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E. P. DUTTON AND CO., NEW YORK.

HOLMWOOD;
OR,
THE NEW ZEALAND SETTLER.

A TALE.



GRIFFITH AND FARRAN,
SUCCESSORS TO NEWBERRY AND HARRIS,
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MAJOR FARRY ADDRESSING THE NATIVES.

HOLMWOOD;

OR,

THE NEW ZEALAND SETTLER.

CHAPTER I.

“WELL, you are a curious looking chap, I do think.” These words were said by an English lad, Peter Downes, who had, a short time before, arrived with his master, Major Parry, in that fine colony of Great Britain called New Zealand.

Peter had wandered one evening farther from his new home than he had yet ventured, with his fishing-rod in his hand, in the hopes of catching some fish for the family, in a fine stream which ran past the property the major had just bought. He found himself close to the borders of a forest. The trees were larger than he had ever seen before; some of them thirty feet in girth, rising forty feet and more, before a branch was to be seen. Near them were monster ferns, in shape like the palm-trees growing in the hot countries under the sun. Some of these trees had dark green leaves, shining like the laurel; others were of a lighter tint; and some bore blossoms in clusters, of a deep red colour, in form like the English honeysuckle, climbing up the loftiest trees, twisting round the branches and twining round each other, so as to

form a complete net-work, which hung down in all shapes of festoons and wreaths. It was a wild scene, very unlike any that Peter had seen in the old country ; and wilder and stranger still in appearance, was the person whom he had just addressed. He was a tall man, of a dark brown colour ; his face and every part of his body to be seen, marked all over in curious lines and circles and other devices, of a blue tint. His long black hair was turned up off his forehead and tied behind, and ornamented besides with a crown of feathers. Around him was wrapped a cloak of a sort of cloth, ornamented with feathers and beads.

Peter, who was a brave fellow, looked at the savage for some time, expecting an answer, and the savage looked at Peter without speaking.

“ Well, and what do you want with me ? ” said Peter at last. “ Stop, I have got a bite ; a big fish too ; if I don’t play him carefully, he’ll be off.”

The savage looked on calmly, till Peter drew a fine large trout toward the shore, when he stepped down the bank and helped him to get it up with the landing net.

“ You friend ? ” asked the savage, in a tone which showed that he asked a question.

“ Yes, I hope so,” answered Peter, looking at him to satisfy himself that he could be a friend of so strange-looking a being.

The native nodded his head, as much as to say, “ That matter is understood between us, then.” He then produced a huge eel, three pounds weight at

least, from under his cloak. He had just caught it, probably, in the stream higher up.

"You take—good eat," he said, offering it to Peter. "Me—go—you."

"If you like," answered Peter, understanding that the native wished to accompany him home. "Master will be pleased to see you, as he was only saying last night, that though we had been on our new location a week, none of the natives had come near us, and wondered why it was."

The native seemed to understand the meaning of what he said, and pointing in the direction of the farm, made a sign to him that he wished to go there at once.

"Stop a bit, till I have done up my tackle," said Peter, winding his reel and taking his rod to pieces, and hanging his basket, which was pretty heavily laden with fish, over his shoulders. "Now I am ready ; it's a long mile, or may be two, from this."

Peter set off, following the course of the stream, but he had not gone far, when the native made signs that he could show him a much shorter way.

"To be sure ; you know more of the country than I do," said Peter, "so I'll go the way you say is the best."

The native seemed pleased at the confidence Peter placed in him. He now got over the ground so quickly, that Peter had to move his legs at a very rapid rate to keep up with him.

It was a lovely evening ; the air was warm, but bright and pure ; the sky without a cloud. Birds of

gay plumage were flying about from tree to tree, many of them singing sweetly and cheerfully, though perhaps not equalling the music to be heard in an English grove in early spring, when each feathered warbler seems to be trying to surpass his companion in the richness of his notes. Peter, though a country lad, was not a lout, and could well enjoy the scene. He and the native did not talk much as they walked along, for the best of reasons, that they did not understand, beyond a word or two, what each other said, unless their conversation was helped out by signs, which it could not very well be at the rate at which they were going. At last they came to the brow of a hill, from which, in the plain below, could be seen a small plank cottage, a couple of huts built of boughs, a tilted wagon, a dray, and two other carts, placed somewhat in a circle, so as to leave an open space in the middle. There were three horses tethered near, while several horned cattle and a small flock of sheep were grazing on the rich natural pasture around. Several people were working away at the cottage, which seemed still in an unfinished state, while some females were busy round a fire, which was burning brightly in the centre of the circle.

"That is where we are going to live, and a pretty spot it is, and very good soil too," said Peter, pointing towards the cottage.

As Peter and the native were seen approaching, three fine-looking boys and a little girl ran out to meet them.

"Well Peter, have you caught many fish?" exclaimed the eldest of the boys, casting, at the same time, an inquiring glance at the native.

"Enough for supper for all hands and breakfast to-morrow morning, Master Harry; and this queer gentleman here, gave me a big eel, which will make pretty near dinner enough for us all, too," answered Peter, pointing to the native. The latter took this for an introduction and stepped forward, just as Major Parry, with a hammer in his hand, came from behind the cottage, at which he had been at work.

"I am glad to see you, my friend," said the Major, frankly putting out his hand.

"Yes, berry," answered the native, who took the Major's hand, though he had at first shown an inclination to rub noses, a mode of greeting each other usual among the New Zealanders.

"Come in and sit down; we shall have some supper ready soon, and you will take some I hope." The native nodded and went with the Major into the circle, where he was introduced to Mrs. Parry and her two daughters, Emily, who was grown up, and little Julia. There was an old nurse also, Mrs. Ann Perkins, who had accompanied the family for love of them, though she might have lived in comfort at home; and a youngish girl, Jane Green, who had come as a servant of all work, as a good servant will make up her mind to be in a colony. There were two men still at work on the house, One was a fine tall old man, as upright as a poplar, his hair just sprinkled over with grey; he was Thomas

Allan, once a corporal in the gallant — regiment of foot, the major's old regiment. We will give his history by-and-by. It did not require two looks to see that the other man was a native of Ireland. His grey coat and breeches, his battered hat, his turn-up nose, and twinkling eyes, and short pipe, his beloved dhudeen, scarcely ever from his lips, whether alight or not. Tim Grogan had spent probably nearly a third of all the money he had ever made in his life in buying tobacco to turn into smoke.

While the three boys, Harry, David, and Freddy, carried the fish, and taking them out, placed them before their mother and nurse Perkins, the major begged the chief to take his seat before a table-cloth which was spread picnic fashion on the grass. He offered him a box as a seat of honour, but the chief preferred squatting down on the ground in native fashion, with his knees raised towards his chin. The fish was soon cooked by Nurse Perkins, and all the party then assembled round the cloth to take their evening meal. Allan, Downes, and Grogan, in respect for their master, sitting a little apart, while Jane Green handed them their food. I rather think that Peter Downes came in for the best share from her hands ; no wonder ! Peter was an honest, industrious lad, and there wasn't any right thing in the world he wouldn't do to please Jane. The native behaved very well, and watched the major and his family, that he might do in all things as they did, in the way of conveying the food to his mouth ; indeed his manners were quite those of a gentleman. He bent his head

reverentially when the major said grace after supper, and not till then did he make an attempt to explain the reason of his visit to the settlement. It was not without difficulty that the major made out what he wanted. By dint however of signs and a few words, he let it be understood that he was the chief of a small tribe; that the rest had been destroyed by their enemies; that he lived at a pah, a fortified village, on the top of a hill, about six miles off, that his wife and his sons were dead, and that he had an only daughter, whom he loved dearly, and who was now very ill—so ill that he feared she would die. He knew that the white men, especially the chiefs, were often able to cure disease, and that he had therefore come to entreat the new settler, the major, to visit his pah, and to try and cure his daughter. The major considered before he answered. The only medical man in the district lived many miles off, and most probably would not be able to come if sent for. If he himself went, he might be of some service to the sick girl. He had brought a medicine chest, and having had a good deal of experience, he knew well how to make use of it.

“I will go with you, my friend,” he said at length. “But know that I cannot cure your daughter. To cure sickness is in the power of God alone; I will give such medicine as I believe will be of service to her.”

The native, it seemed, understood more English than he could speak, for, as the major addressed him, an expression of thankfulness came over his countenance, and he warmly shook the major's

hand. The ladies, with nurse Perkins and Jane, had already taken possession of the new cottage at night, as, even in its unfinished state, it was more comfortable than the wagon, which the major and the boys still occupied, or than the huts. One of the huts was offered as a lodging to the native for the night, and he gladly accepted it, evidently much pleased with the attention shown him. As soon as it became dark, and no more work could be done, Major Parry collected all the party, and read a chapter in the Bible, which he explained to them ; he then offered up prayer, and a hymn having been sung, with spirits calmed and refreshed, the family and their servants retired to their respective sleeping-places. If all families who call themselves Christians would follow the example of Major Parry, how much happier and more like real Christians would they be.

While the family and their wild-looking guest are asleep, I will give a further account of them, and of the country which they had made their home. Major Parry had been for many years in the army, the greater part of which time he had served abroad, and had been engaged in numerous battles. When between forty and fifty, in consequence of the failure of a bank in which his property was placed, he was left with his pay only to support his numerous family. Should he die, that would be lost, and except the pension which his widow would obtain, there would be nothing on which they could live. He therefore made up his mind to leave the army, and with the money which he would receive for his

commission, to settle with his family in a British colony. All his servants wished to accompany him, but he could take but three. Nurse Perkins, however, insisted on paying her own passage, and he was therefore able to take Peter Downes, greatly to the young man's joy, for he loved his master and mistress and their children, and he also was very unhappy at the thought of being separated from Jane Green. The idea also, that she might not again see Peter Downes, had made Jane very sad; indeed it was the only thing that caused her any sorrow at leaving England. When the major, as a lad, first joined his regiment, Thomas Allan was a soldier in it, and not long after he became the young ensign's servant. In many a battle they fought side by side, and where his master led, there Thomas Allan was sure to follow. At length a shot brought Allan to the ground. The enemy were coming on in great numbers, killing all the wounded they found. The English were forced to give way till their reserves could be brought up, but Lieutenant Parry calling his men around him, held them in check, and then, when compelled to retire, took Allan up on his back, and retreated slowly with him. On another occasion, some years afterwards, Allan crossed an open space before a besieged town, under the walls of which his captain lay wounded, and brought him through a tremendous fire unhurt. These and many other acts of mutual service had bound the master and his servant together in the closest bonds of friendship, and the major well knew,

that should he die, as long as Allan lived his family would have a staunch friend and protector. When, therefore, the major told Allan that he thought of going to New Zealand, the answer was, "Yes, major; I think that it is the best thing that we can do. There's work out in those countries, I've heard say, for young and old, gentle and simple; and thank Heaven, there'll be something to be got out of my arms for ten years to come or more." There was not a doubt uttered about his going, indeed, the major well knew that nothing would stop him.

Mrs. Parry had not been so certain about Nurse Perkins being willing to share their fortunes, and proposed her leaving them.

"What, dear marm! leave you! I who have lived with you ever since you were a little child, and who have never since then put a morsel of bread into my mouth which was not given me by your family! No, no!" she answered, ready to burst into tears. "If you were going away to some fine place where I might be in your way, and could be of no more service to you, it might be a different matter."

Mrs. Parry, therefore, with a thankful heart, agreed that Nurse Perkins should accompany them. Jane and Peter were very glad out of several applicants to be selected. They were young and strong, and Major and Mrs. Parry had no doubt about their doing well. They might have suspected that they would be happier together than apart. Tim Grogan only joined the party when they landed in New Zealand. The major found him wandering

about, without anything to do. He recollected him as a well-behaved young soldier in his regiment, but Tim didn't keep out of the grog-shop—I will not say that he could not. He fell ill in consequence of his bad habits, and was discharged from the army. At last, with the help of some charitable people, he found his way out to New Zealand. He had, however, been brought up to no trade, and as he had not a very good account to give of himself, he could get no employment. The major spoke to Allan about him.

“I always thought him an obedient, civil, honest, obliging fellow. He was a smart soldier, much liked by his comrades, and he hadn't a fault about him till he took to drinking,” answered Allan.

“Then I will engage him, if he will promise to give up the drink while he is with us,” said the major. “That will show him how easy it is to give it up altogether.” So Tim was engaged, and neither he nor his employer had hitherto any cause to complain of the arrangement.

Such was the party who had just taken up their abode on the property purchased by Major Parry.

New Zealand, the country in which they had come to settle, is one of the finest of England's colonies. It consists of three islands in a line, making indeed, one long thin island, divided by two narrow straits. It is about a thousand miles south-east of Australia. The northern island in which the Parry family settled is the most thickly inhabited by natives, but the English living in the three islands,

already far outnumber the natives. When visited by Captain Cook, just a hundred years ago, the natives were very numerous, and were among the fiercest and most warlike of any of the people of the Pacific Ocean. They were also fearful cannibals, and made a practice of eating up all the enemies they took in war. These habits they continued for many years, till one half had killed the other half, when missionaries went among them with the principles of Christianity. Many became sincere Christians, a large number only called themselves so (as a large number of people in civilized countries call themselves Christians, though they do not deserve the name), while a good many tribes remained heathens. They still fought among each other, and have several times attacked the English, and from the hilly nature of the country, thick forests and fortified posts, or pahs, they caused a great deal of trouble, and month after month, managed to keep the English troops in check. In 1838, the country was taken regular possession of by the English, the natives agreeing to become subjects of the Queen of Great Britain. They have since then, however, often rebelled, but most of their warlike chiefs having died, and roads having been made into the interior, there is every reason to hope that they will remain on friendly terms with their fellow-subjects the English settlers. The native men are strongly built, tall and powerful, with intelligent features and well-formed heads. They are darker than gipsies, and were in the habit of marking their skins with all sorts

of devices in lines, called tattooing. As, however, they become civilized and adopt the habits of the English, they give up this custom.

So much attention has been paid to the education of the children, that by far the larger number of young people can both read and write. They adapt themselves very readily to the habits of civilized life. Many own grist mills, others coasting-vessels, both captain and crew being natives; some keep inns, and being sober men, make good and obliging hosts. The son of one of the fiercest chiefs, kept the best-conducted country inn in the colony. They make good axemen, and readily engage in agricultural pursuits. Still, though they are intelligent, sober, and industrious, they are rapidly decreasing in numbers.

New Zealand is a very fine and beautiful country. It has high mountains, on the top of which the snow rests; wild hills, forests, lakes, rivers, and streams; fertile valleys and upland plains, on which sheep in great numbers are pastured. In the northern island the climate is warmer than that of England in summer, and never so cold, though strong winds occasionally blow. In the middle island the climate is more like that of England, though on the whole superior to it; while in the small south island it is rather damper, and more subject to stormy winds. The soil is generally good in every direction, and being well watered is very fertile. There are English settlements in all parts. In the northern island there is first, Auckland the capital, on the north-eastern shore; then Wellington, on the south shore,

which forms the north side of Cook's Straits, and lastly, New Plymouth, a fertile district, though without a harbour, on the west coast. In the middle island there is Nelson, on the north, that is on the south side of Cook's Strait; the Canterbury settlement on the east coast, with Christchurch the capital; and farther south, on the same side, Otago, with Dunedin the capital. The Canterbury settlement was founded by Church of England people, who expected that only Church of England people would go there; while Otago was founded by Scotch Presbyterians, with much the same idea. In both settlements, however, there are people of all denominations, who have their respective churches and chapels. Both the north and middle island have fine pastures both for sheep and cattle. In the southern island, which is small, the settlers are chiefly engaged in the whale and seal fisheries. It must be remembered that New Zealand is in the southern half of the globe; that is to say, directly on the opposite side to England, so that the south, which is towards the south pole, is the coldest part. Major Parry and his family had gone to the southern part of the northern island, between Wellington and New Plymouth.

CHAPTER II.

As soon as it was light, the whole family were astir. The native came out of his hut, and seemed anxious to set off at once on his journey home; but Major

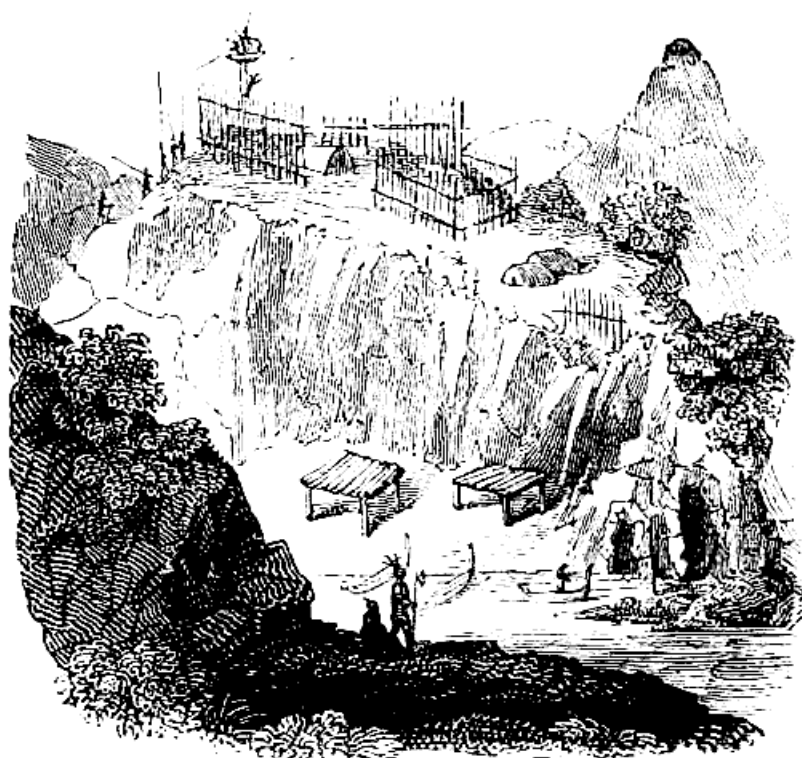
Parry explained to him that he could not take so long a walk without first breakfasting. The morning meal was soon prepared by Mrs. Parry and nurse Perkins, while Jane was busy in milking the cows and in other household and farm work. The native ate moderately of it, and seemed to enjoy the cups of hot tea which Emily poured out for him. He took greatly to the young lady, and made his host understand that his own daughter was about her age and size. While breakfasting, the major consulted Mrs. Parry what medicines he should take; and, by her advice, he weighed and measured out several of different characters, that he might give them according to the sort of illness from which the girl was suffering. The major had so much to do that he could ill afford the time which the walk would take up, still he thought it important to secure the good will of a tribe living in his neighbourhood; besides he was anxious to benefit the suffering girl. Harry and David greatly to their delight got leave to accompany their father. It was, however, necessary that Allan and Peter should remain to go on with the work at home, and as Mrs. Parry did not like her husband and sons going alone, it was settled that Tim Grogan should go,—an employment, it must be owned, Tim liked better than work. Tim had given up many of his bad habits, but he had not given up smoking, and sticking his dhudeen in his mouth; and grasping his trusty shillelah, which he declared was cut from a real Irish oak, he prepared to accompany his master.

The native, who said that his name was Toi Korro, led the way in a direct line across the country, till he struck the stream where Peter had met him; he then went up the bank some little distance, and crossed the river at a ford where the water was about two feet deep. He insisted that David should get on his back, and that he would carry him over. Tim carried over Harry in the same way. After crossing the stream, their path lay through a thick forest of Kauri pine-tree. It grows to a very great height, as straight as an arrow, and is admirably fitted for the masts of ships. Large numbers are used for this purpose. A valuable gum is also procured from this tree; it is, besides, well suited for furniture. The major had as yet gone very little into the interior, and he was particularly struck with the enormous size of the ferns, sixty and seventy feet high, and yet in appearance very like the common ferns in England. Although there are not half the variety of birds in New Zealand that there are in England, yet they collect in considerable numbers about the settlements, and sing very sweetly too. In these dark forests, however, scarcely a bird is to be seen or heard; for a very good reason, the songsters of the feathered tribe like the warm sun and free air, and the open ground, from which insects and grain are to be picked up, so they frequent spots where these can be found.

The chief led the way along the narrow path at a rapid rate, cutting with his axe the tendrils of the creepers which here and there hung across it. He was naturally in a hurry to get back to his daughter,

whom it was clear from the way he spoke, he loved dearly. At last, either the same stream before passed or another was struck. The chief then leading up the bank a little way, the party saw before them a high, very steep hill, or mound, the base of which was washed by the river. On the top of it could be seen some lines of tall railings, or palisades, twisting and turning about in a variety of directions, while above them appeared some large curiously carved figures of animals and human heads, painted red.

“Dat my pah,” said the chief, by which they knew that it was his home.



A PAH, OR NATIVE FORTIFIED VILLAGE.

A very steep winding path led up the hill, following which they reached a small gateway in the

palisade. This led them into a narrow passage between two rows of palisades, formed of trunks of trees, till at length they came to another gateway. This led them into a second passage, which twisted about like the first, and it was not till they reached a third door that they found themselves in the interior of the pah. This was a wide, open space, with huts built about it in different directions, and tall poles, on the top of which appeared the carved figures they had seen at a distance. The gable ends of the huts were also ornamented with carved and painted figures of hideous forms. The huts were built of poles and boughs, thickly roofed with long grass, and had neither doors nor windows. A whole pack of dogs rushed out as the visitors appeared at the inner gateway, barking and yelping, the uproar being increased by the grunting of pigs, the quacking of ducks, the hissing of geese, and the cackling of hens, and the screaming voices of women. The dogs, however, were soon driven back by the chief, and the women jumping up greeted him by rubbing their noses against his. They were inclined to treat the major and the boys in the same way ; but they, having heard of the custom, were prepared for the assault, and put out their hands to shake those of the ladies instead. Tim was not so fortunate, and his snub was, he declared, almost twisted off by the violence of the attack.

“Arrah now, manners is manners, and I’ve no doubt ye treat me after your own notion of what’s right ; but I’d rather be after having a sweet kiss from any of ye, or an honest shake of the hand now,”

he exclaimed, as he put back his dhudeen, which he had for a moment taken from his mouth.

The ceremony of introduction to the elder members of the tribe being over, the chief led the way to his own abode which was little superior to the others, except that it had more carved images in front of it. A fire was burning in the middle, which filled the whole hut with smoke ; in one corner, on a pile of rugs, lay a girl. By the light that came in at the doorway, Major Parry saw that she was young and far more pretty than the girls of New Zealand are generally. She kept moving restlessly, and was continually putting her hand up to her head, and moaning as if in great pain : the Major felt her pulse, which was very high. She did not appear to be exactly in a fever, indeed he had to confess to himself that he did not know what was the matter with her. One thing only seemed certain, that she had very little chance of getting well in the thick choking smoke and foul air which filled the hut. "What she most requires is pure air, wholesome food, and perhaps a little cooling medicine," he said to himself. "That she will not get here, and if the chief will let her come, I am sure that my wife and Nurse Perkins will gladly look after her."

He made the offer as he proposed, and when the chief understood it, he was very grateful and accepted it gladly. As she was accustomed to live in the open air, there seemed to be no risk in moving her ; and under the Major's directions, a litter was soon formed with a roof of boughs, which would protect

her from the sun and air alike. The chief however would not let his visitors depart without partaking of his hospitality. A fire had for some time been burning in a large hole, or native oven, by the side of the hut. The women were set to work to catch some fowls ; these in a short space of time were killed and plucked ; they had also prepared a nice little fat pig, which they bound round with green leaves. A basketful of fish was also ready for cooking, and another of potatoes.

Tim looked on in silent wonder at this mode of proceeding, of which he had never heard ; the boys however, had read about it, and watched the women with less surprise, though with equal interest. The next thing the women did, was to take out all the ashes, and then they put in the pig and the chickens above it, and next a layer of potatoes and more leaves ; then the fish, and then more potatoes, and then more leaves ; over them they sprinkled a little water, and filled the hole up with leaves, over all was placed a thick layer of earth and sods.

Tim's natural good breeding could scarcely prevent him from bursting into a fit of laughter at the food being cooked in that way.

"Faix, we'll be pretty hungry I'm after thinking before the pig will be fit for dacent Christians to eat, let alone the praties and the fowls and the fish, if that's the way they are after cooking them," he observed aside to Harry.

"Wait a bit, Tim," answered Harry ; "it is possible to learn a lesson from a painted savage."

The time quickly passed away in preparing the litter for the chief's daughter, and in examining the pah.

The major was not surprised that in former wars with the natives, these pahi had given so much trouble to our troops. Neither shot nor shell could make much impression on the huge trunks of trees of which the walls were formed; and when scaled, the assailants were sure to find themselves in a trap, while the defenders lay concealed in holes and burrows under ground, where even bursting shells or rockets could not reach them. If the natives expected to be overcome, they would nearly always escape, without being perceived, into the neighbouring forest. On coming back to the chief's abode, a very savoury steam was perceived ascending from the oven, which the women were just then opening.

"The smell is mighty good, Master Harry," said Tim, sniffing it up. "That must come from the pig; but it is not in the nature of things that the praties should be done any how." He almost let his pipe drop from his lips with astonishment, when he saw first the potatoes drawn forth perfectly cooked, and then the fish and the fowl, and lastly the pig smoking hot, and placed in wicker baskets on neat mats, and carried at once to an open verandah in front of the chief's house, where he had invited his guests to take their seats. No knives or forks were to be seen; indeed so thoroughly cooked were the pig and fowls, that a carving knife was not absolutely necessary. The major turned up his cuffs, and the

boys did the same, and each taking a joint in one hand and a potatoe in the other, eat away in the fashion of the chief and other members of his family, who had joined the feast. Tim whose mouth was watering, sprang forward with delight when his master beckoned to him to come and take his seat with the party, and had pretty quickly a leg of the pig in his fist, with a pile of his dearly beloved praties by his side. He could not help nodding his head to the chief after every mouthful to express his satisfaction, adding every now and then, "Bow-bow, Mr. Toi Korro; if you will take it as a compliment, I'm ready to declare that there is not a better cook in all Connemara, and may be in the whole of Old Ireland to boot, than your good lady."

Tim did ample justice to the feast, though the natives far surpassed him in the quantity they ate; indeed, long after the major and his sons had finished, they continued eating away till not a particle was left for the poor women, who had to cook a fresh supply for themselves. As soon as all the provisions were consumed, a large earthen jar of water flavoured with a herb of a strongly acid flavour was brought round. Tim was doubtful whether, as he had taken the pledge, he could venture to taste it, but seeing his master and the boys drink some, he thought that he might venture to do so.

"Arrah now, Mr. Korry, dear, though your mate and the praties are the best that ever passed my lips, we bate you with the rale crature any how," he exclaimed, giving a comical look at the chief.

As soon as the meal was over, the guests rose, not from the table, but from the ground, and Major Parry let Toi Korro understand that it was time to set out. The sick girl was accordingly placed on the litter which had been prepared, and well covered up with mats, so that she could not catch cold. Four young men of the tribe were directed to carry her, two at a time, and with the chief leading, the major and his three companions set forth on their return journey. Whenever the path was wide enough, the bearers went on at so rapid a rate that even the major had much difficulty in keeping up with them; but in some places in the forest the path was so narrow that the chief and the two men who were called to the front had to cut away the underwood and creepers to allow the litter to pass. It was late in the evening, therefore, before the party reached Major Parry's new location, to which he had given the name of Holmwood.

Mrs. Parry and Emily received the sick girl very kindly. They did not at all mind the additional trouble which her coming would cause them, but were very glad to have the opportunity of being useful to a poor native, and of showing those among whom they had come to live, that they had their interests at heart. The young girl did not seem to be the worse for the journey, but she was still suffering very much. Mrs. Parry was equally at fault with her husband as to the nature of her illness. A nice airy room in the new hut was made ready for her, and Nurse Perkins and Jane offered to sit up part of

the night with her, and to give her the cooling medicines which the major prescribed.

One thing chiefly concerned Mrs. Parry, how should she feed the five New Zealanders in addition to her own party ? This matter was, however, soon settled by the arrival of four more natives, carrying baskets which contained three little pigs, a dozen fowls and ducks, a number of fish, and a good supply of potatoes. One of the men also undertook to show them how to make a native oven, and to cook the provisions. It was indeed fortunate that they had brought the food, for that night the natives eat up a third of it by themselves. They showed their good feeling in declining to intrude on the major and his party ; and while some were making the oven, others built a hut of boughs in which they slept at night. The oven was afterwards found a great convenience, as when once the things to be cooked were put in, they required no further attention till it was time to take them out again. The next morning the chief, confiding his young daughter, Yeda (for that was her name, he said), to the care of Major and Mrs. Parry, took his departure. No alteration had taken place in her illness during the night ; she seemed, however, towards the afternoon, to be getting worse, and Mrs. Parry, who was sitting by her, began to regret that the major had brought her there, fearing that it was but to die.

“ If she could but understand me, that I might tell her of the love of God for man, which caused Him to send His Son Jesus Christ to die for men,

that all who repent and believe in Him should not perish, but should have eternal life: then I should rejoice that she was brought here, even though she should die. But, poor girl, she cannot understand me, there is no use speaking to her." Mrs. Parry said this aloud.

A low voice came from the bed on which the sufferer lay, "Yeda know English; good man mission'y talk to Yeda." These were the first words the native girl had uttered since her arrival.

Mrs. Parry went up to the bed, and as she looked at her, she observed that the skin of the patient was covered over with spots; she examined them carefully, and was certain that they were the marks of the measles. This was the cause of her feeling so ill. Already she was free from pain, and her pulse was more regular than before. As all her own family had had the complaint a short time before they left England, Mrs. Parry and Nurse Perkins knew well how to treat it.

"I am glad Yeda understands English," said Mrs. Parry, in a gentle voice. "But Yeda must not talk now, must stay still in bed, and take medicine, and soon get well."

"Yes; Yeda do what white lady says," murmured the native girl.

The disease was of a severe sort, and had she remained with her own people, her chance of recovery would have been very small. She was now treated with the most watchful care. Abundance of fresh air was allowed to come into the room, at the same

time that she was kept out of a draught, and well covered up. Still it seemed doubtful whether she would recover, and her kind nurses felt great anxiety on her account.

Three days after her arrival, her father came back to inquire about her. It was thought better that he should not see his daughter, lest he should catch the complaint. He went away looking very sad, though he said that he was sure that his white friends would do all that they could for his child.

It appeared that she had just returned from a visit to the daughter of the chief of another tribe, who had been one of her companions at a missionary-school which she had attended for a short time. It must have been during her visit that she caught the complaint ; indeed, Toi Korro said that many of the tribe were ill, and that several had died.

Emily, as well as her mother and Nurse Perkins, was constantly in attendance on her young guest, and seemed never to grow weary in watching over her. It was evident that Yeda was touched by all the care and attention she received, and that her heart was full of gratitude.

CHAPTER III.

THE new settlement of Holmwood made a very good start. Major Parry's first care was to get his family and servants comfortably housed, and next to lay out ground for a kitchen-garden. With a little care

and labour a great variety of vegetables are to be produced, and the major knew that they would be very necessary for preserving the health of his party. Although there were some open spaces of good land, most of the best land on the farm was wooded. Before the crops could be put into the ground, the wood had to be cleared off. There was a thick undergrowth which had first to be cut away. The trees had then to be brought down, the smaller ones were attacked with the American axe, the larger ones with a cross-cut saw. The largest hard-grained trees were, however, allowed to stand, as the labour of cutting them down is very great. The trees that had been felled were, after remaining some time to dry, dragged together, and piled up over the brushwood, to which fire was then put, much in the American fashion. The fires were generally made near the tall trees left standing, that the flames might catch hold of the boughs and burn them off. The blackened stumps did not look picturesque, but the dead trees were not injurious to any crops underneath, and could be brought down as wanted, for railings or for building purposes. A part of the property consisted of open or fern land, which required much less labour to clear, but which the major understood was not likely to be so productive as the bush land on which he had commenced operations. He however soon found that the labour of clearing was very great; and having cleared five acres, which gave timber enough for his own cottage, and for that of his servants, and for all the outbuildings and railings, he cleared the

same quantity of fern land. He calculated that it cost him from between two and three pounds to clear an acre of the fern land, and upwards of five pounds to get the seed into an acre of bush land. It must be remembered that New Zealand is on the other side of the globe to England and that when it is summer in England it is winter there.

The timber was cut down in January, and burnt off in March. The wheat was sown at the end of July, there was every reason to expect a heavy crop in January, that is the harvest season.

On the fern lands, the ferns grow from six to eight feet high, intermixed with a small bush called "tuke." On the surface there is a vegetable mould of seven to ten inches deep, matted together by the fern roots, with a light yellow loamy subsoil of many feet in depth, entirely free from stones, shells, gravel, or clay. When this land is broken up and got into order, the soil becomes light and powdered. It is ever afterwards so easily cultivated that a pair of oxen can plough an acre a day. There is an objection, however, to fresh fern lands, as from want of ammonia or some other ingredient, there is what is called sourness in the soil, which causes the crops to be very poor. When, however, the same ground has been allowed to remain fallow for six months, it will often produce three times as heavy a crop. To prepare fern land it is necessary to choose dry weather, when a gentle breeze is blowing, and to fire the fern. The thick, matted, dead stuff at the bottom, with the leafy part of the fern, is first consumed,

leaving only the shrivels of "tuke;" and the cane-like fern stalks, which being softened by the fire, should be cut down at once with a hook or a short scythe, while a billhook must be used on the tuke stumps. After this the land is ploughed with a strong plough by four oxen, and then harrowed; and then the fern-root is raked up to be burned.

The Major had brought with him a flock of a hundred sheep; it was but a small beginning, and would not have answered if he had had to hire a shepherd; but Henry and David were able to look after them entirely with occasional help from Peter, and even little Fred was of use. There are no wild animals to hurt sheep as in most other countries, and as the climate and herbage suits them, they are sure to do well.

There were five cows and a bull, two yoke of working oxen, three horses, two sows, and a boar, besides ducks, fowl, geese, turkeys, and rabbits. This was a large stock to begin with, and it cost a good deal of trouble to keep these creatures within bounds, though they had not much difficulty in picking up food for themselves. The bush-land afforded plenty of feed for the cows and oxen, and the pigs grubbed up roots, while the fowls picked up seeds and found plenty of worms in the newly turned-up earth.

Major Parry soon found that all the fruits and vegetables which grow in England flourish in New Zealand, even in greater perfection, provided care is bestowed on their cultivation; indeed he had as yet no cause to regret having chosen the colony as his home.

The care of the native girl occupied a good deal of Mrs. Parry time. Still she did not grudge it, as she had the satisfaction of seeing her charge gradually getting over the disease. If a family with small means in a new colony wishes to succeed, every member of it must work; and Mrs. Parry, anxious to set a good example to her children and to her servants, was in the habit of working harder than anybody. At last Yeda was out of danger; but it was still necessary that she should take great care not to catch cold, which she was very likely to do if she returned home before she had completely recovered. Emily, too, was anxious to have her stay longer with them. A warm friendship had sprung up between the two girls. It was difficult to say which loved the other the most. Yeda admired her English friend for her superior knowledge, her gentleness, her beauty, while Emily was interested in the native girl whose signs of gratitude and affection could not be mistaken. Emily found also that although not altogether ignorant of Christianity, she did not understand its truths, and she was therefore most anxious to instruct her in them. Yeda already knew a little English, and every day learned more and more; and thus as she improved in her knowledge of the language, the better able she was to understand the instruction given to her by Emily. Twice her father came to fetch her away, and each time Emily entreated that she might remain; so she was allowed to stay on. As soon as she was well enough to go out of the house, she showed that she

was anxious to make herself useful. Among other things she managed the oven far better than the settlers had been able to manage it. She showed Emily also how to make the native cloth and baskets, and was equally ready to milk the cows, or to churn, or to sweep out the house.

On one of the visits the chief, Toi Korro, paid to Holmwood, Major Parry had applied to him for some of his people to assist in clearing the land. He sent six fine young fellows, who, with their axes, did a fair amount of work. Their nominal pay was low, but as they had to be fed, and ate largely, their labour cost nearly as much as that of Englishmen would have done. Still, as they were sober and steady, the major was very glad to get them.

One day, the chief arrived, showing by his manner and the expression of his countenance that some matter of consequence weighed greatly on his mind. What it was he would not say, but he insisted that his daughter must no longer remain away from home; and the men having performed their task for for which they had been sent, must also return.

Major Parry inquired the reason of this.

The chief looked grave and vexed, and said that it must be so. Yeda shed many tears when she heard that she must return to the pah. Her father would give her no reason, but that it must be so. She was now well able to perform the journey on foot, and no litter was required; but one of her father's attendants was told to carry the presents of clothing and other articles which she had received.

Emily herself was quite moved when her friend was on the point of going. She made Yeda promise to come again as soon as she could obtain her father's leave. The native girl indeed showed by every means in her power, that she was grateful for the kindness lavished on her. Nothing particular occurred on the farm for some days after the departure of the natives. The major felt the loss of the services of the natives very much, and he was unable to get as much ground cleared as he had hoped.

At length a dray, which he had sent for flour and other provisions and necessaries, returned, and brought a number of letters. As he sat reading them at supper, his wife and daughter saw his countenance change.

"Is there bad news?" they asked, "if there is, do not keep it from us."

"It is simply news to make me anxious," answered Major Parry. "The natives in the centre of the island have again risen against the English. They, as before, declare that certain lands claimed by settlers were not sold to them, or if sold, were not paid for, or that those who sold them had no right to do so. To maintain what they consider their rights, they have set up a chief who claims to be king of the whole island, or of all New Zealand, though at no time have the tribes ever been united under one king. They announce that it is their intention to drive the English into the sea, and have already murdered several people, and some of our troops sent against them, have lost several men,

and been compelled to retire. It is feared that the insurrection will spread to other parts.

“I find, by a dispatch from the governor, that I am appointed a magistrate for this district, and am directed to use every influence I may possess with the natives to induce them to remain faithful to the Government, and to promise rewards to those who assist in putting down the rebellion. A proclamation has been sent me, which I must try and get distributed among them. I will first see our friend, Toi Korro, I am sure that he is personally attached to the English. To-morrow morning I will set out and secure him if I can.”

The ladies naturally became very anxious on hearing this news. They were in a very exposed situation, and should any of the neighbouring tribes lay claim to the land they held, they might be attacked and driven out, and perhaps murdered, as other settlers had been at different times.

The major's preparations for his journey were soon made. Harry begged that he might go, and Mrs. Parry entreated that the major would take Allan and Tim with him as a body-guard. It was considered too, that they would have a good deal of influence with the natives who had been working under them. The major and his followers filled their knapsacks with goods as presents to them, and to the neighbouring tribes whom he proposed visiting.

The travellers pushed on as fast as they could go, like old soldiers, keeping a good look out on either side.

"You understand, Tim, this is the mode of advancing into an enemy's country. We feel our way with scouts ahead and on either flank," observed Allan when they halted for a short time to drink at a bright stream which bubbled out of a rock. "To be sure our party is not quite numerous enough for that, so we have to make our right eyes to do duty on one flank, and our left on the other, while we turn them one after the other ahead. Hark! What noise is that? I thought that I heard some one moving."

"So did I, and I'll have him dead or alive," exclaimed Tim, and before Allan could call him back, he had sprung off into the wood.

"It's against all military rule to pursue an enemy without orders," cried Allan. The major and Harry, who had gone a little distance on, hearing his voice, returned. At that moment a shot was heard. Fearing that Tim might have been attacked, they were compelled to hurry to his assistance. They thought that they must have passed him, but still they heard his voice ahead. Then another shot. At length they caught sight of him between the trees, capering about in the most extraordinary way.

"Hurroo!" he shouted, "I've done for him any how. The ugly baste, to make a hole in my new pantaloons, in which I am going to appear before Mr. Korry and the ladies of his family."

When they got up to Tim, they found that he had been pursuing a wild boar, the descendant of some runaway sow, who had at length turned on him.

He had had a very narrow escape, but fortunately having a bayonet at his side to fix to his rifle, he had driven it into the animal's body.

"There'll be some fine eating out of him, anyhow," exclaimed Tim, giving a glance at his fallen foe. "But he was nearly giving me an ugly pronger with those big teeth of his."

The major told him that he might have risked his own life and the lives of the rest by running off without leave, but that he would overlook his fault if he would carry the boar to the pah as a present.

Tim replied that he should not mind carrying the hind-quarters, but that to carry the whole animal was beyond his power. To this the major agreed, and the animal being cut up, while the rest of the carcase was hung up on a tree, Tim marched off with the two legs sticking out on either side of his neck in front of him, rather proud than otherwise of this trophy of his prowess as a huntsman. Half an hour after this they reached the foot of Toi Korro's pah. A thin wreath of smoke ascended from the top, but there was no other sign of its being inhabited. Knowing their way, they climbed up the path and entered the narrow gateway, which was left unguarded. The second gate was reached, and on entering the centre part, they soon found that the pah was not empty by the barking of a dozen dogs who rushed out at them. Under the shade of the chief's hut a number of men were seated, evidently engaged in some important discussion. On seeing the strangers they rose, and Toi Korro, who was among them,

HOLMWOOD ; OR,

advanced towards the entrance. He put out his hand and warmly shook that of the major, the other



THE MAJOR'S INTERVIEW WITH THE NATIVES.

Englishmen receiving the same salutation from the

chief and all his followers. Major Parry then told the natives that he had heard that certain of their countrymen had risen against the authority of Queen Victoria, after they had sworn to obey her and to be her faithful subjects; that they had killed some English people, their fellow-subjects; and that one of their chiefs even pretended to be king over the whole country.

He added, "Now I know that you Maories are sensible people, and it is only necessary for you to know the truth to act wisely. Can any of you number the tall trees which grow in your native forests? Far more numerous are the fighting men who serve the Queen of England. Can any of you remove yon large rock from its place? As well try to turn the people of England from their purpose as to attempt to move yonder rock. Now the people of England believe that the Maories placed themselves under the government of their queen, and also sold to her ministers certain broad lands. They are therefore resolved that the Maories shall obey their queen, and also that they will not give up those lands. Now, if the Maories will not obey the English laws, and will attempt to get back those lands by force, not two thousand fighting men only, but ten thousand or twenty thousand will be sent over, to bring them into subjection; or if that should not be enough, another ten thousand will come over. But it is folly to talk thus. As soon as the English soldiers learn the way the Maories have of fighting, and the nature of their country, one thousand men will be sufficient to

follow them into all their haunts and strongholds, till not a Maori remains who does not recognise the Queen of England as his queen. You are, however, as I said, sensible people, and will at once see that it is to your interest to remain on friendly terms with the English settlers, and to obey the same laws that they obey. In one case you will enjoy peace and prosperity ; if you go to war with them, your destruction will be inevitable."

This speech, which was much longer in the native language, was received in profound silence. It was easy to see that it produced a great effect on the tribe ; but, according to custom, the chief did not reply to it at once. The visitors were requested to seat themselves in the chief's verandah, while he and his aged men retired to hold a consultation. No sooner were they seated than Yeda came out of the house. Tears were in her eyes, though she expressed her pleasure at seeing her friends, and inquired, in her artless way, after Emily and Mrs. Parry and Nurse Perkins and Jane. She said that she was very much afraid for their safety, and very sorry that her countrymen were so wicked and foolish as to wish to fight against them. She promised that if any attack was to be made on Holmwood, she would give them notice, and that for their sakes she was informing herself of all the Maories proposed doing.

In a short time Toi Korro returned. For his part, he had no hesitation about remaining on friendly terms with the English. He had, however, been threatened by certain powerful chiefs, that if he did,

he should be considered as an enemy to the Maories, and that he, his pah, and all his tribe should be destroyed. Notwithstanding these threats he had resolved to remain at peace and in alliance with the English. Major Parry warmly congratulated him on his determination, and promised him that he should not be the loser in the end.

Tim had at first presented his gift of wild boar's flesh, which was by this time cooked, and contributed towards the feast prepared in the usual style in front of the chief's house. Major Parry hurried over the ceremony, as he was anxious to visit other chiefs, to induce them to remain faithful to the English. Toi Korro volunteered to accompany him; indeed he said that the lives of the Englishmen were not safe if they travelled alone. The major gladly accepted his offer. The journey was to last several days, and as it was evident that there must be a considerable amount of danger attending it, the major insisted on Harry's remaining at the pah till his return. Though Yeda promised to look after him, Harry was very far from satisfied with the arrangement.

CHAPTER IV.

MAJOR PARRY, guided by Toi Korro, visited a good number of chiefs, and made much the same style of speech to them all. Most of them replied with very fair words. They wished to be at peace with the English, and would be so unless they were deprived of the

lands they claimed as their own. In most cases the major was able to reply, "Very well, then peace is secure, for you can claim, by right, no lands in these



A NEW ZEALAND CHIEF.

parts. These lands belonged to such and such a tribe, but your fathers came and killed them and eat them,

and their few descendants are now living with the English. If the lands belong to any Maories they belong to them, not to you." They could not deny this, and therefore had to acknowledge that they had no reason for going to war. Sometimes, however, Major Parry met with very black looks, and he could get no answer to his address. This was especially the case at the pah at which Yeda was once staying with her school companions.

The name of this chief was Moodewhy. He was of the old style. He wore the native cloak, and feathers in his hair, and bones hanging from his ears. His face was curiously tattooed all over, and though he used a musket in warfare, he generally appeared abroad with a spear in his hand. His eldest son, Matangee, was in most respects like him, and was desirous, it was said, to marry Yeda, Toi Korro's daughter. She, however, showed no inclination to become his wife, but on the contrary, a decided dislike to him, especially since her visit to Holmwood. This had made Matangee very angry, and still more inclined than ever to quarrel with the English. In vain Major Parry talked to old Moodewhy; his only reply was, that his fathers had driven their foes, who had trespassed on their lands, into the sea, and that he saw no reason why the present generation should not act in the same way towards their enemies. Toi Korro at length grew very uneasy, and he whispered to the major that the sooner they left the pah the better. When they got outside, the friendly chief said that he breathed more

freely, and advised that they should endeavour to conceal their movements from the old chief, and that they should take a different direction to what they had proposed. The major saw the wisdom of this advice, and guided by Toi Korro, made a long circuit, calling on other leaders and chief men on their way. To all of them he read the governor's proclamation, and he was satisfied with the assurances he received that they would remain faithful to the English. Having made a long circuit, the party reached Toi Korro's pah. On entering the enclosure they found it, greatly to the chief's surprise, filled with people. In the centre stood Matangee. It was very evident what he was about. This was confirmed by Yeda, who ran forward to meet her father. "Oh speak to them," she exclaimed; "or he will persuade them to join the rebels."

On hearing this, the major, immediately producing the governor's dispatch, addressed the assembly, pointing out to them the advantages of remaining on friendly terms with the English.

"And you call that man your friend, oh, foolish Maori; he would plunge you into all the horrors of warfare, from which you can gain nothing, and are certain to suffer loss. Drive him from this pah, and let him know that you will not be deceived by his false arguments." *

Matangee looked very angry on hearing these words, and tried to speak, but public opinion had set against him. The instant he opened his mouth,

* See Frontispiece.

loud cries arose, and he at last, losing his temper, turned round and rushed from the pah, vowing that he would be revenged.

"Let him go," cried some of the leading men. "He may fume and rage, as our dogs can bark, but they dare not bite if they see a man with a stick in his hand."

Toi Korro, however, seemed very much annoyed at what had happened. He said that he knew Matangee very well, and that he feared harm might come of it. It was quite late the next day when the major and his party, with Toi Korro still as their guide, arrived near Holmwood. As they approached the farm, they met Peter running towards them. He was in a state of great agitation.

"What's the matter?" asked the major, seeing that something was wrong. "Is your mistress or Miss Emily ill, or the other children?"

"Oh, worse than that, sir; very much worse, sir," answered Peter, wringing his hands. "Miss Emily, sir, and Jane, sir, went out to milk the cows which had got away, where we don't know, and they must have gone on and on, and have never come back again; and there's mistress in such a way, she says that the natives have taken them off. I don't know why she thinks so, but she's sure that they wouldn't have gone away by themselves. She is almost dead with fear, and it's all that Mrs. Perkins can do to keep her alive."

As the major could get no more clear account from Peter of what happened, he hurried on to the

house to see Mrs. Parry. He found her not quite so overcome with terror as Peter had described, but still very much alarmed at the absence of her daughter and Jane, and utterly unable to account for their prolonged absence.

“We will hope for the best, and that they have merely lost their way, dear wife,” answered the major, endeavouring to comfort Mrs. Parry. “However, no time is to be lost, and we will immediately go in chase. Let us have a supply of damper and cold meat, as we may be some time absent. The boys must remain to take charge of you and the house, and Peter will go in their place.”

All the arrangements were quickly made, and without stopping to eat, but putting their suppers in their pockets, they set off in search of the missing girls.

Toi Korro had not yet given his opinion as to whether they had simply lost their way, or had been carried off by the natives. “We will see soon, we will see soon,” was all he would say. First, they had to look for the traces of the cows. These were soon found; the animals had gone a little way beyond their usual bounds, so Peter said, but not much, and appeared to have been there for some time, feeding quietly. Toi Korro was examining the ground on every side. A frown gathered on his brow, and he shook his head. “Yes, Maori have been here, and drove away the cows,” he said, pointing in the direction in which he knew that they had gone. He now walked on quickly, examining the trees and bushes

on every side. Major Parry anxiously inquired whether he thought that the two girls had fallen into the hands of the Maories. Toi Korro's reply was to the effect that the natives had found the cows, and driven them away, and that the girls not knowing this, but tracing them, had followed in the hopes of overtaking the supposed runaways. More, as yet he could not say. On they therefore went, as fast as they could move, every moment hoping to have the mystery discovered. Again Toi Korro stopped. He looked about carefully.

"Yes, I see. Here they first found the Maories driving away the cattle," he exclaimed. "They turned and ran towards home, but fleet as were their feet, their pursuers were fleetier. They were soon overtaken. Now, like brave girls, they stood to face their enemies. They talked with them, but to no effect, and once more they attempted to escape. They were again overtaken, and carried away, struggling to escape." It would be difficult to describe the feelings of the major, on hearing of the way his daughter had been treated. Peter was equally agitated, for the sake of Jane. They naturally were eager to hurry off in pursuit, but caution was necessary. The natives who had dared to commit so great an outrage would not hesitate about attacking and killing them, if taken at a vantage. Toi Korro said that there would be no difficulty in tracing them and finding out who they were. He had his suspicions on that subject, but he would not state his opinion just yet. Not much time was lost in consultations. They pushed

on as long as there was daylight, and then Toi Korro said that he could no longer see the tracks, and that they must camp. He objected to having a fire lighted, lest any enemies prowling about might come suddenly on them; they had, therefore, to eat their provisions cold, while they spoke scarcely above a whisper. Under these circumstances it was difficult to keep up their spirits.

It was late before any of the party slept. Two at a time kept watch over the sleepers, going round and round, and stopping at certain spots agreed on; so that it would have been very difficult for an enemy to have taken them unawares. Thus the night passed slowly away. At the first streaks of dawn they were on foot. Breakfast did not take them long to despatch, and by the time their knapsacks were strapped again to their backs, there was light enough for Toi Korro to trace the tracks of the animals and the people who were driving them off.

Some time after this, the chief stopped and said, "I now know who were the robbers. Yonder pathway leads to Moodewhy's pah, and now I know that Matangee, his son, is the robber."

"Then do you think that my daughter and her companion have been carried there?" asked the major.

"I have no doubt they have, and that they are now within the pah, so that there is no use in our following them farther," answered Toi Korro; at least so the major understood him, for of course what he said was a mixture of English and Maori, helped out by signs.

Notwithstanding the chief's opinion, the major wished to proceed farther, to satisfy himself that the robbers had really gone to the pah. Peter, too, wanted to go on by himself into the pah, and to insist on Matangee's delivering his captives up. "If he won't, why I'll up with my fists and knock him down. That's my notion of doing things," he observed to Tim, who highly approved of his plan, and offered to accompany him.

"You'll not succeed in that way, lads, you may be sure," remarked Allan. "We must go to work with what they call diplomacy, that is, you must talk and wheedle them, and stroke them as you would a cat, though there's no harm just showing them that you have a thick stick behind your back, which you can use if necessary, only you must take care that they don't get it out of your hand."

The chief agreed to go another mile that he might satisfy his companions, who eagerly hurried on, every moment thinking that they might gain some further information to guide them. They found, however, in the end, that the chief was right; so leaving the track they struck off on one side towards his pah. They walked on as fast as they could, for they were very eager to take some steps for the recovery of the girls. On reaching the pah, Yeda, the chief's daughter, did not come out to meet him as was her custom.

"Where is she? Is she well?" he asked of the first person he saw within the enclosure.

"She was well yesterday; but her friend Madu, the daughter of Moodewhy, arrived at an early hour

and soon afterwards they set off together, saying that they would soon return ; but they have not yet come back," was the answer.

The chief was puzzled. His daughter had left no message. Women in New Zealand are allowed a good deal of liberty ; still it is not the custom for young girls to go away from home without the leave of their parents, or without letting them know where they are going.

Toi Korro could only suppose that by some means or other Madu had found out that her brother Matangee purposed mischief of some sort against Major Parry's family, and through friendship to Yeda, had come to inform her, and to assist her, perhaps, in preventing it.

CHAPTER V.

MRS. PARRY, with Nurse Perkins and the boys, had got through the usual duties of the day which could not on any account be left undone, such as feeding the pigs and poultry, and driving the working oxen to water, and folding the sheep ; and the two first named were now settled in their little parlour, busily working by the last rays of the setting sun, when Harry and David came running in in a great hurry to say that they saw some natives coming over the hill towards the house.

"We will take our guns, and if they are enemies, the best thing we can do is to shoot them," exclaimed Henry.

"Oh no, no! my dear boys. Do not on any account hurt the people," answered Mrs. Parry. "Remember, 'whoso sheddeth man's blood by man shall his blood be shed.' They may be friends, or if enemies, they are more likely to be won over by gentleness and kindness. We must remember that they are savages, and that if even they are disposed to quarrel and fight, we, as Christians, should show them the holiness of our religion, and not resort to force till all milder measures have failed."

"All right, mother; we will not fire if it can possibly be helped," answered Harry, as he and David took their rifles and ran back to the spot where they had left Freddy on the look out. He declared that he saw a whole army of Maories advancing towards the farm. David climbed up a tree that he might get a better view. He said that he could only see two people, and when Harry mounted up a little way, he declared that, after all, he believed that they were only two women, and that from the appearance of one of them he should not be surprised if she was Yeda. So sure was he at last, that they all ran forward to meet her, hoping that she had brought them tidings of Emily and Jane. She seemed well pleased to see them, but her countenance changed as did that of her companion when they told her of what had occurred.

"That is just like Matangee," said Yeda. "He was coming here with a number of fighting men to attack the house, so he boasted; but finding two weak girls and some cows, he was satisfied with

carrying them off, and avoiding any risk to himself." This was said partly in English, so that the boys as well as her companion quite understood it.

"Yes, it is true," answered Madu. "If he were a Christian, he would, I am sure, have been very different, but he would never listen to what the missionaries said to him; and now I fear that he is going to fight with the English, and will do many bad things and lose his life."

Harry and his brothers invited the two native girls to come in and rest and take some food. They were unwilling to delay, yet they agreed to go to the house for a short time to see Mrs. Parry. Yeda told her that Madu, having heard of her brother's intention of attacking the farm, she had hurried to her that she might give them warning. They believed that Matangee meeting with the two girls had thought it safer to carry them and the cows off. They now proposed hurrying to Moodewhy's pah, hoping by the short path they would take over the hills to arrive there before Matangee. As soon therefore as they had taken a little food they set out. Harry and David were very anxious to go with them, but Yeda told them that the risk would be too great, and hinted that they would not be able to keep up with them. The boys were inclined to be indignant at this, declaring to each other that they could run as fast as any Maori girls in the three islands. Mrs. Parry and Nurse Perkins thanked the girls again and again for their zeal, and prayed that they might be protected in their somewhat perilous expedition.

Had they taken the line of country followed by the cows, they would soon have come up with Major Parry and his party, as notwithstanding Harry's opinion of their powers of walking, they travelled at a rapid rate. They knew the way well, for although it was over steep hills, it was by a path they had often traversed. They had no foolish fears of ghosts or spirits of evil; in their heathen state they might have had; but as Christians, they had been taught that an all-seeing and much-loving God was ever watching over them, and that He would protect them from the worst spirit of all, he who goes about "like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour." Then was it likely that hobgoblins, or spirits of the woods, or rocks, or streams, even supposing such creatures to exist (which they knew do not), should be allowed to do them harm? Instead therefore of resting as Major Parry's party were doing, they pushed on through the darkness for the greater part of the night, the bright stars above and the grand outlines of the hills serving to direct them. The desire to serve their friends urged them on. At length they lay down to rest under the shelter of an over-hanging rock, they had nothing to fear, and slept soundly till the returning light of day awoke them. They instantly sprang to their feet, but before moving on, knelt down, and offered up their simple prayers to the God of the white man and their God for protection from danger, and for success in the undertaking in which they were engaged. Once more they hurried on, and made such good speed

that they reached the pah at an early hour. Many of the inhabitants were only then appearing at the doors of their huts. Madu inquired for her brother. He had not returned, the expedition he had gone on was no secret. Yeda was regarded with frowning looks by many, because it was known that she would not wed with their chief's son, and was also a friend of the English. Still, protected by Madu, no one dared to injure her, or even to speak a word against her. Madu therefore instantly sought her father, and telling him what had happened, begged him to exert his authority over Matangee to induce him to release his prisoners.

“How do the Maories feel when an enemy injures or carries off their wives and children?” she asked. “Surely the English are not likely to care less for their women than the Maories do! They care, as you well know, far more. They are their equals and friends, and never their slaves, as are most of the Maori women. Do you think then that they will quietly submit to be thus treated by our people? No; they will all combine together, and come and attack us, and level our pah to the ground.”

Old Moodewhy was evidently very much troubled at what his daughter and her friend said. If he had lived farther away from the coast, where the English could not get at him, he might have been more ready to hold out; but he had heard of the way their fighting-men had of sending rockets hissing along the ground, and shells to burst even in the very middle of a pah where no one could escape them; and he

did not wish to be treated in that manner, and he began to wish that Matangee had not been in so warlike a humour. Yeda and his sister knew that he was a very difficult person to deal with, and they therefore begged old Moodewhy not to say that they were in the pah, when he arrived, that they might see how he intended to treat his prisoners. Madu and her friend had only just made these arrangements, and retired to Madu's hut, when old Moodewhy, gazing forth from his look-out place, a platform raised on poles above the paling, observed a large party of Maories, with several head of cattle, approaching the pah.

"At all events he has secured some valuable spoil," thought the old chief. "That is certain profit, the girls will only create trouble in the pah, and to my mind the sooner they are out of it the better. Those English will not care so much about losing a few head of cattle; but, as my daughter says, they will be very apt to cause me a great deal of trouble if their young women are ill-treated."

The old chief did not use these words exactly, but such was the tenor of his thoughts.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN Emily and Jane went out as usual to drive home the cows, and did not find them, they naturally thought that they had only strayed a little way, and following them, in a short time found them feeding in a rich pasture, which they had discovered for

themselves. The girls were much pleased at this, and were calculating how much more milk the cows in consequence would give, when they found themselves surrounded by a fierce-looking set of strange Maories. They shrieked and tried to run away, but were soon overtaken, and given to understand that they must go along with their captors. Having got over their first alarm, their presence of mind returned, and they saw that their best chance of escaping was to be cool and collected.

“If I see a chance of running, I’ll give you a sign, Miss Emily, and we’ll run together,” said Jane. “I’ll not go along with these ugly blackamoors if I can help it.”

Twice they accordingly made the attempt, but were overtaken, and were after that so narrowly watched, they lost all hope of getting away. The last time, however, that they attempted to run, they were overtaken by a young man, who had a far more pleasant countenance than had most of his companions.

“Do not be afraid,” he whispered in very fair English; “you have a friend near who will die sooner than that harm should come to you; only come on as if you had no fear.”

These words revived the hopes of the two girls, and they no longer hesitated to accompany their captors. Their chief anxiety arose from thinking of the alarm Major and Mrs. Parry would feel for their absence; and Jane had a notion that Peter also would be made very unhappy. As night came on, they stopped, when a large fire was lighted, and several

huts with boughs and grass were quickly built round it; one was devoted to them, and they observed that the young Maori who had spoken to them sat himself down near it, as if to keep watch over them. The Maories now produced a sheep which they had carried off, and this, with some sweet potatoes and other vegetables which they had carried in baskets on their backs, were put into an oven, which they quickly dug in the ground. The feast was soon prepared, and Emily and Jane very wisely did not refuse to partake of it; in truth, they had had no supper, and now that their alarm had subsided, they were very hungry. The Maories sat up eating round the fire till every part of the sheep was consumed. Providentially they had no spirits with them, or the more savage part of their nature would have been aroused, and it is impossible to say what mischief they would have done. They had already attacked one small farm, but only carried off provisions. Little did the owner think, when he resolved to abstain from spirituous liquors, of the evil he was preventing. Gorged with their food, the Maori warriors slept soundly and long, and the sun was already rising in the sky before they awoke. Even then they did not hurry themselves. They thought that the white men would not be able to find their tracks, and besides, there were so few of them that they did not fear an attack. It was late, therefore, when they reached the pah. Old Moodewhy did not tell his son that he knew what he had been about, but let him tell his own tale, which, in the

eyes of the old warrior, did not much redound to his credit.

“And you have got some cows, that is well. But what are you going to do with the maidens?” asked the father.

“Marry one of them; she is fairer than Yeda,” answered the young man.

“A useful wife she would make a Maori, indeed,” answered the father scornfully. “Those pale-face girls know nothing and can do nothing. They can neither work in the fields, nor draw water, nor hew wood, nor make mats. However, you can think of that by-and-by. Is this all you have done to drive the English into the sea?”

The young warrior made no answer to this question, but said that he was very hungry, and must get his sister to cook him some pig and potatoes.

“Yes; and in the mean time she will take charge in her own hut of those two maidens you have carried off,” said the old chief.”

To this Matangee agreed; indeed it must be owned that he was somewhat indifferent about his captives. He and most of his tribe thought much more of the easy capture of the cows, and they proposed slaughtering and eating one of them in honour of the dead. Instead, however, one of the oxen carried off from the farm of poor John Brown, the small farmer who has been spoken of, was killed and a great feast prepared. All the ovens in the pah were prepared with red hot stones, and in a short time numberless baskets of rich stews smoking hot were ready to be

eaten. One thing is certain that the meat was far better cooked than that of an ox roasted whole in Old England; and this Emily and Jane could not help acknowledging, when Madu brought them in a delicate piece which she had selected for that purpose. The would-be warriors eat and eat on in spite of their supper on the previous evening, but they had now a good many more people to help them. At last every particle of poor John Brown's ox had disappeared. All the time they talked away of the brave things they had done, and the still braver that they would do; indeed, had the English settlers heard them, they would have had cause to tremble for their safety. The only person who said nothing was the young man who had spoken to Emily and Jane. He at last rose and left the circle, and though Matangee and others called after him he refused to return.

"Oh let him go; since he has visited the missionaries he is no longer fit to be called a Maori," said Matangee scornfully.

The feast was still going on, not only the ox but various other dishes having been prepared, when a band of warriors as a deputation from another tribe, arrived to invite Moodewhy's people to join them. Had they come empty handed they would have done no great harm, but they brought in their baskets several bottles of rum with which to enforce their arguments. The effect may easily be supposed, old Moodewhy himself, who had hitherto been silent and dignified, began to talk and boast as loudly as his son, and very soon let out that Yeda was in the

pah, and that she had come to assist the English prisoners. At first Matangee did not hear this, and it was not till the old chief had rolled over, and lay senseless on the ground, that his son was told what his father had said. At that moment many of the visitors, as well as the young men of the tribe, seizing their clubs, began to dance their savage war-dance, flourishing their weapons, keeping step together, and shrieking out in the most terrific tones, defiance at their enemies. As Matangee was considered an adept at this dance, he could not resist the temptation of putting himself at the head of the dancers; though amid his other cries, he let it be known that he intended to make one of his prisoners his wife, according to the old Maori custom, in spite of her objections or what the missionaries might say. A stranger witnessing the spectacle would not have supposed they were human beings who were leaping and shrieking in that frantic manner, but rather a band of evil spirits, who had been allowed to give vent to their passions on earth. Now some of them fell down overcome with liquor, while others rushed off in all directions round the pah, and several met and fought, believing that they had encountered some enemies of their tribe.

Matangee had just sense enough to make his way to his sister's hut, expecting to find there Yeda and his English captives. The door was closed. He and his companions speedily forced it open and rushed in. There was no shriek nor cry, but at the farther end were some female forms crouching on

the ground. With a shout of triumph Matangee sprang forward. What had seemed like figures were merely some female garments piled up, perhaps for the purpose of deceiving any chance intruders. Matangee now rushed round the pah, examining every hut and shrieking out Yeda's name. Neither she nor his sister nor the English girls were to be found. It became at last clear, even to his confused mind, that they had escaped from the pah.

"We will pursue them and bring them back. They, mere girls as they are, shall not play off their tricks on us," he exclaimed, calling on his companions to follow him. With their muskets in their hands, a formidable band rushed down the path from the pah. It was reported to Matangee that the fugitives had not gone alone, but had been accompanied by his cousin, of whom he had already good cause to be jealous. This enraged him still more, and with fearful cries of vengeance he and his companions hurried along the road they supposed the fugitives had taken.

Emily and Jane were very thankful when Yeda and her friend entered the hut where they were placed. Yeda told them that they would be in no danger in the pah, but that it would be prudent, after resting for some hours for them to make their escape. This they could easily do with the assistance of Madu's cousin Amoco, the Christian youth whom they already knew. This reassured them, and they were beginning to think the adventure rather an amusing one, when the cries of the savages carousing reached their ears. Their fears were increased by the arrival of Amoco,

who told them the threats which Matangee and his companions were uttering.

At length Yeda exclaimed that the only means of securing their safety was by flight. With Amoco's assistance they soon made an outlet at the back of the hut, and from thence they could escape to one of the gates of the pah without being perceived by the revellers. Their best chance of safety was now by rapid flight. Could they have found horses they might easily have distanced their pursuers; but no horses could be caught without their running the risk of being seen from the pah. On they went.

"Faster, faster, my friends," cried Amoco. "There are sounds from the pah which make me fear that our flight has been discovered. Poor Emily, already tired with her long walk of the previous day, felt ready to drop, and Jane was not much better. Yeda and Madu, more accustomed to exercise, were able to help them; but even they could scarcely have kept up running for any length of time. Still encouraged by Amoco, they continued their flight. At length, after going some distance, they reached a height, whence looking back, they could see the pah. Already at some distance from it they saw a band of warriors rushing tumultuously towards them. It seemed scarcely possible that they should escape, still they hurried on. The cries of their pursuers sounded louder and louder in their ears. They even fancied that they could distinguish the voice of Matangee vowing vengeance on them. Had the savages fired, perhaps not one of the fugitives would have escaped;

but, though mad enough with drink to commit any atrocity, they felt too sure of overtaking them to think of so doing. The savages sprang forward, the four girls and their companion were not a hundred yards in advance, when the latter saw before them, on rounding a projecting cliff under which they were passing, a large body of Maories with several Englishmen at their head. Emily recognised her father, and gaining fresh strength, rushed forward, crying out, "Oh, save me, save me!" The Christian Maories opened to let the fugitives pass, and then stood firm to receive the attack of the savages. Shots were exchanged. One of the first killed was Matangee, and his followers, seeing him fall, took to flight. Toi Korro's party would have followed, and probably have cut them to pieces, but Major Parry called them back. "They are your countrymen and our fellow-subjects. Let them go home and have time to discover their folly," he said.

It was a happy day, when, escorted by their Maori friends, Emily and Jane, with the major and his three staunch servants returned to Holmwood. Yeda married Amoco, who, forsaking his own heathen tribe, came to reside with Toi Korro, as did Madu; her father having been killed in a fight, into which he was drawn. Peter, not long after, married Jane, and both still continued in the major's service.

The war between the heathen natives and the white settlers was carried on for a long time after this; and though there was often fighting close to Holmwood, and many of the other settlers left their

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farms and went over to Nelson or quitted the country, the major with the help of Allan, Peter, and Tim Grogan, held his own, and is now one of the most successful settlers in that part of New Zealand.



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