

that afternoon and night the fight went on, and bullets flew in leaden showers, hundreds of them embedding themselves in the wooden palisades. In the morning the enemy's fire grew fiercer, and the little party in the old fortress prepared for the much-dreaded charge. "If they had rushed us," said Hill, "they'd have taken the pa and tomahawked us all. We'd have shot a lot, though. I could have done for three myself with my gun and rifle; but there wouldn't have been time to load again." But thanks to the heroic fight of the friendlies, and the courage and energy infused into the defence by George Hill, the final rush never came. During the morning Te Kooti gave up the attack, and with his savage column retreated inland, towards Putere, beaten off by a garrison of less than forty men. Great was the exultation of the Ngatipahauwera friendlies, and loud were the songs of triumph and defiance they shouted as they danced the *ngeri* at the foot of the war-riven palisades. And "Hori" Hill was hailed as a hero by the rejoicing Mohaka men and women, for had he not shown himself a *toa* of the *toas*!

As soon as Te Kooti had retreated, Hill started off to carry the news to the nearest European forces. Leaving the pa he swam the Mohaka River, and proceeded along the beach to Waikare, where he arrived quite exhausted. Here he met Captain Towgood and thirty men, and to them he gave the news of Te Kooti's retreat. For his distinguished bravery at Mohaka, Hill was awarded the New Zealand Cross, on the recommendation of Colonel Whitmore.

MAORI HEROINES.

A little romance is interwoven with Hill's exploits at Mohaka. Te Huke pa, which was the small stronghold near the cliff, and which, as I have said, was captured by Te Kooti, had amongst its garrison some splendid women, the finest of their race. Included among these were four sisters, half-castes, one of whom afterwards became Hill's wife. These women, with the others,

fought determinedly, and handled the muzzle-loaders in the pa as well as the men. The grandfather of the girls, an old chief, was in the act of trying to sever with a sword a chain with a cross-bar attached thrown over the palisades of Te Huke, when he was shot dead by the enemy. Lucy, one of the girls, was so frantic with grief and rage at this that she instantly shot the old man's slayer dead through the palisades. This woman still lives at Mohaka. She and her sisters escaped from the pa when the final slaughter was going on by scaling the palisades at the back, sliding down the steep cliff, some of them carrying children tied in shawls at their backs, and bravely swimming the Mohaka River to the opposite shore. That was how the plucky Harata lived to become the spouse of Trooper Hill, whose acquaintance she had made some time previously at Mohaka. When she was hurriedly climbing the palisades, when bullets were flying around her, and when men, women, and children were being pitilessly massacred, a Hauhau struck her heavily on the back with the butt of his rifle. She still suffers from the effect of this blow, and has in fact been an invalid most of her married life as the result of that wild foray of thirty years ago.

AFTERWARDS.

That eventful siege at Mohaka would have made most men sigh for the arts of peace, and long to turn their swords into ploughshares and their carbines into mowing-machines, or something of that sort, but not so with Hill. Fighting was his trade; so we must not be surprised to find him soon after the events narrated above taking part with the defence forces in the expedition to Lake Waikaremoana, under Colonel Herriek. He was given charge of a large whaleboat on the lake, and had by this time been promoted to first-class sergeant. Some of the A.C. force used to cruise round the lake in whaleboats looking for Te Kooti's men, who had entrenched themselves on the rocky north-west shore. Hill's boat was on one