

plies. She utters another cry, as a guide for his steps, then, with an inarticulate thanksgiving, falls on her knees again by Tarleton's side.

Hardly a minute has elapsed when she hears the familiar crash with which a horse takes a fence, and the next moment a rider comes dashing down the road.

"What is the matter?" he asks, drawing up quickly beside the group. "What has happened here?"

"Oh, Mr. Proctor!" cries Kate—"is it you? Thank God! This is Mr. Tarleton—he has been shot. For Heaven's sake, see if he is dying!"

(To be continued.)

TAWHIAO, KING OF THE MAORIS.

The visit of the King of the Maoris, to Auckland, New Zealand has been the occasion of a tremendous reception by the European population, and bids fair to put an end to the enmity which has for so many years made the Maori name the terror of New Zealand settlers. The account of the King which follows is taken from the columns of the New Zealand Herald.

In our impression of to-day we give a portrait of the Maori King, Tawhiao, who, during the last week has been the guest of the Auckland citizens, and the recipient of more congratulations and honors than ever fell to the lot of any man in Auckland. Elsewhere in our columns will be found full accounts of the manner in which Tawhiao and the chiefs of his party have been received, and reports of the speeches that have been delivered. To obtain from a chief like Tawhiao an autobiographical sketch is a matter of considerable difficulty, and it would have been utterly impossible but for the skill and tact of Mr. C. O. Davis. We found Tawhiao in bed about 8 o'clock on Tuesday evening, and somewhat fatigued by sight seeing, which is indeed not to be wondered at. When he heard our object, however, he professed himself willing to answer any questions. Before giving his narrative, we may state that the ancestry of Tawhiao and the connections of his family render him the most illustrious and influential chief in New Zealand. No Maori chief is truly great unless he can (after the manner of certain English nobles, whose ancestors "came over with the Conqueror") trace his descent to some of those who came in the first canoes from Hawaiki. Tawhiao can do this, his ancestor being Hotonui, who came in the canoe Tainui, which made the land at Kawhia. The ancestor, however, who makes the greatest figure in the history of the family is Tapaue, who had a number of children, who did well in the world, and founded quite a number of tribes, who exist to this day. These children were:—Te Korokitua, who was the ancestor of the Ngatipoua; Te Putu, Tahan, Te Apa, Huiarangi, Ratua, Hikaurua. The son of Te Putu was Tawhia whose son was Tuata, whose son was Te Rauunganga, whose son was Te Wherowhero, whose son was the present Tawhiao. The name of Tawhia's mother was Whakaawi, a woman of high birth of the Ngati-mahutu tribe.

Tawhiao's narrative was as follows:—I was born at a place called Orongokoeke, at Mokau. The whole of the Waikatos had been driven from Waikato by the invasion of Hongi, with his muskets, and the tribes had suffered greatly when the pa was taken at Matakiki (near Alexandra.) The whole of the Waikatos were living at Mokau when I was born, from fear of Pomare. (The fall of Matakiki took place in 1823, and Tawhiao would probably be born a year or two later.) We did not remain long at Mokau after the death of Pomare. (Pomare was killed in 1832.) We came back to Haurua, Kopua, and other places. I lived at Honipaka, in the Waipa. The Ngatitipa were at Haurua. Te Rauparaha had gone south long before that time, in prosecution of his conquests at Cook's Straits. Some of Rauparaha's people, however, the Ngatitipa and Ngatikoata, came to Matakiki, and were slain there. Te Waharoa (William Thompson's father) was then living at Horatui, and did not move. The Ngapuhi did not attack him. Pomare made peace with Takurua. Waikato heard that peace had been made. At this time Te Wherowhero had gone to Taupo. Rauparua said to Pomare, "Go back to your own country," but Pomare would not consent. Rauparua said, "You have made peace with me; look at Matire." (Matire Toha was subsequently married to Kati, Te Wherowhero's brother, on the peace-making between Waikato and Ngapuhi. She still lives at Mangere.) Te Wherowhero wished to go to Pomare, but Te Kanawa resisted his desire, thinking there would be treachery. Pomare insisted upon going up to Waikato. He was met in battle by the Ngatitipa, the Ngatitamaoho. Te Aho, a son of Kuteai, shot Pomare's fingers off, and when his people discovered that Pomare was wounded, they fled. The fight took place at Te Rore, on the Waipa, and the Ngapuhi fled to Whaingaroa (Raglan.) The chase continued to Te Aukau, and as far as Awhitu. I remember when Matire Toha was brought to Waikato to be married to Kati. I remember the great crowds that were assembled at the time. Te Kihirini brought Matire to Waikato. She was very young then. The first Europeans we saw was at Kawhia. The first I remember was Captain Kent. The first missionaries in Waikato were Stack, Hamilton, Williams, and Morgan. The missionaries told us that we should be burned up unless we believed. I, myself, was baptized by the name Matutaea, at Mangere, by Mr. Burrows. I remember a European coming to ask Te Wherowhero to sign the treaty of Waitangi. That European was the

missionary, Mr. Maunsell. (The Ven. Archdeacon Maunsell.) The Maori he had with him was Tipene Tahatika. Te Wherowhero said he would not sign. Mr. Maunsell remarked to Tipene, "This ignorant old man, if he had signed I would have given him a blanket." Te Wherowhero's name was afterwards put to the treaty, but it was written by Te Kahawai, not by himself. I was at the great meeting at Remuera. That was when Fitzroy was Governor. The principal speakers were Wetere, Kahu, and Te Katipa. Governor Fitzroy visited Kawhia. The Rev. Mr. Whiteley and the missionaries had been there long before that time. When Sir George Grey came he visited Rangiahiwa, Te Awamutu, and other settlements in Waikato. He had thirty Maoris as his following. Sir George Grey pointed out Mangere as a place for Te Wherowhero. He said to my father, "Come to Mangere, the land is for you." I never attended any of the Mission schools. Sir George Grey put up a cottage at Pukekawa (at the cricket ground at the Domain), so that he might have a place when he came to Auckland.

By this time it was getting late, and Tawhiao was wearied with going about all day long. Our reporter had therefore, to make a considerable jump in the narrative. In answer to a question about the beginning of the war (after Te Wherowhero's death, and when Tawhiao had been chosen King), Tawhiao said: I was at Rawhiti, a few miles above Rangiriri, when I heard that the soldiers had crossed the Mangatawhiri. Heta Tarawhiti and a few others were with me. The Waikatos were then at Rangiriri and other places. I warned them to avoid the soldiers. When I heard that the soldiers had crossed the Mangatawhiri I warned the Maoris to avoid the soldiers. I told them they should not meet the soldiers on the line of the Waikato river, but should go inland by Whangamarino to Papatara, and then to the Kiriiki. (Apparently this was Tawhiao's military plan, instead of constructing pas on the river, like Meremere and Rangiriri. If his advice had been taken, the line of our advance would have been threatened, and the settlements around Auckland placed in great danger.) The next thing I heard was that a battle had been fought at the Koheroa, and that the people I had sent to evade the soldiers had also gone and fought at the Koheroa. Taphana was the chief man whom I had charged. I sent a message also to Mohi and Ihoaka (occupying the settlement at Pukekoeke, the Kiriiki and adjacent places), to tell them to come out from the villages. The engineer of the pas at Rangiriri, who directed its formation, was Te Wharepu. I told the people that they should retire to the depth of the forest to evade the troops. The others would not consent. Te Wharepu was the leader of the others. They said, "We will not agree; if our blood must be shed, let it be shed on our own land at Waikato." I was at the fight at Rangiriri. Wiremu Tamehaha and myself went to Rangiriri, and requested the people to move away from that place. That was the object of both Thompson and myself in going. A dozen times I tried to persuade them to break up from Rangiriri, but finding that our efforts were unsuccessful, we left. The balls were then flying in all directions. I took refuge behind a flax bush. A bullet passed close to me, and struck the bush. I was not injured. I had a gun and cartridge box. I saw some of my people escaping. I told them to be swift and move on. They said, "You must look after yourself; are you not in danger?" I said, "No, I will rest a while here." I took off my coat and vest, and, after a while, I succeeded in getting on board a canoe belonging to Ngatitamaoho, and in making my escape. Previously ten guns were levelled at me, and a big gun also. Messengers had gone before, and told the people that I was safe.

By this time, Tawhiao wanted a quiet smoke, and our reporter invited Wahanui, who was in the room, to pursue the narrative of the war from the Maori side. But he made an objection, and, after our reporter had driven him from that, he took refuge in another. During the conversation various matters of controversy between the races had cropped up, as to whether we were justified in crossing the Mangatawhiri. Referring to these, Wahanui said, "I do not think it would be right for me to continue the narrative. Standing on Mr. Firth's lawn the other day, I said—you were there and heard me—that I was desirous that all those old controversies should be buried. I have my own opinion on those matters, but if I went on with this narrative, people would say, 'Here is this man Wahanui, after saying that he would bury all those old subjects of dispute, dragging them all up again to the light of day.' Our reporter said he wanted the statement, not to cause controversy, but simply as history. But Wahanui refused to move, while Tawhiao smoked his pipe and said nothing.

Our portrait is from an excellent photograph taken by Mr. R. H. Bartlett of Queen-Street, Auckland.

A ROMANCE OF A CENTURY AGO.

On the 22d of December, 1788, the floor of the Senate-chamber at Annapolis was filled to overflowing by stately dames and gentle maidens who had looked to the Capitol as if the weight of state questions had been for this one hour intrusted to their wise deliberations. Washington, the mighty yet unambitious hero of the time, while still the idol of the public heart, was on this day to lay down his laurels by resigning to Congress his commission of commander-in-chief of the brave little army whose triumphs he had directed and whose sufferings he had shared.

Accompanied by his aides, Colonel Benjamin Walker and Colonel David Humphreys, and the officers appointed as escort, Washington entered the hall where the assembled Congress awaited him, every manly voice among the spectators cheering, and every feminine kerchief waving an enthusiasm of approval and welcome; but the cheers were hushed into breathless silence by the first words of the great hero's dignified address, to which General Mifflin, as President of the Senate, made an eloquent and appropriate reply.

On Washington's left stood the valiant soldier Colonel John Eger Howard, of Maryland, and facing Colonel Howard, conspicuous among the foremost group of Senators, was General Read, of South Carolina, the hero of this short legend of a by-gone love. How little did either of these young men, strangers to one another, dream of the day to come when a son and daughter of each were to become husband and wife to the daughter and son of the other!

Many were the men whose names were already distinguished, or to become historic, who were present, either as members of Congress or spectators of the impressive scene. Madison, Jefferson, Monroe; Lee of Virginia, Osgood of Massachusetts, Morris of Pennsylvania, McComb of Delaware, and General Otho Williams, Generals Smith and Swan, of Maryland. The well-known Charles Carroll of Carrollton was accompanied by his two daughters, one of whom was afterward, as Mrs. Caton, mother to the celebrated trio of American beauties who became respectively Lady Stafford, the Marchioness of Wellesley, and the Duchess of Leeds.

But absorbing as was the attention given to Washington by the august assemblage of heroes and patriots, who recognized in him the greatest hero and patriot of any, the young Carolinian's eyes wandered up to the gallery above, where Mrs. Washington, with her young grandchildren at her knee, was seated in all the dignity and legitimate pride of the wife who crowns herself with her husband's glory.

Grouped around her chair were the three Calvert sisters, Maryland's blood royal, the family of Lord Baltimore; and never was the fame of Maryland beauty better maintained than by the contrasting loveliness of the youngest, Miss Ariana Calvert, with the more brilliant charms of her elder sisters, who had been espoused during all the perils of the war, both on the same evening, the one by Washington's step son, Parke Custis, and the other by Mr. George Stuart, of Maryland.

It is told of these gentlemen that each received the announcement of the birth of a son—born on the same day, a year after the marriage—while on the battle-field.

But it was not the rich bloom or dark eyes of the beautiful young matrons which so riveted the attention of the young Southerner that even the sublime presence of Washington was for a while forgotten. To his eyes the youngest sister was much the fairest; and he gazed up at the unconscious young girl until the friend at his elbow, Mr. James Monroe—too thorough a Virginian not to recognize the phenomena of a love at first sight—whispered her name in his ear, and the offer to present him before the lady quitted Annapolis town for her home in the country. The offer was gratefully accepted, and ere the winter was half over Miss Calvert was affianced to her eager and enraptured young lover; but not, alas! with the entire consent and approbation of her family and friends, and thence arose the cloud which darkened the horizon of this love legend.

As usual, that passion youth deifies, age coldly ignored. The Carolinian was wealthy, of prominent position and good birth, and of distinguished education; but the lady was threatened with decline. She was also the youngest darling of the household; her sisters had married so well, yet remained in their midst; and her family grew more and more reluctant that this comparative stranger should bear away their tender and fragile flower to his far-off Southern home, to pine away, and die perhaps, out of sight and hearing of those who had loved her from her cradle; and the angered lover saw the feeble health of his lady-love give way under the conflict of duty with feeling, until she became indeed seriously ill.

But the passionate Southerner was not to have the woman of his heart granted to his wishes. The sensibility which could doom the gentle Ariana Calvert to an early death could not permit her to sacrifice family affection to her own and her love's happiness. What bitter tears and fluttering words were exchanged in their parting none can tell; but the miniatures, given once as the fair tokens of union, each still retained, to be sorrowful consolation and reminder of a life-long separation. — ELIZABETH READ, in Harper's Magazine for April.

TWO ADVENTUROUS DOGS.

It is not difficult to form an attachment bordering on affection for a faithful dog. The question where instinct ends and where reason begins is still an unsolved problem. Many a wise man has taken a whole world of comfort out of his dog. Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, has written one of the most charming of modern books, as a sort of memorial of "Rab," a grand old mastiff whose life was well worth recording. George Eliot was not unmindful of dogs, and in Adam Bede gives a young lady this piece of advice: "Hev a dog, mims, hev a dogs, you can tell all your secrets to him and he'll never blab." There are not many well regulated homes without a dog as one of the best loved and best cared

for members of the family. In a recent issue of the Photo, portraits of two remarkable dogs were given, the first of which was

GYP, THE RAILWAY TRAVELER.

Of all the travelers on the Chicago & Alton, few were more regular or more intelligent than Gyp. He was accustomed for years to travel between Chicago and St. Louis. His home was at Springfield, but for years he was in the habit of paying visits at the intervening stations. He was a welcome dead-head on the line. All the conductors and many of the regular travelers knew him well. He would "lay off" just where his sweet will dictated—sometimes at Dwight, sometimes at Bloomington, and sometimes at St. Louis. If he came on to Chicago he would be sure to return by the next train. He never stayed long in Chicago; he must have got the impression that Chicago was a wicked city. And yet that could hardly be the reason, for in the summer time he would stay whole days in St. Louis. And no being, man or dog, ever flies from the wickedness of Chicago to St. Louis without discovering that he has jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire. Alas! for poor Gyp! Every dog has his day, but Gyp's day of disaster came at last. He was crossing the line at Atlanta when the eastern-bound train came upon him too quickly, and he got one of his forelegs badly injured. Then there was a howl and a wail, such as a human being would make who was in helpless excruciating pain. Everybody was sorry for Gyp, and the sympathy manifested only made the poor old dog's grateful looks appear more impressive. His leg had to be amputated. But he bore the operation bravely and licked the hands that did the painful work. Poor old Gyp! His rambles are not quite over, but they are much curtailed. But he does not seem much distressed. He leads on the whole, what seems to be a happy dog life. Long may he live! And while he does he will be sure to be the pet of the railway men.

MILITARY BOB.

"Bob" is altogether a different dog from Gyp, but he has a history, too. One glance at his portrait revealed a dog of strong individuality of character. There are dogs and dogs, and Bob is out of the common line. Bob is the soldier's friend, the pet of the barracks and the camp. He has smelt powder many a time, and has been a brave companion of the guard through many a dark and dangerous night. At drill, at mess, or on the march Bob is to be seen, and has earned the name of "pride of the regiment." He knows enough, or seems to know enough, to marshal an army. It is wonderful how uncommonly wise Bob can look. There is a good deal of pride in the valiant old boy. He holds very little intercourse with the creatures of his race. Now and again he gets into a fight, and when he does he generally comes off conqueror. He is growing old, his teeth are all gone. If there is a "happy hunting ground" for dogs beyond the bounds of time, Bob will have a high place in the canine elysium.—Chicago Photo.

HUMOROUS.

MOTTO for successful schoolmaster—"I've got 'em on!"

UP TO SNUFF—The tobaccoist. And no matter how high up snuff gets either.

IT isn't the whisky in Kentucky that makes mischief; it is the whisky in Kentuckians.

WHEN a man has no mind of his own, he can always find a woman who can give him a piece of hers.

NEVER say "dye"—Certainly not; everybody with any gumption always alludes to it as hair-wash.

A CONNECTICUT schoolboy's composition upon the horse describes it as "an animal having four legs, one at each corner."

IRISH SYMPATHY.—"Sorrah ha'penny of rent I'll pay till the suspects are released; and may the salutes keep them in!"

MINISTERIAL STATEMENT.—"Rabbits," said a distinguished member of the present Cabinet, "should be three inches longer; then I could hit them."

"I THINK the goose has the advantage of you," said a landlady to an inept boarder who was carving. "Guess it has, mum—in age," was the withering retort.

AN old sailor was observed to be always hanging about the door of a church when a marriage was taking place. He explained that he liked to see the tide going out.

"WHAT is meant by the pomps and vanities of this world?" asked the Sunday-school teacher. "Them flowers on your hat, mum," replied the quick-witted scholar.

GERMAN CHARITY.—Gretchen: "Mamma, as I pass that old beggar, a deep compassion fills my soul." Mamma: "Did you give the poor man anything?" Gretchen: "Certainly—a friendly smile."

WE often hear of a woman marrying a man to reform him; but no one ever tells about a man marrying a woman to reform her. Men are modest and don't talk much about their good deeds.

THE WALKER HOUSE, Toronto.

This popular new hotel is provided with all modern improvements; has 125 bedrooms, commodious parlours, public and private dining-rooms, sample rooms, and passenger elevator.

The dining-rooms will comfortably seat 200 guests, and the bill of fare is acknowledged to be unexcelled, being furnished with all the delicacies of the season.

The location is convenient to the principal railway stations, steamboat wharves, leading wholesale houses and Parliament Buildings. This hotel commands a fine view of Toronto Bay and Lake Ontario, rendering it a pleasant resort for tourists and travellers at all seasons.

Terms for board \$2.00 per day. Special arrangements made with families and parties remaining one week or more.