

Kingston William Henry Giles

Waihoura, the Maori Girl



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W.H.G. Kingston

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Chapter One.

The New Colony

**Arrival of the families of Mr Pemberton,
Farmer Greening and others, in New Zealand. –
Inspect Land. – Encamp near the Port till
they can settle on the Land they have selected**

A fine emigrant ship, her voyage happily terminated, had just entered her destined port in the northern island of New Zealand. Her anchor was dropped, the crew were aloft furling sails, and several boats were alongside ready to convey the passengers to the shore. All was bustle and excitement on board, each person anxious to secure his own property, – and people were running backwards and forwards into the cabins, to bring away any minor articles which might have been forgotten.

The water was calm and bright, the sky intensely blue. On either hand were bold picturesque headlands running out into the sea, fringed by dark rocks, while beyond the sandy beach,

which bordered the bay, on a partially cleared space, were seen numerous cottages, interspersed with tents and huts, many of the latter rudely constructed of boughs. Further off arose forests of tall trees, reaching to the base, and climbing the sides of a range of high mountains, here and there broken by deep ravines, with sparkling streams rushing down them, finding their way into a broad river which flowed into the bay. Beyond the first range appeared others – range beyond range, the summits of several towering to the sky, covered with mantles of snow shining with dazzling whiteness in the bright rays of the sun. In several places the forest gave way to wide open tracts, clothed with fern or tall waving grass.

“Here we are safe at last,” exclaimed Valentine Pemberton, a young gentleman about eighteen, as he stepped from one of the first boats on to the ledge of rocks which formed the chief landing-place of the settlement.

“Father, let me help you,” he added, extending his arm towards a middle-aged fine-looking man who followed him.

“Now, Lucy, take my hand; the rocks are somewhat slippery. Harry, you can look out for yourself.” He addressed his young sister, a fair sweet-looking girl of about fifteen, and his brother, a fine active boy, who sprang on to the rock after him.

“Take care of Betsy, though,” said Lucy, not forgetful of her faithful maid, whose attachment to her young mistress had induced to leave home for a strange land.

“Paul Greening is helping her,” answered Harry.

Mr Pemberton, with his daughter and two sons, soon made their way to the more even beach, followed by Betsy and Paul Greening. Paul's father, farmer Greening, a sturdy English yeoman, with his wife and two younger sons, James and little Tobias, as the latter was called, though as big as his brothers, were the next to land.

"My boys and I will look after your things, Mr Pemberton," shouted the farmer. "Do you go and find lodgings for Miss Lucy and Betsy."

"Thank you, my friend," said Mr Pemberton, "but we have made up our mind to rough it, and purpose camping out under tents until we can get a roof of our own over our heads. Before we begin work, however, I wish to return thanks to Him who has guided and protected us during our voyage across the ocean. Will you and your family join us?"

"Aye, gladly sir," answered farmer Greening. "We are ready enough to be angry with those who are thankless to us when we have done them a kindness, and I have often thought how ungrateful we are apt to be to Him who gives us everything we enjoy in this life."

Mr Pemberton led the way to a sheltered spot, where they were concealed by some high rocks from the busy throng on the beach. He there, with his own children and the farmer's family, knelt down and offered a hearty thanksgiving to the merciful God who had heretofore been their friend and guide, and a fervent prayer for protection from future dangers. Then, with cheerful hearts

and strong hands, they returned to the boat, to assist in landing their goods and chattels, while Valentine and Paul went back to the ship to bring off the remainder of the luggage.

Mr Pemberton and farmer Greening, meantime, set off to get the surveying officer to point out a plot of ground on which they might encamp, the rest of the party remaining on the beach to look after their property.

While they were thus employed, a bustling little man, in a green velveteen shooting coat, approached Lucy, who, with Betsy and Mrs Greening were removing the lighter articles of their baggage. Underneath a broad-brimmed hat, which he wore far back on his bullet-like head, covered with short cropped hair, appeared a pair of round eyes, and a funny turned up nose.

“Oh, Miss Pemberton, I am shocked to see you so employed!” he exclaimed. “Let me assist you. My own things will not be brought on shore to-day, I am told, and I have no wish to go on board the ship again to look for them.”

“Thank you, Mr Nicholas Spears,” said Lucy, who had already discovered that the little man was never happy unless attending other people’s concerns, to the neglect of his own, and had no wish to encourage him in his bad habit. “My brother Harry and our friends here can do all that is necessary.”

“Oh, I beg ten thousand pardons, Miss Lucy, but I thought that I could be of use to you. It would be such a pleasure, believe me.”

Mr Nicholas Spears rolled his round eyes about, and twitched his mouth in such a curious manner when he spoke, that Lucy

could scarcely refrain from laughing outright.

“If you don’t look after your own property, Mr Spears, I don’t think anybody else will,” observed Mrs Greening. “Just let me advise you to go back in the first boat, and see if any of your goods have been got out of the hold, or they may be sent on shore, and you will not know what have become of them.”

The little man seemed very unwilling to follow this wise counsel, but hearing his name called by some of the other emigrants, he hurried away to join them, and was seen running up and down the beach, carrying their boxes and parcels.

Most of the other passengers had now come on shore, and were busily employed in looking after their property, and conveying it from the beach.

Valentine and Paul had just returned with the remainder of their goods, and soon afterwards Mr Pemberton and farmer Greening returned, accompanied by four dark-skinned men, dressed in shirts and trousers, the few tattoo marks on their faces, and the shaggy state of their black hair, showing them to be of the lower order of natives. They brought also a small dray, drawn by bullocks, with which to transport the heavier articles of their luggage.

“Wherever you go, Mr Pemberton, with your leave, I and mine will go too,” said farmer Greening, as they walked along. “We have been neighbours in the old country, and you have ever been a kind friend to me, and if I can be of any use to you in choosing land, which I ought to know something about, why, you see, sir,

it's just what I shall be glad to do.”

Mr Pemberton knew the value of the farmer's friendship and assistance too well to decline it, and thanked him heartily.

He had himself gone through many trials. After enjoying a good fortune derived from West Indian property, and living the life of a country gentleman, he found himself, at the time he was about to send his eldest son to the university, and his second boy into the navy, deprived of nearly the whole of his income. Soon afterwards he lost his wife, a far greater blow to his happiness, and believing that he could best provide for his children by emigrating to one of the colonies, with the small remainder of his fortune, he had embarked with them for New Zealand.

A cleared space on some rising ground overlooking the harbour had been selected for encamping. To this the property of the party was soon conveyed.

Mr Pemberton had brought with him two tents, the largest of which served as a store-house for his goods, and there was also space in it for beds for himself and his sons, while a much smaller one was appropriated to the use of Lucy and Betsy, which Lucy had invited Mrs Greening to share with them. The farmer and his sons, with the assistance of the Maoris, as the New Zealanders are called, were putting up a hut in which they might find shelter till the land they had purchased had been fixed on. It was composed simply of stakes driven into the ground, interwoven with branches of trees, beams being secured to the top, while other branches were placed on them and thatched with

long grass, an operation quickly performed by the Maoris. Before dark it was in a sufficiently forward state to afford shelter to the farmer and his sons, – some heaps of fern, brought in by their active assistants, serving them for beds. While the pakehas, the strangers, as the natives call the English, slept at one end, the four Maoris occupied the other.

Before they lay down to rest Mr Pemberton invited them into his tent to join in family worship, a practice he had kept up during the voyage, and hoped in future to maintain under all circumstances.

“It’s a great blessing and advantage, Miss Lucy, to be associated with a gentleman like the Squire,” said Mrs Greening, when they returned to their tent. “My boys especially might be inclined to run wild in this strange country, if they hadn’t the good example he sets before them.”

“We, I am sure, shall be a mutual help to each other, Mrs Greening,” answered Lucy. “Your husband’s practical experience in farming will greatly assist my father and brothers, and I was truly thankful when I heard that you wished to settle near us.”

“We know what it is to have bad land, with a high rent to pay,” observed Mrs Greening with a sigh, “and I hope, now that we are to have a farm of our own, with a kind soil, we shall get on better than we did in the old country. Few are ready to work harder than my good man and our boys, and I have never been used to be idle since I was big enough to milk a cow.”

The following day Mr Pemberton and the farmer,

accompanied by Valentine and Paul, prepared to set off, with one of the Maoris as a guide, to inspect a block of land lately surveyed, about ten miles from the coast, with a fine stream flowing through it.

Before starting they surveyed from the hill the road they were to take. At a short distance appeared the outskirts of the forests, composed of the lofty kauri, or yellow pine, kahikatea, or white pine, the rimu, with its delicate and gently weeping foliage, and several others, interspersed by the shade-loving tree-fern, the most graceful of all forest trees. From the boughs hung parasites and creepers of brilliant hues, – some, like loose ropes from the rigging of a ship, others, in festoons winding from stem to stem, uniting far-off trees with their luxuriant growth.

“How shall you be able to pass through that thick forest?” asked Lucy, of her father.

“We shall have to make good use of our axes, I suppose,” said Valentine.

“We shall find but little difficulty,” observed Mr Pemberton. “Although the foliage is so dense overhead, there is no jungle or underwood to obstruct our passage, and in this hot weather we shall have the advantage of travelling thoroughly shaded from the rays of the sun. We shall find it far more fatiguing walking over the fern land, which, at a distance, looks so smooth and even.”

Mr Pemberton took his fowling-piece; but the only weapons carried by the rest of the party were their axes, to mark the trees round the land they hoped to select. They expected not to be

absent more than three days.

Lucy and Harry accompanied them a short distance. They found, on their return, Mrs Greening busily employed with her sons in arranging the hut, – indeed, the good woman was never idle, and set an example of industry which some of the other settlers would have done wisely to follow. Leaving her boys to go on with the work, she commenced making preparations for dinner.

“You must let me act as your cook, Miss Lucy,” she said. “You and Betsy will have enough to do, and it’s what I am used to.”

The cooking, however, was of necessity somewhat after the gipsy fashion, a pot being hung from a triangle over a fire on the ground, and when the pot was removed the tea-kettle took its place.

They had no difficulty in procuring provisions, as there were several bakers in the village, and the Maoris brought in pigs and wild-fowl, and various roots and vegetables to the market.

Chapter Two.

Waihoura

Natives arrive at Mr Pemberton's camp. – They bring with them on a litter a young girl – Waihoura apparently very ill. – A Doctor is sent for, and a hut is built for her accommodation

“Oh mother! mother! Miss Lucy! Betsy! do look at the strange savages who are coming this way,” exclaimed little Tobias, as he rushed up to the door of the tent the following morning. “I never did see such wild creatures, except once at the fair, and they were white men painted up to make believe they had come from foreign parts. There's no doubt about these, though.”

Lucy and her companions being thus summoned, hurried from the tent and joined Harry and the two young Greenings, who were standing on the brow of the hill, watching a band of twenty or thirty Maoris, who, emerging from the forest, were coming towards where they stood. At their head stalked a tall savage-looking warrior. His face, as he drew near, was seen to be thickly covered with blue lines, some in spirals, others in circles and curls of various devices. His black hair was gathered in a knot at the top of his head, and secured with a polished bone, while several

large rings hung from his ears. Over his shoulders was thrown a large mat cloak, which almost completely enveloped his form. In one hand he carried a musket, more on the present occasion to add to his dignity than for use, as swords were formerly worn by gentlemen in Europe. His companions had their faces tattooed, though in a much less degree than was that of their leader. Some wore merely long kilts round their waists, but many had cloaks of matting. The hair of most of them was cut short, looking like a black mop at the top of their heads. Savages though they looked, they walked with a dignity and freedom that showed they felt their own consequence and independence. They were followed by several women, also clothed in mats, though of a finer texture than those of the men. Their hair hung loosely over their shoulders, and several wore a wreath of flowers or shells, which assisted to keep it off their eyes. Their faces were but slightly tattooed, the chin, and lips only being marked, giving the latter a curious blue look, which Lucy thought detracted much from their otherwise comely appearance. They were walking on either side of a small litter, covered with boughs, and carried by four young men.

The party of natives advanced as if about to ascend the hill; but when the chief saw that it was occupied by the tents, he ordered them to halt at its base, and they immediately began to make preparations for encamping, while the young men were sent off towards the woods to collect fuel for the fires and materials for building huts. The litter having been placed on the ground, the

women gathered round it, as if much interested in whatever it contained. The chief himself then approached, and the boughs being partially removed, Lucy perceived that its occupant was a young girl. The chief seemed to be speaking to her with tender interest. At length, on seeing Lucy and her companions watching him, he advanced towards them.

“Oh! Miss Lucy, let’s run away – the savage is coming, and I don’t know what he will do,” cried Betsy, in great alarm.

“I am sure he will not hurt us, from the gentle way he was speaking to the young girl,” said Lucy, holding her ground, though she felt a little nervous.

“He looks terribly fierce, though,” observed Mrs Greening. “But it won’t do to run away, as if we were afraid.”

The chief, whose eye had been fixed on Lucy, now approached her, and pointing to the litter, seemed to invite her to come down and speak to his daughter, for such she felt the girl must be. “Oh miss, don’t go,” cried Betsy. “You don’t know what they will do;” but Lucy, struck by the appearance of the occupant of the litter, was eager to learn more about her, and overcoming any fears she might have felt, at once accompanied the chief.

The women made way for her as she got close to the litter. On it reclined, propped up by matting, which served as a pillow, a girl apparently of about her own age. Her complexion was much fairer than that of any of her companions, scarcely darker, indeed, than a Spanish or Italian brunette. No tattoo marks disfigured her lips or chin; her features were regular and well-

formed, and her eyes large and clear, though at present their expression betokened that she was suffering pain. She put out her hand towards Lucy, who instinctively gave her her's.

“Maori girl ill, berry ill,” she said. “Tell pakeha doctor come, or Waihoura die – pakeha doctor make Waihoura well.” Although the words may not have been so clearly pronounced as they have been written, Lucy at once understood their meaning.

“Oh yes, I will send for a doctor,” she answered, hoping that Dr Fraser, the surgeon who came out with them in the ship, would be found on shore. She beckoned to Harry, and told him to run and bring Dr Fraser without delay. The chief comprehended her intentions, and seemed well pleased when Harry and Tobias, who also offered to go, set off towards the village.

As no one addressed her, Lucy guessed rightly that the Maori girl was the only person of her party who could speak English, and curious to know how she had learned it, she asked the question. “Waihoura learn speak pakeha tongue of missionary,” she answered, “but near forget now,” and she put her hand to her brow, as if it ached.

“The doctor will come soon, I hope, and give you medicine to make you better,” said Lucy, taking the young girl's hand, which felt hot and feverish. Waihoura shook her head, and an expression of pain passed across her countenance. “We will pray to God, then, to make you well,” said Lucy. “He can do everything, so be not cast down, but trust Him.” The Maori girl fixed her large eyes on her as she was speaking, evidently trying to understand her

meaning, though apparently she did not entirely comprehend it.

Savage in appearance as were the people who surrounded her, Lucy did not feel afraid of them, while they evidently regarded her with much respect. Betsy having at length gained courage, came down the hill with Mrs Greening.

“Poor dear,” said the farmer’s wife, when she saw the Maori girl. “What she wants is good food, a comfortable bed, and a little careful nursing. If we had our house up, I’ll be bound we would bring her round in the course of a few weeks, so that that painted-faced gentleman, her father, would not know her again.”

“We would make room for her in our tent,” said Lucy. “Or, perhaps, her friends would build a hut for her close to it; they probably would soon put one up, and it would be far better for her to remain with us than to return to her home.” The chief had been watching them while they were speaking, and seemed to understand that they were discussing some plan for his daughter’s benefit. He spoke a few words to her.

“What say?” she asked, looking at Lucy, and then pointing to her father.

“We wish you to stop here and let us nurse you,” said Lucy, trying still further to explain her meaning by signs. The young girl’s countenance brightened, showing that she understood what Lucy had said, and wished to accept her offer. Perhaps the remembrance of her stay with the Missionary’s family brought some pleasing recollections to her mind.

While they were still speaking, a person was seen hurrying

along the somewhat dusty road which led from the village, and Lucy soon recognised Mr Nicholas Spears.

“Has not he come yet?” he exclaimed, as he drew near. “Dr Fraser, I mean. I met Master Harry, and that big lout Tobias. I beg your pardon, Mrs Greening. I did not see you were there, and so I told them I would find him and send him on; so I did, for I understood from them that a princess, or some great person, wanted his services. If he has not come I must go back and hurry him. Is that the princess? She don’t look much like one, however, she may be a princess for all that. Your servant, Miss, and that old gentleman, with the curious marks on his face, is her father, I suppose? Your servant, sir,” he added, making the chief a bow with his broad-brimmed hat.

The chief bent his head in acknowledgment, and seemed somewhat inclined to rub noses with the little man as a further sign of his good-will; but Mr Spears sprang back in alarm, evidently thinking it safer to keep at a distance from the savage-looking warrior; observing, however, the confidence shown by Lucy and her companions, he walked round them once or twice, gazing at them as if they had been wild beasts at a show. As he passed again near Lucy, she reminded him of his promise to look for Dr Fraser, and much to her satisfaction, off he set at full speed.

In a short time the doctor was seen coming along the road, followed by Harry and Tobias.

“Oh, Dr Fraser, I am so glad you are come,” said Lucy. “Here

is a sweet interesting Maori girl, and she is very ill, I fear. Can you do anything for her?"

"I am afraid, Miss Lucy, unless she can speak English, or we have an efficient interpreter, there may be some difficulty in ascertaining her disease, but I will do my best."

"Oh, she understands a little English," said Lucy, "and seems very intelligent."

The doctor approached the litter, and stooping down, remained some time by the girl's side, asking her questions, and endeavouring to comprehend her answers.

"Unless I can have her for some time as my patient, I fear, Miss Pemberton, that I cannot do much for her," he said at length. "My lodgings are very small, and I suspect that among the settlers there are none who would be willing to receive her." Lucy then told him of the plan she and Mrs Greening had proposed. "That would certainly afford the best prospect of her recovery," he answered. "If we can explain that to her friends, perhaps they would be willing to allow her to remain."

Lucy was very glad to hear this, for she already felt a deep interest in the young Maori girl.

"There is her father," said Lucy, pointing to the chief, "perhaps you can make him understand what we propose."

"I will try," said Dr Fraser, "but, if not, I must get Mr Clifton, the surveyor, who speaks their language, to explain it to him."

The chief, who had been looking on all the time with an expression of anxiety visible on his stern countenance, now

drew near, and with the assistance of his daughter, was made to comprehend what their new friends proposed. He stopped some time, apparently considering the matter, and then having consulted with several of his companions, he returned, and taking Lucy's hand, placed it in that of Waihoura, as if confiding her to her care.

“But we must make them understand that they must build her a comfortable house,” said Lucy. This the doctor managed to do without much difficulty, and leading the chief up the hill, showed the position in which he wished it to be placed.

The natives, who appeared to render implicit obedience to their chief, immediately went off to cut timber. The doctor, meantime, marked the dimensions of the building, and showed the height he desired to have it, which was nearly three times that of the ordinary native huts.

“We must have a proper door and a couple of windows, too,” he remarked. “The poor girl requires fresh air more than anything else, probably she has been shut up in the smoke and heat of a native hut, and unless we have one of a very different character, she will have little chance of recovery.”

Idle and averse to work, as Lucy heard that the Maoris were, she was pleased to see the rapid way in which they erected the hut. While some dug the holes for the posts, and others cut them down, a third party brought them up the hill. They were evidently surprised at the size of the building, and uttered numerous exclamations of astonishment when the doctor made

them understand that it must be in no respect smaller than he proposed. Harry, with James and Tobias, got their spades and levelled the ground for the floor, rendering considerable assistance also in digging the holes.

Among the articles Mr Pemberton had brought were several doors and window sashes, intended for his own cottage. Lucy suggested that these should be unpacked, and a door and two windows be used for the hut.

“I am sure that my father will not object,” she said, “and it will make the house much more comfortable.”

“I wish that all our countrymen had as much consideration for the natives as you show, Miss Lucy,” observed the doctor, “and I feel sure Mr Pemberton will approve of what you propose doing.” The door and two windows were accordingly fixed, the Maoris showing themselves very expert carpenters.

The doctor having seen that the plan he proposed for the house was likely to be properly carried out, returned to the town to get some medicine, while Mrs Greening arranged a comfortable English bed, in which his patient might be placed.

Before nightfall the hut was completely finished. Mrs Greening removed her own bedding to it, that, as she said, she could be at hand to attend to the young native girl; and Dr Fraser having given her some medicine, took his departure, promising to come back, early the next morning.

The chief showed by his manner the perfect confidence he placed in his new friends, and leaving his daughter in their charge,

he and his companions retired to the foot of the hill, where they spent the night round their camp fire.

Lucy sat for some time by the side of Waihoura, who showed no inclination to go to sleep; she evidently was astonished at finding herself in an English bed, and watched over by a fair pakeha girl instead of her own dark-skinned people. She talked on for some time, till at length her words grew more and more indistinct, and closing her eyes, to Lucy's satisfaction, she fell asleep.

“Now, do you go back to your tent,” said Mrs Greening. “I'll look after the little girl, and if I hear any noise I'll be up in a moment and call you or Betsy; but don't be fancying you will be wanted, the little girl will do well enough, depend on that.”

Lucy very unwillingly retired to her tent, and was much surprised when she awoke to find that it was already daylight.

Chapter Three.

In Camp

Dr Fraser arrives with Mr Marlow, a missionary, who recognises Waihoura. – He persuades her father to allow her to remain. – Return of Mr Pemberton, who has selected his land, and begins to settle on it. – The farm described. – He leaves them again for it accompanied by Mr Spears. – Waihoura recovers and learns English, while Lucy learns Maori. – A vessel arrives with sheep, some of which the doctor buys, and are looked after by Toby. – Lucy tries to explain the Gospel to Waihoura

“I am not quite happy about her, Miss Lucy,” said Mrs Greening, when Lucy, as soon as she was dressed, went into the hut. “If she was an English girl I should know what to do, but these natives have odd ways, which puzzle me.”

The young Maori girl lay as she had been placed on the bed, with her eyes open, but without moving or speaking. There was a strange wild look in her countenance, so Lucy thought, which perplexed her.

“I wish the doctor were here,” she said; “if he does not come soon, we will send Harry to look for him.”

“Little Tobias shall go at once, Miss,” answered Mrs Greening. “The run will do him no harm, even if he misses the doctor.”

Tobias was called, and taking his stick in hand, the young giant set off at a round trot down the hill.

Lucy sat watching the sick girl, while Mrs Greening and Betsy made preparations for breakfast. Every now and then she cast an anxious glance through the open doorway, in the hopes of seeing the doctor coming up the hill.

“Oh! how sad it would be if she were to die in her present heathen state; when should she recover, she may have an opportunity of learning the blessed truths of the gospel,” thought Lucy. “How thankful I should feel could I tell her of the love of Christ, and how He died for her sake, and for that of all who accept the gracious offers of salvation freely made to them. I must try, as soon as possible, to learn her language, to be able to speak to her.”

Such and similar thoughts occupied Lucy’s mind for some time. At length, turning round and looking through the open doorway, she saw several natives coming up the hill. She recognised the first as Waihoura’s father. The party approached the hut, and stopped before the entrance.

“Dear me, here comes some of those savage-looking natives,” exclaimed Mrs Greening. “What shall we say to them? I hope they are not come to take the poor little girl away.”

“I will try and make them understand that we have sent for the doctor, and that if they wish her to recover, they must let her remain under his charge,” said Lucy, rising and going to the door. Though still feeling somewhat nervous in the presence of the Maoris, her anxiety to benefit Waihoura gave her courage, and she endeavoured, by signs, to make the chief understand what she wished. She then led him to the bedside of his daughter, who lay as unconscious as before. He stood for some time gazing down at her, the working of his countenance showing his anxiety.

Lucy felt greatly relieved on hearing Toby’s voice shouting out, “The doctor’s a-coming mother, I ran on before to tell you, and there’s a gentleman with him who knows how to talk to the savages.”

In a short time the doctor arrived, accompanied by an Englishman of middle age, with a remarkably intelligent and benignant expression of countenance.

“Mr Marlow kindly agreed to come with me,” said Dr Fraser. “He understands the Maori language, and I shall now be able to communicate with my patient, and to explain to her friends what is necessary to be done to afford her a prospect of recovery.”

“I am afraid she is very ill,” said Lucy, as she led the doctor and Mr Marlow into the hut. The latter addressed the young girl in a low gentle voice. At first she paid no attention, but at length her eyes brightened and her lips moved. Mr Marlow continued speaking, a smile lighted up her countenance. She replied, and taking his hand, pressed it to her lips.

“I thought so,” he said, turning to Lucy, “we are old acquaintances. When still a child, she was for a short time at my missionary school, but her father resisted the truth, and took her away. Through God’s providence she may once more have an opportunity of hearing the message of salvation. We must endeavour to persuade Ihaka, her father, to allow her to remain. He loves his daughter, and though unconscious of the value of her soul, for the sake of preserving her life, he may be induced to follow our advice.”

Dr Fraser, through Mr Marlow, put several questions to Waihoura, and then administered some medicine he had brought, leaving a further portion with Mrs Greening, to be given as he directed.

Mr Marlow then addressed Ihaka the chief, who seemed to listen to him with great attention. He told him what the English doctor had said, and urged him, as he loved his daughter, to leave her under his care. Ihaka at first hesitated, unwilling to be separated from his child. Mr Marlow pressed the point with great earnestness, and at length the chief signified his readiness to comply with the doctor’s advice.

“Tell him if he restores my daughter, I and my people will be friends to him and the pakehas, for his sake, for ever,” he said, pointing to Dr Fraser.

“The life of your daughter, as well as that of all human beings, is in the hands of the great God who rules this world, and allows not a sparrow to fall to the ground without knowing it,” answered

Mr Marlow. "The doctor is but His instrument, and can only exert the knowledge which has been given him. To that loving God we will kneel in prayer, and petition that she may be restored to health."

Saying this, Mr Marlow summoned the English lads; and Betsy, who had hitherto kept at a distance, and kneeling on the ground, offered up an earnest prayer to God, that if it was in accordance with His will, and for the benefit of the young Maori girl, He would spare her life. All present earnestly repeated the "Amen," with which he concluded his prayer. The savages, during the time, stood round in respectful silence; and, though not understanding the words uttered, were evidently fully aware of the purpose of what had been said.

Ihaka once more entering the hut, Waihoura recognised him. Taking her hand, he beckoned Lucy and Mrs Greening to approach, and placed it in theirs, as if confiding her to their charge.

"Please, sir," said Mrs Greening to Mr Marlow, "tell the chief we will do the best we can for his little girl. She is a sweet young creature, and I little expected to find such among the savages out here."

"They have hearts and souls, my dear lady, as we have, and though their colour is different to ours, God cares for them as He does for us."

The chief seemed content, and after again addressing the missionary, he and his people took their departure.

“The savages are all going, mother,” exclaimed little Tobias some time afterwards, as he came puffing and blowing up the hill. “I could not feel quite comfortable while they were near us, and I am glad that we are rid of them.”

“We should not judge from outside looks, Tobias,” remarked Mrs Greening. “As the good missionary said just now, they have hearts and souls like ours, and I am sure that chief, fierce and savage as he looks, loves his daughter as much as any English father can do.”

Dr Fraser and Mr Marlow had before this returned to the town, promising to come back in the evening to see how their patient was getting on.

The consumption of firewood in the camp was considerable, as Mrs Greening kept up a good fire in the open air for the cooking operations. Harry and Tobias had brought in a supply in the morning, and Harry’s hands and clothes gave evidence how hard he had laboured.

“We shall want some more wood before morning,” observed Mrs Greening, turning to her sons.

“I am ready to go again,” said Harry, “if James will stay in the camp.”

“No; Master Harry, its my turn to go if you will stop behind,” said James.

“If you wish it I’ll stay,” replied Harry. “One of us ought to remain, or strangers coming up to the camp might be troublesome, and I would not permit that.”

While James and Tobias set off with axes in their hands, and pieces of rope to bind their faggots, Harry got his gun, and began to march up and down on guard. He evidently considered himself like a sentinel in the presence of an enemy. Now he looked on one side of the hill, now on the other. No person could have entered the camp without receiving his challenge.

He had thus been passing up and down for some time, when he caught sight, in the distance, of some persons emerging from the forest.

“Here they come,” he shouted out, “Papa and Valentine, Mr Greening and Paul, and the two natives who went with them.” He was examining them with his spy-glass. “Yes, it’s them, and they will soon be here. Pray get supper ready, Mrs Greening; depend upon it they will be very hungry after their long march.”

Mrs Greening, aided by Betsy, at once got her pots and saucepans on the fire.

Harry, though feeling much inclined to run down and meet the party, restrained his eagerness. “A sentry must not quit his post,” he said to himself, “though no harm will happen, I’ll keep to mine on principle.”

In a short time Mr Pemberton, with his companions, appeared at the foot of the hill. Lucy ran down to meet them, eager to welcome her father, and to tell him about Waihoura.

“I am glad you can be of assistance to the young girl, and it is most desirable that we should be able to show our friendly disposition towards the natives,” he observed.

“Oh, I do so hope she will recover,” said Lucy. “But I am afraid that some time must pass before she is well enough to be moved.”

“That would decide me in a plan I propose,” said Mr Pemberton. “Greening and I have settled our ground, and I hope that we may be put in possession of it in a day or two; we will then leave you here with Harry and Tobias, while we go back and build our houses, and make preparations for your reception.”

Lucy had expected to set out as soon as the ground was chosen; but as she could not hope that Waihoura would be in a fit state to be moved for some time, she felt that the arrangement now proposed was the best.

Mr Pemberton and farmer Greening were highly pleased with the ground they had selected.

“We propose to place our houses on the slope of a hill, which rises within a quarter of a mile of the river,” he observed. “Greening will take one side and I the other. Our grounds extend from the river to the hill, and a little way beyond it; when the high road is formed, which will, from the nature of the country, pass close to our farm, we shall have both land and water communication. Close also to the foot of the hill, a village probably will be built, so that we shall have the advantage of neighbours. Among other advantages, our land is but slightly timbered, though sufficiently so to afford us an ample supply of wood for building, and as much as we shall require for years to come for fencing and fuel. From the spot I have chosen for our house, we have a view over the country in this direction, so that,

with our telescope, we can distinguish the vessels, as they come into the harbour, or pass along the coast.”

“We shall have plenty of fishing too, Harry,” exclaimed Valentine. “And we may, if we go a little distance, fall in with wild boars and plenty of birds, though there are none which we should call game in England.”

“Oh! how I long to be there, and begin our settlers’ life in earnest,” said Harry. “I hope the little savage girl will soon get well enough to move.”

“I wish we could be with you also to help you in the work,” said Lucy. “How can you manage to cook without us?”

“Valentine and Paul have become excellent cooks, and though we shall miss your society, we shall not starve,” observed Mr Pemberton.

“Our camp life is a very pleasant one,” remarked Valentine. “For my part I shall be rather sorry when it is over, and we have to live inside a house, and go to bed regularly at night.”

This conversation took place while they were seated at supper on the ground in front of the large tent. It was interrupted by the arrival of Mr Fraser, accompanied by Mr Marlow, to see Waihoura.

“She is going on favourably,” said the doctor, as he came out; “but she requires great care, and I feel sure that had you not taken charge of her, her life would have been lost. Now, however, I trust that she will recover. Mr Marlow will let her father understand how much he is indebted to you, as it is important that you should

secure the friendship a chief of his power and influence.”

In two days Mr Pemberton and farmer Greening were ready to start for their intended location. Each had purchased a strong horse, and these were harnessed to a light dray, which Mr Pemberton had bought. It was now loaded with all the articles they required, and sufficient provisions and stores to last them till their cottages were put up, and they could return for the rest of the party. By that time it was hoped that the young Maori girl would be in a fit state to be moved.

“I will not let her, if I can help it, go back to her own people,” said Lucy. “She will become, I am sure, attached to us. I may be of use to her, and she will teach me her language, and it will be interesting to learn from her the habits and customs of the natives.”

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