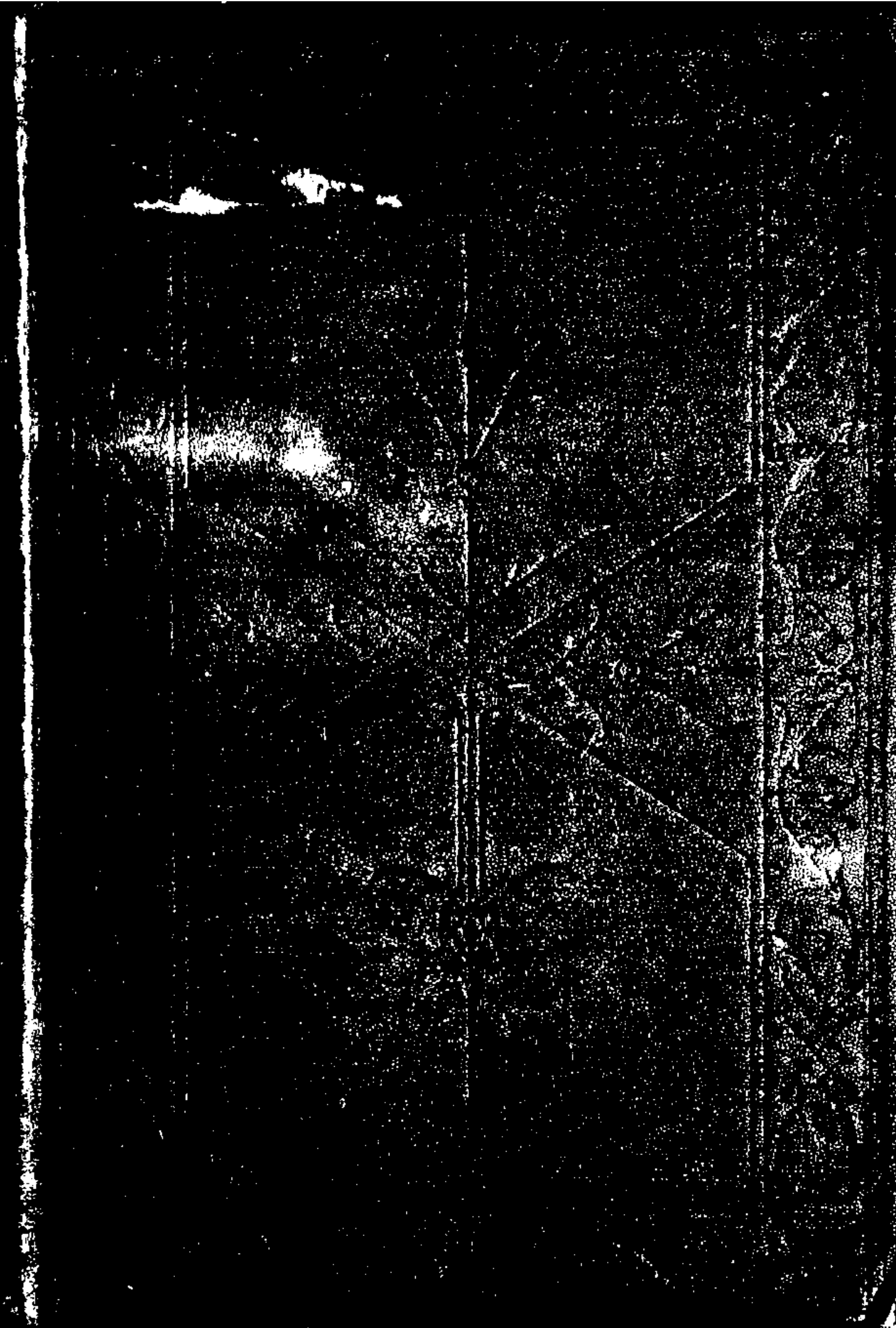

HENRY ANCRUM.

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A TALE OF THE LAST

WAR IN NEW ZEALAND.

BY

J. H. K.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

The object of "Henry Ancrum" is to give to the general reader some knowledge of New Zealand, of its short history, of its last war, and of the character of that most interesting race the Maori, in the popular form of a novel.

CELEBRATION of the JUBILEE

OF

QUEEN VICTORIA.

EXETER, 1887.

PROGRAMME For CHILDREN

3.30 p.m., assemble at BURY MEADOW at spot indicated by Number.

4. p.m., National Songs in unison.

4.30 p.m., Procession along Queen Street to Schools.

J. TOWNSEND, EXETER.

AWAKE, O HAPPY NATION!

1.

AWAKE, O happy nation!
From town to village-green,
With songs of gratulation
Salute our honoured Queen.
For fifty years, unaltering,
She well has filled the throne:
Our reverence still unfaltering,
And all our hearts her own.

O Lord of all creation!
Our prayer with favour hear,
And grant her preservation
For many a coming year.

2.

Our ships on every ocean
With gala-flags are hung.
Beneath them, in emotion,
What loyal lays are sung!
Then cheers, like rolling thunder
From deck to deck are hurled,
That shake the skies with wonder
And stir the watery world.

O Lord of all creation!
Our prayer with favour hear,
And grant her preservation
For many a coming year.

3.

From lands of torrid glory,
To north and southern seas,
The self-same joyous story
Is borne on every breeze;
Till all the clanging steeples
Of Christendom rejoice,
And all the banded peoples
Acclaim with one glad voice.

O Lord of all creation!
Our prayer with favour hear,
And grant her preservation
For many a coming year.

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HENRY ANCRUM.

A TALE OF THE LAST WAR IN NEW ZEALAND.

CHAPTER I.

AUCKLAND, New Zealand! How many a heart has beat high with hope as it has sailed into your splendid harbour! How many a soul that has felt its energies cramped and confined in the old country has thought that it would find space and verge enough for their development in its adopted new one, and has considered the road to fortune well-nigh gained! Alas! though some are

very successful, though many do well, and more still are able to gain a livelihood, how many there are who, after a short time, look back with sad regret to all they have left behind!—to the intellectual life that throbs at the earth's great centre; to the congenial society of friends and acquaintances; and last, perhaps not least, to the solid comforts of dear Old England—comforts which are hardly attainable in a new country, where from the want of roads and means of communication, the settler in many cases can scarcely procure the necessaries of life.

On the deck of the good ship *Hydaspes*, which was just entering the harbour, in the beginning of the year 1863, stood a group of three persons—Mrs. Mandeville, her daughter Edith, and Henry Ancrum, a lieutenant in her Majesty's service, who was proceeding to join his regiment in New

Zealand. Mrs. Mandeville, though past forty, was still a young-looking woman, with a bright happy expression of face, which appeared still more happy at the time of which we are writing, as she was looking forward to rejoining her husband, to whom she was tenderly attached, and whom she had not seen for nearly a year, during which she had proceeded to England for the purpose of taking her daughter from the school where she had been educated, and returning with her to their home at the Antipodes. Mr. and Mrs. Mandeville had been engaged to one another very early in life. He was the younger son of a gentleman of landed property in England, but his income for some years did not admit of his marrying; having, however, at last been left some two thousand pounds by an uncle, he had considered himself fully entitled to wed the woman he had so

long loved, and had proceeded to New Zealand, where he imagined he would in a very short time be able to realize a considerable fortune. Full of these hopes he arrived at his destination, and was enabled by the advice of some old settlers in the colony, to whom he had procured introductions, to purchase a property on the great south road between the town of Drury and the native village of Pokeno.

Here for many years he and his wife had resided, living a life of the greatest privation, as far as all the comforts of civilization are concerned; but still at the same time, although not realizing a fortune, yet putting by sufficient money to enable Mr. Mandeville to set up as a merchant in the town of Auckland, a few years previous to the breaking out of the Rebellion in 1863, retaining however the house and farm, which were left to the management of a steward.

At this house Edith Mandeville was born, but she was sent to England by her parents at the early age of ten years, for the purpose of being educated. At the time of which we are writing she had completed her eighteenth year. Her figure was tall and well formed; her dark brown hair—so dark that it was considered by most persons to be black—was parted in simple braids above a forehead of dazzling whiteness; her nose was thin and aquiline; but the great charm of her face was her eyes, which were of a soft liquid hazel, into which you could not look without feeling that the lightest word of their owner might he implicitly relied on. I am bound to confess that her mouth was just a little too large, but then it was so well formed, and when she laughed was surrounded with such lovely dimples, that it was almost impossible to find fault with it; her neck was

large and firmly set on a pair of beautifully moulded shoulders, which contrasted well with her small and rounded waist, and were in perfect keeping with the general contour of her figure.

I am afraid that Henry Ancrum will hardly find favour with my fair readers, for I cannot say that he was a very handsome man, or what young ladies of sixteen would call a nice young man. No, he was too massive for all this; he was about five feet ten inches in height, and strongly built, had a broad forehead, blue eyes, and curly brown hair; his nose was neither Roman nor Grecian, it was rather a common nose as noses go; and his mouth, though good-humoured-looking enough when he laughed, was so firmly set as to give him, when his countenance was in repose, an appearance of sternness. He was the eldest son of an old officer, who having retired

from the service had settled with his family in the neighbourhood of London; but Henry Ancrum had during his school-days generally spent the greater part of his vacations at the seat of his uncle, Sir John Ancrum, the head of the family, at Ancrum Hall, in one of the eastern counties.

It would be difficult to describe this fine old pile, as succeeding generations of Ancrums had made additions to it until it had become an immensely large building of no particular style of architecture. Still the general effect was picturesque, and the present owner had added a very handsome wing with a high tower at one end, and laid out a magnificent terrace, adorned with beautiful statues, extending along the whole front of the building. The house was situated on the gentle slope of a hill, surrounded at the back and sides by beautiful trees, whilst in front a suc-

cession of terraced flower-gardens descended to the park, where herds of deer could be seen grazing peacefully amidst groups of oak and Spanish chestnut trees. Beyond the park wall extended a succession of meadows, bounded by the river Gipping, here a small stream flowing slowly towards Ipswich, to which it gives its name, the original being Gippings-wich—that is, the place or town of the Gipping.

Sir John Ancrum, the uncle of our hero, had married early in life, and it was about this period that he had made the additions we have mentioned to the family mansion. The marriage was a happy one, but no children had blessed the union, and when his wife died—a few years before the commencement of our history—he felt himself, from increasing age and infirmity, less willing to go into general society than formerly: indeed, although all the old

servants were kept on, yet so enamoured had the old gentleman become of quiet, that when no guests were staying in the house, and he was perfectly alone, he preferred being waited on at his meals by a parlour-maid to employing a man-servant, as he said a woman could be seen without being heard, and never disturbed your reflections by making a noise. Henry Ancrum, as has been previously mentioned, generally spent the greater part of his vacations at Ancrum Hall, and on one of these occasions, when he was about sixteen years of age, his uncle questioned him as to what profession he would prefer. Henry answered that he had long wished to go into the army; and his uncle replied that if no objections were raised by Henry's father, he would purchase him a commission, and send him in the meantime to a military school to fit himself for the profession he wished to

adopt. As may easily be supposed, the old officer did not raise any objections to these liberal offers, and in consequence, at the age of eighteen—about five years before the commencement of our story—Henry Ancrum obtained an ensigncy in the —— Regiment of Foot, and proceeded to join the depôt of that corps, then stationed in Ireland.

Three years passed away; at the end of which Ensign Ancrum became a lieutenant by purchase. During this period he had of course paid frequent visits both to his father's house and Ancrum Hall. On one of these occasions, as Henry and his uncle were quite alone, there being no other visitors besides himself at the Hall, they dined in the small dining-room, and Henry was perfectly astonished at the dazzling beauty of the girl who waited at table. His uncle saw his surprise; and when the wine had been

placed, and the maid had withdrawn, gave him the following sad account of her history.

Gertrude Chesney was the only daughter of a farmer, a tenant of his own, who had once been in opulent circumstances, but whose affairs, in consequence of several unsuccessful speculations, had become so much involved, that at his death, which had occurred a short time before, it was found that his debts far exceeded the amount which could be realized from the property he had possessed. His sons, four in number, were forced to obtain subsistence as farm labourers, and Gertrude wished to support herself also; but the question was, how? Like many farmers' daughters she had lived in great comfort, we may say luxury, but she had never been forced to learn anything beyond the mere rudiments of education. She was therefore unfit to be a

governess; and the only alternative, as it seemed to her, was to go into service. Having heard therefore that the situation of parlour-maid at Sir John Ancrum's house had become vacant, she had applied for and obtained it.

The above conversation took place in the month of August, and by the first of September the house was full of company, attracted by the charms of partridge shooting, and Henry Ancrum lost sight of the beautiful parlour-maid for some time. Amongst the guests who arrived came Malcolm Butler, a first cousin of Henry's, a personage of whom, as he will be often mentioned in this veracious history, it is now necessary that we should say something.

Malcolm Butler's father was a Scotchman and a doctor, in the city of London, who had succeeded in captivating the affec-

tions of Miss Dorothea Ancrum, a sister of Sir John and the Colonel, a spinster, who was certainly more than of age at the period, and who having a small property of her own, and being determined to carry her point, succeeded in marrying the doctor in spite of the resistance of all her existing relations. From this union sprang three children: the eldest son, who became a farmer in Scotland; a daughter, who through the interest of some relations of her father's obtained a situation at the Court of a German prince, where she played her cards so well, that she was afterwards able to be of great assistance to her youngest brother; and the said youngest brother, Malcolm Butler.

Malcolm Butler had always had a desire to enter the army: not that he had any wish to run into any danger that he could possibly avoid, but he thought that

by exercising the cunning of his character, he might push himself on in the service; and, moreover, he had the greatest detestation of all work; and as to following the business of his father, the idea was abhorrent to him.

The difficulty was, however, how to get into the army; his father could not afford to purchase for him, and to obtain a commission without purchase, except from the Royal Military College of Sandhurst, was at the time of which we are writing almost an impossibility. Under these circumstances Malcom Butler was forced to content himself with a commission in a Scotch Militia regiment, which was obtained for him by the relations of his father.

At this period, however, a great piece of luck happened to him. The Crimean War broke out, and Government being speedily

in want of recruits to fill up the ranks shattered by death and disease, offered a free commission to all officers of Militia who could induce fifty men to enlist. Through the interest of his Scotch relations, Malcolm Butler was able to raise the required number of men; and consequently, one fine day, saw himself gazetted to an ensigncy in the Line.

Here was the first step gained; a very small step to most men, but as we have hinted, Malcolm Butler's sister possessed influence at a foreign Court; the Court in question possessed interest in England, and it was to this interest the young ensign trusted in a great measure for his future advancement.

The regiment to which Malcolm Butler was appointed was stationed abroad, but the depôt was of course at home, and our young ensign proceeded to join it, and

remained in England until the year 1857, when the mutiny having broken out in India, he was ordered to join his regiment, which was serving in that country.

CHAPTER II.

EVERY person has read accounts of voyages. Every person knows the style of diary which young gentlemen and ladies keep.—Friday, 5th August. Fine day. "Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer." Dead calm. Very hot. Ship motionless. Thought of "Ancient Mariner," and that it was *so like* "A painted ship upon a painted ocean." 12 o'clock, saw some flying-fish. 3 P.M., saw a ship which went the other way, *so* provoking. 4 P.M. dinner. After dinner second mate caught a shark, &c. &c. So we will not inflict a long account of Malcolm Butler's voyage to Bombay on the

reader, but merely mention a few incidents which occurred during the course of it.

There was on board a certain Major Brennan, of the Indian local army, formerly called the Company's service; this old gentleman had served his country for some thirty years, had an extremely nervous and shaky manner, and had one most extraordinary peculiarity, which was, that whenever he told any story, however serious or solemn the subject might be, he always burst into fits of laughter. On one occasion he was describing the way in which the native regiment to which he belonged had suffered from cholera, and went on as follows:—

"Ah, sir, Arcot and Arnee hot places, but not so hot as Cossitollah. Devilish hot place that. We had the cholera very bad there, sir. Ha, ha, ha! Three hundred men in hospital, sir; most of them died,

sir; most of them died. Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!"

A passenger inquired if they were well supplied with doctors.

"Oh yes, sir, lots of doctors, shoals of them. Ha, ha, ha! But did no good, sir. Doctors can't do much good in bad cases of cholera. Indeed I have seen very few army doctors who did much good anywhere—don't know much when they come into the army. Crammed, sir; crammed, sir, for the examination,—ha, ha, ha!—and never open a book afterwards. Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!"

Now the doctor of the ship was one of the class almost always found in passenger vessels making long voyages. He is invariably described in the ship's advertisement as an "experienced surgeon." Who has not read these words with the greatest confidence?

"The splendid frigate-built ship, *Narcissus*, A 1 at Lloyd's, and carries an experienced surgeon." But what is the reality? The "experienced surgeon" generally turns out to be a gentleman who has just walked the hospitals, and who is engaged by the owners for the voyage for the moderate sum of about twenty-five pounds, and the run of his teeth, and who often renders it rather difficult for the passengers to eat their dinner by describing interesting operations which have taken place at Guy's Hospital.

Now, strange as it may appear, the gentleman above mentioned was very indignant at the way in which the Major had spoken of army doctors; for although he had nothing to do with the army, and generally tried to insinuate that he would rather not be in it if he could, yet still they were doctors, and doctors always cling

together. He said nothing at the time, but afterwards took every opportunity of contradicting the Major, a proceeding which led to the most furious disputes; disputes so furious that the Major actually sometimes forgot to laugh—a thing which had not occurred to him for the last twenty years. On one of these occasions the doctor had rather the better of his adversary, and indulged in various expressions denoting triumph, when Mrs. Brennan, who had overheard the argument from her cabin, and who was a lady from the Emerald Isle, and moreover of a very excitable temperament, rushed forth and exclaimed—

"Oh, Brennan, Brennan! you call yourself a Meejor in the army, and allow yourself to be put down by a *dirty doctor?*"

Poor Smith! it was a sad blow; the name stuck to him, no amount of ablution

was of any avail during the voyage; indeed, whilst he remained in the ship, he never lost the nickname of the "dirty doctor." But we are sorry to say Mrs. Brennan's peculiarities brought upon her certain little inflictions which we consider it our duty as impartial historians to chronicle. On one occasion one of the passengers descended to the cabin a little after dark, and said in a solemn voice, "Oh, Brown, there is a leak in the ship!"

"You don't say so, Jones!" said Brown.

"Oh yes," said Jones, "and four feet water in the hold."

"Oh, Brennan, Brennan!" screamed Mrs. Brennan, "there's a LAKE in the ship and four feet water in the *hould*, and you sleeping there like a hog."

But the commonest trick was one of the younger passengers standing with both feet

on Mrs. Brennan's skylight; on which a red-faced Irish girl, Mrs. Brennan's servant, would come up on deck, and say—

"*Plaise, sur, mee mistress says she wishes ye'd take yer fut off her bul's eye.*"

After a prosperous voyage of rather more than three months our travellers reached Bombay, and entered its magnificent harbour. Few that have ever viewed that scene can easily forget it. On the left, as you approach, lies the Island of Colaba, with its tall graceful lighthouse at the southern extremity, to warn voyagers of the dangers of an extensive reef which juts out in that direction; further on, and in the centre of the island, stands its church (erected by subscription in memory of the gallant men who fell during the disastrous operation of the Cabool war) surrounded by the loftiest cocoa-nut trees, whose feathery foliage seems ever waving in the

breeze. As we advance, a causeway is seen to connect Colaba with the large island on which Bombay is built. The next object that meets the view are the ramparts of the town, surrounded by a glacis of the brightest green, which slopes down to the harbour on one side of the island, and towards the waters of Back Bay on the other; and above all frown the higher walls of the citadel. Beyond, and further up the harbour, we see the native town with its countless mass of houses of all shapes, sizes, and descriptions, and of styles of architecture which baffle description. On the right, as the ship sails in, are passed some lovely islands rich with all the luxuriance of oriental foliage, and further back on the right, and also in front, the scene is closed by the stupendous range of mountains called the Western Ghauts, the great backbone of

the peninsula of Hindostan, which rise in the most fantastic shapes, sometimes as sheer precipices, sometimes like gigantic castles, and sometimes in terraced slopes, to a height of about five thousand feet above the level of the sea.

CHAPTER III.

AND now what an opportunity we have to describe Indian life, manners, and customs. Ah, ah, gentle reader, don't you wince? But on reflection we wont; no, no, we wont, for the simple reason that every one in the present day knows all about India, or at any rate they think they do, which is the same thing. They know—who better?—that gentlemen in India are *always* being carried about in palanquins, and cooled by punkahs, that their favourite dish is pillaus or currie, and their favourite drinks beer and brandy-pawnee. That a tiger or two can

occasionally be bagged before breakfast, and that as to pig-sticking, it is the

"Morning thought, the evening dream,"

of by far the greater portion of the English male inhabitants.

And how do the ladies pass their time? Oh, that of course is equally well known: lounging during the morning in the most luxurious of arm-chairs, of course under the punkah; receiving crowds of visitors, retiring after tiffin to enjoy the balmiest of slumbers, proceeding in the evening to the band-stand to listen to strains of the most melodious music, and perhaps to tones of the human voice even more melodious to the ear, and concluding the day by driving after the shades of night have fallen to some brilliant ball. Such is life in India, is it not, gentle reader? Ah, well, there may be exceptions; but let us at

least always try to look on the bright side of things, which was what Malcolm Butler endeavoured to do when he arrived at Kurrachee, after a short passage from Bombay.

Kurrachee is one of the dreariest-looking places on the face of the earth, situated on a perfect plain of sand, about two or three miles from the sea ; and yet how true the saying of Milton is, that "in the lowest depth there is a lower depth." (We hope we quote correctly, but we have not the book by us.) Kurrachee is a sort of sanitarium to the upper parts of the province of Scinde, because at Kurrachee you have all the advantages of the healthful sea breeze, whereas in the upper country you are parched for seven months by continual hot winds.

From Kurrachee Malcolm Butler proceeded to the Gizzeree Bunder, some three or four miles from that place, and from

thence by steamer, through what are called the Channels, to the celebrated river Indus.

There is an indescribable feeling in finding yourself in some place you have read of in childhood and youth but have never hoped to see. There is an indescribable feeling in standing on Table Rock at Niagara, and gazing on that mighty river flowing on as if for ever, breaking into foam at your feet, but rolling over in clear green unbroken water at its deep centre; and so near, so very near your feet as you stand upon the rock, scarcely a foot beneath you, one step and you would be in eternity. And a little voice within you says—this is Niagara, this is the place I have so often read and thought of. And so it is, at any rate with some, when first they find themselves upon this other mighty river, this classic Indus, which pours its vast waters past so many lands, and bears

as it were so many memories on its bosom from the days of Alexander to our own.

Bat-bat, *bat-bat*, *bat-bat* went the paddles of the steamer; hot glared the sun on the broad river and its sandy banks; monotonous was the cry of the leadsman in the chains, "Do barm aik fo-ot" (two fathom and one foot), or "Dom-ba-dom" (the nearest approach he can attain to "no bottom"); and so they go on day after day until Kotree, near Hyderabad, is reached, then Sukkur, then Moultan; but we will not weary the reader by following Malcolm Butler to all these places, but will merely say that he eventually reached his regiment at Delhi a few days after that place had been captured by the British arms.

Malcolm Butler had taken care to provide himself with letters of introduction from influential personages to the officer commanding his regiment, and as that officer at

once perceived that by advancing the interests of the bearer of these letters he might probably advance his own, he determined to do so; and it so happened that he had almost immediately the opportunity of carrying out his views, for having a short time previously obtained the rank of full colonel, he was, within a month of the fall of Delhi, given command of one of the columns ordered to pursue the mutineers, with the temporary rank of brigadier-general. This force consisted of the regiment of British infantry to which Malcolm Butler belonged, a regiment of Seik infantry, some artillery, a squadron of European cavalry, and two squadrons of Jan-fishan Horse,—that is to say, irregular native cavalry.

It is perhaps necessary to explain the word Jan-fishan. The word "Jan" means "life," and "fishan" "scattering." The two words together, "Jan-fishan," mean

"scatterers of life," that is to say that the persons to whom they apply are so brave as to be ready to scatter or lose their lives in the pursuit of their duty.

There is another word in the "Ordoo" or "Camp language," commonly called Hindostanee, namely, "Jan-baz," which has much the same meaning as Jan-fishan. "Jan," as before mentioned, meaning "life" and "baz" "playing," or together playing with life, or being ready to sacrifice life for those who employ the persons so named.

Now it happened that the squadrons of Jan-fishan Horse which we have mentioned had just lost their commander in consequence of his having been promoted to a higher appointment, and consequently it was very easy for the new brigadier to get Malcolm Butler installed in the vacant post.

It was several days before the force

gained any intelligence of the body of mutineers they were in pursuit of; but on the evening of the fifth day they heard from some villagers that the enemy was not far in front of them; and on the morning of the seventh day after leaving Delhi they came up with him strongly posted behind a deep nullah, or dry watercourse, with his right resting on a wood, and his left on a small river.

The dispositions for attacking this position were soon made. The dragoons were placed on the right, where the banks of the nullah were shelving and not so abrupt as in the centre. One wing of the European regiment in line came next to them, then the regiment of Seik infantry, also in line.

The remaining wing of the European regiment was kept in reserve, and the

artillery so placed as to cover the advance of the line.

Malcolm Butler's Janfishan Horse were directed to circle round the wood on our left, and consequently on the enemy's right, with a view of taking them in flank when driven back by our advance, charging them if a favourable opportunity should occur, or at any rate following them and cutting off any stragglers from the main body.

In pursuance of these orders, the Janfishan Horse turned off to their left, and began to proceed round the wood, which was of considerable extent, and after a time completely hid them from the rest of the little army.

Malcolm Butler had been ordered to advance cautiously with a few troopers as skirmishers in front, and only at a footpace, in order to give time for the infantry

to attack and defeat the enemy before he appeared upon the scene; his advance therefore was most slow, and, as he went, he had time to reflect on the advice of an old officer and friend of his father, the colonel, who had constantly repeated to him these words, "Malcolm, my boy, if you should ever be on service, mind you try to get mentioned in despatches, and then your interest can be made of more use to you."

"Now," thought Malcolm, "now is the time, if I can only cut up a few runaways, I am sure the brigadier will mention my name as favourably as he can in his despatch describing the action."

Whilst reflecting in this way, he heard first the boom of the artillery, and then the rattle of musketry, and knew that the battle had commenced in earnest. It was shortly after this that, to his intense dismay,

he saw the troopers whom he had thrown out in front come flying back as fast as their horses could carry them, and immediately behind them appeared a considerable body of mutineer cavalry, belonging to one of the late regular cavalry regiments, advancing towards him.

Now the "Life Scatterers" might have charged a retreating enemy with great determination, but to attack well-mounted regular cavalry was what they were not at all prepared for; so as the enemy came on in a manner that looked like business, they, after a pause of indecision, instead of scattering their lives, scattered themselves all over the plain in the most admired confusion, racing away in the true spirit of "devil take the hindmost." Their antagonists, however, being afraid of being drawn too far, stopped the pursuit after a short time, and retired, leaving the Janfishans

to huddle together some distance from the place where the rencontre had taken place.

Malcolm Butler being deserted by his followers, considered "discretion the better part of valour," and ran away with the rest; but he could not help reflecting that this was hardly the way to be "mentioned in despatches."

When therefore he saw the pursuit slacken, and the enemy eventually pull up, he did his best to collect the dispirited Janfishan Horse, and got a native officer who understood English to interpret to them that, from the sound of the firing, it was evident that the British had gained the day, and were advancing.

This speech had such an effect upon its auditors that in a very short time the squadrons were again formed, and advancing at a rapid pace to recover the ground they had lost. It so happened

that fortune favoured them, and just at the moment they cleared the wood, which had hitherto hid their operations from the view of the rest of the army, they saw on their right the whole line advancing in beautiful order, and the European dragoons in its front charging the flying enemy.

Malcolm Butler was perfectly aware that the natives under his command would never confess that they had done any but the most valorous deeds, and he therefore merely reported "that the difficulties in his way had prevented his coming up sooner." Still he had but faint hopes of being mentioned in the despatch describing the action. In this, however, he was mistaken; and as our readers will probably say to themselves what could possibly be said about him, we must quote the exact words which appeared in that document for their information.

"The Janfishan Horse under Ensign Malcolm Butler were not engaged; but by their imposing appearance on the left of the line they materially contributed to the success of the action."

Some days after the battle, the field force again came up with the retreating enemy; but on this occasion the mutineers only stood for a few minutes, and then fled in the greatest disorder, followed by the European cavalry and the Janfishan Horse, who cut up a number of the runaways, and Ensign Butler again found himself mentioned in despatches.

This was the last action in which Malcolm Butler was engaged, but it was a fortunate one for him, as a stray shot killed one of the senior officers of his regiment, which (he being senior ensign at the time) caused his promotion to the rank of lieutenant without purchase;

and we have nothing further to record of him until rather more than two years after the events we have detailed, when he effected an exchange into a regiment about to return to England.

CHAPTER IV.

MALCOLM BUTLER lost no time after his return home in exerting all the interest which it has been mentioned he possessed in order to obtain promotion; and as interest in these best of all possible islands will always have its effect, whether we have a purchase system or a non-purchase system, it was not long before he obtained an unattached company; and in nearly the next *Gazette*, in consequence of his distinguished services, and his having been frequently "mentioned in despatches,"

Captain Malcolm Butler appeared as a brevet-major.

It was shortly after he had obtained the rapid promotion above mentioned that he paid the visit, previously alluded to, to his uncle. And it so happened that on the day of his arrival his uncle, being rather indisposed, was dining alone in his small dining-room, and sent for Malcolm Butler to come to him there, instead of dining with the other guests. And it was thus that he first beheld Gertrude Chesney, whose beauty struck him even more than it had done his cousin, for it was a beauty that exactly suited his tastes and ideas.

Her luxuriant hair was of a dark auburn hue; her blue eyes shone with intelligence and vivacity; her nose and chin were beautifully moulded, and her complexion showed that mingling of the rose and the lily so seldom seen except in merry Eng-

land and her sister isle. Her figure was rather above the medium height, well formed, lithe, and active.

All these points were noticed by Malcolm Butler; but, unlike his cousin, he manifested no surprise, and consequently the subject of the new parlour-maid was not entered on between himself and his uncle. He, however, determined to become better acquainted with her, and it was very easy to accomplish his purpose, as Gertrude Chesney had several relations near Ancrum Hall whom she used to go and see; and it was therefore not difficult to meet her, as it were accidentally, on her return from these visits. Gertrude moreover had been so petted in the family owing to her having come from a superior station, and to the favour of the master of the house, that she did not think it at all extraordinary that Malcolm Butler should speak to her the first

time he met her, and detain her some time in conversation.

By degrees these meetings came to be arranged between them, and thus an intimacy took place which was utterly unsuspected by the rest of the household, and it was not long before Gertrude felt that all her hopes of happiness were bound up in the life of Malcolm Butler.

How she loved him! How her young soul went out as it were to meet his! How fondly did her imagination clothe him with all the good qualities man can possess—qualities to which his calculating and selfish nature was an utter stranger! How clever he was, she thought — how good — how generous; and this noble being had promised to be her husband. Hers, who thought it ought to be happiness enough for any woman to be near him—to watch over him—to be his at-

tendant, almost his slave. Yes, her husband! What castles in the air did she not build out of that word?

Malcolm had early seen that the girl was ambitious; he had therefore talked about marrying her at some future period; he had pointed out that at present he had not the means to marry, but that his uncle was very old, and it was likely that he would leave him some money when he died. He had added that he was aware that Henry Ancrum was his uncle's heir, but that if by any means the old gentleman should become displeased with him, then he (Malcolm) might perhaps step into the property. In the meantime he had instructed Gertrude to appear on the best terms with Henry Ancrum as a blind to their own intercourse.

Several months passed away, during which Malcolm Butler was often at

the Hall, and when there, he was constantly in the society of Gertrude Chesney;—Gertrude knew nothing of the world, but she was clever. At first she felt the precipice on which she was standing —she shuddered as she looked down—but by degrees, under the influence of the delusive sophistry which Malcolm poured into her ear, the rugged rocks melted away—the asperities were smoothed down—and if there were precipices, they retired into the dim distance, and the near landscape became all dreamland, lighted by the sun of love. A few clouds might pass over the scene, throwing their shadows here and there, but they could not obscure its brightness.

Yes, it was dreamland in which she wandered with the man who called her his wife. How sweet the word sounded when first he used it! "Yes," he would say,

"you are my wife. I love you to that extent that I do not care even to look at another woman. You love me so much that you do not wish to speak to another man. Is not this to be united? Is not this to be as one creature? is not this to be as man and wife?"

Poor girl! She trusted him. She thought that He *could not* deceive her. Alas! the time came when she trusted him more than any woman should trust to the faith of man. And then another time came—a time that does come even in this world to most of those who wander from the straight path—a time of retribution. A time came when the unfortunate Gertrude found that she could no longer conceal her fault.

And now Malcolm Butler proceeded to put in practice a piece of villany which he had for some time contemplated. He told the unfortunate girl that when her condi-

tion was discovered, she must say that Henry Ancrum was the father of her child.

In vain did Gertrude Chesney throw herself on her knees to him and beg that he would not force her to commit this additional sin; he was inexorable. He pointed out that if Henry Ancrum could only be made to lose his uncle's favour, he would be disinherited, and that then he (Malcolm) would probably come in for the property, in which case he promised most solemnly to marry her. In short, he so worked on the wretched woman's love and devotion for himself, that she consented to do his bidding.

We must hurry over the details of what followed. Gertrude Chesney confessed her situation to the housekeeper at the Hall, and stated that Henry Ancrum was the father of her unborn babe. The house-

keeper carried the tale to Sir John Ancrum, to whom the wretched Gertrude repeated her statement as to the improper intimacy between Henry Ancrum and herself. The furious Baronet ordered her to be taken to her relations, and instantly wrote to his nephew, forbidding him the house.

By return of post came an indignant denial by Henry Ancrum of the charge made against him, but his uncle merely tossed the letter into the fire, and would not listen to any representation he could make.

Henry tried to prove his innocence through the intercession of his father and other relations, but in vain. All the old gentleman would grant was a second reference to Gertrude Chesney. But as she adhered most positively to her statement that Henry Ancrum was the father of her child,

he (Sir John Ancrum) persisted in his former decision of not seeing his nephew. And from that time, until Henry Ancrum sailed for New Zealand, no communication had taken place between them.

CHAPTER V.

WE must now return to the group we left standing on the deck of the *Hydaspes*. Time with them has not stood still any more than with ourselves.

The gallant ship has passed the various islands at the mouth of the harbour, including the Great Barrier island with its lofty hill in the centre, covered with wood up to its summit; passed the signal station on the north shore, and run up the harbour, till it has anchored only a short distance from the Queen's Wharf. Mr. Mandeville has come on board and met his wife and daughter in their cabin;

after which, he has been introduced to Henry Ancrum, and the whole party have come on shore, and are now proceeding up Queen's Street, in which Mr. Mandeville resides.

Henry Ancrum, however, has to bid them good-bye a short way up the street, as his way lies to the left through Shortland Street and Prince's Street to the Albert Barracks, where he has to report his arrival; not, however, before a promise has been extracted from him that he will dine with his friends in the evening.

The ground on which the town or, as the inhabitants delight to call it, the City of Auckland is situated, may be taken as a fair specimen of a great portion of the land of the province of the same name. It is alternate hill and swamp; so it is all over the province. Up the Waikato, at Tauranga, on the east coast, everywhere, hill and swamp,

hill and swamp—hills often so narrow at top that there is only just room for the Maori path on their summit; and swamps so deep that you may get up to your neck in water by proceeding a few feet from their edge.

Of course in the town of Auckland the swamp has disappeared; but the ground on which the principal street (Queen's Street) is situated was originally a swamp; indeed, it is not many years ago since wild ducks were shot in the upper end of it. On each side of Queen's Street steep streets ascend the neighbouring hills, which are very disagreeable to walk up and down, particularly during the hot dusty summer months. And at the time of which we are writing there were no cabs or public vehicles to be obtained except at the most exorbitant rates. The town was principally composed of wooden houses, though there

were stone edifices here and there, and the population was about fourteen thousand.

Henry Ancrum's reflections as he ascended Shortland Street—one of the steepest of those we have mentioned—were of rather a sombre hue. He had grown to love Edith Mandeville during their long passage with an intensity which made him feel as if she were a part of himself. This feeling had come upon him as it were insensibly. They had been thrown together constantly during the voyage; their tastes and feelings were so much alike that they had naturally felt pleasure in one another's society, and had seen no harm in indulging in that pleasure, and it was only the rude shock of parting which had awakened Henry Ancrum to the true state of his heart.

And now what was he to do! A few short months ago, when he was the acknowledged heir of his uncle, he was a suitor

few would despise; but now that he had lost his uncle's favour, in a manner the injustice of which he could not but remember, he felt that he did not possess the means to even support a wife, much less to provide her with the comforts which her present home and position would entitle her to expect; indeed, it was this very poverty which had brought him to New Zealand; for when he found that all his hopes of being reconciled to his uncle had failed, and that the old gentleman in his indignation at his supposed wickedness had stopped the allowance he had previously given him, he felt that he could not live in England in the regiment to which he then belonged, which was rather an expensive one, and had therefore exchanged to one in New Zealand, where what are called colonial allowances, though paid by the home Government, would enable him to support

himself without being any unnecessary burden on his family. He wondered, as many a man has wondered before, why he had not thought of all this before matters, at any rate with himself, had gone so far. He turned the matter over in his mind in every way; he thought of it through all the livelong day, and the result he had arrived at when he reached Mr. Mandeville's door at dinner time, was that it was his duty to treat the fair Edith Mandeville merely as a friend, and to avoid any demonstration that might lead to the impression that he entertained any warmer feelings towards her. Dinner passed over as most dinners do—a little conversation, a good deal of feeding, recommendations on the part of the host to try this particular sherry, and anxiety on the part of the hostess that all should go right with the dishes.

In addition to Henry Ancrum, there were only two very old friends of the family present, who had been asked to welcome back Mrs. Mandeville and her daughter to their adopted home. After dinner, however, when the ladies had retired, the conversation became more interesting, as it turned upon the war then going on in the colony; and one of the guests, a wiry little man whom we will call Mr. A., commenced that favourite subject amongst New Zealand colonists, an attack on the military, by complaining that the General had only advanced as far as Queen's Redoubt, and that the Maoris were still holding the heights of Koheroa.

"But, my dear A," said Mr. Mandeville, "you seem to forget that it was only the other day that the Maoris were almost (not at our gates, for we have none) but at our doors. They threatened Drury, which is

only about twenty miles from this; and I am decidedly of opinion, that had we not had the military to protect us, we civilians by taking up arms could only at the most have held Auckland itself; the surrounding country must have been given up; the out-settlers must have come into Auckland for safety; Drury and Papacura must have been abandoned to the enemy, and perhaps even Otahuhu and Onehunga might have fallen into the hands of the savage foe."

"But," said the other guest, whom we will name Mr. B., "the General has eight regiments under his command, which we may consider as numbering eight thousand men, and two more are expected. Surely with such a force more might have been done."

"There," replied Mr. Mandeville, "is one of the great mistakes of the day; our newspapers are constantly dinning into our

ears that the General has eight thousand men, and the assertion is copied into the home prints. But what are the real facts of the case? In the first place the regiments in New Zealand do not number a thousand men each; again, a large number of men have been drafted from each regiment to form a Commissariat Transport Corps; and further, we must deduct the sick soldiers in hospital, and all the casualties so familiar to military men. Under these circumstances, if on an average six hunderd men can be actually brought into action by each regiment, it is as much as they can do; this would give four thousand eight hundred men. But how is this force employed? The way in which it is spoken of would give the idea that it was all with the General, but this is far from being the case. There is a point which is little known in England —namely, that the northern island of New

Zealand alone is larger than Ireland. In this island (exclusive of the military) we have a population of some sixty or seventy thousand souls, who are chiefly scattered in settlements all round its coasts; to protect these settlements troops are required; and at the present moment some are stationed at New Plymouth, Wanganui, Napier, Wellington, and other places. So that the force the General has actually in hand, cannot be nearly so strong in numbers as the public generally imagine; and of that force he has to leave a portion at every station as he advances to protect his convoys of provisions, military stores, &c., &c., coming up to head-quarters."

"How is it," said Henry Ancrum, "that the population to the north of Auckland, I hear about fourteen thousand souls, get on so well with the Maoris? I believe there are no disturbances there."

"No," replied Mr. Mandeville, "there are not; but we old residents know (and you will see the fact often mentioned in the columns of our leading journal, the *Daily Southern Cross*,) that the settlers in the north live as it were chiefly upon sufferance. It has been the policy of Government to pamper the northern tribes, and give them all they desire; therefore, having nothing to wish for, they are quiet. If a settler commits a crime in those districts he will be punished; but if a Maori does so, he will probably get off unscathed. Our pretended system of government has been a curious one—there is a Chinese proverb which says, 'A lie has no feet; it cannot stand.' Now the lie we have committed is to have said that we governed the whole country; that we governed the interior of it, and places to which our troops had never penetrated—such, for instance,

as lake Taupo and the lakes of Rotarua, where magistrates have been stationed. In fact paid magistrates have been stationed all over the country, under whom there have been native assessors and native policemen, all paid by Government; indeed in some villages you will find Maoris paid as 'clerks of works,' or names to that effect, where there are no works to execute; besides which, tribes of so-called 'friendly natives' are constantly supported by supplies of flour and sugar—as, for instance, the Arawa tribes at Maketu and its neighbourhood, from which indeed the policy has been called the 'Flour and Sugar Policy.'

"To show how this system of government acted, I may mention a story, which I have read, and which I believe is well known in the colony, of a certain magistrate in the north, who fined a chief for

some offence committed by him. The chief declined to pay the fine. The magistrate was in a fix. What was to be done? He could not enforce the sentence. He was in the midst of Maoris; his very policemen were Maoris. Still he wished to appear well in the eyes of the Government as having a submissive district. So what do you suppose he did? Why, he privately saw the rebellious chieftain, and told him that if he only paid the fine into court, he (the magistrate) would return the money to him afterwards. The chief agreed to this. So justice was satisfied. The chief was none the worse; and the magistrate was a zealous officer, deserving reward from a thankful Government.

"In another instance, a chief who had been fighting against us returned to his village, which was situated near the station of one of our magistrates. The magistrate

sent him orders to leave the neighbourhood. The chief replied that he had been fighting against Te Hohia (the soldiers), and had come home to rest himself, and that when he had done so, he intended to go and fight them again. What could the magistrate do? He was far up in the country. He had only a few Maori policemen with him, and he could scarcely depend upon them, so he was obliged to put up with the insult.

"Comparisons have sometimes been made between the earlier settlers in North America and those in New Zealand; but the comparison does not hold good. In the former case we landed on the eastern seaboard of the continent and steadily pressed on as our forces increased, driving the Indians before us, and establishing our authority on a firmer basis as we advanced; in the latter we have assumed dominion in the interior of the country where we had

no power whatever, and the Maori seeing that the district magistrate had no force to back him, has despised both him and us accordingly. However, enough of the 'Noble Savage!'—let us join the ladies."

"What have you all been prosing about?" said Mrs. Mandeville, as they were entering the drawing-room. "We were just wondering when we should see you again."

"Oh," replied Mr. A., "the old subject. I have been attacking those idols of Mandeville's—the General and the army—and he has been defending them most ferociously."

"And quite right too," said Mrs. Mandeville. "Surely we might at least be thankful to those who have had to come so far to defend us, who have to endure hardships and privations, and to run the risk of wounds and death in our service, and

who can hope to obtain nothing in the contest."

"Ah," said Mr. A., gallantly, "if the ladies are against me I must indeed surrender."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Mandeville; "but I am afraid that it will be the old story, that—

> "'He who's convinced against his will,
> Is of the same opinion still.'

However, though you are my adversary, I will be merciful—in fact I will be more than merciful, for I will give you some tea first, and then Edith shall give us some music."

When Edith sat down to the piano it was of course incumbent on Henry Ancrum to turn over the leaves, and thus they became separated from the rest of the company, who sat down to play cards, and could only see them through the folding-doors of the drawing-room.

"And so you leave us almost immediately," said Edith in a low voice.

"Yes," said Henry, "I do not know how soon, nor do I indeed know where my duty may call me, but as part of my regiment is at New Plymouth I suppose I shall proceed there."

There was a pause.—Edith like Henry had been questioning her own heart, and had been amazed to find how deeply, how fondly, how almost madly she loved.

When the time had glided on during their voyage it had been like some sweet dream. When she had listened to him in their long conversations she had felt happy, soothed, delighted, but she had not known that this was love. But now, ah, how changed was everything! To part with him, to live lonely hours, days, months, and he not near her. Never to see him, never to look up trustingly at that manly

face? Oh it was dreadful, and worse, far far worse, to know that he (the loved one) must endure extreme dangers, hardships and fatigues, and might suffer wounds, perhaps—oh, shuddering thought—even death itself;—but she could not think of this, she dared not, it would madden her.

"Oh," she cried to herself in her agony, "my beautiful, my brave! I would follow you over the whole world, I would be your slave, I would delight to wait on you, to tend you, and I would feel rewarded, oh how amply rewarded? by those dear bright smiles I have so often seen on your dear face as you gazed down upon me."

And with her there was no thought of money, she knew not its value; there was no thought of prudence. She would have taken him as her husband had he been the

poorest man on earth. Now that her eyes were open to her own feelings she longed to take him to her heart; she longed to cling to him like the ivy round the sturdy oak: she longed to nestle in his bosom and be his, his for ever—for ever.

It was thus she thought during the long hours of the morning when Henry had been away, and then she schooled herself to be calm,—she must be calm.

She thought he loved her. She knew he loved her! He had never said so; no, he had never said so, but then she remembered so many things—little words—but they showed he loved her. And then his looks!—those dear looks!—how she cherished them.

Yes, yes, he was too manly to deceive. He loved her, but would he say so? would he say so before he left her and went to that dreadful war? She hoped he would,

she hoped he would say so that night! But then she would be determined, oh so determined, that she would not show him she loved him first. No, he must speak himself, and then, and then she might tell him—there would be no harm then —a little, a little, just a little of all her love.

There was, as we have said, a pause, and then the voice which was to have been so determined, so brave, quivered, and trembled, and shook, and only these little words came forth—

"And Henry, Mr. Ancrum, I mean, you will take care of yourself—wont you, wont you—when you are at the war, for my —that is for the sake of—of your friends?"

And Henry, he too had made up his mind to be firm, to be determined, to tread only the path of duty, but then he had forgotten

her eyes, those large, liquid, truthful, hazel eyes! they looked up at him, there were tears in them, yes, actually there were tears in them, and for him, for his sake! He forgot everything,—a wild tumult raged in his breast.

"Oh, Edith!" he cried, "I love you beyond everything, beyond the whole world!"

"Hush!" she said, laying her hand gently on his arm—"Hush! or they will hear you."

And the music became very loud, very loud indeed, so loud that an old gentleman in the next room looked up from his cards and said, "What execution your daughter has, Mrs. Mandeville, and such a touch, Madam, such a touch."

But under cover of that music what blissful words were said? "What to them was the world beside?" Their souls went

out to one another: they met, they embraced, they entwined, they were one soul! Separation might come — death might come — but in mind, in spirit, they had been one. *They had been blest!*

CHAPTER VI.

BEFORE Henry Ancrum joins his regiment, it may be interesting to the reader of this veracious history to learn a few details of the country in which he now found himself, a country which will one day be of such vast importance, a country which so nearly resembles our own islands in size, in climate, and in soil; for the Northern Island of the New Zealand group is rather larger than Ireland, and the main or Middle Island larger than England. The climate, as a general rule, though milder in winter and warmer in summer, still resembles our own; and the

soil will grow the same productions as those of the old country.

The Northern Island, of which we shall chiefly speak, is evidently of recent volcanic origin. The craters of extinct volcanoes are to be found all over the country, more particularly near the Bay of Islands, in the neighbourhood of Auckland, and in a line extending from Mount Egmont, near Taranaki, to White Island, not very far from the settlement of Tauranga on the east coast, where there is still an active volcano. Fragments of volcanic glass are also to be found thickly strewn over the surface of the soil; and this glass, before the advent of Europeans, was the chief implement which the Maoris possessed for cutting purposes, such as hollowing out their canoes, making their wooden war implements, &c.

Earthquakes are said to have occurred ever since the arrival of the Maoris in the

northern island of New Zealand, and even since its settlement by the English they have very frequently taken place at Nelson and Wellington, more particularly at the latter place, where in 1848 and 1855 some most severe shocks were felt.

A general idea prevails in England that the northern island of New Zealand is densely wooded, but this is by no means the case. Forests there are here and there, dense forests, in which enormous trees grow, and where the solitude is like that of the American woods; but the general features of the country are hills, more or less steep and high, covered with tall ferns, and with marshes at their bases; and such a solitude! such a silence! no beasts of the field, no birds, scarcely any insects; in fact a country to which in the first instance everything must be brought, but which will then produce abundantly. Even its greatest

river, the Waikato, contains no fish save eels and some little things looking like tittlebats; but there is little doubt that trout and salmon would flourish there if once placed in its waters.

With regard to the land, it will grow the same crops and vegetables as are produced in England. And adverting to the feathered tribes, pheasants and other birds which have been imported into the northern island have thriven and multiplied amazingly.

Of the origin of the natives or Maoris little is positively known, but all their traditions state that they came in canoes from another country, called Hawaiki; and besides they possess and repeat the sayings of wise men who lived before the period at which they landed in the country.

Almost all writers on New Zealand appear to agree in opinion that the Maoris

are originally of Malay origin, and it seems most probable that the Hawaiki above-mentioned is the "Savii" of the Navigators' Islands, and that the present natives of the northern island migrated from that island (Savii) to Rarotonga, an island in Harvey's group, and thence to New Zealand. This opinion appears supported by the facts that the inhabitants of Rarotonga also state that their ancestors came from Hawaiki, and that Rarotonga is still mentioned by the Maoris as being on the road to Hawaiki and on the New Zealand side of it. The story of the way in which New Zealand was first peopled is told as follows.

A chief of the name of Ngahue, having got into some trouble in Hawaiki was forced to abandon his country with some faithful friends, and like Ulysses for some time

"Wandering from clime to clime, observant strayed,
Their manners noted, and their state surveyed,"

until chance threw him on the northern island of New Zealand, where he remained for some time; but after a while getting, as we all do, rather home-sick, he returned to Hawaiki, where he gave such grand accounts of New Zealand in every way that a large body of the inhabitants of the island determined to emigrate to that country. It is necessary here to mention that the canoes used by the aborigines at this period were large double ones, capable of holding about fifty persons.

After some time had been occupied in preparing the canoes and freighting them with sweet potatoes, karaka berries, gourds, taros, &c., and various seeds, the fleet, which consisted of about fourteen or fifteen canoes, started on their expedition.

The names of the canoes have all been preserved, the principal ones being the Arawa, Tainui, Matatoa, &c.

During the voyage a storm arose, and the fleet was dispersed in all directions, in consequence of which it would appear that each canoe reached New Zealand separately.

The Tainui canoe landed in the Haurake Gulf, near Auckland, and its passengers appear to have been the ancestors of the Waikato and Thames Nations.

The Matatua canoe first reached the shore at Whakatane in the Bay of Plenty, and from her crew several of the east coast tribes are supposed to descend.

The voyagers in the Arawa canoe, after touching at several places, settled at Maketu on the east coast, where their descendants show a clump of trees to this day, which they say grew originally from the wood of this canoe, which brought their ancestors to the present abode of the

race, and it is a singular fact, that nowhere else in the neighbourhood are the same description of trees to be found.

The places at which all the other canoes reached the northern island of New Zealand, are still remembered in the traditions of the various tribes who descended from their crews, and not only is this the case, but quarrels and occurrences which took place during the voyage have also been handed down from mouth to mouth, even to the present day.

The quarrels appear to have arisen chiefly about women, and there were also disputes about which way the canoes should be steered. Moreover, it would appear that some of the canoes touched at islands on their passage, where they were hauled on shore, and repairs executed to them.

The chief food of the Maoris before New Zealand was discovered by Captain Cook,

appears to have been kumara or sweet potato, the hae or calabash, taro, gourds, and fern root. Also fish, including seals, caught in the sea, and eels in the rivers. The fern root they have a mode of improving by constantly burning the fern, which makes the root increase in size.

The tribes that resided on the sea coast also depended, and still depend a good deal, on shellfish as an article of food, particularly on a description called "pipis," the mode of obtaining which is rather singular.

When the tide is running strong either in or out of a river, the women, having previously divested themselves of all clothing, proceed into the water with small nets, and holding the net before them kick up the shellfish with their feet, when the force of the water carries the said shellfish into the net.

About 1642, the great navigator Abel

Tasman, from whom Tasmania is now named, discovered New Zealand, and sailed along the coast; but it is related that the appearance of the natives who were observed on the shore was so fierce and warlike, that he thought it more prudent not to land, and continued his voyage; other accounts, however, state that three of his crew were murdered by the natives. Afterwards, in the years 1769 and 1777, Captain Cook reached the islands, and presented the islanders with potatoes, and also with cabbage and turnip seed, and a few pigs.

The Maories, who are a very intelligent race, cultivated the potato, and it has ever since been their chief article of food. The pigs also increased and multiplied in course of time, and added much to their stock of provisions.

The Maories, as is well-known, were cannibals, and after a battle, used to eat

their slain enemies; but it is not so generally known that they have a superstition amongst them that the virtues of a dead warrior would pass into the person of the happy individual who made a dinner off him; thus, if a Maori killed a chief known for his bravery and talents, and ate him, the bravery and talents of the dead man would pass into the soul of the living one.

On one occasion, when three traders were murdered by Maories, one of them cried bitterly for mercy; the natives did not eat him, as they thought by doing so they might become cowardly.

Those who only see the Maories who resort to the towns of the white man, know little of the pride of this haughty race as it exists amongst themselves; as a proof of which, it may be mentioned that one Maori will hardly ever work for another

for fear of being considered as his servant or slave; and this feeling generally prevents families combining for agricultural purposes.

Again, if a Maori were to stumble over a stump of a tree on a journey, he would not think of removing the obstacle, or even if he had an axe in his hand of cutting it down, as a native of any other country would do. Oh, no; he would do nothing of the kind, as by such an action he would consider he was acting as a servant or slave of the next person who might come along the path.

A Maori was once building a warree or house for a British officer, when he suddenly paused in his work, and coming up to the officer, said—

"I am a chief (Rangitira), and you are a chief; so it is all right."

The officer was puzzled, but on referring

to a gentleman who had lived nearly all his life in New Zealand, the latter explained that he was certain the Maori's meaning was—

"It is true I am building a house for you, and you pay me money for so doing, but I am not therefore your servant or your slave; we are both equal. I am a chief, and you are a chief."

It is strange with all this pride that the Maories have not the feelings of reserve or jealousy with regard to their women which Eastern nations (from which stock they evidently derive their origin) always display.

To the credit of the missionaries be it said, that they have strenuously endeavoured to introduce marriage amongst the natives, and perhaps women that are thus married may be constant to their husbands; but it must be admitted that the Maories, as a

people, are not moral, and it is this immorality which is one of the causes of the decadence of their race.

The young women become mothers at a very early age, and after producing one or two children often produce no more.

It may here be mentioned that the half-castes who in India are physically an inferior race, are here a very fine one, the men being strong and muscular, and the women often very pretty, with very little trace of dark blood about them. The Maori, in fact, though probably of Malay origin, has by residence for generations in a country, the climate of which is better than that of England, gradually lost his dark hue; and many of the race, when dressed in European clothes, might be taken for natives of the southern part of that portion of the globe, being certainly

not darker than some Spaniards and Italians.

Mention has been made of the decadence of the Maori race; that decadence has other causes besides the one above alluded to. The Maories build their warrees of raupo (a sort of very large reed) and rushes, which materials of course grow in swamps, and, to avoid carrying them to a distance, the village is often constructed in the unhealthy low land; this of course has a tendency to produce fever and other diseases, which carry off a large number of the children; in fact the reason why the Maories appear to Europeans to be so strong and muscular a race, is because only the very healthy and robust children live.

Whilst on this subject, it may be mentioned that the Maories never appear to correct or punish their children. From

the earliest age they are to be seen in the very scantiest of scanty clothing, playing in groups about the warrees, paddling in the marshes, and, in fact, doing exactly what comes into their infantine heads, without any restraint whatever.

Another fact prejudicial to health is, that the warrees are often built very low, with scarcely height enough for a person to stand up in them, even in the centre, and that the small interior space they contain is frequently crowded with human beings of both sexes and all ages, to such an extent as to render the air they breathe most unwholesome.

One British custom, that of deliberations in Parliament, the Maories have adopted to a ludicrous extent. Every village or kainga may be said to have its parliament, consisting of all its inhabitants. At any time of the day or night a native

letter may be received, or news may be brought, and immediately the hopper or horn will be sounded, and such of the inhabitants as choose will assemble at some large warree, built for the purpose, to have a korero or talk; and these koreros will sometimes be prolonged through an entire night, as there is nothing a Maori is so fond of as making speeches. Sometimes the subjects debated on are most absurd, as on one occasion, when a native letter was received at a village, a long discussion took place as to whether it was proper etiquette for the letter to be opened by the President of the Runanga or Assembly, and first read by him, or whether it should be opened by the secretary to the Runanga, and first read by him; or again, whether it ought to be opened and at once read to the whole assembly, and if so, whether by the president or secretary.

But in time of war they have more serious matters to discuss; and as they are a people very fond of letter-writing, and much given to the circulation and perhaps occasionally fabrication of news, we have known periods when in certain villages (or perhaps it would be more correct to designate them as Pahs, as in time of war the natives all retire to fortified villages) scarcely a night passed without the hopper sounding, and the Rununga assembling.

At such times of danger too, it is curious to listen to the words of the village watchman. Of a dark night he will call out—

"Ah ha, I see you! You cannot hide yourself from me. Come and fight! Come on. The so and so (mentioning his supposed enemy) is a dog. He is afraid to fight," &c., &c.

In speaking of the Maori race, one im-

portant point must not be forgotten—namely, their mode of dressing themselves. In India, and in the East generally, all the different races have some distinctive mode of dress which they have been accustomed to use for centuries, and which there is little doubt they will never change for another.

The Mussulman of India differs from the Hindoo, and the Parsee from both. And again who would not know John Chinaman when he met him? But with the Maori man or woman it is not so; having probably had originally no national dress of their own to speak of, they have adopted the English style whenever they have had the opportunity.

The poorer Maories, and those up the country, have generally only been able to supply themselves with blankets; but the richer ones, and those residing near towns,

may be seen dressed in complete European costume, particularly in Auckland, where Maories may be observed walking about dressed exactly like English gentlemen, including the tall chimney-pot hat, watch and gold chain, &c., and the Maori women copying the very latest fashions which have reached the colony.

This latter custom is sometimes rather annoying to our fair countrywomen—as, for instance, on one occasion the wife of a Militia officer up the country had procured a charming dress which she thought would rather astonish the other three or four white ladies at the station; but alas, to her horror, after a short interval some of the richer Maori women were seen one fine Sunday sailing off to the Church warree in garments exactly similar to her own.

This habit of copying is an essential characteristic of the Maori character, and

one which might be turned to great advantage were it not for another characteristic, that of extreme fickleness and changeableness of purpose. Some project founded on a European idea will be taken up by a tribe, pursued zealously for a time, and then dropped. The Maori has become tired of it.

Five sections of a tribe on the east coast thought that it would be a fine thing to have schooners like the Europeans, to trade, &c. Great excitement prevailed; koreros or long talks took place; money was collected; the schooners were bought, and all went well for a time, but soon the natives got tired of their playthings. Three of the schooners were stranded in the Bay of Maketu, and there they lay going gradually to ruin, with the tide flowing in and out of them.

And here we may point out another

feature of Maori manners and customs, these schooners might have been repaired and sold for the benefit of their owners; but here, unfortunately, the tribal system came in, each schooner had been bought by a tribe. Some members of the tribe were ready to pay for repairing their schooner, others were not. These who wished to pay, would of course not do so for the others who did not, so the three schooners were gradually broken up; a fourth was luckily for its owners employed during the last war by government, and the fifth having gone down the coast was destroyed by hostile natives.

CHAPTER VII.

WE must now give a short account of the history of New Zealand, after it was last visited by Captain Cook.

About the year 1793, whaling ships began to visit the islands, and it was after this date that Europeans first began to settle in the country. Some of the sailors of the whaling vessels, attracted by the mildness of the climate, the idle life, and the attractions of the brown sex, deserted from their ships, and settled amongst the natives.

Then came trading vessels, some of

whose sailors also elected to stay in New Zealand; and finally many an escaped convict from Australia found shelter and concealment in these favoured islands. Eventually, settlers of a better description flocked to the country. And so much had the English population increased, that with a view to preserve order, it was considered necessary by the ministry of the day to establish some sort of government, and accordingly, in 1839, Captain Hobson of the Royal Navy received a commission as Consul and Lieutenant-Governor of New Zealand, and the seat of government was fixed at Russell, in the Bay of Islands.

In 1840, the famous Treaty of Waitangi was signed by a number of chiefs of the Northern Island, by which they acknowledged the supremacy of the Queen of England; but it is very doubtful whether they fully understood the nature of the

document they were signing. After this, in 1845, followed a war with the natives called, from the name of the principal chief against us, Heke's war, the particulars of which need not be entered into here; the results were not very decisive.

In the year 1851, a Constitution was given to New Zealand, and the islands divided into provinces, each with its superintendent and local administration.

About nine years after this period, that is to say in the year 1860, another war broke out in New Zealand, in the province of Taranaki. The Ngatiruanui tribe of that province, assisted by the warlike Waikatos, made an attack on the defenceless out-settlers, killing many of them, burning their houses, carrying off their cattle, and laying waste the whole country up to the very gates of New Plymouth, the capital of the province. So great was the danger,

that most of the wives and children of the settlers were sent away by sea to other places in New Zealand.

When reinforcements arrived, the enemy were driven back, but they still managed to retain some most formidable pahs, the strongest of which was that of Puke Rangiora.

Against these pahs the General commanding proceeded by the slow but generally sure method of the sap, but the progress made was for some time not very great, as the opposition offered by the Maories was of a most determined character; so determined, indeed, that our loss in killed and wounded amounted during this war to about two hundred officers and men.

We may here remark on the extraordinary effect which climate has upon races of men. If in the present day it were

required to raise an army in Europe for any expedition, we should not like to take our recruits from Greece, Naples, or Sicily, though the ancestors of these races once performed valorous deeds.

Again, if we were raising an army in the East, we should not employ the crafty and treacherous Malay of the southern islands, and yet it is from this very race that the Maori is descended. How is this? Why is the Maori so different from the Malay? Because the Maori has lived for generations in the best climate in the world, and thus acquired strength of body and vigour of mind.

All things come to an end, and so at last the sap was nearly finished, and the troops were preparing for the attack, when negotiations were entered into which ended in the natives being allowed to evacuate their well defended pahs, and

return to their homes actually with their arms in their hands.

After this treaty we have nothing to chronicle until the war broke out in 1863, in which war Henry Ancrum was engaged.

The immediate cause of this war was the murder of a party of soldiers under the command of Lieutenant Tragett at a place called Okara, on their march from one of the detached redoubts to New Plymouth. This sad event took place on the 4th of May, 1863. On the next day a force was sent out from New Plymouth, which took up a position on the native land at Okara, and built a redoubt there; at the same time the Governor confiscated the block of land between Omata and Tataraimaka, on the beach of which the massacre had taken place. Despatches were also immediately sent to Auckland and other places; and about the 9th of May a force of

about 250 men, of different regiments, left Onehunga (which may be called the port of Auckland, on the western side of the north island) in a man-of-war for New Plymouth.

A portion of this force belonged to the same regiment as Henry Ancrum; and he suddenly received an order to proceed with it, and join the head-quarters of the corps, then encamped near that place.

The word encampment gives but a faint idea of the reality in New Zealand. When we speak of an encampment, we think of an encampment—say at Aldershot—where we can take a peep into an officer's tent, and see all kinds of luxuries: camp-bedsteads, chests of drawers, portable washing-stands, perhaps even—luxury of luxuries—a carpet. Alas! in New Zealand there were none of these things. It is a country

generally without roads, full of hills covered with fern, and occasionally with forests, through which you are lucky if you find even a Maori track sufficiently broad for one man to pass at a time, and interspersed with deep swamps.

Through such a country there was no chance of carrying any baggage, and so officers and men were much alike; they could take hardly anything with them, and generally on a march had only a great-coat and blanket folded over their shoulders, and a day's cooked provisions in their haversacks.

In the camp there would be three or four officers in one little bell-tent, with no furniture whatever. In place of the bed we have mentioned, there would be seen heaps of fern strewed upon the ground, and it was considered a capital plan to take your tent-pegs out of the little canvas bag which

held them, and stuffing it with fern, to use it as a pillow.

As to washing-basins, or anything of that kind, a bucket or the tin-case of a small cooking canteen, used in succession by the inmates of the tent, was considered all that could be desired.

With regard to the private soldiers, they were so closely packed in their little bell-tents that the only way in which they could manage to sleep at night was by each man placing his feet against the pole of the tent, and his head towards the outer circumference, thereby forming a human circle radiating from the tent-pole.

But they were not unhappy. It is true they slept (as I have already mentioned in the case of the officers) on fern, and sometimes very damp fern, and that their only possessions besides their blanket and great-

coat, were one spare shirt and one pair of socks, which they could carry wrapped up in the said great-coat or blanket; but their time was employed during the day in escort duties, bringing up provisions, ammunition, &c., and in occasional expeditions against the Maories; and at night the occupants of almost every tent would be engaged listening to some storyteller—of whom there are always a great number in every regiment—who would begin his marvellous narrative with—

"There was once a king in the north of Ireland;" or there was a "giant," or some equally distinguished person, and proceed to relate events the astounding nature of which would surprise even that most prolific novelist, Miss Braddon.

CHAPTER VIII.

WE have mentioned that occasional expeditions were made against the Maories.

These expeditions were made, whilst the General was collecting his forces for a grand attack on the enemy, by small parties, with a view to prevent the Maories from destroying detached farms, shooting stray settlers, or carrying off their cattle, as they had been too much in the habit of doing during the war of 1861.

On one of these occasions the company to which Henry Ancrum belonged, to-

gether with another, was ordered out to pursue a party of Maories who had been seen hovering not very far from the camp.

On approaching the enemy it was observed that they had already begun, according to the universal custom of these natives, to entrench themselves, and in fact in a very short time they would have constructed a very formidable pah, which it would have required a very considerable loss of life to take.

And here we trust our readers will allow us to give a description of what a New Zealand pah really is, for although we have read many books on that country, we have never met in any of them a description which would convey a clear idea of a pah to our minds.

In the first place it is best to mention the situations in which the Maories generally place their pahs; and it can be con-

fidently stated that no engineers in the world could place them better with a view to the primary objects of safety to themselves, and danger to their assailants.

The position is then almost always on a rising ground, the approaches to which on all sides are perfectly bare, and open to the fire of the defenders for a great distance round.

The flanks are generally defended by a deep river on one side, and a deep swamp on the other, as in the cases of Mere-Mere and Rangiriri, or by a swamp on each side, as in the case of the Gate Pa. With regard to the shape of the work, it is generally made long towards the protected flanks, and narrow in breadth so as to give the least possible effect to the fire of artillery. And now we arrive at what is really the formidable part of the pah. Round the entire circumference is dug a deep trench,

so deep as to entirely conceal the bodies of the defenders, who, when they fire, have to mount on a step of earth or banquette, to enable them to see over the natural ground. This trench is not continuous or liable to be enfiladed, but is broken at every few feet by portions of the natural ground being left projecting towards the interior, and round which the trench is carried, forming, in fact, traverses. The outer trench is connected with the interior of the pah by passages through the solid earth, through which only one man can creep at a time. Then there are excavations in the centre of the work, generally covered over by trees, so as to be splinter proof, in which the garrison cook and live. Altogether the interior of the pah is somewhat like a rabbit warren. We now come to the palisading: this perhaps is the greatest defence of the pah. Immediately

round the outer line of the rifle-pits trees are sunk in the ground so close to one another as only to admit of a rifle or musket being thrust between. But this is not all. At a distance of about two feet another line of posts is attached to the first by cross bars, and called the hanging fence, because they only approach within about a foot of the ground, to enable the defenders to fire under them.

It will be observed from the above that when the attacking party, having gone through a deadly fire during their advance over open ground, approach the first palisades and attempt to cut them down, they are met by the fire from the defenders behind the second row of trees, who, being under the natural ground, can shoot them down whilst themselves in almost perfect safety. In addition to what we have mentioned, there is often a post-and-rail

fence placed at some distance round the pah to check the assailants and expose them to fire whilst climbing over it.

Such is the nature of a New Zealand pah; and it was lucky for the party whom Henry Ancrum accompanied that the enemy had not made much progress with theirs; and, in fact, had only just commenced to dig the first line of rifle-pits when they perceived the approach of "Te Hohea," which is the nearest approach to the words "the soldiers" that they can make in their language, in which it appears that the pronunciation of the letter S is an impossibility:—for instance, Solomon is called Horimona, Saul, Haul, &c.

Now as they (the Maories) do not like fighting in the open country, they immediately, on perceiving their foes, retired into a thick wood which lay in rear of the right flank of the position they had taken

up. It happened that our little expedition was accompanied by a settler who perfectly knew the country, and who informed the commanding officer that immediately behind the wood, into which the enemy had retired, lay a deep swamp, through which, however, there were paths known to the Maories, but along which it would be dangerous to follow them; he therefore suggested that a small portion of the force should be sent round to the right flank, where a promontory jutted into the swamp, so as to be able to enfilade the enemy as they crossed it. This was accordingly done, and Henry Ancrum was sent with twenty men to perform the service in question. He proceeded at first rather to the rear, so as to get behind a low range of hills, and thus conceal his movements from the enemy, and then advanced on his way until he reached the promontory the

settler had mentioned, when he led his men along it until he reached a clump of trees near its extremity, which afforded a capital position from whence to assail any force which might attempt to cross the swamp. Nor had he long to wait: hardly had he had time to place his men behind trees, banks, and any cover he could find, when the sharp crack of rifles was heard in front of the wood, and he knew that the main body was advancing on the enemy in their position. At first, owing to the nature of the ground, the attacking force could not be seen; but gradually the skirmishers came in sight, and then the excitement of Ancrum's little party became intense.

"There they are,—there are our fellows!" cried lots of voices; "now they're coming on—now they've halted under the hill!—ain't they peppering them—but those Maories fire strong too."

"They're devils, be japers they are," said an Irishman; "haven't they got the pigs and potatoes; sure it's that teaches them to fight." "Now our fellows are advancing,"—"now they are halted again and lying down; two or three fellows are down; who is that being taken to the rear? it looks like an officer; he's badly hit."—"Hoorah, see, there are some of our fellows have got round the right flank of the wood, and got in there; the Maories did not expect them on that flank; now we'll soon have them out; there they are, there are some running out. Now, boys!" and one or two were on the point of firing in the excitement of the moment, when Ancrum roared out—

"Steady, men! they are too far off, and a stray shot might hit some of our own men. Wait till they are nearly opposite to us."

The Maories who had first issued from the wood (for to do them justice, the main body retired very coolly), had now approached a steep descent into the swamp, when Henry Ancrum ordered his men to place the sights of their rifles at five hundred yards, and commence firing. Several of the enemy fell as they approached the crest of the slope, and a great many more appeared to be hit in trying to descend it; but in this case it was evident that many had thrown themselves down in order to get out of the fire, as they were seen to rise and continue their flight. One of the enemy with great coolness deliberately settled himself behind a bush, and took aim at his assailants, and then continued his retreat after the remainder of his comrades.

But now a great danger menaced our little band, for a large portion of the enemy

instead of retreating across the centre of the swamp as was expected, took to their right, and made straight for the place where they were posted.

Henry Ancrum at once saw that the situation was most critical. It was true, that his men were entirely concealed behind the trunks of trees which grew close together, and that a steep incline led down from his position into the swamp ; but how would it be if the enemy, who were so much more numerous than his little band, should be able to close with him, and the fatal tomahawk so often heard of in New Zealand warfare come into play. He instantly ordered his men to reserve their fire with the exception of a few good shots amongst them, whom he knew he could depend on, and who took deliberate aim at the advancing foe, handing their discharged rifles to their comrades, and receiving

back loaded ones to continue the fire with. It was evident that these tactics produced an immense effect on the enemy, a number of them fell; their advance often wavered, in fact, at times they almost stopped; but they were encouraged and led on by a celebrated chief called Rewi, and, if there were occasional pauses, their advance was again continued.

When the enemy arrived within three hundred yards, Henry Ancrum directed all his men to commence firing, calling out to them to take deliberate aim, and not to throw away a shot. The effect was at once apparent; so many of the foe were hit that they at once came to a halt; but they themselves commenced firing, and advancing stealthily from cover to cover, taking advantage of every stump of a tree or sloping bank that would protect them from fire, and evidently preparing

for a final rush on the devoted little band.

And now the moment of extreme peril arrived. Several of Ancrum's men were down, one killed, and the others wounded, but the remainder fought with the resolution of men who knew that their lives were at stake, and that there was no hope of quarter if defeated.

And now the desperate rush was made. On came the chief Rewi, his double-barrelled gun in one hand, a long tomahawk swinging in the other, the bright steel gleaming in the sunlight. On, on he dashed; a dozen shots were fired at him, but he seemed to bear a charmed life. He is some distance in front of his followers. He has reached the left of the little position, the nearest soldier thrusts at him with his bayonet, but he jumps aside, the fatal tomahawk descends, a crashing sound is

heard, and a brave soul flits from this earth for ever; but the pause was fatal to the chief, for a moment he was nearly motionless. Ancrum seized that moment and fired.

Rewi sprang upright into the air, and fell dead. The ball had pierced his heart.

His followers halted, dismayed. At this moment a volley was heard from the left. It was followed by a ringing cheer, and on dashed the main body of the British with fixed bayonets.

They had been following the enemy round the edge of the swamp, and arrived but just in time to save their comrades from destruction. The Maories broke and fled; and not being troubled with any superfluous clothing or heavy accoutrements, were soon out of reach of their most nimble pursuers.

It was shortly after the combat which

we have endeavoured to describe above that the General, having completed all his arrangements, proceeded to attack the main body of the Maories, who were posted in a strong position on the left bank of the Kaitokara river.

After their position had been reconnoitred, it appeared that there were only two places where the river could be crossed, the one being near the point where it fell into the sea, and the other higher up and near the right of their position, which was some sixty or seventy feet above the river, the bank being very steep, and in many places covered with fern. A road crossed the river at a ford near its mouth, and afterwards divided into two branches, one branch proceeding down the coast, and the other turning off towards the right of the enemy's position. The left of the enemy's position rested on the sea near the ford at

the river's mouth, which was guarded by an earthwork, some lines of rifle-pits, and also by bushes, which afforded excellent cover; and in fact the position of their line at this point was so strong that it would have been impossible to force the passage of the ford in face of it without incurring very heavy loss.

On the right of their position the enemy had constructed a very formidable redoubt at a short distance from the bank of the river. In front of this redoubt was a chain of rifle-pits, and again from this redoubt on their right flank, all the way along the front of their position to the sea on their left, there were more rifle-pits dug at intervals in every favourable position.

Early on the morning of the day after the position of the enemy had been reconnoitred, the regiment to which Henry Ancrum belonged moved up the river

opposite to the ford on the right of the Maori position by which it was to cross, under cover of the fire of a demi-battery of artillery which was placed in position a little on its right to cover its advance.

At the same time two other regiments were formed on the right of our position, and opposite to the left of the enemy, ready to cross the river when ordered; and a man-of-war stationed herself as near the mouth of the river as she could safely come with a view of shelling the enemy's position when the attack commenced.

A little before seven o'clock the action began, by the guns on our left opening fire on the redoubt on the enemy's right, and the rifle-pits which extended all along the front of his position, at the same time the man-of-war commenced shelling the position from a distance of about a mile.

After the guns had fired for some time,

Henry Ancrum's regiment commenced crossing the river. The stream was full of large stones, and deep and rapid; but the men battled bravely with it, and though it roared around them, and threatened to carry some of them away, they reached the farther bank without the loss of one of their number; but that bank was steep and high, and was in itself a serious obstacle—indeed, had the enemy lined it with skirmishers, some of their brave assailants must have bit the dust. As it was, the gallant band reached the plain above the river, breathless indeed, and exhausted by their efforts, but without any casualties whatever. Scarcely however had the two leading companies of the advance firmly established themselves on the crest of the left bank, when the Maories opened fire from the rifle-pits, and so industriously did they ply their musketry, that a thick cloud of white

smoke soon enveloped the whole scene, whilst the banks of the Kaitakara reverberated with its sonorous roll; still the two leading companies came on swiftly, surely, and silently, for the men were very savage and eager to come to close quarters, and they cared not to waste their strength in shouting, or their time in firing.

The natives for the most part did not await the onset; many fell back into the redoubt, whilst others dispersed themselves over the country. Some there were, however, who stayed and almost instantly "fiercely fighting fell" under the avenging bayonet.

Having carried the rifle pits in his immediate front, the officer commanding wheeled the leading companies to the right, and then extended, after which he pushed on towards the sea. This movement completely turned the enemy's left wing, and

the Maories, fearful that their escape might be cut off altogether, abandoned the earth-works on their extreme left, as well as the rifle-pits, and forthwith fled in dismay; thus the road leading over the ford at the river's mouth was opened, and the two regiments which it has been mentioned were formed on the right of our position were subsequently enabled to cross at this, the strongest part of the whole of the enemy's position, without having a shot fired at them.

But we must now follow the fortunes of our hero, who was attached to the portion of troops formed on our left in support of the attack on the enemy's extreme right. When, as has been mentioned, after crossing the river, the leading companies turned to their right, this body of troops advanced, and after firing a few rounds in reply to the musketry from the redoubt and the rifle-pits surrounding it, were ordered to fix

bayonets and assault that work, the soldiers required no coaxing, but dashed forward with ringing shouts. Then all in the redoubt who were in the least faint-hearted, when they beheld this uncompromising advance, began bolting out of it with the most undignified haste. Still about fifty remained; these were grim warriors for whom even the bayonet charge of British soldiers had no terrors, so devoid of fear were they. They stood upon the parapet to receive our men, and resisted desperately, but in vain. In vain they discharged their muskets into the very faces of the soldiers as they scrambled over the parapet: in vain they beat at them with the butt-ends of their firelocks, and hacked at them with their tomahawks, formidable weapons fixed on handles sometimes eight feet long, like the ancient battle-axes. The British forces were not to be checked,

they leaped across the ditch, and clambered over the parapet. The Maories, unable to sustain the push of the bayonets, gave way, and the redoubt was won.

Henry Ancrum was one of the first to enter the work; but the soldiers poured in in one continuous stream, and the scene that ensued almost baffles description : the few remaining Maories, expecting no quarter, fought with desperation ; the soldiers, exasperated by what they considered the murder of their comrades at Oakara, showed no mercy, and spared no one. To make the scene more dreadful the warrees in the redoubt caught fire from the blazing cartridge paper thickly strewn about, and the flames shed a lurid glare over a struggle where bayonet thrusts were exchanged for desperate blows of the tomahawk, until the last of the Maories lay a corpse within the redoubt he had so gallantly defended.

Many of the enemy were burnt in the warrees in which they had sought refuge. But just as all resistance had nearly ceased, Henry Ancrum, who had been endeavouring to stop the slaughter, observed a young native creep out of a warree which was blazing at the other end. In an instant, and before he could rise to his feet, a soldier had rushed at him with his bayonet, and would inevitably have transfixed him with it had not Ancrum rushed forward, and striking up the bayonet, endeavoured to make the Maori a prisoner. The young savage, however, sprang rapidly to his feet, and casting one look of gratitude to his deliverer, bounded like a deer to the parapet, and was over it in a minute. Several shots were fired after him, but without effect, and in a space of time less than it takes to tell, he had gained the sloping bank, rolled down it, ran along below it, where he was

covered from fire, and entering a neighbouring wood, was safe from pursuit.

In the meantime the General commanding, who had taken up his position at a place called the Crow's Nest, from which he could see the country for some distance round, as soon as he observed the attack commenced on the redoubt, ordered the two regiments on the right to cross the river, which, as has been previously mentioned, they were enabled to do without having a shot fired at them.

On reaching the further bank, these troops found that all resistance had ceased in the enemy's position, and were therefore marched down the coast to attack a village, which it was said had been fortified; this, however, turned out not to have been the case, as, before reaching it, they met some of our victorious advance returning after having burnt it.

So ended this very successful engagement. All resistance had ceased; not one of the enemy was to be seen anywhere. The troops rested for some time on the field of battle, and were then marched back to New Plymouth.

CHAPTER IX.

SHORTLY after the action above narrated, the head-quarters, and the greater portion of the troops, were removed to Auckland, in consequence of the very disturbed state of the Waikato district, and the apprehension that war must certainly break out on that frontier; and Henry Ancrum went with them. How delighted he was to do so, I need not tell. As Scott says—

> "I do not write for that dull elf
> Who cannot picture to himself"

the joy, the happiness he felt at the prospect of seeing his beloved Edith once more.

The distance from Taranaki to Onc-

hunga, and thence to Auckland, is not great; and on the day after leaving the first place, Ancrum was walking up the street towards the Mandevilles' house in the latter.

And now, as he walked up the hill, what sweet feelings filled his breast!—how he loved her!—what a delicious feeling it was, the thought of meeting her again! Would she be alone?—would she let him embrace her?—would she let him kiss her? She had never done so yet; but perhaps, now, meeting him again after all the dangers he had gone through, perhaps now she would let him!

What a noble girl she was! He had told her all before he left: his former prospects, his uncle's change of manner to him, his present poverty—yes, he had told her all, but she had merely laughed and said—

"What were riches? They must wait.

It was true, perhaps, papa would not consent now, and she could not marry without papa's consent; but they were young, they could wait, and all would be well yet."

And now he is near the door, and sees a figure through the drawing-room window. Yes, it is she. She sees him—she is coming out to open the door for him—in a moment more she is in his arms, yes, she is tight locked in those loving arms!

She did struggle a little, just a very little, and then resigend herself to her fate. How could she help it? she loved him so—oh, so much! and he had come back to her safe from that horrid war.

"Oh, Henry," she said, at length, "how can you be so naughty? Let me go, sir. How fortunate it was mamma was not at home; but she is gone to call on some of the officers' wives, who have just arrived. Oh, I am so glad; so happy to see you safe

back. I was so frightened all the time that you were away; and we used to hear such dreadful reports, most of them untrue, about settlers having been murdered, and their cattle and sheep driven away by these wretches. And one day a steamer came in with a red ensign, but it hung down as there was no wind, and people, when the vessel was at a distance, said it was a black flag, because once before when there was a great action, and a number of our people were killed, the steamer that brought the news had up a black flag; and then I did not know what to do, for I thought you might be wounded, or—or—perhaps killed, and I could not rest in the house, but put on my bonnet and shawl and went out to see the steamer myself, and by that time it had been found out that it was not a black flag, and that the steamer did not bring any bad news—and I was so happy—and came

home, and ran up to my room and locked the door, and then—and then I cried so for joy, and went on my knees and thanked God that you were safe—and there—and—don't, Henry. You must not sit so close to me—no, you must not. If you do, I'll go away. Mamma will be in immediately—and you really must sit on the other side of the table. Oh, you dear, silly old boy; you've gone yourself and left your chair alongside of mine—as if any one would not guess. There—take your chair, and sit there, sir—just there. Now I can talk seriously to you. Do you know, Henry, I have been thinking I ought to tell papa and mamma about our engagement. You know I would trust you—you know I would trust you with my life—but is it right to keep them in ignorance? When you went away we had not settled anything about it, and whilst you were away

I did not like to tell them without your leave; but now I think we ought to do so."

"Yes," said Henry, "we must tell them, it would be right and proper to do so; but not now, dearest; I am certain at present your father would refuse his consent, and that I should be denied the house, and oh, my love, what should we do then? how dreadful it would be to be living in the same town, and never to meet, never to speak to one another; how miserable for me to pass your house and not be able to enter it, to see you at a distance and not to be able to join you. No, we cannot tell them now. You know, in a short time it is considered certain that the army must advance into the Waikato district, and then, darling, we must be parted for a time; and I will tell them before I leave; in the mean time, let us be happy whilst we can.

If you think my coming here so often would make them suspect the truth, I will come here less frequently, but——"

"Oh, no, Henry, they know we were so much together on board of ship, and mamma likes you so much. They will not suspect anything. It must be so. Let us be happy while we can;" and so it was settled.

* * * * *

Auckland, at the time of which we are writing (early in the year 1863), was in a state of great bustle and preparation; it was known that the Waikato district was in a most disturbed state, and that the Maories of that part of the country were fully determined to attack the Pakehas, or foreigners; and, indeed, hoped to be able to drive them out of New Zealand altogether.

An army was being collected to resist this attack and drive back the enemy. The

militia were called out. Reinforcements and commissariat supplies were arriving every day, and the town was so crowded that it was difficult to obtain house-room, or even sometimes a bed at an hotel. In the midst of all this turmoil there was no lack of gaiety.

In addition to an occasional "at home" at Government House, the military stationed in the town gave one or two balls; and there was no end of evening parties. At one of the former—namely, the balls at Government House, Henry Ancrum to his great astonishment met his cousin, Malcolm Butler.

It will be remembered, that although Henry knew the unfounded cause of his uncle's anger towards him, he had not the slightest idea that his cousin was in any way connected with it. He therefore received him with the greatest cordiality,

and heard from him that he had been appointed to a regiment now stationed at Queen's Redoubt. Government House at Auckland is situated on a hill, the summit of which is crowned by Fort Britomart. The approaches to it on all sides are very steep, particularly on that of Shortland Street.

Now it happened that both Henry Ancrum and his cousin had arrived rather early, so they strolled out to see the guests approach by the light of a brilliant moon. The scene was most amusing; at the period of which we speak there were no regular cabs in Auckland, and the vehicles that could be hired were of the most extraordinary description. Here on one side came a rattletrap phaeton, toiling up Shortland Street, drawn by an old horse, with scarcely sufficient strength to drag it up; then from the bay side came a primitive-

looking gig, containing an old parson and his fat wife.

Now briskly along the Otahuhu road we see an Irish jaunting-car approaching, followed by a cart, yes, actually a common cart, filled with laughing, blushing girls, whose appearance is in striking contrast with the vehicle which conveys them, and of which they are a little, just a little, ashamed when they see the two officers observing their descent from it.

But, heavenly powers! what comes here? What is this? As the venerable fathers on the stage *always* say when they recognise their long lost, ah — child. It is — and yet it cannot be—and yet it is—an ambulance cart. Yes, positively a Military Train Ambulance cart, whose proper use is the conveyance of the sick and wounded. Yes, facts are stranger than fiction.

That ambulance cart which conveyed Tommy Atkins and Bill Jones, wounded and groaning, sometimes shrieking in their agony as they jolted down the steep sides of Razorback, after that skirmish in the bush near Pokeuo, now bears lovely women rustling in silks and satins to the halls of dazzling light.

Have a care, madam, have a care; let us hope that Jopling, the military-train man washed the cart well, and put in plenty of fresh straw, or even that lovely silk might not escape without a stain.

"Good gracious," said Malcolm Butler, "here is another ambulance, and whom have we in it? why, I declare, some people that went out with me in the same ship to India. I must positively introduce you to them, they are the most extraordinary people you ever met. First, there is Major Brennan. He is an old Company's officer,

now retired on his pension, and come out here to look after some land he commissioned a brother of his to purchase for him; his peculiarity is that he laughs at everything he says, however serious it may be. His wife, Mrs. Brennan, is a rather excitable Irish lady, with a rich Cork brogue. The other man was the doctor on board the ship, but afterwards, though rather old for the berth, became a staff-assistant-surgeon, which is the position he now holds. He is a very pompous individual, but his strong point is his French, which I am sorry to say he does not pronounce quite as well as could be wished. After I met him he married a Dutch lady, who appears to me to pride herself especially on her gentility. Yes, gentility is the word. Don't squeeze her hand, if you should shake hands with her, or she will look upon you as a species of gorilla; but

I cannot tell you anything more, as here they come."

"Hullo, Major! how are you? Don't you know me, Malcolm Butler?"

"Malcolm Butler!" said the Major. "Ah, of cóurse. Janfishan Horse. Ha, ha, ha! great despatch. Ho, ho, ho! Imposing appearance on the left of the line. Ha, ha, ha! He, he, he! Don't I know you? — to be sure I do — glad to see you."

"Let me introduce you to my cousin," said Malcolm.

"Happy to make your acquaintance, sir. How de do, sir? Ha, ha, ha!"

Mrs. Brennan was now introduced, and then the Smiths came up. Mrs. Smith, a lady, fat, fair, and about five-and-thirty, who appeared to have a decided antipathy to wearing stays, drew herself up in her most queenly attitude, and advanced two fingers, which

Ancrum, mindful of the caution he had received, barely touched, whereby he rose immensely in her favour; and she remarked afterwards to a friend that he was a "most genteel young man—none of your vulgar persons, who squeeze your hand so."

Dr. Smith, who was a portly gentleman, very pompous, very bald, and with his hat poised on the very back of his head, after being introduced to Henry Ancrum, turned to Butler, and said—

"Well, Major, anything on the *taypis?*"

"No," said Butler, for a wonder understanding his French. "I don't think there is anything going on to-day, nor is there any news from the front."

"Ah!" said the Doctor—"ah, Auckland is a very gay place now, sir—a very gay place. Eh? very gay! We were at a

dejewnée this morning, and here we are at what I may call a *sorry dansent.*"

This was rather too much. The two gentlemen had some difficulty in not laughing outright, but after a moment or two Ancrum said—

"So you don't consider this a ball, Doctor Smith, only a soirée dansant?"

"Yes, sir, that's my idea. It ain't called a ball in the invitations, only an at 'ome. Now I ain't a *cronnyshure* in such matters. No, sir, I ain't a *cronnyshure;* but I am certain our French friends would call it only a *sorry dansent.*"

At this moment the Mandevilles drove up, and with them a Miss Adelaide Brown, with whom, Edith whispered to Henry, he must dance during the evening, as she was called the "colonial young lady of the period," and in fact had never been out of the colony, and was great fun; and then after

shaking of hands and numerous "how-de-do's" (for the Mandevilles were previously more or less acquainted with all the party present), they all proceeded to the ball-room.

There was no want of society in Auckland at the time of which we are writing. In addition to the society of the town itself, there was that of the large garrison stationed in it, and in the neighbouring camps of Otahuhu and Drury; and besides, there was a very large number of ladies, the wives of officers, whose husbands were at the front, or stationed at places where they could not accompany them, many of whom seemed determined, in the absence of dear Jack or dear Tom, as the case might be, to enjoy as much gaiety as they possibly could, as they "knew, poor dear fellow, nothing would please him so much as to hear that they were amusing themselves."

And what is Jack doing whilst the ball-room lights glitter, and the music plays louder and louder, and the dancers whirl faster and faster? Jack is on piquet on the banks of the sluggish Maungatawhiri creek near the Queen's Redoubt. He is sitting in an improvised tent in his wet clothes, for he has none others to change with. He has just been trying to eat, by way of dinner, a piece of commissariat beef, cooked by a soldier servant, and therefore of course boiled to the consistency of a stone. He is sitting on his bed of damp fern, and he is blinding his eyes trying to read by the light of a commissariat candle Mary's last letter, in which she tells him she is *so lonely—oh, so lonely!* and he is saying softly to himself, "Poor thing — poor thing!"

"Phiss whiss!—ping whing! that was a bullet. Those cursed devils are firing from

the other side of the creek again. Turn out the piquet."

Let us let the curtain fall! Why did we raise it? Why did we look out into the night? Why did we leave the brilliantly-lighted ball-room, and let our imagination fly over the dark Aldershotic huts (to coin a new word) of Otahuhu, over the white tents of the camp at Drury shimmering in the bright moonlight, away by Shepherd's Bush, and Dickenson's clearing, till we climb the steep sides of Razorback, and look down on the lovely valley below, with the Maungatawhiri creek and the broad Waikato river glistening like silver in the far distance. That noble river, which will be one of the main arteries of New Zealand when that country becomes the thickly inhabited and prosperous one which it will some day, when the savage Maori has disappeared—as disappear he must.

Yes, he has been weighed in the balance and found wanting—he must go. "Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin." He must depart, and his place must know him no more.

But as we gaze, a dark cloud comes over the moon, all is hid. Let us go back. Hark! there is a polka being played. What, say my fair readers, a polka? Quite impossible! There is no such thing. It is gone—it is vanished—it is among the things that were. There is no such thing now.

No, my fair friends, but there was then.

Oh, dear old polka, friend of my middle age, why hast thou deserted me when I am old? You were so calm, so gentle, so pleasant for elderly gentlemen, not like that furious, rushing, dashing *deux temps*. You were like some graceful yacht gliding smoothly o'er a land-locked sea; sometimes checking your progress and almost "laying-

to," then dancing merrily on again with the freshening breeze. Your rival *deux temps* is like the same yacht exposed to all the storms of the fierce Atlantic, rushing violently hither and thither, bending to the furious gale, sometimes tearing her sails to ribbons, anon rushing against other craft, and finally, if not capsized, reaching port very much the worse for wear.

The polka was half over when our party entered, and Edith and Adelaide sat down on a sofa together to wait for the next quadrille, for which they were both engaged.

"Oh, Edith," said Adelaide, "who do you think I am engaged to dance with? that horrid young Babington. Oh, he is so spooney, and he says such things, and don't I snub him. Mind, you must be our *vis-d-vis*, it will be such fun. By-the-bye, do you know Algernon Neville? What a

different man he is; I never saw such a man; he is like a statue; I cannot move him; I can do nothing with him; I have tried everything. I have tried (counting off on her fingers) the *sentimental dodge*, and the *religious dodge*, and the *aggravating dodge*. As to the sentimental dodge, my dear, you know I am very well up in the languor, and the glances, and the moonlight, and the music on the waters, and all that sort of thing; but you know you must have poetry for the sentimental dodge, and I am not well posted up there, so I took to 'Scott,' because he is easy, and I could say—

> "'Day set on Norham's castled steep,
> And Tweed's fair river broad and deep,'

And — and — and somebody's mountains somewhere; and I know there were 'warders on the turrets high,' though I never could get as far as that; and to tell you

the truth, I cannot make out how the warders got there either, because I always used to think that warders were fellows that run about in gaols with large bunches of keys in their hands, at least I know they do at Mount Eden. And then Algernon used to laugh so—the great big blundering animal—as if I was not twice as sharp as he is; and then he would tell me the next line, for although he does not talk much he appears to have read a good deal; and one day he regularly insulted me, for I had actually tried a bit of Shakspeare, and had inquired pensively, 'Oh, where is fancy bred?' when he went off in his great stupid 'Haw, haw, haw!'

"'Oh,' he said, 'fancy bread! well, I suppose at Mr. Simpson's, in Queen Street, the best baker in Auckland.'

"So you see I was obliged to abandon the sentimental dodge, at least partly, for a

woman should never abandon it altogether, as a little of it will always blend advantageously with the other dodges. And so I took to the religious dodge, and in this I got on very well for a time, because Algernon was devotedly attached to his mother, who was a very religious person, and who died a short time ago ; and you know my mamma goes about visiting the sick and all that sort of thing, and so I could tell him no end of stories and little anecdotes about them, until I believe he thought that I visited every old woman in Auckland ; and then I suggested that I might go and see the soldiers' sick wives in the hospital ; but as I expected, he did not wish me to do that; and at last, as a great and crowning effort, I proposed to pay a real visit, I proposed that he should actually come with me the next time I went to see my poor people, and so took him with me to see my

old nurse, who had been laid up in bed for a long time, and what do you think the old wretch said when we entered the room? 'Oh, Miss, I am so glad to see you, I am; why the sight of you is good for sore eyes. I han't a seen you for this six months come next Monday.'

"You should have seen Algernon's face, it grew so long, oh, so long! He saw through the visiting idea at once. I was afraid to say anything, but I think he guessed the whole truth, and so I was obliged to take to the aggravating dodge, and have not I pitched into him there! What are you laughing at? Oh, you do not think 'pitched into' a lady-like phrase? oh, that's all nonsense, everybody says those things now, as the French say, *Nous avons changé tout cela.* There, I declare I am speaking French; I think I must go in for the *learned dodge* some of these days,

but I am afraid that will be some time to come, although by-the-bye I astonished the old Indian Major—who always laughs at everything he says—the other day. He was telling me no end of stories, and I kept saying yes, yes, until at last I thought of something Algernon had told me, and I said, *Durreen see shuck*, which is the Persian for 'there is no doubt about it.' You never saw a man so delighted—he nearly went into convulsions; and he said if I had been at Shadeeabad twenty years ago, when he was there, I would have set all the young fellows raging mad, quite forgetting that I was not born at the time.—But what was I talking about? Oh, the *aggravating dodge!* Well, as I said before, did not I pitch into him there? You know my father and brothers are very fond of him, and he is constantly at our house, and I had great opportunities, so I took to con-

tradicting all he said, and abusing all his friends. But the strong point was his regiment. Didn't I abuse his regiment, and his mess, and his band, and his brother officers, and his colonel, and his colonel's wife, and everything that he had? You must know that his regiment is a 'royal regiment,' and they are very fond of being 'royals,' so I used to tell him that I considered one regiment was as good as another, and that as to the officers, why they were not half so talkative or amusing as those of other regiments, and why did they not give more balls? And as to the band! oh, it was so loud, and it was all drums and fifes and tambourines and cymbals. Well, and as to the colonel, oh, he was a perfect nincom——! no, I wont say that, that would be too strong. No, that he was a goosey goosey gander sort of man, and let his wife command the regi-

ment, and that she read all the courts martial, and (which is true, dear) that one day a court martial came late in the evening, and she had not time to read it, so she put it in her pocket, and forgot it, and went to a ball with it there, and as she was dancing away out tumbled the court martial on the floor to the extreme delight of every one. I know it is true, because Captain Danvers told me he picked it up himself.

"Well, when I told this story, Algernon got into such a rage—oh, such a rage—you never saw such a rage—and he said, 'I did not think, Miss Brown'—yes, he actually called me *Miss Brown*—'I did not think, Miss Brown, that *you* could say such unkind things;' and the way he said 'YOU!' all the italics in the world could not show the way he said *you*. It sounded as big as a house—and he looks so

handsome when he is in a rage—and—and I think I have done something with him—just a little. Oh, why is it, Edith, that we women like these big, honest, blundering sort of men, for you know they are not so sharp as we are, and have not half the tact? I suppose it is because they *are* honest and straightforward, and do not tell little white lies—as you know we do sometimes, dear—and all that sort of thing. Not that I would marry Algernon, you know. Oh no; I would not think of such a thing. I like my independence too much for that. Oh! the horrid idea of putting oneself in the power of a man!—of any man, and being ordered to do this, and do that. What *are* you laughing at? I declare it is true; I would not. But, oh! how I have been running on. Well, Edith, now promise me that you will not tell any person what I have been saying——"

"Oh! here comes young Babinton."

"Miss Brown, this is my quadrille, I believe," said Babinton.

"Well, I believe it is; but you have been so long coming that I was very near standing up with Captain Danvers. However, I'll forgive you this time; only you must be a better boy in future."

And so they stood up, and Edith and Ancrum were their *vis-à-vis*, and Babington, who had taken a little more champagne than usual at mess—"just to get oneself up, you know"—was more ardent in his attentions to the fair Adelaide even than usual.

"Oh," he said, in one of the pauses of the dance, "Miss Brown, do you remember that charming pic-nic we were at, to the north shore? And, Adelaide—I *may* call you *Adelaide*, may I not?"

"Adelaide? of course. Call me Jones, or Jackson, if you like."

"Well, Adelaide, was it not a delightful pic-nic?"

"Well, pretty bobbish."

"And—and—Adelaide, you were—that is, you were kinder to me than—than you sometimes are."

"Ah! yes; I know. But that was the fiz—the best champagne I ever tasted. And that horrid wretch, Danvers, would fill my glass. Yes, that was all the fiz."

"And, oh, Adelaide, that delicious walk we had by the sea-side. And when you were gone, I thought of those words of Byron: 'And is she gone?' and then, you know, he says something about 'Sudden solitude'—and—I—and then I thought the pic-nic, and the world, and everything, was all a desert and a blank, you know, and, turning from the wintry sky, I said, 'It is no dream, and I am desolate.'"

"Desolate! fiddlesticks! How far can you throw a stone with your left hand?"

"Adelaide!—Miss Brown! I leave that sort of thing to boys."

"Boys! nonsense! Do you all the good in the world; improve your (what do you call it?) biceps. There now, don't be tiresome; I detest angry people. It is your turn to dance. See, you have to turn Miss Mandeville; and don't squeeze her hand, sir. I wont allow it."

"Adelaide! I never did."

"Pooh! Go on; she's waiting."

CHAPTER X.

EDITH and Ancrum had heard a good deal of the conversation recorded in the last chapter, and were very much amused at the rebuffs the poetical Ensign received. The said Ensign, however, was very soon restored to good humour by a small dose of the *sentimental dodge* which Professor Adelaide administered to him, and finished the quadrille more in love with that young lady than ever. As they strolled away after it was over, Edith said to Ancrum—

"I daresay you will laugh at me, Henry, but I am certain I shall dislike that cousin

of yours. When you introduced me to him, I felt a sort of shuddering feeling creep over me which I could not resist, and a dim sense of evil and fear seemed to surround me like a mist, and, strange to say, his face appeared familiar to me, as if I had seen it before, long, long ago, in some shadowy dream. Have you ever had the feeling that, under precisely the same circumstances, precisely the same events have happened to you before? Well, I felt as if at some distant time, in some distant place, I had met him before, and he had looked at me in precisely the same way as he did just now. And I don't like him, Henry; and I am sure I shall not, though I see you're smiling at me; but I will try, for your sake, to be civil to him."

"I did not know my darling was so superstitious," said Henry; "but to tell you the truth, I have experienced the feel-

ing you mention myself. I have often been struck with the idea that the same events have occurred to me before, under precisely similar circumstances, at some unremembered period, and I believe that a very great number of persons have felt just the same sensations, in fact I have met with individuals who have asserted that they believed the events thus shadowed forth must have occurred to us in some former state of existence through which we have passed previous to our present one. I, however, do not go so far as this. My idea is that the events have occurred to us before in this present world, but that they did not make much impression on us at the time, and were not stamped on the memory, and therefore when similar events occur, a sort of recollection comes back, but dim, shadowy, and indistinct. How often will a word, a tone, a note of music, bring

back memories that were long, long forgotten—dead. But then, these recollections were stamped on the memory, and, though from far far off, they do return to us, whereas the others do not, in any definite shape.

"To a reflective mind what can be more wonderful than the memory? Where is its mighty storehouse? in what part of the brain, or of the person are the millions of recollections of bygone thoughts and actions stored up? Are there not lumber-rooms and garrets for the furniture of the mind as well as for the furniture of the body? Old men of sixty and seventy—aye! and older than that—remember the trifles of their childhood. All these recollections must have a local habitation within the individual, because pages and pages of the dead history may be forgotten, and a word brings back the whole chapter; it must

have been laid on some forgotten shelf! A. meets B. after thirty, perhaps forty years; they talk of old times. The furniture of the mind is dusted, the cobwebs are brushed away in the forgotten garrets! A. tells some story B. had forgotten, but, after a few words, B. remembers it all, and tells A. more than he at first recollected. The story was in B.'s head, though he had forgotten it; it must have been printed off at some time, it must have been laid by in the storehouse which exists within us all! I can fancy some person saying, this is only memory! What is all this fuss about? Every person has a memory. Yes, every person has a memory just as every person has that complicated organization of body which is the more wonderful the more you inquire into it, were you to investigate only the marvels contained in the mechanism of the eye or hand. But the wonderful part

of the memory is that every day and every hour adds the recollection of some action or thought to the millions and millions of recollections contained there before, all of which we consider that we carry about in that little portion of our person called the brain; but I am afraid, Edith, that I must be tiring you."

"Oh, no, Henry" (they were now sitting on a sofa in a verandah at some distance from the dancers), "oh, no; don't you remember the long conversations we used to have on board of ship, and that I always took an interest in subjects like that of which you have been speaking; in fact, I do not see how a woman can be a companion for a man, unless she can do so. I do not, as Adelaide Brown would say, *go in* for conic sections, or anything of that kind; but on the other hand, I do not think it would be right to restrict my ideas to dress,

dancing, or the other little amusements which seem all the world to some women."

"Dress and dancing are very important matters" said Henry, laughing; "but what are the other little amusements?"

"Oh, Henry, it is very wrong of you to cross-question me so. I am sure you know some of the little amusements, say flirtation and love of admiration. I am sure it is quite wonderful the sacrifices some women will make to obtain admiration."

"Yes," said Henry, "that is very true. I knew one instance myself, where the love of admiration was quite ridiculous; it was for the admiration of all; all, without exception. The admiration of young men was sweet, oh, how sweet! But that of old men, if they were bachelors, was not despised, and that of boys by no means rejected.

"It would be 'oh, Mr. Senior, it is so very kind of you to explain all that to such a sadly ignorant creature as I am,' and then the large eyes would look up so thankfully, and the old man would chuckle feebly, and murmur to himself—'Not so old yet, my boy; not so old yet.'

"And if she went into a room where some bashful youth of fourteen had concealed himself in a corner it would be, 'Oh, Mister Arthur' (boys like being called Mister) 'I am so glad to see you; I did not notice you at first, but you'll forgive me, wont you' (and the large eyes dwell appealingly upon him)—'and you wont be angry with me, will you?'

"Angry with her? the angel! Is she not the very image of the heroine in the Novel he has just been devouring. Angry with *her*, indeed! So, she becomes his first love ever after.

"And there was no respect of persons, high and low received their favours alike. The butcher's boy would walk away delighted at the way in which a soft voice said 'Thank you,'— and Congo the grocer — oh, Congo the grocer was a lost man from the day she bought that pound of tea, and gave him that glance, and said And you'll send it up soon *for me*, Mr. Congo, oh, wont you, *please*, Mr. Congo."

"Oh," said Edith, laughing, "this is too much; no one could be so absurd as that."

"Indeed, I am not exaggerating," said Henry Ancrum; "and I am certain that most people who have moved much about the world, must have met with some persons like the one I have been describing; but I am sorry to say her little follies (for they cannot be called more than follies, as

she meant no harm) affected other people besides herself. She and her husband were by no means well off, and the great, big, burly, good-natured fellow had often to dine off tiny mutton chops, or thin tough beef-steaks, in order to save the money required to give that nice little dinner party next week, or that small dance as a return for civilities received."

Our lovers conversed for some time longer, but as their conversation became of a kind much more interesting to themselves than to the world in general, we will not inflict it on our readers. At last, Malcolm Butler came to claim a dance for which Edith Mandeville was engaged to him, and she, casting a rueful glance at Henry Ancrum, was obliged to leave him.

When Henry was left alone, he saw Major

Brennan standing near him, and immediately went to speak to the old gentleman.

"Ah," said the Major, "that cousin of yours, Major Malcolm Butler, has been a deuced lucky fellow—a deuced lucky fellow, by Jove, sir! Did you hear that rub I gave him? Janfishan Horse, eh? Great despatch, eh? Janfishan Horse not engaged; but imposing appearance on left of line—ha, ha, ha!—contributed to success of action—ho, ho, ho! Why, some people say they ran away—ran away, sir. But then there was a wood between. Could not see, sir. Old man who signed that despatch dead now, sir. Brave old man, very brave. But perhaps his record in history will be that there never was a general who gained so many victories with so little credit to himself as a general. But let me see, where was I? Oh, Malcolm Butler—ha, ha, ha! Well, sir, got on by interest; Scotchman,

sir, Scotchman, and his brigadier a Scotchman, sir, mentioned him in every despatch. Now you listen to a word of truth from an old Company's officer. Never liked Queen's service—ha, ha, ha!—stuck up fellows—ho, ho, ho! When I was at Ghurrumpoor—but never mind, I'll tell you the truth. In the Queen's service there are three things to get a man on: money, interest, and impudence. If a man has all these, he must get on; but if in addition he is a Scotchman, sir—ha, ha, ha!—he must get to the top of the tree, for he will cling on to every other Scotchman, and they will all give him a helping hand, and he will end by being Lord Fitzhaggis at the very least. But, you will say, if he have not all these things, which is the best? Well, sir, money, money is the thing, because you can purchase over other people. Don't believe me, but look at the

Army List. Let a child look, and he will see in some regiments majors who have been less time in the service than some of the lieutenants. Purchased over them, sir, purchased over them. Saw a man the other day perfectly bald—ha, ha, ha!—heard that he had been purchased over fourteen times. No wonder fourteen fellows going over his head had taken his hair off—ho, ho, ho! But if you have not got money, sir, the next thing is interest. Get on the staff, sir. Old saying, once on the staff always on the staff. Perfectly true. Some people thought they were very clever in limiting staff-appointments to five years, so as to give more persons a chance of getting them, but this is perfectly evaded—perfectly evaded, sir. A man with interest holds an appointment for five years, and when that is over, has to vacate it; but he immediately gets another for another five

years. As I said before, do not believe me, but look in the Army List, and there you will see men who have not served beyond the rank of major in a regiment, but have gone from one staff-appointment to another, getting brevet rank as they went, till they are now generals, and perhaps some day may command a division or an army.

"Well, sir, if you have not money or interest, try impudence. I know a man, sir, whose regiment was all through the Crimean war.

"Well, sir, he stayed at home very comfortably, timed it very well, sir, arrived out just after the fall of Sebastopol, profited by all the promotion, now commands his regiment—ha, ha, ha!—and talks of his *second winter* in the Crimea—there's impudence, ho, ho, ho!

"Now, sir, to prove what I say, let any

gentleman, civil or military, dine at a mess and listen to the conversation, and he will hear of large sums paid for promotion. What Jack Forsythe paid for his troop, and the large amount over regulation which Colonel Smithers received when he sold out; or he will be told what interest that fellow Brown has, by Jove, sir! and how he has held one staff-appointment after another for years; but let him mention the word *merit*, and ask if any man has a chance of getting on in the British Army *by merit*, and he will be told, sir! that—with some exceptions—brilliant exceptions, sir! such as Napier, Clyde, and others, *interest* has hitherto had much more to do with promotion to high rank than *merit*. But we may see all this changed, sir!—ha, ha, ha!—if they do away with purchase, sir!—ho, ho, ho!

"But here comes the Doctor. I went

out on board of ship with that fellow, sir, and we used to have such arguments, but I always had the best of them—always beat him—knocked him into a cocked hat, sir. My wife called him one day the 'dirty doctor,' and he has never lost the name since. Did you ever hear anything so ridiculous as his French? Most ridiculous! I hate a man to be ridiculous—ha, ha, ha! ho, ho, ho!"

"Well, Doctor, what do you think of the ball?"

"Oh," replied the Doctor, pompously, "the ball is well enough. I was looking at the dancers, and the *tout and sample* was good; yes, I should say, *tres bang, tres bang.*"

"I don't agree with you," said the Major; and Henry Ancrum left them on the verge of a hot argument, and went in search of Edith, whom he found with

her mother, Mrs. Smith, and a Mrs. Singleton, the wife of an officer, all engaged in an animated discussion on the subject of the last picnic to the north shore. Henry was anxious that Edith should dance a waltz just commencing, with him; but she pleaded fatigue, and said she wished to sit out that dance, and when he had sat down beside her whispered, "Do you know Mrs. Singleton? She appears to be a wonderful woman, to be connected with all the nobility, to be immensely rich, and to be able to do everything."

"Oh yes," replied Henry Ancrum, "I know her—she is great fun;" then turning to Mrs. Singleton, he said aloud, "Oh, Mrs. Singleton, I hear you steered that large boat splendidly for them at the picnic the other day. I did not know you were accustomed to steer."

Mrs. Singleton, a tall woman, with large grey eyes, a big mouth, and an extensive person, which she displayed with great liberality, placed herself in her most fascinating attitude, and replied—

"Accustomed to steering? oh, indeed I am; my father's estates extend for an immense distance along the west coast of Ireland, and often and often have I steered on the undulating waters of the broad Atlantic."

"Oh, indeed."

"Yes," continued Mrs. Singleton, half shutting her eyes as if the better to realize the pleasant remembrance; "how delicious it used to be to go sailing along in that splendid well-appointed yacht, filled with every comfort, and crowded with those dear sailors in straw hats and big blue shirt collars, and to visit distant places, and see new and strange scenes, and then to return

after all the excitement to the quiet of the dear old castle."

"But," said Mrs. Smith, slowly recovering from the stunning effect of all this greatness (why is it that women cannot bear to hear of one another's prosperity?) and trying to speak very slowly, calmly, and, as she herself would have called it, "genteelly" — "But what part of the west of Ireland are your father's estates in?"

"Oh," replied Mrs. Singleton, with a wave of her hand, as if to some distant horizon, "everywhere; scattered about, you know."

"But are they near any particular towns?"

"No, chiefly in the country in different counties, you know. Irish gentlemen's estates are seldom together, they have land in one county and land in another."

"But what are the names of the estates?" persisted Mrs. Smith.

"Oh," said Mrs. Singleton, laughing, "you would never remember all the names, there is Ballymore and Ballybeg, and Kill this and Kill that; and, oh, thousands of them."

"But the castle, your father's castle; what was the name of the castle, dear?" (Mrs. Smith always said "dear" when she was getting rather angry with any of her female friends), "you surely will tell us the name of the castle?"

"Oh, the castle," said Mrs. Singleton, throwing her eyes up to the ceiling; "the dear castle! how I wish I was back there, out of this horrid country, where one suffers every kind of inconvenience, and where my poor husband is liable to be shot at any moment. Oh, Mrs. Smith, how I do envy you; you can never feel the anxiety I do, because

your husband, being a doctor, is never exposed to any danger."

"Not exposed to any danger?" cried Mrs. Smith, in intense excitement; "why, my husband says the doctors always attend the wounded under fire; and that there are so many, oh ever so many of them shot; and that then they have not got the excitement that makes it feel like nothing to the other people, you know. And I am surprised you can say such dreadful things, dear."

"Quite a mistake," replied Mrs. Singleton, coolly; "the doctors are always at the hospital, far in the rear; and my husband says—you know what a funny man my husband is—that if one of them does get behind a hill, and hear a few bullets whistle over him, he is sure to get the Victoria Cross."

"Oh, I never heard such wicked things!"

screamed Mrs. Smith. "Your husband, indeed! if he was so fond of fighting, why did he leave his regiment and go into the commissariat, where he is in no danger at all?"

"Oh, indeed he is," said Mrs. Singleton; "he has to go all about the country with provisions, and supplies, and all that sort of thing; and the other day, when these horrid Maories shot those two men in that dreadful swamp, you know, why he—he slept in the same swamp. Yes, actually in the same swamp—the night after."

"Well, I hope he did not catch cold, dear," retorted Mrs. Smith, sarcastically.

"Oh, no," replied Mrs. Singleton. "My dear husband is such a *young* man, you know, he is not likely to suffer so much as *old* people would. And, talking of that, I declare here comes Dr. Smith. I am sure

he thinks it time for you to go home; mind you wrap yourself up well, *dear*," she added, slightly imitating Mrs. Smith's voice.

And so it was; the Doctor had had quite enough of what he called the "*sorry dansent*," and insisted on the partner of his joys and sorrows going home with him; and that fair lady was obliged to leave the ballroom, just at the moment when she thought she was gaining an advantage over her adversary.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Singleton, turning to Mrs. Mandeville, after Mrs. Smith's departure, "you don't know, my dear Mrs. Mandeville, what a thing it is in the army to be rich, or to have a rich young husband; because the other ladies do get—I'm sure I don't know why it is—but they do get so envious, and so jealous—and, so, all that sort of thing. Oh, it's dreadful—dreadful

Now when the regiment returns to England, I'm sure I don't know what we shall do, because my husband and I have so much money, and we shall be able to keep so many carriages, and so many horses, and so many—so many everythings, you know—that the other officers' wives in the regiment, who can't do these things—poor creatures!—will be frantic, and, in fact, I think we shall be obliged to leave the regiment; indeed I have often thought of it, and I believe we must go, and that I must use my interest to get my husband an appointment at the Horse Guards, —not Adjutant-General, or Quartermaster-General, you know, because he might be thought too young for that—for he is so young, the poor dear fellow, only a few years older than myself—but Deputy or Assistant-Adjutant-General, or that sort of thing; and then we should live in dear

London, and have a house in Belgravia, and be among our own set, you know, and it would be so nice."

"You would not like to live in Ireland, then?" said Mrs. Mandeville, quietly.

"Ireland! oh, no," said Mrs. Singleton, languidly turning up her eyes, "not in Ireland—not to settle there, you know. My father goes there occasionally, just to look after his estates, but he generally lives in London or Paris."

"Come," said Ancrum to Edith, in a whisper, "let us go and dance; I can assure you it will take several turns round the room to get that woman's nonsense out of my head. Did you ever hear such rubbish? Why, I know her and her husband well, and I can tell you that when they return to England, if they are able to keep a one-horse chaise, or a vehicle like a

Brighton fly, it will be the utmost they can do, and that only by scraping and paring, and living on bread and cheese at home."

CHAPTER XI.

HENRY ANCRUM was that not very common thing, a thoroughly good waltzer, he had an excellent ear for music, and Edith and he were accustomed to dance together on board of ship; yes, often and often when the sea was calm, and the moon shone bright, had they waltzed to the music of that most popular person the ship's fiddler, and now as she glided off, supported by that strong arm, Edith felt more as if she was floating in air than treading this vulgar earth.

How happy she was as she looked up at that honest, truthful face. With her there

was no doubt, no changefulness, no shadow of turning; she loved him—it was enough—he was her lord, her master, and she was proud of her bondage! She knew his nature thoroughly. She knew he was good; she felt the truth of what has been so often said, that there are in this world few men who are really good; but that those who are good, are almost like gods in their goodness, and she trusted him implicitly. Yes; oh, happy thought! he was *hers*, and she was *his*, for ever and ever!

Henry had lately told her all about his affairs, at least all that could be told to an innocent girl. She knew his uncle had quarrelled with him, but she did not know why. Henry had said it was unjustly; and therefore she knew it must be so; she knew that one of the strong parts of his character was that the truth must be told under all circumstances, and she was

satisfied. Henry had told her that in consequence of the quarrel, his uncle had discontinued the liberal allowance he had formerly given him, and that now all he had to live upon was his subaltern's pay, and about a hundred a year, which his father with some difficulty was able to allow him. But what mattered all this? What was money? What did she care for money? If Henry wished it, and her parents would consent to the match, she would marry him at once. Manage! of course she could manage, even if papa did not give her anything, she was certain they could get on very well with the hundred a year and dear Henry's pay. Were there not Mr. and Mrs. Pinchem of the 150th, who people said had nothing besides their pay, and were not they very happy together? Of course they were!

With Henry matters were very different;

he was well aware how slender his income was, and that although sufficient for a bachelor subaltern, it was quite unequal to the support of a married couple. He also knew perfectly well that Mr. Mandeville would be very unlikely to consent to the marriage of his daughter to a nearly penniless man; all his hopes therefore rested on two points—first, that he might be able to convince his uncle of the falseness of the charges made against him; and second, that he might during the war obtain promotion in the army, and thus render the match with Edith a less unequal one. We have seen that he had decided not to tell Mr. and Mrs. Mandeville, that Edith and he had engaged themselves to one another, but in doing so he had acted contrary to the guiding principles of his life, for he had been brought up by his father in a strict reverence of the truth,

and a hatred of falsehood or deception of any kind.

"My boy," the old Colonel would say, "fear God, speak the truth, and do your duty; in these words I comprise a great deal. If you fear God in the right sense of the word, you will never willingly do anything to displease Him, and you must therefore be a good man. If you speak the truth under all circumstances, you must be straightforward in your dealings with your fellow men; and if you always do what you consider your duty, you will probably (as far as the weakness of human nature will permit) be walking in the right path as regards both heavenly and earthly things."

These precepts Henry Ancrum had always endeavoured to follow, and it may therefore be conceived what a strong temptation it was that could induce such a man

to swerve from the path of duty, for from the path of duty he felt that he had swerved. He knew well, alas, too well, that from the moment that Edith's and his eyes were opened, from the moment when they knew they loved, not with the love that selects one object to-day, and perhaps may select another in three months hence, but with the love that makes two souls one, the love that looks not to consequences, that is really for richer for poorer until death do them part—from the moment, I say, when he felt that they loved with this love, he knew well that there ought to be no concealment, that he ought at once to apprise Edith's father of their engagement, and to beg his consent to it; he knew it was his duty to do so, and that he had failed in doing that duty.

The trial was too severe. He was, as we have said, afraid that Mr. Mandeville would

refuse, would deny him his house, would shut him out from the presence of his Edith, and he failed. Shall we sit in judgment upon him?

Have I, Smith—have you, Brown—have you, Jones, never failed in doing your duty? Do you remember, Brown, when you had won the affections of the lovely Miss Robinson? did you tell that venerable old sugar-boiler her father anything on the subject, until you made that lucky speculation which set you up in life, and made you an eligible *parti?* And thou, oh Jones, hast thou forgotten that thou hadst actually ordered the postchaise and the horses to carry off the beauteous Miss Jackson, when the unexpected death of your aunt made you the owner of Snobville, and smoothed your path to a humdrum wedding, and settlements, and all that sort of thing? Ah, no, my friends, let us re-

member that we, even we, perfect as we are, have sometimes failed in doing our duty, and let us be merciful to Henry Ancrum.

He had been thinking on the subject of asking Mr. Mandeville's consent to his engagement to his daughter for a long time, though, as we have seen, he failed to do so. But now a circumstance occurred which obliged him to come to a sudden decision. The waltz was just over, and he was leading Edith to a seat, when he saw the Adjutant of his regiment beckoning to him from a distant doorway. Edith saw him also, and her cheek grew pale.

"Ah, Henry!" she said, "I am afraid there is bad news; but I will be brave—brave as one who intends to be a soldier's wife should be. I will go to mamma, and do you come soon and tell me what it is. I am afraid that your regiment is ordered to march to the front."

And so it was. Henry Ancrum went to the Adjutant, and heard that they were ordered to start on the morning of the second day. He returned to Edith, and told her so, as gently as he could. He led her away.

"Edith," he said, "I must now tell your father all."

"Yes," she replied, "I am afraid it must be so. But oh, Henry!" she murmured, looking up at him with those large truthful eyes, "remember, if he should refuse, still I am yours—yours in soul, in spirit—yours always, here and beyond the grave! I could not marry without the consent of my parents, or against their wishes, but one thing I can promise, if I am not married to you, I will never be another's! But oh, Henry! I am so afraid. My father loves me, I know; but then he thinks that girls do not know their own minds, and that their

parents should think for them; and then when he has made up his mind, he is so determined, and so—so hard. He has had to battle with the world himself, and now that he is rich, he thinks so much of money. But I do hope he will not refuse his consent, dearest, and that he will allow us to be engaged, and then better times may come; but recollect, Henry, you must only ask for that—only ask that we may be engaged."

"Yes," said Henry, gently pressing the arm that leant on his, "I will remember;" and then they managed to get away to some distant nook, and have a quiet chat for a few minutes. Ah, it was sweet to them: most of us can remember such little chats, but it would be foolish to repeat what was said, and so we shall only record that soon—too soon—Edith was summoned to her mamma,

who was going home, and that Henry, having seen them into their carriage, departed on his own way also. It was daylight as he walked slowly home to his hotel; the sun, just risen from out the sea, was gilding with his earliest rays some of the peaks of the picturesque island of Rangitoto, and shining on the eastern side of the graceful hill near the point of the north shore, which he bathed in brilliant light, whilst the houses on its western slope were still shrouded in the deepest gloom. His beams were dancing on the rippling waters of the lovely Waitemata, stirred by the fresh morning breeze. How calm it was—how still—how lovely! there was scarce a sound to break the enchantment. Life was beginning to stir in the lower town, individuals could be seen moving about here and there, but no sound from thence reached the height where Henry Ancrum

stood. Boats were seen flitting over the surface of the bay, but their motion was noiseless; a stately iron-built clipper ship was just loosening her sails preparatory to spreading her broad canvas wings for flight back to the dear old mother country; but even in this case the "Cheerily ho!" of the sailors came up the hill mellowed by the distance till it sounded like a lullaby.

Henry felt soothed by the stillness, the silence, the beauty, and the freshness of everything around him, it was all so calm, so peaceful; but yet he could not rest. He felt that sleep was impossible, he knew that a few hours must decide his fate. If Mr. Mandeville consented to his engagement to his daughter he would be happy—oh, so happy! but if he refused him, then what was there in this dreary world to live for. He went to his hotel—he ascended to his room—he took up one after another of his

favourite books. What did they mean? what were they all about? He could not understand them; even Shakspeare was foolishness!

He paced his room backwards and forwards for some time, but that only made him more restless. "Ah!" he said, "I must employ my mind, I must study." He took up a book on mathematics, of which he was very fond: the whole thing was a blank. He referred to his own notes on the passage he had tried to read, they would explain everything, of course they would,—not a bit of it; he found them just as unintelligible as the book itself. Yes, he thought, drawing—that is the thing; drawing is mechanical: I'll draw. He sat down to an unfinished landscape, a tree in the foreground rapidly assumed the appearance of a respectably sized cabbage, a house near it quickly emulated the position of the

falling Tower of Pisa; but soon even they ceased to engage attention, and Henry started to find that he had nearly finished a portrait of Edith in one of the corners of his paper.

He called for breakfast, and drank some scalding tea—to eat was almost impossible; but at length the time came when he knew that he could present himself to Mr. Mandeville. That gentleman always breakfasted early, and he was aware that the best time to see him would be after that meal, and before he went to his office. The door was opened by a maid-servant, who welcomed Henry with a smile, but seemed rather surprised at his paying so early a visit. She showed him into the drawing-room, and went to inform Mr. Mandeville of his arrival.

"Ah, my young friend," said the master of the house, entering shortly afterwards,

"glad to see you; was sorry to hear last night that you were so soon to leave us, but hope it is all for your good, eh! You young officers are always looking to promotion, is it not so? Well, I hope we shall soon see you back here as a captain. In the meantime if I can do anything for you I shall be most happy."

"Oh, sir," said Henry, "you can do for me what I most wish on earth. I have long wished to speak to you. I—I—" and here an eloquent speech which he had prepared entirely broke down, and he could only say—"I love your daughter. I do not ask you to consent to our marriage at once, but only to let us be engaged, and let me hope to be united to her when the war is over, and I——"

"Stop, stop, young gentleman," said Mr. Mandeville, "I had no idea of this; pray has my daughter—has Miss Mandeville

any knowledge that you have come to ask me this question?"

"Yes, sir, she has."

"Indeed!" said the old gentleman, and his face became very grave; "may I ask, is there any engagement between my daughter and yourself?"

"Yes," replied Henry Ancrum, "there is. I——"

"How long has it lasted?" continued Mr. Mandeville, interrupting him.

"Since shortly after my landing in New Zealand."

"And, sir," said Mr. Mandeville, rather angrily, "do you consider that you have acted rightly, that you have acted honourably in entangling my daughter in an engagement, and not saying anything on the subject to her parents?"

"No, sir," replied Henry, in a voice and manner which might well disarm resent-

ment—"no, sir, I feel I was wrong; you cannot blame me more than I blame myself; but what can I say? The simple truth is the best. I was afraid you might not approve of the match, and I loved her so much I dared not run the risk of shutting myself out from her presence."

"Well, sir," said the old gentleman, a little mollified, in spite of himself, "well, sir, I am a practical man, I can only speak plain English. If you propose to marry, what means have you to support a wife?"

The point had come at last—the question which Henry Ancrum dreaded, which he knew must come, but which he felt it would be so difficult to answer in a satisfactory manner, had at length been asked. He told Mr. Mandeville all his history, all that the reader knows, and in addition that

he would be entitled to some two or three thousand pounds at his father's death.

Mr. Mandeville did not interrupt him; he listened patiently; his patience was almost ominous. He had for some years past been a man well-to-do in the world; and at the time of which we write there had been opportunities in New Zealand for making large sums of money in taking government contracts. Mr. Mandeville had freely embarked in these speculations, he had been successful, and was now a rich man. He had looked high for his daughter, she was his only child, and the idea of her marrying a subaltern, with little besides his pay, bore to him the appearance of absolute madness! He had never been a romantic man himself, and he could not understand romance in others. He listened, as has been said, patiently to all Henry Ancrum had to say. He was quiet, he was

gentlemanly—we may say (taking into consideration the character of the man) he was gentle in his reply; but that reply was not the less firm and decisive. The match could not take place: as to an engagement, that was out of the question. Long engagements he considered unfair to both parties, he would not sanction anything of the kind; he considered that the best and kindest course for both was that all acquaintance should cease. Henry might see Edith to wish her good-bye; but after that he trusted to his honour that all correspondence, either by word or letter, should be at an end.

And so he left the room. Henry was stupified. He had expected this. It was almost exactly as he had anticipated; but still when it came, it was too much for him. What was there to live for now? The world was a dreary void. It was true the

sun was shining brightly in through the open windows; it was true the birds were singing sweetly in the garden near at hand; but as to the sun, he saw it not, and as to the birds, he heard them not. All was dull and dark and dreary. He did not know how long he had sat thus—he never afterwards remembered.

He was aroused by a soft voice saying, "Henry." He started and looked up. Edith stood before him.

"Henry," she said, "papa said I might come to you."

Simple words, but with how much meaning? When an unfortunate is condemned to death, are not those nearest and dearest to him permitted to "come to him?" So it was, and he felt it. He was condemned, if not to death, at least to banishment from all he loved. And she had "come to him" for the last time. He looked at her as she stood before him, so calm

and motionless. She was as lovely as ever; but she was pale, very pale, and those dear large hazel eyes were not as soft as usual; there was a fixedness, a determination in them he had never seen there before.

"Henry," she repeated, "papa said I might come to you. He has told me nothing, but I know all; I knew it by his look. I see he has decided against us, but I can be determined too. I cannot marry without my father's consent. He has the power to separate us—he has the power to prevent my seeing you—but there his power ceases. He can never—he shall never—make me think for an instant of any one else. I say this because I know he wishes me to marry. I am certain that at some time or other he will be anxious for me to make what he would consider a good match, but it shall never be—no, it shall never be! Oh, Henry!" she cried, "I may say to you

now, in this moment of supreme misery, what I would have been ashamed to say under other circumstances. You know I love you—I need not repeat that—but I love you beyond the love of woman. I feel that I am yours and you are mine by some indissoluble tie. Although born such thousands and thousands of miles apart, and educated under such different circumstances, all our ideas, our thoughts, our feelings are the same. How often have I addressed you, and found that you were thinking on exactly the same subject as myself. How often have you spoken to me, and your words have been the echo of my thoughts. Oh, my darling! do not think me too bold in telling you all this, in telling you my whole soul: I do it to comfort you, I do it to show that you may put implicit trust in me, and that you may feel that even if we are separated I am yours as long as life remains."

He clasped her in his arms—she did not resist: her soul was pure, and she had faith in him—they were to be parted so soon. It was his first, it might be his last kiss, and so she submitted to it; and then they sat down side by side, and tried to encourage one another, tried to hope for the future: so let us leave them.

CHAPTER XII.

ABOUT the period when, as we have mentioned, the General and a considerable portion of the army returned from Taranaki, stirring events had been taking place in the Waikato country; the turbulent natives of that district had been guilty of several offences of a rebellious character, amongst which was the forcibly taking possession of and floating down the river Waikato a quantity of timber, sent up by government to erect a police barrack at the "Ia," the printing and publishing a seditious newspaper, called the *Hokioi*, the sending several threatening

letters to the Governor, and lastly the attack by a party of about eighty or a hundred Maories under command of a chief named Aporo, on "Te Awamutu," whence they carried off in triumph the printing-press belonging to government, with which the government agent was promulgating *Te Pihoihoi Moke Moke*, a rival newspaper to the *Hokioi*.

After this little occurrence there was a pause, the dark skin and the white man were face to face, but each hesitated to strike the first blow; still it was evident that the Maori was preparing for war. With other races, once the bones of their ancestors are deposited in the earth the place may remain sacred, but the bones themselves are not disturbed; with the Maori it is otherwise, he wishes to have the sacred relics of his ancestors always with him wherever his tribe may be located. Accord-

ingly it was found that the natives in the neighbourhood of Onehunga had removed the bones of their ancestors, buried at the foot of the hill of Mangarei opposite that town, and carried them to what they considered would be a safer resting-place in the Waikato district, far away, as they thought, from the intrusion of Europeans, an imagination which they were destined very soon to find was a mistake.

Reports also began to be circulated, which subsequent evidence proved to be founded on fact, that a secret and terrible plot existed amongst the Maories to exterminate, or at any rate drive away from New Zealand, the whole of the white population. The alarm became general in the outlying districts. The settlers at Mauku, Waiuku, and Raglan, sent their wives and families into Auckland for safety. The first class of the militia, consisting

of young unmarried men, was called out for drill, and many volunteer companies were also formed and trained.

About this time an event occurred which, although at first sight it might appear to be unimportant, yet was eventually destined to bring on hostilities sooner than might otherwise have been the case. It is the custom of the Maories (as indeed it has been of almost all uncivilized nations) to communicate intelligence by means of lighting signal fires on the tops of mountains or high grounds; indeed the Maori carries this system further, and attaches a light to the end of a long pole, which he waves in the night air in such a manner as to communicate information to his friends and allies on the distant hills or across the deep rivers and marshes of this very inaccessible country.

Now it so happened that the 2nd of

July was set apart as a holiday and day of rejoicing in honour of the marriage of the Prince of Wales. After dark many of the principal buildings in Auckland were illuminated, and large bonfires were lighted on the summits of the principal hills round about the city in further celebration of the joyful event. The Maories beheld these fires, and imagined that the pakehas (foreigners) had divined their murderous intentions, and that the kindling of the bonfires was the signal for a sudden invasion of the Waikato. Filled with this idea they hurried on their preparations, and resolved to forestall by some days the date on which they had originally determined to attack us. But there still remained some amongst the Maories in whom the recollection of benefits received was not altogether dead, and who felt some com-

punction at leaving us to our fate, without giving us any intimation of the blow that was to be struck, and so between the 3rd and 8th July, the government received many warnings from natives, all of them couched in more or less ambiguous language, after the fashion of Lord Mount-eagle's famous letter concerning the Gunpowder Plot, but all of them pointing unmistakeably to the fact that the natives did entertain the design of attacking their European fellow-subjects in this province, and that immediately. Under these circumstances the Governor and the General determined to take the initiative by concentrating the army on the Maungatawhiri river, and accordingly, on Thursday the 9th July, 1863, the troops commenced their march from Auckland and other places in order to assemble on the banks of that river.

The morning of the 9th July broke wild and stormily, the wind surged and roared round the hill on which the barracks of Fort Britomart are situated, with a fury rarely to be witnessed except in New Zealand; the rain fell in torrents, flooding the barrack-square, and sending various little rivulets dancing and bounding down the steep sides of the hill on their way to the neighbouring ocean.

Henry Ancrum was awakened by a light being placed close to his eyes by his Irish servant, who informed him that "Shure he thought his honour was awake an hour ago, and that the warning bugle had sounded for parade, and the regiment would be falling in in a few minutes." No time was to be lost, so up he jumped and dressed himself hastily. The very small amount of baggage which any officer under the rank of a field officer was allowed to

carry in New Zealand—namely, one hundred pounds in weight—had been packed and ready long ago, so he had nothing to do when dressed but join his company, which was just assembling on parade. The men were dressed in their loose great-coats, with their belts inside them, and the scene possessed rather a picturesque appearance as seen by the dim light of the early morning. Some of the men standing in groups waiting the time to fall in, others trying to shelter themselves as long as possible from the pelting rain under the lee of the barracks, and numerous figures appearing from all sides out of the darkness as they approached the rendezvous. But soon the bugle sounded the "fall in," and the apparently confused mass subsided at once into a dim, dark, silent column of companies.

Not a sound was heard. How different the scene to what we generally see at a

parade or review in England. Here our troops turn out in their gayest uniforms. Their regimental colours flutter in the breeze, the bands play their most melodious tunes, and, glory of glories, perhaps there is a regiment of Dragoons or of Lancers (those most gorgeous and holiday of all soldiers) to enliven the appearance of everything. To crown all, there may be a general with a brilliant staff. But at the parade on which we are now gazing there was nothing of all this. There was no general, there was no staff, there were no Dragoons, there were no Lancers, there were no gay uniforms, there was no music, for the band was not to accompany the regiment into the field. There were not even colours, for it was considered that in the desultory warfare in which the troops would be engaged, they would only be in the way. What was there then? Simply a dark column of

soldiers, motionless on top of a hill, drenched by the pitiless storm. Such is the difference between work and play!

A few words from the Colonel, and the silent column is in motion. Company follows company in fours till it assumes the appearance of a long black snake winding out of the barrack gate furthest from the town; and opposite to the portion of ground called the Demesne, where the government house was to have been built, it turns to its right along the road to Otahuhu, and the welcome command "march at ease" is given, when the soldier may enjoy his pipe and his talk, or a song if he wishes it; but on this occasion the pipe had it all its own way, for the rain still fell heavily, and the wind still blew, and every smoker knows what a comfort even a clay pipe can be under such circumstances.

Shortly after leaving Auckland you pass

a very pretty graveyard in a valley on the left hand side, where the ground slopes down in a succession of grassy knolls interspersed with trees, towards a noisy brawling brook, which flows at its bottom; then you pass some detached houses, each situated in its own grounds like a miniature park. After this the country for some miles does not possess much interest. It is entirely without trees, rather flat, and in parts stony and barren, and the small fields surrounded with stone walls, remind the traveller of many parts of Ireland. On the right may be seen the Port of Onehunga, which in fact may be called the western port of Auckland, as it will be some day, for at this point the Waitemata, or Bay of Auckland, on the east, is only separated by some five miles of land from the Bay of Onehunga on the west of the northern island of New Zealand.

After the column had passed the place where the road branches off to Onehunga, the day began to clear, the rain ceased, the heavy masses of cloud gradually cleared away, and the bright sun shone and glittered on the rippling waters of the numerous bays which appeared on the right of the line of march. The men stepped out briskly. A soldier is always eager to throw off any depressing influence. Some of them sang songs, in which a large number would join in chorus; others told stories, always a favourite method of beguiling the tedium of the line of march, and so in a comparatively short time the column wound its way up to the cantonment of Otahuhu. Here it was found that in consequence of the departure of other troops for the front, there would be plenty of room for the men in the wooden huts, which resemble those at Aldershot, and

so they were comfortably lodged for the night.

The cantonment of Otahuhu is situated close to the village of the same name, which was originally chiefly settled by placing a colony of armed pensioners there, and granting to each of them a piece of land, on condition of his residing on it. The policy of this proceeding will be at once apparent, when it is mentioned that the river Tamaki, or rather the arm of sea called Tamaki, from the eastern coast of New Zealand, here nearly touches the waters of the sea on the western coast, thereby forming a natural barrier, which can be easily defended, and is called the "line of the Tamaki." The distance from this point to Auckland is nine miles, and the block of land is of considerable breadth. Now by placing the military settlers at the Tamaki end, the whole of this land was

rendered safe for the occupation of civilian settlers, and was accordingly soon filled up.

On the day after the troops arrived at Otahuhu, they marched to the village of Drury, about twelve or thirteen miles, and were encamped there for the night, and started next morning at daylight for the Queen's Redoubt.

About two miles from Drury there is a place called "Shepherd's Bush," after the man who first settled there. On arriving at this place a sight met the eyes of the advanced guard such as is fortunately seldom seen in these days of civilization. There, close to the roadside, lay an old man, of about eighty years of age, quite dead, his long white hair and beard dabbled in blood, his body stripped, gashed, and mutilated, in the usual manner adopted by the savage Maori. A few yards further on

lay a handsome boy, only fourteen years of age, also dead; he had evidently begged hard for mercy: his hands and arms had been raised to try and defend his head from the dreadful tomahawk, they were all gashed and cut, the right arm nearly severed from the body, but all in vain; he had prayed to those to whom mercy was unknown; the dreadful blow had fallen, and severed his young life from the world in which he had lived so short a time.

The harmless old man of eighty and the child of fourteen had gone out in pursuit of their peaceful occupation, to erect a fence on their farm in the woods. They were not soldiers, they had no arms, they could offer no resistance, and yet they were ruthlessly murdered!

Oh, gentlemen who make eloquent speeches at Exeter Hall—oh, admirers of the "Noble Savage," can even you defend

a murder like this, and not only this murder, but that of many other peaceful settlers destroyed in a similar manner? Perhaps you will say, the Maori was fighting for his country; but this was not the case, not a shot had as yet been fired on either side, and no steps whatever had been taken by the government against the Maories, except assembling troops and issuing a proclamation, although the conspiracy by the latter against, not only the government, but all the white inhabitants of New Zealand, had been discovered. Besides, the Maori in New Zealand is as free, perhaps freer, than the white man. He is often rich in land, in horses, and in cattle, and he can do what he likes with his own. No one is allowed to interfere with him; in fact, in many parts of the country, the Maori can obtain justice against the white man, but the

white man can often not obtain justice against the Maori.

And here we may remark, that there is one consideration which must force itself on every reflecting mind, which is, that the benevolent gentlemen who take the Maori and the negro under their especial protection, never seem to attach the slightest value to the lives of the soldiers and settlers which are often sacrificed to the policy they recommend; for it is notorious that all savage nations attribute undue leniency on the part of an enemy to fear of themselves, and that firm and decided action in repressing an outbreak like the one in New Zealand, will eventually save, not only the lives of soldiers and settlers, but actually those of many of the natives themselves, who finding war hopeless, would be deterred from joining in it.

A few miles after passing Shepherd's Bush, the country becomes densely wooded, and the excellent military road ascends to a high plateau, along which it proceeds, occasionally ascending and descending until it reaches the extremely steep sides of a mountain called Razorback, from its extreme narrowness, almost sharpness, at top.

On reaching the summit, a beautiful scene burst upon their view. Immediately in front, the road descended down the steep side of the mountain, till, at the bottom of the first descent, it was crossed by a brawling stream; on the left was a wood of the tallest forest trees, dark, solemn, and impervious, and throwing long shadows over the road. On the right, spur after spur descended from the mountain clothed with feathery trees, and bathed and steeped in the morning sunlight, save where, ever and

anon, some passing cloud would throw a flitting shadow over the scene, which made the surrounding brightness seem more bright, till at length the plain was reached with its tall ferns waving in the breeze, and far far away in the dim distance, could be faintly seen the Queen's Redoubt, the Maungatawhiri Creek, and the broad Waikato River.

Henry Ancrum, who was on the rear-guard, had an excellent opportunity of viewing the scene in all its beauty, as he had to halt for some time until the whole of the column had cleared the defile. When he reached the summit, his regiment was nearly at the bottom of the descent and, as the road wound hither and thither, it assumed the appearance of a long undulating red line; behind it came a convoy of stores and ammunition, carried by the military train and carts of the country, the

latter in picturesque confusion, and guarded by soldiers here and there, who seemed like little red dots on the landscape, whilst above him on the left of the road hung the stockade of Razorback, the small but formidable guardian of the pass; but soon the wavy red line disappeared in the dark sombre wood, like some fiery serpent retiring to its den; the military train were next swallowed up; and last of all, the country carts with their noisy hallooing drivers and cracking whips were lost to view, and silence settled on the scene, not the silence of English woods, broken by the song of birds, or the noise made by the movement of animals amongst the brushwood, no—absolute silence, still, dead, unbroken silence — silence that might be felt. For in the New Zealand woods there is no animal save the rat, and he makes no noise. There are no birds save rarely a

little creature, something like a water-wagtail, to whom song is unknown; or still more rarely a soaring hawk.

Henry Ancrum had been gazing down from the edge of the steep hill on the prospect before him, till he had become lost in a sort of day dream; the "sudden solitude" startled him. He turned to rejoin his men, and soon the rear-guard was following the main body towards Queen's Redoubt, where they arrived in the afternoon, and encamped for the night.

CHAPTER XIII.

TWO days after that on which Henry Ancrum arrived at Queen's Redoubt, the battle of Koheroa occurred.

It is not our intention to enter into all the details of this action, but simply to record a few facts connected with it, which are necessary for our own story. A few days before the arrival of Henry Ancrum's regiment, the General in command had crossed Maungatawhiri Creek, with a portion of the troops, in some boats which he had brought with him from Auckland for that purpose, and had established himself

on a steep hill on the other side called Koheroa.

On this hill a fort was subsequently built, called the Koheroa Redoubt. Immediately opposite this Koheroa hill, and extending to the southward in the direction of Mere-Mere, was a range of hills with very steep sides ending in a swamp on either flank, and very narrow at the top, along which the Maori great southern track or path extended.

This formidable position the Maories had chosen as their field of battle, digging ranges of rifle-pits across the summit of the hills, one behind another, so that if driven from one position, they could take refuge in the one behind it. The difficulty was, that the position was only to be attacked in front, as there were really no feasible modes of turning its flanks, as the deep swamps on either side of the range of

hills extended to considerable distances from their bases. It is true, a feint was made of turning the Maori position by making a wide detour on its left flank, but it is believed that this manœuvre produced little or no effect on the event of the battle.

Shortly after the troops employed to try and turn the left of the enemy's position as above-mentioned had started, the forces which were intended to attack that position in front, amongst whom was the company to which Henry Ancrum belonged, fell in under cover of the Koheroa hill, which completely hid them from the view of the enemy. When their formation was complete, they advanced swiftly from behind the hill, and dashed themselves at once against the first line of rifle-pits.

As previously stated, we do not intend to follow the action through all its inci-

dents; suffice it therefore to say, that one range of rifle-pits was stormed and taken after another, until the Maories retired slowly and sullenly from their last position.

It was at this moment that Henry Ancrum, who had been one of the first to enter the enemy's last line of rifle-pits, perceived a few scattered Maories making towards some canoes in a creek towards his left, and thinking that they would be an easy prey, he called to some of his men to follow him, and dashed after the fugitives. A few soldiers ran after him, but so great was his impetuosity that he was considerably in advance of them, when a large and compact body of Maories, who were retreating on a line still further to the left, emerged from a wood, and fired a volley at the assailants. Henry Ancrum fell, wounded in the leg, and his few followers seeing how

vastly they were out-numbered, were obliged to turn back towards their comrades.

In an instant Henry Ancrum was surrounded. He knew that death was near. His wound had weakened him, but he struggled to rise. He was thrust back by the left arm of a stalwart savage, whilst in his right he saw gleaming the deadly tomahawk. The savage paused; he seemed gloating over his prey. Oh, what a lifetime can be lived in a few moments like these! Again the tomahawk was about to descend when a young man rushed forward and seized the uplifted hand that was about to take Henry Ancrum's life.

"It is the pakeha" (foreigner), he said, "who saved my life at the Kaitakara. I will now save his."

"Thou art a fool, Ihaka," said the first savage; "if we leave this stranger here, he will tell the soldiers which way we have

gone, and we shall be pursued. I tell you he must die."

"And I tell you," said Ihaka, "he shall not die; I will take him with me;" and stooping down, he lifted Henry Ancrum in his arms, and bore him, as gently as a mother would her child, to the nearest canoe, where he laid him softly on some rushes in its bottom, for he found he had fainted from loss of blood.

For some time the Maories were entirely occupied in providing for their own safety. The creek in which the canoes had lain communicated with an immense number of watercourses through the swamp. Some of these watercourses were entirely concealed by trees growing on their banks; through these they carefully and silently pursued their course till they were far out of range of their enemy's rifles; then they began to paddle more slowly, and Ihaka

had time to attend to the captive he had saved.

Henry Ancrum had recovered from his swoon, but felt very weak from loss of blood. He lay on the bottom of the boat in that sort of passive dreamy state which extreme weakness from the cause we have mentioned induces, at one moment feebly bemoaning to himself his sad fate in having been wounded and taken prisoner, and at the next wondering, in a sort of dull wandering way, that the Maories, who hardly ever took prisoners, should have spared him on any account whatever.

Whilst he was busied with these reflections he saw his friend Ihaka—who had indeed proved a friend to him—approach from the other end of the canoe, and commence binding up his wound, which he did in a most artistic way, as he had been

accustomed to wounds and bloodshed from his youth up.

Ihaka also informed Henry that, having now got far beyond all danger from the fire of the soldiers, the canoes had turned down a channel leading to Mere-Mere, a very strong position, to which it had been arranged that the Maories should retire in case they were not able to hold their own on the heights near Koheroa.

In a very short time they had reached the end of the channel, which was only a short distance to the east of the position of Mere-Mere, where they landed, and having concealed their canoes amongst the brush-wood, proceeded to the encampment, or rather bivouac of Mere-Mere, which consisted of rude huts, made of raupo and rushes from the neighbouring swamp, or in many instances simply of a roof or covering made of the same material

over a rifle-pit or excavation in the ground.

By Ihaka's direction four Maories of his tribe carried Henry Ancrum to the whari of his (Ihaka's) brother, who, when the natives had established their position near Koheroa, had remained behind in charge of the entrenchments which had already been commenced at Mere-Mere, and which he and the few Maories left with him had been busily employed in carrying on. Here they placed him carefully on a bed of newly picked fern, with a canvas bag filled with the same material for a pillow; and Ihaka proceeded more carefully to examine his wound, which was found to be in the right thigh, and not serious, although in consequence of its having divided some of the smaller vessels it had caused him to lose a great deal of blood; this however was perhaps no disadvantage, as although it

rendered him a little weaker, it made the chance of fever supervening much less likely.

It was quite dark by the time that Henry Ancrum had been settled on his bed of fern; but there was a fire in a rudely-constructed fireplace at the end of the whari which threw a wavering light over all the interior of it. Most of the Maories who had been engaged in the fight of the day, overcome with their exertions, were sleeping heavily, their dark tattooed faces looking preternaturally stern and solemn as the flickering firelight occasionally lighted them up and then left them again in shadow; but some even of the combatants, and all those present who had not been concerned in the battle, were still awake, and talking eagerly of the events of the day, the latter expressing their extreme astonishment at the fact that those ac-

cursed pakehas had been able to drive their friends from so strong a position, and all agreeing that the General and all his hohias would never be able to take Mere-Mere.

They also discussed another subject, which was, that news had arrived that the Governor and General were going to bring some regiments from India to attack them, and that the men of these regiments were very small, but excessively fierce. Now the Maori, though a very brave man in battle, is also very superstitious, and the idea of these fierce little men seems to have affected them very much. The fact is that there was some foundation for the report, as it was at one time in contemplation by government to bring two or three regiments of Ghoorkas, who are little men, from India.

During all this time people were entering and leaving the wharf in the most indc-

pendent manner, after the usual Maori custom; for a Maori thinks nothing of entering the house, not only of one of his own race, but even of those of the settlers in out districts, sitting down by the fire, lighting his pipe, and entering into conversation in the most amicable manner possible, although perhaps he may never have seen his interlocutor before.

After this manner several of those who entered (both men and women) came up to Henry Ancrum, and asked him in broken English what his name was, his rank, &c.; the women being most particularly anxious to ascertain if he was married, and if he had any children; some of the inquisitive creatures actually asking the second question after the former had been answered in the negative; the men informing him that he was singularly lucky not to have been tomahawked, and the old ones adding that

in their days — the good old times of Maorism—he would certainly have been eaten.

Suddenly the hopper sounded. Now the hopper is a horn, which is sounded loudly whenever it is considered necessary to assemble the tribes for a korero or talk, for the Maories, who are given to copy everything under the sun, at least for a time, have copied our parliamentary system with this difference: that instead of appointing delegates, every free Maori can attend the assemblage of the tribe or tribes of the place he may be residing at.

As we have said, the hopper sounded, and immediately the wharf was cleared of all but the sleepers, those who were awake rushing in the greatest haste and excitement to hear any news that might have been received, for news is the Maori's delight, and what is most strange is, that though they

are perfectly aware that they tell one another lies, and write one another lies, yet when news arrives it is generally implicitly believed.

Henry Ancrum was indeed delighted to find the whari evacuated by the noisy groups who had hitherto occupied it. He was worn out by the events of the day, and urgently required sleep, so he turned himself on his sound side, resting his wounded leg as well as he could, and was soon in a profound slumber.

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