

it and him. Had it been sufficient to illumine his path, the bulk of his difficulties would have vanished, but the feeble ray was lost in the gloom overhead, and the task of dragging himself upwards over obstacles he could but half see, and without the aid of his hands, was one of incredible difficulty. He had really reached the entrance to the cave, and when at length the difficulties of climbing the rocky slope were over, he found an aperture wide enough to give him egress. But the outer cave, the vestibule, as we have called it, was full of water. The tide, still rising, would in a few minutes be above the external opening, and then of course utter darkness would again set in for a spell. The swift passing gleam of sunshine was now explained. Phœbus had just risen immediately opposite, and a ray from his chariot wheels had darted through the low entrance and across the rocky roof, bearing hope to the hapless wight within. Every dancing wavelet reflected back the morning glory, and even within the outer cave the weary watcher, benumbed and miserable, could see it sparkling as he looked longingly down. But even as he looked the irrepressible waves rose higher and higher, they lost their glitter, grew sad and grey, the soft light faded, the waters outside lap-lapped against the stony wall above the entrance, and within the place of the dead darkness which might be felt once more reigned supreme.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

## THE FISHING PARTY—MANAWAOROA BAY—THE WAR DANCE.

As indicated at the close of the last chapter, the sun rose gloriously on the morning of the eventful day appointed for the meeting at Manawaroa Bay of the fishing party invited by the chief Takori. The few filmy clouds which, glowing rosily, added grace to his advent, melted before his golden beams until not a solitary fleck remained upon the azure sky. The June air had a delightful crispness in it which brought a sparkle to the eye and a glow to the healthy cheek; otherwise the season might have been supposed summer, so warm the sunshine, so bright the foliage, so serene nature's every aspect.

The captain and party were in high spirits, as, about half an hour after sunrise, their boat glided past the Mascarin, and they merrily returned the grave salute of Lieutenant Crozet. He had taken care to be on deck in order once more to remonstrate against what he conceived to be misplaced confidence on the part of his superior officer. For himself, he had never been prepossessed with the natives, and viewed the free and easy intercourse between the races which had latterly prevailed with anything but approval, and, as prejudiced eyes can always detect the symptoms they seek, so recently the lieutenant, although without actual grounds for his suspicions, had fancied he discerned signs of latent treachery in every move of his brown neighbours. As it turned out, for once his premonitions were justified and terribly; but he had cried 'wolf' so often, and with so little cause, that the sanguine commandant only laughed cheerily at his last warning.

'Crozet is becoming a veritable croaker. You must see to his liver, *mon ami*,' he cried to the doctor, and all the party joined in the laugh as they sped lightly away to their doom.

About the same time that the captain's boat left his ship's side, a light canoe containing three figures emerged from a distant inlet and shot forward as if to intercept it. The two paddlers, despite their lusty arms, were evidently females, but the third person, sitting motionless, completely enshrouded in flaxen wrappings, might have belonged to either sex for all that could be seen of face or form. Boat and canoe passed within a few feet of each other, exchanging salutations, the dark eyes of the shrouded figure swiftly scrutinising each occupant of the other craft. A gasp of relief escaped from the muffled lips as they fell astern, and the canoe skimmed away in the direction of Motu Aroha.

As Captain du Fresno's boat entered Manawaroa Bay its appearance was greeted by loud cries of welcome, and on nearing the beach a crowd of officious gesticulating slaves darted waist deep into the water, contending with each other for the honour of hauling it ashore. Back from the beach on the sward a large number of warriors, bedecked with paint and feathers, sat motionless wrapped in their mats looking gravely on, and here and there small clusters of notables stood—with spears and clubs grasped tightly, and resting on the ground—in apparently stern conflagration. The gaiety of the *pakeha* party was a little dashed by the serious aspect of the warriors, but as the *canaille* were even more vociferous than usual, and seemed boiling over with glee, the absence of any welcome on the part of the masters was not supposed due to lack of hospitality. They were most likely, the captain suggested, still preoccupied by the religious exercises they had probably just gone through. He knew that fishing was in the eye of the Maori a sacred act, and as such preceded by religious observances, and he only regretted now that he had arrived on the scene too late to witness these.

Too polite to interrupt the proceedings, the Frenchmen stood at a short distance from their boat, waiting for their host's advance. Meanwhile the slaves, in exuberant spirits, chatting, laughing, grimacing, capered round them, jostling them rudely, remarking upon their individual peculiarities, handing their garments, and cracking enigmatical jokes evoking noisy mirth until the captain, notwithstanding his good humour, had to rebuke their unwonted familiarity, remarking as he did so that the rascals must have been drinking. To escape their unpleasant proximity the visitors had gradually fallen back upon the sloping sward, and now stood at some distance from the water's edge. The tide was about full, and their boat high and dry. Takori came to them at last, followed by several *rangitūras*, and expressed his pleasure at seeing them. His people, he said, had all been busy making ready. The ovens were built, and soon the fishing would begin, after which would come feasting. They had been praying, he said, and consulting their oracles. The omens were favourable; God approved their actions. The baits would not

fail; not a fish would escape. But he had promised his *pakeha* friends a war dance. Now was the very good time. The day was yet early. If the visitors approved the dance should precede the fishing. Of course the visitors would be delighted, etc., etc., and at a given signal the body of warriors squatting on the ground sprang to their feet, tossed off their mats and fell into position, and, Takori leading, in a few minutes the whole dark company, lately so self-contained and serious, resembled flocks of loaves from the nether pit more than human inhabitants of this beautiful earth. Their goggling eyes, fearful contortions, deep inspirations, hoarse outcries, and maniacal gestures were truly appalling, and as with violent yet measured steps they steadily approached towards the white strangers, these involuntarily fell back, momentarily fluttered at their menacing aspect, which truly was enough to make the stoutest heart quail.

But the captain rallied his companions: 'Keep your places, my friends,' he said. 'Recollect this is but play. Let not our dark friends think us faint-hearted.'

But even as he spoke the *pakeha* group was surrounded. Nearer pressed upon them those naked, wildly moving figures; nearer came those dreadful visages. The hot breath of a hundred savages blew like a sirocco in their white, scared faces, a hissing as of serpents sounded in their ears, rows of white teeth snapped together, fiery tongues shot out like darts, and finally with an awful whoop, whose blood-curdling echoes resounded through the bay, the furious savages launched themselves with club and spear upon their helpless unarmed visitors, and ere the last reverberation had died away the kind-hearted commandant and his gay companions were in another world.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## FOREIGN FLOWERS OF SPEECH.

THE little Latin, less Greek, and rather more French of the typical lady novelist have frequently whetted the derisive appetite of the reviewer. But when a test is applied to the columns of a solemn daily paper with a view to discovering the little classical embellishments used by its sober sages, is it to be supposed that the labour of the searcher will be in vain? At the close of 1891 a correspondent waded through the leading article of the *Times* for that year, and extracted the italicised foreign expressions; the file for 1892 was similarly scanned; now the 1893 numbers have been subjected to scrutiny. The results for 1891 and 1892 duly appeared in detail in these columns; our correspondent now furnishes the 1893 particulars. First let the reader's attention be directed to the following table of comparison:—

Year	Total number of different foreign expressions used	Total number of <i>Times</i> issues where no foreign expressions appeared in leaders
1891	319	105
1892	229	106
1893	186	130

At a glance it will be inferred that the restraining influence, commented upon, in dealing with the 1892 statistics, must surely have been continued last year, and it may be at once deduced that if this ratio of abstinence is sustained, this annual article will in time be unnecessary.

Analysing the 1893 examples, it is found that *modus vivendi* has at last been allowed a well earned repose. This war-horse came out twenty-nine times in 1891 and nineteen in 1892, but only once in 1893. More easy treatment has also been shown to *prima facie*, used six times only, whereas the two previous years' records are respectively eleven and fifteen. The *Times* still persists in italicising maximum and minimum; these appeared each twenty and twenty-five times. The Parish Council Bill has already much at its door, without being responsible for most of the sixteen appearances of *ex officio*. *Non possumus* (nine times) also established itself in favour; and some rash spirit having discovered that *ex post facto* had not been seen out for over two years, promptly used it seven times. *Regime*, too, rendered good service as in former years, but the decline of that soothing word *rapprochement* from sixteen appearances in 1891 to twelve in 1892, and again to two in 1893, is very ominous. *Status quo* has also a downward tendency; while *volte-face*, applied to the vagaries of a well-known statesman, shows an increase in appreciation. In 1892 *quasi* was the rage; last year it mercifully lay at rest; and other absent friends include those tried servants *carte-blanche*, *locus standi*, *mutatis mutandis*, *par excellence*, and *raison d'être*.

Here, perhaps, it would be well to give a complete list of those expressions which have made one or more appearances during each of the last three years. The figures appended relate to the appearances in 1893, 1892, and 1891, in this order:—

<i>amour propre</i>	1	1	2	<i>minimum</i>	25	14	12
<i>carrière-prosper</i>	1	1	1	<i>modus vivendi</i>	1	19	29
<i>bona fide</i>	4	5	8	<i>noivété</i>	3	3	1
<i>bona fides</i>	3	3	1	<i>nuances</i>	2	1	1
<i>bona dicta</i>	2	2	1	<i>non possumus</i>	9	2	2
<i>de die in diem</i>	2	2	1	<i>personnel</i>	6	4	2
<i>de facto</i>	3	7	4	<i>prima facie</i>	6	15	11
<i>en bloc</i>	4	3	10	<i>pro tanto</i>	5	4	2
<i>ex hypothesi</i>	2	1	3	<i>provis</i>	2	12	10
<i>ex officio</i>	16	15	5	<i>rapprochement</i>	2	16	16
<i>ex parte</i>	1	5	1	<i>refructum abundum</i>	2	3	1
<i>fructu</i>	1	1	1	<i>referendum</i>	11	12	10
<i>habeas corpus</i>	3	8	5	<i>role</i>	4	2	4
<i>in posse</i>	1	2	1	<i>status</i>	5	6	9
<i>in retento</i>	3	3	1	<i>status quo</i>	6	8	33
<i>locus standi</i>	1	1	1	<i>ultima ratio</i>	2	1	2
<i>maximum</i>	20	14	13	<i>ultra vires</i>	1	1	1

Coming now to those forms of speech which made their bow in 1893 for the first time, it is seen that a few were used on more than one occasion:—

<i>Dreikaiserbund</i>	2	<i>Winterland</i>	2
<i>ex post facto</i>	7	<i>modus operandi</i>	2
<i>Joia d'or</i>	1	<i>status quo ante</i>	2
<i>grand française</i>	2		

Reviewing the subject generally, distinct progress in reformation may be reported, although it is somewhat regrettable to find our contemporary, after avoiding for two years such terms as *de mortua nil nisi bona, mater pulchra, fidi pulchrior, in melius res, et suavior in modo*, making incontinent use of them. Still, as the *Times* says, *nil desperandum*; and soon we may hope to see its columns quite expurgated of the foreign element, and literally, *sans phrase*.

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1. The GRAPHIC reserves the right to publish any story sent in other than the prize stories.

2. MSS. will not be returned before the result is announced, and applications before that date will not receive attention. After the results of the Competition are made known, the Editor will post such unsuccessful MSS. as may not be required to those who then make application enclosing stamps.

3. The Editor cannot undertake to answer inquiries having reference to the treatment of the stories in detail. The particulars given are sufficient for the purposes of the Competition, and everything else is left to the judgment and discretion of the competitors. The award of the judges will be published as soon after the close of the Competition as possible, and no information respecting the award will be given to any competitor before this publication.

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5. A motto instead of the writer's name must be written under the title of the story. The author's real name must be enclosed in an envelope addressed to the editor.

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This envelope must not be placed in the MSS. packet, but must be posted separately. It must also contain a declaration that the work is original and entirely the sender's own.

6. All contributions must reach the office before May 15th.

7. Choice of subject rests with writer, but the scene must be laid in New Zealand, and be of special interest to New Zealanders. It may deal with any subject, natural, supernatural, love, heroism, adventure, life on the gumfields, god mines or country search for treasure, fighting or peace, in fact anything bright and interesting, and free from anything unsuitable for family reading.

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