

"Better! You do not mean to say, Mr. Ingram, that you are a utilitarian. I do, in truth, hope better things of you than that. Yes! steam mills are better, no doubt, and mechanics' institutes, and penny newspapers. But is nothing to be valued but what is useful?" and Miss Dawkins, in the height of her enthusiasm, switched her donkey severely over the shoulder.

"I might, perhaps, have said also that we create more beautiful things," said Mr. Ingram.

"But we cannot create older things."

"No, certainly; we cannot do that."

"Nor can we imbue what we do create with the grand associations which environ those piles with so intense an interest. Think of the mighty dead, Mr. Ingram, and of their great power when living. Think of the hands which it took to raise those huge blocks—"

"And of the lives which it cost."

"Doubtless. The tyranny and invincible power of the royal architects add to the grandeur of the idea. One would not perhaps wish to have back the kings of Egypt—"

"Well, no; they would be neither useful nor beautiful."

"Perhaps not; and I do not wish to be picturesque at the expense of my fellow-creatures."

"I doubt even whether the kings of Egypt would be picturesque."

"You know what I mean, Mr. Ingram. But the associations of such names, and the presence of the stupendous works with which they are connected, fill the soul with awe. Such, at least, is the effect with mine."

"I fear that my tendencies, Miss Dawkins, are more realistic than your own."

"You belong to a young country, Mr. Ingram, and are naturally prone to think of material life. The necessity of living looms large before you."

"Very large, indeed, Miss Dawkins."

"Whereas with us, with some of us at least, the material aspect has given place to one in which poetry and enthusiasm prevail. To such among us the associations of past times are very dear. Cheops, to me, is more than Napoleon Buonaparte."

"That is more than most of your countrymen can say—at any rate, just at present."

"I am a woman," continued Miss Dawkins.

Mr. Ingram took off his hat in acknowledgment both of the announcement and of the fact.

"And to us it is not given—not given as yet—to share in the great deeds of the present. The envy of your sex has driven us from the paths which lead to honour. But the deeds of the past are as much ours as yours."

"Oh, quite as much."

"Tis to your country that we look for enfranchisement from this thraldom. Yes, Mr. Ingram, the women of America have that strength of mind which has been wanting to those of Europe. In the United States woman will at last learn to exercise her proper mission."

Mr. Ingram expressed a sincere wish that such might be the case; and then wondering at the ingenuity with which Miss Dawkins had travelled round from Cheops and his Pyramid to the rights of women in America, he contrived to fall back, under the pretence of asking after the ailments of Mrs. Damer.

And now at last they were on the sand, in the absolute desert, making their way up to the very foot of the most northern of the two Pyramids. They were by this time surrounded by a crowd of Arab guides, or Arabs professing to be guides, who had already ascertained that Mr. Damer was the chief of the party, and were accordingly driving him almost to madness by the offers of their services, and their assurance that he could not possibly see the outside or the inside of either structure, or even remain alive upon the ground, unless he at once accepted their offers made at their own prices.

"Get away, will you?" said he. "I don't want any of you, and I won't have you! If you take hold of me, I'll shoot you!" This was said to one specially energetic Arab, who, in his efforts to secure his prey, had caught hold of Mr. Damer by the leg.

"Yes, yes, I say! Englishman always take me; me—me—me, and then no break him leg. Yes—yes—yes—I go. Master say, yes. Only one leetle ten shilling!"

"Abdallah!" shouted Mr. Damer, "why don't you take this man away? Why don't you make him understand that if all the Pyramids depended on it, I would not give him sixpence!"

And then Abdallah, thus invoked, came up, and explained to the man in Arabic that he would gain his object more surely if he would behave himself a

little more quietly: a hint which the man took for one minute, and for one minute only.

And then poor Mrs. Damer replied to an application for backsheif by the gift of a sixpence. Unfortunate woman! The word backsheif means, I believe, a gift; but it has come in Egypt to signify money, and is eternally dimmed into the ears of strangers by Arab suppliants. Mrs. Damer ought to have known better, as, during the last six weeks, she had never shown her face out of Shepherd's Hotel without being pestered for backsheif; but she was tired and weak, and foolishly thought to rid herself of the man who was annoying her.

No sooner had the coin dropped from her hand into that of the Arab, than she was surrounded by a cluster of beggars, who loudly made their petitions, as though they would, each of them, individually be injured if treated with less liberality than that first comer. They took hold of her donkey, her bridle, her saddle, her legs, and at last her arms and hands, sweating for backsheif in voices that were neither sweet nor mild.

In her dismay she did give away sundry small coins—all, probably, that she had about her; but this only made the matter worse. Money was going, and each man, by sufficient energy, might hope to get some of it. They were very energetic, and so frightened the poor lady, that she would certainly have fallen, had she not been kept on her seat by their pressure around her.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! get away," she cried. "I haven't got any more; indeed, I haven't. Go away, I tell you! Mr. Damer! oh, Mr. Damer!" and then, in the excess of her agony, she uttered one loud, long, and continuous shriek.

Up came Mr. Damer; up came Abdallah; up came M. de la Bourdeau; up came Mr. Ingram; and at last she was rescued. "You shouldn't go away, and leave me to the mercy of these nasty people. As to that Abdallah, he is of no use to anybody."

"Why you bodder de good lady, you dam black-guard!" said Abdallah, raising his stick, as though he were going to lay them all low with a blow.

"Now you get noting, you tief!"

The Arabs for a moment retired to a little distance, like flies driven from a sugar bowl; but it was easy to see that, like the flies, they would return at the first vacant moment.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## Scientific Notes.

**MINER'S LIFE PRESERVER.**—A new safety apparatus has been patented under this name, designed to prevent those accidents so frequently occurring in coal mines in drawing up the cage in a shaft or hoist. The principle of the invention consists in the application of four strong levers to the apparatus above the cage, which, in case of the rope's breaking, secure the cage to the rods by which it is guided, and prevent its fall. Safety will not depend on springs, which are liable to lose their tension or break. The cage is its own preserver, and can neither be drawn over the pulley, nor can it fall down the shaft. Should the drum be disconnected, or the engine out of order, any one in the cage can safely arrest it without weights. This apparatus can be applied at small cost to most cages at present in use, and may be used on wood or iron rods or wire guides with confidence. It has been tested publicly with satisfactory results; and it is intended to solicit the presence of the Government Inspector of Mines at the next exhibition of its capacities.

**THE MOON.**—It is a vulgar error to speak of the "cold light of the moon," as though any light could be entirely devoid of heat. That the rays of the moon are not, is evident from the fact that the mean temperature of the earth rises towards the second quarter, and from their general influence on vegetation. Light is essential to the growth of plants, because, without it decomposition of the carbonic acid absorbed from the atmosphere by their leaves could not ensue. As darkness intermits this vital process, at night all plants slumber, except when the moon shines; then, alone, they wake and work. Hence farmers, taught by observation of nature, select the season of full moon for sowing; so that, after germination, the young plants may enjoy an interval of darkness favourable to the maturing of their powers, and when the moon attains her maximum brightness, may have strength to support continuous action. Sown at new moon, they would have been exposed to constant light while yet feeble and in need of repose. It has been observed that often, when the moon rises, the clouds which before obscured the sky, singularly melt away

before her light. Seamen say that the moon "eats up the clouds;" such is their simple version of the phenomenon; and hence it may be inferred that the clouds are expanded by the heat of her rays, and again transformed into invisible vapour. It has been hitherto fancied that the moon was but a barren waste—alike destitute of air, water, and vegetation; but a reference to Mädler's maps, constructed thirty years ago, indicate changes on her surface contradictory to that conclusion. The craters have changed their form; Secchi assumes the higher peaks to be snow-covered; the level spaces, formerly thought seas, are now considered forests. Besides these large expanses, numerous stripes are discernible—straight or slightly curved—from three to thirty-five miles in length, and never beyond 5,000 feet wide, generally distinct from each other, and alternately crossing or interrupted by the craters. These singular stripes appear to consist of fine parallel dark lines, divided by open spaces which vanish and return at intervals of a few months. From this periodical change, Schwabe concludes that the lines are strips of forests, between which openings are seen only when the foliage falls. The inference is plausible; the only difficulty being to account for the growth of trees in such strange right lines; yet, it may be observed, that the great American prairies are similarly intersected by two strips of forest, extending north and south for hundreds of miles—the cross-timbers, to account for the regular form of which has greatly puzzled travellers. The existence of vegetation and volcanic action necessitates our presuming that the moon has an atmosphere; and this has also been lately surmised from the singular red protuberances visible on her edge in late eclipses of the sun, and which have been assumed to be auroras in her higher atmosphere.

## THE NEW ZEALAND REBELLION.

INTELLIGENCE has recently been received from the Antipodes, that the natives of Taranaki, in New Zealand, have come into collision with the English. The reason assigned is, the *Land Question*, about which there have been difficulties for a number of years.

The locality of the outbreak—the scene of struggle between the rival races—may be thus described:—

As the voyager approaches the western shore of New Zealand, a snowy peak, like a cone of light, rises before him from the ocean. The noble Egmont mounts 10,000 feet from the plain. Its morning shadow falls towards the rough, harbourless coast; and its dark lines at eve cover the vast forests that sleep at its base. Like most of the mountains of that land, this one at some period breathed forth fire. At present, Nature assumes her richest attire and her happiest smile. The district of Taranaki is the garden of New Zealand. The flowerless land can here boast of many-coloured gems amidst the sombre foliage. To this is added a climate that knows not the rigours of winter, nor the lassitude of summer. The soil rewards the farmer's toil; whilst its green swards give it charms in the grazier's eyes.

This southern paradise has been the scene of many a deed of darkness. As the rich plains of India have courted invasion, so have the sparkling streams, full of finny wealth, and the pleasant vales, famed for *kumera* grounds, drawn violence to Taranaki with the tribes. The Waikatos have been among the bloodiest and most relentless of New Zealanders. When Christianised by the self-deceiving exertions of missionaries, their ferocity was subdued, and they applied themselves to commerce. The New Zealand Company, at an early period, made locations among them. In spite of the difficulty of approaching the settlement, and the remoteness of a market, the settlers have there generally enjoyed a peaceful, happy existence.

But removed from head-quarters, and almost inaccessible in their fastnesses, the natives of Taranaki have never been the most orderly and tranquil tribes. For a number of years there have been disputes about land, among themselves and with the Europeans. To enable the English reader to comprehend the question involved in this war of the races, we propose giving a sketch of the relation existing between these contending parties, the rise of the land trouble, and the great rebellion of 1845-6.

A glance at the history of European connection with New Zealand will show that the Maori aborigines were not without grievances, and that respect for their rights was gained as much by their own determined aspect of independence as by any ab-

abstract sense of justice for coloured people entertained by the whites.

Tasman came to blows with the natives upon his discovery of the islands in 1642. His "bay of Massacre" is still upon the chart. No other visit was made till Captain Cook, one hundred and twenty years after, landed on the coast. A statement of that worthy man forcibly exhibits the general feelings of our people toward the dark race. Some misunderstanding had arisen, which would have resulted in bloodshed but for the prudence of the navigator, who remarks: "I had much trouble to restrain the seamen and marines, who, either from fear or love of mischief, showed as much impatience to destroy this people as a sportsman would to kill his game."

Soon after this Surville came. As some of his crew were sick, the Frenchman got leave to land them. The Maories tended them with kind assiduity, and the chief was constant in his care of them. When the vessel was leaving, a boat was missed. The grateful and Christian commander seized the chief, and set fire to the village of the hospitable natives. The outraged warrior soon died on board.

It was a similar circumstance to this which gave rise to the fearful tragedy of the Boyd, in 1810. A vessel had called some time before, and treated the people with barbarity. When, therefore, the captain of the Boyd attempted to show the high hand, he suffered for others' faults as well as his own. He had whipped on board his own vessel the son of a New Zealand chief. The boy told his father when the vessel came to port, and vengeance was declared. A chief, named Tippahee, resided there. He had been to Sydney, and was well received by the governor, at whose table he was a guest. The colonial chaplain of the period spoke of him as "a man of great understanding;" one "now able to supply European vessels which call there;" adding, "he made very just and shrewd remarks upon the laws and police of the colony." This man called to see the captain of the Boyd, and was treated most uncivilly. The proud savage resolved upon vengeance also. The captain was assaulted on shore and killed. The ship was then attacked and burnt, all the officers and crew being put to death and eaten. Two women and a boy secreted themselves; these were spared when discovered. The Rev. Mr. Marsden thus wrote of this tragedy in 1810:—"I believe

the loss of the Boyd and the murder of the crew were in retaliation for acts of cruelty and fraud previously committed by some Europeans. The acts of cruelty and fraud committed at New Zealand by Europeans are undoubtedly very great."

As this is the most fearful massacre charged to

Strong drink has been a great scourge to the Maori. In the colonies, before the consolidation of the British Government among them, and several years before the first outbreak, we have been brought into contact with persons who had, as traders or as missionaries, known the tattooed race from nearly the commencement of the century. We have heard many a sad tale from these of the dreadful scourge of alcohol in the islands. However evil their practices among themselves, their wars and their cannibalism, they had, nevertheless, grown into a large population. They lived, too, in comfortable dwellings, were provided with convenient dress and suitable food, cultivated the ground, launched well-constructed vessels, and possessed a strong internal government, although scattered as distinctive tribes. But from the time of their association with us commenced their decline. Had we confined our connection with them to conflicts, and been content with firing their paks as we floated by their coasts, their loss and



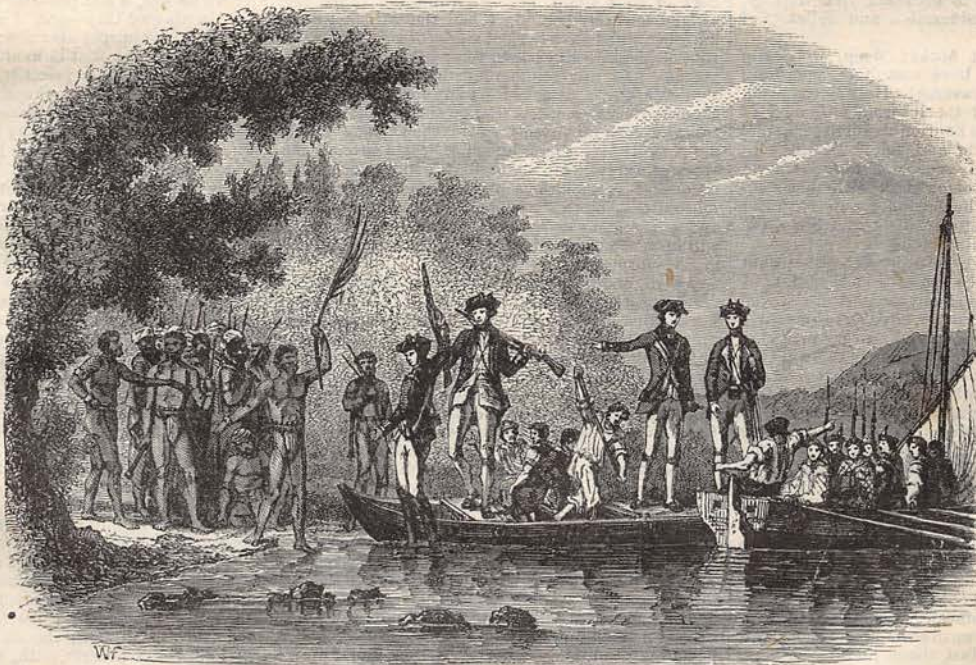
ABORIGINAL NEW ZEALANDERS, MALE AND FEMALE.

the natives, we narrate the circumstances. Other cases could be given. One is sufficient to show that, dreadful as was the crime, there were at least some extenuating circumstances attending it. The testimony of one who fought against them, and who cannot be esteemed as one prejudiced in their favour, affords a strong corroboration of our apparent justi-

their suffering would have been light in comparison. But we extended the hand of friendship; not that the English had any love for the flax-robed nation, but that they sought a personal advantage. They wanted vegetables for their crews, a station for their fisheries, and consumers for their produce. More than this, they had other motives still more reprehensible.

How could these be furnished so well as by drink? For rum, the savage gave the *kumera* root; for rum, he helped them at the whale-blubber boiling; for rum, he bartered fish; for rum, he sold his sister, his daughter, his wife!

The effects of all this soon appeared. Stimulated by drink, their ferocious passions were aroused, quarrels arose, and bloodier conflicts followed. This fire was fed by the supply of guns and gunpowder. The most renowned of their conquerors, the most bloodthirsty of assailants, were uniformly those who, from knowledge of the whites, got possession of those two swift messengers of death—the musket ball and the rum-bottle. He who, after ravaging the western country, terminated his savage campaign with a feast upon two thousand of the



CAPTAIN COOK PREVENTS A RUPTURE WITH THE NATIVES OF NEW ZEALAND.

baked bodies of his victims, was a reputed half-civilised New Zealander, but a drunkard!

When we look at the last rebellion, we find the chiefs who were guilty of wanton outrage, and of merciless revenge, were the intemperate. Hiki stood out boldly as an open foe to our arms, and

fication of their character. Lieutenant M'Killop, in 1849, says, "From the very earliest date of which we have any accounts of these people, up to the present time, I can find no instance of their having gratuitously committed any of the many outrages of which they have been guilty."

fought as nobly and chivalrously as he did bravely; but others, more cowardly, were cruel. Such were Ranparaha and Rngahata, the men who committed the atrocity called the Wairau Massacre, in which above a score of leading gentlemen and settlers lost their lives. These wretched beings were known as the largest consumers of spirits, and the most degraded of Maories. In many of the early conflicts between the races at the sea coast, drink was the direct cause of mischief. Drunken sailors would maltreat their women, and excite the revenge of the tribe. Drunken natives would quarrel with drunken seamen, and proceed to violence and murder. This is the story of many a massacre.

In his younger days Ranparaha made use of disreputable whites for the accomplishment of his designs. To be revenged upon a southern tribe, living on a site of the Presbyterian colony of Otago, he assembled his forces, and got one Captain Stewart to convey them to the southern coast. As the white man was known among the Otago tribe, having traded with them formerly, he was employed to decoy the chief and his family on board, on some pretence. The remainder of the story we give in the words of Colonel Wakefield, of New Zealand emigration celebrity:—"Some of these were immediately killed; after which Ranparaha and Stewart, with their myrmidons, landed and laid waste the settlements, killing every man, woman, and child that came in their way. The chief who had been enticed on board was made fast in the cabin by a hook through his throat, and, in despair at seeing his daughter about to become the victim of these monsters, killed her with his own hands. During the voyage back to Kapiti the old man was dispatched; and it is a fact, that one of the ship's coppers was in use for cooking human flesh for his guest, and that Stewart and his crew participated, if not in the feast, in the atrocious murder and revolting preparations made for it."

(To be continued.)

## Flowers.

**BEAUTIFUL THINGS.**—Beautiful things are suggestive of a purer and higher life, and fill us with a mingled love and fear. They have a graciousness that wins us, and an excellence to which we involuntarily do reverence. If you are poor, yet pure and modestly aspiring, keep a vase of flowers on your table, and they will help to maintain your dignity, and secure for you consideration and delicacy of behaviour.

**THE BIBLE.**—Book of books! deep, wonderful mine, whose shaft ages have assaulted, ages have traversed, and will yet traverse! Holy lineage-roll, displaying the record of the internal unfolding of the race of man from the hour of his birth; gigantic drama of life's beginning and end! Drama with dark episodes and bloody scenes, but whose mornings are in light, which commences with man's infancy, and ends where he begins a new life after death and the grave. History of histories! how often have we descended into its depths!

**IMPROVE THE PRESENT.**—Never whine over what you may suppose to be the loss of opportunities. A great many men have good early opportunities who never improve them, and many have lost their early opportunities without losing much. Every man may educate himself that wishes to. It is the will that makes the way. Many a servant that wanted knowledge has listened while his master's children were saying their letters, and putting them together to form easy words, has thus caught the first elements of spelling. If a man has a strong thirst for knowledge, we do not care where he is put, he will become an educated man. The first step towards self-improvement is, to leave off whining over the past. Let the past go, and bend every energy to the improvement of the present. That is the only way.

**THE SECRET OF "GOOD LUCK."**—There are men who, supposing Providence to have an implacable spite against them, bemoan in the poverty of a wretched old age the misfortunes of their lives. Luck for ever ran against them, and for others. One, with a good profession, lost his luck in the river, where he idled away his time a-fishing, when he should have been in the office. Another, with a good trade, perpetually burnt up his luck by his hot temper, which provoked all his employers to leave him. Another, who might have had a lucrative business, lost his luck by amazing diligence at everything but his business. Another, who steadily followed his trade, as steadily followed his bottle. Another, who was honest and constant to his work, erred by per-

petual misjudgments;—he lacked discretion. Hundreds lose their luck by indorsing bills; by sanguine speculations; by trusting fraudulent men; and by dishonest gains. A man never has what can be really called good luck who has a bad wife. We never knew an early-rising, hard-working, economical, honest man, with a good wife, who had bad luck—or, at least, we never heard such a man complain of bad luck. This is the secret of the whole matter.

## AN ADVENTURE IN INDIA.

"YOUR turn now, captain," was the exclamation of several parties, who were seated round the convivial board, telling stories, narrating adventures, singing songs, and drinking each other's healths.

"What will you have, gentlemen?" inquired Captain S—, a small, wiry man of middle age, who had seen service in India.

"Oh, one of your most thrilling adventures," said one of the party; "for surely you must have had some, while stationed in that wild region which is said to teem with them."

"Ah! very well, gentlemen—I remember one that I think will interest you, and here you have it. It was in the year 183—, that I joined my regiment, as a sub, at Bangalore; and not being used to such a climate, where the mercury runs up to 110° in the spring, with no idea of coming down again till autumn, I soon found myself an invalid, and almost cursed the day that I had been tempted to leave cool old England for such a sweltering country. Some of my friends advised a trip to the Malabar coast, and I was nothing loth to try any change, believing even the worst I could possibly make must be for the better. So I procured a palanquin, and eight good bearers, to take a turn about, and set off forthwith, through as wild a country as ever poor mortal could wish to see.

"Nothing remarkable happened till we entered what is known as the Wynard Jungle; and if nothing had happened there, I should have been tempted to indite the whole country as a libel on appearances. Such a jungle as that may I never behold again! Reeds, weeds, grass, brambles, and bushes were interlaced like a network beneath gigantic trees of teak, whose bows interlocked and canopied the whole, so that in many places the bright sunshine of heaven never penetrated to the earth; and as I was borne along in my palanquin, on the shoulders of four timid coolies, while the other four walked leisurely behind, I had the satisfaction of knowing I was in a perfect wilderness inhabited by wild elephants, wild boars, tigers, leopards, hyenas, jackals, and any number of deadly reptiles, and that if we were attacked by any ferocious beast, I should probably be deserted on the instant and left to take care of myself. And then fancy me at night, with all these howling beasts around me, attempting to sleep, amid all the poisonous exhalations of a malarious region, with millions of mosquitoes, moths, and bugs, humming, buzzing, and perforating every pore of my body, and you will form some faint idea of the pleasures of a sick man's journey.

"Well, one hot, sultry afternoon, when we had reached somewhere near the heart of this jungle, as I was leaning back on the seat of my palanquin, and dreamily listening to the drowsy, monotonous song of the bearers, I was suddenly roused and startled by two or three hoarse trumpet blasts, which proceeded from a wild elephant, who was crashing through the jungle at no great distance; but before I had time for a word, my attendants dropped me without ceremony, and betook themselves to flight. I leaped to my feet, with a kind of delirious strength, and, knowing there was not a minute between me and eternity if I remained where I was, I plunged into the copse, and ran like a madman in a direction opposite to the sounds of my advancing foe.

"Fortunately for me, I was only a few seconds in reaching the foot of a large, teak tree, up which I began to climb as only a man may climb for his life. I heard the monster crushing down the bushes, and making the very earth tremble under his powerful tread, and I went up, up, up, faster than I ever climbed a tree before or ever shall again, with every stitch of clothes upon me completely saturated with the perspiration wrung from me in an agony of fear—not so much the natural fear of death itself, as the instinctive fear of such a death.

"I think the animal must have turned from a direct course before espying me; for though close upon me, as I supposed, when I began to climb, I had succeeded in reaching the first limb, at least some thirty feet from the earth, when he made his

appearance at the foot of the tree, snorting and bellowing in the most terrific manner. Seeing me beyond his reach, he lashed himself into a perfect fury, his comparatively small, pig-like eyes shooting gleams of fire as he cast them upward in his disappointed rage. Then laying hold of the tree with his trunk, he tried his strength in shaking it; but as it was too heavy for him to endanger my position by that means, he soon relinquished it for another. Quietly stepping back a few paces, he measured his ground; and then, with a sudden bound forward, he struck the tree a tremendous blow with his head and tusks. I was watching him closely, but only barely comprehended his design in time to throw my arms and legs around a limb, and brace myself for the shock. Nor was I at all too well prepared; for the concussion bruised me not a little, and it seemed as if a few pounds more of force must have sent me clean from my perch.

"But my enemy was not done yet. Stepping back and looking up at me, with an expression that seemed to inquire what I thought of it, at the same time that he would assure me of its being only the beginning of his battering operations, he returned to the charge with increased vigour. But this time I was better prepared for him, and came not so near being unseated as on the first trial. Nothing discouraged, he retreated still further, and then came down like an avalanche. It was terrible. I had twined and braced myself in every possible manner; but when he struck, it seemed as if the concussion, after first bruising me, and almost knocking the breath from my body, relaxed every nerve. Doubtless, I should have fallen to the earth below, only that I was pretty securely balanced in the crotch of the tree, and, having resisted the main shock, had now no difficulty in retaining an upright position.

"On again looking down at the elephant, I was surprised to see him with his head fast against the tree, lashing his tail, pawing the earth, and uttering a sort of moaning, bellowing sound, altogether not unlike a vicious bull when about to make an attack. I did not at first comprehend what had occurred, but supposed his actions to result from the anger of disappointment in not being able to bring me to the ground. But I soon had cause for rejoicing rather than fear. His last charge had been made with so much force, as to imbed his long ivory tusks in the tree, and he was now a prisoner to his own brute strength.\* In vain he pulled and wrenched, moaned, bellowed, and lashed himself into a perfect fury. There he was, a fast prisoner—caught, as one might say, in his own trap—and if ever a poor mortal was justified in rejoicing over the misfortunes of a living creature, I think that individual was myself.

"But I was still a prisoner also. How was I to get down? and how make my escape when down? True, the elephant might not be able to liberate himself in time to do me any injury; but I already knew enough of the terrible jungle, to feel little inclination to set off through it alone. There were many intricate paths branching off from the main one over which I had been borne, and the mistake of taking any one of these would almost certainly be fatal—resulting in death from starvation through being lost, or death from some one of the thousand other surrounding perils. What should I do? It was reasonable to hope that some of my attendants would, sooner or later, return to learn the fate of their master; and before venturing on anything rash, I resolved to wait a proper time for them.

"Dreadfully passed the next three hours that I remained upon my giddy perch, above the imprisoned beast, looking off upon an undulating sea of matted foliage, with the hot sun of that tropical climate pouring down upon me its scorching rays, and almost stifling me with its feverish heat. How eagerly I turned my eyes in every direction, in the hope of getting a glimpse of one of my attendants, to whom I could make known my situation. No human being was in sight, and my wildest shouts brought no reply. Should I remain where I was or descend? We were, as I knew, almost half a day's journey from any settlement, and it would therefore be impossible for me to reach a habitation before nightfall, even should I be fortunate enough to follow the nearest path, while a single mistake would leave me to perish in that awful solitude. I decided, therefore, to remain where I was, either till the sun of another day, or until I should see at least one human being capable of acting as a guide.

"The sun was rapidly nearing the western horizon, and I was despairing of any succour that day, when

\* Strange as it may appear, authentic accounts from India assure us that a ferocious elephant was once caught in this manner in the Wynard Jungle.

"Oh, Fanny, don't tell me anything to-night, for I am a great deal too tired to listen."

"But oh, mamma, pray—you must listen to this; indeed you must." And Fanny knelt down at her mother's knee, and looked beseechingly up into her face.

"What is it, Fanny? You know that all my bones are sore, and that I am so tired that I am almost dead."

"Mamma, Mr. Ingram has—"

"Has what, my dear? has he done anything wrong?"

"No, mamma; but he has—he has proposed to me." And Fanny, bursting into tears, hid her face in her mother's lap.

And thus the story was told on both sides of the house. On the next day, as a matter of course, all the difficulties and dangers of such a marriage as that which was now projected, were insisted on by both father and mother. It was improper; it would cause a severing of the family not to be thought of; it would be an alliance of a dangerous nature, and not at all calculated to insure happiness; and, in short, it was impossible. On that day, therefore, they all went to bed very unhappy. But on the next day, as was also a matter of course, seeing that there were no pecuniary difficulties, the mother and father were talked over, and Mr. Ingram was accepted as a son-in-law. It need hardly be said that the offer of a place in Mr. Damer's boat was again made, and that on this occasion it was accepted without hesitation.

There was an American Protestant clergyman resident in Cairo, with whom, among other persons, Miss Dawkins had become acquainted. Upon this gentleman, or upon his wife, Miss Dawkins called a few days after the journey to the Pyramids, and finding him in his study, thus performed her duty to her neighbour:

"You know your countryman, Mr. Ingram, I think?" said she.

"Oh, yes; very intimately."

"If you have any regard for him, Mr. Burton," such was the gentleman's name, "I think you should put him on his guard."

"On his guard against what?" said Mr. Burton, with a serious air, for there was something solemn in the threat of impending misfortune as conveyed by Miss Dawkins.

"Why," said she, "those Damers, I fear, are dangerous people."

"Do you mean that they will borrow money of him?"

"Oh, no; not that exactly; but they are clearly setting their cap at him."

"Setting their cap at him?"

"Yes; there is a daughter, you know; a little chit of a thing; and I fear Mr. Ingram may be caught before he knows where he is. It would be such a pity, you know. He is going up the river with them, I hear. That, in his place, is very foolish. They asked me, but I positively refused."

Mr. Burton remarked that "in such a matter as that Mr. Ingram would be perfectly able to take care of himself."

"Well, perhaps so; but seeing what was going on, I thought it my duty to tell you." And so Miss Dawkins took her leave.

Mr. Ingram did go up the Nile with the Damers, as did an old friend of the Damers who arrived from England. And a very pleasant trip they had of it. And as far as the present historian knows, the two lovers were shortly afterwards married in England.

Poor Miss Dawkins was left in Cairo for some time on her beam ends. But she was one of those who are not easily vanquished. After an interval of ten days she made acquaintance with an Irish family—having utterly failed in moving the hard heart of M. de la Bordeau—and with them she proceeded to Constantinople. They consisted of two brothers and a sister, and were, therefore, very convenient for matrimonial purposes. But, nevertheless, when I last heard of Miss Dawkins, she was still an unprotected female.

#### A FEW WORDS TO MOTHERS.

ONE great trial, and source of depression, to a married woman, surrounded with a family of little children, is the small amount she can do; it seems literally, as month after month rolls by, as if she accomplished nothing. Life seems a blank, only filled up with petty cares, that wear out, and corrode, and canker, the frail tenement of flesh, but leave no trace behind.

"Oh! if I could only live for something! I

could cheerfully bear all the burdens time brings to me!" is the desponding cry of many a mother; but, mother, look back on your own childhood, and then tell me if you do not live for something! Years ago, tired, hungry, from your out-door play, who brought you the nice bowl, brimming with milk, that tasted sweeter to you than the rarest dish to the epicure? Who folded you in her arms, and rocked you to sleep as gently as the bee is rocked in its bed of roses? Who gave bright smiles and kisses, when your little heart was quivering with pain, from the harsh, unfeeling words of some playmate? Whose soft step, and light touch, and whispered words of prayer, drove away the images of fear, that darkness to the child is too often peopled with, and left brightness in the belief of a protecting, sleepless care over all? Who fanned your fevered brow, and held the cooling draught, that dripped from the gray rocks in the woods, which you had dreamed of all night, to your lips, and talked pleasantly of heaven, when your little feet seemed almost ready to step into Death's dark river, and you shrank trembling back from the hurrying waters! Who gave you the pleasant memories of childhood, that have stolen to your heart as gently as the dew to the flower, through the long, long years, and brought light and joy to the darkest hour of your life! Name your price for these memories, and then I can tell you what you are accomplishing! What if God had said to your youngest, that pet one, with soft silken ringlets and rosy dimpled fat hand, who is catching at the buttons on your dress, "He is a little thing, I will not mind about his sight." Think of those laughing, sparkling, "pretty, pretty eyes," as you have said a hundred times, as sightless orbs; never again turning to his little crib, to find him watching you from under the soft lace; never starting from sleep, as he clasps his arms around your neck, and raising your head from the pillow, to catch a view in the clear moonlight of his loving eyes; never again joying at glimpses of baby's mind, through the mind's windows.

What if God had said, "He is a little thing, I will not mind about his intellect?" Just look at your sweet baby, laughing, cooing, for ever touching some chord of pride and joy, and then clasp a soulless casket in your arms. His cheek is fair and delicately tinted, his hair golden as a sunbeam, but his poor little mouth and eyes! No answering smile, no grieved look, no wondering glance, nothing but a vacant stare. Think of watching and yearning for one look of intelligence, and when you catch your breath with joy, to think it is yours, have it end in a smile of mere muscle, a contortion of the lips. Oh, the disappointment! death of a loved one brings no sorrow like that.

God, who said, "Let there be light, and there was light," has great and stupendous things before Him, but not a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice; and if a bird is worthy of His care, need mothers complain that time, talents, strength, must be given for the comfort and training of the little ones, who each have a soul, undying as eternity. Perhaps when time passes, and those loved children go out from the maternal nest, and their hearts grow hard and callous in the battle of life, some—what you now think trifling, valueless—act may come back to them as a sweet memory, that will permeate the hard crust, which is closing around them, and leave it open to all kind, pure influences. We cannot see the end from the beginning, so let us trust him who can, and accept our work cheerfully, if it does debar us from entering into the achievement of what—we are often tempted to think—the great deeds of life.

#### THE BALL-ROOM BELLE.

The moon and all her starry train  
Were fading from the morning sky,  
When home the ball-room belle again  
Returned, with throbbing pulse and brain,  
Flushed cheek, and tearful eye.

The plume that danced above her brow,  
The gem that sparkled in her zone,  
The scarf of spangled leaf and bough,  
Were laid aside—they mocked her now,  
When desolate and lone.

That night how many hearts she won!  
The reigning belle, she could not stir,  
But, like the planets round the sun,  
Her suitors followed—all but one—  
One all the world to her!

And she had lost him!—Marvel not  
That lady's eyes with tears were wet!  
Though love by man is soon forgot,  
It never yet was woman's lot  
To love and to forget.

#### THE NEW ZEALAND REBELLION.

(Continued from page 302.)

As we know the kind of crews on board the early colonial crafts, who were the most abandoned of the ex-convict population of Sydney and Hobart Town, we are not surprised at any evil enterprise in which, for love of money or mischief, they would be engaged. Even Colonel Wakefield, knowing the atrocious character of Ranparaha, would make some allowance for his condition—"knowing," as he says, "how his intercourse with the refuse of European society has affected him." The colonial whalers and sealers were, without exception, the worst of the inhabitants of our settlements, being the most drunken and dissolute.

Further to illustrate the evil of drink among these people, another story may be given. Ranparaha made overtures to a tribe with whom he had been at war, and solicited a friendly meeting. The wily robber had sent to some white trader, and procured a good supply of rum for some flax. The strangers were received with profuse demonstrations of good will. Hogs were roasted, *kumeras* were piled up in baskets, and a liberal supply of the European poison was furnished to the guests. Then, when well plied with liquor, their arms were withdrawn, and a band of men rushed upon the drunken group, and made terrible slaughter.

The missionaries, who commenced their labours in 1814, were the first and truest friends of the Maories. Their strong attachment towards them, and their active sympathy for them—even in some apparent opposition to the settlers in the country—have been so strong, as to excite suspicions of their sordid interestedness. The charge is as false as ungenerous. The natives have fully reciprocated this feeling, and have ever cherished for their Christian pastors the liveliest affection and most respectful regard. Whatever sneer may be directed against the aborigines of New Zealand by some of our fellow-countrymen—who might learn many a Christian lesson from the fern-eaters—we have the most entire faith in the statements we have heard from the lips of both the Church of England and Wesleyan missionaries, that the Gospel had among them the noblest of followers. Bishop Selwyn exclaims, in his enthusiasm on behalf of his beloved charge—"Where will you find, throughout the Christian world, such signal manifestations of the presence of that Spirit, or more living evidences of the kingdom of Christ?"

It was said that the missionaries opposed the settlement of the islands by our countrymen, and that they sided with the natives in their land disputes with the first colonists. There was truth in the charge. But when it was added, that this opposition to whites arose from the selfish motive to monopolise the lands, a gross calumny was uttered. The arrival of settlers would rather enhance the value of the property of the missionaries. But, struck with the evil already existing from the hundreds of unprincipled Europeans located at various ports, they naturally dreaded the complete colonisation of the islands, even by a superior class of immigrants. Jealous for their charge, they saw, in such an event, an imminent moral danger, and the ultimate and speedy decline and extinction of this interesting race. When, therefore, a private organisation, the New Zealand Company, came, without the approbation of the British Government, and treated with the natives for the purchase of land, settling their thousands of duped purchasers upon unsurveyed and unbought territories, the missionaries foresaw the danger and distress which would follow such absurd proceedings. Yet, when the settlement was truly authorised by Parliament, they exerted their influence in averting difficulties and in settling disputes; earning the commendation of Governor Hobson in 1841—"But for them a British colony would not at this moment be established in New Zealand."

The first purchases of land were at ridiculous rates. Thousands of acres were sold for trifles. Even the land round Port Nicholson, forming the settlement of Wellington, was purchased by Colonel Wakefield, for the New Zealand Company, on absurd terms. The chiefs parted with, according to the legal agreement, all "right, title, and interest in all the said lands, tenements, woods, bays, harbours, rivers, streams, and creeks, as shall be hereafter described," for the following equivalent, also named in the conveyance:—"One hundred red blankets, one hundred muskets, two tierces of tobacco, forty-eight iron pots, two cases of soap, fifteen fowling pieces, twenty-one kegs of gunpowder, one cask of ball cartridges, one keg of lead slabs, one hundred cartouche boxes, one hundred tomahawks, one case of pipes, two dozen spades, fifty steel axes, twelve hundred fish-hooks, twelve

bullet moulds, twelve dozen shirts, twenty jackets, twenty pairs of trousers, sixty red nightcaps, three hundred yards of cotton duck, two hundred yards of calico, one hundred yards of check, twenty dozen pocket handkerchiefs, two dozen slates and two hundred pencils, ten dozen looking-glasses, ten dozen pocket knives, ten dozen pairs of scissors, one dozen pair of shoes, one dozen umbrellas, one dozen hats, two pounds of beads, one hundred yards of ribbon, one gross of Jews' harps, one dozen razors, ten dozen dressing combs, six dozen hoes, two suits of superfine clothes, one dozen shaving-boxes and brushes, twenty muskets, two dozen adzes, one dozen sticks of sealing wax; which we, the aforesaid chiefs, do hereby acknowledge to have been received by us."

But this was a princely payment compared with previous ones. As the representative of a great Company, the colonel felt that he could be liberal, although the simple emigrant was expected to pay several thousands per cent. upon the original cost. It is pleasing to observe, however, that though the material of war appears so prominent in the articles, no intoxicating liquor was furnished. Some *knowing* individuals had gone from Hobart Town and Sydney, including captains of colonial traders, and had effected vast sales with the natives. They secured thousands of acres for a few casks of rum. When the Government stepped in to protect the deluded aborigines, most of these claims were disallowed. Altogether, the total acreage said to have been sold, amounted to much more than the contents of the islands. The Sydney spirit merchants were the leading claimants in this affair, but by no means the most successful.

The manner in which the English obtained possession of New Zealand may be briefly stated. According to the usual mode of modern civilized nations, laying claim to anything not already shared among themselves, we find in the original instructions to Governor Phillip, when he went to establish the colony of New South Wales, in 1788, his right affirmed to rule over the vast continent of New Holland and all adjacent islands, including, of course, the land of the Maories. In 1814, however, the English Government disavowed control over the cannibals. When, again, some few chose to take upon themselves the title of the "United Chiefs of New Zealand," in 1834, our sovereign, William IV., recognised their claim to independence by sending out to them a fine flag, as a national banner.

Two years after this, through the agency of the

missionaries, an appeal was made to England for protection against certain foreign adventurers, and against our own bad countrymen, whom no law could reach. In answer to this prayer, a resident was established in 1839. The official letter of Lord

the time when your letter was written, has entirely passed away; and he trusts that no circumstances may occur in future to interrupt the internal tranquillity of New Zealand, which is so necessary to the maintenance of a close commercial intercourse between its inhabitants and those of Great Britain.

"The King is sorry for the injuries which you inform him the people of New Zealand have received from some of his subjects; but he will do all in his power to prevent the recurrence of such outrages, and to punish the perpetrators of them according to the laws of their country, whenever they can be apprehended and brought to trial. And the King hopes that mutual goodwill and confidence will exist between the people of both countries.

"In order to afford better protection to all classes, both natives of the islands of New Zealand and British subjects who may proceed, or be already established, there, the King has sent the bearer of this letter, James Busby, Esq., to reside among you as his Majesty's resident, whose duties will be to investigate all complaints which may be made to him."

When some thousands of His Majesty's subjects rushed upon the new country, something of a more definite character needed to be done. The resident was found useless. The missionaries cooperated with the Home Government in the plan. Capt. Hobson was dispatched out as consul, but with secret instructions to act as governor, if the formal recognition of Her Majesty could be secured from the natives. Through the missionaries, a meeting of above five hundred chiefs of the northern part of the island took place, February 5, 1840, and they on the one part, and Capt. Hobson on the other, signed the treaty of Waitangi. By this Queen Victoria was declared sovereign of the country, and the protector of the natives; but the natives were held true and sole proprietors of the land, to be sold by them as they would, but only to the Government, and that at a fixed rate, many times greater than that paid by Colonel Wakefield.

The express terms of the treaty are thus stated:—

"1. The chiefs of the confederation of the united tribes of New Zealand, and the separate and independent chiefs who have not become members of the confederation, cede to Her

Majesty the Queen of England, absolutely and without reservation, all the rights and powers of sovereignty which the said confederation or individual chiefs respectively exercise or possess—or may be supposed to exercise or possess—over

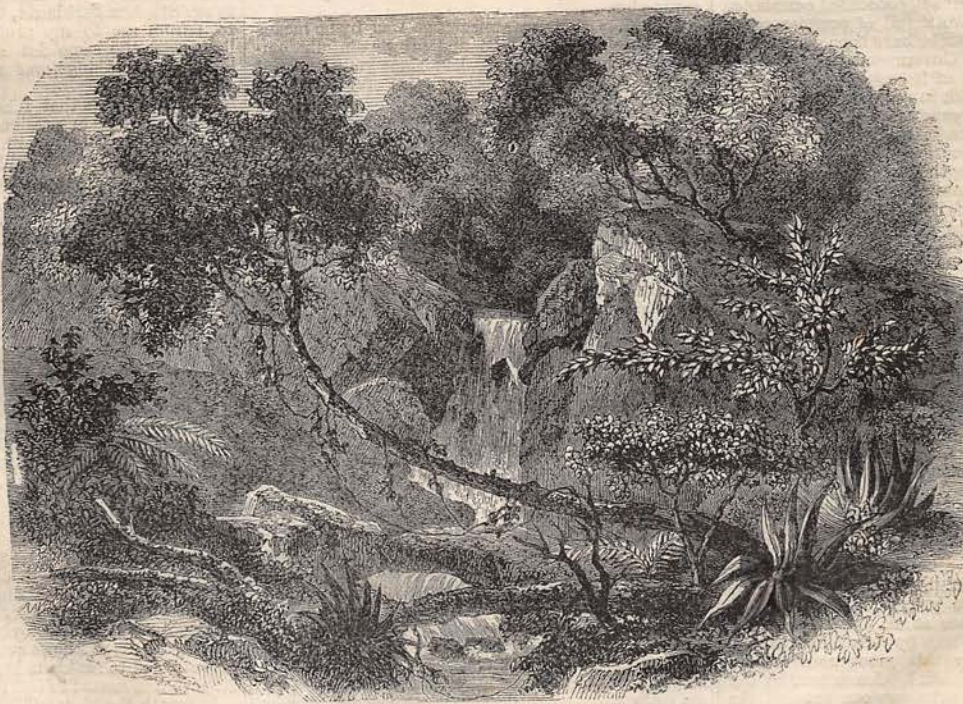


NATIVES OF THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF COOK'S STRAITS, NEW ZEALAND.

Goderich on that occasion is so important, as bearing upon the relation of the two races of that date, that we give it entire:—

"TO THE CHIEFS OF NEW ZEALAND.  
"FRIENDS,—I am commanded by the King to

more definite character needed to be done. The resident was found useless. The missionaries cooperated with the Home Government in the plan. Capt. Hobson was dispatched out as consul, but with secret instructions to act as governor, if the



FOREST SCENE IN NEW ZEALAND.

acknowledge the receipt of the letter which you addressed to his Majesty, and which you intrusted to Mr. William Yate to forward to England.

"The King is much gratified to find that the cause for alarm, which appears to have existed at

their respective territories, as the sole sovereign thereof.

"2. Her Majesty, the Queen of England, confirms and guarantees to the chiefs and tribes of New Zealand, and the respective families and individuals thereof, the full, exclusive, and undisturbed possession of their lands, estates, forests, fisheries, and other properties which they may collectively or individually possess, so long as it is their wish or desire to retain the same in their possession; but the chiefs of the united tribes and the individual chiefs yield to her Majesty the exclusive right of pre-emption over such lands as the proprietors thereof may be disposed to alienate, at such price as may be agreed upon between the respective proprietors and persons appointed by her Majesty to treat with them on that behalf."

The supposed want of faith in the British Government carrying out this article of the treaty, originated the rebellion of Heki and others.\*

(To be continued.)

### THE EUPHRATES RAILWAY.

SEVERAL years have elapsed since Mr. Andrew first conceived the idea of diverting the commerce of the East into a new channel, and connecting England with India by a route traversing the valley of the Euphrates, which would be 875 miles shorter than that through Egypt now used. Leaving Kurrachee near the mouth of the Indus, and entering the Euphrates from the Persian Gulf, an ocean steamer might ascend the river as far as Beles, up to which point it is as navigable as the Thames at London. Thence a railway passing through the ancient Seleucia, and crossing the great Babylonian plains to a port on the Mediterranean, near Aleppo, would encounter few engineering difficulties, except towards the end of its course of 900 miles. The meditated railway would absorb all the existing traffic, and bring about a social revolution, for the Arab, who now lives on plundering the desultory commerce of the land, would be baffled by and powerless against the swift and well-armed trains. But, as the classic Mercury was equally the god of thieves and merchants, the Arab, who now robs to sell his spoil again, has commercial instincts, and would subside into a peaceful agriculturist, and would be satisfied with the more legitimate gains of traffic. Law would replace havoc, and the railway would afford the best security for its Syrian revenues to the Turkish Government. The Sultan readily conceded permission for the execution of a work full of promise to his own interest; and it would have been commenced directly had the British Government been disposed to guarantee the capital of its subjects about to be employed with some risk in a foreign state. But when pressed, it replied evasively; and, it has been asserted, without contradiction, that its inaction was due to the improper exertion of foreign and antagonistic influences with a royal prerogative. It is easy to understand how jealousy France apprehends the possibility of England completing this railway, which would be equivalent to a line of fortifications from the Persian Gulf to the Mediterranean, and what intrigues she will practise to prevent her being anticipated in the region coveted by herself, wherein she is reasonably suspected of having instigated tumults that would afford a pretext for her interference, and against which she is preaching a crusade. A late article in the *Revue Contemporaine* betrays the hostility prevalent in France to this direction of English enterprise. While asserting that such a railway, as a commercial speculation, would yield at once twenty per cent., it cynically declares that it would be only to the detriment of France that England would benefit, and that she could not, therefore, be permitted to establish herself there. It is to be hoped that our own Government will awake to its own interests, and guarantee a work which will be the greatest possible security for the continuance of our sway in India. Had it been established, the Indian massacres would never have proceeded so far, even had they ever taken place at all. What is, then, the guilt of those who, by discountenancing and absolutely impeding this great undertaking, contributed to that bloodshed? Guaranteed by the Government, no foreign chicanery can prevent the completion of a design of such vital import to the national prosperity.

\* While we are writing, accounts have arrived of the disastrous defeat of a body of our troops, under Major Nelson, by the natives in the district of Taranaki. In this lamentable affair we have had twenty-nine men killed and thirty-three wounded; and, what is still worse, we have lost the prestige of our invincibility.

### A CONQUERED LOVE.

HE had come home. We had met again. I had been waiting and vaguely longing for this meeting for months—ever since I had heard that he was expected soon to return. What I had expected, what I had waited for I had never known, did not know now. But I have come home sitting opposite to my sister and father, hearing, as in a dream, their gay voices discussing the events of the great party at which we had been guests, but silent myself, and sad with the oppressive sense of a bitter disappointment.

My sister slept in the little inner room which opened from mine, that was our own common dressing-room. She was soon in bed and was sleeping soundly before I had, with slow fingers, unbound the heavy braids of black hair that pressed with such intolerable weight above my aching brow. Having ascertained this fact I shut the communicating door, and sat down quite alone, before the glowing grate, to think.

I had often sat thus, at night, with my long hair hanging about my shoulders, and my crimson dressing gown clinging around my large, ungraceful form—sat lonely, after Lucy slept, childlike, upon her white couch within, to think a woman's thoughts that were not always sweet and tranquil. But they had never been bitter as they were to-night.

As I sat thus, my hands clasped at the back of my head, my eyes fixed upon the red glare of the coals, I recalled my last meeting with Stephen Parkhurst—the meeting that ended with this long parting.

I was yet a school-girl when Stephen went away. He, a very young man, scarcely more than a boy, had just concluded his collegiate course, and was going abroad with his parents and sisters. He came to the school to say farewell, and Madame Colonna, strict as she was, relaxed her rule for once, and permitted me to see the son of an old neighbour and familiar friend of my parents.

How handsome and manly he looked as I went into the parlour and saw him standing before a fine painting, a St. Cecilia, which was the object of my own enthusiastic admiration. As I walked up the long room I caught the reflection of myself in the pier-glass. A tall, awkward school-girl, thin and angular, with large brown hands that were always in the way, a swarthy face surrounded by twisted masses of coarse, black hair, and dark eyes too large, and always either wild or dreamily sad in expression.

Conscious that my appearance was by no means prepossessing, I blushed and grew painfully embarrassed when this tall, handsome youth turned and came toward me with his graceful bow, and quiet, self-possessed air.

Stephen had called me his little wife ever since we had played and quarrelled and "made friends" in the nursery. But I had not seen him many times for the last year or two, and felt in no slight awe of his increased good looks and manly air and dress.

I dare say he saw some change in me, but he did not seem to observe it. He only took my hands in his own, looked affectionately down into my eyes, and then, after a slight hesitation as became our advancing years, he stooped and kissed me.

That kiss made all right between us again. We forgot all changes, and sitting down together upon the sofa were "Stephen" and "Margaret" to each other, as of old, for the next hour. Then Stephen rose to go away.

"I shall write to you often, Maggie," he said. "I want you to share as much as possible in these travels of mine. You know you are to share everything in my life; you know you are 'my little wife,' though you are growing almost too large for that pretty adjective now, and I only wish we were old enough to be married and take this tour together. Perhaps we shall go abroad together some day when you are really my wife. How happy I should be to show my Maggie everything I had seen years before, that is beautiful and grand in the Old World."

"But do you think you shall like to have me for your wife?" I could not help asking, for a bitter sense of my dark ugliness had been dwelling within me, as I looked at him so handsome and fair. "I am plain and awkward. Madame Colonna thinks my figure may improve, but I shall always have to rely upon my mental gifts for the means of pleasing."

The tears would come to my eyes—I wanted to cry, both because I was so ugly and because Stephen was going away—but I repressed them by a strong effort.

Stephen looked in my troubled face, and met my glance with a smile.

"You are the very handsomest girl in the world to me, Maggie," he replied; "and I have seen some fine young ladies since I have been at college. And you are to be my wife. Remember that, and don't fascinate any poor fellow with those splendid eyes of yours, nor think of loving any one else. You are mine, darling, are you not?"

"Yes, Stephen," I answered, "I am yours if you will have me."

He took me in his arms, kissed me twice, thrice, on brow and cheek and lips, and thus we parted.

Four years had passed, and to-night we had met once more in very different scenes, and in a very different manner.

Two or three letters only had Stephen sent me during the first year of his absence. For three years he had been silent. I thought he had forgotten me, or had thought it better to allow our intimacy to subside, but I had never been able to forget him.

I could have torn my hair, or gnashed my teeth for anger at the conviction that I loved this cold-hearted, splendid man who had met me to-night almost as a stranger, but with some bantering words about our childish acquaintance.

"I will never think of him again as a friend," I said, as I at last prepared to lay myself upon my couch; "I will show him that, plain as I am, I have a power possessed by few among women to compel the admiration of his false and fickle sex. I have attractions more enduring than those of beauty, and he shall know and feel them."

I was a motherless girl, and had no prudent woman-friend to counsel me, or to receive my confidence. Perhaps such a one might have saved me then much suffering.

Of course I met Stephen constantly. His sisters were my most intimate friends, his family and ours had always moved in the same circle. In a few days he was established at our fireside as a familiar guest, coming in and going out at all hours, with his sisters or alone, and setting all ceremony and restraint at such utter defiance that we could but yield.

But he never called me his "little wife" again, nor alluded to the olden times when I bore that title, as if he remembered it. Nor did he show me either more or less attention than he paid to Lucy, who had been a mere baby when he left home for school, and did not remember him at all.

I should have been piqued at this had he been a mere stranger, for I had been wont to attract men to my shrine by my conversational powers, which I had cultivated to an extent rare for a woman. But to see Stephen Parkhurst, the scholar and traveller, turn from me to my pretty, childish sister, and listen with the same flattering air of deference to her lisping nothings, was almost more than I could bear.

Was it for this that I had kept myself jealously apart from human passions, turning a deaf ear to all tones that vibrated with the music of the heart? Was it for this that I had longed, and prayed, and waited? I could almost have found it in my heart to be jealous of little Lucy, but that I loved her so dearly.

Outwardly I had never been so gay, so brilliant, as during this time of harassing doubt and uncertainty. That I loved Stephen Parkhurst my sufferings would not let me doubt. But that the secret of this absorbing, unrequited passion should be shut closely into my own heart, I willed with all the strength of a proud and powerful nature. So I talked and danced, and even condescended, spite of a strong inward reluctance, to enact the principal part in a play I had just written. My manner, which social success had made assured and dignified, became harsh and dictatorial, thus expressing, in spite of my efforts, the internal, irritating conflict of my feelings. The result, no unnatural one, was that Stephen Parkhurst was repelled by me, and that, as my society gradually became distasteful to him, he withdrew himself to the side of my sweet sister, whose angelic smile and gentle manner were infinitely soothing to him after an encounter with the stinging thrusts of my pointed sarcasms. How often, seeing this, I would rush away to my chamber to shed hot, silent tears over the folly I could not subdue. Heaven knows every arrow of my sarcastic wit returned to rattle in my own bosom long after Stephen had ceased to feel its effects.

At length the blow fell. A low fever, caused by all the excitement and anxiety I had undergone, confined me to my room for many days. Here I called pride to my aid, and believed I had conquered a love that, being unreturned, could only produce misery to me, and make me ridiculous in the eyes of all who suspected its existence. I no longer saw Stephen, and I grew gradually calm and proud of my power to stifle a passion I despised myself for

thoughts; but only the desire to gain for myself a good reputation, which I had considered of more value than the few pounds I would make in a transaction that a day or two would expose as a bit of sharp practice in trade, not always looked upon as strictly honourable. I could even recall the processes of thought by which I was influenced at the time, how I had pictured to myself the way he would talk about me among certain persons, with whom, above all things, I wished to stand well; the contempt they would feel for me, and even the pecuniary injury I might sustain. While, on the other hand, the refusal on my part to accept an advantage to be gained over my neighbour's ignorance—and I was careful to let Mr. Freespeech understand all about the matter—would be told of me to my honour and benefit.

I actually covered my face with my hands, when close self-examination gave me this picture, and said, "For shame, Mr. Self-complacency!"

Again I went down amid the secret places of my heart, and looked steadily at the thoughts and purposes which were hidden away there from casual observation. I was liberal, taking my means into consideration, in regard to public and private charities; and made, yearly, a handsome contribution for the support of the church to which I belonged. The thought of this liberality had always been a pleasant thing to me; and it was one of my habits to contrast my generous devotion of the means God had placed in my hand with the selfish withholdings apparent in others.

And in all this I now saw the stain of a mean and almost hypocritical self-seeking. Had I looked to the good of my neighbour, or only to a good reputation for myself? Had I desired the peace of a good conscience, or only the approval of man? With a singular clearness of vision I saw myself as to interior motives, and I could not find a single one of these motives that was not all clouded and disfigured by selfishness, pride, and a spirit of vain self-glory. I gave to the church. Why? In order that the Gospel might be preached for the salvation of souls. This, I had often made bold to say, was the reason why I gave. But I could not find, in my heart, any genuine love of either saints or sinners; certainly not enough to induce me to give fifty pounds a year for their safety or salvation. I'm at the confessional, reader, and shall make a clean breast of it. No—I could find love of self, taking on multifarious shapes; but not a genuine love of anything or anybody out of myself.

"Rather humiliating this, Mr. Self-complacency," said I.

"Yes, it is humiliating," I answered to myself, "very humiliating."

I gave, always, to public charities when called upon, and made a merit of this in my own thoughts. I considered myself a truly benevolent man. Now, as I groped amid the springs of action, I could find scarcely the feeblest sentiment of pity for suffering humanity; but the desire to stand well, as a kind-hearted and generous man, in the eyes of other people, was strong and active.

"Is there no good in me?" I exclaimed, with a low, creeping shudder, starting to my feet, and beginning to walk the floor of my room.

"There is none good but one; that is, God."

I remembered the words of our Saviour, and they came to me, now, with a fulness of meaning never comprehended before. I had read them, and heard them read in the great congregation of worshippers, hundreds of times. And yet, for all this, I, Mr. Self-complacency, thought myself a very good kind of a man, and far better than the common run of people. Indeed, I was in the habit of contrasting myself with other men, and taking the conclusion in my own favour; when it was not at all improbable that the chief difference between us was that I gave more heed to appearances, from a certain love of reputation, than they did.

"Mr. Freespeech was right. I didn't know myself; nor do I know myself, now, in this new guise. Am I, indeed, so wanting in honour, humanity, and integrity? My cheeks burn as if in the glow of a furnace!"

Take an hour with yourself, reader, and get down among the concealed motives by which your actions are governed, and, maybe, you will not like the new aspect in which you appear, any more than I like the one in which I have appeared.

NEVER be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his web twenty times, twenty times will he mend it. Make up your minds to do a thing, and you will do it. Fear not if trouble come upon you: keep up your spirits, though the day may be a dark one.

## Dewdrops.

FLOWERS BY THE WAYSIDE.—There are plenty such, if you are not too hurried to notice them. I picked three to-day. First, I saw a workman at mid-day, seated on the side walk under a tree, his faithful wife beside him, just uncovering a steaming little dinner-basket which she had prepared and brought from the distant street in which was the one room they called "home." Who happier than they? he eating, she looking on, well-pleased and happy. Next, at evening, I saw a mother, her hard day's toil over, bringing the little one, with its shining face and smoothly-combed hair, to meet the rough, but loving father, and place it, crowing, in his out-stretched arms, smilingly taking in exchange from his hand the spade, with which that night's supper had been cheerfully earned for her and her babe. Again, I saw a laughing little boy, whose face suddenly grew old in a moment, as a reeling figure came round the corner, glide with white cheeks to his side, and passing his little arm within that of the nerveless drunkard's, sob out to the boys, with a love that no taunts or disgrace could quench, "Hush! 'tis my father!"

VALUE OF KNOWLEDGE.—One of the most agreeable consequences of knowledge is the respect and importance which it communicates to old age. Men rise in character often as they increase in years; they are venerable from what they have acquired, and pleasing from what they can impart.

DANGERS OF WEALTH.—Though wealth showers around us its blessings, it bears in its train a long list of attending evils. The moderately wealthy vies with the millionaire in useless extravagances; consequently, they who only have thousands at command are aspiring in like manner to outvie their more wealthy neighbours, and become bankrupt. Nobility of mind is overlooked or ignored by the side of nobility of gold. Ignorance and folly dwell in palaces, while merit and worth starve in hovels. The wealth that should dispense blessings, crowning all life with happiness, is spent in frivolities. Some there are who give encouragement to art; there are some who will drop a large moiety into one basket; there are a few who use their wealth well. One exclaims, "I cannot spend my income!" and yet, with miserly feelings, hugs his money to his heart, when the poor and the friendless cry out at his very door for relief. Instead of sharing the large loaf, which a kind Providence has committed to his care, with the needy, he lives on, burying the talent lent him in the earth, and, dying, leaves all to be squandered by his descendants.

## THE NEW ZEALAND REBELLION.

(Continued from page 318.)

THE Waitangi treaty made the southern tribes deeply regret their cheap sales to the New Zealand Company. Reputation was out of the question. A compromise was all the other side could suggest. The antagonism of the company and the local government increased the irritation, and emboldened the natives. Titles were soon seen in glorious confusion. The purchase had been made of one tribe, which now sought a rise of terms. Another tribe would come forward and claim compensation, because they had formerly possessed the territory, but had been driven out by conquest. A third made suit, because their ancestors had formerly lived there, before roaming off in search of new and better quarters. Then came complaints from both sides. Sometimes it is the aborigines who offend, as at Tarawaki. Thus we have Mr. Protector Clarke saying, in 1843, "Serious complaints have been made respecting the encroachments of the natives on their lands," &c. Then, again, we have his son writing from another part, "Since my residence in Port Nicholson the natives have been incessantly complaining to me that, notwithstanding the assurance given to them by His Excellency, the late governor, that the Europeans should not interfere with their paha, or cultivations, it has not been attended to by the settlers; many have had their cultivations destroyed, many taken away."

The most serious of these land disputes terminated in the celebrated massacre of the Wairau, on the northern side of the Middle Island, by the shore of Cook's Strait. Ranparaha claimed on account of that territory he had subdued, but on which his people did not reside. He obtained something, but required more. Abstracting the settlement of the company's emigrants, he ended in burning the hut of a surveyor who would not leave the ground. Mr. Thompson, the magistrate, determined to have him

and his relative, Rangahiata, tried for it on board an English brig in the harbour, and so brought on the sad catastrophe.

There were forty-nine armed Englishmen, among whom were Mr. Thompson, Colonel Wakefield, and Captain England. The natives were observed in a wood across the stream. There were about eighty men, and half as many women and children. About fifty only of the men were armed. Crossing in a boat, with a number of settlers, the magistrate required the surrender of the chiefs, and threatened force if they would not go to the brig. Old Ranparaha coolly intimated that they could fight as well as the English. The other chiefs said, "We did not go to England to interfere with the whites; why should they interfere with us?" The imprudent magistrate called out, "Captain England, let the men advance." Shots were fired on both sides, but our countrymen soon took to flight, leaving their leaders behind. The magistrate stamped his foot, tore his hair, and kept ejaculating, "Oh! men; oh! men." The colonel advised all to throw down their arms and lie down, he crying out aloud, at the same time, "Kati, Kati—peace, peace." The aborigines gathered round them, gave them their hands, then loaded their pieces, and seated themselves in front. During the fray, a kind-hearted native went among the combatants with his Bible in hand, entreating them not to fight. Now he struggled to prevent further bloodshed. All agreed, and shook hands again. Just then the fierce Rangahiata returned from chasing the fugitives. He hastily demanded that the captives should be slain. Ranparaha refused. The other then excitedly exclaimed, "Don't forget your daughter." This female, wife of one and child of the other, was killed in the action. Gliding quietly behind the disarmed prisoners, Rangahiata struck each dead with his tomahawk.

The wonderful part of this story is that, though afterwards captured, and detained for some months on board a man-of-war, no punishment was inflicted by the Government for the fearful massacre of the Wairau.

There seems to have been at that time a very chivalrous feeling of esteem for the Queen. They were told that she was young and beautiful, powerful and gentle. With themselves, the woman occupies a higher position than with most nations. They were honoured and happy to sit beneath the shade of the Great Queen of the whites. They readily then conceded to her the nominal sovereignty, provided their lands were safe. But when that government became tangible—when they awoke from their dream to discover that the Queen was but a figure of speech, that they were in the grasp of men who seemed to them to make that name a sanction for oppression, and who were apparently bent upon the gradual absorption of the rights of the Maories—then their pride and indignation were excited, and the bolder spirits spoke loudly of resistance to the wrong. They were ignorant of the forms of our government, and could only compare it with the simplicity of their own. As no one thwarts the will of the chieftain, so long as he rules according to the customs of the tribe, they could not divine why others should appear to be permitted to frustrate the benevolent impulses of the Great Lady toward them.

There was some ground for their complaint and apprehension. The local authorities were importunate for land, as many emigrants were coming, and tens of thousands were expected. This vast mass of intruders astonished the natives. From love to their missionaries, from hope of gain, from desire to advance in civilisation, they first welcomed the ships of the stranger. But when they beheld the Totara forest fall before a multitude, and felt the often rough proximity of new farmers, in imagination they saw their island home gliding from them into the grasp of the whites, and their offspring of the fern valleys left without a soil. No wonder that they began to hesitate about sales. Their alarm was increased when intelligible threats were repeated on this delay. They heard, to their astonishment, that Englishmen had the best right to the land, that they took it everywhere else, and that before long they would have it there. Men who had paid money in England for a farm, and found afterwards that they who took the cash had not yet the land to give, might naturally be expected to say hard things. But the danger was not there. Men in Parliament, men in the very Ministry, plainly held the view and broached the doctrine. They said, "Why should a handful of savages hold so fine a country, when civilised people can turn it to a better use?" They denied the right of the barbarians to the soil. Some of the Ministry intimated their belief that only cer-

tain parts of the islands were absolutely claimed as property by the natives, and that much was free to any comer.

These sentiments were carried by the newspaper to the colony. The *savage*, who was denied a right to his home, could read that newspaper. Would he not, then, be alarmed and be angry? He might call, but who would hear? He might appeal, but who would regard? "What!" said he, "after the Queen had promised to preserve the land to the Maori, was she to be compelled by these men to break her word?" Some passionately turned round upon the missionaries, and exclaimed, "You are not our true friends. You have white hearts. You got us to sign the treaty by a lie. You wish to share the land with your people, and the Maori may go." The good men were full of care and sorrow. They felt their own honour compromised. They knew the danger to their flock, and wept over it. They wrote and memorialised.

The parent Missionary Society in London nobly pleaded the cause of the weak. To their efforts, above all, is it due that the Parliament of England did not degrade themselves by an act of cruel wrong. These heroic Christian gentlemen dared say these burning words in their appeal to the Government: "How can the missionaries maintain their position in New Zealand, in the face of a violation of the treaty of Waitangi?" They implored that the honest confidence of the natives, in accepting of the supremacy of Her Majesty, might not be abused. "We trust," said the missionary committee in April, 1840, "that that acknowledgment will never be made, even apparently, the basis of any measure that may hereafter result to their prejudice." Again they declare, "Lord Stanley's assumption that there are certain tracts of land in New Zealand, which do not of right belong to any tribe or chief, is without foundation; we have not been able to ascertain a single case of the kind."

Who, after this, will wonder that the Maori should hate the flagstaff, as exhibiting his own shame and degradation, and flaunting defiance?

Naturally impulsive and jealous, the natives were aroused. The more impetuous flew to arms. Though

they had, at the bidding of the truth, cast aside their weapons of destruction for the instruments of husbandry, they thought this was a time to resume them. They held meetings for the discussion of their grievances, and there, under the inspiration of

but leave them to be crushed by the proud foot of the stranger.

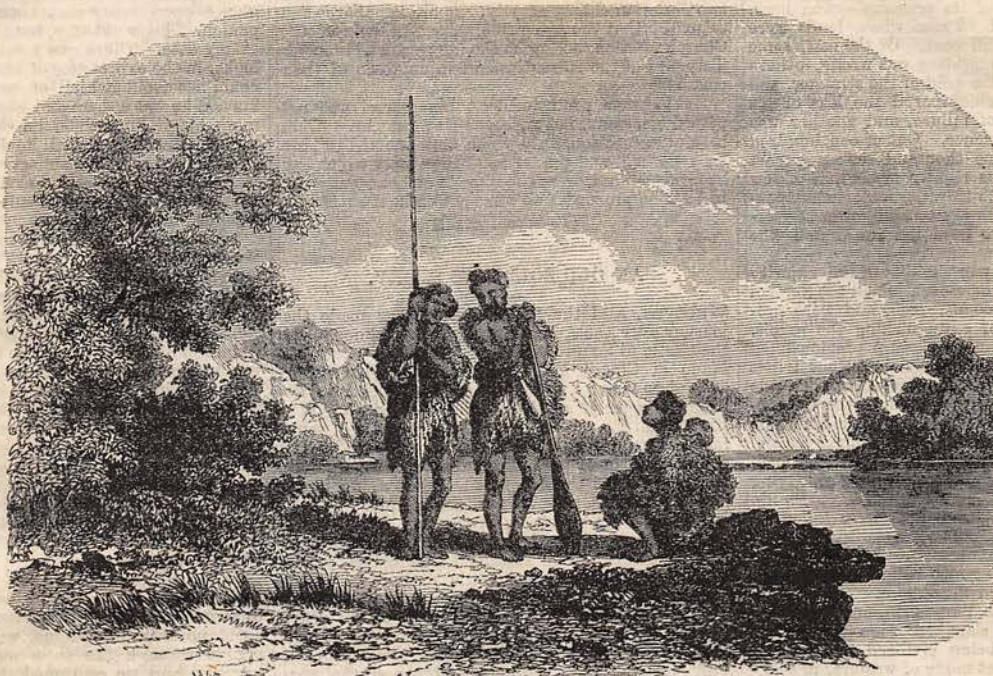
Many of the old settlers sympathised with them, and some incited them to rebellion. They told them tales of the past tyranny of England. They spoke of the heroism of Wallace, and the success of Bruce. They exclaimed aloud, "Will you not here have a Bannockburn?" The Maori were already aware of the fate of their neighbour on the continent of Australia. They saw him an outcast. The Tasmanian was known to be driven from his woods altogether, and enslaved in an inhospitable island. And as they looked to these, they could not help fearing for themselves, their wives, their little ones. Their very weakness increased their apprehension for the future. Not only did the missionaries believe them wronged; but the earliest official in the island, Mr. Busby, an honest man, but powerless, in his anomalous position, to direct the colonist or

oratory, were worked up to enthusiasm. They forsook the reading of the New Testament, and turned to the Old. The Prophets were now the favourites. Their denunciations of oppression were read with beating breasts and streaming eyes. They were God's people ruined by the strong and cruel. The

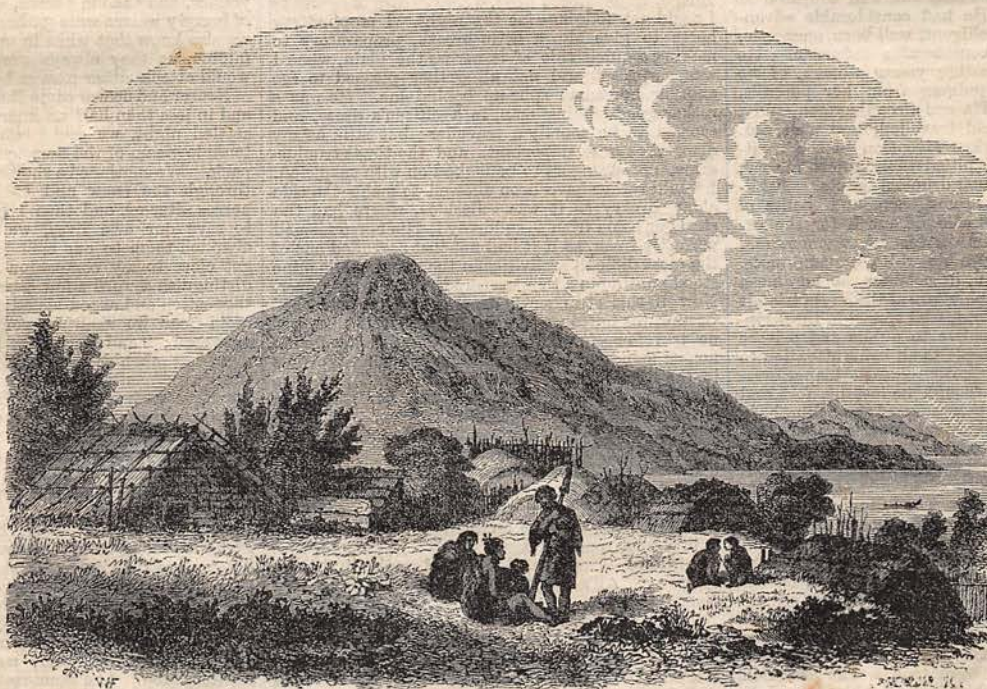
to protect the dark race, has left a striking record of his views. "When," he observes, "they understood that it was intended to make a traffic in the lands of their country the means of filling it with emigrants, they considered themselves as over-reached by the Government; and it is to this feeling, joined to the indignation and distrust excited by the conduct of the Government toward our own countrymen, during the administration of Sir George Gipps and Captain Hobson, that the present disturbances are to be exclusively attributed. They consider the proceedings of Government in these matters as a violation of the spirit of the treaty."

The war did not burst forth at once. No united effort characterised it. The dissevered tribes could not forget their mutual jealousies. The south could not ally with the north. The antagonism and feud of centuries, in spite of the gentle voice of our common Christianity, could not be forgotten, even against the supposed oppression of all. The powerful Waikatos,

feared and hated by north and south, were silent in the strife. Some southern tribes, expelled from the forest haunts of their ancestors in the north, could make no common cause with the usurpers of their hearths. Even in the populous north,



NATIVES OF NEW ZEALAND.



VIEW ON THE SHORES OF NEW ZEALAND.

wild boar was wasting their pleasant land. They realised all the woes and sorrows of the ancient Jews, and already seemed to hang their harps upon the willows. They would cry over the flowers of the forest, and tell them they must love them no more,



the early seat of the missionaries and the strongest ground of their triumphs, the land of commerce and civilisation, of farms and trading craft, of schools and Bibles—even here, where, because best taught, people pondered most seriously upon the matter, and, because nearest the seat of government, they felt most of its pressure—even here, the people were divided. Those whose lands were not in request, were indifferent. Of the rest, some were for peace, because fighting was wrong, others were willing to pocket the gold of the stranger, and sink the patriot. One chief feared the loss of his property in the event of failure, and another was restrained by white influence. Out of one hundred thousand natives, not one thousand took any part in the war. But it was rightly argued, if a few hundreds excited so much alarm, caused such expenditure, and required such vigour and power to overcome, what would have been the result had the whole combined?

Apart from the apathy or timidity of the majority at the time for action, some even joined the English against their rebellious countrymen, and were pre-eminently the means of extinguishing the revolt. The cause was obvious. Some years previously, a violent quarrel had existed, in which various tribes took part. Some of the leading chiefs of the one side having initiated the movement against the Government, those who had previously espoused the other side of the strife forgot the national wrong in the hateful feud, and, like Scotch clans of old, became very loyal when there appeared a good opportunity of gratifying revenge. The same thing occurred in Port Phillip above twenty years ago. Two men were killed by the natives in the bush. The Yarra blacks, who hated their neighbours, at once offered their services, if supplied with arms, to go with the constables and others after the supposed murderers. They came up to a tribe, foes to the Yarra men, and a barbarous and indiscriminate slaughter took place. Of course, the Maories, being civilised, must have adopted our more correct mode of warfare, in seeking revengeful gratification.

Although there was some fighting in the south, toward Port Nicholson, yet, as this was rather petty land squabbling, or from personal pique of eccentric native chieftains, without being a contention for a principle, we pass that silently by, and confine our remarks to the real focus of rebellion, and the men who figured as exponents of Maori independence.

Heki was avowedly the leader;—the Garibaldi rebel, not the Garibaldi liberator.

Hone, or John, Heki Pokai was well educated at the mission school. He had considerable advantages. Handsome, intelligent, well-born, energetic, he always exercised considerable influence. He had married an interesting young woman, of no ordinary attractions, judging from her portrait, which we have seen. He was a reading man, and a reflecting one. He had travelled, and observed. In Sidney he paid marked attention to the treatment of the aborigines, pitied their abject misery, and was indignant at their drunken habits. Familiar with European customs, easy and polite in deportment, he was one who did much for the extension of civilisation among his countrymen, and was a great favourite with his white acquaintances. Sober, virtuous, truthful, industrious, he became a thriving and important chieftain at the Bay of Islands in the north. A Protestant, well versed in the Scriptures, scrupulously attentive to public and private worship, he was an example to all in his attention to the claims of religion, and never regretted his performance of these duties, though he lost his fort and his cause by his rigid observance of the Sabbath, in contention with his Christian foes, who are not accustomed in warfare to regard the sanctity of that day. Faults he had—faults incident to his condition, his birth, his nature. The historians of the times were his enemies, and fail not to tell us of his craft and hypocrisy. From one, whose father was Heki's pastor, and who himself was for years his companion, we received such a description of the man, as to leave no doubt upon our mind that he was a sincere patriot and an honest Christian. Our friend, having been compelled to act as one of the interpreters of the British forces in the struggle, was afterwards met in the bush by Heki. He asked if the rumour of such an engagement were true. The assertion being made, the Maori chief looked at him for awhile kindly in the face, then burst into tears, and said, "And you, too, my friend, the son of my friend—you turned against the poor Maori!"

Early in 1843, the complaint was lodged against him that he had allowed Europeans to be robbed, in some land dispute with his tribe. His friend, the Rev. George Clarke, thus wrote about it: "My heart is very dark on account of your late proceed-

ings—you had better write to the Governor." Heki's reply is characteristic: "It is all false, they were not plundered." Alluding to threatened danger, he adds, "Do you suppose I am afraid?" Three months after we have a Government officer, annoyed at his opposition, saying, "We now see two Christian chiefs, namely, Nopore Panakareo and John Heki, at the two principal settlements of the Church Mission, acting as the aggressors, in utter disregard of the entreaties and injunctions of their pastors."

Heki always protested that his quarrel was not with the settlers, but with the Government. That hateful subjection, into which they seemed to have been tricked, and the terms of the treaty which had been so slighted, were the objects of his opposition. In 1844 he proceeded to some action in the matter.

(To be continued.)

#### AN OLD SOLDIER'S STORY.

WHOEVER, said the "old soldier," has made the journey over the Apennines, between Sulmona and the Castle di Sangro, will remember the remarkable Piano di Cinque Miglie, or Plain of Five Miles. This plain is about five miles in length, and varies from a quarter of a mile to a mile in breadth. It is situated on the very summit of the Apennines, some four thousand feet above the level of the sea, and is a perfect table of land, flat and smooth as a pond, with the tops of the different hills just rising like a parapet a few feet above it on either hand.

It was in the month of November, 1841, that I was sent as a bearer of dispatches from the colonel of my regiment, then stationed at Sulmona, to the general commanding at Castle di Sangro. The journey was a dismal one to me; for, besides being a cold, cheerless, disagreeable season of the year, when a snow-tempest might be looked for at any moment, my way led up through the robber-haunted Vall' Oscura (Dark Valley), and across the now bleak and desolate Piano di Cinque Miglie; and I thought if I should escape Giacomo Ranieri's bandits, a *tourmente* on the plain, and the hungry packs of wolves that at this season almost run mad with hunger, I might consider myself lucky enough to take a venture in almost anything.

Well, the sun, long obscured by ill-omened clouds, wanted three hours of setting, when I spurred my horse up the last ramp, and stood upon the Five Mile Plain, at the other end of which was a small village, called Rocca Rosa, where in case of necessity I could get lodgings for the night. I stopped my horse to give him a little breath, preparatory to making a quick ride of it across the plain, when I was surprised and not altogether pleased to see another horseman spur up behind me. He was a rather good-looking man, in a citizen's dress, and seemed to be merely a traveller; but still, as my dispatches were important, and the times troublesome, and strangers to be looked on with suspicion, I would rather have been allowed to make the ride alone, dreary as it was. Besides, where had the stranger come from so suddenly? His horse seemed perfectly fresh, as if it had not just ascended one of the most difficult acclivities in the world, while mine stood panting in a temperature that made me shiver. Now if this stranger had come up from the Vall' Oscura, his horse was a marvel; and if not, he was no traveller—for there was no other route for an honest man to take; so I quietly loosened my pistols in their holsters, and thought to myself, in case they were not needed, I should like to become the owner of that wonderful beast.

"Comrade," said the stranger, in a frank, off-hand manner, tipping his hat and smiling, "I was once a soldier, but am now a traveller. If agreeable, I should like your company to Castle di Sangro."

"How do you know I am going there?" returned I, in a cold, repellant tone.

"I don't—I only say I am, and would like your company. All's one, though, if you prefer to ride alone."

"I fear my beast would be sorry company for yours, however their masters might agree. There is a wide difference between the two animals. Mine is almost blown, and yours looks as if just from the stall."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the stranger, pleasantly; "I see you do not give me credit for spurring out of yonder thicket and dropping below the brow of the hill before you observed me."

"That looks suspicious."

"So it does; but, jesting aside, I was ahead of you, saw you ascending, wanted company, felt suspicious like yourself, hid myself for you to pass,

and then resolved to join you without exciting your suspicion, in which I did not succeed. Is the explanation satisfactory? or shall I ride on again?"

"I will trust you," said I.

We rode on, side by side for something like a mile, conversing pleasantly—but I kept a furtive glance upon every movement of my strange companion. I knew not why, but I did not feel altogether at my ease. There was something peculiar in his looks, in the expression of his face in repose, and I could not avoid a kind of instinctive suspicion. I fancied he was a deep and cunning man, who could mask his feelings when he chose, and there might be a sinister design in all he did.

Suddenly, as quick almost as a flash of lightning, we were struck by a wind that almost took us from our horses, and which made the beasts reel and stagger like drunken men.

"Heaven preserve us!" exclaimed the stranger; "we are caught in a *tourmente*!"

In a few minutes, amid the howling and shrieking of the most terrific wind I ever experienced, the air became filled and grew dark with large flakes of snow, which whirled and surged around us like the waters of a maelstrom. The howling and shrieking winds seemed rather to increase than diminish, and the most violent exertions of an hour scarcely took us forward to the centre of this awful plain. Tall posts had been all the way erected at short intervals to guide the traveller through just such a storm, but already we began to lose sight of them. Another hour brought us to the verge of despair. Night was rapidly drawing on, and by this time we could no longer see our way. Horses and riders were at times completely buried in the drifts, and our guide-posts were lost altogether. Then we began to wander, we knew not whither, our poor beasts doing their best till the balling of their hoofs caused them to stumble and fall. Convinced by this that they could no longer serve us, we now attempted to plunge through the snow on foot and lead the animals; and we continued thus for another half-hour, unable to say whether we were advancing, retracing our steps, or moving about in a circle.

"Heaven have mercy on us!" cried my companion; "we shall never escape alive! Hark! there go the wolves."

Above the shriekings and yellings of the storm-spirits (for such they seemed) I now heard that prolonged, dismal howl which has made the blood curdle in the veins of more than one poor benighted traveller. It was answered here and there and yonder, and then in chorus, and we knew that packs of hungry wolves were gathering all around us; and we also knew that when in numbers, and pressed by famine, as they always were at this season, they would attack either man or beast.

Nearer and nearer came the howls of our enemies; and in less than half an hour, amid the darkness of settled night, we could catch here and there the terrible gleam of the fiery eyes of the boldest of the pack. We continued a short time longer to struggle through the snow and half drag our frightened horses after us, and then I became convinced that, to save our own lives, we should be obliged to abandon them to our enemies. As soon as I could get close to my companion—for we could scarcely distinguish a word a few paces distant—I made the suggestion and asked his advice.

"I fear we shall be compelled to do it," he answered; "and I prize the life of my gallant beast almost as much as my own. But the pack is constantly augmenting, and the courage of the brutes increases with numbers. Every moment I fancy they get nearer to us, and one unlucky stumble may be fatal to both. We will try the virtue of firing into them, however, before we give up all hope of saving our animals."

The next moment the report of his pistol was followed by a wild howl of fear, and a scattering back of the cowardly crew; but in a couple of minutes they faced us again, seeming more resolute and determined than ever. It was a fearful thing to see their fiery eyeballs gleaming in a circle around us, and hear their wild, discordant cries, commingled with the roaring, shrieking tempest.

Following the example of my companion, I drew one of my pistols, and, pointing it toward the nearest, fired. The same result as before. There were cries as of pain, rage, and fear, and a momentary scattering of the affrighted band; and then they were about us again, as defiant and menacing as ever.

There was no help for it—our horses must be sacrificed—and most fortunate would it be for us if even this should save us. We got together again, and, taking hold of hands, swore, by our honour as soldiers, to stand by each other to the last. Then

## Scientific Notes.

**WHITWORTH'S RIFLE.**—General Hay, whose professional judgment is indisputably entitled to be considered decisive in such matters, has recently concluded definitively in favour of Whitworth's rifle, in preference to all its competitors. The problem being how to project to the best advantage a missile of given weight with a given amount of powder, General Hay decided that the Whitworth rifle has best effected the object, and that no other known arm can fulfil the conditions to the same extent. While the Whitworth is equal to the Enfield in accuracy of flight, in extent of range and penetrating power it is indisputably superior. It appeared, from experiments instituted by the Government, that, as regarded range, the Whitworth stood in the relation to the Enfield of three to one. The Whitworth also will not foul from a month's constant use; and the advantages attached to the lowness of its trajectory are well known. In the Enfield, the dimensions and twist of the Whitworth have been borrowed without acknowledgment.

**NEW SEDATIVE.**—A medical gentleman recently put two drops of a homeopathic specific on his tongue, and, after a fit of irresistible yawning, lost consciousness for awhile, but recovered on the administration of stimulants. On examining the solution which had so singularly affected him, he found that to ninety-nine drops of spirits of wine there was one drop only of nitrate of the oxide of glycine, which is obtained by treating glycerine at a low temperature with sulphuric or nitric acid. The experimentalist conceived the idea that in yet smaller quantities this drug would constitute a valuable sedative in nervous diseases; and, on trial, his surmise proved correct. One quarter of a drop afforded great relief in a case of neuralgia, which had defied ordinary remedies; and a second dose entirely cured it. It has since been repeatedly used with great success in nervous headaches and dental neuralgia; but it is a very dangerous medicine for non-professional persons to tamper with without medical advice.

**NAILS.**—Disease not only withers and emaciates the human frame, but, after its departure, leaves thereon a minute record of its action, very intelligible to the experienced and observant eye. Few invalids are aware that they bear about with them—in fact, at their fingers' ends—an accurate register of their past sufferings; but such is the case. In some of the Parisian hospitals the surgeons customarily scrutinize narrowly the finger-nails of patients newly admitted, for the purpose of gleaning therefrom more correct information as to the past progress of their diseases than could, perhaps, otherwise have been acquired; and so accurate are the conclusions thence drawn, as very often to astonish the unconscious bearers of the strange record. Allowing a certain average daily growth for the nails, it has been found, on examining those of a person who had, four months previously, had an attack of typhus, that, toward the centre of the nails, which had at that time been their root, a deep and well-defined transverse furrow remained, coinciding with that accidental interruption to their nutrition and growth. The depth of the depression will always be exactly proportionate to the severity of the illness, and the breadth to its duration; while, if there had been any subsequent relapses, they would be found successively indicated at proper intervals, like the notches on a tally-stick.

**HYDROPHOBIA.**—A foreign medical journal states that the Catholic missionaries in Cochín China found *stramonium* used by the natives in cases of hydrophobia, and that their own repeated experience had satisfied them of its efficacy. A handful of the leaves is to be boiled in a litre, or about a quart, of water, until reduced to one-half; and this decoction is to be administered to the patient in one dose. A violent convulsive paroxysm follows; but the cure is effected within twenty-four hours. The leaves and seeds of this plant are already extensively used in medicine as narcotic or sedative, the leaves being smoked, like tobacco, for the relief of asthma, and an extract of the seeds being used in some painful chronic diseases. But it is a very dangerous drug, producing temporary insanity where indiscreetly used, though its properties are precisely those likely to be effectual in hydrophobia, the chief difficulty to be apprehended being in its administration to the patient in a liquid form. It is to be hoped that its efficacy may speedily be tested in Europe.

**THE FIRST STEAM-ENGINE.**—The accomplished Earl of Worcester, who, in his "Century of Inventions," worsted the principle of the steam-engine, said to have constructed a model of that his genius

had contrived, which was buried with him. To decide this interesting question, it is proposed to open the tomb of this nobleman, who died during the reign of King Henry VIII.

**NATURAL PRODIGY.**—A description appears in the *Comptes Rendus* of a singular freak of nature in producing a chicken, the brain of which appears in the form of a tumour outside the cranium, reversing the general order of things. The brain thus strangely placed is larger than usual, and the eyes smaller, but in other respects the form of the bird does not differ from that of ordinary chickens.

### A FEW FACTS ABOUT CELEBRATED MEN.

SOME literary men make good men of business. According to Pope, the principal object of Shakespeare in cultivating literature was to secure an honest independence. He succeeded so well in the accomplishment of this purpose that, at a comparatively early age, he had realised a sufficient competency to enable him to retire to his native town of Stratford-upon-Avon. Chaucer was in early life a soldier, and afterward a commissioner of customs and inspector of woods and crown lands. Spenser was secretary to the Lord Deputy of Ireland, and is said to have been shrewd and sagacious in the management of affairs. Milton was secretary to the Council of State during the Commonwealth, and gave abundant evidence of his energy and usefulness in that office. Sir Isaac Newton was a most efficient Master of the Mint. Wordsworth was a distributor of stamps; and Sir Walter Scott a clerk to the Court of Session—both uniting a genius for poetry, with punctual and practical habits as men of business. Ricardo was no less distinguished as a sagacious banker than a lucid expounder of the principles of political economy. Grote, the most profound historian of Greece, is also a London banker. John Stuart Mill, not surpassed by any living thinker in profundity of speculation, lately retired from the examiner's department in the East India Company, with the admiration of his colleagues for the rare ability with which he had conducted the business of the department. Alexander Murray, the distinguished linguist, learned to write by scribbling his letters on an old wool-card with the end of a burnt heather-stem. Professor Moor, when a young man, being too poor to purchase Newton's "Principia," borrowed the book, and copied the whole of it with his own hand. William Cobbett made himself master of English grammar when he was a private soldier on the pay of sixpence a day. The edge of his berth, or that of his guard-bed, was his seat to study in; a bit of board lying on his lap was his writing-table; and the evening light of the fire his substitute for candle or oil. Even advanced age, in many interesting cases, has not proved fatal to literary success. Sir Henry Spelman was between fifty and sixty when he began the study of science. Franklin was fifty before he fully engaged in the researches in natural philosophy which have made his name immortal. Boccaccio was thirty-five when he entered upon his literary career; and Alfieri was forty-six when he commenced the study of Greek. Dr. Arnold learned German at forty, for the sake of reading Niebuhr in the original. James Watt, at about the same age, while working at his trade of an instrument-maker in Glasgow, made himself acquainted with the French, German, and Italian, in order to peruse the valuable works in those languages on mechanical philosophy. Handel was forty-eight before he published any of his great works. Nor are the examples of rare occurrence in which apparently natural defects, in early life, have been overcome by a subsequent devotion to knowledge. Sir Isaac Newton, when at school, stood at the bottom of the lowermost form but one. Barrow, the great English divine and mathematician, when a boy at the Charter-house School, was notorious for his idleness and indifference to study. Adam Clarke, in his boyhood, was proclaimed by his father to be a grievous dunce. Even Dean Swift made a disastrous failure at the university. Sheridan was presented by his mother to a tutor as an incorrigible dunce. Walter Scott was a dull boy at his lessons, and while a student at the Edinburgh University received his sentence from Professor Dalzell, the celebrated Greek scholar, that "Dunce he was, and dunce he would remain." Chatterton was returned on his mother's hands as "a fool, of whom nothing could be made." Wellington never gave any indications of talent until he was brought into the field of practical effort, and was described by his strong-minded mother, who thought him little better than an idiot, as fit only to be "food for powder."

### THE NEW ZEALAND REBELLION.

(Continued from page 334.)

THE Bay of Islands, on the north-east side of the northern island, was the earliest place of European settlement. It had a convenient harbour. There was a good whaling ground near. Fresh provisions and water were to be obtained there. The natives were there more civilised and disposed to work than elsewhere; the Church Mission's head stations were there. White traders and others frequented the place, and a village sprang up on the shore of the bay. This was Korororika, or Russell. Upon a hill overlooking the township was a signal station and flagstaff. The Union Jack of that rise symbolised the slavery of his race to Heki, as he passed by; and he was as little disposed to do it honour as William Tell the cap of the tyrant Gesler, in Switzerland. He had publicly declared war against that flagstaff; long after, he affirmed that he warred not against men, but the wood.

His first attack was in July, 1844. He came with a hundred of his tribe to the settlement, first with the ostensible reason of obtaining satisfaction for some insult offered to him by the tongue of a woman living with a white man. As her chief, he required payment from her friends for the offence, after the Maori customs. The resident missionaries guessed his real intentions, and earnestly begged him for his own sake to retire. The settlers were also alarmed at the proceeding. Sunday passed quietly at worship. Early next morning, July 8th, the hill was mounted, the flagstaff cut down, part burnt on the spot, and the rest carried off in triumph. Only one instance of personal violence occurred; and that, according to the reporting police magistrate of the town, was "more from apprehension than from wantonness." Insults were said to have been offered to some females; but the charge was indignantly denied.

This was the opening of the ball. The Governor, Captain Fitzroy, writing to Lord Stanley in October, tries to show that foreigners were at the bottom of the mischief; saying, "Heki, Kingi, Pure, and others, are but tools in the hands of these designing men, who visit them, and fill their minds with accounts of what England has done to the aborigines of Van Diemen's Land and New South Wales." It was about this time that an active correspondence was conducted between Heki and the Governor, and that chief with the clergy. We present the reader with a specimen, dated October, 1844:—

"FRIEND THE GOVERNOR.—I write to you to come to me. Will you come? Do come, and do not be angry. It is by the lips of the Europeans that the late proceedings are increased and aggravated. In what way can we extinguish this evil? In order that it may be extinguished, I ask you to come here, that we two may quietly and equitably adjust this offence. But if you do not come, I say it will not be extinguished. We shall all remain in doubt, without confidence. If you do not come, this evil will remain, like a blister plaster, and the end will be native fighting with native. But if the affair is amicably adjusted, it will be a mark of your love and peaceable feeling toward us; and if you thus show your love to us, we will show our love and peace to you and the missionaries, but not to bad Europeans and bad natives." &c.

An answer was sent from Auckland. It commenced with—"Friend Heki Pokai." The Governor promises to meet him in a few weeks at the Bay of Islands. He then explains why it is regarded as a great insult to the Queen to cut down her flag, and he ends with an appeal. "Your safety," says he, "your freedom, your preservation as a nation, depend upon your union, not only together, but with a powerful European nation, not only able to protect you, but willing to acknowledge and defend your rights." This bit of fine writing did not satisfy the rebel. The Governor never fulfilled his promise of a visit.

Six months had passed since his first act of aggression, when Hone Heki began to think of another, as, after all fair promises from the Government, nothing had been done. He wished to arouse attention, and he had read of Absalom setting fire to the crops of David's minister. On January 10, 1845, Mr. Beckham, police magistrate at the Bay, thus wrote: "It is with deep regret I have the honour to inform your Excellency, that, much to my surprise, John Heki and his tribe cut down the flagstaff soon after daylight this morning, but without doing any violence to the Europeans, or even entering the town. The reason for his again offering this insult seems to be a general dislike to the British Government." Two days before a proclamation had been issued, offering a reward of £50 for the

capture of Parehoro, Mate, and Kokou, for injuries to property at the Bay. Five days after the assault came out a proclamation offering £100 for the arrest of John Heki Pokai.

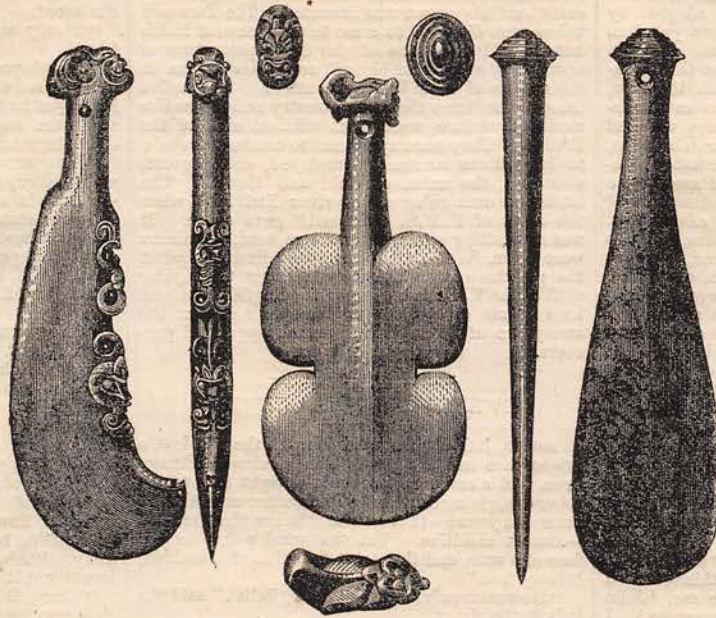
Both sides prepared for war. From Sidney 150 soldiers of the 99th had arrived, and now there was an urgent demand for 200 more. Again did the missionaries interpose. One of them vindicates the Maori chief's character, writing on February 18th, "I believe Heki has personally abstained from committing any acts of aggression upon individual settlers." Further on we read, "He persuades others that they are all slaves of British tyranny; that his object is to restore their former freedom, and remove every mark of British authority." Mr. Archdeacon Williams, personally attached to the chief, repelled a suggestion that they should privately seize him through means of some natives. He very properly said that this would be acting as the aggressors, and would certainly excite the tribes.

As had been before stated, some chiefs took the British side of the contest. We are not able to state the kind of influence used to accomplish this object. As Maories are not without an itching palm, and English gold was certainly distributed in the war, a little of the Swiss demonstration of "free lances" was to be expected. Strong appeals to party animosity were assuredly made by the Government agents, and old sores were worked upon. Some, who wanted a little fighting (for they had been many years without it), were willing to take the side that appeared the stronger and safer, and that could pay and would pay. A war dance was an exercise that the young did not know, and that the older had nearly forgotten. In spite of the devotional element and the trading propensity, there was still a strong foundation of savagedom, and the prospect of a Donnybrook excitement, under the sanction of law, and without reproach from the missionary, was a temptation to some of these active spirits. Without doubt, jealousy for the stirring position occupied by Heki influenced some of the chiefs. But several, as Nene, Paratene, Repa, and Pukututu, were opposed to the Ngapuhis in the quarrel with the Rarawas about the valley of the Oruru. Rewa, Warirahi, and Heki were then among the Ngapuhis. Nene, or Tomate Waka (Thomas Walker), was much older than Heki. He was strongly tattooed. Shrewd, observant, honourable, and courageous, he was a fitting ruler. Like his opponent, he was strict in his performance of religious duties. Nominated an officer in the forthcoming struggle, he put on a uniform, and, to please him, was received with the salute of a post captain whenever he visited the man-of-war in the harbour. He was possessed of some convivial qualifications, in which Heki did not share. In his woolen house at Korororika he would receive the military officers in great state, and give them a good dinner, with a glass of wine afterwards. Well bred, he behaved with decorum at table. He was always particular in his inquiries about his friend Vickytoria. Very particular in the maintenance of

his dignity, especially before his fellow-officers, he nevertheless on one occasion sadly committed himself. A war dance was got up in honour of some distinguished Europeans; poor Nene got so excited at the stirring sight, that he seized a gun, rushed into the yelling throng, and, in one of his energetic leaps, made a woeful rent in his blue trousers, to

The first battle was fought on March 11th, 1845. Korororika was the scene. It was the Stirling of the insurgents. An attack was expected, and prepared for. H.M.S. "Hazard" was in the Bay. A volunteer party of above one hundred occupied the village. Soldiers of the 96th, under Ensign Campbell, were in the Blockhouse, guarding the third flagstaff. A number of others held the stockade, constructed at Mr. Polack's house, near which the magazine was placed. Heki's force was encamped in the neighbouring bush. It was estimated at 1,200, 1,500, 2,000, by those who were driven from the field by it; in truth, it was below, much below, the half of the lowest of those numbers.

Commander Robertson resolved to steal a march upon his antagonists. He got his men all ready for action long before sunrise. Selecting forty-five seamen and marines, and ordering others rapidly to follow, he rowed silently to the beach, and crept onward toward a gentle rise, on which he had arranged to throw up some strong entrenchments. No sound was heard through the heavy mist of the morning. Success was surely theirs. They chuckled over the sleep of the Maories. The picks commenced their work. All at once the enemy was upon them. Away with the picks, and shoulder muskets. The conflict was short but sharp. The brave captain fell severely wounded, and his men catching him up, retreated hastily to their boats. The islanders chased them to the low grounds; but the guns of the frigate drove



WAR CLUBS OF THE NEW ZEALANDERS.

the intense gratification of others, but to his own horror and dismay.

Kawiti was the second spirit of the rebel movement. Short in stature, somewhat advanced in years, with little education, and of less popular faith, he commanded less influence and excited less attention than his youthful friend Heki; but his dogged

them back to their leafy entrenchment.

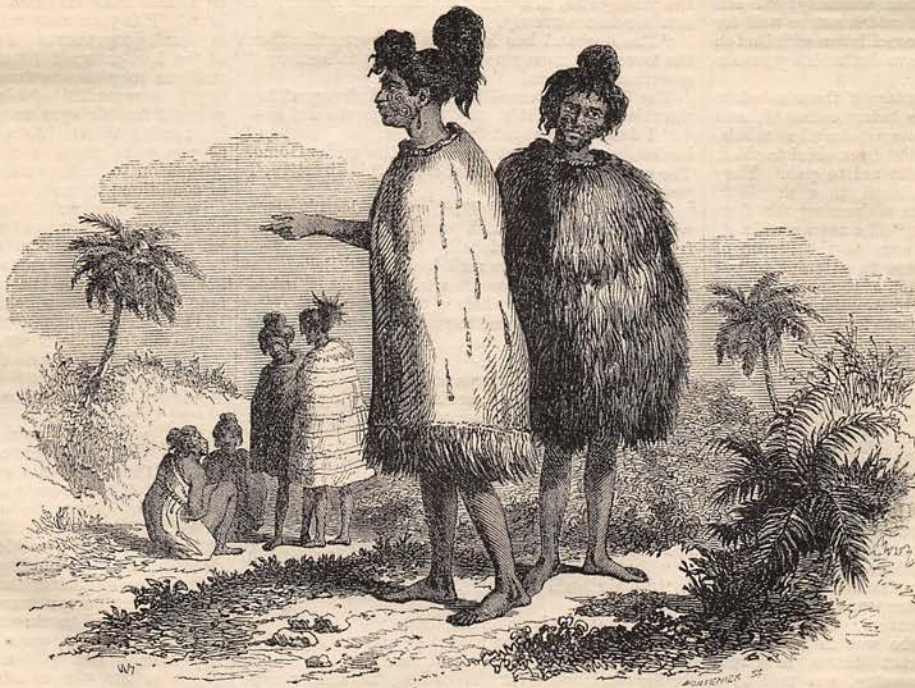
Meanwhile another party assaulted the Blockhouse. So sudden was the attack, that the red coats were forced to evacuate the place. The hated flagstaff was once more in possession of the natives. Heki was present in this successful charge. A woman was in the house, the wife of a resident. The brave chief chivalrously took her hand, conducted her through the combatants, and left her not until he had given her in charge of the townspeople below.

Alarmed at the firing, the inhabitants fled to the stockade. Two or three hundred women and children took refuge there. But the situation was not thought secure. The vessels in the harbour would be the safest home. They were, therefore, led to the beach for embarkation. Though the conflict was going on, and the emigrating group were freely exposed, not a shot fell among the fugitives. Heki came not, he said, to injure women.

In possession of the town, the natives set fire to the obnoxious public buildings, appropriated to themselves the public property, but never attempted the destruction of that belonging to the settlers. More than this, they invited the flying inhabitants to take their goods, and many articles were even carried down to the boats to them. No wonder that the

Governor, in his official letter to Sir George Gipps, was led to say, "No vindictiveness was shown; many of the settlers ventured back to their houses, and recovered property, even from the natives, whose conduct has elicited praise from their opponents."

They had fairly won the day. Even Lieutenant



GROUP OF NATIVES—NEW ZEALAND.

courage, his determined will, and his honest nature, made him a valuable coadjutor, without taking into account his recognised position as a chief of rank. Though Heki reappears occasionally in colonial story after the war, his companion-in-arms retired from public gaze. He had submitted, had promised future good behaviour, and he simply kept his word.

Philpots, son of the Bishop of Exeter, who commanded the "Hazard" for Captain Robertson, was forced to write, "That it was a defeat I must acknowledge, as I consider losing the flagstaff in the same light as losing a ship." Captain Sir Everard Home, of the "North Star," at Auckland, made an apology for the defeat. He wrote, "The ill success of that day is to be attributed to a want of knowledge of the peculiar mode of warfare adopted by these brave and sagacious savages." The appellation of *savage* was not happy for the occasion.

The stockade had been abandoned, as the magazine blew up. From the safe retreat in the Bay, heavy firing was continued all night, so as to disturb the victors. At daybreak the ships weighed anchor, and came to Auckland, with Sir John Cope, to tell their tale. The official excuse for not remaining on shore was the hopelessness of awaiting a night attack, "with burning, plunder, and massacre."

The Maories did not pursue their advantages. Two hundred men of Hokianga joined them, and thus swelled their numbers to seven hundred, as it was asserted, though they never united in one force. Heki, grieved at his very success, again sought earnestly for peace; but not "peace at any price." He was aware of the opinion of the parliamentary committee, that the land, the whole land, should not be regarded as belonging to the aborigines, and that it was, therefore, a fair prize to the British. But beset by the letters and appeals of the missionaries, pressed by the known opposition of other tribes, and conscious of the real hopelessness of his struggle, he prayed for some conciliatory terms. We have more correspondence. His appeals to the Governor are manly, simple, and even affecting. He wrote on May 22nd, 1845, and at other subsequent dates. We give extracts:—

"Am I the author of the present war? I say it was you, the Europeans, who caused this war. I am ignorant. The Europeans said to me, 'John Heki, your land will be taken by the governor.' I inquired, 'Wherefore?' when they referred me to the flag that had been cut down at Maiki. I then inquired, 'What shall be done?' They replied, 'Cut it down.' I cut it down accordingly, and said to the Europeans, 'Now, what does the flag denote?' They said, 'It denotes the sovereignty of the Queen over this land; it embraces the kingdom.' I said to them, 'God made this land for us, and for our children; are we the only people God has created without giving land to live upon?' Again, on July 19th, we have him writing thus solemnly: "I call upon you to make peace. Would it not be well for us to make peace? to seek reconciliation with God on account of our sins, as we have defiled his presence with human blood?"

The missionaries took advantage of the calm before the storm, while troops were being collected, and all arrangements made to overwhelm the rebels. They walked from tribe to tribe, from chief to chief, from Government House to the native pah. They wrote to the Governor, to Heki, to each other. The excellent archdeacon, in addressing the Rev. S. Clarke, in May, 1845, says, "The natives will not, I fear, listen to reason, not even to the reason of force. If the Government were to attempt to put in practice the recommendation of the committee of the House of Commons, there would be a general resistance. What an absurdity to lay down as a principle that a savage, though agricultural people, have no right beyond a very limited portion of the soil! There are portions of woodland here, of which the boundaries are marked with the greatest precision. They are not likely to use it in the present generation, but they look upon it as a reserve for their children." Mr. Clarke, on July 1st, declares that "foreigners are at the bottom of the mischief;" but adds, "I think we, as a people, must bear the principal blame." He refers to Heki, who was the nephew of the celebrated warrior, E. Hongi, "as a man of great courage and ability;" and that "he is inoculated with American notions of liberty and independence." He illustrates the evil effect of injudicious speeches by Europeans in the following story: "The chief Tuatera, usually called Duatera by the English, who was in New South Wales in 1814, ready to escort Messrs. King and Hall (missionaries) to this country, was told by a gentleman high in office in Sidney, that the ultimate object of the missionaries was to obtain possession of the natives' land."

The net was now being drawn around the rebels. Some hundreds of troops had arrived, with several hundred marines and seamen in frigates, and a large body of colonial volunteers. Nene, Taonui, Rangitira, Paratene, Tawhai, Pukututu, Repa, gathered their strength. The great chief of the Rarawa, formerly at variance with Heki, now joined the

loyalist natives, and the Pakehas, or white strangers. The English force alone was far more than double that against which they were contending, and their coloured auxiliaries mustered at least half as many again as their unfortunate countrymen. Pomare was suspected of sympathising with the revolt, and was secretly seized in his house. His assurances of peaceful intentions were received with some difficulty, and his person was liberated. The Taranaki tribes were disposed to come to the rescue of Heki; but Mr. McLean, one of the State protectors of aborigines, so exerted himself as to keep them in the shadow of their White Mountain. The native troops, who knew their own country and the native mode of warfare, were most efficient aids of the British. They were appointed to harass the rebels, to keep them constantly employed, and prevent, above all, the union of Heki and Kawiti. The latter was once going up the river Kiri Riri, when the boats of H.M.S. "Hazard" gave chase. It was an exciting affair. Shots were fired, and cheers were given. Well-aimed bullets were directed against the paddles of the flying ones. But the lighter skiff of the Maori gained upon the English boat, and loud shouts of laughter testified their glee at the annoyance of their panting and disappointed pursuers.

(To be continued.)

### SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES.

A SOBER, half-discontented face at the window, a bright face in the street. The window is thrown open, and a smile goes from the bright face to the sober one, giving it a new and pleasanter aspect. Both faces are young—that at the window the youngest—almost childlike. Yet the window-face is the face of a wife, and the street-face that of a maiden, "fancy free."

"How strangely I was deceived, Bella!" said the lady in the street.

"Deceived! How, Mary? What do you mean? But come in. You're just the one I wish to see."

"I was sure I saw you, not ten minutes ago, riding out with Harry," said the young friend, as they met and embraced at the door.

"O dear, no! I haven't been out riding with Harry for a month."

"Indeed! How's that? I can remember when you rode out together almost every afternoon."

"Yes; but that was before our marriage," replied the young wife, in a voice that made her friend look into her face narrowly.

"The husband has less time for recreation than the lover. He must give more thought to business," remarked the friend.

The little wife tossed her head and shrugged her shoulders in a doubtful way, saying, as she did so—

"I don't know about the business; but lovers and husbands are different species of the genus Homo. The explanation lies somewhere in this direction, I presume."

"Ah, Bella, Bella! That speech doesn't come with a musical sound from your lips," remarked the friend, smiling, yet serious.

"Truth is not always melodious," said Bella.

"How is it as to sweethearts and wives?" asked the friend. "Do they belong to the same class?"

The question appeared to reach the young wife's ears with a suggestive force. Her voice was a little changed as she answered—

"I don't know. Perhaps not."

The friend had been scanning the young wife for some moments, from head to foot, in a way that now elicited the question—

"Do you see anything peculiar about me?"

"Yes," was answered.

"What?"

"A peculiar untidiness that I never observed in the sweetheart."

Bella glanced down at her soiled and ruffled dress.

"My negligé," she said, with a little, short laugh.

"So I should think! Now, shall I draw your picture?"

"Yes; if you have an artist fancy."

"Here it is. Hair lustreless and untidy; skin dull for want of action and feeling; a wrapper better conditioned for the washing-tub and ironing-table, than as a garment for the fair person of a young wife; no collar nor ornament of any kind; and a countenance—well, I can't give that as I saw it a little while ago, at the window; but I am sure it wasn't the face to charm a lover. Perhaps it might suit a husband. But I have my doubts."

Bella felt the reproach of her friend, as was evident by the spots that began to burn on her cheeks.

"You wouldn't have me dress as for a party every day?" she said.

"Oh, no! But I'd have you neat and sweet, as a young wife should always be; that is, if she cares for the fond eyes of her husband. I verily believe it was Harry I saw riding out a little while ago!"

Bella threw a quick, startled look upon her friend, who already half regretted her closing sentence.

"Why did you say that? What did you mean?" she asked.

"I only said it to plague you," answered the friend.

"To plague me!" There was an expression in Bella's face that Mary had never seen there before. Her eyes had grown suddenly of a darker shade, and were eager and questioning. Her lips lay closer together; there were lines on her forehead.

"You are not really in earnest, Mary, about seeing Harry riding out with a lady this afternoon," she said, in a voice and with a look that revealed fully her state of mind. The colour had left her face, and her heart shook in her voice.

"I was probably mistaken, Bella," replied the friend; "though I had not doubted of the fact a moment until I saw you at the window a little while ago."

"Did you notice the lady particularly?"

"No; but let the matter pass, dear. No doubt I was mistaken. It is worrying you more than I could have imagined."

Bella looked at her friend for some moments, in a strange way; then giving a low, suppressed, wailing cry, bent forward and laid her face upon her bosom, sobbing and shuddering in such wild turbulence of feeling that her friend became actually alarmed.

"You have frightened me!" said the young wife, lifting her head at last, as her excitement died away. "Ah, Mary, if I should lose my husband's love it would kill me!"

"Then, Bella," answered her friend, "see to it that you neglect none of the means required for keeping it. If you would continue to be loved, you must not grow unlovely. The charms that won your husband must not be folded up, and kept for holiday occasions, and then put on for other eyes than his. You must keep them ever displayed before him; nay, put on new attractions. Is not the husband even dearer than the lover, and his heart better worth the holding? Look back, my dear friend, over the brief moons that have waxed and waned since you were a bride. Put yourself on trial, and take impartial testimony. How has it been? Has your temper been as sweet as when you sat leaning together in the summer twilights, talking of the love-crowned future? Have you been as studious to please as then? as careful of his feelings? as regardful of his tastes? Do you adorn yourself for his eyes now as when you dressed for his coming then? As a wife, are you as lovable as you were when a maiden? Love is not a chameleon to feed on air, and change in every hue of condition: it must have substantial food. Deprive it of this and it languishes and dies. And now, dear, I have warned you. Meet your husband, when he returns home this evening, looking as sweetly as when he came to you in your father's house, attracted as the bee is to the flower, and note the manner in which his face will lighten up. Did he kiss you when he came home yesterday?"

The face of Bella flushed a little.

"Husbands soon lose their inclination for kissing," she answered.

"If the wife remains as attractive as the maiden, never!"

"Oh, you don't know anything about it," said Bella. "Wait until you are married."

After the friend said good afternoon, the young wife went to her room, and cried for a good quarter of an hour. Then she commenced doing as the friend had suggested. Refreshed by a bath, she attired herself in a spotless white wrapper, with a delicate blue belt binding her waist. A small lace collar, scarcely whiter than her pure neck, edged and tied with narrow azure ribbon, was turned away from her swan-like throat; and just below, at the swell of the bosom, was an exquisitely-cut oval pin. Her hair, a rich golden brown, had been made glossy as the wing of a bird, and was folded just enough away from the temples to show their delicate cutting. Two opening rose-buds—red and white—nestled above and in front of one of her pearl-tinted ears. She did look lovely and lovable, as her mirror told her.

Harry was half-an-hour later than usual in coming home. Bella was sitting in the parlour when he came in, waiting for his return with a new feeling at her heart—a feeling of blending fear and hope; fear lest he was actually becoming estranged from her,

causes of mutesism are generally traceable to an hereditary taint, the intermarriage of near relations, or fright experienced by the mother shortly before the birth of the child. In very many instances, however, the deafness and muteness arise from subsequent disease, small-pox, hooping-cough, convulsions, &c., and maintain as firm a hold as though the sufferer had been born in that condition.

But whether congenital or accidental, the affliction is one which is in almost every case totally incurable; and to meet the wants of this class, to furnish them with means of education and free communication with the outer world is all that can be done. By such means, indeed, they may become happy and useful members of society, marked alike by intelligence and virtue. It is not ours to work miracles, to unstop the ears of the deaf, and unloose the tongue of the dumb; but it is at once a duty and privilege to assist in the great work of ameliorating the condition of those to whom have been denied the natural blessings which we enjoy.

THE NEW ZEALAND REBELLION.

(Concluded from page 350.)

IN October, before the troops came on the field, the rebels suffered so much from the attacks of the aboriginal loyalists, that earnest overtures for peace were again sent to Auckland. Captain Fitzroy was willing to pardon them all on receiving an indemnity in the shape of confiscation of the lands of the chiefs. Heki, already sick of bloodshed, and conscious of ultimate defeat, readily acceded to the terms. But the stubborn Kawiti wrote to say that his lands were not his to surrender; they belonged to his children; he would fight and die first. The generous Heki would not forsake his friend. As Tostig, brother of Harold of England, when offered forgiveness and an earldom if he would leave the side of Hardrada, honourably chose to fall by the body of the Norwegian who came to assist him, so did the Maori hero resolve to share the fate of the brave Kawiti.

Colonel Despard was now in command. He sent 350 soldiers to Wellington, left 90 with Colonel Hulme at Auckland, placed 200 of the 58th on one side of the insurgents, and kept 450 under his own command at Waimate, the missionary station. A proclamation was issued that any native, though previously engaged in hostilities, would receive immediate pardon if he left his leaders. The Governor, as a last resource, sent the Rev. Messrs. Williams and Burrows to see Heki, and urge upon him the hopelessness of his struggle. Though admitting the argument of his pastors, the chieftain determined to stand by his friend and the cause, though death should be the issue. He held forth his Bible, and declared that it sanctioned his course. If he could not be a deliverer, he could at least be a martyr.

To culminate the troubles of the rebels, the inefficient and wavering Captain Fitzroy gives place to Captain Grey, now Sir George Grey—a man eminently fitted for command. A soldier, a statesman, a philanthropist, a Christian, he has ever filled the highest stations with honour to his sovereign, and with advantage to his people. Warmly attached to aboriginal races, he sought their good while maintaining the dignity of the English name. His arrival from Adelaide on November 14, 1845, brought great moral strength to the loyalists. Lord Stanley so approved of his wise measures as Governor in South Australia, that he wrote to desire him to take the responsibility in New Zealand, where, in addition to the rebellion, heavy financial difficulties and internal mismanagement threatened the ruin of the colony. He was, however, assured that it was "the anxious and unremitting desire of her Majesty's Government to avoid, if possible, any actual conflict with the native tribes." Immediately

upon his arrival he declared it his duty to put down the revolt, but his resolution to stand by the interests of the aborigines, and to maintain in its integrity the treaty of Waitangi. He calculated his forces. He had 1,200 English, besides the large native auxiliary. Upon his own testimony we learn that 700 only were opposed to this armed gathering. Subsequent discovery showed that but 400 were engaged against him.

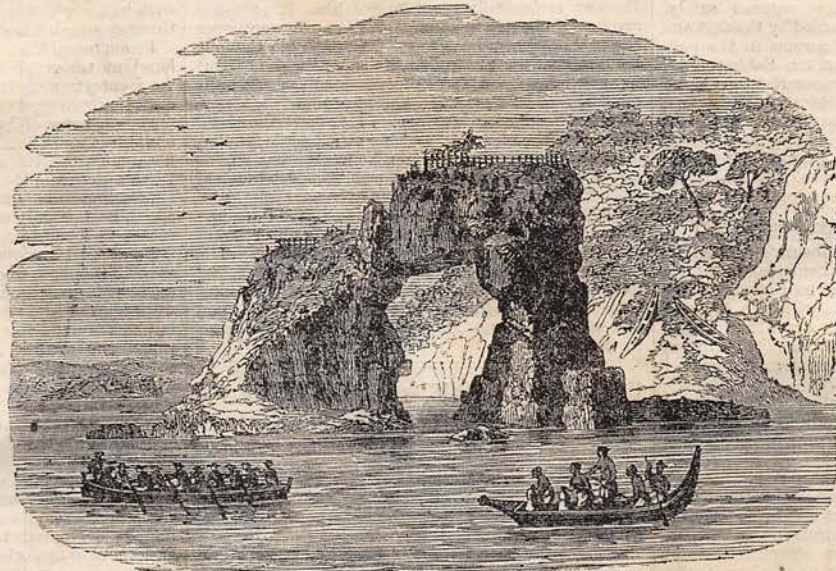
We proceed to give an illustration of the mode of warfare among these two opposing chieftains of a once cannibal race. The story was told us just after the rebellion, by the son of a missionary, one who acted as an interpreter to the English forces, and who is now one of the most successful preachers of his denomination in the colonies.

A reconnoitring party of Heki captured a straying chief of the other side. The man was a personal enemy to Heki, had in a private way committed some outrage against him, and particularly distinguished himself by violent abuse. As soon as the warrior saw the prisoner, he said, "I have found thee, O my enemy. God has delivered thee into my hands." Then, recounting the many occasions of offence, he suddenly exclaimed, "I will be revenged; in the name of God, I will be revenged. Go in peace. Give my Christian love to Nene."

Waka was not to be conquered in generosity. A few days after, six famed warriors of his opponents were brought into the camp. Once they would have

Upon one of the most rugged and unapproachable basaltic hills, with a swamp to the rear, and a chaos of mountains in front, the pah was formed. A huge palisading of pine logs was the boundary. Other tree fences were within. All interstices were filled up, leaving orifices as loopholes for the musket. Strong stockades of timber were about. The huts were of immense strength, and partly sunk in the earth. At the side of each was a bomb-proof hole, into which the defenders could retreat when under heavy fire. Abundant stores of fern-root and potatoes were collected, and a magazine of powder was established. The form of the exterior was with proper bastions, &c., like a regular fortification. There were thirteen projecting angles in the outer stockade, so as to give direct and cross fires. Part of the timber in front was cleared, to prevent the approach of an enemy unperceived. Woods on hill after hill bounded the horizon. Thus prepared was this citadel of despair, this *pah*, or fortified village of Ruapekapeka.

Despising the rude fortress, the English thought to capture it by a *coup-de-main*. Their friendly allies warned them of the attempt. But they laughed at the difficulty. Lieutenant Philpots was sure that his blue jackets would soon clamber the wooden shrouds; and, once in, success was inevitable. The charge was to be made. The Maories saw seamen, marines, and soldiers form in companies, and move toward them. They prepared to salute them. Not one was to be seen. The pah was perfectly quiet. Encouraged by a liberal supply of rum, the Pakehas showed their pale faces through the sombre foliage. They passed the woods. They halted below, at the edge of the cleared space. They fired shots at the pah, to bring some natives to the stockade top. But there was neither sight nor sound. They stayed no more. Setting up a wild "Hurrah," they dashed up the hill. In a moment a deadly fire of musketry levelled the foremost ranks. But others streamed on—only to fall. Lieutenant Philpots bravely led up another charge. He and a few more got to the palisade. They reached the top, but dropped lifeless to the bottom. A few minutes made a greater proportionate havoc than the long and bloody day of Waterloo. One-third of the whole attacking British force was lost, with their rash but brave commander. The official information upon this



ROCK, FORTIFIED BY THE NATIVES, ON THE COAST OF NEW ZEALAND.

been slaughtered, their bodies put into native ovens, and afterwards devoured. Now, in the civilised era, they might be reviled and scorned, and then kept confined in prison. But, when brought before the Maori, he thus addressed them: "You are my enemies. I forgive you. Go in peace. Give my Christian love to Heki Pokai."

Kawiti and Heki were separated. The former was in his pah at Ruapekapeka, near the Kawa Kawa river, 22 miles south of Korororika, with 200 men; the latter was still at large in the bush, with 200 men also, and 20 miles to the south-west of his friend. Enemies lay between. But the watchful manœuvring Heki out-generated them all, and got safely within the fortress to Kawiti.

The northern peninsula of the northern island is of volcanic origin. A few ridges of slate rock here and there rise in prominent position; but elsewhere nothing but basalt and volcanic elements conglomerate. Some lava walls are 200 feet in height. Craters abound. In one may be seen the remains of a pine forest, showing that the long period of peace in which soil was formed, and trees were grown, was succeeded by other destructive throes. From the Bay of Islands across to Hokianga Bay the country is very hilly and woody. The ranges are a jumble of volcanic cones, clothed on all sides with the Kauri, Rata, and Totara forests, with numberless creepers and dense underwood, making it a very impracticable sort of region for travelling, but admirable for a defensive or retreating party in warfare. It was in such a place that the old warrior Kawiti had constructed his fort.

repulse is singularly mystified. The colonial press of the period was the source of our information.

Colonel Despard now saw the value of native counsel. He decided upon bringing up the heavy guns from the man-of-war, and laying regular siege to the wooden fort. This was no small toil, and consumed a long time. A road had to be formed all the way from the Bay. Fifty men were harnessed to each cannon, hauling through morasses, across rivers, up precipitous hills, and down declivities. Ammunition and stores had to be brought up. Strange to say, long before this, when the parties were constantly skirmishing in the forest, and abundant opportunities occurred of arresting the progress of drays laden with goods, not a single case of ambuscade took place. Heki said he did not want to stop the provisions of his foes, nor interfere with fair fighting by capturing their ammunition. Such forbearance and chivalry are not common in modern European warfare.

The camp was first about 1,200 yards from the pah. It was then advanced to within 750 yards. Two days after Christmas the brave Nene took possession of a small, open piece of ground, on the other side of the wood that lay between. The Colonel pushed forward 200 of his own men to support them, and make good the position. Here, at 400 yards from the enemy, they erected another battery. From this shells and rockets were daily thrown. Lieutenants Egerton, of the "North Star;" Bland, of the "Racehorse;" and Leeds, of the "Elphinstone," conducted this formidable destroying force. One day Governor Grey came up to observe

the practice. With telescope in hand, he watched the pah. He saw a native woman crossing one of the courts, playing with a baby in her arms. He looked again; the ball fell over the stockade, and knocked the child's head off. The tender-hearted man threw down the glass, burst into tears, and bitterly bewailed the curse of war.

A sally from the rebels was repulsed by Tomate Waka. The British officers protected themselves from the rifle practice of the stockade by mounting a serge flock, like the common men. Another advance was made. A rough stockade was constructed, while under severe firing, at only 60 yards from the pah, and a further battery of guns raised there, of two 32-pounders and four mortars. The discharge of artillery was maintained at night as well as day, to prevent repair of damage. As it was, however, only the outer works were affected, and the strong inner stockades, of timbers a foot in diameter, were untouched; these crossed the interior in various directions. On Saturday, the 10th of January, there appeared sufficient opening for an assault, and active preparations were made for it. The natives expected it in the night, and were prepared. But all passed quietly.

Very early the next morning (Sunday), Nene's brother, Willeri Waka, selecting a dozen natives, pressed forward silently to make observations upon the state of the breach. To his surprise, no one appeared within the fort. He made signals to the troops. Captain Denny came, in double quick time, with one hundred men. They entered safely. Where were the Maories? Disturbed by the shot and shells, they were unable to hold service in the pah. But they could not forget God on the Sabbath-day. They, therefore, crept out before sunrise to a slope in an outwork behind, read the Scriptures, and went through the usual service. It was while so absorbed in their devotions that a sudden cry was heard. The enemy was in possession. Frantic with grief and anger, they rushed upon the English. But column after column came upward from the camp. The Maories were shelterless, while the others were protected behind the stockades they had gained. A thousand men within could drive back four hundred without. It was all over. The broken-spirited natives sullenly retired to a wood across the ravine. They were followed, and driven back with the dreaded bayonet. They halted at last in a pah three miles off. It was no rout. They went steadily, firing as they walked, and carrying their dead and wounded with them.

Loud were the shouts of victory. The official report far exceeded in jubilant and congratulatory tones any Wellington dispatch after a battle. There were lots of praises for everybody. No less than 21 officers were named as worthy of all honour. This led the "New Zealand" newspaper to remark, "On this occasion the drummers and fifers will feel themselves deprived of their laurels in this assault, from the omission of a paragraph complimentary of their services." The Colonel thus exults: "The capture of a fortress of such extraordinary strength by assault, and nobly defended by a brave and determined enemy, is of itself sufficient to prove the intrepidity and gallantry displayed by all concerned." Upon this report the colonial paper has the following:—"The manner in which possession was gained of Kawiti's pah did not, in our opinion, justify the lengthened, pompous, commendatory dispatch of Colonel Despard, in which a mere casualty of the defenders being at prayers without the pah, enabling our troops and allies to enter unperceived and unmolested, is termed 'The capture of a fortress of such extraordinary strength,' &c." In the three hours' contest in the pah, 9 seamen and 3 soldiers were killed, and 17 seamen and 13 soldiers were wounded. The natives had 25 killed on that occasion.

A week after, Heki came to Pomare for supplies, and asked him to see the Governor on his behalf. The frightened chieftain supplied his wants, but declined interfering. One course only was now open—to apply to their successful opponent, Nene. The message was favourably received, Willeri Waka was sent to the hui, led warriors to hear what they had to say. The Maori letter-writer addressed a note to Captain Grey, beginning thus:—"I say, let peace be between you and I." Nene went immediately to Government House, and pleaded warmly for his former foes. The worthy head of the colony needed little entreaty. His hearty sympathy had been all along excited for the fallen chiefs. His terms were simple and generous. He granted full pardon to all concerned in the late rebellion, and declared that he would not take an acre of their lands. This conduct was consistent with the dignity and kindness displayed on a previous occasion.

Upon the capture of the pah, a number of letters were discovered, written by chiefs to the insurgents, who were thus compromised in the rebellion. They were brought to the Governor. He would not read them, but ordered them to be burnt, saying, "We are all friends now."

A few words will close the story of this remarkable epoch of colonial history. When Heki retired to his estate among his own people, he carried with him the enthusiastic love of his followers, and the warm admiration of his opponents. The Governor was deeply interested in the man. Heki was not one to frequent courts, to sit at the festive board, or seek flattering attentions; but, recognising the noble character of his conqueror, and feeling his nature drawn out toward him in sympathy, he heartily responded to the kind words of Captain Grey. We have rarely been so pleased and so touched as when reading some of the singular correspondence that afterwards took place between the lowly hut of the Maori and the stately palace of the Governor. The warm gushings of affectionate hearts and Christian spirits appear in every letter. How tenderly, and yet with what propriety, does the tattooed warrior refer to the lady of his friend! "Give my love to your wife. The Lord bless her!"

And when, soon after, the symptoms of that disease appeared which carried him off, how sweetly were his declining days soothed by the gentle and beautiful letters from his noble, Christian friend! His own melancholy never forsook him. His epistles are full of chastened sadness. We have wept over the pathos of some passages. Toward his Saviour his devotion was ardent, his faith unshaken. But he never spoke of his beloved country without emotion, nor referred to the future of his race without trembling anxiety. He saw the land filled with the stranger, and his own people gliding away childless. Sometimes he would clench his fist, and seem to question Heaven. Then, he looked upon his Testament, which was ever near him, and his eyes would soften to tears. He prayed for the Maori, that if he must leave all here to the Pakehas, he might have an inheritance above. His was the true soul of a patriot. When dying, he heard the church bells ringing for prayers. Turning to his pastor by him he feebly said, "Ah! you will soon tell your bell, and no Maori will come to its call."

#### HOW I GOT MARRIED; OR, COUNTING BY TELEGRAPH.

By a TELEGRAPH CLERK.

WE were sitting by a bright coal fire, while the wind outside was whistling and blowing as if it had the intention of testing the strength of the walls of our little cottage to the utmost.

When I say "we," I mean my wife, myself, and our son and heir, aged two years. The latter important personage, who inherits his mother's beauty, and will have his father's wealth some day—if there is any to have—sat upon the rug, playing with some toys which I purchased for him on my way home that evening.

My wife was engaged at some sewing work at one end of the table, and I was seated opposite to her, reading aloud a tale in CASSELL'S FAMILY PAPER, when all at once my wife interrupted me by ejaculating, "Oh, Willie, dear, I've been thinking that I should like you to write a little story."

"Write a story?" said I; "I couldn't do such a thing."

"Oh, yes, you can, if you try."

"All very fine; but, suppose I was to try, what could I write about?"

My wife started up, put her arms round my neck, and gave me a kiss. Then, thinking probably that after that I should be inclined to do anything she desired, she said:

"Why, love! couldn't you just describe the way we became acquainted and got married?"

"Nonsense!" said I; "who cares for that?"

"Oh, no!" (very decidedly); "it's not nonsense at all. Many persons will like to read it, especially those who are in the telegraph service, because something of the kind might happen to them."

"Well," said I, "to oblige you, I will. But I know it's no use."

So she fetched me pens, ink, and paper, and I commenced as follows:—

Everybody knows that for the last few years telegraph companies have employed females in the instrument departments of some of their principal stations. The work is light and clean, and very well adapted for young ladies. Most of them acquire the

art of telegraphing in a very short time, and there are now in the service many who are able to send and receive messages as well as the best of the male staff.

Young ladies are much the same everywhere, and it would, of course, be next to impossible for them to remain any length of time in a room without desiring to hold a fair amount of conversation. As the nature of their employment demands that for the greater part of the time they are at the office they must sit at the instrument to which they are appointed, they cannot very well hold conversations with their companions. So that when a circuit happens to be slack, the young lady who has charge of it finds a great deal of relief in speaking to the clerks of the station at the other end of the wire.

After I had been some time in the service, and was supposed to be thoroughly acquainted with the work, I was appointed to a station which I do not wish to be known by any other name than that of Merton.

After I had introduced myself to those who were to be my fellow clerks, I took possession of the instrument appropriated to me, and, as is usual, inquired the name of the lady with whom I was to work.

Quick as thought I received for answer "Amy Watson. Who are you?" Having given my name, and the station from which I had come, we entered into conversation upon general subjects, such as the weather, descriptions of different towns through which I had passed, &c. &c.

I soon found that, in addition to being an excellent hand at telegraphing, my fair correspondent was very entertaining in conversation, and it was very easy to discover, from the way in which she acted during a press of business, that she was of a very amiable disposition. These conversations went on for some time, till at length I was miserably dull when away from the instrument, and always eager to discharge, as quickly as possible, those duties which occasionally called me away, so that I might return to speak to Amy.

I was most anxious to see the being who exercised such an influence over me, and at length, after much persuasion, and having obtained the consent of her widowed mother, we exchanged portraits. If I was in love before, I was doubly so now. Having obtained the likeness, I was more eager than ever to see the original. To hear the sound of her voice—which I was sure from the expression of her face in the portrait was soft and sweet—to see her smile on me, and to gaze into her large bright blue eyes, seemed to me the objects most to be desired of any in the world.

I applied for and obtained leave of absence for a fortnight, and instantly proceeded to N—. We met, and everything that I had pictured was as nought compared to the beauty, amiability, and sweetness of the original. Before I left, we were engaged to be married; and three months afterwards having obtained, through the kindness of my superior officer, a transfer from Merton to N—, Amy Watson changed her name for mine.

Since then we have lived happily, for we are still lovers (a little sobered down), and have never had cause to regret that the principal part of our love-making was by telegraph.

#### GARIBALDI.

No crown to encumber the conqueror's head,  
No sceptre to palsy his hand;  
Though fitting it is that awhile he should tread  
Supreme in the beautiful land.

The honours of empire! What are they to him?  
No glory or grace can they bring;  
The splendour of stars in the sunlight grows dim,  
The hero eclipses the king!

Swift-footed, strong-hearted, but tender of soul,  
God-fearing, God-strengthened, God-sent;  
Ere truth such as his turn aside from its goal,  
Shall earth to her centre be rent!

The blessings of nations ascend with their prayers,  
And sweeten his wealth of renown;  
The patriot—the hero—the Christian. Who cares  
To cumber his brow with a crown?

Oh, more than triumphant—kind, simple, sublime,  
Unmoved by distraction or hate;  
Unwarped by a weakness, unstained by a crime,  
Unconquered by fortune or fate!

Why start thus our tears? 'Tis for gladness they spring,  
True hearts have sung tyranny down;  
Thank God for the chieftain, thank God for the king,  
But hide not his head with a crown!

THEA.