HENRY ANCRUM.
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A TALE OF THE LAST

WAR IN NEW ZEALAND.

BY

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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CHAPTER I.

When the Maories from the whari in which Henry Ancrum had found his bed, reached the council chamber, which was itself built like a whari, only of much larger dimensions, one of their principal chiefs was just beginning to speak, with all that action and flourish which the Maories always adopt. First he would say a word or two, then he would rush forward five or six paces, then suddenly stop vol. ii.
and step back a pace or two, speaking all the time; anon he would dart off to the right a few paces, then again step back a pace or two, then run to the left, all the time waving his arms (in one of which he held a tomahawk) frantically about; in fact his appearance was exactly like that of a person who had made up his mind to inflict a deadly blow with his tomahawk on one of the assembly, towards whom he rushed, but who suddenly changed his mind, and therefore retreated back again.

Thus he began: "Friends, this is my word to you. We made our rifle-pits on the Koheroa Range. We dug them deep. We made them strong; but te hokia (the soldiers) were too numerous for us. They were like" (making a motion as if brushing sandflies off his arm) "the sandflies in number. They rushed on us. Our men were brave, but they were overpowered; they had to retire
here. But here at Mere-Mere we are safe. Te hohia cannot come here. Looking towards them, we have the river on the left, and within a few feet of it the deep swamp. Te hohia could not come along the narrow path a few feet wide in face of our lines of rifle-pits one above another. They could not do it. They would be all shot. Here we are safe. It has been said that steamers will come up here, that they will pass by here, and land troops behind us. Do not believe it. It is a lie of the governor's. He tells lies. He deceives us. Governor Brown was a hawk; we saw him in the air. Governor Grey is a rat; we do not know where he may come up. No, it is not true about the steamers; they cannot come here. I have been in Auckland. I have seen steamers that go on the big sea. They go down deep in the water—very deep. They could not come here; they could not come into the shallow river.
It is a lie. Do not believe it. But we want men; we are not numerous enough. We must be as the sand on the sea-shore in number, and then we shall beat the pakehas. We shall drive them back. We shall drive them to Auckland. We shall drive them into their ships, as Heke did at Kororareka, long ago. The chiefs therefore have written a letter which I will read to you. Oh, my friends, these are its words:

“\text{To Wiremu Tamihana (William Tompson), To Riwi, To Hori Tupeia, To Hakaria (Zachariah)}

‘Salutations to you—salutations to you all. The pakeha attacked us at Koheroa. Our men behaved bravely. They waited till te hobia came close to them before they fired. They killed a great many; but as some were killed others came on, for te
hokia were numerous. There were a great many of them, and our men had to give way. They had to retire here—to Mere-Mere. And now, oh friends, our enemies are upon us; they are close behind us. We are carrying them on our backs. Come and succour us. Defend us, oh friends. Oh, friends, defend us properly. With you there are many men. This position is strong. If you join us it never can be taken. The general will wait some time. Then he will find that he can do nothing. He will get tired. He will go away.

"'Oh, friends, come to us, the pakeha is the enemy of us all. Let us unite together against him. Let there be peace amongst the tribes. Let us all join to fight the pakeha. This is our word to you. We have spoken—enough.'"

Here followed the names of all the chiefs who had signed the letter. After this several
chiefs and other Maories spoke. Finally the letter was agreed to, and at once despatched by messengers to its destination, and then the ranunga or assembly broke up late at night.

Henry Ancrum had been so thoroughly worn-out both in mind and body that he did not wake until rather late on the following morning; when he did so he found the whole scene in front of the door of the whari enveloped in a thick white mist, which shrouded every object, and through which figures even near at hand could only be dimly seen. These mists are very frequent on the Waikato river, in fact they occur almost every morning during the summer months, and probably arise from the immense extent of swamp on either side of the river. Gradually the mist lightened, and Henry Ancrum was able to perceive figures gliding about, ap-
parently occupied in some business of a
very interesting nature, from the way in
which they talked to one another.

In the first place they had traced some-
thing on the ground which looked very
like the figure of a problem in Euclid, and
Henry laughed to himself as the idea struck
him of a party of Maories going in for
Euclid. But now a new step was taken in
the business. Ihaka (for Henry by this
time ascertained that it was he and his
friends whom he was observing) took a
strong pole from a heap lying near him, and
forced it firmly into the ground. He then
took a sort of rope, made of pieces of flax
knotted together, and began to measure
along a line already marked on the ground.
This New Zealand flax is a very peculiar
plant; its leaves are very long, and the fibre
is so strong that narrow strips of it will sup-
port large weights, as for instance barrels
of liquor or water are frequently carried attached to poles by narrow pieces of the New Zealand flax; and indeed according to its breadth it can be used as a rope, cord, or twine, and it is consequently most useful to the Maories in building their wharves.

When Ihaka had measured the required length on the line we have mentioned, a second pole was placed in the ground; he then returned to the first pole and measured a distance, evidently intended to be at right angles with the line of the two first poles, and then a third pole was put down; after this he went to the second pole and measured an equal distance, also intended to be at right angles with the above mentioned line, and a fourth pole was placed. The distance between the third and fourth pole was then measured, and as it was found to correspond with that between the first and second poles, the architects of the
new whari expressed themselves highly pleased with their work; but unfortunately for themselves they were not satisfied with this test but tried another—namely, a diagonal measurement between the poles. Now if the lines from the first and second poles to the third and fourth ones had been laid off at right angles the diagonals must have been the same length as one another, but it so happened that both these lines had diverged in about an equal degree to the right, and consequently one diagonal line was longer than the other. The Maories could not understand this, all the other measurements had been correct, why were not these last measurements correct also? A cloud settled on all their brows; Ihaka sat down, and looked gloomily at the ground,—his followers sat down and looked gloomily at Ihaka, as if watching what he would do next.
“Karkino” (it is bad), said Ihaka. “Karkino, karkino,” said all his followers in chorus.

The scene was too much for Henry Ancrum; he burst into a roar of laughter. Ihaka looked up astonished, but presently his face cleared, he had evidently been thinking whether all the work should be done over again.

“No good?” he said, interrogatively, pointing to the poles, “no good?”

“Oh, yes!” said Henry, “very good. Carpoi (very good)—Carpoi te whari—why, it will do capitally. There is only a few inches difference, and even that will not be seen when the whari is built.”

“That is true,” said Ihaka, greatly relieved; and he directed his men, to their great delight, to go on with their work without making any change in what was already done.

The construction of the whari occupied
several days. Whilst it was going on Henry Ancrum rapidly improved in health. Thanks to his youth and good constitution, his wound soon healed, and he was able before long to walk about a little with the aid of a stick. His first thought was—Was there any chance of his escaping from his confinement?

To explain his exact situation, we must go back a little. On the day of the battle of Koheroa, the main body of the Maories had retired directly on Mere-Mere. In doing so, they came upon a line of rifle-pits, which they had constructed at Whangamarino. A few of their bolder spirits threw themselves into these rifle-pits, whilst their main body descended the steep, almost precipitous sides of the hill at this place to the Whangamarino creek, which they passed in canoes. Luckily for the Maories who held the rifle-pits, the pursuit had
rather slackened at this time, and so they also were able to cross the creek in comparative safety, only a few shots being fired at them, which did not do much harm.

Shortly after the battle of Koheroa, the whole of the British forces, with headquarters, were concentrated on the heights of Whangamarino. A fort was constructed there, and two heavy Armstrong guns were placed in position, which occasionally bombarded the enemy’s rifle-pits at Mere-Mere, but probably with small effect beyond knocking a little earth about. The right of the army rested on the Waikato river, here rather a deep stream, perfectly navigable for steamers of small draught of water. In its front extended the Whangamarino creek, also a deep stream, and joining the Waikato at this point. On the left the range of hills the General
occupied trended rather backwards, and at their feet was a deep and inaccessible swamp.

The position was therefore very strong had it been required for defence; but the position of the enemy was even stronger. We have mentioned that, from the top of the Whangamarino range down to the creek of the same name, the descent was almost precipitous. On the other side of the creek there was a narrow belt of land rising a few feet above the level of the water. Beyond this was the deep swamp. Turning to the right along this narrow belt of land, a few minutes' walk brought the traveller to the point where the waters of the Whangamarino creek flowed into the Waikato river.

Proceeding from this point up the Waikato, a similar narrow belt of land extended between the river on the right
hand, and the deep impracticable swamp on the left hand. It varied in breadth; sometimes it might be several yards, at others it was only a few feet. Along this narrow belt of land the old Maori path extended from the banks of the creek till it reached the first line of rifle-pits of the enemy—a distance of about a mile and a half. This first line of rifle-pits was very little above the level of the natural ground, and swept the narrow road as far as their pieces would carry. It also curved round to its own left, so as to face the river, and be able to fire into any enemy who might attempt to cross in boats.

Above this line, and higher up on the hill, was a second line of rifle-pits; and there were also detached rifle-pits on the slopes off to the right facing the deep swamp. Behind all and about a quarter of a mile from the first line of rifle-pits, rose a
conical hill, which was strongly fortified after the native fashion.

From the above description it will be seen that there was no possible way of attacking the Maori position by land, except by advancing for a mile and a half along the narrow road between the river on the right hand, and the deep swamp on the left; a mode of proceeding which even if successful (and the chances of success were very small), must as a certainty have involved a frightful loss of life.

The General therefore was compelled to remain in his present position, and await the arrival of a steamer which had been ordered up to his assistance.

We have said that Henry Angrum's first thought, when he was able to move about a little, was as to his chance of escaping from his present confinement. His was a very tantalizing situation. There, on the
top of that steep ascent, only a mile and a half distant, were the long lines of tents of the British army. Occasionally bodies of troops might be discerned moving about, and frequently the bugle calls of his own regiment came wafted on the breeze. And he was a prisoner. Of what avail was the short distance? it might as well have been hundreds of miles.

Ihaka had seen his restlessness, and had cautioned him on the subject. "My friend," he had said, "with me you are safe, I will protect you; but if you attempt to escape, you will certainly be killed. Our scouts watch in every direction, you could not pass them. They would tomahawk you at once, before I could even hear where you were."

"But," said Henry Ancrum, "why keep me here? Surely, my detention can do no good."
“My friend,” said Ihaka, “my brother chiefs are very angry with me for having saved your life at all. They say you are as it were a spy in our camp, and that you must on no account be let go, as you would tell the General all about our fortifications.”

There was sad truth in what Ihaka said, and Henry Ancrum felt that it was so. On the one hand, if he attempted to escape, he was nearly certain to be killed; and on the other, there was no chance of the Maori chiefs consenting to his release, for fear he might give information to the British authorities. He therefore felt that the only plan he could adopt, was to wait patiently and watch the course of events, in the hope that some opportunity might at length offer of deliverance from his present captivity.
CHAPTER II.

A PORTION of Ihaka's tribe were stationed in the Maori pa, which we have mentioned was situated on top of the conical hill, about a quarter of a mile in rear of the advanced portion of the position under the leadership of Ihaka's brother, and Henry Ancrum often accompanied Ihaka to see his brother, who lived in a large wharri, divided into compartments, in one of which a niece of Ihaka's resided. She was a niece of Ihaka's, but she was a half-caste, her mother, a sister of Ihaka, having married an English trader.
These marriages were in former days exceedingly common, and they are even now by no means rare. A trader would go to reside amongst a tribe, for the purpose of carrying on his business; long residence would assimilate his ideas to those of the natives amongst whom he lived, and the end was generally that he chose a wife from amongst them; and thus it is that any traveller to New Zealand at the present day will observe a great number of half-castes amongst the population; and he will also observe that, unlike those in other countries, as for instance, in India, the half-castes in New Zealand are a peculiarly fine and handsome race. Ihaka's niece had been early left an orphan, her father and mother having been carried off by an epidemic which, in the absence of medical assistance, had nearly decimated the tribe with whom the former was then trading.
A missionary in the neighbourhood, pitying the forlorn condition of the handsome little girl thus left without natural protectors, had taken her into his family, which was a large one, and comprised several daughters, and with whom the youthful Celia (pronounced by the Maories Helia) lived very comfortably; the only return she was required to make for the hospitality she received being that she should assist the female members of the family in cooking, housemaiding, and other duties, which in civilized countries fall to the lot of servants, but which in the wilder Maori districts there are no servants to perform.

The missionary, like many of his class, was an intelligent, well-educated man, who took great trouble in the instruction of his family, and of this instruction Celia was allowed to avail herself, so that at the
age of nineteen she could speak English fluently, and possessed as much information as the daughters of the house of about her own age; in fact, she might have been taken for one of them were it not for a slight brownness of the skin, which however was not darker than that of many Italian and Spanish women. Her figure was rather above the ordinary height, and was beautifully moulded, as indeed the figures of Maori women generally are. She possessed also the rich black hair and large lustrous dark eyes so often seen in the Maori, whilst at the same time her thin straight nose, and full, though not too full, lips bore evident traces of her part European origin. Altogether you could not look at her without being struck by the rich ripe beauty of her appearance.

The war came—the war which made so many changes; it brought Ihaka into the
neighbourhood of the good missionary, whose station was near Te Awamutu.

The missionary felt that he could not stay long in the country, that he must soon fly, as indeed he had eventually to do, and so he sent for Ihaka, and delivered his niece over to his charge.

There is a custom amongst Maories, it is a strange custom, but then it is one of the objects of this veracious history to reveal to its readers all the strange customs of this singular race—it is the custom then for the principal chiefs, however old, to take unto themselves young wives. As may be supposed, those a little below the chiefs try as much as lies in their power to imitate their betters; and the consequence is, that on inquiring into the domestic arrangements of a native kainga or village, it will be found that some of the youngest and poorest Maories are married to some of
the most elderly ladies of the community, on the principle, it may be supposed, that an old wife is better than no wife at all. Following out the above principle, no sooner had the luckless Celia returned to her maternal relations than a venerable old hawk of a Maori swooped down on Ihaka's wharī, and requested that the fluttering dove who had just returned to it might be given up to him in marriage.

Ihaka, who had himself imbibed a good many European ideas, did not at all like this proposal, but then he well knew that it was the custom of the country, and that resistance to custom was a very difficult thing; and so, to make a long story short, the aged chief was united to the lovely Celia, and on this occasion the knot was correctly and firmly tied by the good missionary previous to his departure. For we may here remark, that what we have been
speaking of above as marriages were often solemnized very much after the Scotch fashion, that is to say, when Jock says Jeanie is his wife and Jeanie asserts that Jock is her husband. And so Celia was a married woman; but it was fated that she should not remain long in the married state, for it came to pass that when the hosts of the Maori went up to Koheroa to battle, that the old chief could not forbear and went with them; and it also came to pass that when the said hosts returned from Koheroa they returned at rather a quicker pace than they went, and so the old chief, not being so active as he once was, was left behind by his more nimble brethren, and fell a victim to the bullet of the Pakeha, and thus Celia was again free. As may be supposed, when the matter was first proposed to her she had not at all liked the idea of being married to the old
chief, but then she knew it was the custom of the country that such marriages should take place; and besides, she calmly reflected that if she was to be married to an old man it was an advantage to be married to a very old one, as in the latter case she must in the course of nature be before very long a free woman, and able to accept a lover more congenial to her tastes and feelings, should such an one offer; as it was, she had tried matrimony with a cross old gentleman, and she had not liked it, and she was determined (and Celia could be very determined when she liked) that no power on earth should again force her into that holy state with any individual half so aged.

As has been said, Henry Ancrum frequently came with Ihaka when the latter visited his brother, but the truth must be told, Mr. Henry chiefly came for the pleasure of talking to the fair Celia. She
on her part, with that freedom from all restraint with which Maories, both men and women, walk in or out of one another's houses, used always on Henry's arrival to leave her own end of the whari and walk into that of her uncle, and seat herself by Henry's side as a mere matter of course.

It was no wonder that Henry Ancsrf, in his sad captivity, with little or nothing to occupy his time, should feel comparatively happy in these visits, which diverted his mind from its own melancholy reflections. Besides, no person of intelligence could have met Celia at this period without taking an interest in her; in fact, her character was a study. Here was a lovely and clever girl of English and Maori extraction, who had passed her life in the land of the Maori, but in the house of the missionary, having learnt all the manners, customs, habits, and superstitions of the
former, whilst at the same time she had acquired the language and all the information which could be imparted to her by the latter. Besides, two of the missionary's daughters had been older than herself, and these young ladies had taken every opportunity of getting up amusing books from Auckland, without much reference to what papa might have approved of; and so Celia's reading had not been confined to the serious tomes of the good old missionary, but had been of a rather desultory character than otherwise.

Then her ideas were so fresh, her questions so amusing; the old missionary had taught her that every person ought to act according to right and justice; and she used to puzzle Henry Ancrum by asking him, "Was it just in the Governor to do this? Was it right in the General to act in that manner?" &c. Then again, Why was
it that the Pakeha, whom the missionary had told her in former days were good people, she now heard acted so directly contrary to his principles; if it was wrong in the Maori to get drunk, why was it Pakehas so freely indulged in that vice? If the Maories were forbidden to gamble and bet, why was it that most Pakehas looked upon these things merely as amusements?

Then she told how, shortly before the worthy missionary had left the upper country, he had had occasion to speak to one of his flock on a religious subject. The Maori differed in opinion from his master, and an argument ensued in the midst of which the Maori roared out—

"I'll bet, I'll bet——"

The good man was horrified; he pointed out that this was not a subject to bet upon.
“Pooh,” said the Maori, “the Pakeha bet about everything.”

Henry used to laugh, and try to turn the conversation into some other channel; he felt it difficult to answer her questions, but sometimes she would pin him to the wall, and demand an answer; then he used generally to say—

“Oh, there were good Pakehas and bad Pakehas; perhaps there were some who did not do what was right.”

“Ah,” the laughing girl would reply, “then I hope you are a good Pakeha, for I am afraid there are not many of them.”
A MONTH passed away, the General was waiting for the steamer which was so long in coming. The Maories thought that no steamer could come up their river at all. They imagined the General would get tired and go away, as a Maori force would probably have done under the same circumstances; but still, every morning there were the long rows of white tents to be seen at daylight; and still, every evening, the bugle sounds of the retreat and tattoo came wafted on the breeze.

One evening Henry Ancrum and Ihaka
had gone to bathe, as was often their custom, in the Waikato river; there was a point at Mere-Mere, close to the end of the first line of rifle-pits, where the river made a turn to its right, creating a backwater below the point, and also a deep pool, and it was delightful in the hot summer evenings to take a header into the deliciously cool water, then swim slowly up stream, aided by the backwater; and when you reached its extremity, turn into the rapid river, and allow yourself to be hurried tumultuously down stream for a short distance, and then with a few rapid strokes cross over into the backwater again.

After bathing they ascended the bank for a little distance, and then turned to the left and ascended the first hill, which is a sort of spur from the conical hill on which the pāhā was situated.
Henry paused here to look at the view, which was indeed lovely; the sun was just setting behind the high western hills, which closed the prospect on that side, but his rays still illumined the forest of splendid trees which clothed the opposite bank of the river, and threw their gigantic shadows quite across its stream; while lower down, where the banks were open, they fell on the rapid river itself, giving its waters the appearance of molten silver. Immediately in front was the swamp so often mentioned, the vivid green of the rank vegetation covering some of its deceitful pools contrasting with the darker tints of the large forest trees growing on little islands in its midst, and also with the gnarled and weird appearance of decayed old trees, so frequent a feature in New Zealand woods. Beyond, on the cliff of Whangamarino, appeared the snow-white tents of the British camp, shim-
mering in the sun's last rays, and behind all, forming a magnificent background, rose, pile on pile, the high mountain range of Razor-back, clothed with dense forests to its very summit.

Henry gazed on the scene till the lights changed, flickered, faded away, and at last the sun set, and shadow melted into general shade; and that chill cold feeling set in so peculiar to New Zealand, where as long as the sun is above the horizon you may feel comfortable and warm; but the moment he is gone, down comes a cold chill sensation, probably caused by emanations from the numerous swamps, and warns you to seek shelter indoors.

Henry Ancrum and Ihaka proceeded slowly on their way, and it was nearly dark when they approached the pāki. At this moment, to their surprise, they saw a bright light spring up in a wharf near the
main entrance, and almost immediately it was wrapped in flames. This is the great danger in the New Zealand wharves. The raupo and rushes are by nature inflammable; but when baked for months, or perhaps years, by the hot sun, they become so much so that a single spark may destroy a whari in a few moments. Ihaka immediately on perceiving the flames rushed towards the main entrance where the burning whari was; but Henry Ancrum, seeing that the wind was blowing exactly in the direction of Celia's whari, and remembering that there was a small entrance into the pahi close to her dwelling, ran at his highest speed in that direction. He was not a moment too soon. Directly he reached the door in the palisading of the pahi, he rushed through it to the entrance to Celia's whari. Alas! the fire had reached that end of it. It was already in flames. He did not
hesitate an instant. Drawing the clasp knife he always carried from his pocket, he ran to the other end of the whari. With a few quick strokes he cut the flax ropes which fastened several bundles of raupo to the framework of the whari. With frantic haste he tore down these bundles, and rushed inside.

Celia was close to him, lying apparently in a swoon. The fact was, the poor girl had been awakened by the crackling of the fire, but too late to save herself; she had rushed towards the door, but it was in flames. She had then tried to force her way through the raupo wall; but she could not find any implement to cut the flax ropes with. The whari was full of dense smoke, there was no air to breathe, and at last she sank down in a faint. Henry took her in his arms, he rushed through the opening he had made, and carried her at once outside.
the path. It was well he acted so promptly. Hardly had he laid his burthen on the ground, when he saw that the whole whari they had just left was in flames.

The cold night air soon revived Celia. She opened her eyes, and gazed round her in a sort of stupified manner for a few moments, then she perceived Henry, and the whole truth seemed to burst upon her.

"Oh!" she cried, jumping to her feet, "you have saved me!—oh, my darling!—oh, my beloved! I loved you from the first moment I saw you, but now I will be your slave; I will follow you all over the world; I will watch over you while you sleep; I will see that no evil comes near you; I will die for you if necessary!" And she threw her arms around his neck, and kissed him in a manner of which Miss Edith Mandeville would have by no means approved had
she been made aware of the circumstance.

Henry Ancrum was sorely perplexed. He was by no means prepared for this outburst of affection. He had liked Celia as an acquaintance, he had liked to go and see her, to have long conversations with her, because she amused him, and because his doing so helped to pass some of the weary hours of his captivity; but he had never thought of loving her; he had never thought of being unfaithful to Edith Mandeville. He was not one of those who can 'love one woman one day, and, should he leave the place where she resides, can love or pretend to love another a month or two afterwards. No; he was too true, too faithful for that; but he felt that it would be unmanly to repulse the woman, whose life he had just saved; he had not the heart to say anything cruel to her at such a
moment. He had never suspected that she loved him—never dreamt of such a thing—but now that her secret had escaped her, he thought the best plan to restore her to herself was to awaken anxiety for her uncle.

"Celia," he said, "I hope your uncle is safe."

"Oh," said Celia, startled, "I hope he is! He was in the wharë when last I saw him; but I think he must have gone out."

"Let us go and look for him," said Henry. And both at once proceeded to the front gate of the pah, which was now quite safe, as all the wharës near it had been burnt down. Here, to their great joy, they found Ihaka and his brother, and ascertained that the latter had left the pah half an hour before the fire took place, and only returned on seeing the conflagration.
The fire had now nearly burnt itself out. A few wharies, which were to windward of the one which had first taken fire, had escaped; but all those to leeward of it were burnt, with the exception of one which was in the corner of the pah, and to the left of the rest. Its safety was evidently owing to its having been detached from the other wharies, and its being out of the line in which the wind was blowing; but the Maories would not have it so. Oh no, that would be much too commonplace a view of the affair for them.

The fact was, that the owner of that wharie was a good man, a very good man, and it was owing to his righteousness that his whari was spared. The following was the most popularly received version of the way in which the wharies in the pah had been burnt:

The Angel Gabriel—and here it must be
remarked that the Angel Gabriel is a very favourite personage amongst those Maories who call themselves Christians, and that according to their ideas, he even at the present day employs himself very actively in the affairs of this best of all possible worlds. Well, the Angel Gabriel was hovering over the pah with outstretched wings, and lo, he beheld that the inhabitants thereof were wicked, yea, that they were miserable sinners, who deserved punishment, so he shook some drops from the flaming sword which he always carries, on to the wharies, and they were all consumed. But he remembered that Zachariah was a just man, and he waved his sword thrice, and the flames leapt aside, and spared his whari, and consumed it not.

When the fire was quite out, Ihaka and his brother, Celia and Henry Ancrum, all
proceeded to the whari of the former. On entering it, to their surprise, they saw two young puppies playing on the centre of the floor.

"Why," said Ihaka to his brother, "these are two out of the five puppies which that large bitch of yours brought forth the other day. How can they have got here?"

"I am sure I do not know," said his brother; "the five puppies were in a rifle-pit, some distance from the whari, and under the palisades of the pah. I do not think they were in any danger from the fire; but I suppose the bitch thought so, and brought them here."

As he spoke, the bitch walked solemnly in with a third pup in her mouth, and deposited it on the floor with the other two.

Henry Ancrum stooped down to pat her,
but she immediately jumped aside, and with a frisk and wag of her tail, as much as to say, "Thank you, but I have no time to waste now," she darted through the open door and ran off in the direction of the pah at full speed. It was not very long before she returned with a fourth pup, and again departed; but this time she was a long while absent, and when she did return, her appearance was quite different from what it had been before: her hair was burnt in several places, she had patches of earth on her body, and she appeared very much exhausted. She had a pup in her mouth, but the little creature was just dead; probably it had died whilst she was carrying it down. She placed it on the ground and fondled it, and turned it over with her nose, as if she thought it was yet alive. At last the truth seemed to force itself upon her, for she lifted up her head
and gave a long low howl, then, like a prudent matron, she left the dead, and went to take care of the four living puppies that yet remained to her.

"I think," said Ihaka's brother, "that the palisades must have caught fire, and fallen inwards, carrying the earth with them, and in this way buried the pup, and that the bitch dug him out, but too late to save his life."
CHAPTER IV.

The next day, the whole of Ihaka's people were busy constructing wharies for those of their tribe who had been burnt out, and a small one was commenced especially for Celia's accommodation. In the evening Henry Ancrum asked her to walk with him, and they went up the old Maori path towards Rangiriri, leaving the remains of the burnt pah on their left, and after a short distance turning to the right, on to a hill rising on that side, from which there is a very beautiful view down the river. Here they sat down together.

Henry Ancrum had been thinking during
the morning on the confession of love for himself which had escaped Celia the night before; he knew how warm-hearted and affectionate her disposition was, and he fancied he knew how violent her feelings might become if she were allowed to fancy that her love was returned, and then he suddenly awakened to the fact that it was not so.

Under these circumstances he considered that the most honourable course for him to pursue was to tell her the whole story of his engagement to Edith Mandeville, and to point out to her how impossible it was that he could ever love any other woman. This he did now, in as gentle a manner as possible, beginning with the day when he had first seen Edith, and continuing the story up to the time when he had bidden her farewell.

Celia listened to him with breathless
interest; she hung upon every word he uttered; occasionally when her rival's name was mentioned, her little hands would clench till the nails almost dug into the flesh, and her large dark eyes would flash with anger; but with the exception of demanding an exact description of Edith Mandeville, her height, the colour of her hair, the colour of her eyes; was she dark or fair? &c. &c.; she did not interrupt him till all was finished. Then she said—

"And you love this woman?"

"Yes, I do."

"And she loves you?"

"Yes."

"Loves!" said Celia, musingly—"loves! I wonder if she knows what love is?"

Then abruptly, "What would she do for you?"

"What would she do for me?" said Henry, in amazement.
"Yes, what would she do for you? Would she cling to you like the ivy to the oak? Would she twine her soul with yours till you were as one creature? Would she follow you all over the world and be ready to share every danger with you? Would she be happy to die for you, as I would?"

"Yes, I think she would," said Henry.

"You think she would? I know she would not. I have not seen many English people; but I have seen some, and I have read many books, and I know that amongst your people a woman seldom marries the man whom she first loved, or fancied she loved. Listen, I will tell you a true story:—

"Near the missionary-house where I lived, there resided another missionary who had several daughters. His eldest daughter fell in love with a young Maori—you look
surprised. Ah, if you enquire, you will find that this was not an extraordinary occurrence—the Maori was very handsome, and possessed the strong, well-knit, almost perfect figure so common with his race. He boldly asked the missionary for his daughter in marriage; but the missionary was very angry, and said that his daughter should only marry one of her own people. The daughter was in despair; she thought she loved the man; she thought she could not live without the handsome savage, as you would call him, and the end was, they ran away together. They could not be married, for there was no one to marry them; but they read the marriage service over together in a Maori prayer-book, and considered themselves married in the eyes of Heaven. Time passed on.

"The missionary's daughter became tired of the wild life she was leading; she be-
came a mother, but even that sweet tie did not reconcile her to her home in the wilderness, she longed to return to the haunts of civilization. She wrote to her father to take her back, and he consented, provided she proceeded at once to England. Her Maori husband, who had long seen her indifference, raised no objection, and she returned to her home, thence to Auckland, and thence to England, where she was confided to the care of some relations, who probably never heard the exact state of her case. So it would be with the woman you have spoken to me about; do you think she would like to live the life you are now living?"

"But," said Henry Ancrum, "that is not necessary; I hope before very long that I may be released, and able to rejoin her."

"Do not think so. Ihaka is your friend, but he has not the slightest power to let you
go. It is not merely that the chiefs fear that you might give information to the General about this place, but since you have been with us you have studied the Maori language, you not only speak to those who can speak English but also to those who cannot. Perhaps without reflection you have made a great many inquiries, this has excited suspicion, and it is thought that you possess a great deal of information as to the strength of the tribes, the way they are armed, and a great many other particulars which it might be dangerous for the General to know."

"I never thought of this," said Henry.

"No, I have no doubt you did not, but I am afraid that there are some in the camp who have not a good feeling towards you. I must particularly warn you against one man, his name is Henare te Pukeatua, and I am very much afraid that he has taken a
foolish fancy for my poor self, a feeling which even if I had never seen you I am sure I could not have returned."

Henry was silent for a long time; what he had heard was sad news, but he could not doubt its truth; he knew that Celia would not deceive him, and besides, his own observations confirmed all she had said; he had remarked for some time past that he appeared to be watched, and that all his movements seemed regarded with suspicion. Celia watched him with loving eyes. At last she said—

"Oh, Henry, forget this woman, that you only knew for so short a time, and whom you can never see again! I know, I feel that she could not love you as I love you; she could not devote herself to your happiness as I would. I am well aware that it is not the custom in your country for young ladies to tell their love, that it is
considered immodest to do so; but I am a free woman of the wilderness, and I am not ashamed of my love—I glory in it; I will even tell you why I love you. I love you because you are honest, true, and brave; I love you because you pursue what you consider the path of duty, and do not swerve from it to curry favour with any man; I love you because you abhor lies, and speak the truth under all circumstances, even when it is to your own disadvantage to do so."

"Celia," said Henry, "this is impossible. My love for Edith Mandeville was not, as you suppose, a passing fancy, it was and is a rooted passion, which will only cease with my life."

"But," replied Celia, "she will think you dead: she may mourn you for a time, but feeling certain that she can never see you again she will eventually marry some one else."
“Never! In the first place she, I am sure, will not think me dead; she would hope where others would despair, and even if she did, she would, I am certain, never marry any one else.”

Celia laughed a bitter laugh.

“Not think you dead! when do the Maories take prisoners?—not once in a thousand times. Not marry another! My poor Henry, there are few women in this world who remain constant to a memory.”

“Be it so,” said Henry, in a vexed tone, for he was deeply hurt by the idea that Edith could be unfaithful, even to his memory: “be it so, I at least can remain constant.”

“No, you cannot! no, you shall not!” said Celia, passionately. “I love you, and you shall be mine! I am no weak nervous woman, who would surrender the man she
adores to any one else; no, if you are not mine you never shall be another's."

It was now Henry Ancrum's turn to laugh, but he did so good naturedly; it seemed to him so absurd, so supremely ridiculous that a woman should talk of taking possession of him without his will, that he could not help it.

"Celia," he said, "I love you as a brother; in fact, there are few brothers who love their sisters as I do you; but that must be all. I cannot be untrue to my plighted troth, and would not, if I could. Now let us go home."

They both rose, Celia did not say anything, but she looked at Henry with a strange smile on her face; there was love in the smile, there was admiration, but at the same time there was a sort of confidence which seemed to say—"In spite of all, you shall be mine."
CHAPTER V.

ime passed on, no reference was ever made to the conversation above detailed, it seemed to have been forgotten between them; but it was not so, neither of them could ever forget it. Celia devoted herself entirely to Henry Ancrum, she insisted on cooking his meals for him, she made up his bed every day with fresh fern; when he awoke in the morning, he would find a bucket of fresh water from the river at his door ready for his ablutions; it was of no use remonstrating with her, it was no use pointing out that he ought to do these things for himself. No, she chose to do it, and she would do
it; then she would ask him to read to her out of some books which had been given to her by the missionary. And she would listen to him for hours, asking him questions about anything in them which she did not understand.

Again, as has been mentioned, whilst residing in the missionary's family she had eagerly read every book she could obtain possession of. As may be supposed, in this desultory style of reading she had met with a great many things far beyond her comprehension. When this was the case, she had immediately overwhelmed the poor missionary with questions; some were satisfactorily answered, but when this was not the case, the matter was stored up in her mind for future examination.

"Ah," she would say to herself, "I do not understand it now, but I may some of these days."
As a matter of course, all these unexplained mysteries were now referred to Henry Ancrum. He, on his part, was perfectly astonished at her cleverness and the freshness of her ideas; and as he possessed that not very common talent of being able clearly and distinctly to explain to others all he knew himself, he was luckily able to solve nearly all the questions propounded to him.

To Celia these conversations were the source of unmixed delight; she had never been so happy in her life. What could be greater bliss than to sit by the man she adored, to look in his loved face, and best of all, to find day by day that he was a cleverer and better man than even she had imagined.

To Henry Ancrum his intercourse with Celia was a source of great pleasure, she was the one bright spot amidst the dense
gloom of his captivity. No man on earth can be quite insensible to the charms of a lovely and clever woman, if that woman is also devoted to himself. But his pleasure was not unmixed with other feelings, and these feelings were very bitter, for they were feelings of self-reproach.

What business, he would say to himself, have I to be so happy in the society of any woman, when I am the engaged husband of another?

Again, where is the constancy of which I was so proud; it's true, I have told Celia my story, but I ought to behave in a colder manner to her. I ought to repress her affection; I ought to show her that gaining mine is impossible. Then came the bitter thought, was it impossible? Other men, perhaps wiser and better than himself, had given way to temptation, might not he do so too.
The result of much self-examination of this kind was to make Henry Ancrum determine to try and escape from his captivity, even if he ran considerable risk in doing so, and chance threw in his way what he considered a favourable opportunity.

One morning, having passed a rather restless night, he got up at daylight, and walked towards the river; the sun was just rising as he reached its bank, and lighting up the whole scene. As he looked towards Whangamarino, he saw some large dark objects on the river. He looked at them attentively, and saw that they were boats full of troops crossing over to the other side of the river. His first idea naturally was that the General's intention was to march a body of troops up the opposite bank; but then the question arose with what object? If it were to take the
Maories in rear, then the force could only do that by recrossing the river higher up, and this they could not do without boats, as the river was not fordable at any place. But how were the boats to get to them? it could not be done by the river, as the channel ran close to the Maori rifle-pits, and the boats could not possibly row up stream under such a fire. Again, the boats could not be taken by land, as there was no road. Moreover, there was a thick wood opposite, and hills behind it, and in many places there were swamps.

Henry Ancrum was puzzled for a moment, but it soon occurred to him that the General's object must be to make a reconnoissance of the Maori position from the hill on the other side of the river, which being rather high, would afford a good view of it. To effect this, it would be necessary to send a body of troops to protect the officers
making the reconnoissance. He had hardly come to this conclusion when he heard the heavy boom of one of the Armstrong guns at Whangamarino; then another followed. This did not surprise him; it was probably done to draw off the Maories' attention from what was going on on the other side of the river.

Henry now ran round the side of the hill, under which he had been standing, and came up to its summit, at a point where he knew he would be clear of the line of fire. From this point he observed that not only were the two Armstrong guns keeping up a heavy fire on the advanced rifle-pits of the Maories, but that a column of troops was winding down the steep sides of the Whangamarino hill, and crossing the creek to the side nearest their fortifications.

Henry Ancrum was still perfectly certain
that what he saw was merely a feint to cover the reconnoissance which was being carried on on the other side of the river, and to enable it to be conducted without any interruption whatever; but it was evident that the Maories thought that they were going to be attacked in real earnest. Their camp presented an appearance of the wildest confusion; some of the dusky warriors were divesting themselves of their superfluous clothing, as a Maori generally fights in his shirt; others were fastening on their pouches with ammunition, and examining their guns; others again, fully accoutred after their own fashion, were rushing off to the rifle-pits. All were talking at the top of their voices. But the confusion was more apparent than real; every man knew where he had to go to, and in a short time they had all disappeared into their fortifications. Henry Ancrum
gazed around him; all was now silent, not a soul was to be seen.

"Now," he said to himself, "I think I have an opportunity of escaping; if I can only reach the canoes in the swamp unobserved, I can easily paddle one of the small ones through the channels of water which intersect it, till I regain the creek, and then by going down it I can reach the British camp."

Full of this idea he descended to the low ground, and skirting round the base of the hills, passed from one valley into another, until he emerged on a level plain only a few feet above the swamp, and extending into it until it terminated in a long low point; at the extremity of this point were the canoes.

Henry advanced slowly towards them; his object in doing this was that, should he be observed from a distance by any Maori
scout, it might be imagined that he was only taking a walk; he, however, looked eagerly about him, and suddenly became aware, to his dismay, that close to the canoes, and partly hidden by trees, a party of Maories were standing. Scarcely had he observed this, when one of them left the rest and came rapidly towards him.

As he approached, Henry observed that it was a cousin of Ihaka’s, with whom he had often had long conversations; he also saw that the man was very angry.

“What are you doing here?” said the Maori.

“I am taking a walk,” replied Henry.

“A walk!” was the answer. “It would have been your last walk if you had not met me! As it is, my men say that you are a spy, and are eager to kill you. You must return instantly, and I will go with
you; as, if any other party met you, you would certainly be tomahawked!"

After this, Henry and the friendly Maori proceeded on their way in silence, taking a circuit under the hills, so that it might appear that the former had returned from the opposite direction from which he had really come. Then the Maori stopped, and merely watched Henry till he entered his whari. Here he met Celia, who questioned him as to where he had been; to which he answered, which was partly true, that he had been watching what was taking place.

By this time the firing of the Armstrong guns had ceased, but the column which had crossed the Whangamarino Creek still retained its position on the side of it next to the Maori camp, and the Maories themselves still remained in their rifle-pits. The column which had covered the operations of the reconnoitring party had retraced its
steps, and was now recrossing the river. In a short time afterwards the troops who had crossed the creek retired to their own side of it again, and all was quiet and silent as usual.

The Maories left their rifle-pits in a high state of delight; they were certain that the General had intended to attack them, but had found their position too strong to do so; so the hopper sounded, and they had a long korero (talk) and rejoiced exceedingly, and wrote letters to their friends, telling them that the General was getting tired, and that he would soon go away, and to come and join them, in order, when he did so, that they might all fall on his retiring columns, and drive them and all the Pakehas into the sea, &c., &c.

Nothing of any importance occurred for some time after the events above narrated. Henry and Celia were now thrown entirely
into one another's society, for Henry found that since his attempt to escape, which had probably become generally known, he had become an object of suspicion to the Maories, and that he could not stir even a few yards beyond the immediate precincts of the camp without exposing himself to extreme danger.

Under these circumstances he was given over, bound hand and foot, to Celia; and that young lady used her power without mercy. She was young, she was beautiful, she was clever—what a combination against the constancy of any man! But besides all these, Henry Ancrum felt and knew that she loved him with all the energy of her strong, wild, determined character. Celia had nothing bad in her disposition; she would not willingly have injured any person, but where her feelings were concerned she thought only of herself. If any
person came in her way, that was their affair; where she had the power she would have swept them out of her path as ruthlessly as she would crush an insect.

She loved Henry Ancrum, and she was determined to marry him—everything, she thought, must give way to this. No art that a fond and loving woman could use was left untried to secure his affection; and even another inducement was used, for, without actually telling him so, she gave him to understand that in the present state of Maori feeling his safety, his very life depended on a union with herself.
CHAPTER VI.

So time wore on. One lovely evening Ihaka, Celia, and Henry strolled up to the small hill immediately above the rifle-pits. It was a favourite seat of theirs, as from thence they could see anything that was going on in the British camp on the heights of Whangamarino, or any boats that were stirring on the river below.

After a long silence, Ihaka said to Henry—

"What do you think the General will do? He cannot attack us here. Will he go away?"
"I think not," replied Henry. "You will find that he will wait till he has some means of attacking you."

"You mean by passing troops up the river in a steamer; but the river is shallow; there is little water. A steamer could not come here."

"Steamers can be made drawing little water. I think you will find that one will come."

"But," said Ihaka, "the channel of the river passes close to this bank; we could shoot every one on board the steamer."

"Not so; her bulwarks will probably be made of iron, or some means will be taken to make them shot-proof."

"But if she is crowded with soldiers we can fire down upon them from this height on which we sit; the bulwarks would not cover them."

"That may be true enough," said Henry;
but I think you would find that the troops intended to be placed in your rear would be marched up the other bank; that the steamer would then pass up the river with no one exposed to fire at, and would afterwards ferry the soldiers over to this bank."

"I wonder what that smoke is?" said Celia, "on the island below the camp; it is very black. They must have been lighting a large fire."

Henry Ancrum looked long and anxiously in the direction indicated. At last he said—

"I think it is the very thing we have been talking about; I think it is a steamer, as the smoke is not stationary. It moves, you see."

They all stood up now, and looked anxiously down the river; several Maories who had been standing near joined them.
At last the long low hull of the vessel was plainly visible.

"Te teemer!" said Ihaka, with a sort of groan (be it remembered a Maori cannot pronounce an s). "Te teemer!" repeated those nearest, and presently the cry ran all through the camp, "Te teemer—te teemer!" and out they all rushed like a hive of bees suddenly disturbed, and with much the same buzzing noise.

Long and anxious were the koheros that night, and various were the opinions urged. Every one was aware that if a force got into their rear they would be in a most critical position, as with the river on one side, and the deep swamp on the other, their retreat, and their means of obtaining supplies would be entirely cut off; but by far the greater number still clung to the idea that the steamer could not pass their fortifications, and that the fire from their rifle-
pits would be so deadly that not a soul could live on her decks.

The Maories were very vigilant that night; after their custom, their watchmen would occasionally shout out to show they were on the alert. They would call their enemies "dogs;" they would say they saw them, and would call to them to come on and fight, &c.

So the night wore on, and morning came at last, but for some time every object was veiled by the usual thick white mist; when it cleared up, about nine o'clock, the Maories looked anxiously down towards the British camp, to see if their enemies were about to attack them; but everything was quiet there. The steamer lay at anchor under the bluff hills, but no smoke was issuing from the funnel, and no stir appeared to be taking place in the camp. So things continued until about twelve
o'clock, when Henry Ancrum observed that the steamboat was getting up her steam; and before very long she began to move up the river. The Maories crowded into their rifle-pits, and silently awaited her approach.

On she came, slowly, silently; not a man was to be seen on her decks; if there were any there, they must have been lying down under cover of her bulwarks.

Towards her stern was a small erection, like a diminutive round-house, which Henry Ancrum rightly conjectured contained the steersman, and had been rendered shot-proof. On she came.

The Maories did not throw away any shot by firing at a distance, but waited till she was well within range, then they peppered her in earnest: their bullets fell thick against her bulwarks, they pattered on her deck, they glanced off her round-
house, but all without effect. It was evident that every portion of her where it was necessary had been rendered bullet-proof.

On she came. There was a sort of solemnity in her slow steady progress. She seemed like some leviathan tormented by gnats, but not deigning to brush them off her sides. On she came. Now she is abreast of the rifle-pits; now she is past them; now she is proceeding on her course up the river.

She went up a long distance, evidently reconnoitring the bank, and examining the best places to land troops. After a time she returned. The Maories fired at her again, but with the same result, and eventually she anchored in her old position under the bluff.

There was now no difference of opinion amongst the Maories, all agreed that they must abandon the position of Mere-Mere,
After reaching Ihaka's village the tribe separated, the individuals composing it proceeding to their own dwellings, which were scattered in villages along the coast to the eastward of the one occupied by Ihaka.

During the whole journey, from the time when they left Mere-Mere up till the period when they finally reached their destination on the banks of the Te Awa-o-te-atua, Celia had been constant in her attendance on Henry Ancrum, nor was it without cause that she was so.

Shortly before the Maories left Mere-Mere, Henare te Pukeatua (which being translated means Henry-of-the-hill-of-God) had gone to Ihaka and demanded Celia in marriage. Ihaka had spoken to Celia on the subject, and her answer had been a decided refusal. Ihaka had remonstrated with her, when she replied with that deter-
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the principal are Rotorua, Rotiiti, Tarawera, &c., &c. Now, whilst almost all the fighting men of Ihaka's tribe were away with him at the seat of war, these Arawas used to make incursions into his territory, carrying off a horse here, a fat cow there, and grievously vexing those left behind who were not strong enough in numbers to resist them. Under these circumstances Ihaka and his people came to the conclusion that their first duty was to look after their own interests, and so very shortly after the Maories had set up their headquarters at Rangiriri, the whole tribe started on their journey back to their own country.

In travelling the Maories always follow the paths which have been used for hundreds of years by their ancestors. So much is this the case, that the tracks which have been much used, such as the one along the
banks of the Waikato river, have by the mere passage of their naked feet been worn in places two and even three feet deep into the ground.

Now the path which Ihaka's tribe had to follow, in order to proceed from Rangiriri to the east coast, passed by the territory of their enemies the Arawa; but no danger was anticipated from this circumstance, because it was known that the main body of that tribe resided at present at Maketu, where they had the advantage of constantly receiving rations of flour, biscuits, &c., from the government, with a view of preserving their loyalty to British rule.

It is true that there were two paiks containing natives friendly to the Pakehas, the one on the strip of land between the lakes of Rotorua and Rotoiti, and the other further to the southward on the banks of
the latter lake; but they did not contain many combatants, and moreover the section of the Arawas at the point where the path struck the lakes, that is, at the western extremity of Lake Rotorua, near Ohinmutu, were decidedly king natives, that is to say, rebels, and friendly to Ihaka and his tribe.

Comparatively few Europeans have had the advantage Henry Ancrum had in seeing this wonderful lake district of New Zealand, with its boiling springs and geysers (resembling those of Iceland), situated in a lovely climate, and surrounded by all the beauties of mountain and woodland scenery—a district which must some day, when the country is more settled, become not only the resort of the tourist for amusement, but also that of the invalid for the curative properties of its hot springs.

Space does not permit us to give a
lengthened description of all Henry An-
crum saw of this interesting region, but
we cannot resist attempting to describe
some of the marvels of the Rotomahana
lake.

This lake is one of the smallest of the
group, but it is celebrated for the wonder-
ful hot springs which surround it—the
most remarkable of these is that of "Te
Tarata." Out of the lake side rises a
sloping hill, covered with fern of the
brightest green. In this hill-side, about
eighty feet above the surface of the lake,
there is a basin of boiling water about
seventy or eighty feet wide, ever in a state
of ebullition and commotion.

This water is beautifully clear and pellucid,
and its overflow has caused a succession
of terraces to be formed, one below another,
of silicious deposits, each of these terraces
containing a basin of water varying in
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temperature, those at the top being the hottest, and the water in each becoming cooler as it descends towards the lake. These basins form a succession of the most luxurious natural baths, some of them large and deep enough to swim about in.

The effect of the view under a brilliant New Zealand sun is most lovely; the clouds of snow-white steam rising out of the crater hide the centre of the hill. On each side is seen the brilliant green of the fern clothing its sides; in front are the descending steps or terraces of silicious deposit we have mentioned, of the most dazzling whiteness, making the water in their basins appear to be of a beautiful light blue colour. Altogether the scene is one which almost baffles description; to be perfectly realized it should be seen.

After leaving the lakes, Ihaka and his
tribe proceeded down the right bank of the river Te Awa-o-te-atua till they reached its mouth, near which Ihaka's own kainga or village was situated. They approached it on a lovely morning, just after sunrise. On the sloping sides of the elevation on which it was situated could be discerned a large crowd of old men, women, and children, interspersed with a few men of middle age. As they came nearer loud shouts of "Haere mai, haere mai" (Come here, come here, welcome!) were heard.

Nearer still, and when they had almost reached their friends, there arose into the still morning air the melancholy notes of the "Tangi," the wail or dirge for the dead who had departed this life since last they met. When this was concluded the final welcoming or embracing took place, but they did not kiss one another as relations amongst us might do; no, they rubbed
their noses together, a custom which the Maories always adopt, and which has a most amusing appearance to any one looking on.

Generally speaking, when a portion of a tribe returns home there is a "war dance," but the ceremony was dispensed with on this occasion, as there were not enough of fighting men in the pah to get it up in an imposing manner on their side.

The war dance is performed by the party arriving and the party resident forming themselves into two long oblong bodies, generally seven or eight men in breadth, opposite to one another; they then advance towards each other, dancing a wild sort of dance, shouting, making the most hideous faces, and brandishing their tomahawks and guns, occasionally firing off the latter in the air, and instances have occurred where they have not taken the trouble of drawing the bullets.
After reaching Ihaka’s village the tribe separated, the individuals composing it proceeding to their own dwellings, which were scattered in villages along the coast to the eastward of the one occupied by Ihaka.

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mination which was so essentially a part of her character—

“You may kill me if you like, but I will never be the wife of Henare-te-Pukeatua, nor will I again marry any man unless I love him.”

Ihaka was obliged to communicate this refusal to Henare, and it was evident that the latter attributed his rejection to Celia’s preference for Henry Ancrum. He was a dangerous man, and had great influence in the tribe, and Celia knew that he would hesitate at no crime if he thought it would enable him to succeed in his designs; she therefore communicated her fears to Henry Ancrum, and implored him to be on his guard, and at the same time managed to convey to him (in that sort of imperceptible manner which only a woman can accomplish, that is to say, without using direct words) the impression that she con-
sidered that his permanent safety could only be really insured by his being united to her in marriage, as the tribe would then recognise her perfect right to defend him.

Celia had two half-brothers, sons of her mother by a former marriage, previous to that contracted with her father, the English trader; she had also several cousins, and she managed so to ingratiate herself with these relations as to form them into a sort of bodyguard for the protection of Henry Ancrum and herself.

Henry's position was now one fraught with the greatest difficulties; he was a captive, and it was impossible to say when his captivity would cease; he was in danger of his very life from the machinations of some of those who held him in bondage, and his only apparent means of escape was in a course which, however easy and even pleasant it might have seemed to some
men, involved to him a breach of faith, truth, and honour towards the woman to whom he was engaged. To add to the unpleasantness of his situation, he had, the day before the tribe arrived at Ibaka's kainga, met with an accident which rendered him nearly helpless. It happened on this wise. It was evening, and they had nearly reached their halting-place for the night, Celia, who was riding (and we may here remark that all the tribes on the east coast are well supplied with horses), had gone on to prepare food for the evening meal. Henry Ancrum was walking with her two half-brothers; when they came to a small stream one of the brothers took it in a running leap, and Henry followed him, but in doing so the crumbling bank gave way beneath his foot, and in trying to recover himself he sprained his right knee so badly that he was obliged to sit down
for some time to recover himself. After a while he felt so much better that he was able to limp into camp with the assistance of a stick; the exertion however swelled the knee to such an extent that the next day he was unable to move, and had to ride Celia's horse on that their last march to Ihaka's kainga.
CHAPTER VII.

Two or three days after Ihaka’s return to his pānū (for on the east coast of New Zealand, at the period of which we are writing, every village was surrounded by its rifle-pits and palisading, and therefore, in native parlance a pānū), a horseman came galloping in to say that a party of Ngatirangi, one of the sections of the Arawa community, had made a descent on a small village belonging to the tribe higher up the Te Awa-o-te-atua, and carried off some cattle and horses from thence towards the pānū on the banks of the Rotaiti lake.

Of course the hopper sounded, and the
inevitable korero took place,—nothing can be done by the Maories without a korero. Long and stormy was the discussion, and many were the plans proposed; some were for calling together all the Uriwira tribes, for sending messengers to the tribes near the East Cape, for collecting an immense force and crushing the hated Arawas.

It was bad enough to have to fight Te hohea, but that their own people should turn against them was shameful. Then others proposed that all their available fighting men should start in pursuit of the marauders who had stolen the cattle and horses, but then it was pointed out that if this was done the Arawas from Maketu might come by way of Waihi, and fall upon them by the coast line. And so it was finally determined that Ihaka and half the fighting men should proceed in the direction of the lakes, and try to recover the
stolen property and punish the robbers, and that the remainder should remain as a garrison for the village. As matters turned out, the latter arrangement was the most prudent that could have been adopted, as the very next day after Ihaka had departed, a large body of Arawas made their appearance from the side of Maketu. Their first proceeding was to scour the country in every direction, with a view of picking up any stray animals that might be about, but all the cattle and horses had been driven into the various pahs, so they took nothing by this proceeding. After this they began to construct rifle-pits opposite Ihaka's pah, for the Maori does not at all like fighting in the open, and may be said to combat as much with his spade as with his gun.

Whilst this was going on, a letter signed by all the Arawa chiefs was sent to the
pah, in which, amongst other matters, it was stated that the Arawas had heard that there was an Englishman confined in the pah, and that they demanded that he should be given up to them.

This letter was of course laid before the Ranunga (assembly), and great indignation was excited at the idea that these "dogs of Arawas" should imagine that they would give up their prisoner.

Eventually an answer was despatched composed in equally grand language to the letter received, and signed by an equally large number of chiefs, in which, as far as Henry Ancrum was concerned, it was stated that if the Arawas wanted the Englishman, they must come and take him. This was all that occurred with reference to the letter in public; its effects, however, on the fate of Henry Ancrum, were much more important in private.
Henare-te-Pukeatua was one of the chiefs who had remained behind when Ihaka had proceeded in pursuit of that portion of the Arawa tribe who had stolen the cattle and horses, in the direction of the lakes.

It has been said that when Henare proposed to marry Celia and was rejected, he had attributed that rejection to her preference for Henry Ancrum. It was natural that he should look for some reason for his refusal; he was one of the principal chiefs of the tribe, he was a tall handsome young man, only some six or seven years older than Celia herself, and having been a good deal with Europeans, was better informed and more intelligent than most of his race; still he was a thorough savage, proud, haughty and vindictive.

After his refusal by Celia, he watched
her with lynx-like vigilance, and saw, to his rage and mortification, that she loved Henry Ancrum with such devotion that nothing but death could part her from him. On Henry's death he resolved, and now he thought he had found his opportunity. He assembled some of his most devoted friends and adherents, and pointed out to them that Henry Ancrum was a source of constant trouble and danger to the tribe. If he were allowed to live amongst them the Arawas, in order to curry favour with the British Government, would be constantly making incursions into their territory, to try and obtain possession of his person. If, on the contrary, they were to let him go, he now possessed such a thorough knowledge of the country, that the information he could give might be most dangerous to them; in fact, that there was no safety but in his death. After all, what was the life
of a Pakeha; why should they spare a dog of an Englishman when he stood in their way?

These arguments were convincing; in fact, it required little argument to convince Henare's auditors. The Maories of the part of the country of which we are speaking, accustomed to war and bloodshed from their youth up, think little of human life, and still less of that of any stranger who may be thrown in their way.

Henry Ancrum's fate was therefore soon decided; the only question was how to carry their murderous design into execution. Henare-te-Pukeatua pointed out to his friends that Henry Ancrum slept in a whari in which there were also Celia's two half-brothers and several other Maories, relatives of hers, and that she (Celia) slept by herself in a small whari close by; that in consequence of his lameness, Henry
Ancrum did not at present leave his whari; and that it would be difficult to attack him there, as Celia and her relations would certainly defend him. Under these circumstances, what he proposed was this, that one of their party should leave the pah, and return during the night with some intelligence of an important character, that the hopper should be sounded, and care taken that Celia’s half-brothers and other relations attended at the korero; that whilst they were away, Henare and a few others should enter Henry Ancrum’s whari, gag him before he could utter any alarm, carry him away outside the pah, and despatch him, concealing the body, so that it might be thought he had made his escape.
CHAPTER VIII.

The night was wild and gusty; dark masses of cloud obscured the moon; large drops of rain fell at intervals; the melancholy wind moaned through the trees, and occasionally shook the old wharies in its fury; everything heralded the approach of one of those violent storms so frequent in New Zealand. The pah stood out dark and gloomy on its promontory, flanked by swamps on either side, save when ever and anon the vivid forked lightning would reveal the whole scene, shimmering on the white palisades, lighting for an instant the dark rifle-pits behind
them, and bringing into view the long lines of whales embowered in trees.

Henry Ancrum had fallen asleep in the earlier part of the night, but was aroused by the loud sounding of the hopper, which on this night was blown with great energy, a mode of proceeding which indicated that important news had arrived.

As usual, all was bustle and excitement, for a Maori is never tired of hearing news; and in less time than we can write it, every individual in Henry Ancrum's wharf had left it, except one of Celia's brothers. This young man had stayed very unwillingly; but then it had been Celia's direction that one of her relatives should always stay with Henry, and he had found that it was useless remonstrating with them, or telling them that he did not require their services. On this occasion, however, after the lapse of a few minutes, a Maori came
running breathless to the whari, and told Celia's brother that one of the chiefs wanted to speak to him at the council chamber. He, suspecting nothing, went at once. When he arrived there, a plausible story was told him, and he was easily induced to stay and listen to the proceedings.

When Henry Ancrum was left alone, he would under ordinary circumstances have immediately gone to sleep again, and this was what his enemies anticipated. On this night, however, a sort of restless feeling pervaded him. His sprained knee was a good deal swollen, and very painful, and having been woke out of his first sleep, he found it impossible to settle back to slumber. He had not lain long awake, when he became sensible of a sort of creeping sound, as if persons were passing stealthily round the whari.
How many a poor settler in New Zealand has heard those sounds! Ah, my friends, you who live in comfortable houses in dear Old England, with policeman X patrolling before your door, can you realize this scene? —The dark night, the whary or small farm-house some two or three miles away from any other settler (for cultivation requires space), the stealthy sounds coming nearer and nearer—what can they be? At first the settler thinks they are some of his cattle straying about; but they are such strange sounds. Hush! Perhaps they are some friendly Maories passing the door. Alas, no! The door is burst open. The helpless settler, his wife and children fall on their knees, and pray for mercy to those who know not the name.

Why should we continue? The story can be read, repeated over and over in the "Daily Southern Cross," or any New
Zealand paper. How does it all end? "Richard Jackson shot through the body, tomahawked, since dead," &c., &c.

It is highly probable that Henry Ancrum would not have taken any notice of the sounds he heard, had it not been that he was aware, as has been mentioned, that he had enemies in the camp, and that it behoved him to be on his guard under all circumstances. As it was, it immediately occurred to him that it was a most extraordinary circumstance that any person or persons should move about in a stealthy manner inside the pa. He therefore raised himself on his left elbow, and turned his face towards the wall on the side from whence the sounds had come. In this position the back of his head was towards the door of the whari, and his feet towards a fire burning at the other end of it.

Henry Ancrum listened intently, but the
sounds had ceased. All was still. He could only hear his own breathing. The fire flickered on the hearth, it cast long shadows on the earthen floor, it dimly lighted a figure standing in the doorway—a figure clad only in a blanket—and fell upon a face—a face of the old Maori cannibal type—a face hideously tattooed. Great circles extended on either side of the nostril, meeting under the chin. Again, in the space between the ear and the eye were fantastic curves, whilst from the bridge of the nose there radiated arcs of circles on either side, as if an open fan were delineated on the forehead. The face was immovable. It was like an image carved in wood. Behind this savage stood Henare-te-Pukeatua, also silent, stealthy, immovable—a Maori, but a Maori of the modern type. No tattooing here, scarcely any hair on the face, a massive forehead,
rather large nostrils, wide mouth, and heavy determined lower jaw, and, strange to say, some expression in the face; but the expression was that of hatred and revenge. Behind Henare were several others.

The first Maori had no arms, he merely carried in his hand a gag. Having gazed at Henry Ancrum for an instant, he saw to his surprise that he was not asleep, but he also observed his listening attitude, and that his back was towards him. He advanced with cat-like steps across the floor—his naked feet made no sound—the fatal gag was in his hands; an instant more, and it would have silenced his victim for ever. But whether it was that his figure coming between Henry and the fire cast a shadow on the wall, or whether it was that Henry in his excited state caught sounds which would otherwise have been inaudible, certain it is that he became conscious that
something was approaching him, and turned rapidly round. The Maori instantly made a dart at his head, the gag was within a few inches of his mouth, when Henry struck his adversary a violent blow in the face with his closed fist, which made him stagger backwards and nearly fall.

Henry instantly, though with great pain from his sprained knee, sprang to his feet. A canoe-paddle was leaning against the wall of the wharé (these paddles are sharpened at the point, so as to have some of the properties of a spear, and are often used by the Maories, both as offensive and defensive weapons), Henry Ancrum instantly seized it, and put himself on his defence, at the same time shouting loudly to Celia's brothers and other friendly Maories to come to his assistance.

There was a pause. Henare-te-Pukeatua had intended, as has been said, to have
gagged Henry Ancrum, carried him away, and despatched him outside the palis, leaving it to be supposed that he had escaped. It had not been his intention to incur the resentment of Ihaka and his relations by murdering him whilst under their protection; but when he saw his rival standing before him, and reflected that he might escape him altogether, his jealousy and rage knew no bounds, and casting all prudential considerations to the winds, he rushed on Henry, and struck at him with a long-handled tomahawk which he carried in his hand. Henry parried the blow, but the keen weapon slipping down the blade of the paddle, struck the handle, cutting it nearly in two, and rendering it useless for any further defence. Again the gleaming tomahawk was raised, and this time it appeared that it must descend with fatal effect; but instead of falling on Henry's
head, it tumbled harmlessly on the floor, and Henare, with a scream of pain, dropped his arm. A new actor had appeared on the scene. Celia, alarmed by Henry's shouts, had rushed to his rescue, seizing the first weapon which came to her hand, which happened to be a small hatchet. On reaching the wharf, she had seen Henare in the act of raising his arm, and without a moment's hesitation had struck him with the hatchet just above the elbow, cutting him to the bone.

In another instant she was by Henry Ancrum's side.

"Cowards," she said, raising the axe in the air—"cowards! The first man that approaches him dies. He is my husband. We have read the marriage service over together, and we are married."

The adherents of Henare-te-Pukeatua stood motionless; the announcement of
Celia had taken them by surprise. If she was the wife of Henry Ancrum, of course she had a right to defend him; besides, they had only acted under the orders of their chief, who now, faint from the loss of blood which flowed copiously from the severed vessels of his arm, leant against the side of the whari, whilst his immediate friends bound up his wound, and staunched the bleeding.

At this moment Celia’s two brothers and several other relations rushed into the whari. She instantly seized the opportunity, and directed them to carry Henry Ancrum (who could hardly stand from the pain in his sprained knee) into her own whari. This was done before anyone had time to interfere; and Henry and Celia were left alone, whilst her relations kept watch outside.

The storm had now burst in all its fury:
the lightning literally ran along the ground, the thunder crashed overhead like the report of the heaviest guns fired within a few feet of the roof-tree, the wind raged with a fury only known in New Zealand, the wharjes shook and quivered like living creatures, the trees in the path bent till their topmost boughs nearly touched the ground, the rain fell in torrents.

Henry Ancrum lay on a bed of fern on the floor, he was suffering great pain from his sprained leg, and was exhausted with his late efforts. Celia knelt beside him; both were silent. The lightning flashed and glared into the whari, and lighted up its most distant nooks; it shone on the two figures as if with the light of ten thousand candles; it departed, and all was black darkness. The lightning came and went, and came and went again; still they were silent.
At last Celia said—

"Henry, forgive me if I said you were my husband; it was done to save your life."

"Celia," replied Henry, "I have nothing to forgive. You have acted in the most noble manner. You have indeed saved my life; for had you been one moment later that tomahawk must have descended on my head, and all would have been over. But my life is only saved for a time; my enemies will renew the attack, and I am powerless to defend myself. I feel that I am a doomed man."

"Oh, Henry, my beloved, my darling!" cried Celia, "why will you not seize the safety that is within your reach? This is no time for false delicacy, this is no time for womanly pride. I love you, I adore you beyond all the world holds dear—beyond my own soul! Oh, let us do as I said we
had done, let us read the marriage service over together; let us consider ourselves and call ourselves man and wife, and you will be safe.”

“No, Celia,” said Henry, “I have before told you what is the course that I consider my duty constrains me to follow; that course I must carry out.”

“Duty!” said Celia, bitterly, “oh, why are you so obstinate; is it your duty to destroy yourself? If you follow the course you mean, even I shall not be able to save you, and what benefit will it be to any person that you should wilfully sacrifice your own life?”

“It may be so, Celia,” replied Henry, “but I do not think the fear of danger should deter me from doing what I consider my duty. I am now rested. I do not think it right that I should remain here any longer. Give me any arms that you
may have. I know you have a revolver which once belonged to your father; give me that, and I think I shall be safe from attack."

"Safe!" almost screamed Celia, "safe! do you not know what a whari is? you might be stabbed through one of the crevices in the raupo, you might be shot through one of the small windows. Oh, Henry, Henry, think, reflect! if you leave this you leave it to meet certain death."

"I must go," said Henry, and he rose to his feet, but he had miscalculated his strength, his sprained knee made him suffer intense pain—it gave way under him—he tottered two or three paces, and then with a groan fell heavily to the ground. In an instant Celia had passed a small rope round his arms, and fastened them behind his back.

"Oh, my beloved!" she cried, "I will
save you in spite of yourself; you shall not leave this whariki. Listen: as my husband you would be safe. Henare might wish to attack you, even in this whariki, but the others would not follow him, and by himself he could do nothing; but if you were to go out they would know that what I had told them was false, and they would be enraged with me. Besides, I know that Henare and his friends drink rum whenever they can get it. I am certain they will be drinking to-night, and it will make them nearly mad; if they saw you, no consideration on earth would prevent them attacking you, and then, Henry, they would kill you. Oh, my God! perhaps they would torture you first, for they know no pity when once they have got a thirst for blood; and they would kill me too, for I would not leave you. Perhaps they would torture me before your eyes. Oh, Henry! oh, my
beloved darling Henry! if you have not pity on yourself have pity on me. Could you bear to see me tortured before your eyes? could you bear to hear my screams of agony? Yet that will be my fate if you go out amongst these drunken infuriated savages. Oh, Henry, is this your duty? is it your duty to destroy the woman who loves you, who adores you, who feels as if she were part of your own soul? I pray for myself, I am so young to die! Oh, Henry, save me! Say but one word—I can trust your promise—promise that you will not leave the whari!"

Henry said, in a low, feeble voice, "I promise."
CHAPTER IX.

The news of the battle of Koheroa reached Auckland during the night-time, and Mr. Mandeville, who was always an early riser, saw the accounts which the newspapers had sent round, together with the lists of killed and wounded, before the other members of his family had come down to breakfast. He saw that Henry Ancrum’s name was not amongst the killed, that it was not amongst the wounded, but, alas! that it was amongst the missing. To a person like himself, who had lived for years in New Zealand, and who was well acquainted
with the Maori character, the fact that Henry Ancrum was "missing" appeared equivalent to his having been "killed." He was aware that the Maories never took prisoners, or if there had been instances of such a thing having been done, that the exceptions were so rare that it would be absurd to entertain any hope on this score; he therefore considered Henry Ancrum to be dead. When he arrived at this conclusion he was very much shocked; he was not naturally a man of very strong feeling, and the feeling he did possess had been narrowed and hardened by constant business habits, and the one idea of making money—the worship of the almighty dollar! He was moreover a prudent man, and he had determined that his daughter should not marry a person who from his point of view was little better than a penniless adventurer. Still he could not
but know that his daughter loved Henry Ancrum, and he shuddered when he thought of the effect which the sudden announcement of his death might have upon her. He therefore sent for Mrs. Mandeville, and showing her the sad news contained in the newspaper, asked her if she did not consider that it would be better in the first instance to try and persuade Edith that there was some hope in the fact that Henry Ancrum was only missing, and that there was a chance that he might be a prisoner amongst the natives?

Mrs. Mandeville could not answer him for some time. She had always liked Henry Ancrum, she had never objected to his union with her daughter, she had in fact looked forward to his some day becoming her son-in-law; she had loved him as a future son-in-law; and to her husband's as-
tonishment she burst into a passion of tears and sobs such as that respectable elderly gentleman had not witnessed on her part for many a long day, and which, to tell the truth, he did not particularly admire now.

When Mrs. Mandeville had recovered her composure, she perfectly agreed with her husband as to the necessity of immediately breaking the sad news to Edith, who was now heard descending the stairs to the breakfast parlour, singing as she came. Her mother went out to her, put her arm round her waist, and gently led her back to her room. Edith became deadly pale.

"Oh, mamma!" she said, "there is bad news. I see it in your face. Ah!" she almost screamed, "you have been crying. I see tears in your eyes. Oh, he is dead—he is dead!"

"No, my own love," said her mother, "he is not dead."
"Oh, then, he is wounded! my own, my beautiful Henry, he is wounded! Oh, it is too horrible!"

"No, my dear, he is not wounded, but he is missing. Oh! don't look so frightened—don't look so white, he may come back. He may be only a prisoner."

"A prisoner!" she said—"a prisoner amongst Maories? Oh, mother!—oh—oh—"

Her form grew heavy in her mother's arms. She had fainted. Her mother laid her gently on her bed, summoned assistance, and made use of all the modes to recover persons who have fainted, but it was long before Edith Mandeville returned to consciousness and opened her eyes. When she did so, her mother used every argument in her power to try and persuade Edith that Henry Ancrum might yet be
alive, as she felt that whatever happened it was necessary to try and soften the first effects of the blow her daughter had received; and she partly succeeded, simply because Edith wished to believe what she said to be true. And when we wish to believe, the path to belief itself is greatly smoothed.

Days and months passed, and yet there were no tidings of Henry Ancrum. Every one believed him to be dead except Edith. She still clung to hope. The body had not been found. All the dead and wounded had been accounted for. No one was missing except Henry Ancrum. He might be a prisoner—he might have been spared by the Maories, she thought. Alas! sometimes even her hope was very, very small; but still it existed—still she tried to imagine she might one day see her loved Henry again.
Malcolm Butler was now stationed in Auckland, having obtained a staff-appointment at that place. He was constantly at the Mandevilles'. He had managed to ingratiate himself with Mr. Mandeville, who had taken a great liking to him. He had made that gentleman acquainted with his own brilliant prospects at his uncle's death. He had also told him all the false story against Henry Ancrum, which of course Mr. Mandeville implicitly believed, and which made him consider that it was really a fortunate circumstance that Henry was for ever removed out his daughter's path.

Malcolm Butler had been particularly struck with Edith's beauty the first time he had seen her. There was a calmness, a repose, a truthfulness about her appearance peculiarly alluring to a man whose characteristics were of an entirely opposite
nature. He had been struck with her at first sight. But he soon learnt to love her—love her, it is true, after the fashion of such men as he was, but still with an ardour that surprised even himself. Yes, he loved her—loved her more than he had ever loved any woman before—not with that transient feeling he had so often experienced: the mere wish to pluck the flower, and then throw it away. No; this was an enduring love; the more so, because at first any success appeared so difficult. He wished to possess her, to marry her, to have her all to himself, and blended with these other feelings, came the desire to bear her away from Henry Ancrum. He hated Henry Ancrum—he hated him bitterly. Why? Because he had deeply injured him. What a strange feeling this is, and yet how often we observe it! What man is there who has lived much in the world, who
cannot recall many instances where he has observed that if one man has wilfully and intentionally injured another, he hates the man he has injured ever after?

Malcolm Butler had injured Henry Ancrum to an extent that it is seldom in the power of one human being to injure another. And he hated him accordingly—hated him with all the rancour of a thoroughly bad nature—hated him because he was such a contrast to himself—hated him for every virtue he possessed: for his strict notions on the subject of truth and honour, for his manly straightforwardness, for his wish to follow the path of duty, however rugged it might be. Malcolm Butler at once saw that the great difficulty in his path was the devoted love of Edith Mandeville for Henry Ancrum. But then Henry was poor. Mr. Mandeville was certain not to give his consent to a
marriage. There must be a long delay. Something might occur, and, as we have seen, something did occur. The battle of Koheroa occurred, and Henry Ancrum was supposed to be dead.

Malcolm Butler adopted perhaps the very wisest mode of proceeding he could under the circumstances. He affected the deepest grief for the loss of his cousin, whose death he insisted on considering to be a fact about which there could be no dispute. He took every opportunity of praising the "dear departed one" to Edith. He was incessant in his offers to her to make inquiries that could throw any light on the lost one's fate. He spoke in the most generous manner of the deceased, until Edith herself was almost deceived, and at any rate thought that he was a better man than she had formerly conceived he could be.

As time wore on, and it was observed
that Malcolm Butler was a constant visitor at the Mandevilles' house, the wise ones began to whisper and shake their heads; they were of opinion that "Miss Mandeville would soon dry her tears and be consoled by a new lover;" that "this would be a capital match for her;" that "she was a sensible girl, and knew on which side her bread was buttered," &c., &c. As for Edith, she thought of none of these things; she looked upon Malcolm Butler as the friend of her father, the friend of her mother, the friend of her dear Henry, who she still persisted in hoping might be alive, though he was apparently so decidedly of the contrary opinion. At times indeed she would sink into melancholy, a dark feeling would come over her, a dim, undefined perception of evil, as if the glorious light of day was removed and she was wandering in twilight, almost night—as
if some baneful creature were hovering near her with outstretched funereal wings ready to close on her young life and shut out the last glimmering ray, the very last feeble hope of joy in this world, and leave her but a living corpse waiting for the grave.
CHAPTER X.

MONTHS and months passed away; the action of Koheroa had been succeeded by the brilliant battle of Rangiriri. Two hundred prisoners had been taken and forwarded to Auckland; it was thought that the neck of the rebellion was broken. White flags were flying all over the Waikato in token of Maori submission, and so there was delay and negotiation—diplomacy had its chance.

The end was, as might have been imagined, a further advance of the troops on Ngaruawahia and the upper country. But in the meantime, during the temporary
suspension of hostilities, many officers got leave of absence and proceeded to Auckland, where gaiety became the order of the day. The Mandevilles gave frequent parties. Mr. and Mrs. Mandeville were both fond of society, and they now had an object in view in opening their house to their friends—namely, in the hope of making Edith forget the past and take more enjoyment in the present.

Edith herself took little pleasure in these gatherings; nothing could induce her to dance, but still she thought that it would be wrong to throw a gloom over the enjoyments of others, and so she affected a gaiety which she did not feel, and moved about amongst her friends so calm and collected that few suspected the sad feelings which were concealed beneath that composed exterior.

Adelaide Brown was constantly at the
Mandevilles.' Her character amused Edith: she was such a rattle, so careless of what she said, so proud of being considered fast, and of using slang terms, and at the same time, under all this, so really good-natured and kind-hearted.

One evening Edith discovered her sitting in a corner by herself whilst a dance was going on, and looking actually melancholy.

"Why, Adelaide," said Edith, "what can have happened to make you sad?"

"Sad!" said Adelaide, "sad!—not a bit of it. I know a thing worth two of that. But you see I am engaged to that fellow Algernon Neville, and the animal has not come yet. I have a great mind to dance with some one else."

"Well, I would, Adelaide, if I were you; that would be what you call the correct
thing, would it not?—the regular aggravating dodge?"

"Well, I suppose it would," laughed Adelaide; "but you see it is so difficult to aggravate Algernon. If he arrived while the dance was going on he probably would ask some one else, and come and dance opposite to me. Oh, the other night, at Mrs. De Courcy's, he behaved to me like a brute—what are you making faces at? do you think 'brute' too strong a word?—I tell you it is the truth; he did, he did behave like a brute. I'm sure I don't know why I stand it. I ought not to speak to him—I ought to cut him dead. But somehow I think we women like to be trampled on, if only the right person does the trampling business. Well, at Mrs. De Courcy's, Algernon and I had been talking a great deal about hunting—in fact he is very fond of telling me all the wonderful things he
used to do in England in the hunting line—and you know there is no hunting here, and I know nothing about it, and I like to get well posted-up in all these things, so as to be able to talk about them. Well, he was taking a five-barred gate, or I don't know how many feet of water, when a waltz struck up. I jumped up, and so did he: there was no 'Miss Brown, may I have the honour of dancing with you?' or 'are you engaged for this waltz?' or any of those pretty things said, but he just put his arm round my waist, and I leant my hand on his shoulder, and off we floated. Oh my—was it not nice? for he waltzes like an angel, and I flatter myself that I am not so bad on my pins neither. Well, we had made several turns round the room, when we came in contact with that horrid Miss Furbelow and young Pumpkin, and her long dress got entangled round Algernon's
legs, and we came down on the floor—such a cropper! Well, I was up in a moment, as fresh as a daisy, but Algernon was pitched ever so far, and came on his head, and the great big blundering fellow thought he would say something very witty, so instead of getting up, he sat on the floor, looked wildly around him, and roared out, 'Oh, catch my horse! oh, catch my horse!' How the people laughed! and then that abominable old Indian Major screamed out that there had never been a better thing said, even at Hansnabad, and then they all laughed again, and I was in such a rage and went off to mamma, and would not speak to Algernon for—oh, ever so long; until the hypocrite pretended to be so sorry that I was obliged to forgive him, and I actually was induced to waltz with him again after supper. And as we were passing a group of men near the door, I heard some
wretch say, that 'The Brown Filly did not seem inclined to stray away far;' and another said, 'Oh, no; she was easily caught again.'—Oh, I declare! here is young Babington. I think I'll condescend to dance with him; it will annoy Algernon so. Algy can't bear him; he says he is a fool—Ah, Charlie! how do—"

"How do you do, Miss Brown?" said Mr. Babington, in a very solemn manner.

"Oh, Miss Brown presents her respectful compliments to Mister Babington, and begs to inform him that her present condition is perfectly salubrious. She would also add, that she trusts that Mr. Babington did not catch cold after Mrs. De Courcy's party, and that it put a little comforter round its little neck when seeking the retirement of its little barrack-room; and she would
further inquire why Mr. Babington did not honour Miss Brown with any of his conversation on the evening in question?"

"Why, Miss Brown, I did bow to you, and you hardly recognised me; and you seemed so engaged that I could not venture to—that is—that I——"

"You felt shut up, eh? Well, that was very wrong, for you should not be so easily shut up; for you are not a bad boy, after all."

"Miss Brown, I——"

"There, there—man, I mean; great big man. You know you told me you were five feet five inches and a half high, and I made a note of it in my journal; and besides, you might grow, you know."

"Grow, Miss Brown! Really this is——"
"Oh, yes, I know you are as old as Methuselah. But I forgot! Mamma gave me a message to give you: she said she was so much obliged to you for sending those wild ducks you shot; she said you were a perfect duck to send them, and that was a great thing for mamma to say. Poor dear mamma!—you know she does not often make puns; and I (looking up, and letting her eyes dwell upon him), I thank you too."

"Oh, Miss Brown—oh, Adelaide, that was nothing."

"Oh, yes, you think it nothing because you are so good. But I am keeping you from dancing."

"Oh no, I have not got a partner; but if you would favour me, I——"

"Would be delighted, eh? Well, come along, Charlie."

"Ah," she said, stopping and whisper-
ing into Edith's ear, "is not this good; two
dodges at once, eh?—sentimental to one,
aggravating to the other. Oh, I wish
Algernon would come." And off she
tripped.

"Fine girl, that; deuced fine girl!" said a
voice near Edith; "just the girl for Cal-
cutta. I'll tell you what she would do there.
Flirt, of course, flirt to any extent—break
at least half a dozen fellows' hearts, and
then marry some rich old collector or
judge, and have a splendid house, and no
end of servants, and such a love of a
phaeton, with two high-stepping horses,
which she would drive round the race-
course herself. And then the band stand!
Ah, there she would be in her glory,
talking to a little mob of fellows; ha, ha,
ha! And when it got dark—it does get dark
so suddenly in India, you know—just letting
her hand slip, quite by accident of course,
over the side of the carriage, and feeling it
gently pressed by young Fitz Foozle of the
Lancers, whom she had really liked, but
had been obliged to refuse, because he had
no private means,—you know."

"Really, Major Brennan" (for it was our
old friend), "if you talk in this way, I
cannot listen to you," said Edith.

"Oh, no, beg pardon—mum as a
mouse. But I can't help it, can't help
it—must tell the truth sometimes. Hallo,
here's that pompous old fool of a Doctor.
Well, Doctor, saw you out riding very
early this morning. Suppose you were
out on business, eh? Had you a pleasant
ride?"

"No, sir; the tardiness of my quadruped,
added to the insalubrity of the morning air,
combined to render my matutinal peramb-
bulations altogether injocund."

"Injocund!—capital word that; ha, ha,
ha! Well, Doctor, I'm injocund myself, for I went down to Napier the other day to see some land a brother of mine had purchased for me, and I find it is not worth a rupee. I'm regularly ruined, by Jove! ho, ho, ho! Yes, I'm injocund—I'm decidedly injocund myself.——Well, Mrs. Smith, how are you? Oh, you pinched my little finger."

"Pinched your finger, sir?" said Mrs. Smith, in great wrath, "I would not do anything so ungenteel."

"Ungenteel," said the Major to himself—"ungenteel and injocund. Which is the better word of the two I wonder?"

"Oh, Mrs. Smith!" said Mrs. Singleton, who at this moment joined the group, together with Mrs. Mandeville and Mrs. Brennan, "I hear you had a great fright last night."
"Oh! how could you have heard that, dear?" replied Mrs. Smith. "I'm sure I hardly told any one about it."

"Oh, as to that, all Auckland knows it! But it was not anything very dreadful, was it, after all?"

"Oh no, dear!" giggled Mrs. Smith. "Perhaps it would not have been very dreadful to you; but as I have not got the nerves of a horse, or—ahem!—of any animal of that description, I did feel a little frightened. We had retired to rest, and were both asleep, when we were awoke by the most tremendous noise upstairs. My husband got up and put on his—his—trousers, you know, and—"

"Yes," said the Doctor, pompously, "having donned my habiliments, I summoned my domestic, and addressed him thus: 'John, ascend; and, having ascended, ascertain the cause of this nocturnal
riot.' John ascended, and I followed. On reaching the upper story, we found our landlord and his wife engaged in a pugilistic encounter. Just as we entered, the former, who was evidently overcome by vinous influences, fell to the ground, and his wife, who was in a similar state, subsided into an arm-chair, weeping copiously, and ejaculating, 'Flo—flo—flo—o—red at last.' We carried the landlord to his bed, and leaving the lady in the armchair, returned down stairs."

"Well, I am glad it is not a long story," said Mrs. Singleton.

"Not quite as long as your stories about those poor Irish estates," retorted Mrs. Smith, in great wrath.

"Poor Irish estates, indeed!" said Mrs. Singleton. "I—-"

But at this moment a weak-eyed young Ensign, with a straw-coloured moustache,
came up and claimed Mrs. Singleton for a dance, and that lady was obliged to quit the field without being able to make any reply to her enemy.
CHAPTER XI.

"ONT you dance the next dance with me?" said Malcolm Butler, as he seated himself beside Edith Mandeville.

"You know I never dance."

"But why not? Let me speak to you as a friend. You know how I respected, I may say loved my cousin; but now, when so long a time has elapsed, I think that——"

"You think that I ought to be like the rest of the world—that I ought to forget him; but that could never be. Indeed, I could not talk on the subject to any one but
yourself; but then he—he—was your cousin, and he always spoke so highly of you (Malcolm Butler shuddered), and you have been so kind a friend to me since—since. Oh! I cannot speak of it (and the tears came into her eyes). Have you—have you heard anything of the soldier you mentioned?"

"Yes," said Malcolm Butler, "I have. As you know, I have spoken to a great many men who remembered having seen Henry Ancrum at the end of the action at Koheroa, but none of them could speak as to having actually seen him fall. At last I heard of this man, who, it was said, must have been close to him at the time. I wrote to the Colonel of his regiment about him, and heard that he had been sent to Auckland sick. I went to-day to the hospital, and spoke to him. He says that he was close to Henry Ancrum when he was
wounded, that he saw him fall, and did not see him move afterwards; that the enemy came down upon them in great force at the time, and that he was obliged to retire to his comrades."

"But," said Edith, "he may have been only wounded."

"No," replied Malcolm Butler, "I think not. But can you bear the truth?"

"Yes. Months of dread and sorrow have, I think, schooled me into bearing to hear any intelligence without showing outwardly what I feel."

"Well, then, I grieve to say that the man says that he thinks—nay, he is certain that Henry Ancrum was killed on the spot."

"But how should he know? He himself says he was obliged to fly for his own life."

"Because he did not see him move after
he fell. But I distress you—I trust you know how unwillingly; but I think it better that you should know the truth. You do know how I mourn the sad fate of my dear deceased cousin. No one could have admired him more than I did—no one can more deplore his loss."

"Yes—yes, I know," said Edith; "but why—oh, why will you shut out all hope?"

"Because all hope is vain—because, in fact, there is no hope; that is why I wish to make you think less of the past and more of the present. You know that our immortal bard (the man who knew more of human nature than any other mortal who ever lived, of human nature as it was, is, and ever will be) has said:—

"'Moderate lamentation is due to the dead;
Excessive grief is the enemy of the living.'

You know yourself how true this is; you know your grief has been an enemy even
to your health. Your father, mother, myself, all who love you, are most anxious about you. Let me implore you to forget the past—let me."

The dark feeling had been gathering round Edith for some time past. The funereal shapes were hovering very close, but the emphasis on the word "me" startled her—it awoke her, as it were, out of a dream.

"Oh," she said, "I cannot, I will not forget." And then, as if to stop all further conversation on the topic on which they had been talking, she added, "I suppose papa has told you that he intends to take us all to his house near Drury in a few days?"

"Yes, he has. Well, my duties often take me to the camp at Drury, so I shall frequently have an opportunity of seeing you."
“Oh, indeed,” said Edith; “now I must go to mamma.” And she left him.

The house in which, as has been previously mentioned, Mr. and Mrs. Mandeville had formerly lived for so many years was situated a few miles beyond Drury, on the great south road, on the right side of it as the traveller proceeds southward. It had been erected on a beautiful grassy knoll. A stream, which in the old country would have been called a river, coming from the southward had been interrupted in its course by this knoll, and turning to the eastward had swept round three sides of it, continuing on its course from the northern extremity, thus leaving the house situated on a sort of peninsula, the isthmus of which was occupied by a well-kept garden, behind which on the level land came a clearing of considerable extent, and beyond all was
a range of high hills clothed with the primitive forest of New Zealand, as yet untouched by the hand of man.

The house itself was large and commodious, although constructed entirely of wood, and had (as is very common in New Zealand) a verandah in front of its first story running the entire length of the house. It faced towards the road, and had the stream above mentioned in its front, and on its right and left sides.

The Mandevilles at the time when we revisit them had been settled for some time in their new and also their old abode. Mr. Mandeville in the intervals of business took a great interest in all the concerns of his farm. Mrs. Mandeville, who greatly preferred the quiet of a country life to the bustle of towns, was happy in assisting him, and even Edith evinced some return of animation when busied in her garden and
the cultivation of her favourite flowers; at other times a settled melancholy had taken possession of her, she moved about like one in whom all hope was dead. So long a time had now elapsed since Henry Ancrum’s disappearance that even she despaired of ever seeing him again; in fact she had begun, with all the calm strength of her character, to try and look her situation boldly in the face, and to lay out a path for her future life. Henry she thought was dead, and all her hopes of happiness buried with him; but it was the will of Heaven, and she must submit. What was left? A calm life, a life of devotion to the service of God, of usefulness to her fellow-creatures, of employment in her favourite studies and occupations, and in the end time’s softening hand might make her—what?—happy? Oh, no! that could never be, but contented and at peace.
There must be very few, either of men or women, who cannot vividly recall some period in their lives when a loved one has left them, if it were only for a time. How changed has everything seemed, how dull the landscape looks, the very light of the joyous sun seems dimmed. The town that looked so bright with its gay shops and animated crowds is now a mere mass of bricks and mortar, filled with stupid people always getting in your way. So it was with Edith; to her the world was indeed changed; the bright, brilliant, beautiful world whilst Henry lived in it, was a dreary, blank, colourless desert now. He had left her for ever, and yet she had so schooled herself, she had so subdued all outward appearance of grief, her manner was so calm and placid, that the outward world was deceived by it, and even her parents thought that she might gradually return to her former self.
Malcolm Butler was a constant visitor at the house: it was very easy to pretend that duty brought him to the camp at Drury, and then to come on to Forest Lodge, as Mr. Mandeville called his place. For months and months his conduct to Edith was merely that of a friend; no symptom of affection was allowed to appear. Malcolm Butler was too keen an observer not to have perceived that on the one occasion when he had appeared to manifest too deep an interest in her welfare, and had urged her to try and forget the past, she had shrunk from him with a sort of loathing: he felt that time alone could soften her grief for the loss of Henry Ancrum and give him any chance of succeeding in his suit for her hand, even with the powerful aid of her father and mother, on which he calculated; but in addition to this there was another reason: Malcolm Butler,
although as much in love with Edith as his selfish nature would permit him to be, was not a man who would ever for a minute lose sight of his own immediate interests.

Now he well knew that if he married without his uncle's consent that old gentleman might seriously change his prospects in life by altering his will; as soon therefore as he had made up his mind that he would marry Edith Mandeville, if she would take him, he wrote to his uncle, mentioning the family in England to which Mr. Mandeville belonged, which was one of the oldest amongst the untitled aristocracy, that he (Mr. Mandeville) was now a rich man, who would probably give a good fortune with his only daughter, and that the young lady herself was very beautiful and accomplished; in fact painting the proposed connexion in the most glowing colours, at the same time pointing out that he himself,
although over head and ears in love, had not made any proposals whatever to the Mandeville family until he had asked his dear uncle’s consent to his marriage.

Answers to letters from New Zealand take a long time in coming; but an answer to this one did come at last.

Malcolm Butler’s uncle felt that he was getting old; he would like to hear of his nephew being well married before he himself “shuffled off this mortal coil;” in fact he gave his free and frank consent to the marriage. But Malcolm Butler’s letter produced other results besides those we have mentioned—results on which he himself never calculated, and which produced a serious influence on his fate, as will be seen in the sequel.
CHAPTER XII.

AFTER the letter mentioned in the last chapter had been received by Malcolm Butler from his uncle, a considerable change took place in his manner towards Edith Mandeville: he took every opportunity of being in her society, he used all the arts of which he was master to try and ingrati ate himself with her; he joined in all her favourite pursuits, he read the authors whom he knew she admired, and he tried to persuade her that their tastes and feelings were the same on all subjects. If he could find out that there were any books or music or drawings that she would like to
have, he procured them for her at his next visit to Auckland; he bribed her maid to speak in his favour—in fact he made every effort that a clever and unscrupulous man could do to gain her affections.

Edith Mandeville saw all this with intense dismay; the poor girl’s heart was sore and weary. She now believed that Henry Ancrum was dead, that he was lost to her for ever; but the idea of placing the image of any other man in the place he had so long occupied appeared to her to be impossible—it appeared like profanation: the very name of love, as connected with another man, seemed unholy. Besides, she had a dim shadowy dread of Malcolm Butler, which she did not herself understand, but which nevertheless rendered any idea of union with him too dreadful to be thought of. But this was not all she had to bear. Malcolm Butler, having obtained the consent
of his uncle to his marriage with Edith, had spoken to Mr. Mandeville on the subject, pointing out to him his future prospects, which he by no means understated, and requesting leave to pay his addresses to his daughter; at the same time hinting that as Miss Mandeville's feelings had received so great a shock by his cousin's untimely death, it was not his intention to press his suit too rapidly, but that he trusted in time to gain her affections.

Malcolm Butler's object in taking this course was to give time for Mr. and Mrs. Mandeville to bring their influence to bear on their daughter, as he was pretty sure they would do before he himself proposed to her.

Mr. Mandeville, as may be supposed, received Malcolm Butler's overtures most graciously. He was a man of business, whose whole life had been occupied in making
money, or trying to do so, and who therefore thought more of his daughter making what he considered a good and wealthy marriage than of any feeling she might have on the subject. He told Malcolm Butler that he had refused his consent to his daughter's marriage with Henry Ancrum, as he had no belief in what he called "love in a cottage," or that any two human beings could possibly be happy who were not well enough off to provide themselves with what they had been brought up to consider the necessaries of life, but that in his case, he was happy to allow him to become a suitor for his daughter's hand, and that he should be glad to hail him as a son-in-law should he obtain her consent.

Mr. Mandeville immediately informed Mrs. Mandeville of what had passed between Malcolm Butler and himself, and
also of the large fortune that that gentleman would inherit, and of the immense advantage which such a match would be to their daughter, and they had long and frequent conversations on this important subject.

Poor Mrs. Mandeville had been very fond of Henry Ancrum, and still mourned his loss. With a woman’s instinct she felt that he would have been a more suitable husband in mind and feelings for her daughter than Malcolm Butler. But then poor Henry was dead—there was no doubt of that; and, on the other hand, here was this new suitor, who was so rich, who was considered so clever, and who had been so successful in life. She could not be blind to the splendid position her daughter would occupy as his wife, when he succeeded to his uncle’s large estates; and so she did all in her power to carry out her husband’s wishes, and tried
hard to induce Edith to think favourably of a union between herself and Malcolm Butler.

And so time went on; to Edith everything was indifferent. She had loved, and her love was dead—all love was dead within her!

What was it to her that Malcolm Butler should try and make himself agreeable? What was it to her that her father and mother should talk of her future prospects? She cared for none of these things. What she wanted was, that it should all be over, and that she should be at peace.

Her calmness deceived even her parents, doubly did it deceive Malcolm Butler. She had not spoken of Henry Ancrum for a long time. He thought she had forgotten him. He spoke at last. He told her of his love!

She thanked him for his preference, but
told him all love with her was an impossibility—her love was buried in the grave. She could never be the wife of any man!

The quiet calmness with which this was said would have discouraged almost any person, but it was not so with Malcolm Butler. He was one of those who can hope against hope; so he concealed his vexation, and only trusted they "might always continue faithful friends."

To this Edith had no objection. Poor girl! she thought it was all over, and that now she would be left in peace! Friends?—of course she had no objection to be friends!
CHAPTER XIII.

Hop, skip, and a jump, a very long jump, a jump to merry, happy Old England. We cannot take such long jumps in real life; but it is the privilege of the novelist to be able to do so.

Gertrude Chesney—has the reader forgot Gertrude Chesney? If so, he must refer to the beginning of the first volume.

Gertrude Chesney had at first suffered severely for her fault. Sir John Ancrum, as has been mentioned, after the discovery of her situation, had sent her back to her
relations, but her relations received her very coldly. In fact they would not have received her at all, if Sir John had not out of pity for the girl, and as he thought to prevent her falling lower, made her a small allowance, which induced a widow aunt to take her into her house, where she became the mother of a boy, who at first seemed likely to leave this world as he had entered it, without exciting any particular interest in any one except his mother, but who eventually appeared determined to remain and fight that battle with the said world, which we have all more or less to fight. Then came a cold dreary period—a period of estranged friends and freezing greetings from those who had been once so happy to meet her; but Gertrude Chesney did not care so much for these things as some women might; her whole soul was bound up in one idea, the idea that she might one
day be married to Malcolm Butler. She wrote to him, she described her situation, she described her misery, she asked him to fulfil his promise—she asked him to marry her. No answer came. She wrote again. In her second letter she mentioned her remorse at having deceived Sir John Ancrum, in saying that Henry Ancrum was the father of her child, and asked Malcolm Butler at least to acknowledge his son. To this letter an answer came by return of post. Malcolm Butler begged her to have patience. He said that to marry her now would, as she well knew, be ruin to all his hopes, but that if she would only wait, he would, at his uncle’s death, acknowledge his child, and marry her.

Gertrude Chesney was in love; but then she was a clever ambitious woman. She thought over all these things for a long time, then jealousy came to her aid.
"Oh!" she thought, "if Malcolm Butler should see any other woman he liked better than me, and should desert me and my boy, and marry her!" Then she made up her mind. Her aunt, though poor, was celebrated as a shrewd woman. She would consult her aunt. She did so; and the aunt, after a little reflection, pointed out to her, that although Malcolm Butler was bound in honour to support her and her child, and to marry her eventually, yet the only means of forcing him to do so, was by threatening to divulge the whole truth to Sir John Ancrum if he did not do so.

Gertrude was at first unwilling to follow this course; but after some time had elapsed, she was induced by her aunt's arguments to carry it out, and all the arrangements were left to the latter. That old lady at once wrote to Malcolm Butler, who had not up to this period left for New
Zealand, telling him that she would proceed to Sir John Ancrum, and reveal all the facts of the case, unless he agreed to support and eventually marry her niece; and the result was a meeting between herself and that gentleman, in which he very reluctantly engaged to give Gertrude an allowance, paid quarterly, and also signed a written agreement to marry her at his uncle's death.

As we have said, he did this reluctantly, but he had hardly any choice in the matter, as nothing but the allowance would satisfy the aunt, and nothing but the promise of marriage would satisfy the niece. And with regard to the latter, he was in hopes, when the time came, that he could compound for the marriage by paying a sum of money. The allowance was paid regularly, as Malcolm Butler had seen enough of the aunt to make him believe
that if it were not his secret might be at once divulged; and on it, in addition to their other means, the two women lived very comfortably, the elder giving out to her gossips in the village that she had been left a legacy by a distant relative.

One sultry summer evening the two women were sitting in the verandah of the cottage into which they had moved, after they had obtained the increase of income we have mentioned.

It was a very pretty cottage. The trellis-work of the verandah was covered with creepers, interspersed with roses here and there. It looked out on a nice, trim little garden, which it was Gertrude's delight to keep in first-rate order. Beyond came the village lane, and immediately opposite was the fine old church, surrounded by trees.

The church itself was a very picturesque
object (being large to suit the size of the village, which contained nearly a thousand inhabitants), several hundred years old, having a splendid tower, and being covered with ivy. Beyond the church, and sweeping round to the right of the cottage, the ground descended rapidly, the village being situated on a high hill, and down in the valley below flowed a bright clear stream, murmuring over its pebbly bed. On the other side of the valley rose some wooded hills, and far away on the right could be seen the park and turrets of Ancrum Hall.

Gertrude Chesney loved to sit, as she was doing now, at the cottage door, enjoying the balmy hot summer air, lazily listening to the hum of insects and the song of birds, looking over the lovely scene before her, on the cornfields yellow with ripening grain rustling in the gentle breeze, on the
glimpses of the stream seen here and there amongst the trees, on the distant park with its groups of deer, on the far-off walls of Ancrum Hall, and building such sweet castles in the air! How easy it is to persuade ourselves of what we wish. She never doubted that Malcolm Butler would marry her, she never allowed herself to doubt it. Had he not promised her? Had she not his written promise?

No, she did not doubt him; had she done so, darker feelings might have risen in her breast, for she was an ambitious woman, she was a woman who could dare much, a woman whose wrath might be dangerous. No, she did not doubt Malcolm Butler, her own Malcolm Butler, as she sat there day after day and built her castles.

She was to be mistress of all that fair scene beyond the stream; she was to be the
lady of those lordly halls that rose so proudly in the far distance. Oh, how sweet it would be! how people would bow down to her then! how those who had so disdained her, would sue for her favour. And then she thought of some (women of course) who had been cruel. Oh, she cried to herself as she clenched her little fingers, she would crush them.

But there was one thing troubled her; her boy, her curly-headed boy, who was playing near her in the garden, he could not inherit all this grandeur. No, she thought, as a dreamy smile passed over her features, there must be another son, a son born in wedlock, to succeed to the family honours. But he—what was to become of him? Oh, she thought, I shall be rich; I shall have interest then, he can be well educated, he can go to India in the Civil Service, and make a fortune, and found a
family for himself. Yes, it would be better so!

Take care, take care, dreaming fair one! Your foot is very near the basket of crockery; take care, one little push, and down it tumbles crashing to the ground.

Neither of the women had spoken for some time; at last, Gertrude's aunt said—

"Well, I declare if there ain't the housekeeper from Ancrum Hall, a coming up the lane; whatever can she be a coming this way for?"

"Well, I suppose to see her son, who is steward to Mr. Oldham, up the road; you know she often does," said Gertrude.

"Ah, so she does; but no, she is a coming in at the gate."

And they both stood up to receive the
old lady. She came in slowly, as she was rather a corpulent person than otherwise, and she had been a good deal blown by her walk up the hill; so they made her sit in the arm-chair to rest herself, and then they had a little gossip about the affairs of all their neighbours. After which, the old lady came to the real piece of news she was dying to relate.

"Well," she said, "Sir John, he did astonish me to-day, he did surely, for Sir John, you see, he used not to be given to talking much to, any of the servants, not even to the upper ones; but since he has got older, he has got more conversable like. Well, he has got a letter from foreign parts, and Sir John, you see——"

"Who was the letter from?" said Gertrude's aunt.

"Lawks, how you frightened me;
why, from his nephew, Mr. Malcolm Butler."

"Malcolm Butler!" almost screamed Gertrude Chesney, "what of him?"

"Why, you see, Sir John says, says he, Mrs. Bedwarmer, says he, my nephew has fallen in love with a lovely rich young lady in New Zealand, and he has asked my consent to marry her, and I have given it."

"What's that?" What was it?—it was an overturned chair, and the sound of a heavy fall. Gertrude Chesney had fainted, and lay extended on the floor.

"Good gracious," said the housekeeper, "the news could not have touched her, she had nothing to do with Mr. Malcolm Butler; it was the other poor lad that—that they say is dead. God be merciful to his soul!"

"Oh, no," said Gertrude's aunt, "that
had nothing to do with it; it is only the heat, she is often so. I will take care of her. Don't stay, please, Mrs. Bedwarmer, she will be all right in a few minutes; the servant and I will put her on the bed." And so with difficulty Mrs. Bedwarmer was induced to depart.

For two or three days after the event we have recorded, Gertrude Chesney was so prostrated, so overwhelmed by the blow she had received, that she was almost incapable of reflection; but gradually as her strength and spirit returned, one fixed idea was settled in her mind. She would seek out Malcolm Butler wherever he was; if he were not already married she would force him to marry herself, or to stand the consequences of the exposure of the true story of her case to his uncle; and she had little fear of his being married before she could reach him, as her aunt had ascertained through
Mrs. Bedwarmer that Sir John Ancrum did not expect the marriage to take place for some months to come. Her aunt agreed to her decision. They had sufficient money laid by to pay all expenses, and so Gertrude Chesney started for New Zealand.
CHAPTER XIV.

BACK in New Zealand again! A great, bluff, precipitous promontory jutting boldly out into the vast Southern Ocean! Large boulders at its base, which have fallen in times gone by from its front and sides. The sea agitated by a late gale rolling grandly in, wave succeeding wave. Here comes an enormous breaker! He rolls proudly on till he nears the base of the cliff, then with a roar his mighty white crest tumbles over, and he rushes amongst the huge stones, dashing up his spray half-way up the precipice. Then the giant waters recede
again, rolling over in their rapid retreat
stones, pieces of wood, seaweed, and all
kinds of débris. Then another wave suc-
ceeds, and so on. “Ai aké, aké ah.” (Yes,
for ever and ever.)

Further on, the cliff trends back in the
shape of a half-moon, and at its base there
is a strip of bright yellow sand. Here in
the sheltered bay the waters are more
gentle, they roll in in long swells, lap—
lapping on the shingly beach, and then as
placidly retreating again. Over head hover
snow-white gulls, and just at the edge of
the water, patter numerous jet black birds,
with long red legs, about the size of wild-
ducks.

Further still came a party of Maories.
They have seen from the high ground a
whale close in shore beyond the pro-
monitory, and are in hopes that he may
become embayed, and fall into their hands
an easy prey. They say "Tena qui?" (How do you do? literally, I see you!) to two figures who are slowly pacing up and down the beach. Yet further still are a party of Maori children playing at fighting; one party has built a pah on the sands and is defending it, the defenders themselves almost entirely concealed, and only just showing little sticks, which represent guns, over its parapet; the other party having dug rifle-pits are also pretending to fire at their enemies. Suddenly with a loud shout the defenders of the pah rush out, they fall upon the foe in the rifle-pits, these fly in the most admired disorder up a neighbouring bank, where they conceal themselves amongst the fern, anon they recover courage and retake the rifle-pits and their enemies retire to their pah, and so they go on. Thus it is that the Maori from his earliest youth begins to learn the art of war.
The day is lovely, the sky is cloudless, the bright sun glistens on the water and on the yellow sand of the beach. The gentle murmur of the sea in the bay and the distant booming of the surf on the point soothe the ear. All is calm. There are some such moments in life!—they seem designed as resting-places between the storms of existence.

Who were the two figures to whom the Maories said "Tena qui" (I see you)? They were Henry Ancrum and Celia, now man and wife; yes, they were married, not merely by the rather original ceremony of reading the Marriage Service together, which Celia insisted on performing shortly after we last heard of them, but also by an ordained Maori clergyman, who had been induced to travel some distance to perform the ceremony. They were married, and Celia was happy; she had obtained the ob-
ject of all her wishes, she had obtained the man she loved, and she had found him as gentle, kind, and affectionate a husband as any woman could desire. Henry's feelings were more difficult to define, they were of a more mixed nature.

Celia had saved his life; Celia loved him with a devotion with which few men are loved. When she threw her arms round his neck, when she put up her beautiful face to his and kissed him, could he help loving her? Could any man under similar circumstances have helped loving such a woman?

Then, again, it appeared to Henry as if it were all predestined—as if it had been all his fate since the moment when he was taken prisoner. Had he not been always thrown into Celia's society? Had not the idea of the Maories that he might escape prevented his going to a distance
from the camp and thereby left him always with her? On the eventful night when she saved his life, had he not by considerations for her safety as well as his own been forced to stay in her whari? After this, had he not felt it a duty to marry her? Now that he was married to her, was it not his duty to try and forget his former love? Yes, he did try; but still in his secret soul the thoughts of Edith Mandeville would arise. He checked them as much as he could, but still they would come back; they were never entirely banished.

To all outward appearance Henry Ancrum was now a complete Maori: constant exposure to the sun had darkened his countenance till it was nearly as brown as those around him; his clothes had long been worn out, and he was obliged to dress like the rest. He and Celia cultivated their potatoes and yams, they reared their
fowls and pigs, they went out fishing, and they often dined off "pip-pees" and other shell-fish, or off the produce of their garden.

Henry and Celia left the beach and walked slowly towards their cottage, or rather wharf, which was just a little retired from the edge of the cliff above, which at this part sloped away towards the sea and was ascended by a zigzag path.

"Henry," said Celia, "I have been so happy for some time past. I feel as if it were more than I could expect; as if it could not last. I do not know how it is, but I feel so sad to-night."

"Pooh!" said Henry, "come into the garden. I want to show you that pumpkin; he is a most prodigious fellow—as big as a baby."

Celia sighed. Is our happiness ever complete in this world? Can you, gentle reader,
understand the absurdity of the thing? She sighed because she had not got a troublesome, squalling, slobbering baby. And so they went and looked at the prodigious pumpkin.
CHAPTER XV.

Just as Henry Anrcrum and Celia turned to enter their whari, Ihaka came up to them.

"Have you heard the news?" he said.

"No," they both answered, in a breath.

"What is it?"

"Why, you know," he said, "that for some time past some of the Waikato, Thames, and other Maories have established themselves at Puke-hina-hina, near Tauranga, and are building a pa there, and that it is said the General is coming down with more troops, and that there
will be a great fight. You also know that lately some troops have been sent to assist the Arawa at Maketu, and that they have built a fort close to the Maori pah. Well, it appears that all the tribes about the East Cape have taken alarm at this, for they say that if they are not checked the General and the Pakehas may advance towards them and take the whole country; so they have assembled a large force, and are coming up the coast, and have written to us, and to all the Uriwera tribes, to join them on the way. This news has only just come, and there will be a great korero to-night. I, for my part, think it would be better for us to keep quiet, as, if our expedition does not succeed, the Pakehas are so near us that they might come and take our country, whereas the East Cape natives are far off, and might not be molested when they return home.
But I am certain that I shall be overruled, and that all our tribes will determine to join in attacking the enemy."

"But," said Celia, "Henry need not go; he is an Englishman, and ought not to fight against his own countrymen. Surely he can stay behind here?"

Ihaka smiled. "Spoken like a woman," he said, "but not like Celia. Celia ought to know that although Henry's marriage has insured his personal safety it has not diminished the idea that he might be dangerous to the safety of the tribe if he should escape to the enemy; and they have also got an idea now that you care so much more for Henry than you do for anything connected with the tribe, that you would be happy to go with him. So I think you will find that they will insist on Henry accompanying our forces if we march against the enemy."
“Well,” said Celia, “if Henry must go, I will go with him.”

Everything turned out as Ihaka had expected. The great korero was held, and the tribe determined to join the East Cape natives in their attack on the Pakehas; they also determined that it would be dangerous to leave Henry Ancrum behind, as he might escape in some coasting vessel, and tell the General all about their pahs, harbours, rivers, and roads into the interior of the country, and so, that he must go with them.

The next few days were passed by the Maories in making their preparations, and before a fortnight had elapsed they were joined by the natives from the East Cape, and by all the Uriwera tribes, and the whole force, numbering nearly a thousand men, proceeded on their way to attack the Pakehas and Arawas at Maketu.
Maketu is situated on a block of land bounded on the east by the sea, on the north by the river Kaitura (which flows out of the lake Rotoiti) and the harbour of Maketu, where the said river empties itself into the sea, on the south by the river Whihi, and on the west, between the two rivers, by a deep swamp. It will be observed therefore that it is admirably situated for purposes of defence.

The march however of the East Coast natives and of their allies had been so rapidly conducted and such precautions had been taken to prevent any news on the subject reaching Maketu, that their forces arrived before daylight one morning on the bank of the Whihi river, before either the garrison of the fort at Maketu or their Arawa allies in the pah had heard anything about it. So much was this the case that actually three soldiers of the English garrison had
gone out duck-shooting that very morning to the Whiti river.

The Maories, as we have said, arrived before daylight on the further bank of the river. Henry Ancrum was with the advance-guard, which were lying ensconced in tall fern, perfectly concealed from view, and awaiting the time (a little after sunrise) when the tide should have gone sufficiently out to enable them to cross the stream at a place a little to their left. The Maories were obliged to keep perfect silence, in order that no sound might be heard by their enemies on the opposite bank.

The morning was chill and drear, a cold breeze came from the river and from the swamps on the left. Gradually the east began to brighten, and the prospect on the opposite bank to come into view. On the right, that is, at the mouth of the river, appeared a large hill rising precipitously
out of the sea to a great height, its top
crowned by an old pah, now disused.
From this hill the ground sloped down-
wards towards the left, and at a distance of
about two or three hundred yards there
was a cluster of wharies, from which the
occasional bark of a dog was heard;
further on were a series of undulating
hills, with patches of potato ground in the
valleys between them; and to the left
stretched the extensive swamp we have
mentioned. At last the sun rose out of the
sea, and everything appeared gladdened by
his appearance: the waters that had looked
so dull and lead-like now caught the slant-
ing rays as they rippled under the morning
breeze, and appeared bright and joyous.

The bluff precipitous old hill we have
mentioned was brilliantly lighted on its
eastern side, and only retained its original
solemnity towards the west, where it threw
a long ghostly shadow. The early beams appeared to waken all the inhabitants of the wharies, and the voices of men, women, and children succeeded to the barking of the dogs.

The sun rose higher and higher: it was now broad daylight, the tide was going out rapidly, and the time had nearly approached when the Maories could cross the river. It was at this moment that the three Englishmen we have mentioned were seen descending the side of the hill by a zigzag path to the beach; a Maori was with them, but he evidently only came to point out one of the canoes under the cliff, which they had probably hired from him, as, as soon as they had entered it, he left them and again ascended the winding path to the wharies above.

Henry Ancrum watched the canoe with intense interest; to his dismay the men in it
paddled slowly up the stream. He saw they had fowling-pieces with them, and he immediately concluded that they were going duck-shooting in the swamp up the river to the left; in doing so, they must pass close to the spot where the Maories he was with lay in ambush. He considered they were dead men. He held his breath in horror. The canoe came nearer and nearer. The men were paddling slowly—they were chatting gaily to one another. It was too dreadful. The Maories cocked their guns; in a few minutes more their hated foes would be under the very muzzles of their pieces.

At this moment, a young Maori, almost a lad, probably from want of experience of firearms, in cocking his piece, let the hammer slip from his finger and fall on the nipple, and the piece exploded.

The other Maories saw at once that their
foes would take the alarm from the report of the gun, and might perhaps escape them; they therefore fired a volley at the canoe. The distance was not very great, but perhaps from the circumstances we have mentioned, the aim might have been hurried. Strange to say, not one of the three men in the canoe was hit. They (the said men) immediately jumped out of the canoe into the water, which was a little above their waists, and held the canoe between them and their assailants. Their next thought, the only thing that could be done under the circumstances, was to run for their lives. They were close to the river’s bank, on the side opposite to the Maories, and only the swamp was between them and the hills. Off they started. The Maories had to make a détour to their left to follow them, as the water was still too deep in their immediate
front, to enable them to cross the river there; but they were soon in hot pursuit.

Henry Ancrum joined in it, as it occurred to him that if one or more of his countrymen were overtaken, he might be able to induce the Maories to spare his or their lives, and only take him or them prisoner.

The three soldiers had as we have seen a good start, they were active, strong young men, and the race was for life or death. Away they flew. Sometimes they had to leap a deep channel, or holes in the swamp; at others, they had to wade for yards nearly up to their middles in water; but the obstacles which delayed them delayed also their pursuers, and at last the dry ground was reached. Just at the point where they gained it a promontory of land jutted out towards the swamp, and there were two valleys or rather ravines, one on each side

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of it; the soldiers took the one to the left, as being the nearest way to the fort. The Maories who had kept up, and were still pursuing them, only some twelve or thirteen in number (the rest having given up the chase), followed them.

Henry Ancrum was rather behind the rest; when he reached the place where the two ravines branched off, a sudden impulse seized him; he did not know how it was at the time, he never in after life could explain even to himself how it was; but a sudden impulse did seize him to escape, and he darted up the right ravine at his full speed. He had not gone far when he heard a shout on his right hand. Still he ran on at a headlong pace, and in another instant he found himself surrounded by British soldiers. The fact was, a party had been sent out in the early morning to cut wood for fuel; they were returning
towards the fort, when they heard the firing, and immediately proceeded in the direction from which it came.

Henry Ancrum’s appearance and clothing were so like those of a Maori, that at first he was in danger of rough treatment; but he immediately explained that he had just escaped from the enemy, and pointed out the danger their brother soldiers were in. The men at once rushed off to the assistance of their comrades, and reached the head of the left ravine just as the three tired soldiers were toiling up its centre.

The succour came just in time, a few minutes more and it might have been too late. The Maories were close behind their expected prey, eager for blood; but seeing their new enemies, at once halted, then rapidly retreated, and the fugitives were saved. A few shots were fired at the flying foe, but apparently without effect.
The whole party now returned to the fort, where Henry Ancrum was at once taken to the commanding officer, who happened to be an old friend of his, and who received him as one risen from the dead.
ES, Henry Ancrum had escaped, he had got away from an existence amongst barbarians, to all the pleasures of civilized life; but was he happy? Ah, my friends, who honour me by reading this book, if you look back into your past lives have you ever achieved any great success and not found that there was some drawback to it? Have you ever mingled in some pleasure and not discovered a thorn amongst the roses? If you have not experienced these things you must have been lucky, for they are the general lot of mortals.
Henry had escaped, but Henry could not call himself happy; Celia had loved and trusted him, and he had deserted her; true he had acted on the impulse of the moment, true he had acted without reflection, but was that an excuse? He could hardly allow it,—others might forgive him but he could scarcely forgive himself. But there was no going back now—the die was cast; had he attempted it he would be considered a deserter from the British army, and even if he braved that peril he would merely have met death at the hands of his late associates. No, there was nothing for it but to wait, and see what fate would bring.

It would be impossible to describe Celia’s despair, when the Maories returned from their fruitless chase and Henry Ancrum did not return with them. She rushed frantically about from one person to another
asking news of him, but she could hear nothing. Those who had been in front pursuing the fugitives had of course not seen him, and those who had abandoned the chase when half-way across the swamp had lost sight of him. What could have become of him? Celia thought;—that he should voluntarily have tried to escape never crossed her imagination—that he should now try to leave her, impossible! The worst that occurred to her was that, possibly tired and weary, he might have fallen into the hands of the Pakehas, and that they would not let him come back. But ah, she thought, even if this is the case, he will come back some day. But she did not really believe even this. What she considered must be the case was, that he must have strained or hurt himself in crossing the swamp, and that he would crawl back after dusk.
The whole of the Maori forces crossed the Whahi river that day and built a pah, and made rifle-pits just at the spot where we have mentioned the wharies were seen in the morning. They remained there that night, but Celia spent her night on the borders of the swamp searching for Henry. Ah, poor wounded bird! how sad, how weary, how ill she looked in the morning. She had not found him; still she said to herself, "He will come back to me, nothing can have happened to him, the Almighty Being the good missionary taught me to worship would not take him from me. He sees all things, He knows that Henry was all I had in the world, that I had nothing else, that I cared for only him, that if I lost him I could prefer death to life. Oh, no, He would not take Henry from me!"

On the morning of this the second day the Maories had advanced to a hill about
eight or nine hundred yards from the fort, where they had made rifle-pits; these they had constructed in a very ingenious way, by commencing to dig on the other side of the brow, furthest from the fort, which was rather steep, and digging on till they could just see over the summit, being covered from fire all the time. From these rifle-pits they kept up a fire on the fort all day, which did not do much damage, though a few of the defenders were wounded. The garrison also fired at the Maories whenever they saw one show himself, which was not often.

On the following morning, which was the third after their arrival, the Maories appeared to be determined on a serious attack on the fort, as their whole force turned out from the pah they had first constructed, and moved towards it; but just at this moment some of the chiefs observed out at sea towards Tauranga two long black
lines of smoke, which they immediately fancied might proceed from steamers, and it was not long before their conjectures proved to be correct, and two men-of-war steamers were observed moving rapidly down the coast. The effect was instantaneous. The Maories well knew that from the depth of water off the coast the steamers could approach as near as they chose, and could then shell their position, which was quite defenceless, as, although the ground was bold and precipitous towards the sea, the tops of the hills were flat and open and devoid of cover; again, if they remained where they were the steamers could go beyond them down the coast and cut off their retreat, which was along the belt of sand close to the sea, the rest of the ground between Maketu and the mainland being, as we have mentioned, a deep swamp.
The korero did not last long; some of the bolder spirits were for staying where they were and braving the danger, but the great majority thought the "better part of valour was in discretion." In fact they—

"Stood not on the order of their going,
But went at once."

Celia had passed the second day after the arrival of the hostile Maories at Maketu in a state bordering on stupefaction. As we have said, she had searched all the night before for Henry Ancrum; in the morning she had viewed the swamp from the nearest heights, but no one was to be seen; now she believed he must have been taken by the Pakehas, but the question was how could she get to him. She sat thinking and thinking, but she could invent nothing.

On the following morning, when the Maories advanced towards the fort, she determined to go with them, to dare every-
thing in order to be near if they should succeed in capturing it, and Henry be in danger. As we have seen, the appearance of the two war-steamers turned the attacking force back and determined them to retire. At this juncture Celia's relatives closed round her—they would hear of no remonstrance—they forced her away, they forced her to fly with them. She went almost mechanically, hardly knowing what she did, never thinking of danger, only thinking of Henry, and how she could see him again. In the meantime most of the Maories had rushed down the steep sides of the bluff old head of Whihi, and had crossed the river, the tide being fortunately out, and were hurrying up the opposite beach. Ihaka with his tribe and Celia followed.

The two war-steamers had now come up. To their surprise they saw no one on the
top of the hills, but they concluded that the Maories must be concealing themselves in the slight inequalities of the ground, and began to shell the heights.

This caused some delay. The retreating Maories they could not see, as they were concealed from view for some time by the high hills on the left bank of the river: but after a time, as they proceeded up the beach, the foremost fugitives came into sight from the decks of the vessels, who immediately steamed after them.

Reader, can you picture to yourself the scene? On the right is a dreary swamp covered with tall rushes (called raupo by the natives), interspersed with pools of water glittering in the morning sunlight. In the centre, stretching right away from us, is a line of low sand hills, and the sandy beach along which the crowd of Maories are now hurrying; in that crowd
are many women, for the Maori woman often accompanies her husband to battle, and the difference of dress gives even that mass of fugitives a picturesque appearance. On the left is the sea with its long line of breakers rolling ceaselessly in, each in its turn catching the rays of the sun on its summit, and losing them again as it rolls over, and dashes on the beach, wetting the feet of the flying foe. In the background, on the right, is a range of high hills; in the centre, far out at sea, can be seen the volcano of White Island, sending up its ceaseless column of steam and smoke into the clear blue sky; and on the left are perceived the two long low black hulls of the steamers.—A flash is seen from one of them, a whistling, hurtling sound is heard in the air, whish-whish, whish-whish, it comes—a roar; it has burst—but it has burst short, and no one is hurt.
Another flash; again that startling sound. This time the shell is too high, it passes over the dusky crowd, and buries itself in an island in the marsh, where it explodes with a loud thud. Once more the flash is seen, once more the sound is heard, but alas! not alike is the result; this time the shell explodes right over the heads of the fugitives, scattering destruction far and wide. How shrill the cries of the wounded are! but there is one who will cry no more—there is one whose sorrows are ended—a large piece of the shell struck Celia on the forehead, and her death must have been instantaneous. She could have suffered no pain. Perhaps it was better so; she would not have cared to live had she known her lover had deserted her.
CHAPTER XVII.

HE evening was hot and sultry; though no rain had actually fallen the clouds had gathered black and gloomy, and hid out the westering rays of the sun.

Edith Mandeville, tired of the close oppressive feeling in the house, strolled out into the extensive garden at the back of it. Poor girl! she was very sad; not only were all her hopes of happiness in this world destroyed by the death of her lover, but she was now subject to constant persecution from both her father and mother to induce her to marry Malcolm Butler.

Her father, who, as we have said, had
spent all his life in business, and in acquiring, or endeavouring to acquire money, was positively unable to understand how any girl could refuse to accept the advantages in the way of wealth, rank, and position which a marriage with Malcolm Butler would give her, and attributed her disinclination to accept his proposals to romantic folly, and what he called a sentimental remembrance of a dead lover, who could never have been her husband.

Under these circumstances he not only considered it his duty, as he said, to constantly urge Edith himself to accept Malcolm Butler as a lover, but he forced his wife to do so also.

Mrs. Mandeville was rather unwilling to urge Edith to contract a hasty marriage with Malcolm Butler, as her womanly instinct taught her that it was not so easy for a woman who had loved a man so
fondly as she knew Edith had loved Henry Ancrum, to forget him so soon as her husband seemed to imagine; but at the same time she was just as sensible as he was of the immense advantage it would be to their daughter to make so good a match, and therefore, though less violent in her arguments, she was just as persevering as her husband in endeavouring to induce Edith to think of Malcolm Butler as a future husband.

When Edith refused Malcolm’s proposal of marriage, she thought, poor girl, that his persecution was over, and that she would now be left in peace. In this she was much mistaken. He did indeed for a time visit at the house less frequently, but it was only for a time. Ere long he was as much there as ever; and, moreover, so confident had he become that, by the assistance of Mr. and Mrs. Mandeville, he
must eventually succeed in his suit for Edith's hand, that his manner assumed a boldness and assurance it did not formerly possess; in fact, it seemed to say "You may struggle, little bird, as much as you please, but you must and shall eventually be mine."

Thinking sadly of all these things, Edith had wandered down the garden until she had come to its further extremity; here there was a considerable clump of trees left from the original forest, when the clearing beyond had been made.

Entering amongst these trees by a winding path, Edith had arrived at their further edge, when happening to look across the clearing, she saw amongst the trees on the opposite side, a group of two or three Maories. Now this circumstance might not have surprised her, as they might have been friendly Maories, but on looking closer,
she observed they were all armed with guns. Where she was, she was perfectly concealed from view by the thick foliage, she determined therefore to wait and watch.

Before long, other Maories arrived, also armed, and evidently endeavouring to conceal their movements by always keeping inside the edge of the forest. In fact, if it had not been that the white colour of their blankets contrasted with the green leaves of the trees, Edith would scarcely have been able to make out their forms; as it was, it appeared to her that a group was assembled just opposite where she was, standing apparently in consultation, and that messengers used to go from and return to it, apparently communicating with other parties. Under all the circumstances of the case she was afraid that they must be planning an attack on the house, and she therefore lost no time in returning to it,
and informing her father of what she had observed."

Mr. Mandeville at once perceived the gravity of the situation; he had unfortunately only two men in the house with him, as the other men he employed on his farm lived in a cottage at some distance from it. If he and his family attempted to leave the house, they would of course be captured, and probably, at once killed by the Maories; if, on the other hand, they remained where they were, their fate was almost equally certain, as although he and the two men, having firearms, might defend themselves for a time, they would be sure in the end to be overpowered by numbers. What therefore was to be done? The only chance appeared to be to get a message sent to the neighbouring garrison of Drury; but how was this to be accomplished in the face of the enemy?
Mr. Mandeville's house was, as we have previously mentioned, situated on a small knoll or slight elevation, a river running round three sides of it, and the garden being on the fourth. Now, it occurred to Mr. Mandeville, that one person might by crouching down, and descending the knoll in the front of the house, and therefore on the side furthest from the garden, reach the river without observation; once in the river, he might creep along under its bank, which was rather high, till he reached a wood a considerable distance down the stream; here, being sheltered from observation by the wood, he might cross, merely keeping his head above water, to a wood on the other side. When he arrived at this wood he could move rapidly to the Great South Road, and obtaining a horse from a settler who lived on it near this point, ride into Drury, and give the alarm.
This plan was followed, and the messenger appeared to have escaped observation, as no sound was heard by the anxious watchers within the house to indicate that he had been discovered by the Maories.

For some time after the departure of the messenger, the occupants of the house were engaged in making preparations to resist the expected attack of the Maories. The great object, of course, was to delay the entry of the enemy into the house as long as possible, as by that means more time would be given for the arrival of the hoped for succour.

Mr. Mandeville then saw that all the firearms he possessed, consisting of two double-barrelled guns and two revolvers, were in proper order. The man he had with him was a sturdy determined fellow, one of those men who never court danger
or rush into it thoughtlessly, but who are prepared to do their duty when it comes to them, and Mr. Mandeville's plan was, if the worst came to the worst, to defend the door as long as he could. It was as well to die fighting as not, as no mercy was to be expected, and both he and all within the house were well aware that once the Maories got in, they would murder all they found there.

When all these things were done, there was nothing left for them but to wait. How slowly the time passed on! No sound was to be heard, no sight to be seen. How dreadful was the long suspense, and the inhabitants of Mr. Mandeville's house knew it must be so long. They were aware that the Maories, not imagining for a moment that their proximity had been even suspected, would remain perfectly quiet until dark night had set in, and then
when they thought that all within the house must be asleep, they would make their attack in the hopes of destroying the inmates before they could make any resistance.

And so the time passed on. The upper part of the house was kept perfectly dark, to enable the inmates to see what was going on outside without being themselves seen; but lights were kept burning in the lower part in order that the Maories might consider that the family had not yet retired to rest, and thus delay the attack. The night was very dark, there was no moonlight, and only the occasional twinkle of a star here and there; still the frightened watchers in the upper story were able at last to discern dark forms prowling round the house like birds of ill-omen. They approach closer and closer—then they pause.
They have waited long, but it is evident that they have determined to wait yet a little longer, till their intended victims have retired to rest.

Who can paint the feelings of those within—feelings which have been experienced by many a poor New Zealand settler!

At last the Maories appear to have made up their minds to wait no longer: they approach the door in a cautious stealthy cat-like manner; their leader tries the handle, he finds it fastened; a whisper passes amongst them; then the back door of the house, and all the windows are tried, with a similar result. A pause takes place. Then two Maories advance to the door, bearing a large stone between them to burst it in.

Mr. Mandeville, to cause as much delay as possible, now calls out loudly to know
who is at his door? The Maori who apparently acts as chief, replies that they are friendly Maories, and only want a night's shelter. This of course does not deceive Mr. Mandeville; but he only replies, that if they will wait a little while he will go for the key. The Maori, however, does not appear to be inclined to wait, but signs to the men to advance with the stone.

Mr. Mandeville felt that the time for decided action had indeed arrived: he fired with a revolver through a hole near the door, which he had previously made, at one of the Maories bearing the stone. The shot was so close that he could not miss his aim, and the man fell dead, pierced through the heart, whilst the stone descended to the ground with a loud crash; but the Maories were so enraged at the death of their friend that they at once fired a volley through the door, which being old and worm-eaten the
shots easily penetrated, and Mr. Mandeville’s faithful servant received a graze on the left side of his head, sending the blood into his left eye, and making the poor fellow imagine that he was certainly killed.

But the sound of the volley had apparently reached other ears besides those in the house, as a succession of ringing cheers arose from the road, apparently made by a large number of men advancing to the rescue, with a view of assuring the inmates that aid was at hand.

The Maories paused. They were well aware how near the garrison of Drury was, and had only made their attack under the idea that it would be a complete surprise. They never like to fight in open ground, and so without any deliberation they vanished as silently as they had come, and when the foremost of the relieving force had reached
the house, they were already within the shelter of the neighbouring woods. Nor did they rest there, as in a day or two it was heard that they had marched all the night, and before morning were far away from the district.
CHAPTER XVIII.

On the day when the events recorded in the last chapter occurred, Malcolm Butler had left Auckland, and proceeded to Drury, where he arrived a short time before the messenger despatched by Mr. Mandeville galloped in with a letter from that gentleman to the officer commanding the station, begging him to send a force immediately to his assistance.

Malcolm Butler solicited and obtained the command of this force, which arrived, as we have seen, just in time to save the inmates of Forest Lodge from destruction.

Malcolm Butler was too clever a man not
to make the very most of the chance which fortune had thrown in his way; he took care to be the first to rush into the house, and to receive the thanks of Mr. and Mrs. Mandeville as their deliverer from apparently certain death. He also laboured to prove that had it not been for his urging on the men to their utmost speed the troops would have arrived on the scene of action too late to succour those they came to save.

With Mr. and Mrs. Mandeville he was most successful, their gratitude knew no bounds, and even Edith felt it necessary to thank him for what he had done, though her womanly instinct told her at once the price he would ask as a reward for his services. That instinct told her, alas! too true. Malcolm Butler now became unremitting in his attentions, and her father and mother incessant in their arguments in
his favour. On one occasion her father sent for her, and after pointing out all the numerous advantages the match would give to her, asked her how she could possibly be so foolish as to persist in what he called her insane attachment to a dead man. It was in vain for Edith to urge any argument, to even plead for mercy, he flew into a great rage, told her she was a most undutiful child, a most ungrateful woman; and even in his passion went so far as to say, that if she did not consent to marry Malcolm Butler he would curse her as a disobedient daughter, and then he left the room.

Mrs. Mandeville coming in some time after found Edith still weeping bitterly; she tried to console and soothe her, but at the same time used every argument in her power to induce her to think well of the match with Malcolm Butler. He was
young, she said; though not handsome, he was not bad-looking; he had been very successful in life—at a very early age he had attained the rank of Major; above all, he was rich—he could keep her from all the sordid ills which cause most of the minor miseries of life—he could give her every comfort and luxury. Why should she not marry him? Why should she let a foolish remembrance of one whom she herself had so long considered dead, stand in the way of her happiness?

"Oh, stop, mother—stop!" cried Edith. "Why will you, even you, turn against me? Why will you, to whom I looked for comfort and support, rank yourself with those who are trying to drag me down to a fate I shudder to think of? My dislike to Malcolm Butler is no common feeling: I cannot explain it—you would think me mad if I did; it has been growing on me for..."
some time—it is a sort of dim uncertain horror, as if of some dark being of another world. And now—now—lately—I actually fear him—I actually fear him! Putting all other feelings aside, how could I marry a man I am so much afraid of?"

"Oh, my child," said Mrs. Mandeville, whose tears were flowing fast, "I must now tell you a secret—a secret I was desired to keep from you—a secret which I know your father would be very angry if he heard I had told. It is this:—Some few months ago your father had been very unsuccessful in several speculations he had made, a sum of ready money was urgently required to relieve him from his difficulties, and he did not know where to turn for help. At this time Malcolm Butler had a large amount in one of the Auckland banks, the greater part of which he had obtained from his uncle for the purpose of
purchasing land in New Zealand, which he had represented would be immensely increased in value in a few years, as the settlement of the country went on. In some way or other—we never learnt how—Malcolm Butler heard of your father's embarrassments, and came to him and offered to lend the money. Your father was delighted to avail himself of the assistance so opportunely offered—the more so as he thought he would be able to repay the money in a short time; things, however, have not turned out as well as he expected—one misfortune has followed another—and now the time has actually elapsed that was agreed upon for repayment, and your father is totally unable to refund the sum of money he borrowed."

Edith sat speechless; there were no tears in her eyes now: the horror was too great—the gulf before her was too dark!
She was deadly pale; she looked what those around her were trying to make her, though they knew it not—a sacrifice!

Alas, since this world began its course how many a woman has been made a sacrifice to man's selfishness! How many have yet to undergo the same fate! What was she to do? It was true this man had saved her life; it was true he had saved the lives of her father and mother (for they all believed that had he not urged on the men, on the night when they were attacked by the Maories, the succour might have come too late); but this was not all: it now appeared that her father was in this man's power—her father, whom she had been taught from childhood up to love and reverence. What could she do? What could any woman do to escape from such toils as these? Was there any hope? She, poor girl! thought that she saw a faint one.
Even to her it appeared very faint, but she thought she would try it; she thought she would see Malcolm Butler, she would throw herself on his generosity—that she would tell him all. She would reveal her whole soul to him, she would kneel at his feet, she would implore him to let her die, as she had hitherto lived, faithful to the memory of the only man she had ever loved.

"Mother," she said, "I will see Malcolm Butler to-morrow; but it must be alone, recollect—perfectly alone. Till then let me be left in peace."

"Yes, my love," said her mother; "your father is going into Auckland to-morrow, and I know Malcolm Butler is coming over from Drury; so it shall be as you wish."

And then she left the room.
CHAPTER XIX.

As Malcolm Butler was about to mount his horse on the following morning to proceed to Forest Lodge, a letter was put into his hand which had just arrived by the post; he looked carelessly at it; the address was in the handwriting of an acquaintance now stationed at Tauranga, on the east coast, who had formerly been in the same regiment as himself.

On what slight events do the fates of all of us turn! Malcolm Butler was on the point of laying the letter aside to await his return; had he done so, his fate also
might have been different. But it was not so to be. He lazily opened the letter and read. The first part of it did not appear to excite his attention much, but suddenly a dark flush passed over his face. He read on rapidly for a few lines, and then crushing the letter in his hand, he dashed it on the ground with a fearful execration. What was the announcement that had moved him so much? It was simply that his friend, as a piece of gossip, had mentioned that that day they had all been astonished to hear that Henry Ancrum, whom every one had supposed to be dead, had effected his escape from the Maories, and was now in the fort at Maketu. Malcolm Butler stood for a moment like one stupefied by a blow. Now, at the very moment when he thought all his schemes had succeeded, at the very moment when he imagined he could force Edith Man-
deville to be his wife, this man had returned as it were from the dead to bar his way! With a fearful oath he swore it should never be.

Then he thought deeply for a few minutes. It was evident that he must lose no time. If Edith were to hear that her lover was still alive, he was aware that no power on earth would induce her to consent to marry any other man. No; he must by some means or other, no matter how, force her to agree to be his wife this very day. Then he must keep the news of Henry Ancrum's being alive from her till they were married, which he thought he could easily do, as the marriage might take place immediately. But even if she should hear of Henry's escape before the marriage took place—which he considered most unlikely, as he was certain that he could prevent Mr. and Mrs. Mandeville
telling her anything about it, should they by chance hear of it themselves—still, he thought that, having once promised to be his wife, he could trust to her own sense of honour and her parents' influence to make her keep that promise. But supposing she should positively refuse to accept him as a husband!—what was to be done then?

At this thought an expression came over his face such as it would be difficult to define, but so dark was it in its savage malignity that demons might have delighted to witness it.

"No," he muttered; "she shall never be another man's. She shall be—she must be mine!"

He rushed out of the house, threw himself on his horse, and galloped off. So full was he of his thoughts that he had nearly reached Forest Lodge before he remem-
bered that it would not do for him to appear the least excited when he arrived there. When he did remember this, however, he pulled rein, and walked his horse slowly the rest of the way until he reached the stables, where having given the animal to a groom, he turned towards the house. At the door he met Mrs. Mandeville, who told him that Mr. Mandeville had gone into Auckland, and that she herself was going to see the wife of a settler not far off, who was sick, but that Edith was in the drawing-room. Indeed it so happened (a fact of which Mrs. Mandeville herself was not aware) that there were no other persons in the house, as the men-servants were that day employed on the farm and the women-servants out in the garden.
CHAPTER XX.

MALCOLM BUTLER entered the house. How familiar each step of the way was to him. How often had he ascended those stairs to meet Edith in the drawing-room, full of the sweet conviction that one day she must be his—his wife—his very own! and now how changed was everything. It was true that Edith as yet knew nothing, but he could not delay—he could not now trust to time: he must make her decide at once, that very day, before there was a chance of her hearing that Henry Ancrum still lived. It was with the greatest difficulty that he re-
strained his feelings; it was with the greatest difficulty that he could assume the appearance of calmness; but at last by a great effort he was able to do so, and entered the room with almost his usual quiet cat-like manner. Edith was standing at the other end of it, pale and motionless. He advanced towards her, but paused halfway, struck by the extreme pallor of her countenance and the despairing look in those large beautiful eyes.

What a contrast they formed! what a picture they would have made! There stood the man agitated by passions he now strove in vain to conceal: the passion of love, as he would have called it, but which in his case might have deserved a lower name—the passion of fear that after all his plans, his schemes, and machinations his intended victim might yet escape him—the passion of hate against
Henry Ancrum for having as it were risen from the grave to thwart him. There stood the woman, pale and despairing, with the well-known chill feeling creeping over her, as if dark shapes were hovering near—that prescience of approaching evil; but still calm as if appearing to gain a sort of fortitude from despair itself.

"Edith," said Malcolm Butler at length, "I have come to speak to you seriously. You know how deeply, how fondly I love you; you know that my whole soul is bound up in you; you know that mine is no temporary feeling, but a passion that is interwoven with my very existence. Can you not trust your happiness to such a love? Can you not consent to be my wife?"

"Oh, Major Butler! I——"

"Major Butler!" said Malcolm, losing all self-control, "can you not call by his
Christian name a man who has saved your life? who——” (He was going on wildly, but she interrupted him.)

“‘Yes,” she said; “that is what makes it so hard! You have, I believe saved my life and that of my parents; but, oh, you do not understand that a woman who has once loved a man, who has taken him to her heart of hearts, feels that it would be as it were profanation, even when she has lost him, to give herself to another. Besides, Henry Ancrum may yet live.”

“Yet live!” burst in Malcolm; “he is dead—I tell you he is dead. And know, ungrateful woman! that besides having saved your father’s life, I hold him entirely in my power; he has over-speculated, he wanted a sum of ready money, and I lent it to him. The time of payment is overdue; one word of mine, and he is a bank-
rupt. To him I think this would be nearly as bad as death."

"Oh," said Edith, throwing herself on her knees, "have mercy on me—do have mercy on me! How can I commit this sin? For it is a sin to marry one man when you love another. How can I commit this sin, even to save a father, if Henry Ancrum is alive?—if he should return?"

"But I tell you he is dead!" screamed Malcolm Butler. "I got a letter this morning saying so, and mentioning the names of persons who had seen the body."

In his wild excitement he put his hand into his pocket and took out the letter he had received; his intention was only to have shown that he had a letter, and then to put it back again, but owing to his agitation the letter dropped from his hand to the floor.
Edith never understood why it was, but a sudden impulse prompted her to seize upon the letter, and she did so. The first words she saw were those showing that Henry Ancrum was alive, and had escaped.

"Demon!" she cried, springing to her feet. "Why have you deceived me? Now I know you. Henry Ancrum is alive!"

An expression passed over Malcolm Butler's face such as she had never seen there before. Now she understood her dark forebodings—now she understood the chill feeling of terror she had so often experienced—now the funereal shapes seemed closing round her.

All he said was—

"You shall never be another's!" and he rushed towards her.

There was a door opening into the verandah; at the end of the verandah was a flight of steps leading to the ground in
front of the house. Edith rushed through the door to seek the only mode of escape which appeared left to her. But one swifter than her was in pursuit. She was seized. She screamed and struggled violently. Poor bird! vain struggle! A sparrow in the grip of a hawk would have been safer. But at this moment another actor appeared on the scene.

A woman, tall, strong, with flashing eyes and dishevelled hair, rushed upon Malcolm Butler, and seizing him by the throat, screamed in his ear—

"Would you destroy another woman as you did me?"

He turned. Was it possible?—Gertrude Chesney!

He let go his hold of Edith Mandeville, and staggered against the verandah railings.
The railings, originally strong, were worn and decayed with age; they gave way beneath his weight. He made a desperate effort to save himself by clutching at Gertrude Chesney; he seized hold of her dress, and tried to recover his balance. But in vain; he only insured his own fate by pulling her down on top of himself. Down they fell, a distance of about twenty feet.

Edith, trembling, approached the edge of the verandah, and looked over. What a sight met her eye! Malcolm Butler was lying motionless; Gertrude Chesney was stunned, but slowly recovering her feet. In a few moments she said—

"Malcolm, get up. Don't stay there—don't; you are only trying to frighten me." Then she cried, "Oh, he is hurt; I am sure he is hurt!" Then approaching nearer, and seeing his face, from which
all trace of colour had departed, she screamed, "Oh, he is dead—he is dead! and I have killed him! I who loved him so!"

It was too much for her; it was too much for human nature to bear, and she fell fainting beside the man who, whatever his faults, she had always so fondly loved.

Edith rushed wildly to the stables; there she found the groom who had taken Malcolm Butler's horse. She told the man to mount the animal and gallop to Drury for a doctor. The man started immediately. She then ran to the garden, where she found the women-servants, and sent them to summon the men-servants and farm-labourers.

When they arrived, Malcolm Butler was borne into the house and laid on a bed on the ground floor.
Very shortly after, her mother came in, and ere long her father, who had arrived in Drury just at the moment when the doctor was summoned, came in with him.

Up to this time Malcolm Butler had lain perfectly motionless and evidently quite insensible.

After a short examination, the doctor gave it as his opinion that there was no hope. Malcolm Butler in falling had evidently struck his head against a stone and fractured his skull, the injury being increased by the weight of another body falling on the top of him. He might pass away in his present state of insensibility and give no sign, or he might recover consciousness just before his decease; but of life there was no hope.

How anxiously they watched by his bedside. It would be vain to try and depict
the anguish and misery of Gertrude Chesney when she recovered from her swoon; but now she was like a brave woman, trying to be calm, and to be useful if possible, to the dying man she loved so well.

For a long time they watched without seeing any change, but at last, when night had long fallen, the patient's limbs began to quiver and move slightly. He appeared to be struggling back to consciousness, although his features wore the appearance of death. At last, his eyes opened; they rested on Gertrude Chesney.

"Gertrude," he said, with difficulty—
"I—I have wronged you—but I have wronged others. Henry—Ancrum—lives. I—I wronged him—you know; tell them—tell the truth. Tell Edith—Edith."

It was his last word! A convulsion shook his frame, and his soul departed for ever
from the scene where he had worked so much evil.

Our readers will easily imagine that as the immediate cause of Malcolm Butler's death was known exclusively to Edith Mandeville and Gertrude Chesney, there having been no other person present, the outside world only heard what was, strictly speaking, the bare truth—namely, that his death had been caused by the breaking of the verandah rails against which he was leaning.

His body was removed to Auckland and buried with military honours; his remains were followed to the grave by the garrison. The solemn tones of that most melodious of melancholy marches, the Sicilian Mariners' Hymn, came wailing (rising and falling) through the air, mixed with the measured booming of the drum. The graveyard is reached; the awful words
are said, "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes;" the three volleys are fired in the air; and the remains of what once was Malcolm Butler are committed to the earth till "the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised."
CHAPTER XXI.

THE circumstances under which Gertrude Chesney started for New Zealand have been mentioned in a former chapter.

When she arrived at Auckland she learnt that Malcolm Butler was at Drury, and having hired a conveyance, proceeded to that place; on reaching it, she found that he had gone to Forest Lodge, and as the distance was not great, she was driven on to that place. She stopped her carriage at some distance from the house, and went on to it on foot, as she wished to approach it unobserved. On reaching the front door,
she found it open, and it was thus that she came so unexpectedly on the scene we have described.

Mr. Mandeville—as soon as she (Gertrude Chesney) had sufficiently recovered from her grief for the loss of the man who had ruined her, but whose memory she still loved, to answer questions—obtained from her a full confession of the falsehood of the statements which Malcolm Butler had made to his uncle, and also to Mr. Mandeville himself, as to Henry Ancrum being the father of her child. This confession, which proved that Henry Ancrum was entirely guiltless of what had been laid to his charge, Mr. Mandeville reduced to writing and forwarded to Sir John Ancrum, Henry's uncle.

We must now return to the said Henry Ancrum himself. The agitation he went through at the time of his escape, together
with the thorough wetting he got in crossing the deep water in the swamp, brought on an attack of illness which long confined him to his bed, during which time it was thought dangerous by his medical attendants to tell him any exciting news; consequently it was not until long after poor Celia's death that he heard of the sad event, and also of the decease of his cousin Malcolm Butler. Even after he received this intelligence it was many weeks before he felt himself well enough to travel. During this interval he received several letters from Mr. Mandeville, urging him when he came to Auckland to make his (Mr. Mandeville's) house his home.

Henry was a little puzzled when he received the first letter conveying this invitation, but when the subsequent ones explained that the cruel falsehoods which had been told about him had been found
out, and that he might still hope to be his uncle's heir, he was at no loss to understand the extraordinary change in the feelings of the astute merchant towards him.

The meeting of Henry Ancrum and Edith Mandeville was one of those events which happen to few persons in this world—and why? Because there are few who have loved so fondly, so devotedly, and so unselfishly as these two had done. It would be difficult to picture the happy feelings of Edith as she was pressed to the heart of the man she adored, who had as it were been dead and was alive again.

But with him there was one drawback: he felt like a guilty person; he had to explain to Edith all the events which had occurred since they last met. How was he to do this? But it must be done—truth and honour required that the tale should
be told. He told it; perhaps reserving a little, perhaps extenuating as much as he could, for he was mortal—we are all mortal—but the task was easier than he thought. She, with a woman's devotion to the man she loves, would not believe that he had been to blame. No (she thought) it was that woman, that horrid woman, that artful creature, who entangled him; and as to her being in danger herself during that night when she had made Henry promise to marry her, she (Edith) would never believe it. No, it was all deceit; and so she forgave her poor Henry, and the subject was never again mentioned between them.

In due course a letter arrived from Sir John Ancrum, saying that the proofs he had received of his nephew Henry Ancrum's perfect innocence of all that had been laid to his charge were so convincing, that he had the greatest pleasure in re-
placing him in the position of heir to his estates, and expressing sorrow that he should so long have been deceived as to his character. Subsequent letters from the worthy old gentleman acknowledged the receipt of intelligence of the proposed marriage of Henry Ancrum and Edith Mandeville, of which he cordially approved; but he added a condition which the young people at first hardly liked—which was, that the whole party should return to England, in order that the marriage might take place at Ancrum Hall.

Mr. Mandeville, however, who had now had plenty of time to realize his various ventures, and whose affairs had taken a favourable turn, thought the project a very good one; and therefore, after a prosperous voyage, our friends found themselves all in the old country again.

We will not describe the wedding. Henry
Ancrum and Edith Mandeville were formed by nature for one another; they have every thought and feeling in unison, and they are happy. They live at the old Hall, where they enjoy every comfort and luxury this world can afford, and Henry is in no hurry to succeed the kind old man who has been so generous a benefactor to him.

Gertrude Chesney lives in her former pretty little cottage, and has received a promise that her old dream shall be accomplished, and her son be nominated to the Indian Civil Service, if he should pass what she calls "that dreadful examination."

Mr. and Mrs. Mandeville have gone back to New Zealand, but it is only for a time, as Mr. Mandeville intends to dispose of his landed property, which is rapidly increasing in value, as soon as he can do so to advantage, and to wind up his other busi-
ness affairs, when they will return to England and settle down somewhere in the neighbourhood of their daughter and son-in-law.

The regiment to which Mr. Singleton belonged was one of the first to return home from New Zealand after the war was over, but, unfortunately for Mrs. Singleton, it was sent to Ireland and disembarked at the celebrated town of Cork. Here it was impossible for her to talk any more of "her father's estates!" and, moreover, the expenses of home service pressed so heavily that poor Mr. Singleton was unable to keep even the "one-horse chaise!" which Henry Ancrum had predicted would be the extent of their carriage accommodation; and it ended by Mrs. Singleton persuading her husband to exchange into a regiment in India, where the extra pay permits them to live with tolerable comfort, and
where she has been enabled to renew her former style of boasting without fear of detection.

Major and Mrs. Brennan have settled down on their land near Napier, which being close to the town, the Major has been able to sell part of it in town lots at a good price, and the worthy old gentleman is therefore much better off than when we last saw him. He still tells his old stories, and laughs his old laughs.

Dr. Smith has also been successful in his own line: he has become Doctor and Superintendent of a lunatic asylum, where his pompous manner has an immense effect on the feeble inmates, who in their lucid intervals look up to him with intense awe and veneration. With regard to the more refractory patients, the Doctor is accustomed to boast that he has only to give them what he calls a
“co-op-de-ale” (coup d'œil), to reduce them to submission immediately.

Mrs. Smith is more genteel (to use her own phrase) than ever, and she now seldom gives more than one finger even to her most intimate friends.

Babington has retired from the service. He now belongs to a celebrated West End Club; he is well up in the economical dodge of taking half portions of every eatable under the sun. He is perfectly acquainted with the latest intelligence which has been received at the modern Babylon. Should you meet him in great excitement at any time, and ask him what is the matter, he will probably tell you, "The Indian Mail is late—late, sir, by George!—Six hours over the last one." Then again, you will occasionally see him at the corner of a street, crushing a delicate...
little pink note in his hand, and he will stop you and say, "From that deuced fine woman, you know! Eh, old fellow! eh!" And you are lucky if he does not give you a poke in the ribs.

Adelaide Brown—poor Adelaide Brown! how sad she was. Regiment after regiment was leaving New Zealand. Algernon Neville's regiment must soon go, and he had not proposed—he had said nothing; she had no heart for "dodges" now.

Perhaps she was a bit of a flirt; perhaps we must confess that; she had certainly begun by flirting, but she had become caught herself. She loved Algernon Neville, she knew she loved him. She would think of him all day; she would fall asleep at night thinking of him; she would say to herself, "Why do I love this big, blundering fellow?" but it was of no use—she did love him.
One day she was seated idly at the window doing nothing, only looking out at the ships in the beautiful bay of the Waitemata, when Algernon came in.

"Addie!" he said.

"Don't call me Addie, sir," she replied, with a little of her old manner.

"Yes, I must; for I have come to say good-bye."

"Oh, Algy!" she cried, turning deadly pale.

"Yes, I am sorry to say it is too true; we go to Australia in a few days, and after that to England."

She looked at him, she did her best to restrain her feelings, but they would have way; she burst into a passion of tears, and hid her face in her hands.

Algernon Neville leant over her; he had thought, he had hoped she loved him as he wished to be loved. Now it appeared
certain. Still he could not resist making one more speech in the old style, and so he said—

"Oh, you deceitful wretch! you loved me after all."

"Oh, Algy," she said, looking up at him through her tears, "I could not help it, I did all I could to—to—hate you, but I coo—coo—could not; for, after all, I am only a boo—boo—poor fond wo—wo—woman." And again she hid her face, and wept more bitterly than before.

He could bear it no longer. He took her in his arms, and kissed her; he asked her to be his wife. Oh, how happy she was! It is needless to add that she said "yes."

After some time Algernon said—"But Adelaide, a good-natured friend told me all about the 'dodges' (you know good-natured friends do tell one everything).
Recollect, at least, we must have no more of the aggravating dodge."

"Oh, no," she said, laughing. "Oh, no, Algyno more dodges;" and to do her justice, she has never since tried either the sentimental, the religious, or the aggravating dodge.

THE END.