

THE HERO OF A NATIVE FIGHT.



It is now nearly a quarter of a century since the North Island of New Zealand was distracted and disorganized by the consequences of the struggle with the Maori race. To increase the general turmoil, that section of the fanatical natives known by the name of the Hauhaus moved indiscriminately against natives and Europeans. Among other offensive expeditions undertaken by them was one against the Wanganui tribe, in which, after mutual manoeuvring, the hostile forces ultimately confronted each other by arrangement at the Island of Moutoa.

The Hauhaus coming down the river in their canoes, were allowed to land unmolested by the Wanganui warriors who, reserving their fire until the assailants had approached to within thirty yards, discharged their fire ineffectually against them. A return volley of the Hauhaus proved more destructive, striking down many of the Wanganui warriors, together with their chiefs, Riwai and Kereti, and a Catholic priest, Father Pezant, who was vainly endeavouring to restore peace between the contending parties.

The centre and left, disheartened by the loss of their chief, began to give way, shouting that the enemy were protected by angels; but Hemi Hape held his ground, and soon proved to the contrary. Nevertheless, his warriors were driven slowly back by the overwhelming force of the Hauhaus. Two thirds of the island had been gained, and the battle appeared to be lost, when suddenly Tamehana came to the rescue. He had vainly tried to bring back the fugitives, but not succeeding, had returned to share the fate of those who still held out. Hemi called on his men to take cover from Hauhaus's fire and hold their ground. He was obeyed by all but Tamehana, who fought like a demon, killing two men with his double-barrelled gun.

At this critical moment, Hemi Hape, the last of the three divisional leaders, was shot dead. His son Marino took the command. Nearly all his men were wounded, and as the Hauhaus rushed forward to finish the fight, Wanganui fired a volley into them at close quarters, killing several. But they still came on, and for a moment the fate of Wanganui trembled in the balance. Tamehana was equal to the occasion, for seizing the spear of a dead man, he drove it through the nearest Hauhaus, whose arms he took, and drove a tomahawk so deeply into the skull of another as to break the handle in wrenching it out. Finding the gun unloaded, he dashed it in the faces of his foes, and capturing another gun was about to fire it when a bullet struck him in the arm. He nevertheless killed his man. This was his last effort, and the next moment a bullet shattered his knee to pieces, and the tomahawk would soon have finished him; but his gallant stand had given Haimona time to rally the fugitives and come up to his support. Ashamed of their conduct, they came determined to wipe it out. They fired one volley, killing a chief (brother to Pehi), and then charged pellmell upon the Hauhaus.

There was no time to reload, so down went the guns, and all went in with the tomahawk. The enemy were driven in confusion back to the upper end of the island, where, followed by the tomahawks of their pursuers, and exposed to the cross-fire of Mete Kingi's people, they rushed in a body into the water, and attempted to swim the rapids to the right bank. Just then Haimona recognised the prophet amongst the swimmers, and calling to one of his best fighting men, Te Moro, said, 'There is your fish,' at the same time handing him his bone mere. Te Moro went for him, and caught him by the hair just as he reached the opposite bank. The prophet, seeing his fate, put up his hand and said, 'Pai mariri; mariri hana.' The remainder of what might have been an eloquent speech was cut short by the mere, and Te Moro swam back towing his fish, and threw it at Haimona's feet. This day he shows two gaps in the mere with great pride. Over fifty Hauhaus were buried on the island, and twenty more were taken prisoners by Mete Kingi, who surrounded them in a gully. The loss of the friendlies was sixteen killed and nearly forty wounded—rather severe when it is remembered that not more than eighty men actually took part in the fight. It was only the gallant behaviour of Hemi and Tamehana with the men of Ranana that turned the scale and gave us the spectacle of a real old Maori fight in modern times. No other tribe can boast of an engagement like this for the last fifty years.

WHAT A WOMAN DID.

In 1864 Ludwig II came to the throne of Bavaria. He was a strong, handsome youth of nineteen, with immense ideas of what a king should be. It was his first disappointment that turned the tide of his life the wrong way. He engaged himself to the daughter of the King of Austria, a beautiful but unprincipled woman, who was amusing herself with another prince while Ludwig was building elegant palaces and equipages for her. When he heard of her doings he broke the engagement, and, as if to revenge his own wronged feelings, he threw himself into all sorts of extravagances. He became a woman hater, encouraging none of the interesting women who could have, perhaps, made his life a natural and happy one; he lived more exclusively than ever, and more extravagantly than ever, and his peculiar solitary life and final insanity seem to prove that that matter was one of vital importance to him.

Surrounded by flattering friends whom he could not endure, and devoid of the natural home ties and affections, he developed a morbid streak that proved his ruin at last. But in spite of all his peculiarities he was much beloved, and through all the Bavarian mountains, where he loved to be, and where two of his castles are, he was well-known.

How much his later friendship with Wagner influenced him is hard to say. It is to this king that we owe Wagner's music, for without his assistance and help financially it is doubtful if Wagner could have brought his music so effectually before the public. Operas were written to and for the king and rehearsed for his benefit alone. Of course this flattered him, and he in turn demanded many arbitrary and curious things from his friend. 'Die Feen,' a fantastic fairy piece, and the 'Siegfried' set were kept as his especial property, and until his death were never played in public.

The King would have a whole opera given for himself alone; he would sit in his box opposite the stage with no light whatever near him, and the actors often did not know whether they were playing to the King or to an empty house. How much Wagner with his extravagant ideas and weird, wild, romantic music affected the already morbid imagination of the King is difficult to say. The alarming state of the King's health began to excite the people, his increasing extravagancies and unreasonable demands making much talk and dispute.

The Neuschwanstein castle was the last and most beautiful of his castles, being in position with the sites chosen by the early Robber Knights, and in every particular carrying out the extraordinary fantasy of the King. This castle is a great contrast to his two other Frenchy and rather tawdry castles of Linderhoff and Chemsee. He built it in the Bavarian mountains on a high hill overlooking an immense stretch of country with mountains and lakes in all directions. Indescribably beautiful is it in every way. It was not quite finished at the time of his death, three years ago. One thing that impresses one is that the walls, paintings and frescoes are entirely from the subjects of Wagner's operas, and Siegfrieds and Brunnhildes and their friends



TAMEHANA.

are to be seen all over the castle. It is said that he personally saw all the plans for this building and chose what was to be accepted. The building of the Marien bridge—a suspension bridge—over 150 feet above a rushing stream of water was a wild and almost insane freak. One really trembles as they walk across this bridge in broad daylight, and yet so beautiful is it that all who visit the castle walk over to this the favourite place of the King. He often went at midnight quite alone and spent hours in contemplating the lovely wild scene around him. His attendants often became very uneasy about him and feared he would some time end his life by jumping into the torrent below, but that he never did.

The people finally got so disturbed over his condition that they sent Wagner away, thinking that the King might be less excited if this influence was removed. But matters developed soon showing him to be really insane. He told his friends that he was going to build another castle that should surpass any yet built, and he chose the site for it on one of the highest peaks of the Bavarian Alps, and really began work on it. As he was already deeply in debt the people felt that this was going too far, and refused him the money to carry out any more wild and insane fancies. Crossed in this manner, he became unruly in some political affairs, going so far as to order the death of an innocent man, an order that was not carried out.

He seems to have suspected that the people would ask him to abdicate the throne, for one afternoon, when walking by the Stamberger See with his doctor, a man as powerful as himself, they both were missed, and several hours later were found in the sea in each other's arms, apparently in a struggle that ended in the death of both, the doctor evidently not having been strong enough to save the King. Many who had loved him and were not willing to admit that he was insane, said it was foul play, and for a long time feeling was so strong that no one dared to speak of the matter.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

In one respect the ladies have a parallel. The spring chicken never tells its age.

The practice of smoking cigarettes by women is on the increase in both London and Paris.

Don't try to make a pet of a bumble-bee because he is pretty. Beauty is sometimes deceitful.

Tommy: 'Paw, what is "fame?"' Mr Figg: 'Fame, my son, is something a man makes money out of after he is dead.'

There are plenty of people on earth who will be very indignant when they reach the other world to find there are no reserved seats.

The London Lawist says the best authorities estimate that the average duration of human life has increased ten years in the last century.

He who, when he hath the power, doeth no good, when he loses the means will suffer distress. There is not a more unfortunate wretch than the oppressor, for in the day of adversity nobody is his friend.

THE FALL OF MAN.

'I may not be,' the sleek banana said.
'The Fruit Forbid that brought in sorrow's ban.
Yet I confess that I have done my share
Toward assisting in the fall of man.'

In the hands of a woman the uses of a hairpin are manifold. With it she does everything, from buttoning her shoe to scratching her head, and by twisting it around the key of the door she renders her bedroom burglar-proof.

In Corea every unmarried man is considered a boy, though he should live to be one hundred. No matter what his age he follows in position the youngest of the married men, despite the fact, perhaps, of having lived years enough to be their father.

THE FALL OF THE THERMOMETER.

'Twas in a breach of promise suit the letters all were read,
And here is what the opening words of each epistle said:
'Dear Mr Smith,' 'Dear Friend,' 'Dear John,' 'My Darling, Four Leaf Clover may share
'My Ownest Jack,' 'Dear John,' 'Dear Sir,' then 'Sir'—and all was over.

Many a child has been warped and soured for life by the want of the sunshine of praise and approval. 'Teach what ought to be done,' said an eloquent preacher, 'and not what ought not to be done; let the good crowd out the evil.' Kindness will melt, and reproof harden—this is an immutable law, and yet it is one of the hardest lessons that a conscientious parent or teacher can learn.

DEEPER AND DEEPER STILL.—In London recently a magistrate was shocked because a lady, who was accompanied by her husband and a male friend, was not permitted to smoke a cigarette in the cafe of an hotel. The gentleman friend was so much annoyed at the prohibition that he threw a water-bottle at the waiter's head, but, missing his mark, broke a panel worth £5. The magistrate refused to fine the defendant more than £5, so strongly did he feel about the lady's treatment. His theory is that ladies ought to be allowed to smoke wherever they please.

THE WAYS OF DAHOMY.—A peculiar privilege granted to the female warriors of Dahomy is the right each to claim one female captive of a conquered tribe. The male captives all belong to the King, and since the slave trade on that coast has been practically abolished, they are looked upon as almost useless, except for sacrifice. It is, indeed, chiefly to get rid of prisoners that the wholesale slaughters are kept up, and ten victims perish in the course of a year in Dahomy in this period for one that was killed in the early part of the century, when every man and woman could be sold for value to slaves in America.

WHEN THEY MEET THE RIGHT ONE.—Every man has a natural regard for the fair sex. In the language of the poet:

The best thro' many a garden roves,
And hums his lay of courtship o'er;
But when he finds the flower he loves,
He settles there and hums no more.

The whole campaign of love that besieges the citadel of the heart is: A language of the eye, a cadence of the voice, harmonious and tender, the enlisting of sympathies, transforming and ripening sincere regards as to love, infusing hope, elevation and comfort, that aptly suggest sunshine and a 'helpmeet.' When a girl meets the right one she knows it.

EDUCATION IN SOUTH AMERICA.—Theodore Child says: 'The young Argentines are as ignorant and badly-informed as they are badly behaved, and that, too, not from want of intelligence—they are even precociously intelligent—but from lack of severe and logical training. One cannot believe that the extreme licence allowed to boys of ten and twelve years of age, such as liberty to smoke and to contract premature habits of vice and immorality, is compatible with good intellectual training. A more corrupt, rude, unlicked and irrepressible creature than the average Argentine boy it would be difficult to find in any other civilized country. The girls, too, have an air of effrontery and a liberty of language to which the older civilisations of the world have not accustomed us.'

It is reported that in the last five years twenty-seven American girls have married 'Chinamen,' and in only five cases have they lived with their yellow husbands beyond a few months.

A lady who has kept notes states that in the last two years there have been in the daily papers of America accounts of more than three thousand murders of wives by drunken husbands.