

sort of regular 'Cheap-Jack' he was, selling guns, powder, brummagem, anything. He had a six-mule waggon, full of goods, and we started up country trading. We were out some weeks, and then we got to the Orange River. I stayed there a week or so, but I got enough of it. 'They were all talking Dutch, German, and that sort of thing, so I left the 'Cheap-Jack' and came back to the Coast with cattle. I got this job from a fellow bringing the cattle down, and I was paid with ostrich feathers. I sold mine afterwards at Algoa Bay for £11. After some months travelling, I was back in Capetown again, and looking for a ship. The Aberdeen clipper ship 'George Washington' was there, and I worked my passage in her to Algoa Bay, and then shipped in her for England."

A SWIM ASHORE.

About the beginning of 1864 Hill left Old England once more, this time for the Antipodes, and the stirring scenes of the Maori War. He joined the ship "Empress," bringing the Military Train to New Zealand, as an A.B. In due course the "Empress," a fine ship of the old stu'n-s'l boom days, dropped anchor in Auckland Harbour, off the Wynyard Pier.

Hill was tired of sailing once more, and he knew he had a chance of handling a gun again if he could only get ashore. So he obtained his discharge by the simple method of deserting his ship. "I wanted to get clear of her," is his matter-of-fact narrative of a remarkable swim, "and I wanted to go soldiering again. I swam ashore the second night after we arrived. A shipmate of mine—he's driving a 'bus or something of that sort in Auckland now—lowered me down by a rope over the ship's bows. I had my coat, cap, shirt, and trousers on, and half-Wellington boots. I started to swim for the shore, but the tide was coming in very strong, and I could only go with it. We were lying a good way out in the stream, and the tide took me right up past the ships and the wharf. I floated part of the time when I was tired of swimming, and in the

end I got ashore right up on Watchman Island, off Ponsonby. I swam from there to the mainland at Ponsonby Point, and lay down on the beach for a sleep. After a while I walked down into the town. Next day I joined the Militia, and was out in the camp at Otahuhu for a week. Then I heard of Major Von Tempsky and his Forest Rangers, and I came back and joined 'Von' in Auckland."

WITH THE FOREST RANGERS.

Hill recalls with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret his halcyon days in the Forest Rangers. This corps was a splendid body of men, many of whom, like Hill, had seen service previous to coming to New Zealand, and as scouts and bushmen they did excellent work in the Waikato and Taranaki wars, till the gallant Von Tempsky met a soldier's death before the palisades of Te Ngutu-o-te-manu in the depths of the Taranaki bush. Hill, who joined No. 2 Company of the Forest Rangers (No. 1 Company was then under the late Major William Jackson), was armed, like his comrades, with a breech-loading carbine, revolver, and a long straight-backed heavy keen knife, in the use of which Von Tempsky was very proficient. He had picked up his fondness for the bowie-knife as a bush-weapon in America. The men carried these knives in sheaths at their sides like bayonets.

Hill will tell us in his own words of his experiences with Von Tempsky's smart company in the Waikato and on the West Coast: "No. 2 Company of the Forest Rangers was about a hundred strong, and there were a fine lot of fellows in it. The big fights in the Waikato War were over when I joined, so I was too late for Orakau. We marched up to Mangatawhiri Creek, on the Waikato River, and then went up in the Water Transport Corps' boats to the Waipa. We landed just before you get to Alexandra, and marched up to Ohaupo. We did military duty there and at Alexandra, Te Awamutu, and Cambridge redoubts for a few months, and then we got our land grants at Harapepe. As the Waikato War was over, we