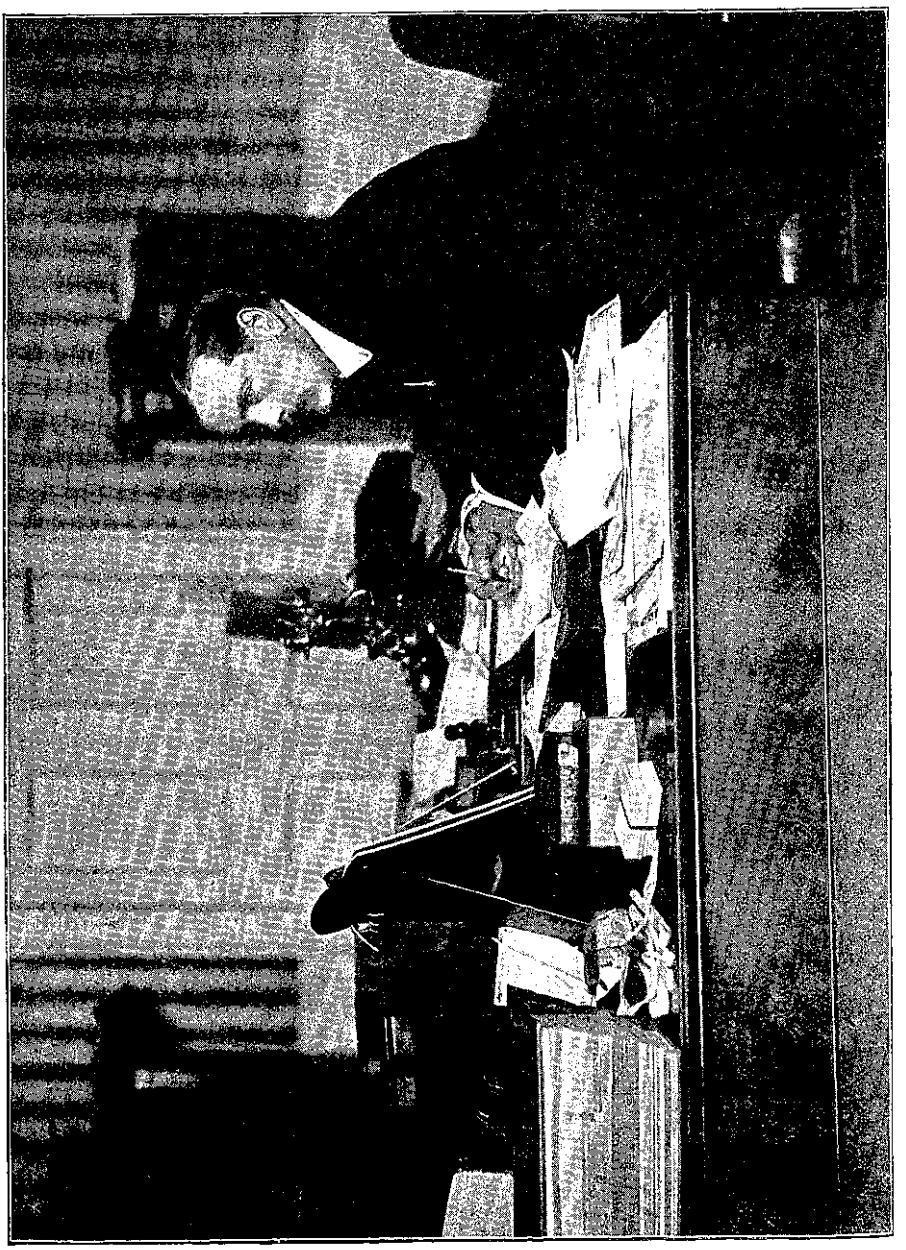
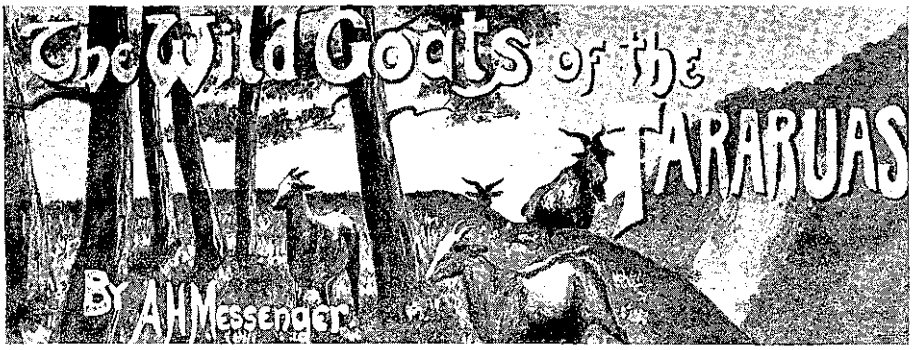


The Right Honourable Lord Plunket, K.C.V.O.



IT had taken us a full day's march, and though our swags were light in reality, they felt heavy enough by the time the last long black birch ridge had been scaled. Six of us in a straggling line, with swags upon our backs, rifles in our hands, and fire-blackened billies strung to our respective belts, crawled wearily out into the brighter daylight of a little open patch in the dense undergrowth of the bush, and threw ourselves down on the springy fern. The three dogs of the expedition, by name, Scout, Rajah, and Spring, respectively, came crawling in close upon our heels, with lolling tongues and panting sides.

We had reached our camping-ground in the wild and rugged fastnesses of the Tararua Ranges only just in time, for the shadows were already gathering and thickening among the tree trunks, and up in the heavy foliage overhead. After a short spell we unrolled our swags, and set about pitching the tent and starting a fire to boil the billy for tea. Within an hour of our arrival our little weather-stained tent was securely set up, and made all snug with a great stack of fern fronds spread upon the floor for bedding. Then as a sound of hissing and spluttering announced that the billy was boiling, we gathered about the cheerful blaze of the fire, and set to work on our stock of provisions with appetites such as only those know who have trodden the out trail, and smelt the reek of the camp fire.

Long before our hunger was appeased the shadows had marshalled their forces close about our little circle, and darkness, thick and impenetrable, had cast its mantle over the bush. A belated tui, perched high in the branches of a giant rata that towered above us, gave voice to a few sweet bell notes, and fell suddenly silent as the harsh, grating cries of a flock of kakas flying high overhead broke in upon his melody. A mopoke hooted eerily from the shadows behind the tent, and then as if his voice were a signal, a perfect chorus of wailing cries rose from the gully below, where the wekas, now wide awake, were starting out on their marauding excursions.

We needed no rocking to send us to sleep that first night in camp. We dropped off into the land of dreams the moment we rolled ourselves in our blankets, and snored soundly until awakened by the sweet voices of the tuis at daylight the following morning. It was a positive delight to draw aside the tent-flap and step out into the cool fresh air of the bush, the rich, damp smell of the fern was sweet as in-

cense to the nostrils, and the feeling of exhilaration at being away in the heart of wild country, full of big game, was grand in the extreme.

After a hearty breakfast, a plan of campaign was drawn up for the day, and it was finally decided that we should start off in pairs. Two of our party were to scout around on the ridges near the camp, whilst two others worked up the Orongorongo river-bed, and the remaining two down. A dog was allotted to each party, and having equipped ourselves with rifle, cartridges and sheath knives, we started out for our first day's sport. Harry, our leader, and myself, elected to take the up-river beat with Scout, our veteran hunting dog, to assist us on the trail, so leaving the snug little camp behind us, we struck off down a narrow creek-bed amid a marvellous wealth of beautiful ferns that everywhere clothed the floor of the bush.

Tracks and signs of game were not wanting, and we had the utmost difficulty in keeping old Scout from breaking away in hot pursuit on the trail of some of the freshest tracks of big game. Finally, in spite of all we could do, he dashed up a steep birch-clad slope, and an angry baying from the direction in which he had disappeared informed us that he had bailed up something.

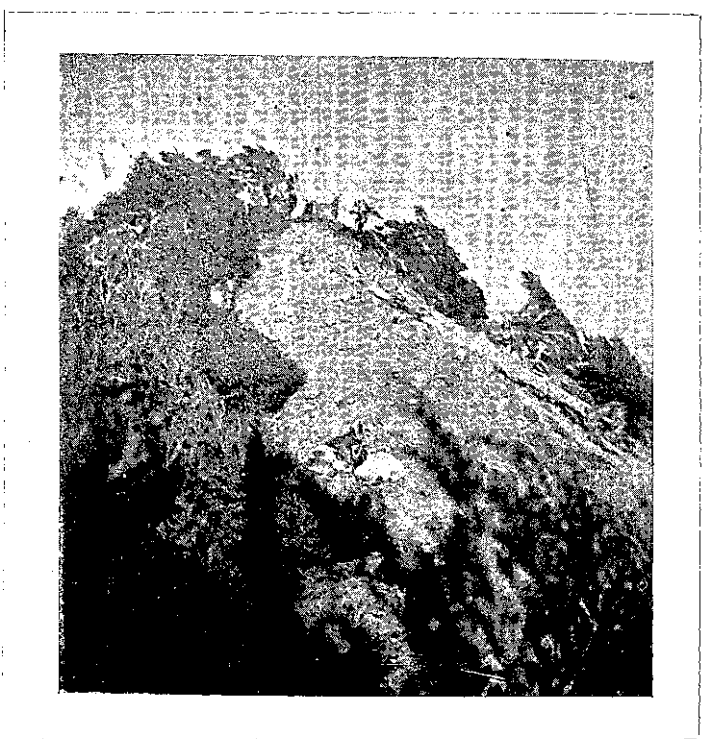
We instantly made all haste to the scene of action, and after a tough scramble among the supplejacks, came upon a fine young sow that he had cornered for us between the wide flanges of the roots of a giant pukatea tree. Upon our arrival the dog at once dashed in and seized the sow by the throat, when we lost no time in dispatching her, heedful of the requirements of our camp commissariat. We carried the carcass down to the track, hung it securely amid the boughs of a small karaka tree, and continued our journey, coming shortly afterwards out upon the boulder-bed of the Orongorongo River.

Our shooting camp in the Tararuas.

The scene that immediately confronted us was one of the wildest and most desolate description. For fully a hundred yards from where we stood there stretched a wilderness of water-worn stones, boulders, and flood wreckage. At the outer edge of this, the cold, clear waters of the river, fed by the snows of the Rimutaka, rushed and foamed with a reverberating roar that filled the air with its tumultuous echoes. Beyond the river again, the boulders stretched for fully a quarter of a mile to the further bank, which, precipitous and bush-clad, leant back in mighty slip-scarred ridges to the towering summits of the main Tararua Range.

The majestic solitude of the scene held us entranced for a space, as we raised our eyes from our immediate surroundings and took in the full glory of it. First, the blue-gray of the boulder-bed, then the many shades of green reflected in the all-enveloping bush, with here and there the blood-red stain of the rata blossom flung broadcast over the tree tops, and at the back of all, the blue and purple of the distant summits of the main range melting into an azure sky.

Our attention was soon called back to the business of our trip, however, by the sudden appearance of several bright patches of white and brown moving upon the face of the river bank opposite us. "Goats," ejaculated Harry, "come on," and crouching low, we commenced a stealthy advance across the open towards them.



Successfully stalked and shot—with a camera.

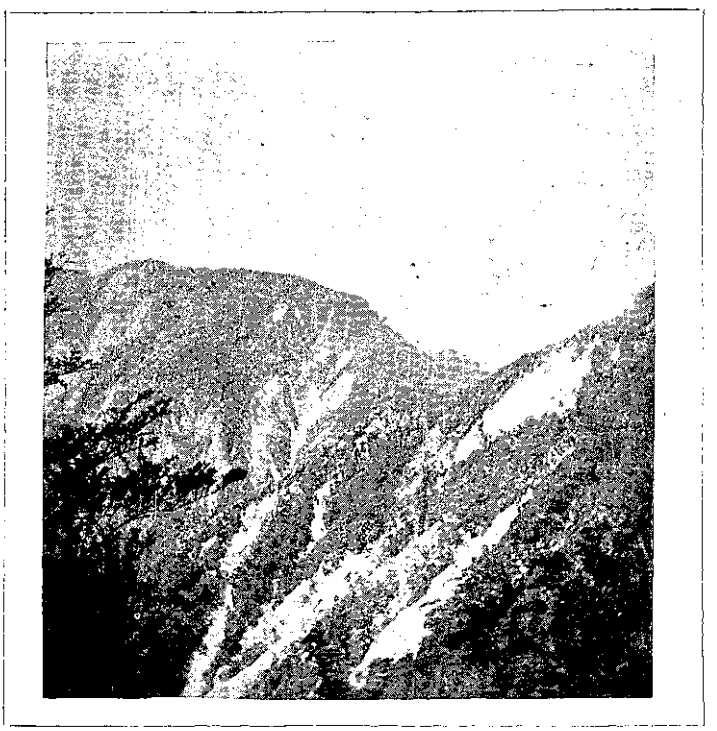
Reaching the river, we plunged over our knees into ice-cold water that deepened rapidly as we moved forward, until it almost reached our waists. The bed of the river was so uneven and the current so strong that it was with difficulty we kept our footing. Numbed with the cold, we reached the opposite side without mishap. A further advance brought us well within three hundred yards of the little mob of

goats, who now caught sight of us, and showed signs of alarm. Not a moment was to be lost. Taking careful aim, we singled out a couple and fired simultaneously.

Harry's goat leapt high in the air as the rifle shot rang out, and fell head foremost on to the river bed below. The rest of the flock made a dash for cover. Had I missed? No, for my quarry stumbled and fell just as he reached the bush, but recovering himself quickly, he disappeared at the heels of the others. We crossed the open at a run, and set our eager dog on the trail. We had hardly entered the bush ere a furious barking close ahead told us that our quarry was at bay.

Upon arriving on the scene, we discovered not one goat, as we had expected, but two. The foremost of these was a fine, patriarchal old billy, who kept making savage rushes at our dog as he circled around him. Behind this brave old warrior, and evidently sorely wounded, stood the goat I had fired at, a graceful little nanny, with a prettily marked brown and white skin. I lost no time in putting her out of her misery with a second shot that stretched her lifeless amid the fern.

Then we turned our attention to her defender. It was well for us that we did, for evidently under the impression that we were foemen most worthy of his steel, the old goat suddenly broke away from the dog, and came for us with a rush.



Typical haunts of the wild goat

Feeling that discretion was the better part of valour in this case, we hastily made for the friendly shelter of a great tree trunk, round which the old chap chased us hotly with his long, twisted horns lowered for the attack, uncomfortably close to us. The faithful Scout came to the rescue, however, and by a sudden rear-guard action forced billy to bail up once more, when we dispatched him with a bullet between the eyes.

I hung the nanny up to a branch

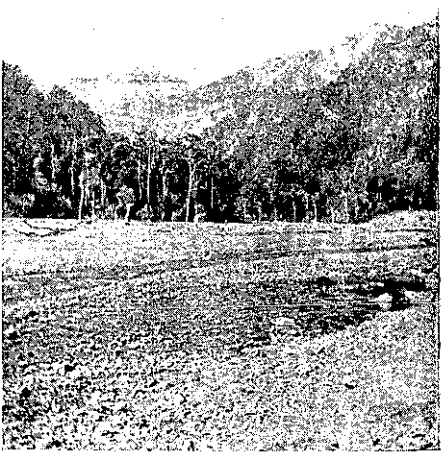
and stripped her skin off, secured the horns of the old billy, and then returned to the river-bed where Harry was busily engaged skinning his kill. His goat proved to be a fine young billy with a magnificent

Securing a Billy's horns.

skin covered with long, shaggy, white and brown hair. The bullet which had brought him down had caught him just behind the shoulder, drilling a neat hole through his vitals, and proved the splendid shooting qualities of the Winchester .44.

Well pleased with the commencement of our day's sport, we struck off up one of the wild precipitous gorges that debouched on to the main river-bed. Here the scenery was wilder than ever, the gorge being about two hundred yards in width, with steep water-worn walls on either side, fully forty feet in height, almost perpendicular, and with the dark shadows of the surrounding bush crowding their broken edges.

Wild pigeons were here in great numbers, and so tame that we could approach to within a few yards of them without their becoming alarmed. It was a very pretty sight to see them launching out from the tree-tops on one side of the gorge and swooping across to the opposite side, their feathers flashing bronze-green and copper colour in the bright sunlight. Before we had gone far, upon rounding a sharp bend in the gorge, we came suddenly in full view of a large flock of goats of every variety of colour in the act of crossing from one side to the other. Before they had time to discover our presence, we had selected one each, and the loud roar of the rifle-shots echoing from either wall of the gorge was the first intimation they received that anyone had invaded their sylvan retreat. The range was not more than a hundred and fifty yards, and yet, to my chagrin, the goat I fired at bounded off with the rest apparently unhurt. A struggling patch of colour among the rocks shewed that Harry's shot had gone home; and with the aid of our magazines, which we had luckily filled just before we discovered the flock, we got several more shots in before they were able to scale the steep slope before them. By the time the last goat had bounded out of sight into the bush, three more lay dead



Orongorongo River-bed.

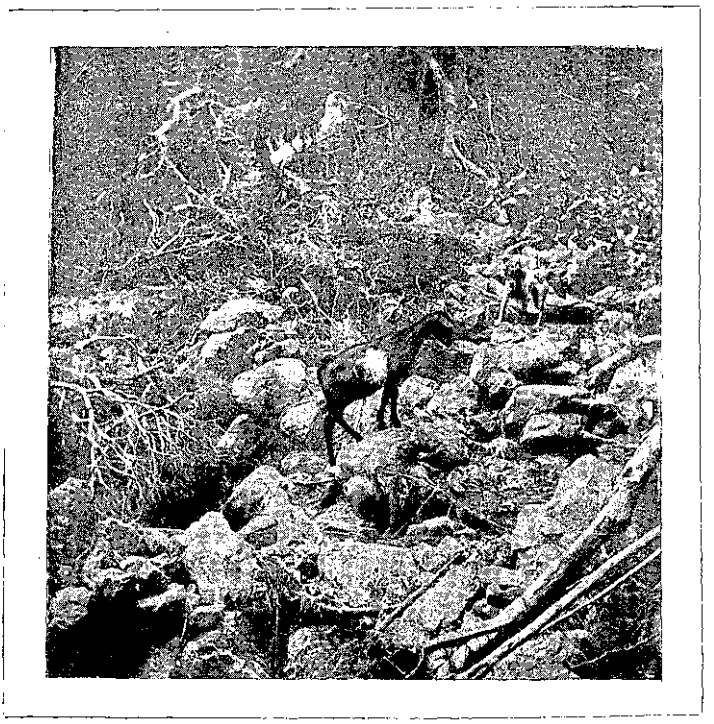
among the rocks. Unloading our magazines, we pressed forward to examine our quarry. They proved to be a billy and three nannies with splendid skins, prettily marked in ruddy brown and white patches, so

we at once set to work to secure the skins and the billy's horns as trophies.

By the time this was done the lengthening shadows warned us that it was time to make tracks for camp. We made excellent representations of Robinson Crusoe and Man Friday as we tramped off with goat-skins strapped across our shoulders, billy goat's horns stuck in our belts, and our shirts and trousers in a sadly dilapidated, blood-bespattered condition. Down the rugged gorge we made our way, climbing over the great heaps of flood wreckage that everywhere blocked our passage, and at times wading knee-deep in the rushing torrent that brawled and foamed among the great boulders.

In due time we reached the river-bed, now wrapped in cold shadows, cast by the great range behind which the afternoon sun had sunk to rest. Several grey ducks rose with a sharp whistling of wings from a bend in the river as we were negotiating a crossing, and as we were about to enter the bush a brace of fine paradise ducks flew past on their way up-stream. Every kind of game abounded, as this first day's incursion into the wilds of the Tararuas clearly proved.

The thick, impenetrable darkness of the bush came upon us just as we caught sight of a bright point of light flickering on the ridge among the tree trunks. With a great and ravenous hunger urging us on, we lost no time in making camp, where we discovered the rest of our expedition sitting round the fire, gazing longingly at several well-blackened billies that hung simmering over the blaze.



A Nanny at bay in a torrent-bed.

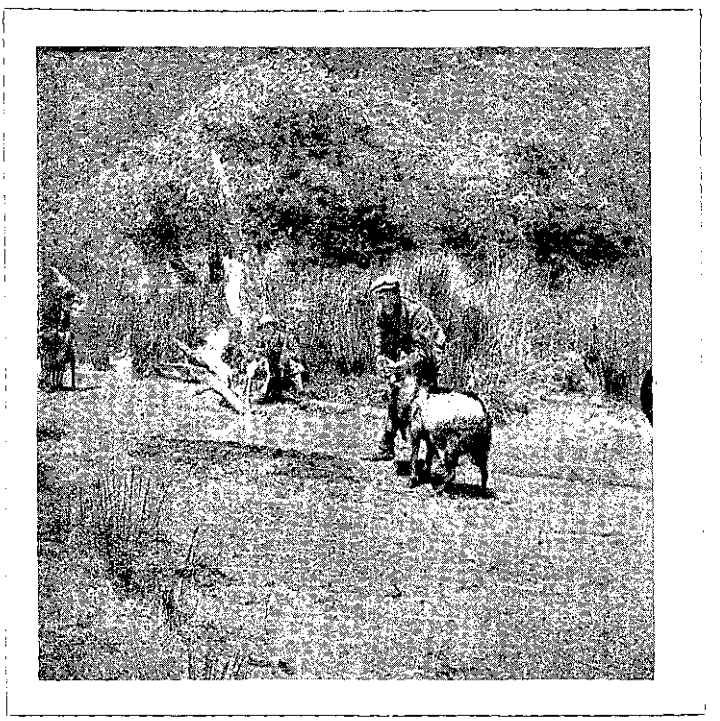
What a sumptuous meal we had that night, too ! Pigeon and kaka stew, onions and potatoes, and bread and butter, and best of all, several large pannikins each of choice billy tea. Afterwards we heaped more logs upon the fire, and related the day's adventures as we lay around in the glow, whilst the

mopokes and woodhens kept up their dismal chorus in the gullies and on the ridges close by.

The sun was well up over the range before we started out on the following morning, and the second day yielded us just as good sport as the previous one. There were fresh gorges to be explored, every one of which contained its flocks of goats, and occasionally a solitary old bush boar.

In one of these gorges we bailed up a magnificent old boar. Never before had I seen such a picture of absolutely devilish ferocity as he presented when with foam-flecked jaws, gleaming tusks, and bristling shoulders, he stood at bay against the fern-matted trunk of a giant rata. In spite of the many pig-sticking tales that we had heard, we decided that the rifle was the better way of dispatching him, his gleaming tusks being a conclusive argument in that direction. A sharp report, a short, snarling rush, and this monarch of the gorge was put beyond the reach of doing any damage, whilst the death-dealing tusks, sharp as razors, further increased our stock of trophies.

On this occasion we had our camera with us, and were enabled to take the unique photographs with which this article is illustrated. One of them depicts a trial of strength which Harry had with a little billy. The sturdy little quadruped dragged him hither and thither, whilst we hung on to the dogs to keep them from rushing in on the plucky little chap. Finally when Harry tired of the game, and let go of the goat's horns, he was immediately charged by the enraged animal, and had to seek safety in ignominious flight, much to our amusement.



Harry has a tussle with a Billy.

Before returning home we determined to scale Mt. Matthews, one of the highest peaks of the main range, and with sides as steep as a wall. On the slopes of this peak, as in fact along the whole range, were enormous land-slips many

acres in extent, whose gleaming rock faces may be plainly seen from Wellington, twenty miles away. It took us half the day to reach the

A boulder-strewn gorge.

summit of the mountain, for we had to make a track as we went along, climbing with hands and feet up the precipitous slope, where beautiful umbrella ferns were growing shoulder high.

Here we saw our first huia, and later on in the day we came across several pairs of these rare and beautiful birds. Kakas and pigeons were in hundreds, and the trees were literally alive with tuis who filled the air with their blithesome melody.

It was a tough climb, truly, but we were amply rewarded. The summit resembled nothing more than the scene in a fairy pantomime. The stunted and weather-beaten tree stems with their tangled grey beards and flowing garbs of pendent moss and gnarled and intertwined limbs might well be attendant dwarfs dancing an intricate measure in some weird, fantastic dance on this secluded height where man rarely, if ever, trod. Here and there one swept the earth in a courtly bow to some unseen divinity. On either hand great precipices, dropping sheer at our feet made us feel that we were indeed in another world, till after creeping under the branches of the wind-swept trees which had never been able to gain an upright position in this exposed locality, the sight of a trig station effectually dispelled the illusion. We had dragged a chain ourselves.

The station consisted of an iron pipe, embedded in the ground, in which during survey work a pole bearing a flag is set up for purposes of observation. From this point we got a most extensive and magnificent view embracing to the north and eastward the whole of the lower portion of the Wairarapa valley, including both the Wairarapa and Onoke Lakes. To the southward lay Palliser Bay stretching in deepest blue to Cape Palliser, and the vast infinitude of the far horizon. Away to the westward Wellington harbour lay before us like a map, with the distant city spreading like a white mist at the feet of the sun-browned hills that guarded it. Far away beyond Wellington over the Terawhiti hills, a narrow gleaming belt of silver marked the position of Cook Strait, and faintly outlined in the distance,

Our flag on the summit of Mt. Matthews.

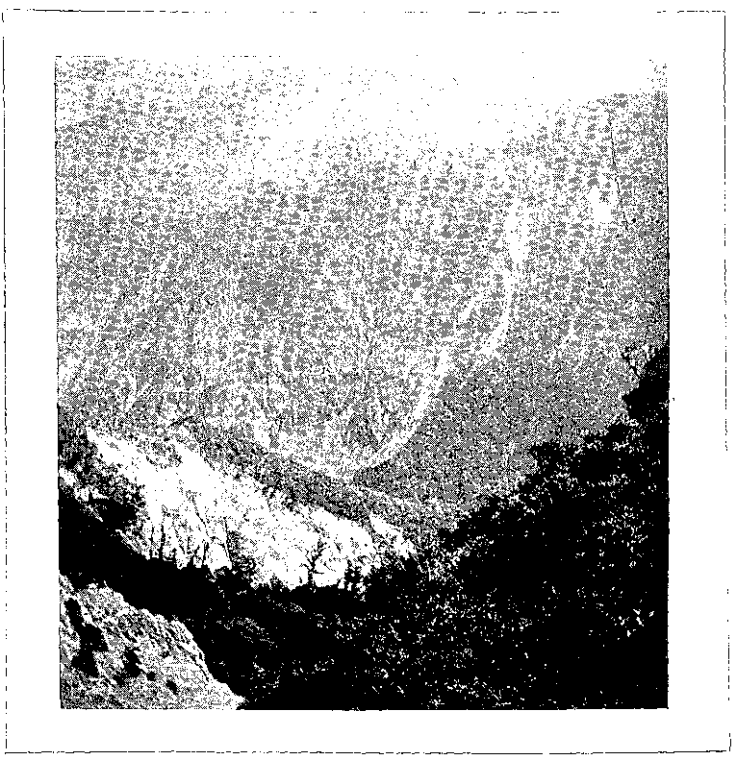
loomed the blue ranges of the South Island.

Before we turned to descend the mountain we nailed a large sheet of stout calico to two small birch

trees as a flag to commemorate our visit, then loading our rifles we fired a volley, the echoes of which went pealing away down the great precipices and gorges below like a crash of thunder.

About half way down the mountain and whilst we were negotiating the passage of a great landslide that sloped away steeply into the darksome depths of a roaring torrent bed, we caught sight of the largest flock of goats we had yet seen. The leader of this flock was a magnificent old billy with a grand pair of horns. We determined to have these at any cost, so Harry tried a long shot at him. The old patriarch stumbled to his knees as the report rang out, but recovering himself, made off into the bush with the whole of our party in hot pursuit. He led us a terrible dance over the roughest conceivable country before we managed to run him down. Five more shots were fired, each of which struck, but failed to drop him. Finally a snap shot at long range, as he was scaling a precipitous, rocky face, caught him well forward under the shoulder, and leaping in the air, he fell a matter of some three hundred feet in to a clump of fern trees in the gorge below.

A laborious scramble round the edge of the cliff at last brought us to his body which lay doubled up and crushed among the rocks, the horns, however, were luckily not broken by the fall, and proved well worth the trouble we had taken to obtain them. From this point it took us all our time to reach the river-bed before darkness fell upon us. The gorge we had struck was very narrow, and jambed with great stacks of broken branches and tree trunks. At one part of this gorge we shot a pure white goat, with long, silky hair like an Angora, and just before reaching the river a fine black cow with a young calf bounding behind her went crashing off in-



View from the summit of Mt. Matthews.

to the bush, one of the many which have wandered away from the settler's herds, and bred undisturbed in these wild fastnesses. Laden with the spoils of the chase in the shape of goat skins, horns, and boar tusks, and with our game-bags full of pigeons and kakas, we crawled into camp long after dark that night, dog-tired, but supremely happy.

Flood wreckage in a torrent-bed.

Crossing the Wainui River homeward bound.

The following day was spent in exploring the country in the immediate vicinity of our camp, and much good sport resulted, two grand old boars, and several splendid goat skins falling to our lot. Finally, one clear, fresh morning, when the whole bush rang with the sweet voices of the tuis and the lively chattering of the little green parrakeets, we made up our bulky swags for the return trip to civilisation. Down the home trail we made our way, through the cool, fern-clad bush gullies, over the long, sun-warmed, manuka-clad slopes, and so out to the green fields of the Wainui, where, tightening our swag straps, we struck up the old camp ditty, "Home, boys, home," and swung away down the dusty road.

The Idolatry of Americanisms.

By E. C. H.

I THINK most of the readers of the "New Zealand Illustrated Magazine" will agree with me when I say that one of the most peculiar and striking features of the present day is the increasing tendency of the British public, both at home and in the colonies, to idolise America, Americans and Americanisms. When an idea, contrivance, or system of any description is introduced in America for the first time, the tendency of the general public, both at home and out here, is to extol it to the skies, and to swallow it almost "holus-bolus," instead of submitting it to the fire of criticism through which such an idea, contrivance or system, emanating from any other source, would have to pass. American ideas of only mediocre merit are exalted to an extraordinary degree, while to be American born, to be able to "guess and calculate" and to say "right here," is to possess a golden charm, with which you may command the attention and admiration of almost any society or company, and by which the columns of the press are thrown open to you for an article upon any subject under the sun. I could give one glaring instance which occurred only recently, where a certain person was passed right over the heads of many other worthy individuals, and given a position of honour and trust, whose only apparent qualification was that he had been in the States. Americans, upon entering London society for the first time, find themselves rushed, whilst a perfect craze exists for Anglo-American alliances.

Now, I admire as much as anyone the great national and commercial successes of America. When I reflect that in a little over a century of independence she has increased her population from two millions to over eighty millions, and that during that century she has moved from a place amongst the weakest to a place amongst the strongest nations of the world; when I remember that the value of her products from agriculture, mining and manufactures exceed those of any other country—the value of her manufactured products in 1900 exceeding 10,000,000 dollars—when I know that she has attained to the position of being the greatest Republic the world has ever known, I am constrained to join in a wholesome admiration of her. Contemplating these and other phases of her successes, one is led to feel proud that she stands to-day as part of the great Anglo-Saxon race, and that our language is her language.

But what I do desire to protest against is the thoughtless and foolish idolatry of every American triviality and Yankee notion. Our Magazines have recently had a surfeit of articles upon "America at work," "America at school," or "America at play," by these one is almost led to believe that we have in America an ideal State, that joy, prosperity, success, and all those things to which men aspire are the only elements in the American life of to-day, and that failure, disaster, defeat, mismanagement and misrule are almost an unknown quantity. The prevailing idea of a business or political education seems to be a ramble through the United States.

From an article which appeared in the "North American Review," one would imagine that this idolatry of Americanisms had turned the heads of some of the American writers; the writer of the article in question evidently suffers from the mania of national greatness. The article is headed, "America, Mistress of the Seas," and amongst other demands which the writer makes are these: that America should build a navy almost equal to the combined navies of the world, and then extend the Monroe doctrine to China. He goes on to state, amongst other remarkable things, that the average Yankee is from two to five times as vigorous as the average European, that the average Chinaman in industrial capacity is next to the Yankee, from which we must gather that the Britisher is inferior to the Chow, and that the French and German are nowhere in comparison. The whole article attempts to prove that the Americans, physically, intellectually and spiritually are a race of giants.

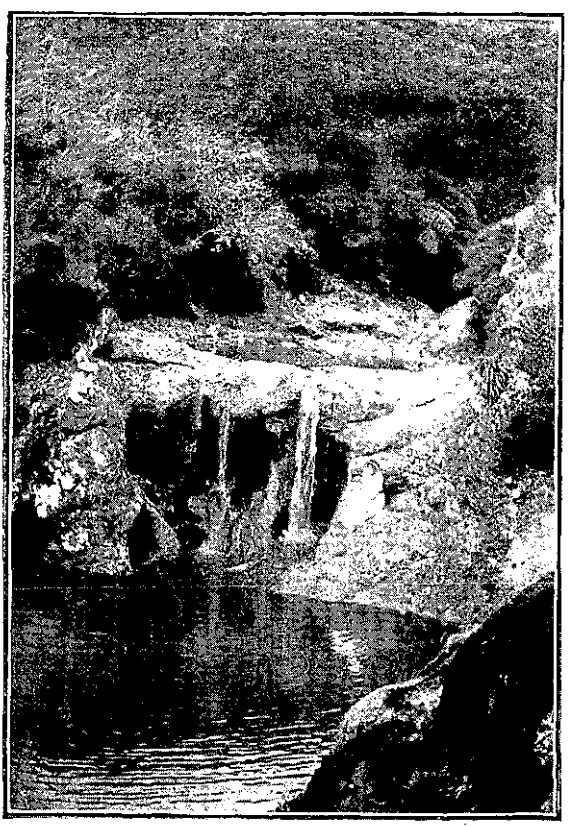
Now, after having had a surfeit of articles such as those to which I have referred, one is driven to the conclusion that something upon the fallacies of Americanisms would prove acceptable reading, and restore to the Britisher some of the confidence he seems to have lost. I cannot admire a nation of mere copyists, and sincerely hope we shall never develop into mere imitators of the Americans. May our journalists, for instance, never copy some of the freaks of American journalism. At the outbreak of the present war in the Far East the "New York Journal" manufactured special type, and placed upon its front page in twelve-inch letters the words, "War has begun." Alongside this the cabled items were printed in almost microscopic type, the whole page presenting a most ridiculous appearance. In reading a news item in many of the American journals, you find yourself moving from the item on the first page to its continuation upon the fourth column of the third page, the news and advertisements being intermingled in a most labyrinthine manner.

That America is not the perfect place some would have us to believe it to be, we can easily understand, when we contemplate the threatening attitude of the trust movement. The craze for trusts has spread so rapidly that now there are trusts for every industry from biscuits and chewing gum to the great railway lines. These trusts are of an anti-social and monopolistic character, crushing the small business man in a most uncompromising manner. In Britain and the Colonies Parliament has power to nationalise telegraphs, telephones and railways at her discretion, but not so in the United States, there the trusts and the financiers govern all with an iron hand.

Politics are manipulated by a ring of financiers; Church and State are subordinate powers; the supremacy of heart over intellect may be questioned, but the supremacy of wealth over everything else is unquestionable. The financial kings with their millions of almighty dollars reign supreme, whilst amongst the people a perfect delirium rages, everywhere there is an unscrupulous striving after fame, power and wealth. The rottenness and corruption of American political life is almost proverbial, and the recent success of Tammanyism in New York has proved that in politics the average American is both a sentimentalist and a coward. Tammanyism has secured its recent victory by an appeal to the meanness, cupidity and insensate folly of the voters.

The condition of the labour question in the United States is anything but desirable, in fact for seven months past as at the present time certain parts of Colorado have been in a state of insurrection and rebellion as the result of a strike. On December 4th, 1903, Governor Peabody, by virtue of authority vested in him, proclaimed the

County of Teller, in the State of Colorado, to be in a state of insurrection and rebellion, since then lawlessness has prevailed. The inhabitants of this district have in the past earned the well-merited reputation of being an unusually high class of miners, largely men of American birth, educated in American schools, reading American papers, men who have voted, paid taxes and held public offices. These men were contented, and working under favourable conditions. However, away in the city of Denver some of the smelting mills employed several non-union smelters, and in order to force them to employ union men only, the miners were called out on strike, with the result that affairs have gone from bad to worse. A short time ago the miners armed with rifles attacked and captured the mines ; since then several battles have taken place between the military and the strikers, both miners and soldiers being killed and wounded at several of these encounters. The relations of capital and labour in America are undoubtedly strained and a crisis is fast approaching. Contemplating this and other phases of American life one is driven to the conclusion that perfection is not the order of the day in the United States, and that the present-day idolatry of Americanisms is unwarranted and unjustifiable.



Stanley Johns Photo.

Bathing pool, Great Barrier.

Boiling petroleum pool, Rotorua.

CHAPTER III.

"AS the real work of life had now to commence, our education was forthwith taken in hand. We had once heard our master say when showing us to a friend : 'You'll see these pups will take after the old dog, and turn out real clippers !' We guessed this meant praise, and the first time we had a chance we vowed we'd deserve it.

"Coming as we did from a family of professional sheep dogs, Bob and I laughed at the idea of there being any particular art in driving sheep about, anything, in fact, that we did not know already without teaching. At our first attempt we found ourselves wofully deceived. Instead of watching and copying mother's manoeuvres, when our master, trusting to her to guide us, rashly ordered us to bring the flock up to him, we rushed straight into the middle of them, and, in spite of all her attempts to counteract our errors, we drove twenty of them into a swampy creek, and scattered the rest to the four points of the compass. Master whistled and shouted till he was hoarse, but what pup was likely to listen to him with such fun afoot ?

"After this he gave me to Master Tom, and Bob to the head shepherd, to be properly broken in, and I remember every detail of the process. Runholders and their shepherds rarely allow for the different dispositions of their dogs when they are breaking them. Now, for example, I was naturally inclined to be timid and nervous, thrashing always had an injurious effect on me. I am convinced they would have made a far better dog of me by sparing the rod, though, mind you, I firmly believe in it for dogs like Bob ; but I was handed over to Master Tom who was a perfect terror at it. Why, one day when he hadn't a stick handy, he caught me by the hind legs and banged me against a fence till I was stunned ! And wasn't he a dead shot with a stone ! Then there was Bob who would undoubtedly have been the better for lashings of it, he was given to that soft-hearted Sandy, who hardly ever touched him with a stick, and couldn't hit a haystack at ten yards with a lump of shingle. That isn't what I call doing dogs justice, it took all the heart out of me ; but it didn't seem to hurt Bob much. He certainly turned out a clipper, everyone allowed that ; but I did not ! I failed to acquire the

knack of pushing my fortunes, or gaining a reputation, and grew to be of a retiring nature.

"When there was any particular hurry skurry, yarding up awkward sheep, or work requiring extra skill and keenness, and other dogs were anxious to distinguish themselves, I retired and allowed them to do so. It was pure good nature on my part, but could you believe it? it was positively ascribed to laziness. One's motives are often so terribly misinterpreted. I knew all the while that I could do the work as well, or even better than they could, but I considerately gave them the chance. It was a mistake, I can see it all plainly now, but I could not then.

"They also made another great error, they never would allow me to be the leading dog when we were driving; I am convinced that I should have shone at that. It would have suited my disposition admirably. Running along in front of the sheep to prevent them from going too fast, breaking away, or boxing with other flocks, I should have been farther away from Master Tom. He might have flung stones at me to his heart's content, I should not have cared an atom, for I should have taken all sorts of care to be safely out of range. He would have been reduced to flinging curses instead, and they, you know, don't break bones. He was quite as good at this sort of flinging as at the other. His command of language was astonishing, but he never exhibited it till he got out of the home paddocks—oh, no! He'd been well educated, and of couse he knew that it was wicked to swear even at sheep-dogs near the house. But once outside the sacred precincts, as the men called the paddocks, and safely out on the run, he made up for it if anything went wrong—my word he did! He'd throw off his hat, and dance on it, and rave, and storm till you could hear him ten miles the other side of the house, but he wasn't supposed to know that, was he?

"It cost him dearly once, though. His parents particularly wished to see him marry and settle down; he had not the slightest objection. They asked a girl, whom they considered an excellent match for him, to stay at the house. She came from Christchurch, prepared to thoroughly enjoy her visit to the country; she was really a very nice girl without taking her dollars into consideration. I loved her, for she was very kind to me. Tom used to say he was quite jealous of me, when he saw her hugging me in her lovely white arms, for he loved her too. We dogs really have some advantages over you men, she even kissed me sometimes, but I never saw her kiss him. That made me value her caresses far more than I should otherwise have done.

"Now Tom had received strict instructions from his parents on no account to drive sheep while the young lady was about. It was not considered safe. He fully intended to obey this admonition, for he was quite conscious of the danger; but one fine morning he and I breakfasted at daylight, and started off up the run to get a favourite horse of his which had been turned out for a spell; the young lady had expressed a wish to ride it. On our way out Tom espied some sheep which he knew were urgently required in the yards for some purpose, so he sent me after them. Judging that his lady love would in all probability, be fast asleep at this early hour, or at all events, out of ear shot, he talked to me even more emphatically and unreservedly than usual.

"He erred in his surmise, she sat at her open window thinking how kind he was to get up so early to give her pleasure, when his rude admonishment of me was wafted gently to her delicate, pink ears by the balmy morning breeze, which happened unfortunately to be exactly in the right direction.

"It hurt her. She was not used to it, like I was. We did not get in from the run till lunch time, for the

mob of horses had strayed far away. To Tom's utter dismay he found that the visitor had returned to her home quite unexpectedly. He wrote to enquire the reason, and she returned his letter with a tract enclosed on the sin of talking figuratively to dogs. But I did not see that it did him a bit of good. I was really quite sorry for him, for never fond of fighting, and to be a successful lover in dog life, one requires to go through a lot of it, often against fearful odds, two or three to one, as likely as not ! It is true I received a few scant smiles from the fair sex at odd times, but I don't mind admitting to you that it was only when there were no other dogs about, or by sneaking

"Tom was quite jealous of me when he saw her hugging me in her lovely white arms."

he did not do it on purpose." The old dog's tone was very doleful as he said this.

"Tell us of your own love affairs, old man ! Let's hear something about them," I said, hoping by this to cheer him up.

"My own love affairs ! the less said about them the better ! I am not proud of them. As a rule they were eminently unsuccessful. I was up and paying my court while two or three other blundering great brutes were so busy fighting for the lady's favour that they did not notice me. I do not boast of this. I do not consider it worth it.

"The worst of it was, that in my green and salad days I was always in love with one or other of my lady acquaintances ; but my experience of the tender passion consisted

principally in pining in secret, and forming bold and amorous resolutions in my kennel, which I lacked the pluck to carry out when opportunity offered. The only really promising affair I remember, was nipped in the bud by a cruel accident. I had for some time admired from a distance a certain prepossessing young female. One day I took advantage of the fact that most of the other dogs were out mustering, and could not be back for a few days, to call on her and make her acquaintance. When I arrived I found there was yet a rival in my path. I had not anticipated this, however as he was a weak, sickly-looking fellow I summoned courage, attacked him furiously, and gave him such a thrashing that he never interfered with me again. We passed a very pleasant evening, but as the lady was nearly as shy as I was, we did not make much headway. However, I promised to call again the next evening, and she appeared pleased; judge then of my disappointment when I found I was chained up, and could not keep my appointment.

"She never forgave me for breaking it, nor would she listen to my excuses, and there was an end of it. It was very evident that requited love, which is the perfume of life, the one rose in the desert, was not to shed its benign influence over my weary pilgrimage. Perhaps it is as well so. Fancy what it would have been for me to have been torn from the bosom of wife and family, and condemned to this horrible monastic existence!"

"But you have not yet told me how you came to be relegated to boundary keeping," I remarked.

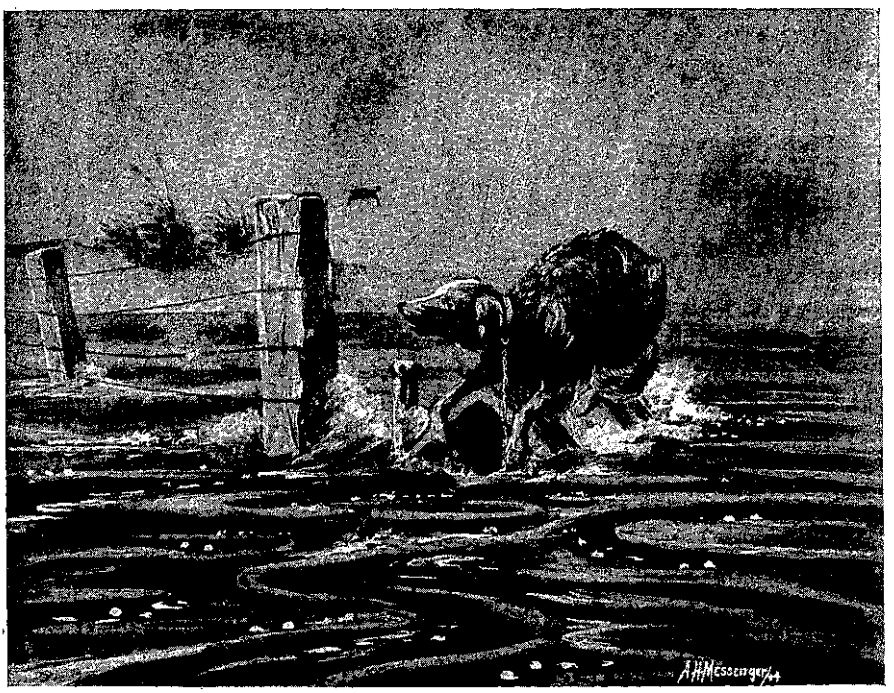
"I am coming to it fast now. Some dogs, you know, have the luck to get a good master or better still, mistress, who will not part with them for worlds. My masters were never like that, they invariably seemed only too glad to get rid of me. I cannot account for it, but I was never, what I call, properly appreciated. I did the best I could to please them, but always in vain. I have been sold at various prices from five pounds down to half a crown. I have been traded for various commodities ranging from an old horse down to a few figs of tobacco. I have even been given away, but as far as masters went I only got from bad to worse. Thus I passed from hand to hand, from station to station. This sort of thing is very trying, for almost everyone has a different way of working dogs, and they expect you to understand what they mean at once, even when some of them hardly know themselves.

"When I got into the hands of the head shepherd on this run I found he was one of those idiots who will persist in carrying a whip, and cracking it. Now, if there is one thing that upsets my nerves more than another it is the crack of a whip, I always retire at the first report. Master Tom carried one when he broke me in, and used it mercilessly, as I have good reason to remember. But it is not so much that remembrance as the principle of the thing that sets me against it. A stock-whip is absolutely necessary with cattle, but no true shepherd would dream of using one with sheep; I honestly believe this fellow had been a bullock-driver.

"Several times just as we were getting home with a muster, when he and I were alone, he began his abominable whip-cracking, because he thought I was not driving the sheep fast enough. I left him in disgust—and so did the sheep. He could not manage them without me, so his day's work was wasted, for which he cursed me, and the manager cursed him. It is a curious way they have.

"The next day I was tied to a boundary fence, and have been at it ever since, sometimes at one place and sometimes another. My first location was at a spot where the fence ran down into a shingly river bed, and could not be continued on account of frequent floods. The kennel was firmly staked and lashed down with fencing wire, why, I

could not at first conceive, for it was not an article anyone was likely to steal, but I was not long in finding out. It stood on a high part of the heaps of gravel and boulders which the river had at some previous time thrown up. A sudden melting of the snow in the ranges by a hot nor'-wester followed by a fortnight's incessant rain, caused one of those 'highest floods in the memory of man,' which occur, I have noticed, once in every two or three years at the outside. I had to



"I had to jump on top of my kennel and remain there for nearly three weeks."

jump on top of my kennel and remain there for nearly three weeks, sometimes sitting, sometimes standing, but always shivering, in the six inches, more or less, of melted snow water which covered it. They never troubled to come and feed me, for they took it for granted I was drowned; but if I had nothing to eat, I had plenty to drink, and that's more than I have here. I have often wished since that I was back on that old kennel again, when my mouth has been parched and my tongue swollen with thirst, though when I was there I would have given worlds to get away! We are never satisfied with our lot, but is it any wonder? Can mine be deemed satisfying by any stretch of the imagination?"

"But surely they might give you water enough to secure you a drink every day?"

"Well, it is not always their fault, though it generally is. It has often happened just as the man has filled my tin and departed, before I could get half a drink, some thirsty swaggers rushed up, took a drink, then filled their billies with what remained, leaving me none for the next few days. You see there's no water for miles on either side, and these hot summer days the men get as thirsty as I do."

"Drink out of a dog tin?" I exclaimed with a shudder.

"Yes; and, notwithstanding your shudder, so would you, if you'd tramped for miles in a hot sun with your tongue out, and a heavy swag

on your back. I thought I knew what trouble meant before they tied me up to a boundary, but, bless you, I knew nothing at all about it. All my previous experiences were as nought compared to the gloomy horrors of this solitary monotonous existence ; the gnawing hunger, the parching thirst, the excessive heat in summer, the biting cold in winter, the weary, weary tramp four or five feet to the end of the chain, and four or five feet back again, the cramp, the rheumatic pains, and the chronic cough, which have never left me since that horrible flood, and, worse than all, the awful solitude ! The only wonder is that I yet survive !"

" But have they not a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in this country ! Surely they will get to hear how you are treated, and life will yet be made more endurable to you," I interposed.

" Don't you believe it ! I am told they have quite enough to do about towns arresting every unfortunate driver whose horse happens to be rubbed a little raw with the harness, or any poor boy who is caught carrying a fowl head downwards, the way they were meant to be carried, or why would they know how to curl their necks up so comfortably ? A few boundary dogs starved to death, or worse still, nearly so ; or a flock of sheep left in the yards for four or five days without food or water on a sheep run, are matters which rarely come under their notice ; or if they do, they are dismissed with the remark—' Mere routine of station work, can't be avoided.' No ; we shall never get help from man, we don't for a moment expect it ; but there must—I am convinced there must be—something better further on !—It cannot —cannot possibly be—as you men affirm—that to the Hereafter—for us dogs—there is no—admittance !"

His voice had sunk by degrees into a weak, husky, faltering whisper. It ceased, there was the sound of a deep-drawn, sobbing sigh, a slight scuffle, a rattle of the rusty chain, and the poor old Fence Dog had gone to see for himself. . . . What he saw, I know not.

* * * *

I rubbed my eyes, rose to my feet, saddled my horse, and rode on my way, pondering over many things.

Was this a dream that I had dreamt in the course of an afternoon nap ?

Not all of it—if any ! For there lay the poor old dog stone dead before my eyes !

When next I passed that way, a younger dog, with a much louder bark, had taken the poor old fellow's place, but he had little interest for me. The kennel had received some trifling repairs, and there were now no flies around it. They had remained true to their old friend, as a loud buzzing, and a pestilential odour arising from behind a thick bunch of spear grass, proved conclusively. Closer scrutiny was unnecessary and inadvisable.

Poor old Tweed ! even honourable burial was denied you !

Had I the wherewithal to dig a grave in this shingly, sun-baked earth, you should lay no longer thus sweltering in the scorching sun. But it cannot hurt you now !

(THE END.)

Two New Zealanders Abroad.

By DORA WILCOX.

In Paris.

THE journey from London to Paris is certainly not any more of an undertaking than that between Christchurch and Wellington; and you breakfast in one city, and dine in the other, as a matter of course. Only it is curious to cross this European Cook's Strait, and find on the other side, another language, other customs, other laws. Of the relative merits, or otherwise, of the two Channels, I cannot speak, because I have never had a rough passage to Wellington, and the Straits of Dover were lake-like when I crossed.

We two New Zealanders found a comfortable pension in the Quartier Latin, near the Luxembourg, where artists and students most do congregate. The house, of which our pension was only part, was very old, and had a history of its own; and in it, Adrienne Lecouvreur, the great French actress whom Scribe has made us love and pity, made her debut. I, myself, always looked out for Trilby in our narrow street, for the Place de l' Odeon where Litrebili lodged was just round the corner, so to speak. I never saw her!

Our dining-room windows looked into the large courtyard; our bedroom windows above the carved stone lions' heads, into the street. This was not an advantage, for we had a barracks opposite, and though the soldiers and their horses were of absorbing interest, reveille, and the noises in the early morning had no charms for us.

We had left grey skies in London; we came to sunshine. The weather was really beautiful during our stay, though the wind was sometimes nipping, for it can be very, very cold in Paris. I do not know whether the gaiety is superficial, but one's impression is of gaiety, especially when one sees Paris for the first time when the sky is so blue, and the sun so bright. I found it most difficult to imagine what the city was in those terrible days of siege, only thirty odd years ago; and still more impossible to imagine what it was, and what this merry, good-humoured, lively crowd was in those more terrible days of the Revolution, when these glittering streets were the scene of such tragedies, and in the beautiful Place de la Concorde stood that unmentionable thing.

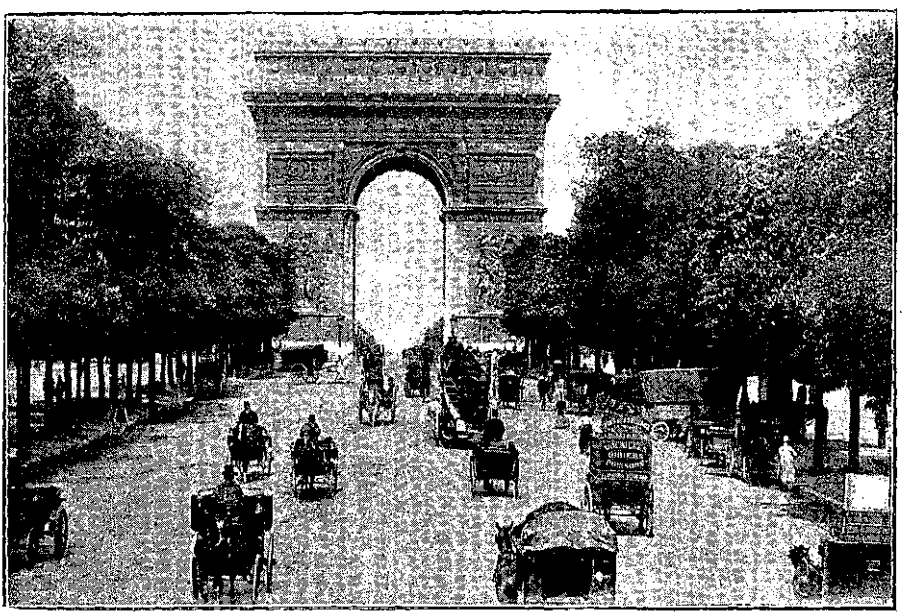
It is not difficult to find one's way about in Paris; the distances are not nearly so great as in London, and when once one has got the main arteries fixed in one's head, the rest is easy. One can get about very quickly by means of cabs, electric trams, river-boats or omnibuses; we walked a great deal, but when we walked, we did not always reach our destination, for the simple reason that the shop windows were so fascinating—the curiosity shops in our own quarter, the jewellery in the Rue de la Paix, the knick-knacks in the Rue de Rivoli, the hats, the costumes—all had an irresistible attraction for us.

We did not use the electric cars, nor the Metropolitan Railway very much, but the little steamboats which ply on the Seine are delightful. Even in these cool autumn

days we enjoyed ourselves on the water; gliding past the Ile de la Citee and Notre Dame, calling at the different stopping places, watching the tugs going up-stream with their long trains of barges, and best of all, going under the many bridges of Paris, and beyond the city through the fast yellowing trees, to Saint Cloud and Sevres!

The present omnibus system in Paris is distinctly bewildering to a newcomer, and no one could fail to be struck by the difference between the fine and well-fed horses of the great London Omnibus Companies,

To return to the omnibuses. At every stopping-place there is an office, where you find little boxes filled with numbered tickets of different colours. You must take one of these from the box marked with the name of the final destination of your omnibus. When there is a crowd, the conductor calls out certain numbers (very rapidly), and according to the number on your ticket you obtain a seat, or wait. If there is no crowd, you do not require your ticket at all: it is gratis, and you pay your fare afterwards, thirty centimes for an inside

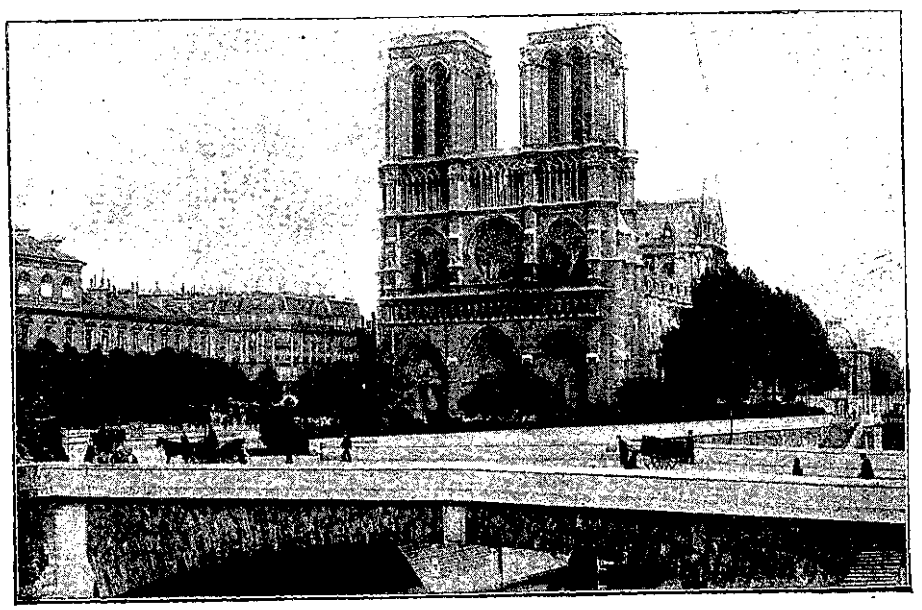


L'Arc de Triomphe and Champs-Elysees, Paris.

and their brethren in Paris. The difference is not in favour of Paris. One may see awful things sometimes in London, especially at night, and by day one sees splendid horses tortured by barbarously tight bearing reins, till one wonders whether the good old English love and respect for horse-flesh has died out; but one sees far worse things in Paris—I don't mean amongst the omnibus horses. I don't feel, unfortunately, at all inclined to question the veracity of a French lady who said to us: "Paris est l'enfer des chevaux!"

place, fifteen centimes for an outside seat, which is much the nicer, I think, even on a rainy day! The great difficulty which this arrangement presents, is that a stranger doesn't know the final destination of his omnibus. For instance, you are told by your friends that to reach a certain building, you must take the large blue omnibus with three horses, going North. That is simple, but in the office there are ten little boxes marked, "St. Michel," "Batignolles-Clichy," etc., and there is nothing at all about big blue omnibuses. So you

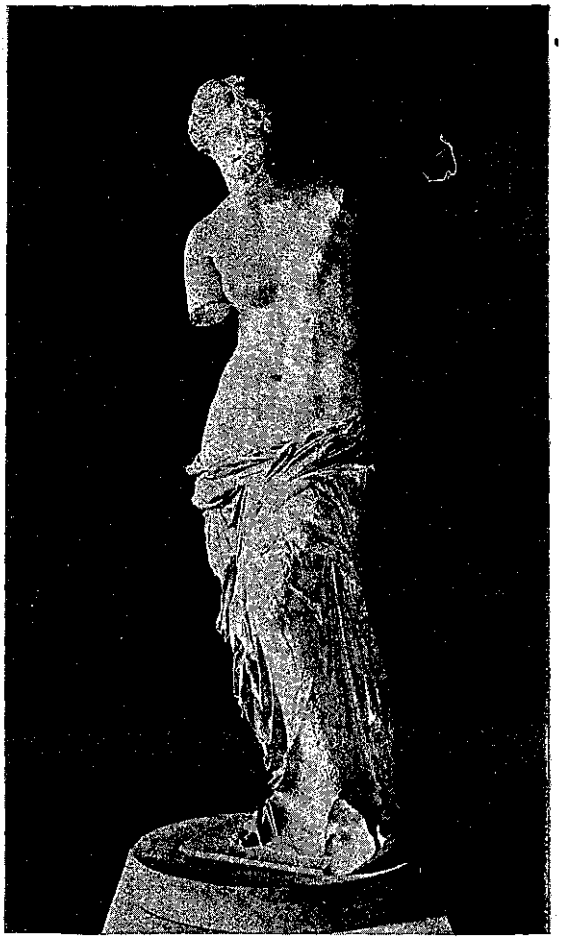
have to make enquiries of the official, who is probably very civil, but if you haven't much French it is a trial! And here let me mention a fact. Tips are necessary and troublesome everywhere in this Old World, but at the same time, it is wonderful what a little civility will do for one. Ask a question politely, and ten to one you will receive a courteous reply, no matter how villainous your accent may be. Courtesy is more important than grammar on the Continent, and a great many English-speaking people possess neither.



Notre Dame, Paris.

We had one most comical experience in Paris. One of us, the mistress of a New Zealand Public School, was anxious to go over a French one. Acting on a friend's advice, she wrote to Monsieur le Vice-Recteur, de l'Academie Francaise, for the requisite permission. She shewed this letter to our Madame, at the pension, who had kept a school, and Madame was horrified: first, at the boldness of addressing Monsieur le Vice-Recteur at all, and secondly, at the lack of due humility in the letter. It was re-written to her satisfaction, and sent, but she told us that we need not expect an answer. However, a few days before we left, there came a communication from the Sorbonne, requesting my friend's attendance there between certain hours. We went and saw a secretary. Had Mademoiselle any papers? Yes, Mademoiselle had her teacher's certificate, and spread out this official document before Monsieur le Secretaire, who, I believe, tried to read it upside down. Yes, it was very charming, no doubt, but had Mademoiselle no passe? No? Ah, that was a pity; Mademoiselle must go to the Ambassador, and get a passe, and then she would receive the necessary permission, and could visit a school next day. "Mais," said M. le Secretaire, in a sudden outburst, "Ou est la Nouvelle Zelande? Est elle une Colonie Anglaise?"

We went towards the English Ambassador's, which was miles away—the Consul would have been the proper person to go to, I suppose—took a wrong turning, and after wandering about, came to the conclusion that it was more bother than it was worth. We did not return to the Sorbonne, and we know



Venus de Milo, Musee du Louvre.

nothing of the interior of French schools, and my confidence in the Academie Francaise is shaken for ever! One doesn't expect the man in the street—even in an English street—to know anything of our little country, but I have always believed that the Sorbonne was so saturated with learning, that even the humblest official within its walls would know everything in this world there is to know. And also, where are the Liberty, Fraternity and Equality of this great Republic, whose school doors are so tightly tied up with red tape?

My nationality has often been a source of pure joy to me. I happened once to mention to a very charming English woman that I came from New Zealand. "Do you really?" she said, "I should never have thought it; why, you speak quite good English!" I assured her that we didn't always converse in Maori. A servant who heard the same fact mentioned, gave vent to this delicious remark: "Why, I didn't think you was half black enough!" But that was in the days before the war.

I have said nothing of the sights of Paris, which are many: the Pantheon, the Luxembourg, the lovely little Sainte-Chapelle, the theatres, palaces, churches, and shops. The three that attracted me most were the Louvre, Notre Dame, and the Musee de Cluny. Everyone knows something of the history and

the glories of the Louvre, that marvellous and inexhaustible storehouse of treasures; everyone, too, knows something of Our Lady of Paris, if only through Victor Hugo with his "Esmeralda" and "Quasimodo." The Hotel de Cluny is itself a most beautiful specimen of the architecture of the Middle Ages, now fitted up as a museum of mediaeval art and curiosities. In old Roman times there was a palace here, and the remains of the baths, built of the thin, unmistakeable Roman tiles, are still to be seen. Then on the ruins a house was built for the Abbots of Cluny, and in it, too, many Royal persons stayed; amongst them our English princess, that May, who married for the second time, that handsome English nobleman, Charles Brandon. The rooms are naturally extremely interesting, and I don't know how much time we spent examining their contents—old laces, porcelain, carved chimney-pieces, state-carriages, furniture, altar-pieces, jewellery, tapestries, carved ivories, musical instruments, and a delightful collection of old shoes and slippers!

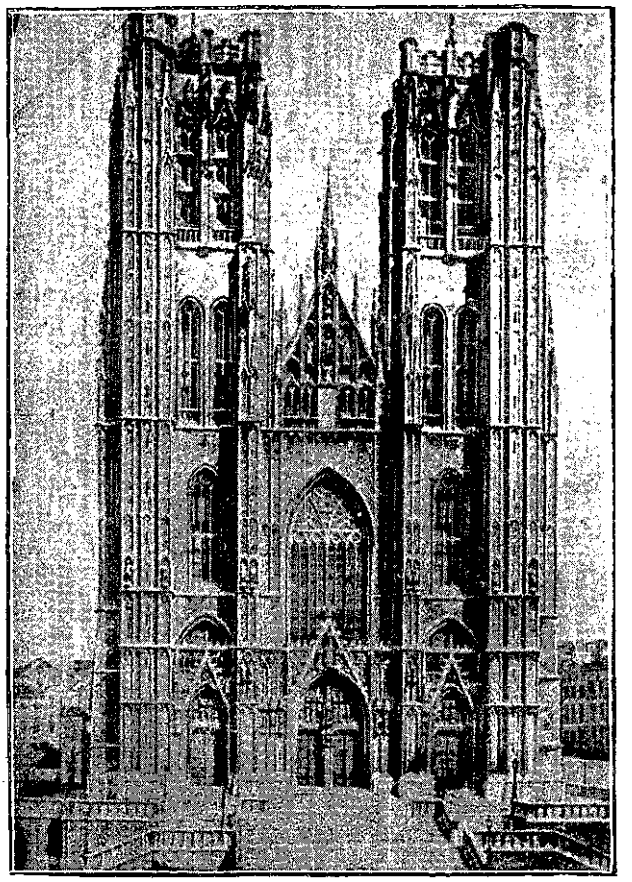
We never got so far as Versailles. When we made up our minds to go, the days were always cold, and on sunshiny days there was always something else we wanted to do. At last we determined we would start next day, whatever the weather might be. Madame gave us our lunch, and wished us a pleasant outing, but the sky was dull, and the shops entrancing, and instead of going away from Paris, we went into its very heart: all along the Boulevards, and the Rue de Rivoli, and the Rue de la Paix, and spent ever so much money on cheap and irresistible gimcracks, and finally drank coffee and ate our lunch in a shop somewhere near the Madeleine! So ingloriously, but happily, ended our excursion to Versailles.

In Brussels.

The journey from Paris to Brussels takes about four and a half hours by a quick train. We left the Gare du Nord, Paris, at 12.40, and arrived at the Gare du Midi, Brussels, at about 5.30—a little behind time. I must say that the Customs examinations seem to be managed better in Belgium than in any other Continental country I know. Looked at merely from the traveller's point of view, all Customs are abominable, wearisome to your body, vexatious to your spirit, and frequently detrimental to your clothes, and it always seems to me that injury is added to insult when you have to tip a porter to carry the luggage you don't want to have shifted. On the Belgian frontier, the Customs officials come into the carriages, and you are not obliged to get out at all unless you have heavy luggage in the van.

As we passed through a small Belgian town, we saw flags flying and people waving, and we heard cheering and the sound of guns. "What is it all about?" we asked of a pleasant, English-speaking Belgian girl, who had already given us much information. "Oh! it's our Prince Albert," she said; "I had forgotten that he was to travel by this train." Now that was interesting, as we had never before travelled in a Royal train, but our friend rather damped our ardour by suggesting that we might all be blown up by Anarchists; bombs and dynamite being amongst the perquisites of Royalty. Nothing happened, however, and we did not even see the Prince at Brussels, as our attention was quite absorbed in porters and luggage.

We drove to our destination in the Rue Montoyer, and the cabman overcharged us shockingly, but we were too tired to argue with him. I would rather be cheated by a cabman than by anyone else if I have to be cheated at all; in Europe their charges are usually very low, and I always hope—probably without foundation—that the horses may profit by my misfortune, as well as the men. Also when I am not in a hurry, I always tell my cabby so,



Ste. Gudule, Brussels.

that he may let his poor nag take life a little more easily.

I do not know anything about the prices of hotels in Brussels, but I do know that we lived in great comfort there, for absurdly little. Indeed, I often wonder that more English people who need a holiday, and have not much money to spend on it, do not go to Belgium. I don't mean to disparage England, which is perhaps the most beautiful and interesting country in the world, but boarding-houses and hotels there have a way of being ruinous, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, cheap means nasty.

We two New Zealanders had a room between us, rather near Heaven, it is true, but it was large, and clean, and airy, and contained two beds, and more furniture than we required. Our landlady, a kindly German woman, gave us our morning coffee—the most delicious coffee—with rolls and butter, and all this for three francs fifty cents the day, less than one and sixpenxe each, for bed and breakfast! We took our other meals at restaurants, which is much more convenient when one is sight-seeing, than returning to one's lodging. Our favourite haunt was the Restaurant La Louve in the Grand Place, where we found cleanliness, civility, good cooking, and cheapness—a charming combination! Our lunch —with wine or beer included—seldom cost us more than seventy-five cents each; our dinner, never more than one franc fifty cents, and generally speaking, only one franc. In this restaurant we always had

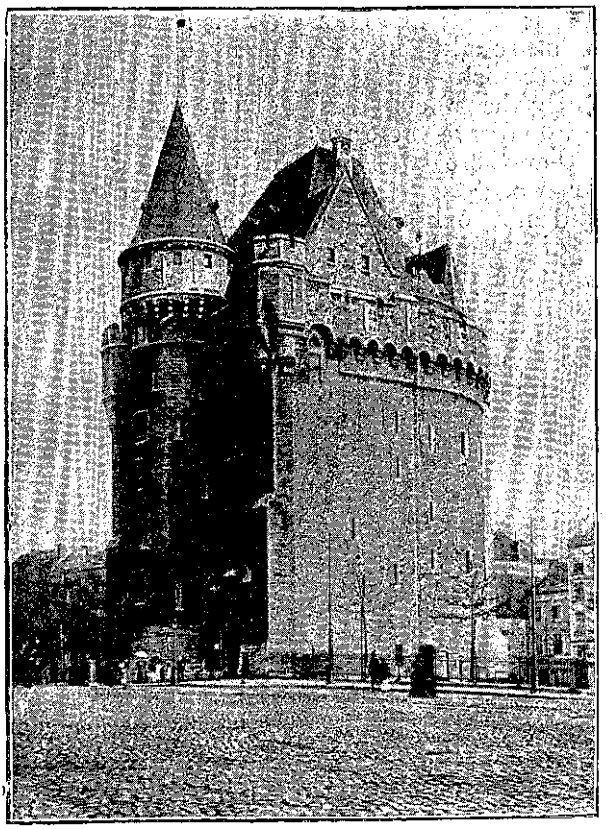
our meals "a la carte," which is not always the best way; but here our waiter always brought us two plates, for whatever dish we might order; consequently the expense was always divided, and we were so liberally served that there was always enough for two.

We certainly did not exhaust all the "sights" of Brussels during our stay, but what we did see we saw thoroughly, which is more than a good many tourists can say; moreover, it is always wise to leave something unseen for another visit. For my part, I have no patience with those people who think of nothing but getting through their Baedeckers; those people who say to you in tones of horror: "What! you have been in Brussels, and you have not seen that!—you were a fortnight in Paris, and you did not go there!" Churches and picture galleries, much as I love them, are not all, and one may see every building and every work of art in a city, and yet know far less of its life, and its people, and its characteristics, than the lazy lounger in the streets. So we loafed a good deal; we sat a long time over our meals, and we wandered up and down the streets without any definite plan, when we should have been hard at work sight-seeing, but it was very pleasant.

The day after our arrival, a service was held in the Cathedral in honour of the King's birthday, at which the Royalties and great people of Brussels were present. We could not get into the church, but, acting on the advice of an agent de ville, took up our positions opposite the door through which the King would pass. A very stout and disagreeable Belgian lady with a meek husband came behind us, and in quite a short space of time, by judicious "push" and sheer weight, she had forced herself in front of us, the husband following in her train apologetically. However, as she was breadth without length, it didn't matter much. At last soldiers began to parade the street, and carriage after carriage drew up at the door. We had a good view of many officers in gorgeous uniforms, civic dignitaries in picturesque robes of state, ambassadors, etc., but before the arrival of the King a squad of Cavalry drew up in front of us, and neither we nor our stout Belgian saw anything of Royalty. Later on, we managed to squeeze into the church, and heard the last notes of wonderfully lovely music.

This Cathedral of St. Michael and Ste. Gudule is interesting, and its stained windows are a revelation and the perfection of colouring, rich and clear, yet never garish. One of the sights of Ste. Gudule is a carved wooden pulpit representing the Expulsion from Paradise. Adam and Eve are there, many birds roost in the branches of the Tree of Life, and the Serpent, its head under the woman's feet, winds in sinuous curves over the top of the sounding-board. It is a wonderful specimen of mechanical art, more curious, perhaps, than beautiful. But the crown and glory of Brussels is the Hotel de Ville, in the Grand Place where nearly every building has its beauty and its history. In the lovely Bread-house, Egmont and Howe slept their last sleep on earth, and from its windows next morning, Alva looked out upon their execution. It is said also that on the eve of Waterloo, the Duchess of Richmond held her ball in the Hotel de Ville, and though this is often and positively contradicted, I liked myself to think that it was so—that here in this most exquisite of buildings, Belgium's capital had gathered her beauty and her chivalry on that historic night.

We set out to hunt for the Hotel de Ville one sunshiny morning, and suddenly at the corner of a street, we caught a glimpse of a tower, a fairy-like Gothic tower glittering against the sky. We could not imagine what it was, but we felt that we must find it out. So we followed the guiding of the tower, losing it often, finding it again, until it led us by many a winding



Porte de Hal, Brussels.

street and narrow by-way, into the Grand Place itself, and we discovered that it was part of the very building of which we were in search. I don't think I shall ever forget our first view of the Grand Place that sunny morning—its flower-sellers in the square, the old houses, the fairy tower, the Maison du Roi, and the blue sky over all !

On the same day, too, when we were buying some carved wooden sabots in a shop, we heard a tremendous noise coming out of the window of a brasserie opposite : shouting, stamping, the clink of glasses, and roars of laughter. "Whatever is it ?" we asked, thinking something unusual was happening. "It's only the students," was the unconcerned reply. And thereafter, whenever we heard a great uproar, we found it was only the students talking at the tops of their voices, singing, shouting, as they rushed through the gay Galleries St. Hubert, down the fashionable Rue de la Madeleine, or into the quiet majesty of the Grand Place.

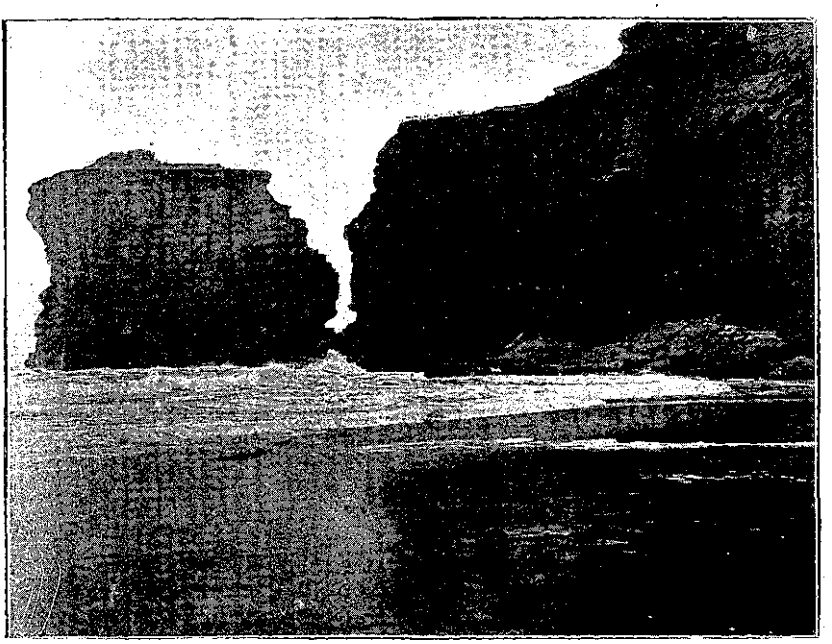
Of course, every English man and woman goes to Waterloo. Why, I don't know, except for the sake of saying one has been there, for it seems to me like the ascent of Vesuvius—one does it once, and never more. At the station we were taken possession of by a guide. I hate guides collectively, though one or two have proved unobjectionable. The majority of Continental guides are greedy and grasping, and they make you look at things you don't want to see, and hurry you when you would fain linger, and you know that all the time they are repeating their parrot-like discourse, they are wondering how large a tip you are going to bestow upon them.

We started on a grey Autumnal

day when sky and fields were of the same neutral tint, and the last leaves were dropping off the trees. By the time we reached Braine L'Allend—for one does not go to Waterloo station—it was raining. We drove round the field of battle in thick drizzle, we climbed the Lion Mount in the pouring rain, our poor horse ploughed through thick mud to reach the farm of Hougomont. I am a woman: I thought less of the victory that took place, with its glory and glamour, than of the suffering after that day. These fields, so peaceful now, were once soaked and sodden with blood, these silent walls once echoed to the moans of the dying, the screams of agonised horses, and away in the distance how many Amelias prayed for their loved ones, lying like George Osborne, shot through the heart!

We were glad to get back to the station of Braine L'Allend, where we tried to dry our wet things by the stove until the train came in. As we were sitting in the waiting-room, very damp, tired, and silent, a man came in. He surveyed us, threw a card on my lap, said rapidly: "The next time you come to Waterloo, do not make a mistake about your guide!" and went hastily out. So ended our expedition to Waterloo.

I have left myself no space to speak of the other buildings and sights of Brussels: its churches, its palaces, its pictures; the Manneken; the Opera House (Theatre de la Monnaie), where we saw "Carmen," and saw it well, for one franc fifty cents; the parks and gardens; the collection of paintings by that extraordinary genius, Wiertz; and last, but not least, its streets and shops. I do not think the shops indeed suffer at all by comparison with Paris; there is less display, perhaps, but all that one sees is in most exquisite taste and style, and Brussels lace—with Brussels lace it is better to stop.



W. J. Lees Photo.

Motutara Lion Rock, West Coast.

Herrick and His Contemporaries.

By RACHEL DEE BROWNLOWE.

IT is not in the least surprising that the period covered by Herrick's very long life was one which contributed great poetic treasures to the literature of England. For it was a period during which a wayward and overbearing monarchy was put upon its trial, not by an hysterical mob, but by a deliberately flouted people; a people who could forgive, and had already endured much; but who, rising at last, measured the seriousness of their vengeance by the frivolousness of the offender. Perhaps it would not be an exaggeration to say that Charles I. was beheaded because he insisted upon it; and yet, to a nation which so strongly condemns his conduct, his kingly fortitude at the catastrophe will forever appeal most strongly; and it is easy for us to realize that the men of his own party could cling to him, through defeat and imprisonment, enduring loss of property and even life itself in his cause. Stirring indeed were the times in which the Royalist Herrick lived, and loved, and sang; times of intense religious feeling, of civil war, and at the Restoration of gay excess: such times produce poetry of widely different quality.

The puritan religious element of that period found lofty utterance in the work of that Titan, John Milton, who remains for ever the beginning and end of his own artistic conception. Like Moses, steeped in the learning of ancient Egypt, yet called and set apart for the service of a great people; like Paul, familiar from his youth with the Hebrew Scripture, yet able to quote their own poets to the Athenians, John Milton stands out, that rare combination, of finished classical scholarship and intense religious earnestness and conviction. Even in his lighter poetry, which is still a part of himself, one feels the palpable puritan spirit emanating fresh the page, like winds blowing fresh from unbreathed space. He is among those rare singers, of which even English literature cannot boast very many, who have ascended a poetic altitude where praise cannot follow; an altitude upon which even the most comprehending spirit can gaze only in silence or tears of intensest joy.

But, though it is scarcely possible to treat of any branch of the poetry of that time without touching, in passing, that one supreme presence, it is not of Milton that we purpose in these papers to speak: he was not Herrick's contemporary, Herrick was rather his.

Among the lyrical poets whom we may class with Herrick there is by no means an absence of religious writers; but their feeling is as different in a way from the superhuman religious fervour of the great puritan, as Herrick's devotion to his Julia is different from the Miltonic Adam's regard for Eve. On the whole we find the work of George Herbert more stimulating to spiritual fervour than that great work in which Milton strives to

"Justify the ways of God to men,"

and one cannot but feel that if Milton's Adam was drawn from the poet himself, then Milton's first wife may have had much provocation for her conduct in returning to her father's home. It is, perhaps, hardly fair to blame the author of "Paradise Lost" for failing somewhat in tenderness, or for only betraying signs of it so infrequently; one must recollect the immense scope of his poetic faculty, and this apparent want will appear the truest consistency. And it will also be counted for consistency to Herrick and to George Herbert that in their more bounded spheres they each attained to a tenderness, and an intimacy which come very near to the beating heart of things.

For Herrick was bounded, a foreground painter of sweet country scenes, a singer of gay and exquisite songs, turning at times aside in a melancholy strain that is loaded with tender sadness but never

"Wild with all regret."

Falling short of the sublime passion in love that marks the poets of the Nineteenth Century, Herrick yet sings of his lovely Julia with a constancy which causes him to associate her with his thoughts concerning his own life's end. Still, it is impossible not to note, to be almost vexed by what one might call the triviality of the poet's subjects. Julia's lips, her teeth, the dewdrops in her hair, the shimmer of her silken robe afford him themes for his magic gift to work upon; indeed the description of

"That brave vibration each way free"

in the sheeny gown is a masterstroke in its kind. But love to Herrick is apt to be little more than a playful Cupid affording pleasure or inflicting a passing smart, but never

"Feeling out of sight
For the ends of being and ideal grace."

And incapable of regarding the forces of a sundering destiny as an

"unplumbed, salt, estranging sea."

This boundedness was, in fact, a fault of the time;

"'Twas here as in the coachman's trade; and he
That turns in the least compass shows most art."

But art is not by any means the supreme qualification for a poet; and Herrick is not merely a perfect artist. He is more; he has a power of divination which enables him to seize, by an unerring instinct, those very points of colour and beauty which possess the greatest power af expression and suggestion. The stanza upon Julia's voice gives a good example of this:

"So smooth, so sweet, so silvery is thy voice,
As, could they hear, the damned would make no noise,
But listen to thee, walking in thy chamber,
Melting melodious words to lutes of amber."

In that last line we get a perfect description of a round, liquid voice; the whole line itself seems to melt upon the senses. In a stanza dedicated "To Music," we get two very descriptive lines:

"Fall down, down, down, from those chiming spheres,
To charm our souls as thou enchant'st our ears."

In picturing those indefinable effects in a woman's attire, which afford so much pleasure to the eye, when often the observer could scarcely tell how they were produced, Herrick displays a magical skill; this we see in his "Delight in Disorder":

A cuff neglectful, and thereby
Ribbons to flow confusedly;
A winning wave, deserving note,
In the tempestuous petticoat;
A careless shoe string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility;
Do more bewitch me than when art
Is too precise in every part."

That is a perfect word-picture; and a moving, breathing picture at that.

By the rustle of the "tempestuous petticoat" we are left to surmise its silken texture.

"To Meadows" gives a vivid picture of country pleasure :

"Ye have been fresh and green
Ye have been filled with flowers ;
And ye the walks have been
Where maids have spent their hours.

"Ye have beheld how they
With wicker arks did come
To kiss and bear away
The richer cowslips home."

The poem ends with a melancholy note which is consistent with the poet's tendency to take a bounded and external view of nature. For, although Herrick's poetry abounds with exquisitely descriptive touches, as in "Corinna's Going a Maying" and "To Daisies," he is no interpreter of Nature as is Wordsworth. He is too deeply imbued with the spirit of his age, and of his set ; and lapses at times into a vein which is not to be atoned for by his prayer for the Divine forgiveness for his "unbaptized rhymes."

Yet Herrick has given us exquisite songs and poems, and among his religious pieces "The Dirge of Jeptha's Daughter" has very sweet stanzas :

"O thou, the wonder of all days !
O paragon, and pearl of praise !
O virgin martyr, ever blest
Above the rest
Of all the maiden train ! We come
And bring fresh strewings to thy tomb."

The next to the last verse is marvellously sweet and descriptive :

"May no wolf howl or screech-owl stir
A wing about thy sepulchre,
No boisterous winds or storms come hither,
To starve or wither
Thy soft sweet earth, but like a spring
Love keep it ever flourishing."

There are touches in this poem which remind of George Herbert ; for instance :

"And in the purchase of our peace
The cure was worse than the disease."

The Hebrew virgins who are supposed to chant the dirge, dwell with grateful devotion upon the self-sacrifice of the maid whose life is represented as having been paid as the price of their deliverance from the invader. For Herrick accepts the interpretation which represents the Gileadite as having slain his daughter in the fulfilment of his vow ; in some ways this is the more directly effective interpretation of the incident.

In the poem, "To his Saviour, a Child ; a Present by a Child," he bestows a touch of most acceptable and exquisite realism upon a subject concerning which a widely different view has been taken by both poet and painter :

"Go, pretty child, and bear this flower,
Unto thy little Saviour."

That word "little," in such a connection, possesses a force of human feeling and tenderness, which makes us feel that the poet-parson—for Herrick was a country clergyman—must have been popular with the mothers of his rustic flock. He speaks of the other simple gifts to be offered :

"And tell him, for good handsel too,
That thou hast brought a whistle new,
Made of a clean strait oaten reed,
To charm his cries at time of need."

One almost feels, perhaps one quite feels, that these happy verses press nearer to the true spirit of the subject than do the verses by Mrs. Browning on the same theme. And in the silence of the inspired record concerning the infant Christ and his life, one accepts Herrick's picture in preference to that drawn with so much massed shadow, and sorrowful suggestion, by Mrs. Browning. In his "Grace for a Child" :

"Here a little child I stand,
Heaving up my either hand ;
Cold as paddocks though they be,
Here I lift them up to Thee,
For a benison to fall
On our meat, or on us all. Amen."

There is a grotesqueness which is characteristic, and which, in this instance, is not rashly to be construed as profane. The quaint lines leave upon the mind an indelible impression; and the poet was no doubt painting from life when he pictured the devout child, with the poor, blue, little hands lifted in his simple grace. Poor little hands, "cold as frogs!" that is the meaning given in the glossary.

In the lines, "To his dear God," he manifests a spirit of resignation to his lot:

"I'll learn to be content
With that small stock Thy bounty gave or lent."

And in other of his poems we see the homeliness of his country life under the care of his housekeeper, Prue. "A Thanksgiving to God for His House" presents a vivid picture of his domestic economy:

"Lord, Thou hast given me a cell
Wherein to dwell;
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weatherproof,
Under the spars of which I lie
Both soft and dry;
Where Thou, my chamber for to ward,
Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
Me while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my fate,
Both void of state,
And yet the threshold of my door
Is worn by th' poor,
Who thither come and freely get
Good words or meat."

And so on, through many more lines, he recounts his blessings, the bounty of his country lot, and closes with:

"All these, and better Thou dost send
Me, to this end,
That I should render, for my part,
A thankful heart,
Which, fired with incense, I resign,
As wholly Thine;
But the acceptance, that must be,
My Christ, by Thee."

But Herrick's religious verse is lacking in the passionate fervour of that of George Herbert.

Herrick was a humourist, and there is in the British Museum an almanack entitled, "An Almanack after a New Fashion; written by Poor Robin, Knight of the Burnt Island, a well-willer to the Mathematicks." We give one or two quotations; here is one, an observation for the month of February, 1664:

"We may expect some showers of rain either this month or the next, or the next after that, or else we shall have a very dry Spring."

From the almanack for the year 1667, we quote a perfectly delicious couplet:

"When the rain raineth, and the goose winketh,
Little wots the gosling what the goose thinketh."

Tradition ascribes the authorship of this almanack to Herrick. If Herrick didn't write it—who did?

There are among his poems verses to Ben Jonson, the idol of the young poets of his day, verses to the River Thames, to Candlemas Day, to His Winding Sheet, to The Untuneable Times, to The Hock Cart, and to many another object or subject; the titles to his pieces often being as full of poetic suggestion as the lines themselves. There are poems also to the King, for, as we said, Herrick was a Royalist, and during the Commonwealth had to forfeit his living at Dean Prior, only to be returned to it at the Restoration.

His verses, "To his Book," betray a touch of apprehension which posterity shows little signs of justifying; we quote them:

"Go thou forth, my book, though late,
Yet be timely fortunate.
It may chance good luck may send
Thee a kinsman or a friend,
That may harbour thee, when I,
With my fates neglected lie.
If thou knowest not where to dwell,
See, the fire's by. Farewell."

The pronounced poetic merit of Herrick's "Book" has long decided that "the fire" shall not be called upon to afford it an entrance into oblivion, and has won for the writer a place with the great names in English poetry.

Among the secular Caroline lyrists the name of Richard Lovelace stands out very prominently. He is conspicuous among the amorous poets for a certain virile power and reserve which betoken entire sincerity; and which have gained for him a place of his own in that age of extravagant and frivolous conceits. He is best known to lovers of English classical poetry by the couplet which occurs in his lines "To Lucasta going to the Warres":

"I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Lov'd I not Honour more."

These lines possess that quality which distinguishes great poetry; the quality of an enduring truth, set forth with simple, direct persuasiveness; and clad in a graceful form which subserves the poet's meaning, and is not obtruded upon the sense to hide the absence of meaning. It is on the merit of this poem, with one or two others of pronounced beauty, that Lovelace has attained to immortality.

His lines "To Althea from Prison" show the same noble spirit:

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage;
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty."

Such utterances show us in what a spirit some of the cavaliers served a King who was not worthy such high service.

Lovelace's ode on "The Grasshopper" possesses the qualities of movement, freshness and life in a high degree. It has a buoyant gladness which is quite spontaneous, and the touch of sadness wherein he introduces the sickle rises to the level of the tragic.

After spending many years in reduced circumstances owing to his devotion to the Royalist cause, he died, tradition says, of a broken heart, because Lucasta had married, supposing him to be dead. Such a fate is not inconsistent with the more earnest and lofty tone of his poetry, and is certainly much more easily believeable of him than it could be of a spirit like the jovial Herrick.

There is not space within the compass of this paper to quote Carew, who, according to Professor Saintsbury, "is one of the most perfect masters of lyrical form in English poetry."

Suffice it to say, that the period was a rich blossoming time for the fancy, before the parenthesis of the Pope School of Wit as, after that parenthesis, the end of the Eighteenth and beginning of the Nineteenth Centuries were the blossoming time of the imagination.

HUSTLER'S EXPLOITS.

A YANKEE IN MAORILAND.

By "QUILL."

ANTED a journalist, apply AX, 'Star' Office." So ran the advertisement in the evening newspaper, and as I was weary of the clerical work upon which I was then engaged, I put in an application for the position.

On the Wednesday, two days after I had applied, I received a short note, signed by Richard Hustler, asking me to call at the "Laurels" at half-past four on the following day.

I was shown into a large room, and the heat of a blazing fire in the grate felt "good." It was indeed a wretched day. A southerly gale howled dismally, and every now and then a squall came screaming along, bringing with it cold, drenching showers.

Hustler greeted me warmly, and then referred to "my" very bad climate. I smiled inwardly. It is the usual habit of travellers when anathematising bad weather to refer to it in this possessive way.

Whilst Hustler was commenting upon the peculiarities of my climate, I took the opportunity of carefully observing him. He was an American, and spoke with all the confidence and force so characteristic of that civilisation. His voice was strong and resonant, which bespoke abundance of vitality; whilst the broad shoulders and massive body proclaimed him to be a man of immense strength. The clean-shaven face with its heavy underjaw, and the large and rather sensuous mouth gave power if not refinement in his face. In short, here was a man who never would be cornered.

We soon came to terms. The story of the rise and progress of Rutland, one of the leading cities in New Zealand, required to be written optimistically.

"The good people here," Hustler said, "are modest, and I want you to describe the principal commercial undertakings in a flattering manner." The "copy" was required for a book he intended publishing, to be entitled the "Rise and Progress of Rutland."

I left the warm room, pondering as to what his dodge might be. I felt that there was deception somewhere, and I did not like it. However, I reflected that after all it was no business of mine. All I had to do was to write to order.

I toiled away and posted my articles regularly, but as for the payments, they at last became so irregular, that I was obliged to withhold the "copy" until arrears had been settled.

One day, whilst hurrying through Queer Street, I was greeted by a hearty "good morning" from a hansom cab, which almost dashed on to the pavement at my side. The next moment Hustler was shaking hands with me, and begging me to cross over with him to the Imperial Hotel as he wished to speak to me privately. The man was evidently agitated.

"Look here," he commenced, holding up for my inspection twenty or thirty orders, signed by the prominent merchants of Rutland, for £50 and upwards, for the publication of the articles I had written. I waited for an explanation, marvelling at the same time at his power

in persuading our citizens to unclench their tight fists in this liberal manner. "Those are worth," he continued, "nearly £1500, and yet I am absolutely broke. All that lot will be useless, unless you will agree to help me out. Write your articles," he pleaded, "and give me credit. Upon publication I will add twenty per cent. to your account for the accommodation."

I was on the point of saying "Yes," when a messenger brought in a telegram. Hustler turned deadly white on reading it. He begged me to excuse him until he had replied to the urgent wire. I strolled along the corridor, and passed two men, deeply engaged in conversation, I overheard the taller of the two say something that almost made me stop.

"I saw him showing the writing gent a number of orders," he whispered clearly, "but we must not run him to earth before that little lot of paper matures. It's cash I want, not his imprisonment, you know how he had me at New York."

Upon my return to Hustler, I said "No" to his request. He pleaded and urged me to do the work, and it was now that I felt the power of the man. The strength of his determination to obtain a favourable answer amounted almost to mesmeric force, and I no longer wondered why the business men had been so open-handed with him. At last I gave in and said "Yes."

I now determined to watch Hustler, and learn all I could concerning him. He was evidently making heaps of money, and as a canvasser his brilliant methods were worthy of a war correspondent's description. I cannot hope to do it justice.

On a bright Spring day, a cab was drawn up with a clatter which made the clerks bob up from their seats, and look through the windows of D. L. Huton's to see if a collision had occurred. It was the arrival of Hustler. He was out of the cab with a bound, and the next moment ordering the office boy to tell Mr. Huton that Mr. Hustler would like to see him immediately on an urgent matter of business. He paced up and down in front of the public counter. The clerks whispered: "Who the dickens is he?" "Is it the Admiral?" "Some relation of Bigham's, I should say!" declared another.

Hustler was as fresh as paint. His glistening belltopper, black walking coat and lavender trousers, would have done credit to a Bond Street swell. And as he looked somewhat imperiously through his gold-rimmed spectacles, and squeezed his withdrawn gloves, the curious clerks felt convinced that he had at least come to knight Mr. D. L. Huton.

The office boy returned and conducted Mr. Hustler to Mr. Huton's private office. Mr. Huton was much impressed by his visitor's appearance, shook hands with all his little might, and begged effusively if he could be of any service. Hustler raised his chest, cleared his throat, and looked the little merchant squarely in the face, then outpoured his scheme. To give a faithful account of Rutland's rise and progress; to give the history of the colonising martyrs; to tell of their early struggles; and in particular of Mr. Huton's father's trials and hardships, and the glorious result—Rutland itself. That, Hustler declared, was his bounden duty. The merchant was fairly galvanised, and his pride for himself and his forefathers made him confidential. He told Hustler about his race-horses; his special blend of whiskey, and his enterprise in developing the coal and gold mines of Rutland.

Hustler then read the article he purposed publishing, and if there was any point that seemed to inflate Mr. Huton's vanity, he drew on his imagination and exaggerated it.

Huton was ready to weep with delight when Hustler finished reading the article. He expressed his gratitude in no measured terms. Hustler looked at him with gene-

Here was a man who would never be cornered.

rous eyes, and with an air of magnanimity he placed a filled-in order for £55 before Mr. Huton, and begged of him as a mere matter of detail to affix his signature. "I'm sure," he added, "it does you credit to show such enterprise in supporting a work of this high-class character.

"Yes! Yes!" muttered Huton as he signed, in a tone that seemed to suggest that Hustler had given him credit for more enterprise than he possessed. But the hearty handshake of Hustler made him temporarily forget he had been a fool.

Half an hour after the office boy was asked what the devil he meant by showing people into Huton's private office before ascertaining their business.

Hustler entered his cab with all the style of a fashionable doctor, and bade the driver take him to Edwards, the music dealers. Hustler rubbed his chin meditatively as they spun along. Suddenly he spied Mr. Salamander, the fresh food and vegetable man, standing in the centre of the road with hands outstretched, almost barring the cab's progress.

"Drive like blazes, Bob!" he cried. "That beast wants a cheque," he muttered.

Bob whipped the horse up, and they fairly flew past the astonished Mr. Salamander. Hustler stared straight in front of him. Intimacy with impatient creditors was not his weakness. Then just as they were reaching Mr. Edward's place, he told Bob, in a voice of honey, to go round to Mr. Salamander's, get five shillings worth of asparagus, two pairs of fowls and ducks, and a turkey, besides fish for his lunch, and to explain, with Mr. Hustler's compliments, that he left his cheque book at home, but would call in to-morrow and pay the small account (it was only £15).

Mr. Edwards was now receiving Hustler's hospitality. Edwards, however, was a nervous man. He was a creature who wanted to ask his wife first. Hustler said he would be only too pleased to drive round in the evening. He asked Mr. Edwards when they were married, what Sunday School his wife taught before the happy day, and if she was still a member of the choir? Then the children came. Freddie had won a scholarship, and Ethel was head of the Wesley Latin class. All this information appeared in the article when it was read to Mrs. Edwards. An order was signed for £20.

But evil days fell on Hustler. He had agreed to take the half of £50 "out," from a wine and spirit merchant's house. For a fortnight he was in another world. His bright clothes were all soiled, and he no longer looked the splendid, radiant, Bond Street swell. He was very low-spirited, and by the aid of half a bottle of whiskey he raised his weary head. Bob took his clothes to a cleaner, whilst Hustler stayed in bed awaiting their return. His second suit was in pawn, his jewellery was there too.

Once more the cab rolled out with Hustler almost his old self. A Turkish bath and two whiskies and soda made him feel solid, and as he strode into Smirk and Sage's, the drapers, he felt he was bound to win. He received their order for £50, and on the strength of his "front," he obtained goods to the value of £25. Although the firm paid up "fair and square," to use the language of Hustler, Smirk and Sage were subsequently plaintiffs in a debt case, and Hustler was the defendant.

The grocerman was sick of it. He'd stand no more blooming nonsense. He'd just been driven past too often, and it was a summons or cash for him. He told Hustler this in his best mustard and pepper style. Hustler resorted to one of his last tactics. He wept. The tears streamed down his fat cheeks. The grocer gave him another week.

Publishing day had at last arrived, and upon the delivery of the books I knew Hustler would be

able to collect all moneys due. I was therefore on hand to protect my own interests. I found the publisher's men placing the books in a four-wheeler which was closed in. The agent of a well-known money lending institution was superintending operations. At this juncture another cabman drove up with Hustler, and I quickly recognised from his annoyed manner that he considered he had been outwitted. He begged and pressed the agent to allow the books to be placed in his cab; but Mr. Jew, who looked suspiciously at the cabman, absolutely declined to do so. I overheard the cabman saying to a companion, "If I get hold of the books, not a devil of a one will anyone get until my account for £50 has been squared." Then I ascertained that the Jew had advanced the necessary money for publication, and I began to feel I had been an ass. A little army of butchers, bakers, grocers, milkmen, house agents, and one or two females, who looked like servants, watched the proceedings anxiously.

I went into a solicitor's and asked for an urgent summons to be taken out against Hustler. It struck me that the pickings would be very small by the time all accounts were paid, but I had the satisfaction of seeing a policeman give my little document to Hustler.

Friday, the hearing day, arrived, and the Court seemed quite full of the onlookers who were at the Hercules printing office on publishing day. There was great excitement. It became evident that Hustler had about £900 after the financial lending house had been paid, and we all felt quite hopeful about our accounts. I saw the man who talked so mysteriously at the Hotel when Hustler was asking for credit.

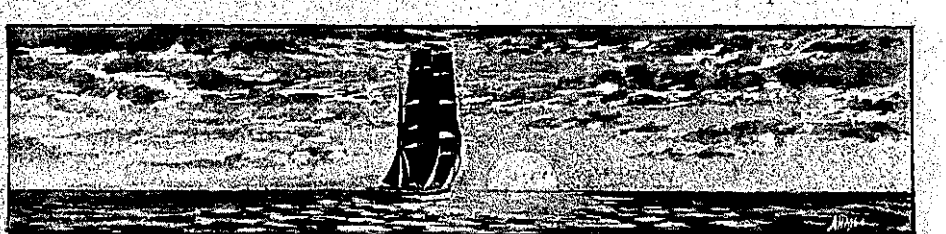
"Yes, sir," he said, when I addressed him, "Mr. Hustler owes me £150. He gave me the slip at New York, and as I happened to be passing through Rutland and saw our dear friend driving round in his usual style, I decided to stay here and collect my little amount. Thanks to the aid of a detective, Hustler has been very carefully watched. For three days we've kept our eye on him, and I've just received a message from Ned Burra that Hustler is not yet up. He'll have a policeman to dress him this morning, if he's not here pretty soon."

When the case came on, there was no answer to Hustler's name. On the application of one of the lawyers, the cases were adjourned, and under the circumstances, which the Magistrate considered serious, a policeman was despatched to Hustler's residence, and we waited anxiously for his return.

But we waited in vain, for events proved that we'd all been most wofully outwitted. Hustler had disappeared. "There is absolutely no trace of the gentleman," was the policeman's report.

We trooped mournfully out of the Court, and talked sympathetically to anyone who would listen to our tale of woe.

Three months after, Hustler was gracious enough to write to me, and explain how he did it. One of the creditors was squared. A passage was taken in the barque "Kate Mavoureen" for New York; and the difficulty of evading the detective was overcome by cutting a hole in a brick wall at the back of the house, and this exit enabled the cute American to escape.



The Mystery of the "Korotangi."

By "RANGITIHI."

KOROTANGI is the name given by the Maoris to a curiously-carved stone bird—one of the most remarkable relics in existence, pointing as it does to a remote connection with Asiatic or Japanese shores, a memento of the sea-roving Polynesians of untold centuries back. It is in the possession of a half-caste family, of high rank on the Maori mother's side; there are casts of the original in several museums. Famous amongst all the tribes of New Zealand is "Korotangi"—the subject of many a Maori song.

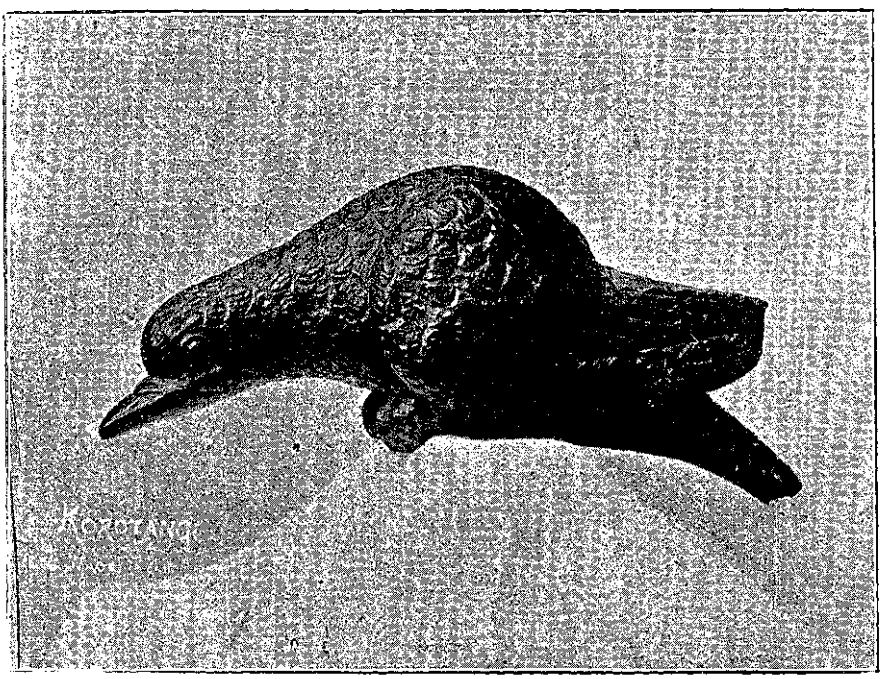
According to Waikato legends, "Korotangi" was brought to these shores in the Tainui canoe (which landed at Kawhia Harbour) from the South Sea Islands, some six centuries ago. Beyond that its history is wrapped in impenetrable mystery. It is not, however, of Maori manufacture—that is certain. The song says: "E hara tena he manu Maori"—"That is not a Maori bird." It has been compared with an ancient Japanese bronze bird in a New Zealand museum; the two carvings are in some respects very similar. The bird is not unlike a pigeon; a free Polynesian interpretation of its name is "The Crying Dove." The bird, represented as on a perch, measures ten and a-quarter inches from point of beak to tip of tail, and is carved with high artistic finish out of a very hard and heavy dark-green metallic stone. Its weight is four pounds ten ounces. The carving is in a wonderful state of preservation (except that a portion of the tail has been broken off) considering the vicissitudes through which it must have passed since first the unknown artist fashioned it so cunningly.

What a romantic mystery envelopes this little "Crying Dove!" What questions does it not suggest! Was it borne, like the Roman eagle, in some ancient ship of Asiatic voyagers, some roving ocean-craft which found its fate far down in the islands of the tropics, in the wild South Seas? Is it the one lone relic of some captured foreign ship, cut off by the piratical Vikings of the mid-Pacific? For how many long centuries has it not traversed the Great Ocean of Kiwa, from island unto island where the Son of Day has his flaming uprising—first, perchance, in some far-cruising junk, then in the long sailing-canoes of the Polynesian sailormen! If the "Crying Dove" could but speak what an epic could it not tell us, thrilling as the Odyssey, romantic as the tale of Jason and the Golden Fleece!

The Maoris say that the Kawhia and Waikato people—the descendants of the Tainui stock—carried "Korotangi" with them on their expeditions of war and consulted it as an oracle. The bird was set up on a hill-top by the taua (war-party) and karakia'd to and invoked for assistance and good fortune. It was the tribal talisman, the bare-legged army's mascotte.

"Korotangi" was lost at Kawhia some generations ago, and remained hidden for many years, no one knowing its whereabouts. Great was the grief of Waikato and Tainui

for their treasure bird, and croning dirges and laments were composed bearing on its disappearance. In course of time these poetical waiata-tangi were adopted as funeral songs; a lost loved one was compared to "Korotangi," beautiful and rare, vanished for ever. But in modern times (about 1880) it was recovered, found under the roots of a tree which had been blown down, and came into the possession of the late Major Wilson, of Cambridge, Waikato. From far and near the Maoris came to weep over it and tangi as if for a friend back from the dead. Old King Tawhiao, the celebrated warrior-chief Rewi, the Kingite leader Te Ngakau, visited it, and tangi'd loudly over their dear bird, sacred to them as the Ark of the Covenant which the Israelites bore in their weary journeyings.



The Korotangi, supposed to have been brought to New Zealand in the Tainui canoe.

This is one of the songs which the Maoris chanted over "Korotangi"—a lament composed by a Kawhia woman long generations ago, when the bird was lost, and sung in sad cadence to this day by the Waikato and allied tribes at funeral gatherings as a waiata-tangi; a poetic "keen" for the illustrious dead. The Maori version begins: "Kaore te aroha, Mo taku nei manu."

"Deep is my grief,
My little bird, for thee!
Nightly my sorrow bubbles up,
As low I lie within my house,
And ever long for thee,
My darling vanished one!
See ye, O maidens mine,
The water-birds at play—
(But Koro' is not like those),
'Tis not a Maori bird.
Oh, give it to me that I may
Gaze upon its curling feathers carved
In distant lands,
Brought hither from Tawhiti.
Daily I pine for thee, my bird,
I tarry day by day and ask,
'Oh, where has Korotangi gone?
Haply he has flown afar
To feast on green pohata leaves.'
Nightly I sleepless lie,
And call for thee;
Thou wert the guardian of our treasures,
The warrior's oracle
Set up on battle-hill.

And now for help I turn my face
To Kawa-tapu-a-rangi!"

According to the Maoris of Waikato, this stone bird has a mana tapu, a sacred influence or spell, attaching to it. The possession of it involves the owner in as serious a responsibility as that of the proprietor of a "hoodoo" ship. The wife of its late owner, Major Wilson, was a Maori lady of rank. When she had it in her charge, the chief Te Ngakau urged her to throw it into the Waikato River, which flowed past her house, for fear she should be bewitched (makutu'd) by the Maoris who desired the much-prized relic. In fact her death was by some of the Natives put down to the "evil eye" on account of her possession of Korotangi. The treasured bird is now in the hands of Major Wilson's children, who can tell some weird stories of this Maoriland "Luck of Edenhall."

Native tradition relates that each of the crews of the historic Maori fleet of canoes, which arrived here six centuries ago from the Pacific Islands, carried some stone relic of their olden homes to these shores. The Arawa canoe brought the rudely-carven stone image Matua-a-tonga (a kumara god), and the Tainui brought the Korotangi and a carved greenstone treasure called Kaukaumatua, long since lost. But Korotangi stands apart. It is certainly not Maori; it was the work of a people more advanced in industrial art. Then whence came it? And whence came the Maori?

Stanley Johns Photo.

Creek flowing into Karaka Bay.

MUSA THE DESPOT.

(CONFESSIONS OF A LITERARY MAN.)

By JESSIE MACKAY.

I HAVE been the slave of Musa so long that it surprises me when the normal Philistine persists in condemning me for what he deems the sins of my volition. Furthermore, when the said Philistine confidently assumes that I am master of my own ink-pot, I tingle with the irritation of a henpecked husband receiving airy bits of outsiders' advice on home management while the sour arbiter of his domestic destinies sits back and sniffs. No sour arbiter is my wilful April lady, Musa; and yet she is as absolute a despot as ever weilded the sceptre; and there isn't a happier or more helpless serf in the universe than I—happier, that is to say, when my April lady condescends to occupy her rightful throne on my writing-table and smile on me through the Delphic fumes of Barrie's own divine Arcadia mixture. For often, alas! the throne is spread, and for long days and nights the ringed Arcadian incense mutely implores her favour, and yet she will not come. Why she withdraws herself, where she loiters, I cannot tell. Her causeless wanderings, her airy returns, often remind me of a story of Sam Slick's, wherein a dour and unemotional youth, being chidden for bringing in a back-log somewhat slighter than himself, walked out of the house and ran away to sea for seven years. Returning unannounced about the eighth year, the young man espied the segment of a mighty tree-trunk lying at the wood-heap, and upending it on his shoulder, walked in with the calm remark, "Here's the back-log, father." I am unable, however, to carry out the analogy and great Musa with the cool parental answer, "Well, you've been a precious long time getting it."

Instead of such a phlegmatic welcome, I fawn upon her; I hold a Sun Feast in her honour, and survey my own beatified boots on the mantelshelf through a celestial haze you could slice with a knife. I repeat proudly to myself:

"Yesterday I walked down the street alone, and saw nothing but mud, mortgages, and mutton. To-day, Musa shall walk at my right hand, and my clarified vision shall detect molecules of infinity in the mud, divine retribution in the mortgages, and Parnassian rays glinting on the mutton. Walk, did I say? No, i'faith; I do not walk in Musa's company; we travel the way of the frigate-bird, she and I."

My first raptures over, I fall into a sort of cheapjack monologue regarding the dry bones I want her to vivify. I show her, one by one, the barren skeletons that during her absence have hung on my study walls in the weird style of house decoration affected by her Venus when he "floated his powerful mind in tea" with Silas Wegg, and wept over the hyper-sensitiveness of Pleasant Riderhood on osseous subjects.

My cheapjack patter runs something like this:

"Here's a critique on Soapleigh's last novel. The spine is bristling with stinging rays; here

are two tentacles warranted to grip to the bone ; here is the subtle rudiment of a tail with a telling Latin tag for a finish. Sharp, starchy, superior ; smelling of the 'Saturday Review'—I can thoroughly recommend it for a morning exercise—as good as dumb-bells, and, ahem ! more lucrative.

" Here's a lovely thing in fancy-work—an impressionist sketch—two men, a woman, and a girl. Men in love with the girl ; woman in love with the ugliest man ; girl in love with the man in the moon. Double-jointed, moves backward quicker than it moves forward ; an absolute triumph of modern mechanism and neurosis.

" Here's a Christmas story, to be done the same way you draw a pig with your eyes shut at a birthday party ;—two ears, an eye, four legs, and a curly tail—must have a curly tail. Mild and moral ; full of milk and mistletoe ; a charming evening pastime.

" Here is matter worthier of your power—a Greek poem about Andromeda, all outlined, wanting little but breath and colour. Ah ! just a touch here, I beg ; can't you see the magnificent curve that should swathe that forearm, the dainty mobile turn of the lip that should give piquancy to the face ? Can't you see the mermaid harmonies of richest colour that should envelope the stately form ?—blue of the heavens, snow of Olympus, blood of the Dawn ?—no less for my Andromeda !

" Here's a noble piece of work—a novel, articulated to the very last chapter, proportioned like a Colossus, and yet as gray and dead as Queen Anne for want of you. Now, madam, this is a unique line in skeletons ; don't break the lot ; take them all."

Then Musa coquets with me and my osseous gallery. She daintily fingers the poem and whispers that only the everlasting roll of the surf can bring back the creeping horror of the crag into the sea-blue eyes of Andromeda. I take the hint and transport myself and note-book to the loneliest bit of beach within travelling range. I spread out my overcoat, regretting the unaccountable oversight of Nature, who, in designing poets and rocks, and foreknowing their eternal affinity and frequent propinquity, might surely have cushioned the latter. And now to watch the sea-blue eyes of Andromeda quicken and reflect the phosphor moons dashing into shining fragments at her chained feet ! But no ! they stay as dead as china. Musa has all at once taken a theological fit. She throws away the sea-anemone in her hand, like a fair Florentine casting her jewels at the feet of Savonarola, and begins to pour out a fierce counterblast to Dr. Drykirk's ultimatum on the Exodus. I read that ultimatum this morning, and had no more thought of answering it than of turning steeplejack. But now Musa is throwing about fearsome German substantives like an angry Titan hurling rocks. She contrives to drag in Delitzch, Haeckel, Fichte, and dozens more, with Sayce and the Telel Amarua tablets bringing up the rear. Like a war-horse, I scent battle far off, and catch Musa's humour as tinder takes a spark. One sigh for the sea-anemones and the mystic gleam of the phosphor moons, and I turn to do her will. By the morrow's morn, Dr. Drykirk is hammered finer than gold-beater's skin.

Again I plead poor Andromeda's cause. Musa promises readily, but whether in good faith at the time, I know not, for just then I fall a defenceless prey to a bore of the first water, and every idea is scattered to the winds. Now this affliction usually so commends me to the pity of my wayward Lady of Sight that on my release, weak and wrathful, she comforts me with a whole Aurora Borealis to myself. This tenderness of Musa's reconciles me to fate when I see a bore bearing down on me with slow murder in his eye ; it has even taught me to

understand what a mighty brother of the pen once said to me :

"My boy, if you don't want to have your brains fretted into fiddle-strings at forty, keep this in mind. Begin the day with a plate of stodgy porridge and an hour's conversation with an ass—the biggest ass in town for preference."

The bore leaves me at last, but Musa has no further thought for Andromeda. She comes running to me with a new toy.

"See ; see what I have found !" she cries. "A gem of a Polynesian legend on the Shining Mountain of the Beyond ! Quick, fix it before the opal fire goes out of it, and leaves it a pebble again !"

I try being stern with Musa.

"Do you take me for a curator of a museum, madam ?" I ask with portentous politeness. "Do you think I haven't enough stones and bones jingling about my study already ?"

Musa stamps her foot.

"Fix it, fix it as I see it now, or I leave you !" she cries. I obey ; am I not Musa's serf ? And, moreover, I am much enamoured of this thing she has found on the Shining Mountain of the Beyond. She is as good as gold, now she has her will. Far into the night she works with me, and in the grey dawn the legend is finished, the dross of ages refined away, the primeval truth at the heart of it laid bare. Hot from the loved toil of that long vigil, I take it in my hand critically, fondly, hopefully.

"It will do," says Musa carelessly. "It has a vein of the fire opal in it, a creamy curve where the jagged point was ; but oh, if you saw it as I saw it on the Shining Mountain where the gem-stories lie !"

Next day I am a trifle headachy, and Musa, neurotic and naughty, is grizzling over the impressionist sketch. I say tentatively :

"Isn't it time to do something for Andromeda ?"

"What is time ?" asks my April lady with a calm disdain. Too well I know that in Musa's country there is neither time nor place, and that gold and silver there are as trivial as flying thistledown here. Has she not left me stranded high and dry for six months on the last couplet of a sonnet ? And is it not in holy places, under the stern regard of canons and bishops, that she forces her wildest quips and cranks upon me, while at a bachelor's supper she will hang on my vision with her head on one side, singing "Willow, willow !" like poor Barbara ?

But it is in novel-writing that Musa's full feminine genius for contradiction finds scope. How can I convince the normal Philistine that I can no more hinder the lives and marriages of my dream-folk from going wrong than he can stop an earthquake ?

I set out on the enterprise with a definite scheme as to plot and character. The main moral is the purification of parish politics—you can't sell a novel without a moral now-a-days, any more than you can let a house without a bathroom. As to the leading characters, A. is an Apollo whose fiery soul frets the matchless mould of clay in which it is cased ; B. is a glorified Orson of the backblocks, all muscle and fidelity ; C. is a figuring machine in a bank, whose gray neutrality throws up the heroic colouring of A. and B. ; D. is a lovely vision in cream chiffon and Banksia roses. D.'s affections are to waver between Apollo and Orson, finally declining on the latter.

Musa is chilly and dissatisfied for a week or two. Then she warms into the collar, takes the bit between her teeth, and travels. Most of the people I had shuffled to the front she hustles into dusty corners ; nonentities I had put back in the shadow she pets and brings into the front row. A. becomes a blatant prig ; B. degenerates into a mere cornerman, whose ghastly jokes are not even enlivened by the banjo. She strikes all manner of astonishing sparks out of C., the despised figuring machine, and finally marries him to D. under my very nose, and

apparently with D.'s very good will. The moral, moreover, has been mysteriously transformed, being now not a matter of parish politics, but an attack on the higher education.

Musa has an irritating trick of finding things so like current episodes of daily life that I am continually being called a snake in the grass by my best friends, who vow that I have betrayed the secrets of the smoking-room, and given their hidden romances to a jeering world. And the stories belonged no more to them than to the Mikado, being only outland treasures that Musa had brought down from the Shining Mountain.

Not only does she alter events at her own sweet will, but she alters diction as well. I prepare a fine peroration to address to my heroine, but while it is still on the tablets of my brain, Musa gives it a contemptuous look.

"Don't I know how to propose to a young lady?" I ask huffily. She simply takes the pen, scores out every fine phrase, and writes instead the same sort of blundering, two-edged, take-it-or-leave-it jumble that you and I, gentle reader, actually drop into on such occasions.

"That's what he said," is her only remark.

She is a bit of a gipsy, too, as they say in Scotland. Time after time I remonstrate with her on her scorn of "les convenances."

"Musa, you'll have me cut by the county yet," I protest piteously. "How is it possible that a young lady like Emily, brought up by two maiden aunts and a Rector uncle, could go to a masked ball without so much as a skirted broomstick as chaperone?"

"She did it," said Musa, with a set of her short upper lip that spells utter finality.

I have shown you a little of the constant curbing, snaffling, and snubbing that my April lady inflicts upon me. And yet she is not always Musa the Despot; there are times when she is more patient than Griselda, more meek than the tamed shrew Katherine. But I have no mind to tell you about those pleasant seasons when we talk together of the Shining Mountain and other matters. All that lies a golden secret between my April lady and myself.

Romance.

❋

ROMANCE came to our cradles—yours and mine,
Soft whispering "Yea,"
Then, with warm kiss upon our baby brows:—
"When far and wide adown the world ye stray,
No hand shall free you from my mystic vows,
While ye shall gather rue, who reach for pay,
Yet in your heart of hearts hold me divine;
Dreamers! who pluck at stars, as babes pluck may,
Your lives, your dreams, your loves about me twine."
Her vassals we, in blissful thrall alway
Uphold the honour of her ancient line.

ROSLYN.

A Maori John Alden.

By HILDA KEANE.

THE evening kai was finished, but the hapu sat on. The red flames leapt high into the dark, then sank to a crimson smoulder. Every flicker lighted a group of dark faces. Sometimes only gleaming eyes and teeth would answer, sometimes a form would show against the blackness. Once the light caught the strong, tattooed face of Te Rewhiti, next it outlined Hina, whose hair fell over her shoulders into the shadows, but whose face was buried in her knees. A sudden great flare shot forth. All were talking, eagerly gesticulating. Then, as only the embers glowed, the voices lulled, and a child cried in the distance. "Te wharepuni!" said a girl, shuddering from the night. A streak of light shone from the panel of the meeting-house; and instantly, brands were seized, the kapara torches were burning, and the korero was begun.

Not one in the hapu, withered old crone, or tiny child, but knew that Te Maniwha, chief of the Rarotoka, wished a marriage between his son and Hina, the young princess of the Ngatimanua. The matter provided talk for many weeks, and though each knew that the betrothal was a sure event, the argument would be prolonged for weeks more. Te Maniwha was asked to come in person, and to bring his son, the bridegroom. But Te Maniwha lived a hundred miles away, and the winter floods were heavy. Then a dispute with a neighbouring tribe demanded that he should fight. The boy, Te Ringa, was in the early stages of tattooing, and therefore Te Maniwha sent in his stead, the finest orator of the tribe. Te Rewhiti was ordered to explain that his chief was gone to collect the heads of his enemies, and that Te Ringa was sick. Upon his arrival, the men of the Ngatimanua pretended that this gave occasion for serious consideration, and in their hearts welcomed the new turn in affairs. It was not every day that such excuses for talk came to them. Then, too, such stores of kumera and shark had come with Te Rewhiti and his warriors, that the Ngatimanua saw feasting for days ahead. Te Rewhiti was handsome and stalwart, so were his comrades, and many of the maidens envied Hina.

In the darkest corner of the wharepuni, an old woman was muttering alone. Everywhere was talk and chatter. A man sprang to his feet, and poured forth a torrent of words.

"Haeremai! haeremai! men of Rarotoka! So it is a wife you would have for your chief? Is it our Hina? Ah, Hina is ours, the flower of the hapu, and if you take her, you take somewhat of our mana."

"Yes, and you take her whom I have looked on as mine!" shouted Patuona. "Why should Hina not marry me, who am of her own tribe? You would send her to a child! Why have the Rarotoka sent Te Rewhiti? Why not Te Ringa?"

"Because," was hissed from the corner, "because he is a weakling. He is ugly. He is not tattoed. He——" But a kapara torch fell, and in the semi-gloom, the women

Hina.

scuttled to the doorway, and the meeting broke up for the night.

Between the times of feasting, Te Rewhiti, the spokesman, learned to know Hina. He saw her in the poi dance, lithe as the water-rush, graceful as the ponga.

"Truly," he thought, "a fit bride for my chief, for any man, but better still for a warrior." He wished the day for taking her away would hasten; but when he saw himself handing his charge to the chief, he did not want to think more. She came toward him, a perfect Maori maid, alert, bright-eyed, beautiful.

"You talk little, Te Rewhiti!" she said, "yet your men say that you are chosen of your tribe for that which your tongue can say. 'Tis, I am told, like the rapids of the swift, clear Ponakatere, when words flow from your lips!"

Te Rewhiti was slightly nettled. He was taciturn in conversation,

and with the prolonged nights of argument, he had not yet had his chance of pleading for the Rarotoka. His face became animated as he answered the girl.

"Ah, yes, Hina. And when you hear me—oh, I will soon win the hearts of the Ngatimanua when I speak! I wait, but you will see. To-night——"

"Au-e!" said the girl, frowning and impatient. A group of poi dancers had sauntered up, and stood with their arms about one another. Much interest was taken in this handsome youth, who had come to woo for his chief.

"Te Nga, the tohunga, comes back to-night," said one, "'twill be he who shall say whether Te Rewhiti may carry the news of a betrothal."

Te Rewhiti scowled.

"As for that," said a Rarotoka, "your tohunga has only to hear Te Rewhiti speak."

Hina turned away, and after watching her swing herself with the easy carriage of a princess, Te Rewhiti strode after and overtook her.

That night came another korero, and another till a week was gone and the spokesman no nearer his end. Argument of all kind was given, and prowess and genealogy told and retold. Oration is a passion with the Maori, and a little thing serves as an excuse. This was a case which gave great opportunity. But Te Rewhiti was studying the moods of Hina, and with each day, he burned with the desire to carry her off to the Rarotoka.

At last came his pleading, and in the sombre, torch-lit, smoky whare, his voice thrilled them with the war spirit, touched their very hearts with pathos. When he told of the prowess of a tribe that was not theirs, the men of Ngatimanua grunted their approval, when he spoke of enemies, young warriors started to their feet and yelled fierce yells of defiance. Under the spell of the stranger's tongue, the women shook with emotion, and tears ran down their cheeks. One old woman, used to leading her own people in the war dance, thrust herself forward and screamed her taunt to the Ngatimanua against these picture enemies. The orator knew his power. He finished quietly.

"Te Ringa Poko is young! True! but the youth grows old. His tattooing is unfinished. True! but marriage will not prevent it. He will be a great chief. He must marry the daughter of a chief. Who in the land is more fit for the wife of so great a tribe as your Hina? Hina, of the tattooed lips, Hina, fairest of your tribe? Who can make your tribe strong again in war? Join your friendship to that of the Rarotoka, and none but will fall before you. The great Te Maniwha awaits your Hina. Say, shall I give him your answer?"

The hearers grew calm again, but a girl continued sobbing. It was Hina.

The old tohunga shuffled to his feet. "Last night I heard the waves speak. They told me that Hina must be the bride of a Rarotoka, but of a hapu that we know not, But we shall see. Send the news to Te Maniwha that the atahu is begun."

But having won his cause, Te Rewhiti had still other work to do. Hina, contrary to all custom, had declared that she would not go to Rarotoka to marry this ugly boy. She refused to eat, she threatened to kill herself, and she sobbed all the day.

"Shut her in her whare!" said the tohunga. "Let none but old Kiri have speech with her!"

"Let me talk to her," asked Te whiti, strong in confidence of his success.

"Ah, yes, that is good!" said the tohunga, "yes, let her be free. Te Rewhiti will win her over, and make her even as us in her thought. Yes, yes, that is a very good way! Leave her to him."

"You must give her time, and none else must say aught to her," claimed Te Rewhiti. He wished to have the sole honour of this task.

"'Tis agreed. You may have a long time."

So Te Rewhiti came to the door of Hina's whare. His voice trembled a little as he called to her. It was the tremble of excitement. Not many men could do as he had done, and as he was going to do.

"Hina! Dew of the forest leaf! Light of the morning sky! Hina, hear and come with me! We shall walk by the river as of old."

The girl started, unbelieving, confused. She clenched her hands at the sound of that voice. It was the voice of him who had swayed her people, and it was the voice of one, who alone with her, had very little to say.

"Hina, 'tis I, Rewhiti, who would have speech with you."

"I come," she said. "They said I might be free?" she questioned, glancing at the slaves near by.

"Yes, yes, they have said so, for a time, for ever if you but listen wisely to me."

Hina frowned again, and they walked on, now entering the fern growing high by the river. There were some minutes of silence, for Te Rewhiti of the stream-like eloquence had forgotten what he had intended to say. He was struggling with a strange, unknown nervousness. His mouth was dry on the roof. Was this girl makutu that she robbed him thus of his gift of speaking?

"What would you say?" she asked, looking at him.

He was silent.

"What is it?" she demanded fiercely.

He answered her look, and he, the fighting man, he, the chosen of the Rarotoka, quailed before the girl. A wild idea came to him of flight. Let the Ngatimanua do their own persuading! He stopped. But again he drew himself together. He tried to remember past exploits. Then at last, quietly enough for such an orator, "I would speak to you," he said, "of Te Ringa Po——"

"I hate him!" she burst out, "ugly child! Look at me. I am a grown woman, the most beautiful of the Ngatimanua. Am I not, Te Rewhiti?" she asked more softly.

His eyes expressed his opinion.

"Yes, Te Rewhiti! I am good to look at. You know it. And you would mate me to a puny lad, a sickly child. Am I so poor a thing that I am good only to bring children to a weakly boy, who is not tattooed? Tell me, Te Rewhiti, you who are a man, would you choose an ugly, peevish child for your wife?"

"But he is the son of a great chief," he began.

"And what matters that if I hate him? How can I go to him, Te Rewhiti?" and the mournful eyes searched the soul of the man.

Great drops were on his forehead. He took her hand.

"See, little one," he said tenderly, "your tribe decree, and if the marriage is not to come, Te Manuwha will be insulted, and will take fearful vengeance."

"He will demand 'utu'?" she asked thoughtfully.

"Yes."

"Upon us, the Ngatimanua?"

"Yes, and upon me!"

"You?"

She looked quickly at him, then her eyes rested upon the broad, flowing river. A small canoe bobbed up and down with the swinging of the tide. The canoe was tied to a flax bush. The rocking of the tiny boat stole into her senses, and soothed her.

"What will your chief do?" she said very quietly.

"He will come with his warriors and will destroy the tribe of Ngatimanua."

"And you, Te Rewhiti?"

"When I return with my errand unaccomplished, I, too, will die."

"Au-e," she whispered shudderingly.

The man saw soft yielding in her eyes. "See, Hina, you would not cause the death of all your people?"

"Who says they will die?" She was defiant again. "Die? Can

we, too, not fight? Are we weak? Fight? Yes, we will fight, and I—I will dance to the men as never woman danced to fighters before. I will make them fight, and they will slay, slay—ugh—till there is none left of the Rarotoka. Ha! ha! then they will see what spirit there is in the Ngatimanua, and that cowardly boy, who dare not show his face to woo for himself, he, too, will die, and 'tis I who will claim his head!" Then stopping suddenly, "Will you be of the warriors, Te Rewhiti?"

"No, alas," and the battle glint died. "No; I shall be as I said. I must die."

She changed her tones again.

"Would you, Te Rewhiti, like to see me the wife of this lad?"

"He is my chief," he answered, "and what my chief wills, that is my wish."

Hina had moved toward the little canoe dancing on the water. As the flax to which it was tied, swayed downwards with the motion, the girl caught it in her hands and drew it towards her. Te Rewhiti had followed her steps, pleading with all his wonderful eloquence. She seated herself in the boat, still held by the flax. She leaned her chin on her hands, as though prepared at last to listen to reason. The man followed up the advantage.

"Tell me," she whispered, and the boat swung up and down.

He pulled it close to his feet, and holding the flax so with one hand, he spoke rapidly, convincingly.

"He will be a brave chief one day. He will be great over many. He will have the mana of his tribe."

Hina was looking thoughtfully at the man. He was gaining power at every word, and proud in himself, met the softened look in the woman's eyes. Once he wandered a moment as her beauty flashed into his being. "Pity," he thought, "that 'tis only a lad who is to have this woman." Then a slumber seemed to steal into his brain, and he became scarcely conscious that he was speaking. A reverie of words came from his lips. The curious "makutu" feeling was over him, but the voice went on.

"Yes, you will marry," his lips said.

"Whom?" breathed another voice into his ear. He had bent over the canoe, and both his hands were on the girl's shoulders.

He answered, mechanically, "Te Rin——"

"E pai ranei koe? Why not you, yourself?" said the voice, and two soft, warm arms were round him, and hot tears were on his cheek.

Then the light burst on him. He awoke. He looked from the boat to the sky, he looked at Hina—Hina, pleading now, her eyes moist with tears, with soft lips quivering. For a moment the spokesman remembered his errand. A puny lad! This woman! This woman who by right of great love was his, and his alone! The light in her eyes changed. It suggested flight, haste, and passion. He stepped into the canoe. She was deftly untying the flax that held it. His look answered hers. He seized the paddle, the canoe was free. One long look at his beloved, and with a vigorous motion, he had shot the boat out into the stream, and they fled—to be together.

His mission was ended. The bride was won, but not for Te Ringa.

A Maori Account of the Attack on the Gate Pa.

By R. SHEPHERD.

IT was forty years last April since the fight of the Gate Pa took place in Tauranga. This curious account of the engagement was given by an old Maori:

"When the hapu of Ngatipiako and Ngaitirangi assembled, we advanced to within a short distance of the camp and town of Tauranga, and dug a straight line of shallow rifle pits across a narrow strip of level land, and stuck some tokorari (flax sticks) in the earth we had shovelled out of this ditch. Behind this we built a small square redoubt of sods. We had about five hundred men, and here we waited the attack.

"One morning we discovered that a regiment—a thousand strong it must have been—had approached our rear. We were on a narrow strip of land, with water on both sides of us, an enemy in our rear, and an enemy in front. Our chiefs took in our position, which was very similar to that of a snared rat or parrot, but we determined to make the best of it. The attack was about to commence from the front. We could see them dragging up their big guns to fire at our flax sticks. Our chiefs told us to keep low, and not to poke our heads out, and to let the enemy fire away at the redoubt and flagstaff.

"The uproar soon commenced, and we had a lively time of it. The cannon roared, the big mortars banged away, and so did the little ones; the rifles cracked, and the shower of lead and bursting shells rattled over our heads. Every now and then a report like thunder was heard above the din. This was the hundred and ten pounder Armstrong gun making a big noise. Well, they kept up this furious fire, but it did us no harm. Not one of us had yet been touched, the day was getting on, and our courage began to improve.

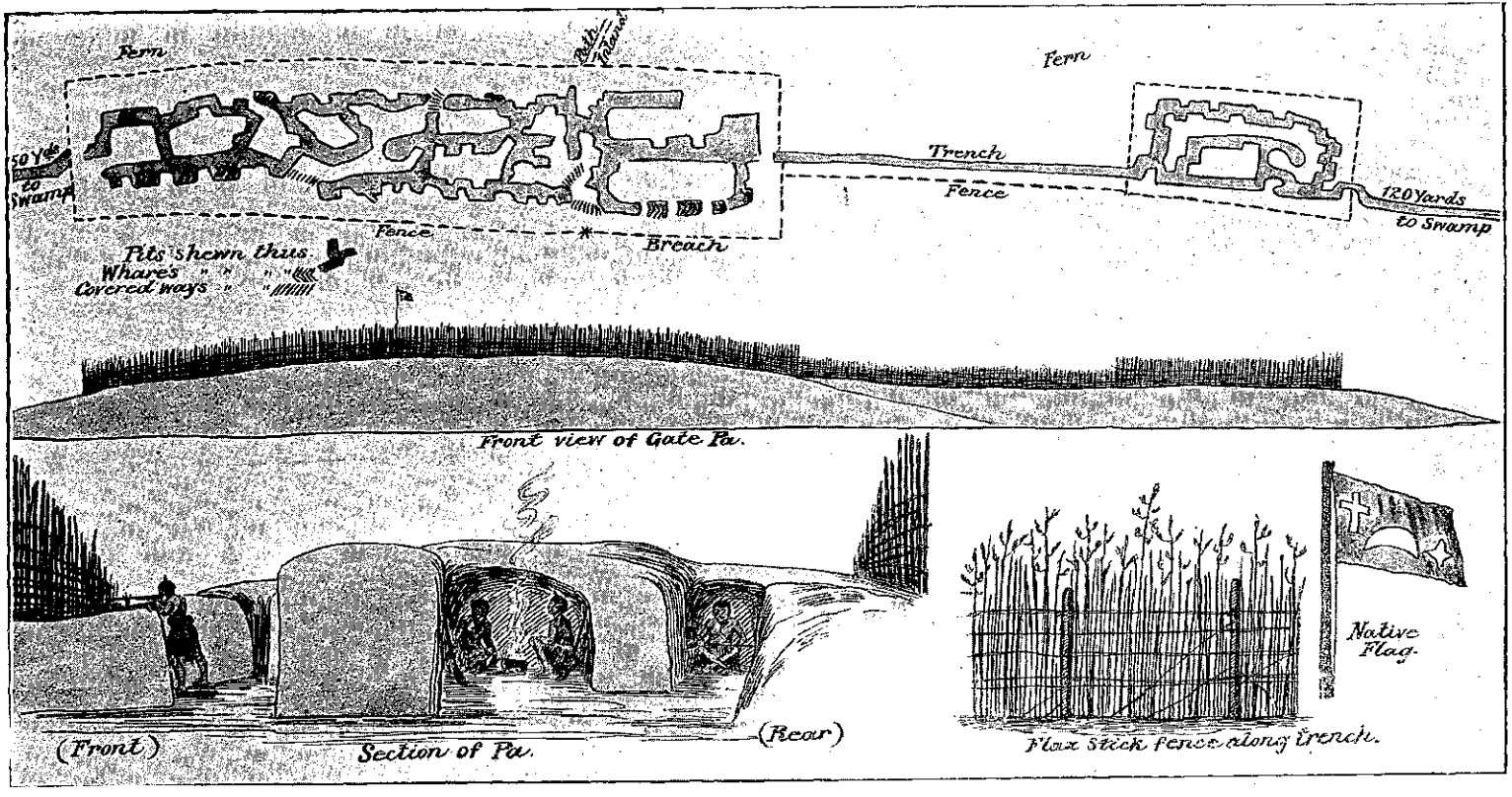
"Towards evening, however, the enemy in front came on with a rush and a cheer, and charged up to our ditch. When they were close upon us, we ran into the little redoubt behind us, we could get no further, for the enemy in our rear, the 68th Regiment, now advanced, firing volley after volley into their friends, intending them for us, and they were returned with interest, thinking it came from us, but we had not fired at all. Then both sides retreated from each other, and then we rose and gave them the contents of our guns, and they fled in haste, leaving their dead and dying with us.

"We treated their wounded well by order of a Ngaitirangi Chief, and gave Colonel Booth, 43rd, a resting place for his head, and placed a calabash of water near him to slake his thirst. We only lost three men, and one or two were slightly wounded, but the enemy lost about thirty killed, and their hospitals must have been filled with their wounded. We left the battle-field early next morning."

There is an error in the number of Maoris killed, as one Company of the 68th killed seven when the Maoris were escaping, and several dead bodies were brought in next day by the 68th.

The illustration given was from a rough sketch taken on the spot by Lieut. Robley, of the 68th Light Infantry. He took careful measurements by pacing the ground. An accurate idea is thus given of the manner in which the Maoris constructed their pas.

PLAN OF THE GATE PA.



From a sketch taken on the ground by LIEUT. ROBLEY, 68th Light Infantry.

Length of large work	...	...	90 paces.
Length of small work	...	...	26 ,,
Breadth of large work	...	10 to 18	,,
Breadth of trenches	...	...	2 paces.
Palisading advanced	...	...	4 ,,
Depth of ditches		4ft. 6in. to 8ft.	

My Lady's Bower.

By Alma.

Lady readers are invited to discuss current topics in these pages, suggest subjects for discussion, and also to contribute photographic studies on any subject of interest. Contributions should be addressed: "Editor My Lady's Bower, New Zealand Illustrated Magazine," and should arrive early in the month. In all cases where stamps are enclosed for the purpose photos will be returned.

GIRLS WHO MARRY.

THE numberless pretty girls who do not marry must thank themselves or their circumstances. Now, don't run a-tilt, and say it must be the circumstances. Here is a conversation I heard the other day, between the Young Man—eligible, looks acceptable, etc., etc., and the Old Married Man. Let me call them Y. and O., respectively.

Y.—"Heigh ho!" or something equivalent in man's peculiar vocabulary, "I'm just sick of things in New Zealand. I think it must be too small, too one-horsey."

O. laughed. "Tell you what's the matter with you, my boy. Let me see! How old are you?"

N. C. Crawford, photo. In the deer-hunting region, Northern Ontario.

"Thirty-three !"

"Ye gods ! and unmarried ! Well, get married right off."

Y.—"So easily said ! But——"

O.—"Have you the cheek to tell me there's no girl ?"

"That's the bare fact."

O.—"What about Mary Shaw ?"

"Nothing."

"Thought you were er—rather touched there."

"No—no."

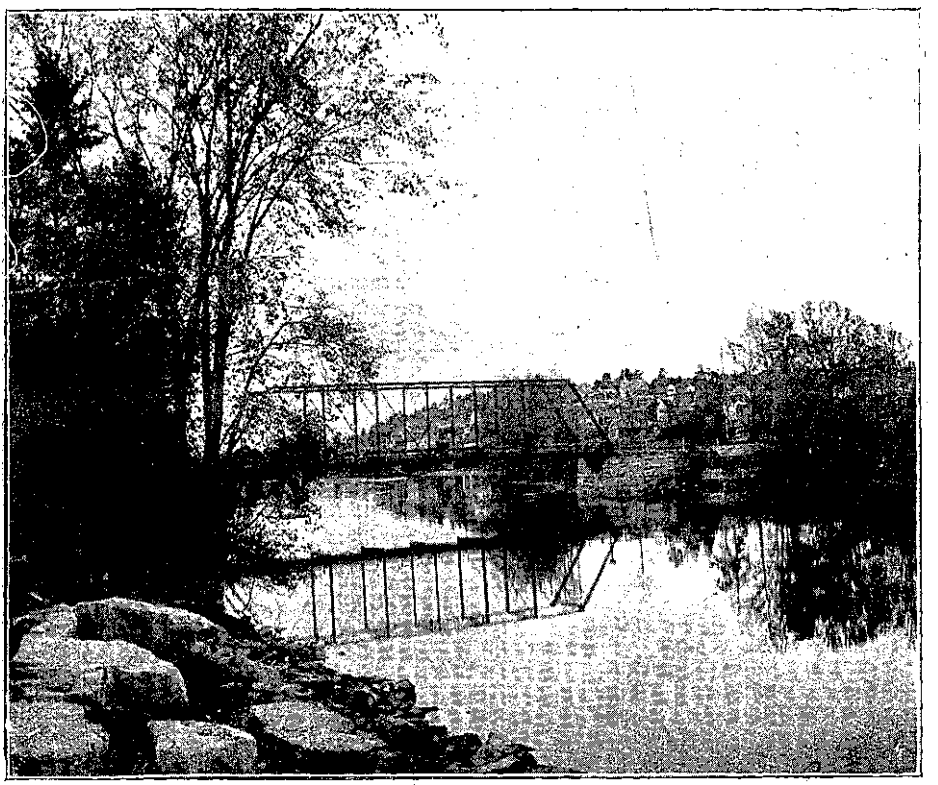
"Good-looking girl, Mary; bright, knows people, and so on."

"Yes ; but she's just the kind of girl I wouldn't think of marrying."

O.—"Why ?"

"Well, if it's only this. I wouldn't marry any of these girls who are always down on the wharves ; girls who 'love' going on warships, who boast of being asked by an officer to see his cabin. No. I know they're right enough. But I like some one less cheap."

That's all I heard. But it shows how, in the eyes of marrying men, nice girls just throw away their chances. And it explains what had always puzzled me, why really pretty, attractive girls, who seem to have what they style "a good time," remain season after season on the shelves. As to what marrying men do like in girls—well, another time we'll talk about that. Meantime, don't imagine that having a good time with butterfly men, officers or what not, will improve your chances. A man's hint on that subject is worth taking.



N. C. Crawford, photo. **Bridge on Crowe River, Canada.**

MISS EVA RANDALL, BARRISTER.

You no doubt read a chatty little interview given to a London journalist by Eva Randall. The latter hails latterly from Dunedin. Really, she is a Londoner, but she has been schooled in Otago, so it may fairly claim her. I like Miss Randall. She is just a bright, cheery girl, with

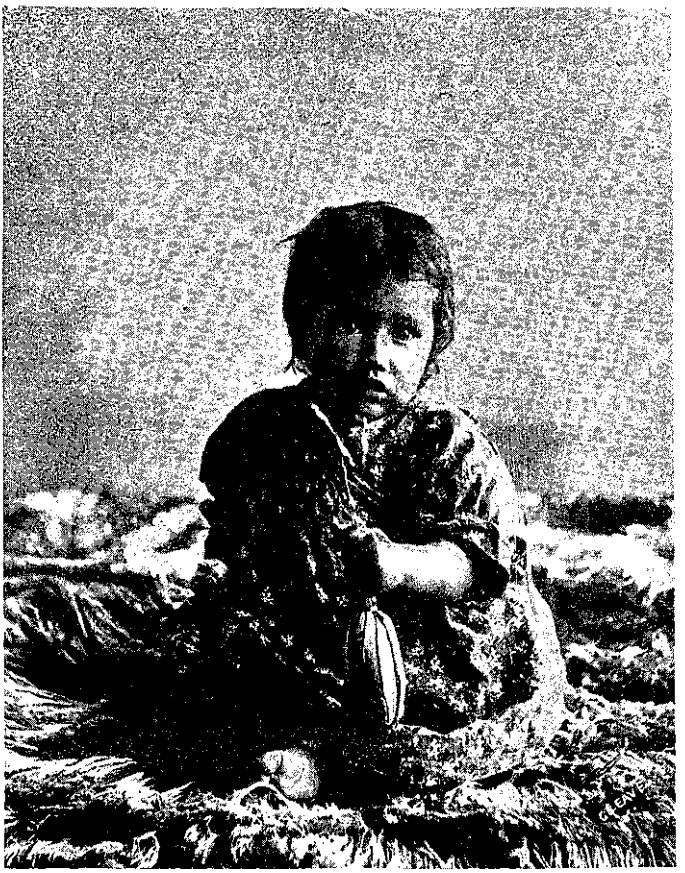
Hemus, photo. Mirthfulness.

not an ounce of affectation about her. When I knew her, I was attending a course of lectures at the University College in Dunedin. We used to go home part of the way together, crossing through the somewhat dingy square that comes out—I forget the street—but it runs down from George Street. And though some of those winter evenings were cold and raw, Eva Randall always used to laugh. I can see her now; a smart-looking girl, dark, and always with a laugh and a bright jest or even a remark made bright by the tone of her saying it. And no one knows how glad I was to see her when—after a short absence on account of illness—this fellow-student came to see me. Even then she was busy by day in the lawyer's office, for she was articled, and studying by night in her rooms. Rooms, you know, are so uncomfortable for student girls, indeed, for all girls. But of course she laughed at them.

Dear me! And now she is through those toilsome exams.; is a full-fledged lawyer, with the right to plead at Court, and is taking holiday in London. Fortunate Eva Randall! With a career before her, youth on her side, and a distinct charm of manner! "Alma's" hopes are for her success, though I quite expect, and indeed wish, to hear next of her happy marriage. Old-fashioned? Oh dear, no! Only the most natural and the best state in the world of things.

MORE BATTLES—THE CELLULOID.

We talked a lot, thought less, did less when the corset warfare waged hard. I suppose it always will



Solemnity.

wage, but the present lull is the most decided we have yet had. Then we turned our attention to bacteria, bacilli, microbes, germs—all meaning the same in a vague way to the average woman. And now, 'tis combs, celluloid combs.

And some of them are so useful and so pretty. That's just it. As soon as we get something we like, it is taken from us, or condemned as sinful pride or worse. Thus the combs.

Now and again in recent days, one reads of an accident, caused by the sudden combustion of the celluloid comb. We slip these little contrivances into our back, our front, our side hair, and forget all about them till we discover that most of them have fallen out.

But have you ever watched a piece of one burn? It is gone like a flash. And so two or three unfortunates have bent over the fire while a celluloid comb confined the refractory bits of hair or held up the frame. And lo! result? Sudden death to the comb and the danger of an awful fate to the wearer. It is really almost enough to make us "swear off" hair-combs. Almost! But shall we? Not, I fear, till manufacturers or fashion find us a substitute, made of something less inflammable.

And when combs are no more, then we'll attack—let me see—what will the next be? Just, I foresee, the hair-frame, or pad; and I think 'tis not at all a bad subject for the attack.

The first of an amusing series of "Sermons in Braid Scots" has recently been published in Edinburgh at sixpence nett. The volume opens with "The Ne'er-do-Weel," by the Rev. D. G. Mitchell, of Cramond United Free Church. An idea of its simplicity, quaintness and braidness will be best obtained by a quotation.

Luke, Chap. xv., verses 11-28.

"There was ance a man had twa laddies, an' the young ane said till his father, 'Father' wad ye no gie me noo my ain share that'll fa' to me?' An' he pairted his gear an' plenishin' atween them. Noo, no lang efter the young ane gethered a' his graith thegither, an' gaed awa intil a farawa place; an' there he tint a' his gear wi' routh o' pleesur.

"An' when he had nae langer a fou hand, there begude a reg'lar dearth in that place, an' he sune faund his bawbees a' birled awa. Sae he gaed an' hired himsel to ane o' the burgesses as an orra-man, an' was budden gang ootby to fodder the swine. Fain wad he hae filled himsel wi' the hools that the swine were eatin'; an' fient a hae't did a body gie him.

"But when he cam' to hissel, he said, Hoo mony orra-men o' my father's hae eneuch an' to spare, an' I 'm deein o' hunger! I 'll rise up this meenit an' gang awa hame to my father, and I 'll jist tell him, 'Father, I 've been a rale gowk an' wastrel again Heaven, an' in yer ain sicht; I 'm nae langer fit to be ca'ed yer ain bairn; jist mak' me an orra-man.' Sae he got up at ance, an' gaed straucht hame to his father.

"But he had a geyen lang gait yont to gang when his father spied him, an' was rale put aboot, for he thocht a hantle o' the lad, an', fu' o' pity, cam' rinnin, an' fell to huggin an' kissin him.

"But the lad tell't his father, 'Father, I've been jist a gowk an' wastrel again Heaven, an' in yer ain sicht; I'm nae langer fit to be ca'ed yer bairn.'

"The father turned himsel aboot to his leid men an' said, 'Haste ye! gang awa an' get haud of the brawest cleadin ye can, and rig him oot fu' braw, an' dinna forget to put a gowden ring on his hand, an' a pair o' gude shoon on his feet. Haste ye, noo!

"'An' see! tell them at hame to bring in the plumpin stirkie, an' stick it, for we maun hae a rale gude merrymakin ower't, for my bairn, that's been as gude 's dead to me sae lang, is leevin yet; the callant was tint, an' we 've fund him again.'

"Sae they begude to mak' a hearty nicht o 't.

"Noo the aulder brither was ootby, an' jist as he was comin inby to the hoose he heard skirlin an' dancin, an jaloused somethin by-ordinar' was gaun on. Sae, ca'in ane o' the men, he speired at him what had garred them a' gang wud at hame.

"An' the man tell't him that his

brither had come home, an' his father had stickit the plumpin stirkie, because he had ance mair gotten him hale an' stieve.

"But his big brither was rale glumshie, an' wudna gang inby."

In a recent number of "The Fortnightly," a story, which is certainly worth repeating, is told by Mr. James Baker, with regard to accusations of exaggeration brought against Blackmore in "Lorna Doone." He says:

"How often one hears his description of the famous water-slide in the Doone Valley, or, rather, on the Badgworthy water side of the Doone Valley, spoken of as exaggerated. But once, when walking up the side path worn by the thousands of tourists who now, impelled by the book, seek out this water-slide, I was listening to the usual exclamations from a critical friend. 'Well,' I said, 'you think Blackmore's words are exaggerated; they are put into the mouth of a lad, who in winter, when no path was here, climbed with bare feet and legs up that stony water-course and fall. You are a man, and this is summer, and there is no rush of icy cold water to dash you off your legs; but take off your shoes, and try now to clamber up it.' He declined the task, and said no more about exaggerations. On speaking on this very point with Mr. Blackmore, he said he had not attempted to be minutely accurate with the scenery, he was not so exact then as he would be now; but to wish the book altered to exactitude would be to wish all the glory taken out of a Turner, or all the beauty of diction out of Ruskin's 'Stones of Venice,' because, forsooth, he, in his younger days, saw beauty that his middle age failed to see."

In my reading recently, I came across an amusing anecdote about Bishop Watson. As he was an author of repute it will not be out of place in these columns. It was told by an innkeeper in the Lake district of England, and ran as follows:

"Near a village on the shores of Windermere there lived Richard Watson, author of the once famous 'Apology for the Bible.' You will remember that when George III. heard of the book he said he never before understood that the Bible needed an apology. Watson was made Bishop of Llandaff, and his neighbours showered compliments upon him. One of these neighbours was the landlord of a prosperous hostelry styled 'The Cock,' who thought it well to have a sign painted with a portrait of the good Bishop, and to change the name of his house to 'The Bishop of Llandaff.' Thereupon a rival landlord, who had previously looked with envious eyes on the prosperity of his neighbour, took up the discarded sign, and so gained the custom of many tourists and other strangers, who had heard of the repute of 'The Cock.' This naturally annoyed the first owner of that name, who proceeded to put things right by inscribing in bold letters beneath the Bishop's portrait the words: 'This is the Old Cock.'"

The narrator left the question of whether the Bishop appreciated the compliment or not to his hearers.

In the April number of the "Contemporary Review," Mr. Edward Wright has much to say in defence of the Art of Plagiarism. A few quotations will suffice to show his contentions.

"The men who first conceive an idea, a situation, a melody, a colour scheme are insignificant; the men who best conceive these things are great."

"By discovering the material of art one acquires no right over it; the claim to a title rests on incomparableness of form alone."

"The art of plagiarism is especially shown by recalling some exquisite

passage, some fine phrase, in a favourite author, and lovingly re-creating it out of joy in its beauty, by deepening the magical significance with which in some moment of wonderful emotion he endowed single words and associations of words; in enlarging his slight sketches into finished pictures; and, above all, in catching the peculiar quality and tone of his style in the treatment of some situation which he would have delighted to describe."

"Plagiarism is an art in which the finest critical power is exhibited by means of creation. To understand fully another man's work is to create it anew under the form of an idea, and to embody this idea in another artistic mould is to criticise the original work in the best manner. The greatest of poets are naturally the greatest of critics; their plagiarism is appreciation in the grand style."

Arthur H. Adams, who has frequently contributed to this Magazine, has recently published a book entitled "Tussock Land: a Romance of New Zealand and the Commonwealth." The following criticism appeared in an English periodical:

"The 'First Novel Library,' so happily inaugurated by Mr. Fisher Unwin some time ago, well maintains its high prestige. 'Tussock Land' may not be quite so good as some of the other stories that have preceded it, but that it possesses great merit none can deny. Perhaps the chief fault of the book is that, like so many first novels, it lacks a certain consistency of touch. The author has not yet acquired confidence in the treatment of his characters, and the picture when completed shows discordant lines. Perhaps in 'Tussock Land,' also, there is too much love-making, which as frequently as not ends in nothing. The reader is apt to get irritated with King Southern for the facility with which he bestows his affection. At the conclusion it is almost satisfactory to find that he mates with his first love, who has definitely given him to understand that she cares for another man, and shall continue, despite his heartless treatment of her, to do so. That they then link hands, after the fashion of lovers in modern fiction, and descend the hillside to face the dread enigmas of life together makes no impression upon us. We know he will be unhappy, that the other man will turn up again, and were it not for his true-natured little wife we should almost be glad. In other respects the story has the warm colouring of colonial life, and in reading it we seem to inspire fresh air and invigorating breezes."

The Centenary of George Sand has recently been celebrated in France. She was born on July 5th, 1804, in Paris. Her father was a dealer in birds, but she traced her descent to Marshal Saxe, of Fontenoy fame. At eighteen she married M. Dudevant, and in her own words, "I made great efforts to see with my husband's eyes, and to think and act as he wished. But hardly had I got into harmony with him than I fell out of harmony with my own instincts, and fell into a terrible sadness." Nine years of married life sufficed her, she left her husband, and took the name by which she is so universally known. A most prolific writer, she turned out an average of no less than two books a year for forty years. Flaubert envied her such an output. She found fault with his laborious seeking after perfection of style, which was the reason of his being so far behind her in prolificness. She told him that "a romance ought before all things to be human. If it is not, people will like it no better for being well written, skilfully put together, and for showing accurate observation, and this because the essential quality is lacking—interest."

Messrs, Longmans, Green and Co. have just published "New Land: Four Years in the Artic Regions," by Otto Sverdrup, translated from the Norwegian by Ethel Harriet Hearn. The following description of the book is taken from an English contemporary:

"It was soon after the return of the 'Fram' from the first Norwegian Polar Expedition that Dr. Nansen told Captain Sverdrup of the wish of Consul Aexl Heiberg and the brewing firm of MM. Ringues Brothers to fit out a Polar expedition with the Captain as leader. There was no question of trying to reach the North Pole. The route agreed upon was to be up Smith Sound and Kane Basin, through Kennedy and Robeson Channels, and as far along the north coast of Greenland as possible before wintering. From thence sledge expeditions were to be organised to the northernmost point of Greenland, as far down the east coast as practicable. Everything was done in the way of altering, refitting, and equipping the 'Fram,' in obtaining capable young scientists and the best instruments; and, although the expedition was only one of two or three years, provisions were shipped for five. We are introduced to each of the fifteen officers and scientists, who, with Captain Sverdrup, invite the reader to bear them company on their long and often hazardous journey. For it must not be supposed that, because no attempt was made to reach the Pole, the route was one where no difficulty or danger was encountered or to be expected. The equipment had been begun during October, 1897; but the 'Fram' was not ready to weigh anchor until St. John's Day, June 24, 1898; for it takes long to fit out a Polar expedition. When off the coast of Greenland the ship's company found they were approaching ice, and were soon in the thick of it. Dangerous as it seems to be among drift ice, the wonderful effects produced by the sun's rays on the floating icebergs, as described by Captain Sverdrup, might reconcile many persons to the risks attending a passage through the floes. After detailing the remarkable forms assumed by many of these icebergs, the writer says: 'Across the whole of this desert fairyland the sun shone golden and warm. The floes were bright emerald green under water, and upwards as far as they were reached by the wash of the sea; while above the water-level was the glittering white snow. As we advanced into the ice, the floes became closer, bigger, and more uniform; sometimes they were of a dirty grey colour, arising, I think, from their having formed the bottom of freshwater pools, where deposits of various kinds are apt to collect.' The many readers of sporting works will be delighted with the chapters on the stalking of the Polar ox, as the author prefers to call the musk ox, and the Polar bear, and the shooting of various game too numerous for mention here. One serious incident was a fire on board the 'Fram.' It is, however, vain to attempt a detailed account of the multifarious contents of these two handsome volumes, full of interest and value for the scientist, beautifully illustrated, and in every respect so admirably produced."

Mrs. L. T. Meade has just published yet another work which seems to have been received with more tolerance by the critics than many of her previous efforts. It is entitled "A Maid of Mystery." There are many readers who consider this authoress has been harshly dealt with, and they will be pleased to hear the "Maid of Mystery" is declared to be both attractive and interesting; the critic referred to goes on to say, "She has for the moment deserted her lurid, impossible style, and has given us a book which it is a real pleasure to read. In spite of obvious faults, Mrs. Meade has the indubitable power of keeping one's attention fixed; she writes simply and

directly, with no literary flourishes, and the result in this case is a readable and entertaining tale. The plot in places is highly improbable, and John Brabazon is not sufficiently well realised to carry conviction. He is the father of the 'Maid of Mystery,' and the mystery is a dark one. The story is told in the first person, and the heroine, Alice Brabazon, soon endears herself to the hearts of the reader; her scamp of a father is duly disposed of, and she marries the man she loves, after a career of adventure and sorrow."

Books from the pen of M. E. Francis always repay perusal, and "Lychgate Hall," published by Longmans, and forwarded for review by Messrs. Upton and Co., is certainly no exception to the rule. In this story the author has gone back to pre-Macadamite days, when wheeled vehicles were few, and country ladies rode abroad on pillions behind their male relatives or menservants. Luke Wright, who tells the story himself, is sent to his uncle's office to be trained for a lawyer. His mother has married again, and his step-brother inherits the farm on which he was brought up, and on which he vainly begged to stay even if, in his own words, his brother should be gaffer and he man. A lovely young woman, Dorothy Ullathorne, came to the village and rented Lychgate Hall and farm. It was a fine old house fallen to decay. The country folk told stories about it which frightened people away, and no one would take it. The young lady was not to be daunted, however, she started dairy farming and was very successful. Luke fell violently in love with her, and so did the Squire of the parish, Sir Jocelyn Gillibrand, but the mysterious young beauty did not encourage either of them. She became very friendly with Luke's mother, and a very practical, sweet young country girl, Patty, a daughter of Luke's step-father by a previous marriage. Strange things happen. She persuaded Luke to assist her in disturbing a grave in an old churchyard. It was done amidst the weird sounds which haunted the place. She sent him on a journey to deliver a large sum of money, in which he is attacked and robbed. A duel is fought between Sir Jocelyn and a more favoured lover. The mystery, which surrounds the young lady and her parentage, is only cleared up in the last chapter. The characters are capitally drawn, and the country life and revels described in the style which has so frequently charmed us in this author's previous works. It is a book which cannot fail to please.

From the same publishers, and also through Messrs. Upton and Co., I have received "Old Hendrik's Tales," by Capt. A. O. Vaughan. This is a collection of short stories of animal life told by an old Hottentot in his pet dialect to three children aged from six to ten. The titles of the different stories give a good idea of the contents. Amongst them we find "Why old Baboon has that Kink in his Tail," "Why old Jackal danced the War-Dance," "When the Birds would choose a King," "Why old Jackal slinks his Tail," "Why the Tortoise has no Hair on," etc., etc. A new children's book is always welcome, but these stories would, I venture to think, have been much more appreciated by our youngsters if old Hendrik's dialect had been considerably modified. It is illustrated by J. A. Shepherd, who has allowed his grotesque style of work full fling, at considerable expense to that faithfulness of depiction which children love.

A book on the Alps, by Sir Martin Conway and that well-known mountain artist, Mr. A. D. McCormick, is to be published shortly by Messrs. Black in their series of "Beautiful Books" in colours.

Thirty years of mountain climbing have eminently fitted Sir Martin to deal with this subject, and no artist can have a more intimate acquaintance with the Alps, or be able to do them greater justice, than Mr. McCormick.

Joseph Hocking has come once more to the fore with a new book entitled "Esau." It is in reality two stories, "Esau" and "St. Issey." It has been very favourably reviewed. We are told that Esau is a young man who has sowed his wild oats and reaps the consequences. The love of a Spanish girl, stolen by the gipsies amongst whom she was brought up, consoles him for his previous troubles. This does not sound original, but it is certainly a promising subject when treated in Joseph Hocking's well-known style.

Messrs. Cassell and Company recently held their twenty-second annual "Black and White" Exhibition at Cutlers' Hall. This Exhibition is regarded as of great assistance to artists in the respect of showing them the class of work best appreciated for reproduction by publishers, and every conceivable description of work is exhibited. New Zealanders will note with pleasure the following appreciation of a fellow-countryman's work. "There is very little colour work in this Black and White exhibition, though a good deal must be wanted for the 'three or more' colour process, but what there is is generally good, notably those pictures by Harry Rountree and Miss B. Cobbe." Harry Rountree served his apprenticeship to art in New Zealand, and has already taken a prominent place in illustrative journalism at home.

Messrs. Wildman, Lyell, Arey and Co. forward for review Guy Boothby's latest production. It is entitled "A Consummate Scoundrel," and is published by George Bell and Sons in their Indian and Colonial Library. Cyril Armitage, who tells the story, has been ruined by "the consummate scoundrel," his cousin, Gilbert Feversham, who forged a cheque, and contrived that Cyril should be accused of it. Cyril introduces himself to the reader in the last extremity of want, wandering about London on a bitterly cold winter night in the raggedest and scantiest clothing, wondering how he will secure a meal and a night's lodging. He is delighted to get the job of carrying a bag some distance for a well-dressed man, but when the man turned round to pay him, he recognised "the consummate scoundrel," and flung the shilling back at him with scorn. On second thoughts he picked it up, and gave a mother and child, as destitute as himself, a substantial meal with it. He was recommended to go to Pouncet Street Chapel, where the destitute could procure food and a shake-down. On his way thither, he met an eccentric individual, Quinnion by name, who took him home, clothed and fed him, and made him his secretary. A beautiful niece, with whom Cyril at once falls in love, comes to live with her uncle. There were many things about Quinnion that Armitage could not understand. It eventually transpired that he had been connected with a secret society, and was being hunted down by "the consummate scoundrel" for having disobeyed an order, and thereby saved a man's life whom he had been instructed to destroy. His sudden disappearance gave opportunity for this author's favourite character, a clever detective, to be introduced, and "the consummate scoundrel's" confession and dramatic death closes the book, which it is needless to say, is highly sensational. It is certainly an improvement on many of its predecessors, and the verdict of an American critic on a similar work can be conscientiously applied to it. "For those who like this sort of thing, this is the sort of thing they will like."

Esperanto, la Lingvo Internacia.

By ROBERT COLQUHOUN.

THE average man's native language comes so readily to his tongue that he is inclined to forget it is as much an acquired art as music or writing, and if anyone were to speak to him about an artificial language, he would say it was ridiculous, and have a good laugh at the idea. It would really seem as absurd to him as it would be to suggest that he should stop talking altogether, and use signs instead.

"Who would learn to speak another man's words and syllables? Why if they start making new languages they will bring about a worse confusion of tongues than Babel!" he would remark scornfully, and then he might go on sarcastically to prophesy a time when every man would be talking his own artificial language, and trying with the aid of a gun to persuade his fellow-men to speak it also; or he might cheerfully advise you not to trouble yourself about these things, as the great English language was bound to become the world's language in due time—"which won't be in our time, so we need not bother ourselves about it." Nevertheless, I shall try to prove in this article that the world stands urgently in need of a universal language, and can not afford to wait—it must have it immediately. I shall also endeavour to show that the universal language must be a scientifically constructed, artificial one, and I will introduce to my readers, or at all events, to those who have not yet heard of it, Esperanto, the heir-apparent to this honourable position.

Regarding it from a commercial standpoint alone, the value of such a universal medium of speech would be very great. Every business man will admit that in these days of world-wide trading, when all enterprising commercial firms may truly be said to deal in everything everywhere, the greatest difficulty that a business man meets arises from the diverse languages of his clients and customers. All other things seem to be serving him and facilitating his transactions—telephones, typewriters, fountain pens and a thousand other things hurry to do his bidding and save his precious time, but the great multitude of the world's languages combine like a host of chattering imps to mock him and retard his progress. They must continue to do so, causing an increase of worry, irritation and misunderstanding, with the increase of his foreign trade, until a universally accepted key language has been adopted, and it is but reasonable to expect that business men will seek this remedy before long.

Now, we who support Esperanto, believe that no natural language will ever become international for various reasons, the principal ones being that the international language must be simple, perfect and complete; and all natural tongues are decidedly lacking in the two first-mentioned qualities, therefore they may at once be scored off the list of possibilities.

They have all grown up in a haphazard fashion, beginning generally as corruptions of older languages

with no definite rules to train their growth, but simply borrowing or inventing words and grammatical forms as occasion seemed to require, until now that grammarians have fixed and crystalised them, we find they are all imperfect, and difficult to learn because of their faults. If these imperfections were removed from a language it would be completely changed, and would become a new tongue, bearing little resemblance to the original; and we may be certain it would be wholly unlike any other language now spoken.

What chance would such a corrected tongue have in competition with one which closely resembles all European languages both in its words and grammatical system? These are the advantages we claim for Esperanto. To the student, Esperanto seems strangely familiar; it is like something which has been thoroughly learned in childhood, half-forgotten, and which, therefore, has only to be revived, not relearnt. This is because it has caught up and embodied the spirit which runs through every modern tongue. It is the concentrated essence of all languages, and not merely an extract of one. To illustrate this clearly I will give a few examples of the rules and system of our "kara lingvo."

The spelling is strictly phonetic, and the accent is always penultimate, therefore any Esperantist who learns from a hand-book can speak the words quite correctly, and will be understood by any other Esperantist no matter what his nationality is.

The vocabulary consists of about 800 root words, most of which are already international. One English paper commenting upon the vocabulary, said:

> "Its meagre, scant array of words
> Could puzzle no beginner;
> Untutored cannibals by herds
> Would learn them after dinner."

Its array of words does look meagre and scanty, but, as I hope to show, Esperanto with its 800 words can be made as expressive as English with its 319,000 words (Lau la "Standard Dictionary"). The grammar is made up of a few simple rules for combining the root words into other words and into sentences.

These rules can easily be learnt in an hour's time. As an example of some of the rules, I give the following:

All nouns end in O. Thus, teatro, theatre: Nov-Zelando, New Zealand. The plural is always formed by adding j (j sounds like the English y). Thus, teatroj, theatres. Adjectives end in A. Thus, teatra, theatrical: "La Nov-Zelanda Ilustrita Gazeto," "The New Zealand Illustrated Magazine." Adverbs end in E. Thus, teatre, theatrically. Verbs form their tenses in a similar manner. There are about thirty affixes which greatly simplify the language, as knowing the affixes and a root word, one can easily form many other words from it.

To illustrate this, I give the word "father" as it may be modified.

Patro, father; patroj, fathers; patra, paternal; patre, paternally; patrino, mother; bopatro, father-in-law; gepatroj, parents; patreco, fatherhood; patrujo, fatherland; propatroj, forefathers.

The affixes used in the foregoing list are, in, indicating the feminine; bo, relationship by marriage; ge, both sexes together; ec, abstract quality; uj, land, country; pra, used to indicate far out relationship.

This by no means exhausts the possibilities arising from the word "patro." All words derived from it may be changed by adding affixes, and when it is understood that every word used in the language may be changed in this way, the wonderful value of these definite and invariable affixes will be apparent. The student has the comparatively easy task of memorising 800 words, most of which he already knows in some form, yet when he has learned them he can express any idea that

can find expression in any human language. This is entirely due to the expanding power given to the language by these thirty little syllables. If our ancestors had only systematically arranged the affixes they adopted into English, how they would have simplified our language and reduced the size of our dictionaries! One number of the "New Zealand Illustrated Magazine" would contain all the words and definitions given in the complete Esperanto-English dictionary. Two pages would easily hold all the root words—the only thing the student needs to learn in order to read Esperanto.

Mark Twain, writing about languages, says:

"My philological studies have satisfied me that a gifted person ought to learn English (barring spelling and pronouncing) in thirty hours, French in thirty days, and German in thirty years."

It is a pity he did not know Esperanto, for it would have helped to complete his list. I guess he would have put it down at thirty minutes, spelling, pronouncing and everything included.

I can imagine someone saying, "All this may be true enough, but what is the present position of Esperanto? and what is it likely to be in the immediate future? Will it be of any use to me if I learn it?"

To understand properly its present position we must briefly consider the birth of the language. Seventeen years ago there was published in Poland a little brochure, entitled "An International Language, by Dr. Esperanto." This little book was published at his own expense by the author, Dr. Zamenhof, a Polish doctor who possessed neither money nor influence with which to back up his language. He published his book under an assumed name, fearing that otherwise he might lose his practice through his patients thinking him eccentric, or a mere visionary busying himself with side issues. It will therefore be seen that Esperanto has had to depend entirely upon its own merits, for whatever progress it has made in the world, it has had no backing by costly advertisements or highly-paid propagandists; it wholly depended on its own power to rouse the interest and enthusiasm of the casual student.

If Esperanto were going to die, it had ample opportunities to do so during the first half of its life. However, instead of going to join Latin and the other ancient languages which have gone to rest, Esperanto has now 100,000 adherents. With this number of active and enthusiastic propagandists—for we may reckon each one as such—scattered throughout the world, who can tell what the limits of its power will be in a few years? Does it not look a bright, rosy future for "Nia kara lingvo?" Do you wonder that we are optimistic?

There are strong societies in every country in Europe, in Canada and in some of the republics of South America. At the end of 1903 the Esperanto cause was represented in Great Britain by thirteen societies, a monthly magazine and numerous text books, manuals, etc., although twelve months before there were neither books nor societies in that country. As indicating the interest which has been aroused, 5000 text books were sold in Britain during that year.

An extensive literature has already grown up around the language, and as it has been contributed to by all nations, it is perhaps the most interesting of all literatures. Original work and translations are continually appearing, both in the form of books and in monthly periodicals. Among the English works which have been translated into Esperanto are several of Shakespeare's plays, Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and many other standard works. Other nations have contributed similar gems from their classics, giving the foreign Esperantist privileges which hitherto only a few noted linguists have enjoyed.

There are now about eighteen monthly magazines published in various countries. Some of these are representative national organs, and are printed in the national language and Esperanto. The rest are international organs, and are printed wholly in Esperanto.

Among these international organs there is one for our scientists, "La Internacia Scienca Revuo" ("The International Scientific Review"), and another for our young people, "La Juna Esperantisto" ("The Young Esperantist"). Both these journals appeal to large sections of our number, for scientists have been quick to see the practical uses of Esperanto, and young people have been captivated by its beauty, simplicity, and, perhaps, also by its newness. Young people like to test new inventions.

All this goes to reveal the present position of Esperanto, and I do not think anyone will deny that it is a good position—in fact, we may now confidently predict that if it gains in the future as it has done in the past, the time is not far off when it will be taught in every school throughout the world.

It is a healthy tree planted in a rich compost consisting of the needs of literature, science, commerce, international intercourse and the cause of universal peace—a very suitable compost for this kind of tree. It has rooted well (100,000 little roots!) and now begins to grow, and it shall go on growing until it has covered the whole world, and all nations shall enjoy its fruits.

To the one who asks if Esperanto will be of any use to him if he should learn it, I answer "Yes, I believe it will." I shall indicate one or two ways that you might prove the uses of Esperanto. Even now you could travel through every country in Europe and find friends who are able to converse and correspond in this euphonious language—friends who would consider it a pleasure and a privilege to conduct you through their land. Do you collect stamps, post-cards or other foreign things? There is published an "Adresaro" in which you will find the addresses of Esperantists in every part of the world who are willing to correspond, and with whom you could enter into communication with a view to exchange. If you learn Esperanto you will gain a knowledge of the most beautiful and most perfect language in existence, and, lastly, you will be able to share in and enjoy the great wealth of literature which each nation at present keeps to itself.

Bonan tagon, Nov-Zelandanoj; Esperanto salutas vin!

(Good-day, New Zealanders; Esperanto salutes you!).

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

THE most casual student of the newspapers and other current periodical literature must be struck with the number of great questions in process of solution all over the world. There is, of course, nothing new in this alone, but there is something specially noteworthy in the fact that our interests, as a colony, are closely bound up with many, with most of these great problems. The problems themselves are linked together, and govern one another through an infinite series of influences. To deal with public events of first-class importance as separate and segregated interests, is unphilosophical, though it may be convenient. Civilised society is tending more and more, if not towards unity, at least towards interdependence, and the term "civilised society" is itself growing more and more elastic. Within the present generation the area admittedly governed by civilised means has increased very sensibly. Japan has stepped inside it, South America has greatly strengthened its claim for inclusion, while those portions of our own Empire lying in the Middle and Far East are daily giving additional assurances of their capacity for ultimate admission. With these facts noted, it is not difficult to detect the connection between such questions as Mr. Chamberlain's scheme of Imperial Protection, the War in Manchuria, the political and military policy in India, the new relations between Britain and France, and the approaching electoral crisis in America. In all of these, and in many others, smaller in degree because of less pressing importance, our interest is sharply defined. It is worth our while, then, to glance around, month after month, and endeavour to sum up the position in all its aspects, and deduce from it such conclusions as we can.

Mr. Chamberlain's campaign is not making brilliant progress. His honesty of purpose is, except from the standpoint of the narrowest political sectarianism, unquestioned, but he does not seem to have gauged the feelings of the British people. His object is to strengthen the Imperial ideal by making the Empire self-dependent, and virtually independent of the rest of the world. Without pausing to discuss the intrinsic merits of his plan, which it would be as unjust to condemn as foolish to applaud without a complete examination of the data, it may be said that the ex-Colonial Secretary has misunderstood his public. The English people are not sufficiently imaginative to be ready to revolutionise their fiscal policy at the bidding of one man, for Mr. Chamberlain is virtually alone. He has not a lieutenant who dominates either by ability or personal charm. Nor is the leader himself magnetic. The protectionist propaganda is failing, principally because the electorates cannot be persuaded that preference to Colonial productions

will atone for the increase in the price of foods, and partly for the reason that the bogy of foreign aggression, which has played no inconsiderable part in Mr. Chamberlain's strategy, is not greatly feared. From Mr. Chamberlain's point of view, the War in the Far East broke out at a most unpropitious moment. His failure, in the face of the results of the bye-elections, seems certain, but whether his ill-luck will materially affect the Balfour Government it is as yet too early to conjecture with safety.

The Russo-Japanese War is a subject somewhat difficult to handle. Such tremendous issues have been settled in the course of a few brief months, so much happens within a week, that before the ink is dry on the written commentary it requires modification. A bare record of the incidents from day to day is all that is really safe, and this would be robbed of interest unless it were brought up to the last moment before the publication fell into the hands of its readers. In a magazine such a course is not feasible. But some general reflections are admissible. The war reveals with increasing vividness the importance of a thorough and complete plan of action, of uniting in the operations of the administrative and professional branches of the Army, and of celerity of movement. If the Japanese had laid themselves out to avoid all the mistakes we made in South Africa, they could not have given greater evidence of their success in that direction. They seem to have taken lessons from Briton and Boer, assimilating the fighting qualities of both, and avoiding all their mistakes except the single occasional error of rashness. The war, further, lays stress upon the value of sea power. Without the command of the waters of the Yellow Sea the Japanese would have been comparatively helpless, and the wonder is that Russia, knowing the naval strength of Japan, should have pushed the matters in dispute so far without a serious effort to equalise the chances of a conflict on the sea.

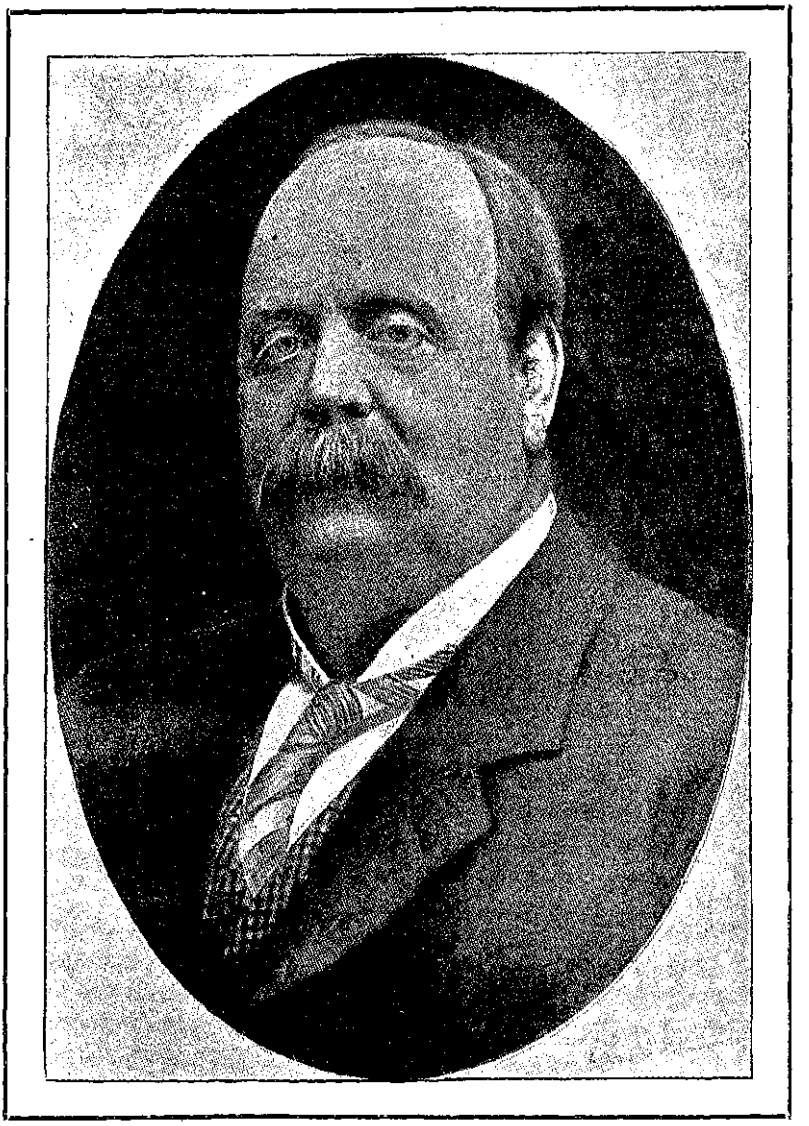
The British expedition to Tibet, which has for its object the settlement of some outstanding disputes, and the protection of Indian frontier interests against possible encroachments, cannot yet be said to have achieved success. Colonel Younghusband is probably the only man in the diplomatic service that could have accomplished so much, though he, apparently, has come short of his expectations. The military force now at his disposal is more than double the strength of what was considered necessary at the outset of the campaign. It has to be borne in mind, however, that Lhassa was not the original objective. It was supposed that a "demonstration" across the frontier would have induced the councillors of the Dalai Lama to make a treaty, and it was believed that the Chinese Government would use its influence to promote a better understanding between Tibet and the Government of the Indian Viceroy. We know that these expectations were vain, and that the political mission of Colonel Younghusband gradually assumed the proportions of an armed invasion of regions heretofore barred to the European. General Macdonald, the military chief of the expedition has skilfully and rapidly reduced all the positions defended by the Tibetans, and the British are now encamped outside the walls of the sacred city. Colonel Younghusband has been inside, but, at the time of writing, he had not succeeded in approaching the Lama even vicariously. The authority in Tibet has simply substituted passive for active resistance, the Lama has been spirited away, and the invading troops are obliged to make periodical displays of force in order to obtain the necessary supplies of food and fodder. Comparing small things with

great, the situation carries with it a suggestion of the famous campaign of Moscow. But whatever may be the result of the mission—and it can hardly prove disastrous—it has already served to attenuate the fears of a possible Russian invasion of India via the Pamirs. The plans for such an invasion, carefully prepared by General Kuropatkin, are said to be pigeon-holed at the War Office in St. Petersburg, but, in the double light supplied by our latest knowledge of the country and the capacity of our own Gourkas and Pathans, the documents are of no value. It has been argued that by invading Tibet we are needlessly ruffling the feathers of Russia, and treading, however gently, on the toes of China, but over and over again we have been compelled to disregard the scruples of others in the prosecution of the task of consolidating our Indian Empire. What was once called "the great game" in good-natured derision is now a great game in real earnest. It is a game in pursuit of which we have shaped our policy in the Mediterranean and at the Cape, and for which we would be prepared to make sacrifices much greater even than those we have already made. The Tibet affair is not an isolated incident, but a well thought-out move, whose effect has been calculated with scrupulous nicety by skilful and experienced players.

On the western side of the globe the second division of Anglo-Saxondom is beginning to feel the travail of its great quadrennial contest. For some reason, that never has been made clear, the party managers in America (which is now the official name of the Republic) have never attached any particular importance to the selection of candidates for the office of Vice-President. All the national thought is apparently centred on the larger office, and the subsidiary post has frequently, almost invariably, been filled by men of distinct mediocrity. The Vice-President plays no part in the official life of the country as such, but in the event of the death or incapacity of the President, he succeeds automatically as the Chief Magistrate. Whenever this has happened, and it has occurred only in a few instances, the incapacity of the Vice-President to shoulder the burdens of the Executive has been apparent. Andrew Johnson and Chester Arthur were woefully below the level of the men whose unfinished work they took up. Mr. Roosevelt seems to be the exception that proves the rule. Nobody expected that he would, if called upon, be likely to break the traditions of the Vice-Presidency, and it was his fortune to succeed one of the ablest statesmen of the century. In the event he has created genuine surprise. He has proved to be the equal of Mr. McKinley both in capacity and vigour. His uncompromising attitude on the trust and labour questions has projected his popularity far over mere party lines, and a month or two ago it seemed safe to assume that his re-election would amount to no more than a formality. The Democratic Party, which now-a-days stands mainly for non-expansion, anti-imperialism, and conservative forces generally, seemed to be barren of leading men, while those who aspired to lead were discredited by adhesion to outworn political creeds or rendered "impossible" by other considerations. Mr. Bryan possessed no claim upon any section of the Party except the silverites, and he did not "command" even those. Mr. Hearst, another self-nominated candidate, represents not only Yellow journalism, which is bad enough, but also that stratum of humanity to which the gutter press naturally appeals. It was evident that many, if not most Democrats, preferred Mr. Roosevelt to either of the others. Suddenly a new opening was presented by the nomination of Mr. Parker, Chief Justice of New York, a man of strong party principle, devoid of fads, and possessing an

absolutely clean record. His bold declaration regarding the currency question, which might conceivably have spoiled his chances of nomination, has in fact strengthened and solidified the Democratic party, between whom and the Republicans the issue is now fairly clear. The coming contest, then, will be stubbornly conducted on both sides, and the issue is one to speculate upon. The deep-seated dislike of the American people to interfere actively in the world's politics except in defence of their own recognised interests, is reflected in recent events in the Far East. The impulsive action of the Consul at Shanghai and the Admiral in command of the American squadron in Chinese waters was promptly discredited at Washington, though it seemed to be, at the time, in consonance with Republican ideals. The incident has been interpreted as an indication of official timidity in face of the new conditions that have arisen in connection with the Presidential campaign.

The crisis in the Commonwealth of Australia has not been removed; it has only been modified by the resignation of the Watson Government and the accession of a coalition Government under the virtual leadership of Mr. G. H. Reid. The rise of the Labour Party is one of the consequences of universal suffrage that ought to have been most readily perceived and provided for. The working classes form the majority in every country, and if, coincident with the establishment of the supremacy of civil arm, the right to vote is made universal, the creation of a Ministry representative of Labour is only a question of time. It is inevitable. The mistake Australians have made is to deepen and widen the already existing breach between Capital and Labour, or rather between those who work with their hands for wages and those who don't. The only rational course to pursue in respect of currents and forces that may not be stopped, is to regulate them. But in Australia Labour has always been a Red Spectre—an enemy to be fought against to the death and to whom no quarter is to be given. Not unnaturally, Labour has exhibited much of the bitterness of the outcast. What is necessary for it, in order to soften the asperities of its policy and enlarge its sympathies, is responsibility. In this Colony, Labour got the opportunity which Australians of every other class are determined to deny it, and the result has been, on the whole, beneficial. The consequences threatened just at first to be anarchic, but time has not justified the gloomy forebodings of those who regarded the advent of the Ballance Party to power with feelings of actual terror. Experience has taught the protagonists of Labour here that political power is an instrument requiring delicate handling, and that the interdependence of class and class is a fact that cannot be played with. Labour has exercised a powerful influence upon Australian politics for many years, an influence that has rarely been beneficent because it has been exercised mainly in the creation of false issues. Other parties, representing such interests as free trade or protection, have been deflected from a straightforward course by the need of placating Labour, and progress along any defined lines has become difficult. With closer organisation Labour has almost reached the point from which it could dominate the other political units, and, sooner or later, it must secure a safe opportunity for developing its platform. Mr. Watson's chance must come. It would have come sooner, he would be in the present enjoyment of it, but for the impetuosity of his Party to secure an advantage for Labour which must by this time, appear chimerical to Mr. Seddon. Compulsory preference to Unionists is a doctrine that cannot find permanent acceptance in a democratic country, because it is

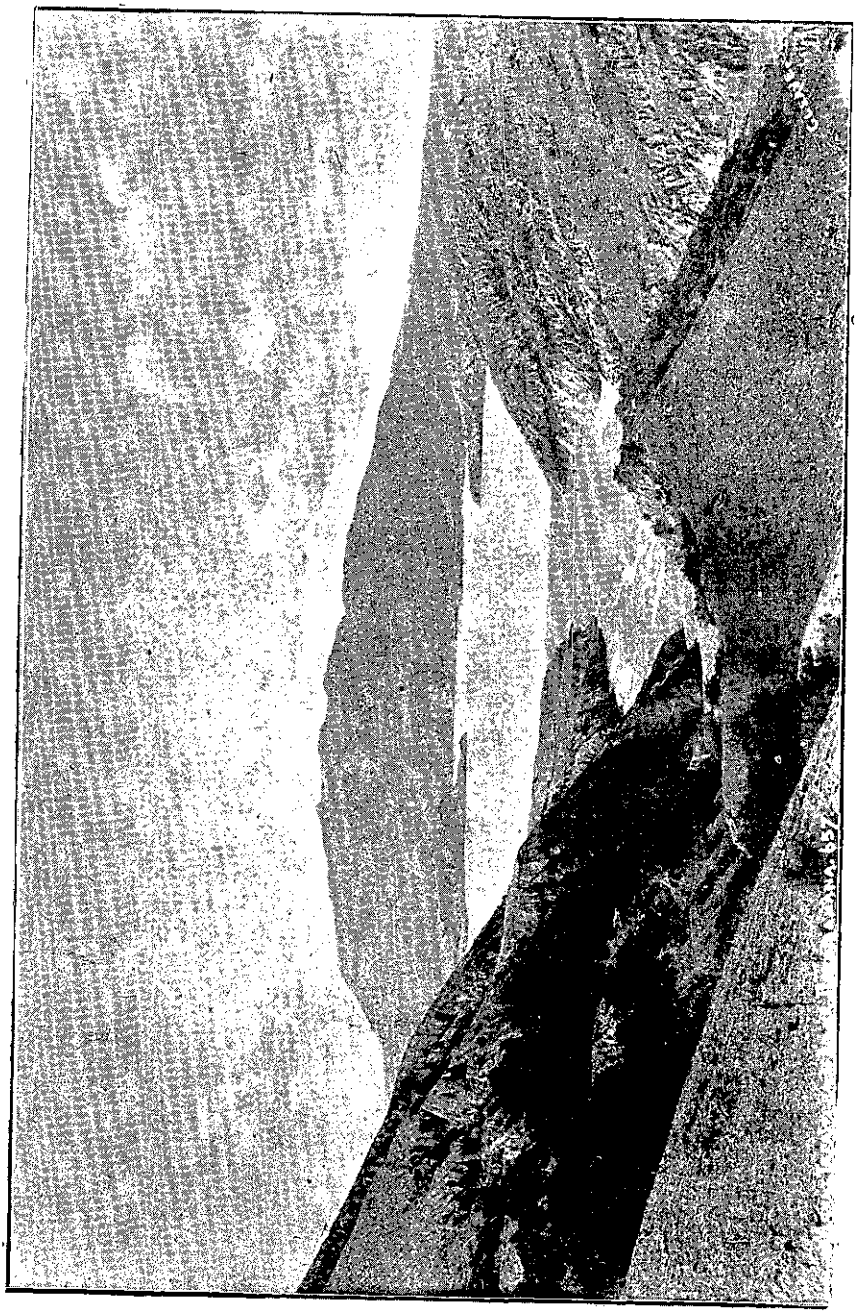


Right Hon. G. H. Reid, P C.

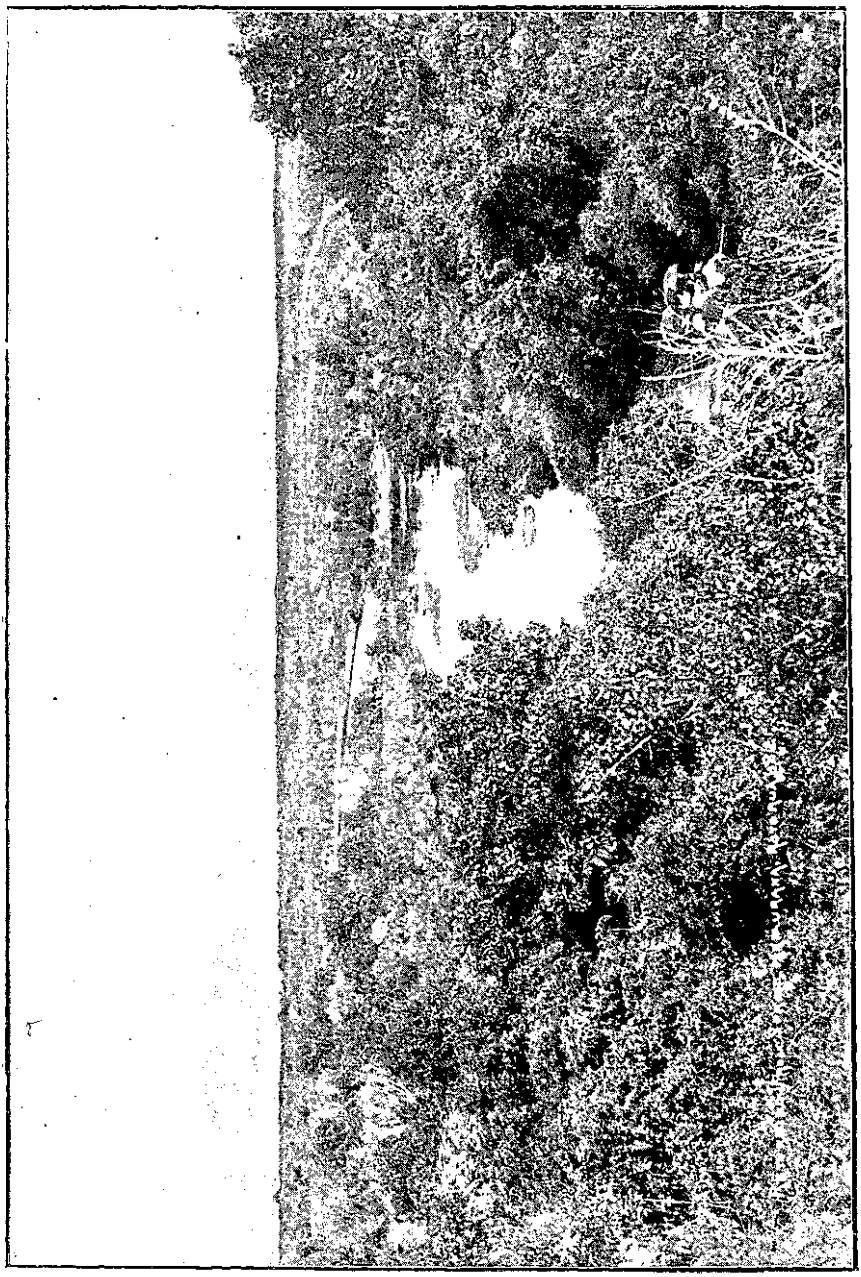
illiberal, but even if it were possible and reasonable, the Watson Government might have turned its hand to work of much more pressing necessity. The settlement of the fiscal issue on a firm basis, the consolidation of the State debts, the unification of the railway system, the co-ordination of the land laws, and many other questions of similar importance are loudly demanding settlement, and it is more than likely that Mr. Watson, in addressing himself to these subjects, would have secured the co-operation, or, at the worst, the benevolent toleration of many politicians bitterly opposed to him on matters purely Labour in their significance. Mr. Reid's position is no better than Mr. Watson's was. It is worse in most senses. He is essentially stop-gap in character and purpose. The humorous press years ago, labelled Mr. Reid "Yes-No," and the label fits the present Federal Cabinet exactly. It is a combination of the talents of the Free Trade and Protection Parties, whereby each neutralises the virtues of the other. How long it will last is uncertain. Certainly it will not survive a general election.

In South Africa the situation has not materially changed during the month. The experiment of employing Chinese in the mines is to be put into practical operation this month. It will be watched with keen interest. The Boers, while adhering to their expressed determination to support the new order of affairs created by the war, are manifesting no intention to abandon the privileges which they imagine will flow from the maintenance of their language and national customs. The death of ex-President Kruger, is not an event that carries any special significance, and though the lost leader will be buried with much pomp and circumstance, his last recorded utterances may not be interpreted as an inspiration to the Boers. Almost with his last breath he acknowledged the folly of his action in precipitating the war, and did justice to the intentions of Britain. As a field for Australian and New Zealand enterprise the Cape does not improve. Returning colonists do not speak in hopeful terms of the near prospects of any industry save mining. A certain measure of time is necessary for recuperation and the extinguishment of the bitterness engendered by the war, and then, no doubt there will be a revival of prosperity in the widest sense of the term.

In our own Colony we are not at the present time making history. Parliament has been sitting for a little over two months, but the net result of its deliberations is not large. The Legislature might easily be vivified if some of the questions awaiting settlement were thrown into it. Licensing reform, land tenure, and the status of the Maori are subjects that must infallibly produce heat when they come up for consideration. No one appears to be specially anxious to precipitate matters. Any of the subjects mentioned has in it the seeds of great changes, but none can be called "burning" questions. The demand of the Maoris for equal treatment with their fellow-subjects of European descent is ingenious and plausible, and if its expediency were a point established, it might be at once admitted that the claim is just. The ruling disposition is to deal with all three matters in tentative fashion. If possible, the licensing law will be amended solely to the extent of clearing away certain electoral anomalies, the issue as between freehold and leasehold may be referred to a Royal Commission, and Maori agitation will be temporarily put down with suave phrases. It is, meantime, satisfactory to be assured that the finances are in sound condition, and to know that the general prosperity of the colony is maintained.



Mount Tarawera and Lake Rotomahana.



Returning from Hamurana Spring, Rotorua.

Parliamentary Buildings, Wellington.

Tourist Department, photo.

Tourist Department Photo.

View from Malte Brun Terrace, shewing Hut, Guide Clarke, Mts. Tasman, Haidinger, and Douglas.

THE PUBLISHER'S DESK.

END OF FIFTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION.

The present issue completes the fifth year of publication of the NEW ZEALAND ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. We take this opportunity of again thanking all those who have assisted us in so firmly establishing a national Magazine which can honestly claim to be the only successful illustrated periodical on this side of the line which gives its readers original matter only, on the lines of the best English and American magazines.

REDUCED TO SIXPENCE.

We have much pleasure in announcing that we purpose celebrating our anniversary by reducing the price of the MAGAZINE to sixpence the single copy, and that the reduction will take effect with the October number, the first of our sixth year. Subscriptions commencing on and after that date will be six shillings and sixpence per annum. We do this in the full assurance that such a step will still further increase the great popularity the NEW ZEALAND ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE has already attained throughout the length and breadth of New Zealand.

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

Our Christmas number, which will, as usual, be the regular December one, will be an exceptionally good production. We would remind those who wish to send in contributions for it that they should come to hand not later than the middle of October. The number will be one which will be admirably adapted for sending home to friends to give them not only a good idea of the country from the number of beautiful views reproduced, but also to show them that their cousins across the sea are by no means so devoid of literary talent as they appear to imagine.

Articles on the following subjects will appear shortly :—

LEAVES FROM MY BRIGHTON NOTE BOOK.—By W. Townson.
THE LEGEND OF THE DRAGON.—By A. de Lisle Hammond.
THE WOMEN AND GIRLS OF CHRYSANTHEMUM LAND.—By William Grüner.
SOME ASPECTS OF THE LAND TENURE PROBLEM.—By James Hight, M.A.
RHYTHM AND METRE.—By Johannes C. Andersen.
BIRD LIFE IN THE BUSH.—By A. H. Messenger.
A VISIT TO THE GREENSTONE COUNTRY.—By Charles Heaphy.
WORDSWORTH.—By Joyce Jocelyn.

Storiettes by the following Authors :—

DOBSON AND TANTIA BHEEL.—By T. S. Gurr.
THE REVENGE OF PAK SING.—By W Brooke.
HOW TINOMANA ACQUIRED MERIT.—"Tangata Ke."