

found that out later on. After tramping all day we reached the *pa* just at sunset, and there we were met by some old men and women and a white man. That's the cove, there! I'd know him agin in a thousand! As it happened I didn't know much about Maori at the time, but I knew enough to get the "hang" of the "koreroring," and that infernal white cuss there was telling 'em how they could attack this place and collar all the stores and things. Then one old chief rose and asked: "Why does the *pakeha* turn on his own? Why does he help the Maori? Is there any trap?" But that white-livered sneak said he'd been robbed of his wife by a man in Barrytown, and he wanted revenge. This explanation seemed to satisfy the chiefs. With promises of plunder, of guns, ammunition and stores, he soon got them to yield to his wishes, and then the cunning devil proceeded to play his hand. Taking with him two of the best natives, he left the *pa* about midnight. I lay there, tied hand and foot, racking my brains for some means of escape. For about an hour all was still, save for the lapping and washing of the creek, when suddenly I was startled by a loud report. Immediately the whole *pa* was alive, and before the niggers had any time to find out what had happened, back came that infernal scoundrel and his two cronies. With them they had a prisoner, a young, good looking chap he was, too, and though he'd evidently given his captors a bad time of it, yet he was no match for the three of 'em. The order was at once given to get on the move, an' quicker than I can tell, we were on the back track for the ranges. All that day we were forced along, up and down hill, over rivers and deep ravines. Not once did I get a chance to speak to my fellow prisoner. Towards nightfall we reached a *pa* perched up on a hillside, and approached by a long winding track along a sharp razor back spur. Here we halted, apparently at our destination.

"After having devoured a solid meal of corn perau and kumaras, I managed to get within talking distance of the lad, and we related to each other our experiences. He

told me the story of his sweetheart, of Morgan, and of the expedition which set out to try and rescue me, and avonge poor Stumpy's death. In the *pakeha* friend of the Maoris he recognised Morgan, and realised the meaning of it all. Shortly after that arch-devil came along, and eyed Jack Leuwin with no friendly look. He taunted him with his temporary success with Kitty Maling, telling him she would yet be the wife of Jimmy Morgan. He had sworn it, and he meant it. The agonies the poor lad underwent were terrible, and could he have been free from his bonds, it would have been a bad ten minutes for that sneak there. Then he left us, telling me that I was to be dealt with by the Maori fanatics. I knew what it meant, an' I made up my mind to avoid it as soon as I got a chance.

"Towards morning I was attracted by Jack's touching me on the shoulder. Turning round, I saw his hands were free. In less time than it takes to tell, he had loosed his feet and untied the flaxen ropes with which I was bound. Then, feeling sure the sentry was dozing, by crawling cautiously, we made our way out of the *pa*, and as soon as we were safe beyond the palisades, we rose to our feet and ran for our lives along the track. Hardly had we gone twenty chains when we heard a shout, and we know we were missed. Running as fast as we could, stumbling over projecting roots and trailing vines, we shaped our course down the razor-back spur for some distance, and then, suddenly diverging to the left, found ourselves in a deep gully, at the bottom of which was a wide creek. We followed this down until daylight, when, thoroughly exhausted and worn out, we threw ourselves down and went fast asleep. I was rudely awakened about two hours after, and looking round, my eye rested on the great ugly face of our sentry of the previous night. "I was afraid I had lost you, my beauty," Morgan was saying to Jack, but the lad seemed not to notice him, and we were dragged back to our prison.

"First thing next morning, Morgan came to us, and looking at Jack, said: "Now, Leuwin, I've got the upper hand, but I'm