home, but left his assistant to take note of any change, and to send for him if necessary. Mr. Munroe kindly offered Captain Wilson a bed for the night, and also extended to me a similar invitation, which we both accepted.

A hospital nurse arrived during the evening by the Doctor's orders, and thus relieved Jessie, whom I persuaded to take a turn with me in the garden.

"How does Zada bear herself, Jessie?" I inquired.

"With the greatest resignation and thankfulness, Lance, as her misfortune has been the means of saving Captain Wilson's life. Her attachment to him must be very deep, as she told me she would give her life a hundred times over if possible, to save him from pain or injury."

"How did she bear the pain when the Doctor was extracting the ball?"

"The poor girl did not feel it, as the Doctor took it out while she was still unconscious."

"Does he entertain any hope of her recovery, Jessie?"

"I am afraid not. He told me she would not have lived so long but for your promptitude in staunching the blood. When I first heard the fatal shot, dad hurried out immediately to see what was wrong, but I little thought that that shot meant to me the loss of my dearest companion."

"Did Zada give you any particulars of how it all came about?"

"Yes," answered Jessie; "she told me that she has been in constant dread for some time of an attempt on Captain Wilson's
life, in consequence of Kiapo's threat. Her maid Hema has kept her well posted up in all his movements, and she was thus enabled to follow him wherever he went. To-day she intended to ask the Captain not to walk in the forest, but was afraid of being ridiculed. She has always watched him from a distance, and this afternoon she was watching as usual when you and the Captain were going down the back track. They followed quietly among the trees, when they suddenly caught sight of several armed Maoris in the underwood watching a spot where you were going to pass. She hastily told Hema to stay where she was while she ran to give you and the Captain warning, making a slight detour to avoid the Maoris. She had just reached the side of the track when she saw Kiapo take aim at the Captain, and she then rushed out, receiving the bullet intended for him."

"Brave girl; this is the second time she has saved his life. The fever would have been as fatal as Kiapo's bullet but for her," I answered, deeply touched.

"And now, Lance, dear, I must go back, but I will see you again shortly," said Jessie, making her way into the house.

A long sad evening followed, Jessie at intervals reporting to us the condition of the patient. Mr. Travers, the Church of England clergyman, had arrived and prayed for nearly half an hour by Zada's bedside, and when he finally left the room he remarked, that for true Christian fortitude, he had never met a better example.

About eleven o'clock Dr. Preston hurried away to call Doctor Gill in consequence of something the hospital nurse had told him. When they returned Dr. Gill entered the sick room, but only remained for a few moments, and then came out looking very grave.
"I am afraid she is sinking rapidly, although her voice is stronger," he said quite calmly. "The poor girl knows that she is dying, and has asked to see her friends, and as it can do no harm now, you had better humour her."

"Very Well," said Mr. Munroe sorrowfully, "but don't say anything to the mistress," he continued, addressing one of the servants who was standing by; "she cannot bear it."

Captain Wilson, Mr. Munroe, and I, went into the bedroom, where we found Zada lying with the upper part of her body slightly raised. Directly she saw us a weak smile passed over her face. Jessie was kneeling by the bed with her face buried in the bedclothes, when Zada made a sign to Mr. Munroe, and he went forward and took her hand gently.

"Mr. Munroe," she said in a low faint voice, "I will soon be no more; I feel it; I want to thank you and all your dear family for what you have done for me. Do not let poor Hema run wild—look after her for my sake. *E noho koto u katoa*," she added in husky tones raising her hand.

Mr. Munroe turned away to conceal his emotion.

"Jessie dear," she continued, putting her hand on Jessie's head. "God bless you; may you be happy with your choice. Think of your poor Maori sister sometimes—darling, don't cry so. Look up and kiss me."

Jessie was sobbing bitterly, but at this last request she almost completely broke down.

"Mr. Douglas, you, too, have been a good friend to me, and you must not think me ungrateful for all your kindness. Watch

* An expressive greeting of farewell.
over him for my sake," she added earnestly, taking my hand and glancing at Captain Wilson, who stood with his hands pressed tightly over his face, while his whole frame shook with suppressed emotion. She remained for a moment looking at him intently, and a slight tremor seemed to pass over her as she withdrew her gaze.

"Mr. Wilson," she said with a painful gasp, extending her hand to him, "Harold, dear, do not fret for me, I am happy—it was your life or mine—your's is of more value. Zada loves you; kiss me dear for the—last time."

Captain Wilson, who was making fruitless efforts to restrain his tears, bent down and kissed her lips passionately. A happy smile lit up her face and continued there, when Doctor Gill, who was standing at the foot of the bed, hurriedly came forward and bent over his patient.

"It is all over now," he said in an awed whisper, while he reverently bowed his head. "She suffered no pain during her last moments, and has passed peacefully away."

"Oh sweetest flower, no sooner known than blasted,
Soft silken primrose fading timelessly."
CHAPTER LVIII.

AFTER THE MURDERERS.

NEED not describe the grief of all who had known Zada on hearing of her untimely end, and the mourning throughout the township. Next morning a hundred men had volunteered to assist in hunting down Kiapo and his band. Taipun, who was deeply affected by the tragedy, swore to avenge Zada's death, and suggested many plans to Captain Snell, and it was by his advice that Te Tangemorana and Te Rangewhenua were sent out at once to track the murderers, commencing from the scene of the murder, and arrangements were made for the trackers to communicate with Captain Snell in different places when they had any news. Hoani and Ngahoaia were to act as guides for our men, who were to leave a little later. Zada's funeral was to take place at four in the afternoon of the following day, and we all hoped that ere she was laid in the tomb Kaipo would be a prisoner in our hands. The civilians were organized as quickly as possible, and sent out in different directions. Our men, including Captain Wilson—although he was on sick leave, could not rest inactive—soon followed. After searching about for some time, Te Rangewhenua suddenly made his appearance running from a clump of supple jacks. When he had recovered his breath he informed Captain Snell that he had
tracked Kiapō and some of his band to a narrow cave in a mountain about a mile off. The cave had two openings, one on each side of the mountain, so that the greatest caution would have to be observed in approaching it. Just then Te Tangemoana came up and reported that he also had tracked the Maoris to the same cave, but from a different direction.

"Mr. Lovelock," said Captain Snell, turning to the Lieutenant, "you will please take twenty-five men and go to one end of the cave; Te Tangemoana will lead you. We will go to the other with Te Rangewhenua as our guide, and I daresay a way will be found to drive these scoundrels out. Shoot the wretches down as opportunity offers. An example must be made this time if possible."

"If you have no objection Captain Snell, I will go with the Lieutenant, as he is almost a stranger to the forest here, and I may be able to give him some assistance," said Captain Wilson.

"Vewy glad of your company I'm shaw," said the Lieutenant with a bow.

"Very well, gentlemen, that is settled," answered Captain Snell, "so we will part company at once. Be careful Te Tangemoana," he continued, "a great deal depends on you."

"I'll be careful sir. Kiapō very bad Maori, and deserves to have pakeha soldiers kill him," answered the guide in a hard voice.

"How long will it take our two parties to reach the cave?" inquired Captain Snell.

"A little over an hour, sir," answered the guide. "Lieutenant Lovelock's men will get there first if we go to the end on the
right hand side; but your road is very rough in some places; Te Rangewhenua knows it well."

"What do you think of the proposals, Wilson?" asked Captain Snell, offering his flask to the Captain.

"I think both parties ought to be in position before the enemy becomes aware of our presence," was the decisive reply.

"Yes, that would be the better plan," said Captain Snell, "I think," said he turning to Lovelock, "we ought to be certain that our parties are in position before operations are commenced, so we will say an hour and a half from this time. Whoever arrives at the cave first will lie in ambush until that time expires, unless something unforeseen occurs. Proceed with caution and make as little noise as possible."

Our parties then separated, and we soon found that we had some very rough climbing to do before we could reach our destination—over deep chasms, on trunks of trees, and round huge boulders, which had been hurled there from some volcanic centre. Although our march was hurried, I could not help admiring the beautiful variety of flowers which grew everywhere among the rocks where it was possible for anything to grow. The poisonous wharangi filled the air with its deadly perfume, while great flocks of gaily plumaged birds made the place lively with their vocal music.

As we were making our way through a ravine, I caught sight of a Maori woman, and though it was only for a moment I

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1 The wharangi is a plant of the creeper species, growing in the forests and swamps which at certain periods of the year blossoms into flower, from which the wild bee extracts a poisonous juice. This is conveyed to the general hive, the honey of which is fatal to those who eat of it. Numbers of Maories have in this way met their death, and the feeling that is produced on the victim is similar to that of a snakebite. The native remedy in the early stages of the poison is to cause the patient in water, failing which old rags, or such like, is burnt under the nose, so as to cause vomiting. The plant, fortunately, is not common, and is only found in certain parts of New Zealand.
felt sure that it was Hema from a certain peculiarity in her walk. When I mentioned the circumstance to Captain Snell, he said that I must have been mistaken.

"I called at Mr. Munroe's house early this morning," he continued, "and I saw the Maori maid Hema crouched at the bedroom door of her dead mistress. Miss Jessie told me that they could not move her, so that I hardly think it is her."

"It does appear somewhat strange Captain," I answered, "but for all that I am certain that I was not deceived."

At length we came to a mountain standing by itself, from which Te Rangewhenua pointed out the entrance of the cave almost concealed by creepers. As the time we had agreed on with Lieutenant Lovelock had expired, Captain Snell led us to it without delay. We were soon drawn up in front, and the guide pointed out the marks of footprints leading into it.

"Do you think it advisable to attack them at once, Te Rangewhenua?" asked the Captain.

Not yet, Rangatira," he answered, "every one of your men would be shot down from the inside. I think it would be best to drive them out."

"How can we manage that, my man, unless we go in?" said the Captain, glancing quickly at the guide.

Te Rangewhenua looked about for a moment and picked up a small feather. Holding it up at the entrance of the cave he let it go, when it floated into the darkness beyond showing that there was a strong draught of air from our side.

"We can smoke them out Captain," said our guide with a grin. "They won't come this way, but will all make for the other end, when they will be intercepted by our other party."
“Very good idea indeed,” said Captain Snell, grimly. “Sergeant, take half a dozen men and light a good fire at the entrance, and block it up completely. Hoani and Ngahoaia, you know the best kind of wood to make a good smoke; look sharp lads.”

We soon had a good fire blazing, and the men found a quantity of green timber and leaves with which they replenished it. As the draught inwards was very strong, all the smoke drifted into the cave.

“I think we may as well get round to the other side before the Maoris come out, Douglas,” said the Captain, “as it is no use stopping here. Connor will see that the fire is kept up, and Ngahoaia and a couple of others can help him. I do not think Kiapo and his crew will attempt to come out this way, so that the rest of the men can join us, as they will be of more use with Lovelock than remaining inactive here. Keep a sharp look out, Connor, and if anything unforeseen happens despatch Ngahoaia for assistance.”

We started immediately for the other side, but were much hampered by the unevenness of the track and ruggedness of the country, which interfered considerably with anything like quick progress. After about half-an-hour’s hard work, we came upon Lieutenant Lovelock, with his men drawn up at the mouth of the cave, from which a dense volume of smoke—almost blinding in its intensity—was issuing.
CHAPTER LIX.

LIEUTENANT LOVELOCK IS KILLED IN A SKIRMISH.

CAPTAIN SNELL asked the Lieutenant if anything had been seen of the natives, and he answered in the negative.

"So you have decided to smoke them out, Snell?" said Captain Wilson.

"Yes, what do you think of it?"

"Very good plan, he answered. They will not be able to stand it much longer, unless it be that they are already suffocated."

We waited patiently for further developments, the smoke meanwhile causing us great inconvenience, as it not only obscured the outlet, but also incommoded the men in their actions. A few minutes later we were suddenly aroused by one of our men who was posted near the cave shouting out, "here they come!" We looked towards the cave and saw the Maoris darting about in the smoke, but before we had time to do anything they had fired a volley into us, killing and wounding several of our men. We quickly recovered and immediately returned their fire with interest, and as they were grouped in a
bunch near the mouth of the cave, our shot had a deadly effect. We saw several of them fall, and another well directed shot completed their rout.

"Lovelock is killed," said Captain Wilson to me as he hurried past to inform Captain Snell.

"I proceeded to the spot where I had last seen the Lieutenant giving orders, and found him lying on his back quite dead. A tupara ball, judging from the size of the hole, had struck him on the temple, and he had apparently been killed instantaneously. Orders were given to place the dead side by side, and the wounded were attended to as well as possible until the arrival of the doctor. In a few minutes several parties of the civilian patrols made their appearance, attracted by the noise of the firing, and later on Hoani and the others arrived, who reported having seen Zada's maid Hema, standing on a rock watching them, but who disappeared mysteriously on their approach. A number of our men with great difficulty, owing to the smoke, which still came out of the cave in great volumes, collected the dead bodies of the Maoris, and they were soon ranged alongside of their European victims. The list of casualties were very severe, considering that only three volleys in all had been fired, and consisted of the following:—Europeans, six killed and three wounded; Maoris, eight killed and two wounded. The men were greatly enraged to find that Kiapo had escaped, and displayed great impatience to continue their pursuit of him. One of the wounded natives when asked by Captain Wilson where his chief was, replied:

"Kiapo shot one of your rangatiras with my tupara, and then ran away in the smoke. You will never kill him; a great tehunga told him that a woman would bring him trouble, and that a woman only could take his life."
Captain Wilson endeavoured to extract some more information but without avail, the Maori had already commenced singing his tangi, and was quite oblivious of his surroundings. The dirge became fainter and fainter until it finally ceased with his last breath.

Hoani suggested that stretchers ought to be made for carrying our dead and wounded back to Wairauara, as the doctor might be delayed on account of the rough country. There were plenty of men to act as bearers, and Captain Snell gave orders to that effect at once.

Our Maori guides proved how clever they were in making temporary litters, for in a very short time they had succeeded in constructing, out of some saplings and branches, with the aid only of an axe and some flax, some fine serviceable stretchers, which would have taken our own men double the length of time to have put together. The bodies of the dead Maoris were covered over with branches, as we intended to send a party to bury them the next day.

We started on our march home as soon as possible, the bearers experiencing great difficulty in climbing the rocks with their burdens. To add to our discomfort a heavy thunderstorm came on, which drenched us to the skin, while the thunder roared among the hills with the most deafening vibrations, and the earth seemed to shake as from an earthquake. A large rock had somehow got loosened from the top of a hill under which we were passing, and nearly crushed several of our men as it came rolling down in its headlong career. Hoani, who had been casting anxious glances upwards saw it coming and called out: "the rock! look out!" his warning being almost too late, as the men had just time to get out of the way when the huge mass came down with a tremendous crash. Insignificant streams hardly
knee-deep had become wild and foaming torrents, and we experienced great danger in crossing them, owing to the rush of the waters. An accident occurred while we were crossing one of these streams which might have been attended with more serious results. Owing to the strong current, which rolled large stones like cannon balls against their legs, two of the bearers lost their balance after a vain attempt to steady themselves, the consequence being that the stretcher which they were carrying, with its dead occupant, was pitched into the seething waters and soon whirled out of sight. The bearers after much scrambling and splashing eventually secured a safe footing, but not before one of them had received an ugly wound in the head from a fallen tree. The weather cleared up as we approached Wairara, and a beautiful full moon cheered us as our sad procession marched into the township. Great disappointment was expressed on all sides when it became known that Kiapo had escaped, and many of the civilians were for instantly starting out in pursuit of him.

"Look here, lads," said an old miner named Kemp, "I have made a vow to take Kiapo dead or alive before Miss Zada is buried, and by Heavens! I mean to keep it!"

"Hear, hear, Kemp! We'll back you up," answered several others.

"The Doctor came out to meet us on our arrival and said that the storm had prevented him from seeing us earlier. He at once took the wounded in hand, and after a very careful examination, said that he thought none of their injuries would prove fatal.

I had hoped to pay Jessie a short visit, as I knew she was anxious to hear the result of our expedition, but I was too busy to do so. Just before ten o'clock however, I was glad to see her father walk into the barracks.
"Well, Douglas," he said, shaking me warmly by the hand, "so you have had some rough experiences to-day, I hear? Your officers have given me a full account of your brush with that bloodthirsty villain, Kiapo, and his band, but I thought I would just look you up before I returned home. Jessie has been extremely anxious all day, picturing all sorts of disasters, so I suppose I must bring her news of you in particular. Escaped without a scratch, eh?"

"Yes, Mr. Munroe, without a scratch. The danger from Kiapo's rifles was not great as compared to the rough experiences of our homeward journey. The carrying of our dead and wounded was made the more difficult and dangerous owing to the rough country, and to the fact that we were overtaken by a heavy thunderstorm."

"So Captain Snell was telling me. Fortunately the man who tumbled out of the stretcher had no life to lose. If it had been one of the wounded, the sudden immersion in the water would have about finished him off. I was sorry to hear about Lovelock's death, and the way in which he was killed convinces me that beneath that careless and affected exterior beat the heart of a soldier."

I told Mr. Munroe about Hema's mysterious movements, and how I had seen her on two or three occasions in the most unexpected places. She seemed to be dogging us as it were, though I had been ridiculed by some of the men, who said that I must have been mistaken.

"Very likely, you are right," said the old gentleman. "Shortly after you left, Hema got up from her crouching position at the foot of Zada's bed, kissed her dead mistress's hand and then rushed into the forest in great haste. Since then no one has
seen her, and my belief is that she has gone back to her old
haunts. By the way," he continued, "we will have a large
funeral to-morrow—Zada, Lovelock, and the soldiers. Poor Zada
and Lovelock little thought that they would be buried on the
same day, but as the Maoris say 'tala hoki koa te aha.'"

"How is Jessie taking the death of her friend, sir?" I
inquired.

"Pretty well, but of course the lass feels it keenly. She
loved Zada li'ie a sister. And now, my boy, it is time to go
home," said he, rising from his chair. "Let us see you before
the funeral if you can. Good night, lad," and the kind old
gentleman disappeared in the darkness.

Several small parties were organized during the night, and
went out early next morning to scour the country in search of
Kiapo, intending to return in time for the funeral.

As soon as my duties allowed me, I went to Mr. Munroe's
and found Jessie watching by the body of her friend. She looked
careworn and tired, but greeted me with a faint smile as I pressed
her hand to my lips. In spite of entreaties by several of her
friends she would not relinquish her mournful post, and it was
only after a good deal of persuasion that she consented to leave
the room for a few moments to have some light lunch. That she
had greatly taken the death of her friend to heart was plainly
apparent, and all my efforts to comfort her could not take away
from her eyes that look which bespoke how intense was her grief.
I had never suspected how deep was the attachment that existed
between the two girls, and probably Jessie was unaware how dear
Zada was to her until Kiapo's bullet had awakened her to a truer
state of her feelings. It is so in all the walks of life. Vainly
grasping at wild shadows we pass unheeded the rough gems at our
very feet, the value of which is not realised until irretrievably
lost.
CHAPTER LX.

Retribution.

AFTER lunch I kept Jessie company in her sad vigil, and we sat in a nook by the window conversing in low tones. We must have been talking for nearly half an hour, when we were suddenly aroused by the door being opened stealthily, and I was astonished to see Hema glide into the room. She did not see us, but walked straight over to Zada's bed, which was in the shadow, and could only be indistinctly seen owing to the window blind being drawn. Jessie put her hand on my arm as a sign to remain silent, and we breathlessly watched the next proceeding. After kissing her dead mistress on the face and hands, Hema then took a parcel very carefully from under her cloak, and put it on the bed, so that the hand of her mistress would rest on it. She then commenced to sing a *tangi* in a slow monotonous tone, which was peculiarly mournful, and had a very dispiriting effect on Jessie, who leant her face on my shoulder and wept silently. At length Hema finished her song of lamentation, and after kissing her mistress again, she got up and looked at the body for a minute in an attitude of inexpressible grief. Suddenly she seized the parcel and gave it a violent blow with her clenched hand; at the same time murmuring some words which I could not catch. Quickly resuming her habitual manner, after casting one more
last look on her mistress, she hurriedly left the room. We were both so astonished at the strange proceedings, that for a moment we could not speak, until at last Jessie said, while clinging to my hand:

"Lance dear, what can all this strange conduct mean? Why did Hema strike that blow? Surely she could not have intended it for Zada."

"No, I think not," I answered, though I was still bewildered, "but stay where you are dear, and I will see what the parcel contains."

I groped over to the bed and saw that the hand of the corpse was resting on something dark, which in leaning forward I must have displaced, as it fell to the floor with a dull thud. Jessie had crept to my side, before I was even aware of her presence she had pierced the room with a loud scream, which instantly brought Mr. Munroe, Dr. Preston, and the servants into the room in a great state of alarm.

"What is the matter lass," cried Mr. Munroe soothingly, as he took her hand.

"Look! look at that thing!" said Jessie, pointing excitedly to a round dark object on the carpet, with a look of horror on her face.

Doctor Preston pulled up the blind, and a ray of sunlight revealed to us the appalling spectacle of a human head, all bloody in its gore, lying on the floor in the middle of the room.

Mr. Munroe crossed over and put his arm round his daughter's waist.

"Come to your room for a while my dear," he said tenderly; "this sight is too much for you. The presence of that ghastly
head here requires an explanation, and I will see you directly
with further particulars. I will be back in a minute gentleman," he added, as he led his daughter from the room.

I made a sign for the servants to retire, and we gazed in silence at the head until Mr. Munroe’s return.

“Now, Douglas,” he said, turning to me, “how came this thing here? You must know something about it.”

I then related as clearly as I could how we had seen Hema come into the room with a parcel concealed under her cloak, and of her subsequent tangi over Zada’s body, concluding with her hurried departure after first violently striking the head with her hand.

“Ah,” returned the old gentleman thoughtfully, “that must account for her strange behaviour, which I noticed from a window upstairs. I saw her with a parcel, but little thought of its horrible contents. And now, my lad, can you tell me who was the owner of this?”

Dr. Preston lifted the head off the floor by its short black hair, but I had no need to examine it, as I was already perfectly certain to whom it once belonged.

“I have every reason to believe that it is Kiapo’s, sir,” I answered.

“Ha!” said Mr. Munroe with a sudden start, “are you quite sure of that? I also thought that it was Kiapo’s, but was afraid I was mistaken. So that poor, harmless, and inoffensive creature has taken upon herself the task of avenging her poor mistress’s death! She has succeeded where over a hundred able bodied men have signally failed, and how she accomplished the deed I cannot for the life of me imagine.”
“She probably watched her opportunity after the fight and followed him, taking his life when he was perhaps wounded or asleep,” remarked Dr. Preston.

“You have have no doubt that it is really Kiapo's head, Douglas,” again repeated Mr. Munroe.

“Not the slightest,” I answered; but there are many others who will identify it also. Te Tangemoana is at the barracks, and as I must now be returning I will send him to you. He will put the matter beyond dispute, and in the interval I would advise you to get the thing out of here at once, otherwise you will be subjected to a good deal of annoyance by the curious and inquisitive folk of the township.

“Oh, dear me!” answered the old gentleman, holding up his hands; “I don't want this horrible thing here longer than I can help.”

Dr. Preston picked up the head, and after examining it critically, declared that it had been severed by some very sharp instrument, and that not more than six hours had elapsed since death had taken place.

I sent Te Tangemoana to Mr. Munroe's house as promised, and he soon afterwards returned with Kiapo's head in a bag, which Mr. Munroe had refused any longer to keep in the house. A large party of civilians who had been out since morning met Te Tangemoana, who proudly showed them his ghastly trophy, at sight of which there was great cheering, the noise and excitement attracting a large crowd, who escorted him in triumph to the barracks.

Captain Snell ordered the head to be placed in full view of the crowd outside, as many of them had never seen Kiapo, and
the cheering was deafening when it became generally known that
the murderer of Zada had met with his just reward. Doctor
Gill received permission from Captain Snell to preserve the head,
and he instantly hurried away with his prize to soak in spirits,
after which he intended to "mummify" it as he facetiously
expressed it. In the afternoon Zada's remains were conveyed to
their last resting place, followed by an enormous crowd, including
a detachment under Captain Snell's personal supervision.
Captain Wilson and Mr. Munroe attended as chief mourners, the
former being very pale and outwardly calm, though traces of
recent grief made his face look haggard in the bright sunlight.
As the body was being lowered into the grave my attention was
drawn to a figure some distance away standing on a hill, which
after a long scrutiny, I recognised as the Maori girl Hema, who
was intently watching us. She was apparently quite unmoved,
and after a few minutes she disappeared in a thick clump of
ti-tree scrub. This was the last time I was destined to see
Hema alive, and though I subsequently made every effort to find
her all my inquiries were fruitless. After returning to barracks,
I had just made up my mind to go around to Mr. Munroe's, when
Andrews suddenly burst into the room with the information that
Captain Snell wished to see me at once.

"Hurry up, Sergeant," he said, a little excitedly. "A
messenger has just come from Auckland with despatches, and the
Captain seems mighty pleased about something. I hope he has
got some good news for you.

"Thank you, Andrews," I answered indifferently, "but I
don't think he can have much of importance for me."

"Sit down, Douglas," said the Captain affably, after I had
entered and saluted. "I have just received some news which I
am sure will interest you. A messenger has arrived with despatches from headquarters, and I am instructed to inform you that in consideration of your services, the Government wish you to accept a Commission of Lieutenant with six month's leave of absence—on account of your marriage probably. At the end of six months you can resign if so disposed, or get a further extension of leave, whichever suits best with your arrangements."

"I am extremely grateful for this recognition of my poor services, and to you I must express my warmest thanks, Captain Snell. I am sure you have been chiefly instrumental in obtaining such a reward for me."

"Well, Douglas," he answered smilingly, "I certainly did my best, but you have also other friends at headquarters who take an interest in you. I am extremely gratified at your promotion, and in offering my congratulations I must add that you have richly deserved it. The messenger returns at once with your reply, and your commission will arrive in about fourteen days. The despatch also stated that Mr. Lovelock was recalled to Auckland on important business matters, but that of course is now too late. And now, Douglas, you will excuse me, as I must get on with my report. Very likely you have other friends who are anxious to hear of your advancement, and in the meantime Andrews can do duty for the remainder of the day."

I thanked Captain Snell again, and with a light heart withdrew. Andrews was walking about outside, and directly he saw me he came running up, his face beaming with smiles.

"Hooray! I can tell by your face that you have heard somethin' that has pleased you," he said, grasping my hand warmly. "What is it?"
"Yes, I have heard some good news indeed Andrews, and you must congratulate me on my good fortune," I answered. "Come to the barracks and I will tell you all about it, I continued, drawing his arm through mine, as we sauntered leisurely back.

Andrew's joy was unbounded when I told him that I was shortly to receive a commission, but his face fell and he became suddenly silent when I told him that I was leaving for England immediately after my marriage.

"What is it, Andrews?" I inquired.

"I was thinkin', Lootenant—Sargeant—Major, sir. Oh, darn it, I'm a fool!" he said, drawing his sleeve across his eyes; "I was thinkin' of how I will get on here when you are gone. Take me with you, Sargeant; make me your servant or Jaculorum, or factulum—I forget what the word is. I will act as your chambermaid, or anything—only take me with you. Never mind any wages; so long as I'm near you not a darned critter will harm you; they must walk over me first. We have been a long time together now, Sargeant, and if you——" Here the poor fellow broke down and could not proceed any further.

I felt greatly affected at the faithfulness of my old comrade, and determined without a moment's hesitation that he should go with me. Thrown together by the varying fortune of circumstances, companions in many a hair-breadth escape from the Maoris, and bound by those inexplicable ties of the soldier, cemented by dangers shared and difficulties overcome, I felt for him a friendship which not even the social distinctions of class could violate. Human nature is much the same all the world over. The instincts of a man is born with him; birth and education can only direct and polish, but cannot divert from its
true course or effectually smother them. The worthy scion of
some noble house suddenly finds himself adrift in the world to
battle with as he best may. He enlists and is sent to some
foreign land. He cannot resist those impulses of nature which
bind him to the private who fights bravely by his side, nor can
he in spite of his lofty connections and aristocratic breeding,
completely thrust aside the pure friendship of the common
soldier. His heart instinctively goes out to a brave man, be he
commoner or peer, and thus he finds himself on the same level
as his rough-hearted comrades. Many of the younger sons of
good English families took part in the New Zealand war, com-
elled by circumstances to seek their fortune in a new land and
carve out for themselves a future which had little prospect of
fulfilment in their own country. But despite all their adversities
and successes, they were eventually found like those lines in
Longfellow’s “Seaweed”:

Ever drifting, drifting, drifting
On the shifting
Currents of the restless main;
Till in sheltered coves and reaches
Of sandy beaches,
All have found repose again.

“Andrews, old fellow,” I said with some little emotion as I
laid my hand on his shoulder, “we will not part if I can help it.
I am not a poor man now, and you can travel with me as my
valet de chambre and factotum all in one. Miss Munroe thinks
highly of you, and I am certain she will be glad to hear that you
are going with us. As regards your discharge I will make all the
necessary arrangements at once, so that you need not anticipate
any difficulty on that point. Are you satisfied now?” I added,
taking his hand.
“Thank you, Sargeant, I was never so happy in my life. Hooray!” he shouted, tossing his forage cap up to the ceiling. “I don’t know the meaning of them hard words about ‘valley’ something or other, but I’ll try and deserve your goodness to me.”

“Very well, Andrews, that is settled, and now you are to take over my duties for the remainder of the day, as I’m going to Mr. Munroe’s.”

“Don’t forget to tell the young lady of the latest addition to your family, sir,” he called out as I was closing the door.

“No, I will not forget, Andrews,” I answered laughing
CHAPTER LXI.

I GET MY COMMISSION.

Mrs. Munroe was in the front garden when I arrived, and I was surprised to find that she already knew of my promotion. Jessie and her father came out while she was congratulating me.

"Well Douglas, my lad," said the genial old gentlemen kindly, "good news travel fast as well as bad news, and we have already heard that you are getting your commission. Jessie does not care about your soldiering, but to retire after getting a commission is better than without one. Come Annie," said Mr. Munroe, turning to his wife, "leave the young people to discuss their plans, as I daresay they have much to say. I remember we didn't care about a third party when we were arranging matters. Oh, I forgot," he added, "have you heard anything about Hema, Douglas? No one has seen her since that ghastly head business."

"Yes, Mr. Munroe," I answered, "I saw her at Zada's funeral, but she disappeared when she saw that she was observed. I will, however, instruct the men to keep a sharp lookout for her when they are on patrol."
"Thanks; I must make arrangements so that she wants for nothing, if only for Zada's sake. The poor creature, I suppose, acted according to the old law. 'An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth,' and we certainly do owe her something for wiping out that villain, Kiapo."

Nothing of importance occurred after that as regards the rebels. Te Pehi, ever warlike and implacable, refused to surrender and was compelled to withdraw from our district, but a large number of the fighting tribes tendered their submission to the government. Taipua and several of his friends received a grant of land near Wairuara from the authorities, and commenced to cultivate it. A sum of money was subscribed to purchase implements, horses, pigs, &c., so that they were afforded every chance of success, and appeared delighted with their prospects. Te Tangemoana, Hoani, Ngahoaia, and Te Range-whenua also formed a company and commenced operations. I received my commission in due course, and a dinner was given by Mr. Munroe to celebrate the event.

Hema never returned to Mr. Munroe's, and the search for her was eventually discontinued. Some months later her remains were found on Zada's grave frightfully emaciated. The poor creature had apparently starved herself in the forest, and finding that life was fast ebbing she had dragged herself to the grave of her dead mistress. Jessie and I frequently visited Zada's grave, which we kept well replenished with flowers.

"I am sure poor Zada, or Ngamihi, as Hema always called her, would appreciate our offering if she could only see us us," said Jessie thoughtfully one day, when we had delayed longer than usual. She often told me 'that flowers were the Great Spirit's jewels.' Do you not think there is a great unreality
about death, Lance? Sometimes I seem to feel that she is near us in the spirit when we are here. Do you know the lines:

"Yet can I not persuade me that thou art dead,
Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed,
Hid from the world in low-dveled tomb?"

A beautiful marble tomb marks Zada's resting place. Mr. Munroe, Doctor Gill, and several others, including many of the influential residents of Wairuara, who had somehow felt under some obligation to Zada ever since her timely warning of her father's attack on the township, wished to subscribe towards a suitable monument, but Captain Wilson insisted on bearing the expense himself. He bore his sorrow well, but resigned his commission when the tomb was completed, and a few days later he bade us farewell, and started en route for England. The day of my marriage drew near, and Mr. Munroe expressed a wish to send for Bishop——of Auckland, to perform the ceremony, but I persuaded him to engage our local clergyman, who was a great favourite of Mrs. Munroe's. After the ceremony it was our intention to start for Auckland, and thence take passage from the Manukau harbour in a sailing craft to Hokitika, where I had promised to visit some friends. The sea coast to this port is grand and rugged in the extreme, and for a distance of two or three miles out to sea the white foam of the heavy Pacific breakers can be seen with great distinctness as they dash with thunderous roar against the hard jagged rocks. The tall cliffs, penetrated here and there with hidden caves, in whose inky and silent darkness it is said are concealed the bones of the great takahungus of the country, mixed with the greenstones and ornaments which it was customary to deposit with them, rise precipitously out of the water with startling abruptness hundreds of feet in the air, surmounted by magnificent forest,
while in the far back-ground on some of the mountains gleamed the white glint of eternal snow. Jessie was quite enthusiastic in picturing the scenery, though she did not half like the idea of making the voyage in a sailing vessel. From Hokitika we intended to take steam to Melbourne, and after a week or two there resume our journey to England.

Andrews received his discharge in due course, but with it came a change over him for which I was little prepared. All his old comrade style had departed, and he now treated me with the greatest deference and respect. His stiff military salute whenever I gave him some trifling order, and the alacrity with which he obeyed my slightest wish, caused me as much embarrassment as it did amusement to my friends. I secured furnished lodgings near Mr. Munroe's, where we were temporarily established, and Andrews proved of great assistance to me in many ways. Jessie was greatly pleased that I had obtained his services, and the faithful fellow was never tired of proving how grateful he was for the little I had done for him.

Some few evenings before the date of my marriage I was sitting with Mr. Munroe and Doctor Gill before a roaring fire in the former's house. We had been talking about different things when the subject of strange signatures cropped up, in which the Doctor showed an unwonted amount of interest. After a remark made by Mr. Munroe about the illegibility of the signatures of some of the greatest men of their time, Dr. Gill observed:—

“A friend of mine showed me the Earl of———signature, and no one but those acquainted with the name could possibly decipher it. It was simply a scrawl, no attempt whatever being made to form even a letter.”
"Oh, there is nothing uncommon about that," I remarked. "I have a box in my portmanteau containing some very valuable papers, one of which bears the genuine signature of George the Third, which would be hard to beat anywhere."

"Indeed," said the Doctor with interest, as he stopped smoking. "Have you any others?"

"Yes; I have also the signatures of George the Fourth when he was Prince Regent, the Earl of Panmure, the Earl of Sidmouth, Queen Victoria, and several others."

"By Jove, Douglas, I would not have thought that you were the owner of such valuable documents," said Mr. Munroe. "I would like very much to see them; but you surely don't mean to say that they are all illegible?" he continued with some animation.

"Oh, no," I answered laughing. "George the Fourth wrote in large schoolboy fashion, while the Earls of Panmure and Sidmouth also wrote well. There is not the slightest difficulty in deciphering their writing.

"Look here," said the Doctor after musing for some time, "send for the box like a good fellow, I have always had a fondness for anything of this kind, and have seen the signature of most celebrities, but I have never yet met with George the Fourth's or his successor. Is it too much trouble to ask you to send for them?"

"Not at all," I answered, glad to satisfy the Doctor's curiosity, "I will despatch a messenger for them at once."
"Pat, the gardener, received full instructions where to find the box, and after a short absence returned with it under his arm. I found everything in good order, and spread the papers out on the table for examination, both Dr. Gill and Mr. Munroe displaying great interest in the musty and yellow-coloured parchments. A fac-simile of George the Third's signature (the original of which is on family papers in the author's possession) appears opposite, which may not be uninteresting to the general reader.*
Fac-simile of the Original Signature of

GEORGE THE THIRD, A.D. 1810.
CHAPTER LXII.

Conclusion.

THE morning of my marriage at length arrived. Jessie's friend's gave her a large number of presents, both useful and ornamental. The ceremony took place at eleven o'clock, and the school children strewed the path with flowers as we walked through their ranks. Jessie had four bridesmaids, and Captain Snell acted as 'best man.' A large number of people greeted us with cheers as we drove back to Mr. Munroe's house previous to an immediate start for Auckland.

In a short time the coach arrived, accompanied by six armed men as escort. I need not dwell on our parting from old friends, suffice it to say that it was painful for both of us. I promised Jessie's parents to revisit Wairuara in twelve months, and that hope tempered their grief in a great measure. At the last moment, Taipua, Hoani, Te Tangemoana, and other Maori friends, presented me with a valuable collection of native weapons, nose rings of gold and greenstone, &c. As we waved our last adieu, our friends fired a volley of rice and old slippers. Some of the horses belonging to our escort did not appreciate it as they nearly threw their riders.
We arrived in Auckland without any mishap, and spent the next day in looking at the beautiful scenery about the harbour. The North Shore and Remuera seem to me to be the most charming of the half dozen suburbs around Auckland. The North shore is a very pleasant place to live in for anyone connected with the city, as it is only separated by about a mile of water. There are beautiful bathing places on the sandy shore, but unfortunately the place is infested with sharks.

Some short time before our visit, several boys, newly arrived from England, were bathing on the beach, and they were unaware of any danger. Suddenly a large shark pulled one of them under, and his companions were unable to render any assistance, as several other sharks made their appearance close to the place. Some hours after, portions of the unfortunate boy were found over a mile away.

Auckland is situated on the waters of the Hauraki harbour, which is completely protected by numerous islands. A little outside the harbour is the volcanic three-peaked island called Rangitoto, supposed by the Maoris to have been thrown there by one of the Great Spirits. About three miles at the back of the town stands Mount Eden, an extinct volcano about 900 feet high. The land about the mountain is tastefully laid out as a park, and is a favourite resort of the Aucklanders. The view on the top of the mountain is very grand, and well repays the labour of climbing it.

On the following morning we drove to Onehunga, where we embarked in the "Isabella" on route to Hokitika, which we expected to reach in about forty-eight hours.

Onehunga (pronounced O-ne-hunga) is a little village on the banks of the beautiful Manukau harbour. Green hills slope.
down to the water's edge, and reminds one of the Scotch lakes, as the portion leading to the sea is scarcely visible in some places.

The Manukau opens on the west coast and extends inland towards Auckland, leaving only a narrow strip of land between it and the waters of the Waitemata. Some time ago a syndicate proposed to make a canal across between the two waters, so as to allow ships to come stright through to Auckland from the west coast. As it is only a short distance I have no doubt it will be one of the works of the future.

The Waitemata is called a river, but that is a misnomer, as it is an arm of the Hauraki harbour.

When we were passing over the narrow bar, I pointed out to Jessie a number of low pointed rocks like shark's teeth, where the ill-fated man-o-war "Orpheus" was lost, and many brave men lost their lives where the water was churning itself into milk white foam. Although the wreck of H.M. Ship "Orpheus" took place over thirty-two years ago, it has ever had an indelible place in the memory of the public, owing to the tragic and peculiar circumstances surrounding the catastrophe—one in which 187 British seamen lost their lives out of a ship's company of 256 officers and men. The shipwreck will rank with the great naval disasters of the last half century, the only melancholy satisfaction left being that it brought out the best qualities of the British sailor; his devotion to duty, the excellence of discipline, and his determination to face and meet death as British seamen, officers and men, always will meet it when called upon to do so. One of the points connected with the wreck of the unfortunate ship which has always made a deep impression on the public mind, is that it occurred not only in open daylight,
but on a bright and brilliant day, with moderate wind and smooth water. The "Orpheus" was the finest and largest vessel that had ever been despatched to the New Zealand station, and had been transferred from the North American station to strengthen the Australian fleet, in view of the troubled relations with the natives in New Zealand, and the prospect of a racial struggle to maintain the sovereignty of the Queen. She had brought out a year's provisions for the fleet, and two new suits of sails for every vessel in the squadron.

The key to the disaster which befell the "Orpheus" was the fact that the Commodore was going by the sailing directions and chart of Captain Drury, of H.M.S. "Pandora," of 1853. It had been long known to nautical men that the channel laid down in Drury's chart of 1853 had shifted considerably, and that to steer strictly in accordance with the directions would ensure the destruction of any large vessel. Commodore Burnett and Sailing-master Strong were strangers to the Manukau harbour, and made the course by the admiralty chart on board. The information of the changes on the bar had been duly notified to the officer in command on the station, and by him transmitted to the Admiralty. On the 10th October, 1861, a notice was issued from the Hydrographic Office notifying that the outer south band had worked north three quarters of a point in the bearing from Paratutai, and that a part of the outer south bank had cleared away since 1853. This notice was received by the the war ships on the Australian and New Zealand stations in March of the following year, but by a strange fatality and misadventure on the part of Admiralty authorities, or otherwise, the "Orpheus," on leaving the North American station, was not furnished with the corrected chart. This is not corrected
The "Orpheus" was an unlucky ship from the outset, and ill fortune dogged her career to the end. She was put into commission on a Friday (which was quite enough to settle her according to the old superstition common to sailors); on her way to the North American station, with troops for Halifax, she nearly founded in a heavy gale in the Atlantic, and afterwards at St. John's, N.B., went ashore.

It was not known on the New Zealand Station that Commodore Burnett intended to visit the Manukau, there being no cable communication in those days, or frequent trips of vessels from Sydney. What his object was, will never be known, as his lips were sealed by death. He was a very active officer, a single man in the prime of life, being but 46 years of age, and a rigid disciplinarian. There were, it was understood, several cases for court martial, and he had a quartermaster of H.M.S. "Harrier," (then lying in the Manukau) named Butler, on board as a deserter, who was being brought on in the "Orpheus" to join his ship. It was conjectured that Commodore Burnett, as a new naval commanding officer on the station, thought it well to tighten up the bonds of discipline, and make a surprise visit, as the "Harrier," Captain O'Sullivan, was lying at Onehunga, and the "Miranda," Captain Jenkins, in Auckland Harbour, in case more attention was being devoted to amusements, sport, and the hospitalities of citizens than the interests of the service permitted.

It was at noon on Saturday, February 7, 1863, under a smiling sky, all sail set, full steam on, going eight knots an hour, that the "Orpheus" was lost in the attempt to enter the Manukan—a bar barbour. The ill-luck of the "Orpheus" pursued her. While the terrible loss of life was going on, in broad daylight, in full view of the pilot station, the H.M.S.
"Harrier" was lying at her mournings at the Bluff, ignorant of the occurrence, the colonial steamer "Avon" at the Onehunga wharf, and the "Moa," Admiralty tender, at the Bluff.

The following narrative will be of interest to many of my readers, as some of the survivors of the crew have settled in the Auckland Province:—

"The "Orpheus," 21 guns, carrying the pennant of Commodore William Farquharson Burnett, C.B., left Sydney on the previous Saturday, under canvas, and made the Manukau bar as above stated, on Saturday the 7th. On reaching the bar about 1 p.m., a gun was fired, it is stated, for a pilot; but the pilot, Captain Wing, was away on board the S.S. "Wonga Wonga," which had sailed at half-past twelve for the South, so everything conspired to accelerate the doom of the ill-fated ship. The signalman at the pilot station, Edward Wing, the son of Captain Wing, had signalled at 11 a.m., "take the bar;" at about 1 o'clock, "keep to the north;" and afterwards "keep the vessel more off-shore;" but none of the signals were acknowledged, answered or obeyed, apparently because those on board did not understand the code, or, as Butler, the deserter, subsequently explained, probably the signalling gear and flags had been washed overboard. The "Orpheus" touched astern at twenty minutes past 1 p.m., but it was of no consequence, and she went on for ten minutes into the breakers, and stuck fast on the western end of the Middle Bank, which had shifted fully three quarters of a mile since Captain Drury's Sailing Directions had been published. The signalman at the Manukau pilot station first saw the "Orpheus" at half past nine a.m., but imagined that it was a large vessel for the North skirting the bank, but when he saw that she was actually making an entrance across the bank he signalled the danger. The Commodore and
the sailing master were on the bridge with their charts, the leadsmen at his post, the crew at their duty, and the vessel going to her doom 'with the marks all on.'

Butler, the deserter, looking through the bow port of his quarters, noticed the discolouration of the water and the bearing of the channel, and saw that the vessel was going wrong. He told the master-at-arms, who brought him to the first Lieutenant, Mudge. He, it is stated, either thought the information of no importance, or as was rumoured at the time, said: "It was more than his commission was worth to say so to the Commodore, as he was in charge on the bridge and taking her in himself." The crew, however, urged Butler to go to sailing-master Strong, which he was loth to do, being only an A.B. He was in the act of pointing out the channel to the sailing-master and the Commodore with the chart in front of them, but too late, when the vessel struck and broached to, the sea soon making clean breaches over her.

Some of the guns were hove overboard, and a quantity of shot, but all to no purpose. Although the situation was now critical, and it was not then apprehended that the terrible calamity which overtook officers and men of the "Orpheus" would ensue. It was early in the afternoon, and the weather fine. There was the likelihood of a message being signalled or sent to the "Harrier" from the pilot station, and relief be sent. As long as the ship held together all would be well. None of these hopes were fulfilled, the explanation of which will appear later on. At the instant of the "Orpheus" broaching to, a man named Northover accidently fell overboard forward, and a life buoy was thrown to him, but he failed to reach it, and perished, the very life buoy being broken up by the rollers. The second cutter was stoved in on the davits. Then the first cutter in
charge of Midshipman Field was got out with the ship's papers, books, money, &c., but being lost sight of and fearing she had swamped, the pinnace was despatched by the Commodore in charge of the Lieutenant and Paymaster Amphlett, with instructions to pull to the pilot station for assistance, because the latter knew the place. Lieutenant Jeckyll was ordered to take the launch out, and endeavour to drop an anchor, but she was swamped, and the officer and all the crew (about 30) perished in sight of their comrades, save three who scrambled on board the ship again. It was now 5 p.m., the pinnace and cutter were out, the launch swamped, and nearly 40 men drowned. The guns had broken adrift, and maimed and killed several men, while to add to the horrors, John Day, captain of the foretop, met his death by hanging. When descending from the maintop to the foretop, the stay was carried away, and the coil caught him round the neck and strangled him. Owing to the freshening breeze and heavy sea, the rigging had to be manned, and permission was given to the men to save themselves by swimming.

Captain Renner of the "Wonga Wonga" had been watching the "Orpheus" through his glasses as he steamed out South, and took her for a vessel bound to Kaipara for spars. At last seeing her critical position, he signalled:—"Do you want any assistance," but got no reply. He went round to the South Spit, seeing the "Orpheus" tops crowded with men, but finding it impossible to reach her for the breakers, coming back by the south channel, and taking the pinnace and pilot boat in tow, went to the "Orpheus," as near as they could go with safety. Those who could reach the jibboom, and dropped into the sea, were picked up by the boats, for no boat could live within 30 yards of the ship. Nearly all who leaped from the foremast and mainmast were sucked in by the undertow of the rollers and
drowned, till at last the men refused to leave the masts. The officers were on the mizzenmast with the Commodore, and had the worst position. There was now but a few minutes of daylight, and the "Wonga Wonga" had been several times in the breakers. Lieutenant Hill had been doing all that man could do to save his comrades, and now the last rays of the sun were going, with the furious breakers racing the masts and clamouring for their prey as they disappeared in the tops in sheets of foam. The succourers were sick at heart, knowing that the end was coming, and had to leave and anchor in a place of safety.

As the sun set, those on the "Wonga Wonga" could perceive the Commodore, officers, and men on the masts—no tumult, no frantic gestures marked their demeanour, everything looked as orderly as if no peril surrounded them. Commodore Burnett had disdained to leave his post or consult his safety, stating that he would die with his officers and men. He addressed his men as the masts were beginning to go, inviting them to prayer, telling them also, as for himself, there was but one way of performing his duty, that of being the last man to leave the wreck. Just before the masts gave way he told them to shout all together, so that the boats and steamer might pick some up. His fears were soon realised, for with a mighty crash the mainmast fell, and directly after the other two masts went also. As the mizzen mast was falling one of the spars struck the Commodore on the head, and on his falling stunned into the water he rose to the surface, but never moved, and drowned while unconscious. The crews of the "Wonga Wonga" and the boats heard the death cries of the men, and saved 15 out of the wreckage of floating spars, and then nothing was heard save the moaning of the angry sea, for death had claimed the rest. Midshipmen Hunt and Barkley, a son of Sir Henry Barkley, the
Governor of Victoria, were picked up by the boats, the latter after being two hours in the water. A seaman was also picked up inside Puponga, who had been eight hours clinging to a spar, the copper on which had cut his chest completely open. The “Wonga Wonga” burned blue lights during the night to encourage any unfortunate floating on wreckage that help was near, but when the dawn revealed itself and she steamed over to where she had left the “Orpheus,” scarce a vestage was to be seen. Steaming to the Heads, she transferred the remnant of the gallant crew to the “Avon,” which had come from Onehunga, and resumed her voyage South. On counting the survivors there were found to be six officers, three warrant officers, and over 60 sailors and marines saved out of the ship’s company. All the officers drowned, with the exception of the Commodore, were married men.

While the relief party in the “Wonga Wonga” and the boats were at work, Paymaster Amphlett had got a whaleboat at the Heads, and by pulling up the Manukau reached the Bluff (below Onehunga), and told his terrible story to the officers of the “Harrier.”

Strange to say the ill-luck of the “Orpheus” still pursued even the efforts to succour and save the survivors. The colonial gunboat “Avon,” which could have sailed at once under ordinary circumstances, had some part of her machinery in Auckland getting repaired, and was unable to go until it was brought out. She left at two o’clock in the morning, in charge of Lieutenant Hunt (a survivor), and with Captain Jenkins of the “Miranda” on board.

On reaching the Heads not a vestage of the wreck was to be seen; but she took off from the “Wonga Wonga” the men
rescued by the steamer and the boats. In anxiety to get away to render help, Captain O'Sullivan of the "Harrier" started at four o'clock in the morning and grounded, and did not get away till three p.m. on Sunday, when the "Avon" had returned with the scanty band of ragged, maimed, and bleeding survivors in charge of Lieutenant Hill. A large supply of blankets were sent to Onehunga, and when the wounded arrived on Sunday afternoon, His Excellency the Governor (Sir George Grey), Sir John McNeill, and Drs. Monatt and Temple, and Mayor Hamley were there to meet them.

A public meeting was convened next day, and in two hours £690 was collected, giving £10 a piece to the survivors, all additional coming in to go to the widows and orphans of the men drowned. Sir George Grey gave £50, and Bishop Selwyn, £20. Sorrow and disaster made "all the world akin" that day, and Captain O'Sullivan of the "Harrier," sinking the "Queen's Regulations," gave Butler, the deserter, from the "Harrier," who had vainly tried to save the "Orpheus," his £10 with the rest. On that evening, as the sun was sinking behind the Waitakerei ranges in a flood of molten gold, the last honors were paid to the gallant Commodore, a salute of eleven minute guns being fired from the "Miranda." Some of the survivors volunteered for service on the "Miranda" and "Harrier," and others settled in New Zealand.

The Maoris behaved well. All along the coast they buried the dead, clothing them with their own garments where nude, reading the burial service, and placing a mark over each grave, the Ngatiteata following the humane example set by the Nopera, Whataraahi and their party on the north side.

The ill-luck of the "Orpheus" pursued the survivors. Midshipman Field saved his life at the wreck of the "Orpheus,"
only to lose it in the Bay of Algesiras, by the upsetting of a boat
in a squall. Lieutenant Hill, who bore a charmed life at the
wreck, met his fate in the trenches at the storming of the Gate
Pah, leading the blue jackets. As he lay mortally wounded on
the ground, he wrote his name in blood on his handkerchief and
tied it round his head, so that his body might be indentified
among the slain. The bronzed seamen who knew his chivalrous
nature and ways so well, wept like children when they found his
remains.

There are many relics of the “Orpheus” in existence, several
families in Auckland and the museum have little souveniers of
the sad occurrence.

As we looked upon the historic scene and witnessed the
huge rollers with majestic boom—deep calling unto deep—
dissipating themselves in sheets of foam upon the bar, the past
came up fresh and clean on turning over the tablets of memory.
The lines came up to recollection which Captain Hare, of H.M.S.
“Eurydice,” (who afterwards went down with all his crew in a
squall off the Isle of Wight) penned, entitled “Sorrow on the
Sea,” from the passage in Jeremiah, “there is sorrow on the
sea—it cannot be quiet,” and they may appropriately end this
story of the wreck of the “Orpheus”:

The oceans’ voice I seem to hear,
Mournfully, solemnly, bounding near,
Like a wail sent up from the caves below,
Fraught by dark memories of human woe,
Telling of loved ones buried there,
Of the dying shriek and the dying prayer;
Telling of hearts still watching in vain
For those who shall never come again:
Of the widows groan and the orphan’s cry
And the mother’s speechless agony.
Oh, no, the ocean can never rest
With such secrets hidden within its breast.
There is sorrow written upon the sea,
And dark and stormy its waves must be;
It cannot be quiet, it cannot sleep,
That dark, relentless and stormy sleep.

But a day will come, a blessed day,
When earthly sorrows shall pass away,
When the hour of anguish shall turn to peace,
And even the roar of the waves shall cease.

Gone! for in Heaven shall be “no more sea!”
Tis a bright and beautiful thing of earth
That cannot share in the soul’s “new birth;”
Tis a life of murmur and tossing and spray,
And at resting time it must pass away.

All went well until we sighted Mount Egmont with its ridge like summit and cap of eternal snow. The ridge-like appearance is formed by streams of lava radiating from the crater to the foot of the mountain, like so many large ribs. These are due to the erosive action of water, which has flowed down from the summit, which, while it washed away the after ashes and other debris, has left the harder lava ribs untouched. Such phenomena are exhibited in many other places, in Cotopaxi, in the Hawaiian, Andes, Cascade Mountains of North America, Genung Sumbing of Java and many other places. The stream of water flowing from the top summit descend into ravines, which have a definite relation to the axes of the upper crater, for this is the central from which all these streams flow. The weather became very rough, and we kept tacking abreast of the mountain for three days. Our little craft had to do her best outside, as the Manukau bar was too rough to recross. At length our captain ran his craft into Cook's Straits for shelter, and we had to do the best we could for nearly a week. Our
provisions were soon used up, and the little inlet where we landed was uninhabited. Fortunately we caught a good many bonitas, and shot some pigeons. Many of the latter were so tame that we killed about thirty with sticks. Andrews was very busy, as he said ‘we must make a livin’ somehow.’ Jessie seemed to enjoy her first taste of rough life, and soon got used to coffee without sugar and milk.

When we arrived off Greymouth our larder was replenished, and we resumed our voyage in better spirits. Hotiti bar soon loomed ahead and to our disgust none of the tugboats would come out. The signal plying from shore indicated ‘too rough.’ After passing a very unpleasant night tossing about, we were glad to see a steamer making her way to us. The little craft fought bravely with the breakers, but had to return. Another attempt was made in the afternoon with success. After the line was made fast, the Captain came to where we were sitting and said:

“I advise you to take the misses below sir, as the hatches must be battened down at once. Sometimes a couple of breakers would sweep everything off the deck, and in many cases the vessels nearly get swamped. The men on deck wear their corks (life preservers) and lash themselves to something, anyhow they are ready for a ducking. I will knock on the deck when we are close to the bar. Don’t be frightened missis if we get tumbled about a bit. The ‘Isabella’ has often weathered it. Your servant is down below in the forehatch.”

We took the old man’s advice (sailors always speak of their captain as the ‘old man,’ no matter how young he is) and we were glad we did so. For a short time our craft was steady, and the close atmosphere of the cabin was very unpleasant. Suddenly we heard the signal knock on deck and Jessie flew
into my arms. Immediately there was a terrible din on deck; and the great waters seemed to be tearing our little craft to pieces. After that we were bumped about a few times, and then all became still. Our captain opened the hatch and called out: "Come on deck now, sir, the danger is over." When we clambered up the narrow steps Jessie asked:

"Any harm done, Captain?"

"No man, only that I'm wet from head to foot, and lost two hen coops," he answered laughing. "The tug suffered a bit," he continued, "as I see her wheel has been carried away."

A crowd gathered on the wharf to watch our arrival, as in those days a vessel crossing the bar in rough weather occasioned a little excitement. Since then the bar has been deepened and vessels can get through without difficulty. We put up at an hotel in Revel St., and determined to have a good rest before exploring further. At that time Hotitiki suffered considerably from the encroaching of the river on one side, and the sea in front. Some time ago the sea swept over valuable properties at the lower end of Revel St., and has remained there ever since.

Next day I called on my friends, and as the first steamer would not leave for a week, we arranged for a trip to Rosstown, Jones's Flat, about 35 miles away. Andrews was to remain in Hokitiki until we returned. Some very good gold has been found at Jones's, and Jessie was anxious to visit a gold field. Five of us, including a Miss Ross and Jessie started on horseback, and we had great difficulty in crossing rivers, and inlets of the sea. The suple jacks were abundant here, and we found our best road lay about high water mark. The breakers were very powerful in some places, and frightened the ladies very much, still on the whole we enjoyed ourselves. I noticed the exercise
increased Jessie's good looks to a wonderful degree. We arrived at Rosstown about dusk, and put up at a nice little hotel kept by an Italian. The next day was passed very pleasantly in inspecting the wonderful sluice tunnels* and other objects of interest, and we returned to Hokitiki well pleased with our trip. As Jessie was unaccustomed to equestrian exercise, she was very much fatigued on the following day, and we confined our rambles to the town. A few days thus passed very pleasantly, and we at length embarked on the fine steamer "Gothenburg," en route for Melbourne.

When the hurry of departure was over we stood on the deck hand in hand watching the receding shore. I thought the scene very beautiful—in fact nothing could surpass it. As it was near sunset the great coast mountains on the west were glowing with all the colours of the rainbow, and a great peace seemed to fall upon everything. I turned to Jessie and saw that her eyes were filled with tears.

"Are you sorry, Jessie?" I inquired, putting my arm round her waist.

"No, Lance, I have you," she answered.

"But here I must break off, and bid farewell, To day, each offering some new sight, or fraught With some untried adventure."

THE END.

* Long troughs for carrying water in different directions where the miners are at work. The water is often carried many miles from high elevations through mountains and over deep chasms. A company generally takes the work in hand and lets it out to the miners at so much per head by using branch sluices.
The Silk Handkerchief.

A TALE OF A ROUND TOWER.

By Captain R. Morgan Scott.

(Author of "The Crusader: or, "The Pseudo-Priests.")
NOTE BY THE AUTHOR.

JUST as the Book was going to press, several of my friends induced me to include the story of the "Silk Handkerchief," and the paraphrase entitled, "Comal and Galbina." As they were written by my father, the late Captain R. M. Scott, of H.M. Second West India Regiment, I thought perhaps it would be of interest to those who have so kindly assisted me in publishing my book.

The scene of the story is laid in Killalla, County Mayo, Ireland, noted for its picturesque scenery; though the most prominent feature in the history of the town is in connection with the Rebellion of 1798, when three French frigates, with English colours flying, entered Killalla Bay on the 22nd August, and landed troops there.

R. H. S.
THE SILK HANDKERCHIEF.

"Sure there's some wonder in this handkerchief." — Othello.

In my early days, when my faculties should have been more profitably employed, I spent a considerable portion of my time in poring over the fascinating pages of old volumes containing tales of love and murder, haunted castles, ruined towers, &c.—all of which are so attractive to the youthful explorer of the paths of literature. This course of reading had its usual effect on my then rather fanciful brain. I do not mean to say that I ever imagined myself a hero. No, I did not go quite so far as that: the worst crime I can plead guilty to on that score, is having acquired a kind of antiquarian turn, which led me to examine in the most minute manner the remnants of old castles, and objects of a similar nature, which lay in the neighbourhood of my home. Although I became less enthusiastic in such matters when the days of adolescence were passed, still I felt a certain kind of respect, such as youth pays to age, in gazing on the memorials of days gone by.
It was a fine sunny day in June that I set off on a pedestrian excursion, fishing rod in hand, for the purpose of enjoying a few hours' sport on the Moy, one of the finest rivers in the west of Ireland. For some time I met with tolerable success, and had half-filled my basket, when the wind, which had hitherto been southerly, suddenly shifted to the north-east, and clouds rising from the sea, began to obscure the horizon. As their shadows at length fell on the water, the trout ceased to pay their wonted attention to my fly, however temptingly I cast it before them, and, by their many gambols on the surface, seemed to testify their gratification at the prospect of an approaching shower.

I knew from experience that, under the circumstances, it would be useless for me to continue my occupation, and with the most exemplary resignation, proceeded to unscrew my rod, determined to make amends for my want of luck on some more propitious day.

As the hour was still early, and I had no great inclination to return home before evening, I made up my mind to carry into execution an intention which one thing or another had hitherto frustrated—namely, a visit to one of those quaint Round Towers, so frequent in, and peculiar to the Emerald Isle.

I was aware that a structure of this description stood in a small market town, some four miles distant from the spot on which I then stood; and not much fearing the effects of the threatened rain on a constitution pretty well inured to such accident, without more ado, set off in that direction.

It took me about an hour to reach the little town of Killala. It was market day, and the main street was lined with carts of all shapes and description, laden with the various produce of the
surrounding country. Astounding specimens of the vegetable kingdom appeared in the shape of potatoes, carrots, turnips, &c., while live stock was chiefly represented by innumerable members of the porcine family of every size, age, and degree of obesity, from the diminutive boonif to the overgrown bacon pig—whose united squeaking, as they tugged at the 

I found it no easy matter to make my way through their crowded thoroughfare, blocked up as it was with the grey frieze-coated buyers and sellers, who, by their vociferation, appeared to be endeavouring to outvie in clamour the useful quadrupeds just mentioned, and felt considerable relief in emerging from the opposite end of the street, which, with the exception of a few narrow lanes branching off to the right and left, constituted the town.

I now found myself within a short distance of the seashore, and close to the object of my curiosity—the Round Tower. It stood upon a small unenclosed green, in close proximity to the ruins of a little chapel, which to all appearance might boast of an antiquity equal to that of its more pretending neighbour. Far up into the misty atmosphere, the tapering column reared its venerable head as if disdaining to hold communion with the humble dwellings which at a respectful distance surrounded its base.

The architecture was rude, but of immense strength, and had borne with scarcely any perceptible decay the rains and storms of centuries. Its sides were nearly hidden with a rich garniture of ivy, which seemed to cling for protection to its giant supporter, and formed a graceful curtain, half concealing the entrance to the building, which consisted of a low-arched
doorway, at an elevation of some six feet from the ground, access to which was afforded by a few dilapidated steps.

While I stood gazing at the picturesque object before me, and recalling to mind the many extraordinary theories of learned antiquaries touching the use to which such buildings were applied by our ancestors, and marveling at the strange taste displayed by their reputed architect, the Goban Saer, in their design—I was aroused from my reverie by the voice of man close by me.

"Arrah! Maybe yer honour would like to be aither gettin' a look at the inside of the ould tower; and if it's to yer likin', sure there isn't a boy from this to Crossmalina that can shew ye the way better nor myself."

When I looked at the speaker, the boy, as he had denominated himself, I was surprised to find that he was nearer his second than his first childhood; but matrimony is the only thing that seems to impart maturity to an Irish peasant. Should he live in single blessedness until he had reached the age of Methuselah, he would be still called a boy.

My companion was about sixty years of age, and bore evident marks of having once seen better days than his present tattered garments would at first lead the spectator to imagine. His dress consisted of a superannuated felt hat, commonly known as a caubeen. His coat was principally composed of grey frieze cloth, although from its numerous and varied patches, some doubt might arise as to what uniform colour or material it might have originally laid claim. A ragged but clean shirt, corduroy breeches, worsted stockings, and greased brogues, com-
Accepting the services of my voluntary guide, I quickly found myself in the interior of the tower.

"Now, before we go further, my friend," said I, "I want to ask you one question. What is your private opinion of this same tower? Did you ever hear when it was built, or what use it was intended for?"

"Faith, as to when it was builded, sir, that's a thing nobody seems to be sure about; but people says it was long before the time of St. Patrick or St. Kevin—in the days of the blackguard Danes (savín' your presence); an' as for the use of it—I only know of one use it was ever put to, and that same was bad enough, more betoken."

"Indeed! and what may it have been?"

"Oh! yer honour," answered my companion; "it was a bad business, an' if yer not in a hurry, I don't mind tellin' you the story; but hadn't you better follow me to the top of the tower where you can have a good look round you?"

This, with some difficulty, I effected by means of a winding stone staircase. I was well repaid for my trouble by the magnificent view commanded from my elevated position. On one side stretched the bay of Killala, indented with its many headlands, and dotted here and there with the curraghs of the fishermen, while inland, as far as the eye could reach, was presented a diversified picture of mountain and plain; the distant hills of Sligo faintly drawn out on the horizon, on the one side; and the lofty Nephin, with the glittering waters of Lough Conn, at its base on the other, closing the prospect.

When I had sufficiently feasted my eyes on this fine panorama, I divested myself of my basket, and taking a seat which
projected from the side of the building, demanded the promised story of my guide. Leaning against the opposite wall, with his arms folded across his breast, he commenced the following tale, which, clothed in a garb more adapted to the general reader, I shall now retail for his benefit:—

"Kathleen Doran was allowed by all who had seen her to be the prettiest and most bewitching little creature that had ever budded into womanhood within the confines of the town we have just described. She had already reached her eighteenth summer, and no doubt, like most of her sex at that age, thought it was high time to look about for something in the shape of a husband; and, if such were her designs, there was no lack of sturdy young bachelors in the neighbourhood, each of whom would have gladly been a candidate for her favour. But the greater the variety the more difficult it is to make a choice, which, perhaps, was the reason that Kathleen had not as yet made any one of her lovers more happy than the rest.

"Old Bill Doran, or as he is commonly called "Miser Doran," by no means proposed an equal share of popularity with his fair daughter. He was a sub-agent to an absentee landlord—a fact sufficient in itself to make him an object of dislike; a feeling that had increased to hatred against him, owing to the harshness he displayed in the execution of his duties towards the tenants on the estate of his employer. Woe to the unfortunate individual who, from whatever cause, was behind hand with his rent, whether the defection arose from neglect or misfortune, from sickness or a bad crop; it was all the same, or rather nothing, to him.

The "masther" had just sent him a letter from London to say how heavy his expenses were there, and how much he
required money and that, if they did not pay up, every mother's son of them should be turned out, even if he had to make a grazing farm of the property. The sequel of which too often was the demolition of what had once been happy homes, and the casting forth on the world of their destitute inmates.

"Doran, as a mere agent, may not have been altogether to blame in these matters, and, no doubt, many cases of the kind occurred in which he had no option left; but with him it seemed to be a labour of love, and if at times he showed an inclination to be a little more lenient, the change was attributed to the meditation of his daughter, who was able to exert a considerable influence over him. He had been many years a widower, and his child Kathleen appeared to be the sole object which, with his money (for he was reputed wealthy), held a share in his heart. If the neighbours ever cast aspersion on the stinginess of his character, he would endeavour to ward off the blow by saying that the little money he had laid by had been accumulated for the future use of his daughter, to whom it should revert at his death; but this justification did not exonerate him from the suspicion of finding a much greater pleasure in gloating over his treasures than in the contemplation that they should eventually pass into the hands of another—even of Kathleen. If report spoke truly, he had figured in the Rebellion of '98 as an informer in the pay of Government, and, not being over-scrupulous as to the means, had let no opportunity pass of enriching himself during that period. The wealth which he had thus amassed in his earlier years, instead of procuring for him, by its circulation, the ease and comfort his old age required, was hoarded up with all the care and secrecy the old miser was master of. It was believed that he had buried his golden store in some unfrequented spot in the neighbourhood; especially as his habitation had been
twice broken into by robbers, who, after a strict search, were disappointed by finding only a few shillings.

Among the admirers of the rural belle, there was one young fellow of the name of Owen O'Sullivan, who was perhaps better qualified than the others to make an impression on her unsuspicuous heart. He was a strong and athletic man, of about three and twenty years of age. His features, of the true Milesian cast, were well formed, and his general bearing had an air of well-bred ease about it, rather uncommon among persons of his class.

"Thanks to his late uncle, the parish priest, he had received a much better education than usually falls to the lot of an Irish peasant; and, shortly before his death, Father Maurice had settled his nephew on a small farm in the vicinity of the town, which he had procured at a very low rent, by the payment of a fine.

"It was whispered, however, that O'Sullivan had not made the best possible use of the advantages thus afforded him; in fact, he was too much of the gentleman to be a hard-working man, and was more apt to pay attention to the cut of his waistcoat than to the manner in which his ground was tilled.

"It is much easier to find companions in idleness than industry, and it is not to be wondered at that he was surrounded by acquaintances whose precepts and example were far from being productive of any good effect on the character of the young farmer. But, after all, his faults were of a negative tendency, and it might be truly said, 'He was nobody's enemy but his own.'

"O'Sullivan's first encounter with Kathleen was brought about in the following manner:—""While attending chapel one-
morning he found he could not for the life of him keep his ideas fixed on the subject which the good priest was at the time expounding; on the contrary, his thoughts and eyes were continually wandering towards the attractive figure of the miser's daughter, who, as chance would have it, was placed right between him and the altar. Although the fame of her beauty had reached him long since, yet he had never laid eyes on her before, and determined that it should not be long until he enjoyed that gratification again.

"This admiration of Kathleen's person did not, however, prevent him from pondering on all he had heard concerning the riches of the old man. His own prospects were, he knew, none of the most pleasing; he had been unable lately to pay his rent regularly; some of his cattle had died, and from some cause which he could not explain—although everybody else professed to be able to do so—his crops were yearly decreasing in value. In fact, he foresaw that without great energy—which he felt he did not possess—he had nothing less to look forward to than utter ruin; but here was a bright beam of hope that seemed ready to pierce through the dark clouds that lowered over his fortunes. If he could only succeed in interesting the young maiden in his favour, and prevail on her father to give his consent to their union, all might turn out well yet; but at the same time he could not overlook the many obstacles that were to be surmounted ere this happy consummation of his wishes could be effected. In the first place, how was he to become acquainted with the object of his thoughts?

"I'll leave it all to chance," muttered he, as he rose to follow the congregation out of the chapel, which was nearly deserted before he found that the service was at an end.
CHAPTER II.

DAME Fortune, in this case, seemed determined to assist her votary. He had not proceeded many yards on the road leading homewards, when the figure of Kathleen Doran once more presented itself to his view. He followed as closely as he could without attracting observation, in the hope that something would occur—short of any dangerous accident—by which he might draw her attention towards him; when suddenly a portion of the covering of her fair neck which had not been properly fastened on, and had escaped from its happy imprisonment, was wafted off by a rude breeze and borne to the feet of Owen. He was not long in securing the precious relic, which he found to be a silk handkerchief of the finest texture, the colour being a light-blue, with a border of white flowers. While he quickened his pace for the purpose of overtaking and restoring to its owner the truant article of finery—which he trusted, if well managed, might prove a passport to a future acquaintance—he was checked by perceiving that she was joined by another person, whom he recognised as her father. After considering for a moment what course he ought to pursue, he quietly folded up the handkerchief, placed it in his pocket, and made the best of his way home.
It was on the evening of the day succeeding that on which the matters we have just related occurred, that Owen O'Sullivan might have been seen issuing from the doorway of his neglected-looking homestead. His habiliments were adjusted with somewhat greater care than usual, and there was altogether an appearance about him which testified that he was bent on business of more than ordinary importance. In a short time he had passed through the town, and was now traversing a road stretching along the coast, on one side of which, with considerable intervals between them, stood several neat cottages, each boasting of its well-cared flower and vegetable garden. Towards the nearest of those Owen bent his steps, and his heart bounded with joy as he saw before him, busily engaged in the mysteries of gardening, the form of her who had so much engrossed his thoughts since the preceding day. Now, bashfulness was a failing that the young farmer could never in justice be charged with, but, strange to say, on the present occasion, although he laid "the flattering unction to his soul" that he had come armed with a sufficient excuse for thus presenting himself at the miser's dwelling, he experienced a feeling of timidity, almost approaching to reluctance in following up the line of conduct he had determined to pursue. Was it the voice of his better angel, warning him from a path, to him fraught with misery and destruction? If so, the warning was unheeded.

Advancing towards Kathleen with one of his best bows—"Excuse me, Miss Doran," said he, accosting her, but I have some business with you."

"Business, and with me," exclaimed Kathleen, "pray, sir, what may it be?"

"Allow me first to ask you," he enquired, "if you can remember having seen me in the chapel yesterday?"
Kathleen, looking earnestly in his features, answered a little confusedly, "Yes—that is—I am not quite sure, but I think I observed some person resembling you—but what of that?"

"I fear less to you than to me," replied O'Sullivan, "but my business is this," continued he: "On your way home you dropped a silk handkerchief, which I was so fortunate as to pick up, and which I now beg leave to return to its fair owner; I I scarcely know why I didn't give it back before, but I have kept it safe—here next my heart ever since." At the same time he pulled forth the handkerchief from his breast, and handed it to his companion.

Kathleen, who seemed rather prepossessed in the stranger's favour, could by no means prevent the blood from rising in a rather remarkable manner at the implied compliment.

"I am really sorry," said she, "that you should have had all this trouble on my account. The handkerchief is scarcely worth anything. I'm sure I do not value it in the least."

"Then let me have it again," eagerly ejaculated O'Sullivan, "that I may keep it for your sake," and as he spoke he withdrew it gently from her hands, which offered but slight resistance to his efforts. He little thought, as he replaced it in his breast, that the same handkerchief—Kathleen's first gift of love we may call it—would be closely connected with his future destiny. But we must not anticipate the events of our tale.

At this moment the door of the cottage opened, and the hard-featured visage of the old miser made its appearance, while in his shrill and creaking voice he cried out—

"Kathleen, you baggage, what in the name of all the saints keeps you in the garden so late? Get along in there, and see that ye bar up the windows fast for the night."
Owen had just time to wave his hand in adieu, and without being observed by the worthy Mr. Doran returned to his home—to his sleep—as well as his dreams of the miser's daughter would allow him.

It may easily be imagined that, after such a favourable beginning, Owen O'Sullivan contrived to have many and frequent interviews with Kathleen Doran. Although he was in reality an idle and worthless man, and perhaps one of little principle, still he was capable of loving well and sincerely, for that heart must indeed be a perverse and black one which is impervious to the sunshine of love, and is not purified by its salutary influence.

As for Kathleen herself, she was too young and too confiding to seek for any dark spot in the character of her lover; and regarded him rather as what she wished him to be than as he actually was.

Twelve months had now passed away, during which time the two lovers had become more fond and attached to each other. Their interviews had, always, however, been carried on in a clandestine manner, which seemed but to enhance their value. It was at length determined that Kathleen should broach to her father the subject of their union. Aided by all the eloquence of tears and beauty she, on her knees, pleaded, but to no purpose. The hard-hearted and unrelenting Doran could find no sympathy with feelings which his sordid nature had never experienced. With a savage rudeness he drove from him the gentle suppliant, and, with a fearful oath, vowed vengeance on her head if the name of O'Sullivan should ever again pass her lips in his presence.

When the weeping maiden related to Owen the unsuccessful result of her petition, his dark brows were contracted, and even.
she felt a strange fear creeping over her as she witnessed the fierce expression which for a moment clouded his features.

"Kathleen, my dear girl," he at length said, taking her hand, "if circumstances permitted it, I would entreat you to become mine despite of your father and all the world, but I am not so well off in the things of this life as I perhaps at first led you to suppose. In fact, I am a poor—almost a ruined man. Some way or another luck was always against me. I hoped, although I had some fear to the contrary, that your father would not have opposed our marriage, and that, as he has the name of being rich, he would have given with you a dowry which might have helped me out of my difficulties."

Kathleen made no remark, but stood with her tearful eyes cast on the ground.

"Do you think," resumed her companion, "that there is any chance of his changing his mind?"

"None whatever, I am afraid," was the reply.

"There is but one course to pursue, then," said O'Sullivan. "It is this: If you really and truly love me, you must become my wife this night—and that secretly. To-morrow I will lead you to the old man's feet, where we will both sue for forgiveness, which in the end he will surely grant. Even if it comes to the worst, Kathleen, I have still a strong arm left, and while it can work you shall not want. Sure, as I told you, I always had bad luck, and isn't that a sign it's going to change now?"

We will not repeat all the arguments which the young farmer used to convince the hesitating and trembling maiden of the wisdom of his plans. Suffice it to say that she was convinced for what reason can withstand the solicitations of love?—and in
an evil hour consented, let what would betide, to become the bride of O'Sullivan. The ceremony was performed by the parish priest, none others than the necessary witnesses being present, after which Owen led his weeping bride to her new abode.

We must now beg the reader to suppose that two years have elapsed since the events just narrated occurred. It was on a dark and stormy night in the month of August that two figures, a male and a female, were sitting over the dying embers of a turf fire in the only room of a wretched hovel situated just outside the town of Killala. They carried on a low dialogue, which was ever anon interrupted as the speakers paused to listen to the sound of the fierce gusts of wind, which momentarily seemed to threaten the destruction of the ill-secured door and patched-up window. The only furniture which the place contained consisted of a broken chair, two low stools, a wretched-looking bed stretched on the earthen floor, and a rickety deal table, on which buried the remains of a rush candle—the flame of which, flickering in the draughts that in many places found entrance, cast an uncertain and sickly glare over the scene. The dress and appearance of the persons before mentioned accorded in every respect with the melancholy aspect of all around. Their garments were threadbare and scanty, and as the rays of that dim light fell upon their emaciated features, where dire want appeared to have already set his seal, few could have recognised in them those of the once lovely Kathleen Doran and Owen O'Sullivan.

"I have just one shilling left," said the latter, in a voice now hoarse and husky. "It is almost useless by itself: I must either lose, or double it this night."

"Owen, dear!" said Kathleen, as beseechingly she looked.
up towards her husband, "how often you have promised me to
give up that gambling! You know it never brought you luck.
If you did win money now and then, somehow it didn't seem to
do the same good to us as any other money—just as if there was
no blessing came with it.

"It is too late now to think of retracing my steps,"
answered O'Sullivan. "I know that I have in a great measure
been to blame for all this, and, if the punishment fell on myself
only, I could endure it without a murmur; but to see you so
resigned and patient, even while wanting the most common
necessaries of life, drives me, at times, almost to madness. Your
confinement will take place in a few days. You will then
require many things which money alone can procure, and that
money must and shall be forthcoming!" And, as he spoke, the
unhappy man, regardless of the raging elements, rushed forth
into the darkness, in a state of mind bordering on frenzy.

In most of the Irish county towns there used formerly to be
low public-houses, where gambling was carried on to a fearful ex-
tent, considering the humble station in life and slender means of
those who resorted to them for indulgence in that vice. In such
places, insignificant as they may have appeared, were often
exhibited passions as fierce and uncontrollable as those which
were displayed at the more élite and fashionable tables of the
London "hells"; and the peasant who risked his last shilling
experienced a no less intensity of excitement as to the result of
his venture than did the unfortunate noble who, in a fit of
desperation, staked his only remaining thousand.
It was towards a house of this description that O'Sullivan now bent his way. A projecting signboard, which swung and creaked in the wind, pointed out the traveller a place of “refreshment for man and beast”—an invitation which few would have been inclined to resist on a night like the present.
CHAPTER III.

SULLIVAN, having been admitted by the landlord, who received his guest with a friendly nod, he, with an evident knowledge of the ways of the house, proceeded at once to a room on the upper storey, the door of which having been opened, emitted a cloud of smoke, the density of which proclaimed that the "fascinating weed" was in tolerable requisition within.

But, before we pursue our tale further it may be as well to give a sketch of how matters went on after the marriage of Owen and Kathleen.

The young couple had left no act untried to induce Miser Doran to give his countenance to their rash procedure. The more powerful the appeals made to his pity, the stronger did the fancies seem to grow that resisted them.

"Ah, ha!" he was wont to exclaim, with a derisive laugh. "You thought to cozen me out of my money, if you could. Would you not? But I tell you, you may both starve, as you will yet, before one sixpence of it crosses the hand of either of you. It's a pleasant thing, Mr. O'Sullivan, to have plenty, and more pleasant still to know how to keep it. I shall be happy..."
my dear son-in-law, to give you a lesson to that effect, when you require it;" and at the end of his speech the wretch would rub his skinny hands with glee, and chuckle over his own wit, as he thought it.

O'Sullivan, who had been so long employed in building castles in the air, finding that they were laid prostrate in a moment, felt himself less inclined than ever to place his shoulder to the wheel, and endeavour by extra exertion to make amends for the past.

Some natures have the power of exerting a strength almost superhuman under the pressure of misfortune, which seems but to increase as the burden becomes heavier, and in the end generally rise victorious from the task, but Owen's energies were not sufficiently elastic to encounter the difficulties that encompassed him, and he sank beneath their influence. He became poorer and poorer every day—misfortune followed misfortune,—and to crown all he had been evicted from his farm, and compelled to take up his abode in the miserable dwelling which we have seen occupied by him and his wife.

The room which O'Sullivan now entered contained some ten or twelve persons, principally men of his own age, almost all of whom bore in their features the marks of a life of continued dissipation. Several of them were engaged in a noisy game over a thumbed and greasy pack of cards, while the remainder passed their time in smoking and betting, or dozing over their glasses of whiskey punch. The arrival of the new comer was welcomed by a general offer of "something to keep the cold out," and an invitation to join in the play, both of which he accepted.

We are no card-players ourselves, and the study of "Hoyle" was entirely neglected in our education, so that we unfortunately
are unable to describe the particulars of the game that followed, or even to record its name. Sufficient for our purpose to say that O'Sullivan won, and largely. Game after game had been played, and there was still no diminuion to his success. With exalted hope and a sparkling eye, he contemplated his increasing store, and in the exuberance of his confidence resolved to stake it all, to gain one vast and final sweep. He did so, and rose from the table a beggar.

Not feeling disposed in his present mood to avail himself further of the society of his boon companions, in order to avoid meeting with any of them again that night, he took advantage of a less frequented, but more circuitous route than had been his custom, in order to reach the home which, miserable as it was, he feared he could not call his much longer.

The night was still dark and tempestuous, but vivid flashes of lightning now broke through the gloom at intervals, according well with the conflicting passions which struggled for mastery in the breast of the young man.

"Is there no way left," he inquired of himself, "to procure food, even for a few days? I have still some strength left, although it is fast failing me." Alas! he quickly remembered that this last resource was also denied to him, for who, knowing the worthless course of life he had been pursuing, would think of employing him in any capacity whatever.

Such were his meditations as he approached the dwelling of Doran, which he was obliged to pass on his way. Yes, there was the same white-washed walls and the little front garden, where he and Kathleen had first conversed! It was there he had received from her the first gift of love, which in all his vicissitudes he had preserved with a kind of chivalrous feeling,
and usually wore about his person. How many changes had taken place—how much of happiness and misery had he known—since that time! but now, although he considered that he had reached the very apex of despair, he could not help acknowledging to his own heart that, were the drama of his existence to be acted over again, he would endure, almost without a murmur, a repetition of the ills he had suffered rather than sacrifice even one of the bright smiles with which his wife had been wont to cheer him when the cloud was on his brow.

O'Sullivan was not a little surprised by observing, at an hour so late as the present, a light burning in the house of his father-in-law. It was evident that the old man had not yet retired to rest; and the idea suddenly occurred to Owen that he would endeavour to have an interview with him, and for the last time make use of every argument in his power to wring from his frigid heart some spark of pity. Fearing, however, that, should he knock at the door, he would be denied admittance, he resolved to climb over a low garden fence at the rear of the premises, and enter the house by a back door which he rightly conjectured was still unfastened. His object was quickly attained, and in another moment he stood before Bill Doran. The miser was seated at a table engaged in making some entries in an account-book which lay before him, while by his side stood a well-filled money-bag and several piles of gold.

As soon as he perceived the presence of the intruder, he hastily drew the treasure closer to him for protection, while, in accents of the greatest alarm, he screamed out: "What brings you here? Have you come to rob me?"

"Hush!" said O'Sullivan, raising his outstretched hand towards him. "Do not fear for your gold: I am no robber, although I have had enough distress to make me one."
"What brings you here, then?"

"Starvation!" was the reply.

"I do not sell meat nor bread, my dear son-in-law. If you are starving, you had better buy some from the butcher and baker," observed Doran, recovering his self-possession.

"I came here to beg the means from you to do so," said O'Sullivan. Listen to me Mr. Doran: I would lie down and die rather than ask this for myself; but my wife—your daughter—for her sake I ask it. She expects to become a mother in a few days, and I'm sure, if you only saw the state of distress she is in, you would relieve her out of your plenty. You cannot forget she is your own flesh and blood."

"Hark'ee, O'Sullivan!" interrupted Doran; "no one knows but myself how I loved that child, or how I toiled to make her happy—to make her rich. I looked forward to the time when I would be able to marry her to some one far above her in station, who could make a lady of her; but you have thwarted all my schemes, like a beggarly thief, as you are. You stole her from me, and you may both die on a dunghill for all I care; but I would rather she would live just long enough to see you hanged—and I hope that day is not far off!"

"Perhaps you may have your wish, but you shall never see it accomplished," exclaimed O'Sullivan, as, maddened by the insults thus heaped upon him, and no longer able to control the fierce passion that raged within him, he seized the Miser by the throat with the grasp of a Hercules. The old man struggled long and violently, and succeeded several times in uttering cries loud enough to be heard should a person be passing at the moment; but Owen quickly stifled them by tearing a handkerchief from his own neck and forcing it tightly into the mouth of
his victim, whose ineffectual struggles to release himself he watched with a savage intenseness. The face of the old man grew blacker and blacker. His eyes started from their sockets, and O'Sullivan dashed to the ground the lifeless body of his wife's father.

The murderer stood for some moments gazing on the inanimate form lying at his feet, scarcely able to realise the horror of the deed he had perpetrated. A sudden reaction had taken place within him, and his excitement had given place to a dull sense of inability of thought or action. He only remembered instinctively the necessity of providing against detection, and with a vague impulse to take refuge in flight—to escape from the presence of the ghastly work of his own creating, which forced itself upon him. He abruptly left the room, and, opening the front door of the cottage, was about to hurry forth, when he found his egress opposed by a figure of a man standing on the steps. A brilliant flash of lightning, accompanied by a loud peal of thunder, enabled Owen to recognise in the unwelcome intruder a man of the name of Byrne—an acquaintance of his.

This person was well known as one of the greatest repro-bates in that part of the country, having been in trouble more than once in affairs of sheep-stealing and poaching, and although we did not think it necessary to introduce him before, was one of the company assembled at the public house the same night.
CHAPTER IV.

"WHY then, Owen O'Sullivan," said Byrne, "I'm glad it's yourself I see here. I was afraid there was something wrong, and that someone was murdering Old Doran. Is there anything ails him?"

"No, nothing," moodily answered Owen.

"Troth he seems quite enough now, poor man," returned the other, "but he was makin' plenty of noise a minnit or two ago, and I'm certain I heard him cry out for help. Anyhow, as I'm his neighbour, I'll just step inside and see if all's right"—saying which he passed by O'Sullivan, who did not even attempt to oppose him, but mechanically followed him into the room where the late tragedy had been enacted.

"Ha!" exclaimed Byrne, "It's just as I suspected; you have settled the old man's business—I fear this will turn out a bad night's work for you, my lad; but I own that was a weighty temptation," continued he, pointing to the bag of money which still remained on the table. "I don't know if I could have withstood it myself."

"You mistake," said Owen; "I am a murderer, but not a robber."
"That will however, be but a poor defence to make in a court of justice."

"In which you doubtlessly intend to appear as a witness against me," added O'Sullivan, casting a fierce glance on his companion.

"That depends on circumstances," was the reply. "If you come down with the blunt like a gentleman, why I have no objection to keep my tongue quiet. You know that a person who keeps close in such a case as this should have something handsome to recompense him for the stings of conscience he must suffer. I think, however, as we are old friends, that may be settled between us, in consideration of that little bag of gold, which it seems you don't care for yourself, and is not of use to him any longer."

Owen hesitated for a moment, and then said "It shall be yours, but I must make one addition to the agreement, which is, that you will instantly remove the body from this house, and conceal it in some place where it will not be likely to be discovered. I do not want it to be found here, and I dare not touch it again."

"Well, I don't much like this part of the business, but as you didn't haggle about the terms, I suppose I must throw this job into the bargain, and he'll be a smart one who will ever think of looking for it where I'll stow it away—so here goes," said Byrne, as he lifted the body and placed it in an empty sack which he found in the room. With Owens's assistance he fixed it on his back, and having first cautiously ascertained that the way was clear, sailed forth with his horrible burthen, and disappeared in the gloom.
When the guilty man was left alone, in order to baffle suspicion as much as possible, he carefully replaced everything that had been disturbed during the fatal struggle, in doing which he found four or five pieces of gold on the floor that had escaped the cupidity of Byrne, and which, being now so deeply plunged in crime, he did not hesitate to transfer to his pocket. He next secured the entrance by which he had gained admission, and left the cottage by the front door, which he locked after him, throwing the key into a drain by the roadside.

Who would attempt to describe the emotions that filled the breast of the wretched man as he turned his steps to his home once more? How could he dare to meet the gaze of his wife—the daughter of the man in whose blood his hands were imbued? The reverberations of the thunder which still disturbed the silence of night appeared to his conscience-stricken ear to clamour denunciations on his guilty head, and he shrank with fear and trembling at the sound.

It was nearly daylight when he reached his dwelling, where a scene awaited him calculated to fill to overflowing the cup of his despair. During his absence his wife had been taken suddenly ill, and had given birth to a dead child. He found her in a most dangerous condition, and perhaps happily for herself, unconscious of all around. In this state she continued until the next evening, when the prophecy of the medical man who attended her through motives of charity was fulfilled, and the gentle spirit of Kathleen O'Sullivan took its flight for a better world.

That dark and tempestuous night was indeed an eventful one, for, besides the disasters we have related, the dead body of Byrne was found next morning lying on the road near his home,
frightfully disfigured by lightning, while close by him were discovered a spade and a bag containing a large sum of money in gold, also several coins of the same metal on his person.

The non-appearance of old Doran was ere long noticed by his neighbours. His house was broken into, but no clue could then be found as to the cause of his mysterious disappearance. A search was then instituted through the adjacent country, but with no better success. All this time, however, it appeared evident that Byrne, who was now beyond the reach of human law, had murdered the missing man for the purpose of possessing himself of his missing money, especially as a slip of parchment attached to the money-bag found as before-mentioned, and denoting the amount it contained, was identified as being in the handwriting of the miser, which many were familiar with to their cost. Most likely Byrne had encountered Doran in one of his midnight rambles—which it was well known were customary with the old man, and supposed to be for the purpose of visiting the secret depository of his wealth—and that, tempted by the hope of plunder, he had deprived his victim of life by means of the spade, with which it would seem he was armed. Concerning the exact spot where the murder had been committed, or in what manner the body had been disposed of, conjecture was at fault. As for the real culprit, he escaped without the slightest shadow of suspicion being cast upon him, and in a few weeks, this, like all other occurrences of the kind, if not forgotten, was at least no longer a subject of conversation.

The grief of O'Sullivan for the loss of her whom he had so tenderly loved, was in some manner counteracted, if not subdued, by another feeling, the constant dread of which hung over him that by some means or other the truth would yet be brought to light concerning the foul crime of which he had been guilty;
but, as months and years elapsed over his head without eliciting any circumstances detrimental to his safety, he at length gained sufficient courage to deride his former fears, although his disturbed conscience would still often present to his mind's eye an appalling picture of the distorted features of the Old Miser, as he writhed in the agonies of death.

There was still no change for the better in Owen's pecuniary prospects. The world went as hard with him as ever, a mere existence being eked out by him from occasional jobs he obtained as a labourer. When pushed to extremity by the want of employment, he would sometimes ask himself if by increased perseverance he might not have the good fortune to discover some of his late father-in-law's hidden treasure? This idea once formed soon took entire possession of his mind, and he resolved to act upon it.

At an hour when all others were wrapt in sleep, he would shoulder his pick-axe and shovel, and night after night spent hours together in turning up the ground in secluded nooks and corners whenever his morbid fancy led him to believe he might meet with success. But alas! his efforts were fruitless, and at last, enraged and disgusted by repeated failure, he one night flung down his delving instruments, and vowed to abandon the unsatisfactory pursuit for ever. He adhered to his resolution the following night and retired to bed instead of perambulating the country. For many hours he tumbled about vainly striving to obtain rest, and when sleep did close his eyes, the dreams which came in its train promised to do away with any beneficial effect "nature's sweet restorer" might otherwise have brought. Among the rest of his sleeping fancies, he imagined that he was once more setting out on one of his gold-seeking expeditions, although with little hopes of a favourable result, when a sweet
silvery voice, proceeding from some unknown source, addressed him in the following words:

“When the moon’s at her full—at the midnight hour—
Go seek ’neath the walls of the old Round Tower,
For there in the darksome clay doth rest
What hath long disturbed thy troubled breast.”

The sun was shining brightly through the unglazed window when Owen awoke. As he rose, the peculiar dream of the preceding night recurred to his recollection, especially the verse which his nocturnal visitor had favoured him with, and which had been so indelibly impressed on his memory that he found he could now repeat it word for word. This was, he thought, a direct guide to the attainment of his unfulfilled wishes, and he at once remembered that all the great gold-seekers he had heard or read of, were informed of the spot where the longed-for treasure lay, in a similarly mysterious manner. He also knew that such information, to be reliable, should be tendered at three different times, which would be a clear proof that the Devil had nothing to do with it—three being a lucky number—and accordingly making up his mind to follow in every respect the example of his worthy predecessors, Owen determined not to act on the fair words he had heard until they had been uttered in triplicate. On the two following nights, however, the same voice and the same words sounded again in his ear:

“When the moon’s at her full—at the midnight hour—
Go seek ’neath the walls of the Old Round Tower, &c.”
CHAPTER V.

The luminary, which it would appear was in some measure connected with his success, still required two nights to attain the indicated phase; but the auspicious moment at length drew nigh, and O'Sullivan—his spirits elate with renewed hope—once more shouldering his pick-axe and shovel, proceeded in the direction of the round tower, which he reached after a few minutes' walk.

Ascending the flight of stone steps, he pushed aside the ivy that hung like a curtain before the entrance to which it led; and as the distant church clock sounded the first stroke of twelve, stood within the circle forming the interior of the base of the tower. His feet were now resting on the very spot which had been so mysteriously pointed out to him, in his thrice repeated dream—the moon was at her full—and the solemn hour of midnight had been announced. All conjunctions necessary to the coming issue had been arrived at. Then why should he pause? Why, having disencumbered himself of his coat, and standing with the pick-axe raised over his head, did he hesitate to strike the first blow that was to place fortune within his grasp? What meant that indefinable feeling of dread which crept, like an ague fit, through his frame—that presentiment of impending evil which stayed his hand? But he had
gone too far to recede, his pride revolted at the idea of giving way to such sensations, and the stroke fell—fell as Owen thought with a dull thud-like sound—like that given out from the damp, clammy soil of a church-yard when a grave is being dug.

His task once commenced, proceeded with rapidity, and having made an excavation of about two feet in depth, he was engaged in throwing out the loose earth, when the point of his shovel came in contact with some hard substance which, in being struck, returned a peculiar hollow sound, and on feeling with the implement all along the bottom of the hole, a similar obstacle presented itself. With a joyous exclamation, he sprang into the aperture before him, and with his hands began scraping away the remainder of the clay covering what, he little doubted, to be object of his search. At this instant the moon suddenly emerging from behind a cloud, which for a while had obscured her, threw her bright rays directly on the scene of his operations, revealing to his horror-stricken sight—not the treasure he had so eagerly sought after, but a fleshless skeleton!—the skeleton of the murdered Doran! Its identity was but too apparent from the dress, part of which still hung on the smouldering bones. O'Sullivan could gaze no longer. With a wild cry he started to his feet, and clasping his hands over his burning brow, made madly for the entrance of the tower, and was about rushing out into the open air, when his foot accidentally struck against the stone sill of the doorway, and losing his balance he was precipitated down the flight of steps, his head striking with violence against the ground outside.

So severe was the injury the wretched man had sustained, that he lay without sense or motion on the spot where he had fallen until daylight made its appearance, when he was observed by some men who were driving their carts laden with produce.
to the market of Killala, which was to be held that day. With the assistance of some of the party, he was placed on one of the carts and conveyed to his home; while others, whose curiosity was aroused, remained behind for the purpose of ascertaining the cause of the disaster. It at once seemed evident that the wounded man had fallen down the steps from the round tower and the question naturally arose as to what his business there, at such a time, could have been? To solve this problem, several of the men hastened to examine the interior of the building, but the scene they there witnessed, however calculated it may have been to excite their wonder, threw but little light on the circumstance for which they sought an explanation.

Concussion of the brain being the result of the accident he had met with, Owen lay in a state of stupor for several days, hovering between life and death, and when, with the help of a strong constitution, he rallied sufficiently to comprehend what was said to him, it was to learn that he was a prisoner on a charge of homicide, in accordance with the finding of a coroner's jury, which had been held on the human remains discovered in the Round Tower. One portion of the evidence adduced on this occasion, although circumstantial in its nature, tending to bring the crime directly home to him, was the fact of a *silk handkerchief*, with his name marked on it, having been discovered firmly fixed between the skeleton jaws of the murdered man.

As soon as the health of the prisoner would admit, he was removed to the gaol at Castlebar, there to await his trial at the forthcoming assizes. Let us hope that during the two long months which elapsed before that event took place, he sincerely repented of the error of his ways, and became resigned to the only atonement he could make to society for its outraged laws. Nor does the hope appear to be without foundation, for when
eventually brought up for trial, and the momentous question: "Owen O'Sullivan, are you guilty, or not guilty, of the crime for which you are indicted?" was put to him, in spite of the remonstrance of the presiding judge and the advice of his counsel, he persisted in adhering to his first plea of "guilty," and, previous to sentence of death being passed upon him, made a truthful statement of the manner in which the crime had been committed; exculpating the memory of Byrne, on whom suspicion had long rested, from any participation in the act for which he was to suffer.

It is needless to dwell on the "last scene of all" which followed in a few days. Suffice it to say that the condemned man met his fate with a demeanour well suited to the awful position in which he stood, expressing to the last his contrition, and acknowledged the justice of the punishment which had overtaken him.

"So, yer honour, there's the end of the story," said its narrator, beginning to fill his pipe, "an' as sure as we're standin' here, once every year, at twelve o'clock at night, the ground opens where the body of the ould man was found, an' his skeleton may then be seen lying there, without coffin or winding-sheet—just as Owen O'Sullivan saw it when he went to dig for gold. But, yer honour, it's dry work talkin', an' it's myself would feel proud drinkin' yar health this blissed day."

The indications of rain, which were so detrimental to my morning's sport, had after all, resulted merely in a shower, which had made the air clear, and cooled the road for the long walk
which was before me, so biding my guide farewell, and responding somewhat liberally to his modest insinuation respecting his health, I resumed my angling apparatus and set off on my return home, thinking by the way how Providence can bring to light hidden crime, through the instrumentality of even such an insignificant thing as a—Silk Handkerchief.
COMAL AND GALBINA.

The following is a paraphrase of one of the most beautiful and pathetic poems of Ossian, which ought to be in the houses of all who can appreciate true poetry of the noblest order. The paraphrase is original:

Thus Carril spoke who lived in days of old:
"In sorrows strains thy mournful tale is told,
Son of the Car it bears my soul along
Were other ages round my memory throng:
Oft have I heard of Comal—he who proved
His deathful weapon on the friend he loved,
Yet victory his mighty sword illumed
And in his presence was the fight consumed!
Comal was chieftain of a hundred hills,
The son of Albion, from a thousand rills
Drank his swift deer, and when his stag hounds cried,
A thousand rocks in echoes wild replied;
One was his love—great Conloch's daughter; she
A sunbeam among women seemed to be,
Dark as the raven was her jetty hair,
In the swift chase her dogs were fleet as air,
Her bowstring sounded on the forest wind,
Round Comal's image was her heart entwined.
Oft met their eyes, replete with melting rays,
Nor in the chase far distant were their ways
Their words were happy in the secret shade,
But Ardven's chief, dark Gormal, loved the maid,
O'er the black heath beheld her lonely go,
And watched her steps—the unhappy Comal's foe.
One day fatigued and weary of the chase,
Their friends concealed within the mist's embrace
To Conloch's daughter, chance a meeting gave
With Albion's son in Roman's secret cave
'Tis Comal's haunt—it's lofty sides reveal
A thousand helmets of resounding steel;
Thro' the wide cave are glittering falchions hung
And shields of thongs in wild confusion hung.
"Sweet light of Roman's cave rest here," he said,"
A deer appears on Mora's distant head;
Rest here, Galbina; I shall soon return—
Not long the pain of absence shalt thou mourn."
"I fear," she said, "dark Gormal is my foe;
The cave of Roman is his haunt, I know.
Among the armor here will I remain,
And anxious wait thy coming steps again."
He sought the deer on Mora's summit high;
And Conloch's daughter now his love would try:
With brilliant armour she invests her sides,
And from the cave, with haughty footstep, strides.
He thought it was his foe—his colour fled—
A growing darkness o'er his eye was spread.
He raised his hand—the twanging bowstring drew,
And to the mark the fatal arrow flew,
She fell in blood—his steps by wilderness led,
Comal swift bounded from the mountain head;
Calling Galbina with his loudest voice
While still no answer bids his soul rejoice.
"Where art thou love, oh where?" he wildly cried
Still naught but echo to his words replied,
At length he sees Galbina's beating heart
Convulsive heaving round the feathered dart.
"Oh! Conloch's daughter—is it thou?" he cried.
And bathed his bosom in the crimson tide,  
The hapless pair the wandering hunters found,  
And Comal after walked the hill around;  
But full of grief, and silent did he move  
Above the dwelling of his early love.  
The fleet of ocean o'er the billows led—  
Appeared—he fought—again the strangers fled.  
Along the plain he sought with death to meet,  
But who the mighty Comal could defeat?  
His dark brown shield the warrior cast away,  
To his brave heart an arrow found its way!  
Now sleeps he by his loved Galbina's side  
'Midst the loud dashing of the angry tide;  
By the bold mariner their tombs of green  
As bounds he o'er the northern waves—are seen.

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