In Buller Gorge.

Tourist Department, photo.

The Women and Girls of Chrysanthemum Land.

By WILLIAM GRÜNER.

THE Land of the Chrysanthemum upon which so much interest is just now being centred is one of the most romantic and artistically attractive of foreign lands. Novelists and travellers agree in singing its praises, and even the most veracious of the latter have little to say in disparagement of its people or customs, and less to say in disparagement of its scenery and natural beauties.

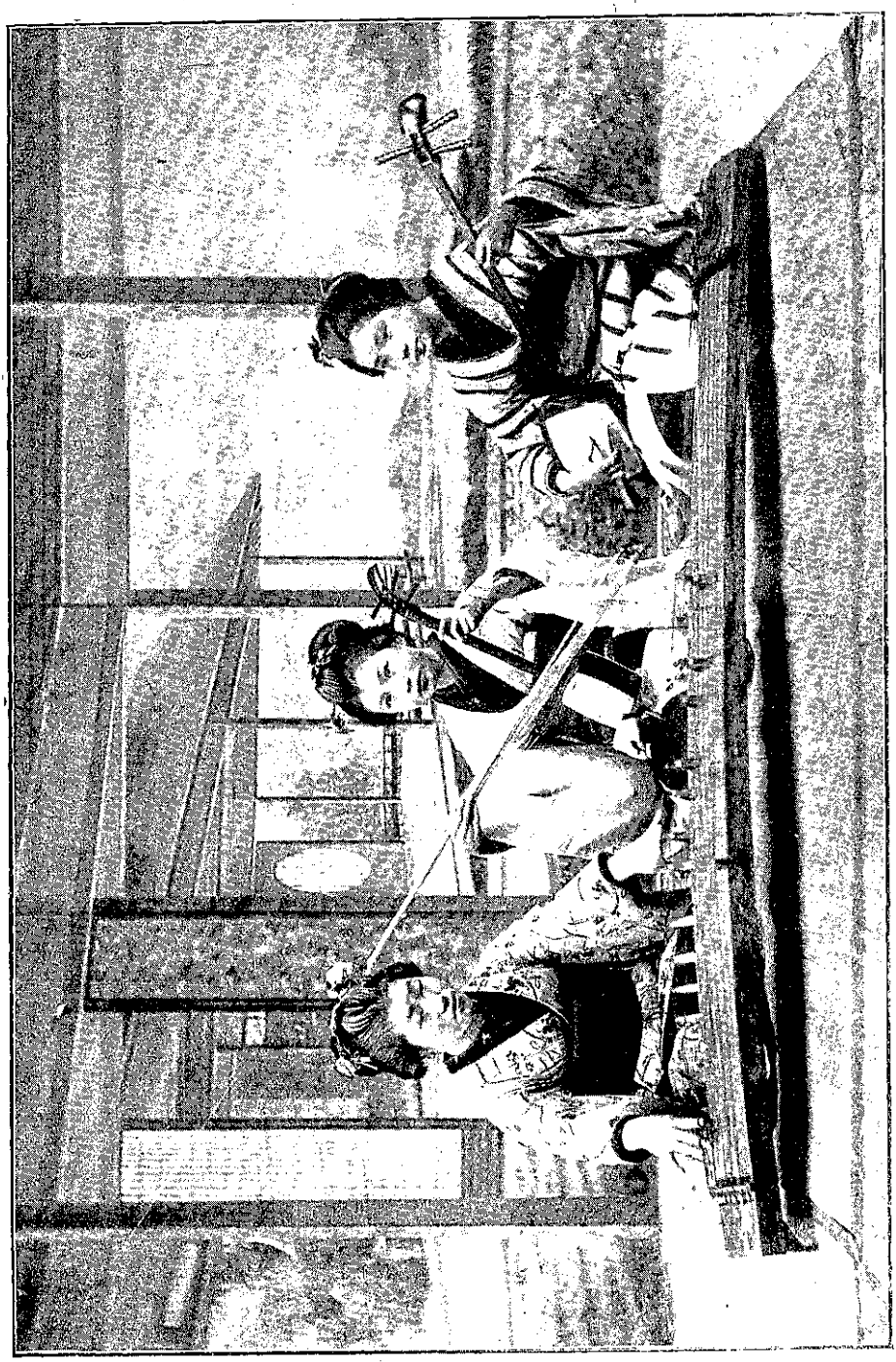
A land of flowers ! and the fairest of all the flowers are the human ones—its women ! For the women and girls of Japan are dainty, interesting and feminine ; and although European fashions and customs of dress threaten to make unpicturesque the garb of Japanese women of the upper classes, such ideas have happily not as yet penetrated very deep into the feminine minds of Japan.

Japanese women have many virtues and few vices, and not least amongst the former are those of a love of home and patriotism.

In the last virtue they influence not a little, as do also the younger girls, the men of the nation. They inculcate the idea in the minds of their sons that it is good to die whilst fighting for Japan, and though tears may shine in their eyes they will yet say, "Go and fight, but do not return unless victorious." It is this teaching which has enabled the Japanese soldier to astonish the world in the manner he has so recently done.

It will thus be seen that in this picturesque land, which in many ways to European eyes seems on so ridiculously small a scale, the women count largely. They have not yet attained to the sometimes un-

The Girls of Japan.



A Japanese Trio.

desirable freedom of the West, but they play an important part in all duties which should devolve upon women. They are industrious, frugal and happy: and, perhaps, the happiness is not a little traceable to the other characteristics.

Many travellers have attempted to describe the smile of a Japanese woman. It is a difficult task to attempt; because it seems to proceed from within, and is not merely a fleeting expression tingeing her outward countenance. And yet to Western ideas she would seem to have little to make her happy, for the position of the Japanese woman, with some exceptions, is not one of acknowledged social importance. Of course, in some households she reigns supreme; but this supremacy is rather that of individual circumstance than a national characteristic.

Most writers agree that she is one of the gentlest and most lovable of women, and Sir Arnold has crystallised her position in social life in a very few words. He says, "For her there are three obediences. She obeys, as a child, her father; as a wife, her husband; and as a mother, her eldest son."

And yet, although she may have little of the freedom of the Western women—freedom which has not, in the opinion of many, added either to her grace or her charm—the Japanese woman is on the whole happy. No one who knows her denies that she is sweet and charming.

Although to most travellers the life and thoughts of Japanese girls and women are sealed books—for her true charm is not to be learned from the women of the shops, bazaars and restaurants, nor even from those one sees in the streets and in the temple grounds—one cannot fail to notice her courtesy and gentleness in almost all circumstances of life. To truly know the whole charm of the Japanese girl, one must live in some household with her through a whole year; for there are phases and beauties of disposition which one discovers slowly, which vary even with the seasons themselves. Perhaps they are best seen in some village or town, as yet unconnected by railway with the more strenuous life of the bigger cities.

From her early days she is grounded in the laws of submission to her father, and her mother, and her male relatives, by means of strange vocal lessons given her by, perhaps her grandfather, or by the perusal of "Onna Daigaku," the famous work of the ancient moralist, named Kaibara, which freely translated may be taken to mean, "The whole Duty of Woman." And although her Western sisters would probably treat its teachings with scorn, in the eyes of most Japanese women it is regarded as a work of the greatest authority.

The geisha bulks largely in Japanese life, so largely, indeed, that one would almost imagine from some Western writers that there are only geishas in Japan. Their mission is to make life happy, and their education is all to that end. No Japanese feast or entertainment, whether in a public "chaya" or in a private house, seems complete without these dainty, bright, little beings, who can dance, and sing, and tell stories, and play on the strangely-shaped instruments which make the plaintive Japanese music.

But after all there are many other types of women in Japan. The quaint little sisters of quainter little brothers who haunt the shaded courtyards of the temples with babies strapped to their backs, and children, little more than babies themselves, toddling hither and thither under the shade of paper umbrellas, or inspecting, with eyes which have for the nonce become fully opened, the wonderful marvels of the stalls of sweetmeats and beautifully finished toys carved in woods and bound with lacquer.

And then, too, there are the

A Japanese Girl reading a Love Letter.

women of the countryside, patient, hard-working, often sitting outside the rudest of houses, spinning silk with primitive machinery from hundreds of cocoons, or working knee-deep in the water of the rice fields clad in smoke-blue kimonos or less.

In the sunny streets of the villages of the interior more especially, one meets with the woman pedlar, striding along, bare-legged and short-skirted, with a bamboo pole across her shoulder, to each end of which is slung a tub or basket with white, cowl-like head-dress, busily engaged in the preparation and sorting of the leaves for the market.

The women and girls of Japan are devoted to flowers, and the lady gardener is by no means unknown. At the festivals of the flowers, as those of the plum blossom at Ujeno and Mukojima in April, and the wistaria at Kameido in May, and of the chrysanthemum, she is a familiar figure. At these festivals, indeed, one can see almost all types of Japanese women and girls.

Japanese Girls playing a favourite Game.

ropes like the car of a balloon. It is wonderful the weight these sturdy women will thus carry, and as they go along the road they call out their wares, and from the houses come other women bent on bargaining.

In the tea-fields of Tsuchi, Yama, and of Uji, which is on the outskirts of Kioto, at the latter end of April and beginning of May, one meets with the tea-picker, often a picturesque figure with a strange,

Of the modern woman of Japan, who copies her European sisters, there is no need to speak. It is less easy to accept without regret the emancipated woman of Japan than the emancipated woman of a Western nation. For the women and girls of Chrysanthemum Land are as paper flowers to real blossoms when they appear without their own native charm, masquerading in the fashions and customs of an inartistic nation like ours.

How Tinomana-Ariki "Acquired Merit."

A Sketch of the Missionary System of Fining and How it Worked in the Early Days of Rarotonga.

By "TANGATA KE."

THIS is a tale of how Tinomana-ariki—commonly called "Davie"—finished his "Spree" in spite of the Missionary Laws and the Police.

Old Davie Tinomana, King of Arorangi, one of the three divisions of the Island of Rarotonga, was very fond of his liquor, and on one occasion when he had been having a jollification, his supplies of stimulant ran out, and he could procure no more in the Island. The Missionaries were, in those days, all-powerful, and their laws were very strict in prohibiting the drinking of spirits by the inhabitants.

A schooner was lying in the harbour, and from the Captain, Davie managed to secure a case of gin. It was a matter of difficulty to get it ashore, owing to the close supervision kept by the native police, on everything that was landed. The case was thrown overboard on a dark night, attached to a rope held by a man standing up to his waist in the water on the reef about a hundred yards distant. Having secured it, and landed it behind a graveyard where he had a horse waiting, he succeeded in getting it safely to the palace at Arorangi. But the police had somehow got wind of it. They knew that Davie had been on the spree, so on the following morning they turned up in a body to tackle the king. These police were all strict Church members, and had to do something to hold their position, so they could not afford to allow even a king's little frolics to pass unnoticed. On arriving at the palace, they interviewed Davie.

"King," said they, "you have been on the spree: you have been drinking: and we hear that you have a case of gin in your house. Now, you know that our law is that any man found drinking or having liquor in his possession, is to be fined. It is one law for all, no matter who it is."

"Yes, quite true," replied Tinomana. "I do not deny that I have been on the spree, and it is also true that I have a case of gin in my house. You are right in what you say, that we must all be under the law, and obey the law, kings the same as anyone else. I must bow down to it, so I am quite willing to be fined. I will also deliver up my case of gin and let it be broken up on the road out here. We will appoint two o'clock to-day for the hour for it to be done, so you go back and tell all the Church members and everyone to come along and see it destroyed."

The policemen went away quite satisfied, and re-assembled with a crowd of others at the appointed time, to witness the ceremony of fining a king.

In the meantime, Davie and his

chief minister and boon companion had not been idle. They went back to the house and opened the much discussed case of gin. Taking out seventeen bottles—it contained twenty altogether—they re-packed it with seventeen gin bottles filled with water. They nailed up the case as if it had never been opened at all.

At the hour appointed, the judge, the deacons of the Church, the policemen, and many others, assembled outside the palace, and sat down to wait for the king to make his appearance with the case of liquor. When all was ready, Davie appeared.

"Bring out that case!" he cried; and it was brought out, well nailed up.

Then Davie sent for an axe, and knocked the case open. He insisted on doing the whole breaking up himself, so that there should be no mistake made about it—in order to show how complete his reformation was. He knew very well which were the three bottles containing the real gin, and taking first one of these, he dashed it on a stone in the road and broke it to atoms, when there naturally arose a strong aroma of spirits. He next took several bottles containing water out of the case, and treated them in the same manner; then another bottle of real gin was broken, followed by the balance of the bottles of water, after which came the third bottle of gin.

He dashed it on the Road and broke it to Atoms.

When this was accomplished, old Davie turned solemnly to those assembled, and addressed them in contrite tones.

"Judge and policemen, I have done my duty. I have obeyed your law to the letter. I have broken up my liquor, and am now a reformed man. The only thing remaining is for me to be fined. Is not that so, Judge?"

"Yes," answered the judge, "that

is so. I can scarcely tell you how pleased we all are that you have broken up your liquor and obeyed the law."

"Well," said Tinomana, "what is my fine for being drunk?"

"Your fine is thirty dollars in trade," announced the judge.

There was no money in circulation in those days, everything being paid for in trade or produce.

"Yes," replied Tinomana, "that is but right and just."

Then, he cast a glance round the crowd assembled on the road, among whom were many of his own retainers or tenants who lived on his land. "Tupe," he exclaimed, pointing to one of these, "go and fetch me a pig as atinga (tribute) for living on my land." To another, "Marama, fetch me a pig as your atinga for living on my land." And the same to two others.

Without a word these four men went to fetch the four pigs, while the assembly waited patiently to see the fine paid. Presently the four pigs appeared with strings tied to their legs, being driven along before their owners, who brought them straight to Tinomana.

"Here, O King," they said, "is the tribute demanded of us for living on your land."

Turning once more to the Judge with the air of one doing his duty, Davie said: "Here, Judge, is my fine. Four pigs which are worth thirty dollars, and good value. Now, Judge," he added, "the law is, I believe, that when anyone is fined, half the fine goes to the Police and half to the King."

"Yes, that is so."

"Well," turning to his henchmen, "take these two pigs inside," and to the policemen, "here are your two pigs, now you can clear out. I proclaim my palace Tabu! Let not one of you dare show your faces in my house, now that I have paid my fine and destroyed my gin!"

After they were all gone, old Davie gathered together his particular chums, and went inside the palace, shutting and locking the gates. He had the two pigs killed and cooked, and with them and the seventeen bottles of gin, so artfully rescued from an untimely fate, they had what they considered an exceedingly well-earned week's spree.

The best part of the joke was that Davie was highly commended by the Missionary for his action in giving up his liquor and paying his fine, thereby setting so good an example to the humbler portion of the community! So everyone was pleased—a consummation much to be desired, but seldom attained!

The Legend of the Dragon.

By A. DE LISLE HAMMOND.

PERHAPS no creature of legendary and poetic origin has afforded so extensive a scope for the imagination as the Dragon. Now he is the emblem of evil; now he appears as the emblem of strength and sovereignity; at one time he is the forerunner of light; at another, he represents the darkness of paganism. The fact is, that, under the influence of a mixture of romance and reality, a number of Aryan and Semitic words of different meanings have quietly centred in the one English term. Etymologically speaking, indeed, a dragon is simply a creature possessing sharp sight, and has a doublet in Dorcas, the soft, but sharp-eyed gazelle. And it is not far removed from dragoon, the connection lying in the fact that in Middle English the latter word signified a standard having a dragon for its device, and then came to mean the bearer of the standard, and so a soldier, the attribute of horsemanship being a later addition. In this sense, Robert of Gloucester, in his "Rimed Chronicle of England," of about the end of the thirteenth century, writes: "Edmond vdight (ordered) hvs standard and hys dragon up yset (set up)."

The dragon, where our idea of the mythical monster is really intended, seems to have taken the form of a winged crocodile, and it is in this guise that we see him when he is represented as with St. George upon the reverse of the English sovereigns, or as on the Chinese flag, or the Roman cohort-banner; but some other monster is evidently implied in Old Testament history, where two different Hebrew terms have been rendered by the one word dragon in English. The first, "tau," always refers to some inhabitant of the desert, and would seem to point at some wild beast, as in Job XXX., 29, in which passage the Syriac version gives the meaning of jackal to it. The second word, "tannin," appears to refer to any great monster, whether of land or sea, and is applied especially to serpents and snakes, though again of these latter a distinction is drawn between the two in mythology. In another place, in the same book (X., 7), the description of the leviathan is evidently that of the crocodile, and parallel to this, it is curious to note that in Psalms CIV., 26, where the Prayer-book version (Cranmer's) reads: "There go the ships and there is that leviathan whom Thou hast made to take his pastime therein"; the Northumbrian metrical version, of about 1290, has: "Thither ships shall pass over this dragoun that Thou made before, for to play with him in scorn."

Of course, in the struggle between the Dragon and Michael the Archangel, as described in the book of the Revelation, the term is followed by its interpretation, "that old serpent, called the Devil and the Deceiver." And here it is well to observe that, like the Biblical serpent, the Dragon is always bent on evil, and always aiming at anarchy and disorder; but, whilst the former employs cunning and deceit, and is in point of fact a disreputable craw-

ler. the latter, in popular myth, "proceeds openly to work, running on its feet, with expanded wings, and head and tail erect, violently and ruthlessly outraging decency and propriety, spouting fire and fury from both mouth and tail, and wasting and devastating the whole land." It was, therefore, from such characteristics alone, a fit subject for extermination; but as it possessed supernatural powers, so its destruction was beyond the unassisted strength of man. Hence the aid of the heroes of legendary poetry had to be invoked, and thus Hercules, Apollo, and Perseus are all represented as dragon-slayers, whilst in the Norse mythology the god of Thor get credit for activity in the same direction.

From poetical fable of realistic description, the dragon next appears as the crest on the shield of warriors of high degree, and seems to have been sometimes a sign of kingship. Homer gives us Agamemnon having a shield, of which—

"Bright silver was the loop, and coiled thereto
An azure dragon, whom three heads bedeck,
Three turning diverse ways, all rooted in one neck."

and Tennyson tells how King Arthur, going to his last battle, was similarly crested in token of his sovereignty, for—

"—— Yet once more they saw
The Dragon of the great Pendragonship
That crown'd the state pavilion of the King
Blaze by the silent brook or rushing well."

In the Greek mythology we have the story of Aeacus, son of Zeus and Egina, the nymph who gives her name to the island over which he rules. Here being jealous of Egina, sends the dragon (the Vedic Vritra Ahi) to shut up the waters and to desolate the island. On consulting the oracle, Aeacus is told that only by his constant prayer can rain be sent. He offers up a solemn sacrifice, and rain falls. Again, with Poseidon and Phoebus, he builds the Trojan walls. Three dragons rush against them: one makes its way through the part built by Aeacus, whilst the other two fall dead against the portion erected by the gods—a myth interpreted to signify the future overthrow of Troy by the descendants of Aeacus. In the story of Medea, dragons bear her mysterious chariot through the air. And then the myth of Kadmos is curious. Kadmos is sent in search of his sister Europe, who has been carried off by Zeus to Crete. He is strictly charged never to return unless he finds her. At Delphi he learns that he must follow a cow, distinguishable by certain signs, and that he must build a city in the place where she lies down from weariness. She lies down on the site of Thebes. A great dragon, the child of Ares, the crusher, guards the well from which he tries to draw water, and he alone can master it. He sows in the earth its teeth, which produce a harvest of armed men, who slay one another, leaving only five to become the ancestors of the Thebans. And what is the allegory in the fabled conceit? It is "the conflict of the clouds which spring up from the earth after the waters have been released from their prison-house, and mingle in wild confusion until a few only remain upon the battle-field of heaven."

The dragon appears in allegorical form in the legend of St. George, the patron saint of England. Of him little is known, and considerable discussion has arisen regarding his actual existence; but the balance of evidence seems to shew that he lived in the third century, at a time when the Christians were enduring endless persecutions at the hands of Diocletian, throughout the Roman Empire. The ancient legend makes him a soldier, and thus, at a very early date, he was looked upon as the patron of military men. He was probably one of the many who perished under Diocletian's edict, involving as it did an attempt at

the entire demolition of Christianity by massacre and degradation, and by the destruction of all outward symbols of worship. The story relates how the martyr—for so he is honoured in both Eastern and Western Churches—bravely withstood the emperor, and suffered death in consequence. The fight with the dragon is simply a symbolical illustration of his struggle with the pagan persecutor. His legendary victory over his foe—where actually romance is at variance with fact—really represents the after-results of his work in the eventual triumph of Christianity over heathenism.

One of the earliest dragon-stories of the Christian era is that connected with the town of Marseilles. The legend runs that shortly after Christ's death, and in the early days of the persecutions of the infant Church, Lazarus, with Martha and Mary, was exiled from Jerusalem, and put out at sea in a leaky boat, without sails, oars or anchor. By some miracle they were driven ashore at Marseilles, where they preached the new faith and converted numbers, Lazarus becoming eventually the first bishop of the city. At this epoch, the tradition proceeds to relate, the old fortified town of Tarascon, some fourteen miles from Avignon, was devastated by a monster called the Tarasque. Whenever it was not in the Rhone, it had its haunts in a neighbouring wood, and daily destroyed various victims. It was shaped like an ox, had a head like a lion, with long teeth like a saw, a horse's mane, and six human feet, a bear's talons, and a serpent's tail. Its back was covered with impenetrable scales, its aspect was fearful, and the hardness of its skin resisted every species of weapon. The people of Tarascon heard of Martha's work at Marseilles, and in despair begged her to come and deliver them by the power of her God. She came, and in the presence of the inhabitants walked into the wood, which resounded with the bellowings of the monster. After a time they saw her returning, holding in one hand a cross, and in the other a riband, with which she led the ferocious Tarasque, now grown as gentle as a lamb, to the people, who fell upon and killed it, without experiencing the slightest resistance. This tradition became so deeply rooted in the minds of the Tarasconais, that for many centuries they held an annual masquerade, in which the principal character was the Tarasque, an effigy carried in procession something after the English fashion of Guy Fawkes.

But the Norsemen had their dragon, as well as the French folks. The greatest early English poem is "Beowulf," a story of deeds of war. It dates prior to the eighth century, and though it is not quite the first in order, Caedmon's Paraphrase of the Bible being slightly earlier, it has more of the grave strength of the Norse style. It came from Scandinavia to Northumbria, the English seat of learning. It describes nature in its wildness, and "the way in which the nature-worship of our people made dreadful and savage places seem dwelt in by monstrous beings." The hero of the poem—which is some 7000 lines—is Beowulf, whose deeds of might are related. A Scandinavian king, he first delivers a neighbouring people from the Grendel (which seems to be a generic name, like elf and others), a man-fiend that devoured men; and after the battle returns to his own land, where he rules for many years, till a fire-drake (Lat. draco), who guards a treasure, comes down to harry his people. The veteran goes out to meet the dragon, and after a severe contest conquers it, but is poisoned by its flaming breath, and dies, and his body is buried on a high sea-washed cliff.

The Archipelago of the Mediterranean, too, has its story. For more than two centuries (1307-1523) the island of Rhodes was the home of the Knights of St. John, after their expulsion from the Holy Land. They

were knights, monks and nurses in one, during the Crusades. Their last stronghold, Acre, having been taken, they went first to Cyprus, and then, in 1307, to Rhodes. A few years afterwards, a formidable reptile, called by tradition a dragon, living in a marsh about two miles from the city, filled the inhabitants with consternation by devouring cattle, boys, and even pilgrims to the Chapel of St. Stephen, just above the morass. Several knights who had gone out to encounter the monster had not returned, and at last the Grand Master forbade any further attempts, as the dragon was said to be covered with perfectly impregnable scales. However, a young knight, Dieudonne de Gozon, determined, notwithstanding the decree, to try his fortune. Obtaining leave of absence, he went home to Languedoc. He had observed that the beast's belly was unprotected, and he therefore caused a model of the monster to be made with this part hollow and filled with food, and having taken two fierce young mastiffs, he trained them to fly at the under side of the monster, while he mounted his horse and taught it to approach the monster without swerving. When all was ready, he returned to Rhodes, and having landed on a part of the coast remote from the city, he made his way to the Chapel of St. Stephen, where he left his two French squires to follow his movements. He then rode off to the dragon's haunt. It rose to meet him, and at first he charged it unsuccessfully with his lance. The horse soon saw the difference between the true and the false monster, and started back, so that de Gozon was forced to alight ; but the two dogs sprang at the beast, whilst the knight struck at it with his sword. A blow from the tail threw him down, when the dragon, turning on him, exposed its belly. Both dogs fastened on it, and the knight, regaining his feet, thrust his sword into it. A death-grapple ensued, and the squires coming up, found their master insensible under the carcase. They extricated him and restored him to consciousness, and he was led in triumph by the whole populace to the city, where, as Schiller tells us, he had to account to the Grand Master for his disobedience. Eventually, however, he returned to favour, and in later years was himself Grand Master. His tomb is said to have borne the simple inscription, " Here lies the Dragon-Slayer."

One more story, which goes back probably to the beginning of the tenth century. It comes from the Island of Jersey, where it is still thoroughly believed in by the natives ; and undoubtedly it has some foundation in fact, though the word used for dragon may stand equally well for a large serpent. About two miles from the town of St. Helier is a lofty mound, over which now rises Prince's Tower, built by Philip d' Auvergne, afterwards Duke de Bouillon. On the road to St. Aubin's is the marsh of St. Lawrence, now affording a common pasturage to the neighbouring inhabitants, but formerly the abode of a sanguinary dragon, mentioned in ancient fables, relative to which Falle, the Jersey historian, gives a transcript of an old Latin manuscript memorial. The translation of it runs as follows :—" The story goes that once upon a time in the island of Jersey there was in the marsh of St. Lawrence a dragon which inflicted on the islanders much loss and destruction. Now, when the Lord of Hambye, in Normandy, heard tell of this, he was actuated by a desire for glory and renown. So he went to the place, slew the dragon, and cut off its head. But in order to gain the credit of his master's deed, the servant who accompanied him, moved by envy, killed his lord and buried his body. Then returning to Hambye, he persuaded his lady to believe that her lord had been slain by the dragon, which he himself had afterwards killed from a wish to avenge his master's death. So also

he convinced her that with his last breath the lord had expressed a wish that she should marry this same servant; and she yielded for love of her husband. But the servant, now become lord, was too often restless in his dreams, and in terror used to cry out in his sleep: 'Woe is me, who slew my lord!' The lady often told him of his dreams, but at last, when he continued to dream in this way, she began to suspect that the murder was a fact, and disclosed the matter to her friends. Upon judicial examination, he confessed the crime, and was executed. As a memorial of the deed, the widow erected in the place where her lord was murdered and buried, a circular cairn of earth, in the parish of St. Saviour, on a conspicuous spot now known as Hogue Hambye, or Hougue-bye." On the top she built a chapel, in which are an old font and portraits of the Lord and Lady of Hambye, of the Duke de Bouillon, and of the faithless servant.

It is not easy to believe that the dragon-tales of the Christian era are mere inventions, any more than are those of the sea-serpent, but they have undoubtedly been exaggerated to a degree, and as a story, especially when it belongs to the folk-lore of a district, never fails to gain by circulation, so the dragon of romance, the representative of any large and dangerous monster of the reptile kind, has gained for itself a typical form and an assumed existence.

W. J. Lees Photo.

A Shady Nook on a Sea Beach.

The Young Man's Song of the Morning Glory.

(The line, "I will wash my hands in the morning glory," is the refrain of an American negro slave-song or hymn, quoted in an early book of Max Müller's).

I WILL wash my hands in the morning glory,
All on the Bridge of the colours seven!
I will dress my hair with the darts of the morning,
On the level rose at the gate of heaven!

Red and ringed is the spur of morning;
Far and fast are the horses champing;
I will ride on the first and foremost;
Hear how the beaten winds are ramping!

Hark away on the whirling aeons!
Hark away with the Nimrods olden!
Bathed as a babe in the morning glory,
Lo, myself! I ride, beholden!

If love there be on hills of the highest,
Love with the left hand lightly gather;
Wed is the right to Power, diviner,
Red in the gift of the Ancient Father!

I will wash my hands in the morning glory,
All on the Bridge of the Living Fire.
High is the mark of the Sun God's hunting,
But the heart of a young man, higher, higher!

JESSIE MACKAY.

Leaves from My Brighton Note-book.

By W. TOWNSON.

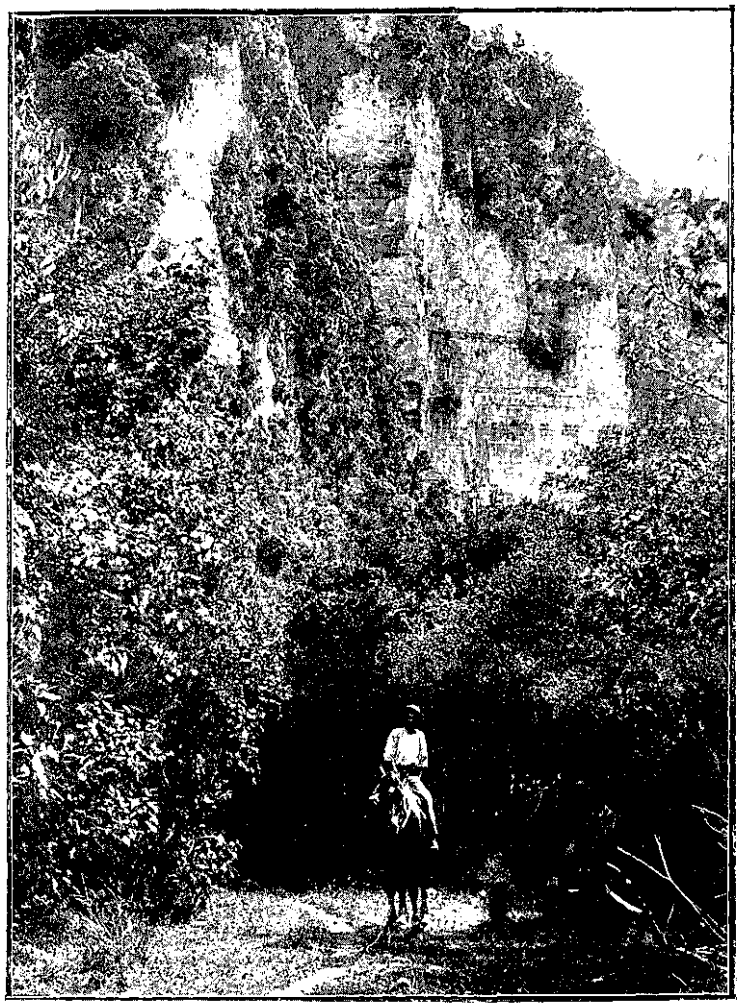
LAST summer I made up my mind to revisit the scene of a former enjoyable holiday, and further explore one of the most picturesque localities on this part of the West Coast. I found that I could spare a fortnight for the purpose, and set out with a trusty companion, a brand-new camera, and well equipped generally for the enjoyment of every variety of exploration.

On a former trip we stayed with the Macarthys, but on this occasion we were in new quarters, and were very well entertained at Nevins' Accommodation House, where we found every comfort, and no pains spared to make our visit enjoyable. There was a pleasant rusticity about our abode, and the front verandah was "quite o'er-canopied with luscious woodbine," whilst in the garden dahlias and geranuims bloomed in great profusion. Being the photographer of the party, I was allotted the bedroom best adapted for conversion into a dark-room, and from its walls pictures of saints with benign expression, watched over me during my slumbers, and made me in my waking moments wish to be good, and deserving of their benediction. The house was within a stone's throw of Fox's River, where it is spanned by a wire suspension bridge, and the surf boomed upon the shingle banks close to the paddock fence.

The milking cows used to swim the river, night and morning, on their way to and from the beach pasture, and took the water without urging, evidently enjoying their bath. On crossing the wire bridge, one is confronted by huge, conglomerate bluffs, and the largest of them is caved out in a most curious way. There are three highly arched entrances to the cave, one from the sea-beach, a second from the river bank, and a third from the grass paddock behind, and in the photograph daylight can be seen shining right through the bluff. The cavern had been in former days used as a Maori camping-place, and the floor consists of a deposit of shells and bird and fish bones several feet in thickness. On stormy days, when exploration up the river was impossible, armed with pick and shovel, we delved amongst the Maori ovens, and threw up great heaps of shells and oven stones in our search for Maori implements.

However, the wash did not pan out at all rich, and we had to reluctantly admit that our claims were duffers, for we only secured a few flints as a reward for our labours. On some of the ledges in the dark corners of the cave, Penguins had made their rude nests, and these dark recesses we had to investigate with the aid of our acetylene lamp. On passing the bluffs there is a stretch of hard, sandy, shelving beach where we enjoyed many a sea bath, lying on the sand whilst the curling waves swept over us, and taking a sun-bath as the water rippled down the beach to join the next inrushing breaker. And how the sun does beat down on the ocean beach at midsummer!

A glimpse of this gleaming sand



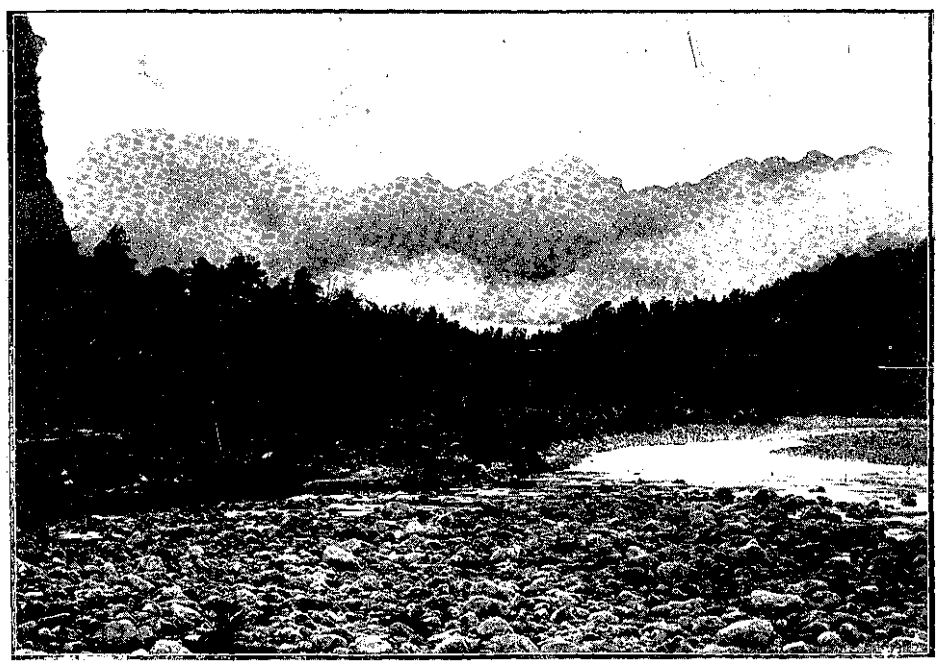
A shady Path beneath the Bluff at Fox's River, West Coast of the South Island.

can be seen through the passage formed by two opposing masses of conglomerate, and Seal Island is visible in the distance, with the waves breaking about its base. Wending your way down the Coast, first travelling upon a rocky track, and then where the track runs out, crossing a sandy beach, the bay where the "Alexandra" was wrecked is reached. Hatter's Bay, I think it is called. Amongst the illustrations of a former article which I contributed to an earlier issue of this Magazine, there appeared a picture of the barque soon after she ran aground, and now, after two years' exposure to the buffets of the surf, and the constant rasp and grind on the beach, she is, as the present illustration shows, still intact, with every mast plumb, and not a spar, rope or stay has carried away. She has burrowed a hole in the sand at the bow, and lies considerably down by the head, but is still a good ship, could she be refloated. A considerable amount of money has been spent in the endeavour, but so far without result. In the tent alongside, amongst the cabin fittings which had been removed, was what we took to be a barrel-organ, but on trying to grind out a tune, we discovered that it was the ship's fog-horn, and we

produced some most unmelodious effects. In the vicinity of the wreck there are groves of beautiful nikau palms dotted about the headlands, and the month of January is the time of year for observing their flower panicles, pendent beneath the graceful crown of leaves. Seal Island is a very interesting locality, and we spent an enjoyable day clambering about its wave-worn rocks. I have one oft-recurring regret, as on that occasion I discovered a fossilised crab partially exposed by the weathering of the rock, and I had no means of extracting it from the hard bed in which it lay. There were compensations, however, for I gathered a little matted Coprosma growing on the summit of the Island, and a Veronica amongst the rocks on the mainland close by, both of which I am led to believe are new species.

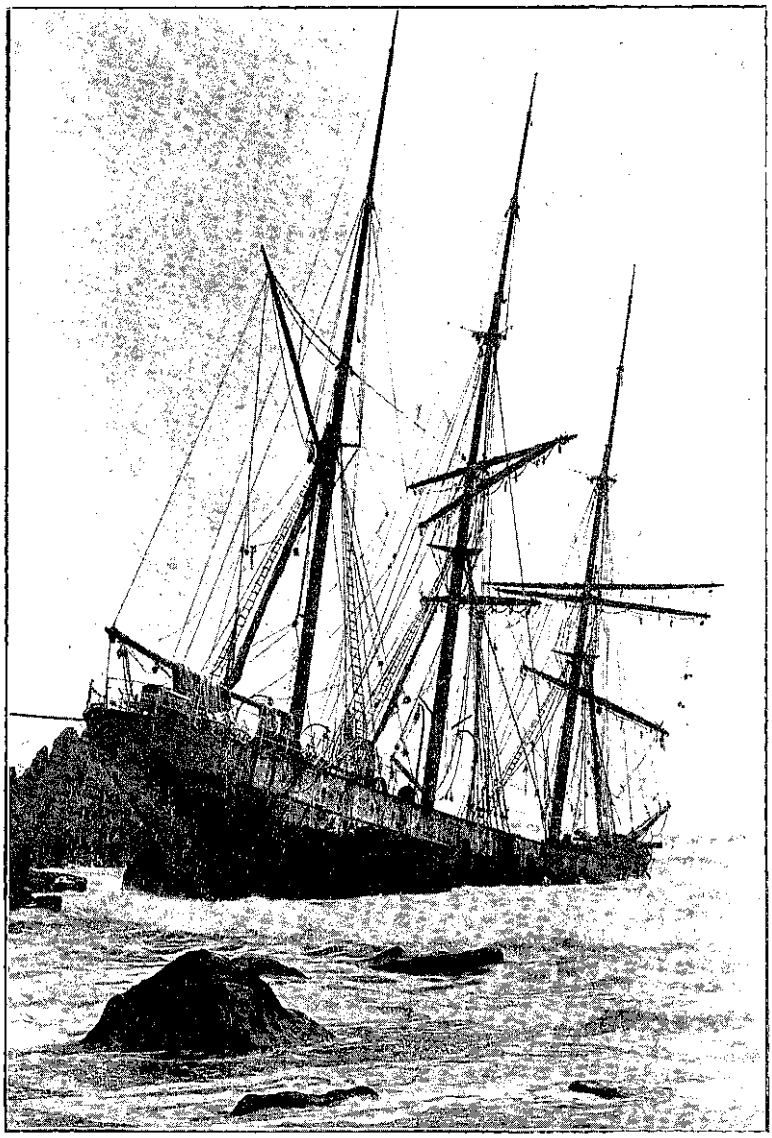
On one occasion, when strolling along the Brighton sands, great bottle-green waves were thundering upon the beach, and we were greatly interested in watching a school of porpoises which were swimming close inshore, and evidently chasing a shoal of herrings amongst the breakers, for as each great wave curled its crest, the porpoises could be clearly seen in close rank, until as the wave prepared to break, they darted back to dash forward in the succeeding one.

We spent several days in examining the caves and canyon-like beauties of Fox's River. The locality is full of charm. Its limestone cliffs are of such magnificent proportions; its fringing bush is so delicately tinted, and so beautiful in every detail, whilst at every bend new vistas are opened up, each one a finished picture of exquisite design and marvellous workmanship. The water is clear as glass, and in some of the deep holes are large, brown trout swimming lazily to and fro, each keeping close watch on its own special ripple at the head of the pool over which it holds proprietary rights.



Mt. Faraday in Foggy Weather.

Our tramp often commenced with the dawn, and at that time of day there are attractions for the naturalist which are lost when the rising sun has asserted itself. All nature is at rest, and there is a hush sug-



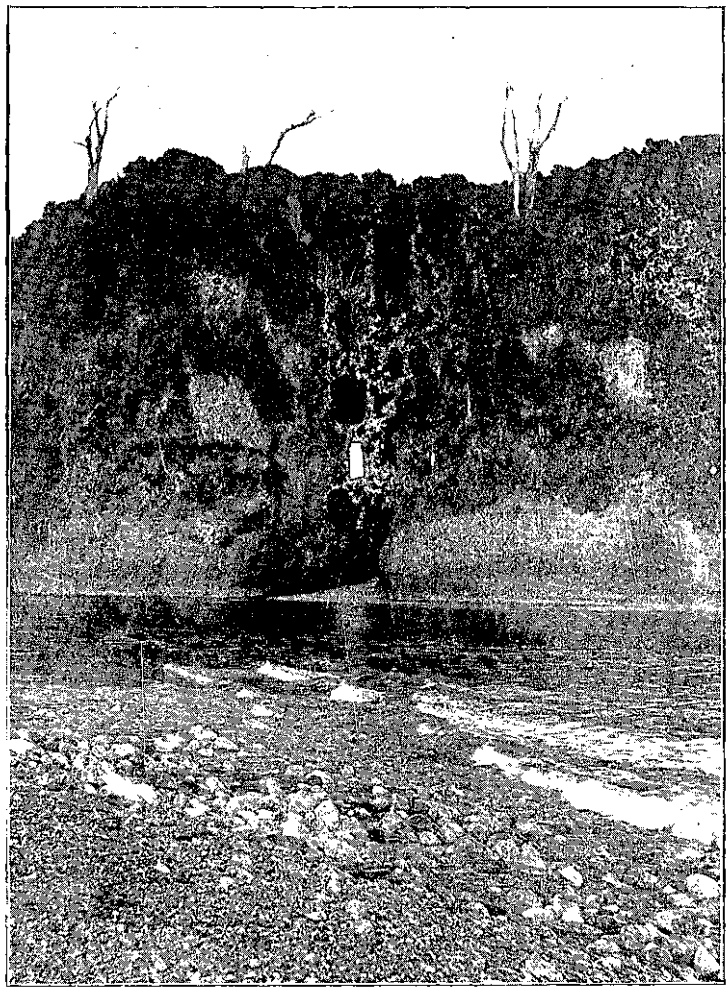
The Barque "Alexandra," after lying for over two years on the rocks.

gestive of sleep ; the rippling river's song is the only evidence of unrest.

The fog clings about the rush-beds, enveloping them as with a blanket, a sure sign of fair weather to the experienced traveller. The river-bed grasses are bowed with the wealth of moisture which they sustain, and sprinkle you freely as they are brushed aside.

As the East lightens, the mopokes cease from their nightly quest, and seek their retreats in the shade ; the long-tailed cuckoo's cry is heard as he also seeks retirement, being essentially a freebooter, he loves the dark recesses of the bush by day.

The seagulls, which had flown up-stream the evening before to rest on the river flats, now fly slowly shore-wards, silently and ghost-like in the half-light of dawning day. A flock of grey ducks rise with noisy clamour and rush of wings to settle again with a splash in the sedge-fringed pool beyond. The tuis now awake, and proclaim the fact from



A Cave pierced the conglomerate Formation of the Hill.

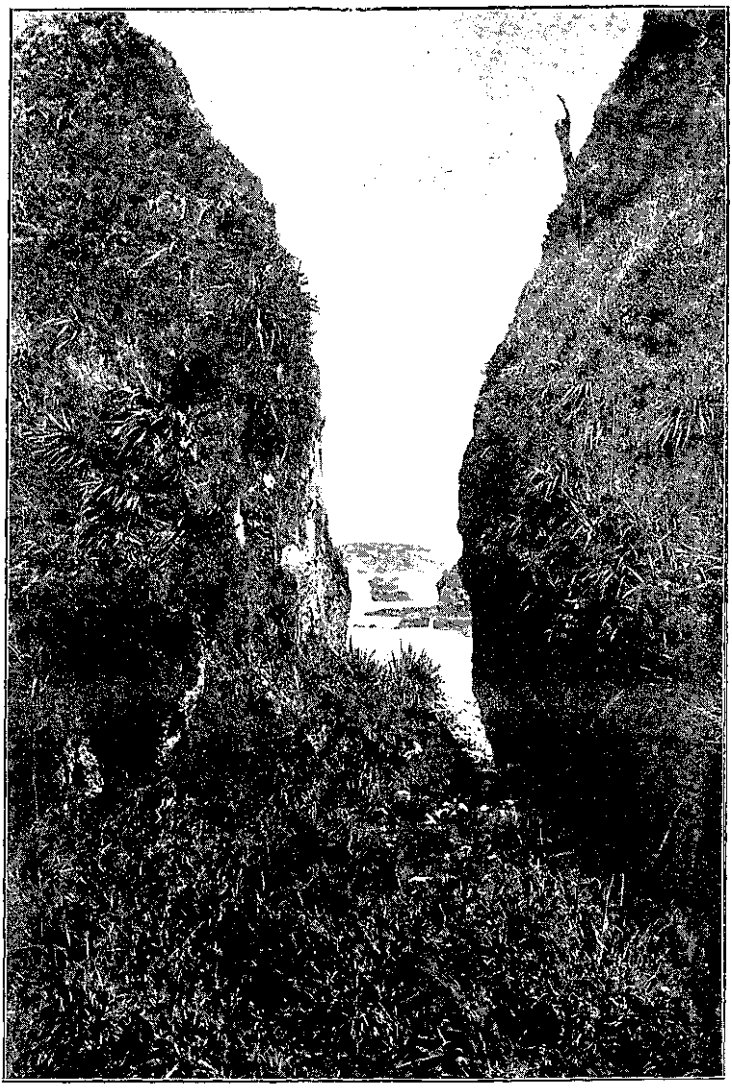
the rata tops, and the shrubs become all a-twitter with goldfinches and restless silver-eyes.

As the first shaft of sunlight darts arrow-like athwart the river flat, and pierces the mantle of fog which envelopes it, and like a magician's wand beckons it to begone, it resolves itself into the invisible from whence it came, and vanishes at the magic touch.

Now the rushes gleam resplendent, beaded over with glittering dew-drops, and the transformation scene is complete, for the grey tones give place to rose colour, and the black shadows are invaded by the sun's powerful search-light.

To carefully carry a camera, gather plants, observe all the natural objects which surround you, and at the same time take heed to your steps as you travel a boulder-strewn river-bed, engages one's best attention.

The weather was capricious during our stay, and the mist hung about the mountains during the whole day, the cloud-curtain being generally closely drawn, but at intervals a corner was raised, and the rugged spurs were disclosed, looming up black and forbidding against their vapoury background. The photograph shows Mt. Faraday to the left engirdled with fog, and the central mountain of the group was the one we elected to climb, as I had scaled the peaks on either hand on my previous visit, two years be-



A Glimpse of the Sea through a narrow Gorge.

fore. It is unnamed, and I should judge it to be of an altitude of 4000 feet, it has, as far as I can learn, never been ascended before.

We chose a glorious day for our ascent, every condition being favourable, as early in the morning all the vapour was swept away. We found out as we climbed the leading spur that from base to summit it was a veritable razor-back, and so narrow was it, that in places we were obliged to swing ourselves round the bole of a birch tree, which held entire possession of the ridge. There were well-beaten cattle tracks to follow as far as the sub-alpine scrub, but once there, great masses of granite barred the way, and made an effectual stop, as it was evident that the cattle had been unable to reach the clear grass country above the line of timber.

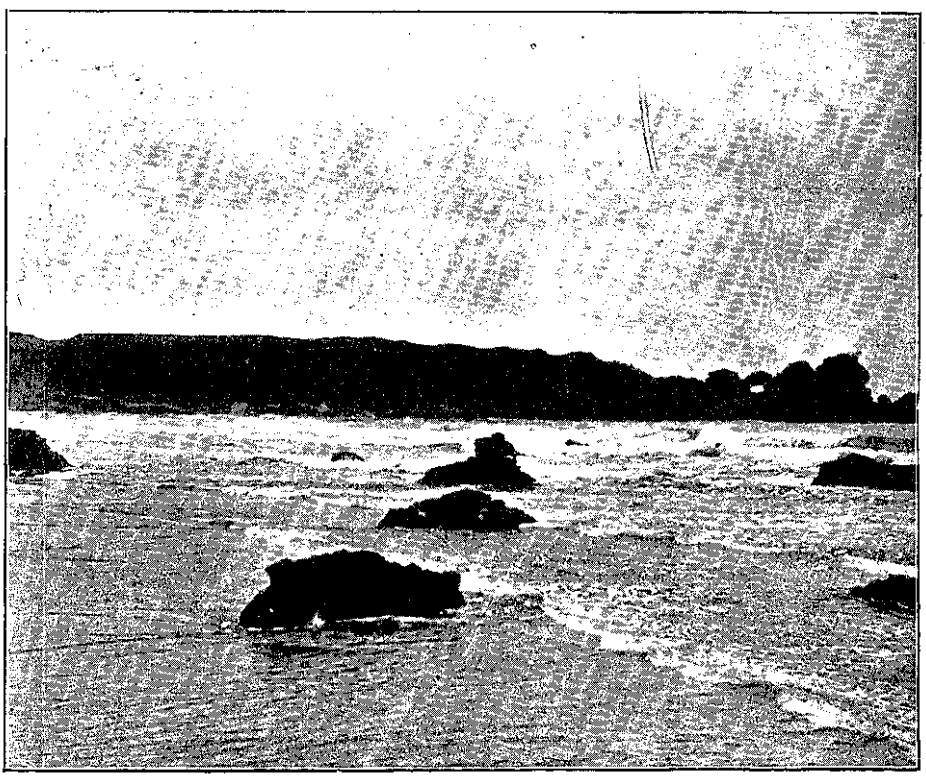
After leaving the birch-bush our difficulties commenced, as the granite blocks were tumbled and piled up in the greatest confusion, and no sooner had one of these barriers been negotiated and a short saddle crossed, than another similar colossal pile confronted us.

The ridge ended abruptly in a

vast precipice, falling sheer for about five hundred feet. To the eastward were rugged mountains in serried ranks, peak upon peak, extending in broken chains to the extreme limit of our vision, whilst to the westward lay the placid sea, bathed in the glory of the mid-day sunlight.

Immediately around us, the view was rugged in the extreme. Mt. Kelvin is the only other mountain in the Paparoa chain, which I have climbed and found so rough. Amongst the low-growing shrubs we found the runs of kakapos, and the kiwis had left their tracks around the mountain bogs, where they had been probing for worms amongst the soft mud. The edelweiss and gentians were in full bloom, starring the alpine meadows over with their pure white flowers, but as a rule the edelweiss prefers the rocks and barren peaks to the grassy slopes. We gathered a substantial bouquet to take down with us and present to our hostess, whose appreciation amply repaid us for our trouble.

The spell of the mountain was upon us, and we were loth to turn our backs upon so wild and magnificent a scene, but the descent was difficult, and there were miles upon miles of rough river-bed to be traversed with numerous fords, before our quarters could be reached. We gained, however, our desired haven before nightfall, and removed the stains of travel by a luxurious swim in the limpid stream before tea. One of my most prized possessions is a really splendid appetite, and as that of my companion matched it, we amazed Miss Jinny with our performance of the disappearing trick, as the plates of dainties which she placed before us, vanished.

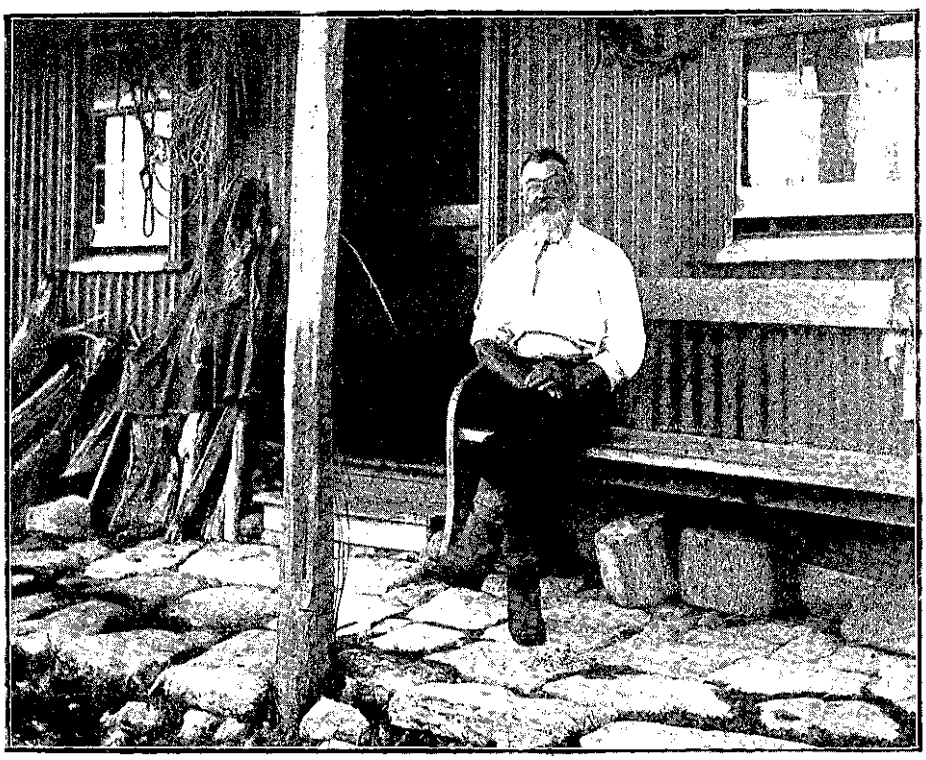


Seal Island.

After the lamp was lighted our host related to us some of his early experiences in Brighton, at the time when all was prosperity and bust-

ling activity, and when diggers and their gold were easily parted. He told us of tidal waves which had swept the township away on more than one occasion; of craft, laden with stores, wrecked in sight of port—if such a term can be applied to the mouth of Fox's River—and we could hardly picture in our minds the sabbatic calm of this little scattered settlement, which has almost reached the vanishing point, disturbed by a horde of eager gold-miners all intent on winning fortunes from the terraces behind the beach. The spirit of enterprise is, however, still alive in some of the old identities, and one occasionally sees a party of them, with their tents and stores loaded on pack-horses, about to start on a prospecting excursion down the Coast, and only waiting for the flood in Fox's River to subside to render the fords safe.

In the evenings we used to stroll up the beach and call in at the St. Kilda Accommodation House for a chat with Billy Robertson, and we found him just as original and entertaining as ever. He is quite a feature of the Brighton district, and his diary has gained a wide reputation for its quaintly-worded entries. We accompanied him on one occasion up the rocky pathway to his claim on the terrace, of which I give a photograph, and it is without doubt the champion stone heap of the locality. The puzzle is to find Billy in the picture, but he is there, tackling a big rock with gad and hammer, and a patient search will reveal him.



Billy Robertson. The St. Kilda Accommodation House.

He kindly lent me his noted diary to peruse. A few extracts from it were given in my description of my first trip, which appeared in an earlier number of this Magazine, and having received permission from Billy, I include a few more. The selection given are made from entries dating back a good many years.

September 1st.—A fine day; two strangers from the Grey; payable ones.

October 5th.—Had a kind of a holiday, no customers all week.

October 30th.—To Charleston, home at 8 p.m. a little screwed and wet outside; got properly tight so as to get a little sleep, as rheumatism bad.

December 8th.—Put clock in kerosene; she is going; stranger from North, shifty!

January 2nd.—On stool of repentance suffering a recovery from effects of whisky; nearly dead, worse if anything.

January 15th.—The lamp playing up with me; good many strangers called, mostly thirsty ones.

February 5th.—Mr. Powell left box of powder, cheese and shot; bitten in leg by O'Brien's dog.

February 7th.—Bad from effects of whisky and dog bite; ½-tight.

February 20th.—Had a falling out with the cow; found Johnny, the duck, with 16 eggs.

February 25th.—Loafer called; dirty loafer, hunted him; found my largest apple had fallen off the tree.

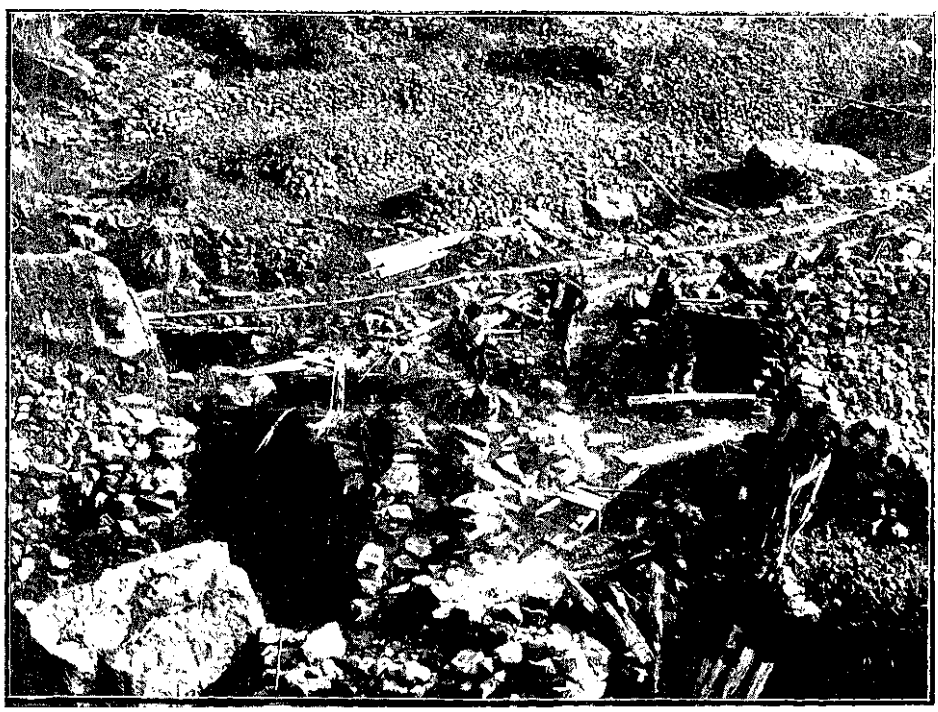
March 7th.—To rocks fishing, lost a cod.

March 30th.—Went to Barrytown, got back, no money, was jolly well knocked up; may the Lord help me to stay at home, and not go after any bad de tors any more.

April 4th.—W. Robertson 9 days off work from cold and whisky, shame on him!

May 8th.—Lost the corkscrew; went to the beach to practice running.

June.—A bitter month to me, have had chilblains, corns, rheumatism, and got taken in by a stranger to tune of four pounds sterling.



Billy's Claim. The Puzzle is to find Billy.

Our visit came to a close all too soon. I always part from Brighton's kindly inhabitants with much regret, as they are the soul of hospitality, and a vacation spent amongst them is an experience to look back upon with kindly memories, and a keen desire to again breathe the health-giving breezes on its wind-swept beach, and revel in the charming scenes which surround it.

CORPORAL DOBSON, of the Royal Middlesex, during his seven years service in India, had entertained but one ambition and desire. This was, not to return immediately to England as most time-expired men do, to look back upon their sojourn in the East as a hideous dream, but to obtain his discharge in the country, and join the railway service in the locomotive department. He had given the matter much profound thought, and hard thinking had only confirmed his original idea that Nature had designed him for the footplate just as she had designed birds to fly. Consequently, when he was declared free of obligations to Her Majesty, except in the passive capacity of a reservist, he obtained a character from his Colonel, a recommendation from the Regimental Chaplain, and hurried down post haste to negotiate Mr. Conger, the General Traffic Manager of the Great Southern Railway.

Although Mr. Conger did not supervise the loco. department, he was a man of great influence and second in rank in the service. It was to him that most soldiers appealed when searching for civil employment. He was known from Pishawar to Cape Comorin as a religious man, whose pet scheme of philanthrophy was to reform the British army in India, and win it from its traditional savagery and paganism to docility and Christian love. His scope being small, and the restrictions great while they served with the colours, he endeavoured to compensate himself by filling his department with ex-soldiers and reservists, who could thus be placed directly under his benign influence. His weekly bible classes were historic; and were in most cases attended by men who rather solicited his favours or strove to retain them. There was no other reputed way of approaching his goodness of heart.

His fame had not escaped Dobson's ears, and this worthy had resolved to conform to the elementary conditions which preceded the getting of a good job. For one whole month he was seen at every meeting, sitting in a conspicuous place in the front row of benches. His Amens and interjections were the most sonorous and impressive—full of the fervour which comes of true and lasting repentance. At the end of his probation he stood up among the converted, was rewarded with a special interview, and an invitation to the railway offices, and two days later was hurried up to Chotapur, a full-fledged stoker. Extra hands

were being engaged at the time, the railway just then having to cope with the tremendous traffic resulting from the Madras famine.

No district could have suited Dobson better than the hundred miles or so which embraced the daily run of trains proceeding northward from Chotapur. The railway ran through country with which he could lay claim to being well acquainted. The closing months of his military career had been spent in incessant forced marches with his company in chase of the notorious Dacoit chief, Tantia Topee, or as he was better known, Tantia Bheel. History has accorded this wild and nomadic tribe a predatory genius, which severely taxed the energy of Government to keep in check. Under Tantia their depredations had become a matter which necessitated the employment of a considerable military force as well as the usual body of Mofussil Police.

Tantia's deeds of daring, his hairbreadth escapes, his absolute fearlessness, had gained him a reputation amongst the simple peasantry such as Robin Hood once held. His exploits were embodied in story and song; he was credited with possessing a charmed life, and his cunning in baffling his pursuers, and frequently turning the tables upon his would-be captors, gave occasion for numerous anecdotes keenly relished by village ryots, who forgot their own losses in laughing at Tantia's methods of flouting the power of the British Raj.

Tantia had styled himself "Protector of the Poor," and avowed that he preyed upon the rich to benefit the indigent. To this policy he adhered when big game was within easy reach, but when business was bad, he looted indiscriminately from all and sundry. His followers were the very cream of desperados, who could shoot well, kill a man at a stroke, or wield effectively the deadly noose. Big, muscular men, very dark and almost nude, they oiled their bodies to elude the detaining grip in the night attack, and fought mercilessly, giving and expecting no quarter. Moving rapidly with no impedimenta over familiar country it was a difficult task to bring them to bay. They enjoyed the leadership of a man who was a master of ruse and stratagem, who avoided a trap by setting another, and never gave a spy or traitor a second chance. So terrible had he become that friend and victim alike vied in giving him shelter and assisting his plans. In short, Tantia was held in a respect which fell little short of deification.

When Dobson arrived in Chotapur, Tantia was in the very height of his glory, and had just added another feat to his list of funny exploits. Doubling on the column that was supposed to have cornered him, he looted a village just fifteen miles out of Chotapur. The military being a full thirty miles away on a wrong scent, Cummings, the assistant loco. superintendent, an enthusiastic captain of the local corps of railway volunteers, promptly collected a small force and proceeded on an ambitious expedition to shatter the Dacoit band. For eight hours his company tramped swiftly through the parched, rough jungle, momentarily expecting to meet the wary Tantia. At nightfall they encamped disappointed and exhausted. When day broke, the force mustered to resume the chase, but found to their dismay that their officer was missing. The affair was a complete mystery. Sentries had been posted all night, and a regular watch kept in the camp. As no traces of Cummings could be found the force returned homewards. Six hours after their arrival at Chotapur, a dreadful naked figure, painted in divers hues and designs, was found hiding in a watercourse a mile from the railway lines. It was Cummings; and no man to this day can speak of Tantia Bheel in his presence.

Dobson found life in a railway station very quiet after his many latter day adventures, although it was preferable to the dull routine of barrack-room life. In small up-

country stations a man turns to his work to afford him food for thought and matter for excitement. Dobson had more than enough to occupy his attention for the first few weeks in learning the intricacies of his new profession. A novice at the shovel finds it easier to throw the coal all over the footplate than in the fire-hole, and learns that sharp curves and fast running do not lessen the difficulties. But Dobson applied himself to his duties with a zeal that soon ensured success. In a month he was not only able to perform his work satisfactorily, but had already begun to criticise the running and steaming qualities of the different classes of locos. Traffic grew busier every day, the interval between trips shorter, and the hours on the road longer. The running staff was piling on overtime, and Dobson was happy.

"This is a fine payin' job," said Dobson to his mate one evening, as he stood polishing the regulator of one of Kitson's heavy goods a few minutes before the eight o'clock train left Madgi on its return journey to Chotapur. "Here's Wednesday, and I've already put in fifty hours work includin' mileage. It's a fortune I'll be makin' presently."

But Riley, the driver, a covenanted hand from the Great Western, was sitting with his legs dangling outside over the cab panel, estimating with parsimonious exactness his share of the expense of the new chapel that was being erected in Chotapur.

"Money's not everything," he grunted, turning his small, wizened face, broken into a hundred lines, and rough with the stubble of a week's growth. "It's rest we're wanting, not time. It's a job keeping your eyes open these days."

"It's the usual thing in the busy season, I'm told," replied Dobson, as he energetically polished the guage-glass lamp. "Thank Gawd, I'm still fresh."

Riley put his feet hastily through the cab window, and laid one hand on the regulator.

"I saw someone bob past the front brake-van just now. I believe it's the super. Put another shovelful on and open that injector."

A hand clutched the cab stanchion and a face drew itself into the light.

"Is that you, Riley?" asked Cummings, peering into the driver's face.

"Yes, sir," replied Riley. "We'll be making a start in five minutes."

"I've got a few instructions to give before you go," said Cummings with his usual haughty brusqueness. "We've had the eight and nine down both looted by Bheel on the Padli bank. Peabody lost two uncovered truckloads of grain, and Brown, who followed, had five partially emptied. I'm not satisfied with either of the driver's reports. I've heard that Peabody holds views about starving niggers, which are not in the best interests of the company, and I'm inclined to think that both he and Brown stopped their trains. This whimpering kind of sentiment won't do for me. I'll make an example of the next offender!"

Riley opened the fire-box door a little, and a shaft of light flashed into the darkness.

"It's a job keeping a train going up that bank with forty full waggons behind you," he said.

"It's been done before," snapped Cummings. "Dobson, keep plenty of steam. Half the failures are due to you infernal fireman nodding over your work! Remember you're a new hand!"

Dobson turned his hard, inscrutable face round so that he could give his superior a good, square look.

"I'm no lover of Bheels," he said with much warmth. "You oughter know that. The thievin' wagabones could all starve in a heap so far as I'm concerned."

"There's the guard's signal to start," interjected Riley, turning the whistle. Cummings jumped down without another word, and crunched along the ballast on his

way to the station as the train moved off.

Very little conversation ensued between Dobson and Riley for the next six hours. There was an unusually heavy load behind, and Riley was preoccupied with Cummings' parting remarks and his own fears that the load would certainly overtax the pulling powers of his fine, new Kitson when they came to the ascent of the steep Padli.

The night was dark but starry, and after eleven a waning moon threw a lurid, undecided light on the rough, broken country through which the engine puffed and panted. From the top of the Summit, however, the train rolled easily for the next fifteen miles, rumbling over culverts, and clanking over bridges, under which gleamed like unburnished silver patches of the river which a hot sun had parched into bleak rock and small stagnant pools. Down below the mugger turned his scaly head, and half startled by the thunderous roar, lazily waddled into his refuge of slime and mud, and the sandpiper and peewit fled from the shallows into aerial safety. Now and again a jackal or fox would break cover and dash across the track, or a herd of cattle, peacefully chewing the cud near the wire boundary fence, scattered madly when the long, piercing shriek called for the distant signal of some through station to be lowered to let the train pass on.

Upon the foot-plate, in the red glare, Dobson, with sleeves rolled up and bared throat, shovelled coal into the fire-box's greedy maw like a fiend relentlessly stoking for the torments of the damned. Outside, below the embankment, the thorny babul, graceful peepul and feathery tamerisk soughed and hissed as the train whizzed past, disregarding their stately bowings and the yearning efforts of the tender branches to stay its career and enjoy with them the glamour of the witching night. On they sped, round curves, through cuttings, sometimes seeing the horizon resting low, then watching it perched high on some outlying part of the rugged and majestic Saipoora Range. Still on, scarcely slackening speed through small wayside stations where some lazy porter yawned and waved the green light, while the babu stationmaster lolled back with his feet on the telegraph operating board, and slept the short, uneasy sleep of the conscience-stricken.

Now the rugged, uncultivated waste gave place to smooth green fields and snug villages, hemmed round with thick loop-holed mud walls, for in the distance, grotesquely set in a rich, endless looking plain, towered like a huge battlemented monument, Aukai, the steep, inaccessible stronghold of the old-time Pindari hordes. Hour after hour without a stop, until they reached Vali at the base of the Padli Summit where the home signal was placed against them. Riley, with an impatient snort pulled up, and the safety valve lifted with a crack and deadened all other sounds with its mighty roar.

"Sometimes," he said with his teeth clenched, "I wish I wasn't religious. I'd call that fool of a stationmaster something for stopping us here just when I'd got a swing on. We'll stick on the top now, as sure as a gun!"

"I'll oblige him with some choice barrack-room hanathemas if you like," suggested Dobson.

"That's no satisfaction to me. Here," bellowed out Riley as the guard and stationmaster came up, "why in thunder have you stopped us?"

"I stopped you to warn you about Bheels," said the fat babu in his "pigeon" English, with the air of a disaster-averting hero. "Not content with robbing villages, the audacious scoundrels are commencing to rob trains. Mr. Peabody and old Brown both got trains robbed up there. Tantia is in neighbourhood as well I know, so I thought I would advise."

"How the devil do you expect me to get over now," shouted Riley,

forgetting his sanctity, "when you've crippled my speed at the foot of the bank? Start us at once, you idiot! I know all about the Bheels!"

The babu looked hurt, aggrieved.

"You may resume journey," he said. "But I must tell you I had to telegraph for military this ——" The rest was lost in a confusion of tightening couplings and creaking wheels.

"Now for it!" said Dobson, his face aglow with excitement as he took a nip from his tea bottle. "Here's to Tantia and a little fun!"

He collected a small heap of coal lumps, and placed them on one side.

"Ammunition," he nodded to Riley. "There's nothing like being prepared for all contingencies, as our captain used to say."

Riley gave the engine every pound of steam he could put into the cylinders. The train started slowly, but the ascent being gradual, soon got into a swing. Dobson gave the fire constant attention, and the engine acquitted itself nobly, the steam still hissing from the safety valve.

"We'll get over!" he exultantly shouted. "Keep her goin'!"

Riley did not reply, but he looked troubled and very dubious. Although he was by nature despondent and pessimistic, ten years over that district had given him experience, and shaped his judgment.

Puff! Puff! !—the beats began to get perceptibly slower and more laboured, and the steam, instead of escaping, stood a little below full pressure mark. Riley looked up the track to see that the line was clear, while Dobson, in his spare moments, scanned the embankments.

"Give her more coal!" yelled Riley, "the pointer's walking back, and we're slowing down!"

He had scarcely spoken when the engine slipped. The wheels flew round and the quickened beat of the exhausting steam was merged in a confused roar.

"They've greased the rails," Riley groaned, rushing to the sander. "We haven't got a hope now!"

The wheels gripped again, and the train moved along with greatly diminished speed. Dobson worked with frantic haste, first with shovel, and then with rake and slice. Along the top of the cutting some black figures were already moving swiftly and noiselessly, and still higher up others were collected to spring on the train as it passed.

Riley saw them first. "Look at them, look at the devils!" he hissed, leaning forward from his seat and staring with fixed eyes and startled features into Dobson's tranquil face. "The Bheels!"

The engine slipped again, and the same instant a huge stone crashed through the light cab awning and dropped with a terrific bash and jingle at Dobson's feet.

Riley left the regulator and rushed round the side of the engine.

"My God!" he exclaimed, "we'll be murdered! Heaven have mercy on us! Dobson, for pity's sake keep her going! You're not afraid, are you?"

Dobson never winced. He moved the obstruction from the foot-plate and dropped it over the side. "It's useless for fuel, and too heavy for defence purposes," he grumbled. Catching sight of Riley, he called out: "Come here, and don't be a fool. You're safer standin' at your post than runnin' round the engine like a scalded cat!"

Riley came in rather shame-facedly, but visibly trembling.

"I wouldn't care," he said, "if I thought Tantia was not amongst them, but if he gets his hands on us, we're doomed. Dobson," he continued in a tense whisper, "they tell me you saw Tantia once. What sort of a man was he?"

The train was moving at a crawling pace now, and in the rear dark figures had already clambered on the trucks, and were heaving bags of wheat on the offside of the track.

"I saw him," said Dobson, raising his voice so as to be heard distinctly, not wishing Riley to miss a single word, "I saw him at Gumti,

The two stood glaring at one another.

a village away beyond those hills," pointing to a dark, distant range on the right. "We were told Tantia was hidin' there, and half a company of men was told off to search every hut and likely hidin' place. Me and Black M'Caffrey, the drunkenest, awfullest, fightin' man in the whole regiment were together, rummagin' in a hut, and we found an old, old man wrapt up in a dirty blanket, and crouched in a corner as if he was dyin'. M'Caffrey immediately clutches his hair, and drags him out of the dark and stench into the light of day, shoutin', 'It's that 'ound, Tantia!' And the old man stopped his wailin' when he got outside, and suddenly sprung up from a decrepid wretch with white hair and silvery beard into all the bone and black shinin' muscle of Tantia Bheel! We was both took back. M'Caffrey most of all, for with one savage downward cut with his long knife, Tantia sent him shriekin' to hell with a stomach as clean as a neatly disembowelled antelope. Before I could rush in, Tantia was gone!"

Riley's face was ghastly pale now, and he turned his head away to hide his feelings from his callous mate. He could see the looters busy at their work, and his spirits sunk, leaving him a pitiable object of deadly fear. But he noted with satisfaction that they had almost reached the top of the bank, and another minute would find them safely running down the other side.

"They're still at the job, mate," he said; "but we'll be all right in a few seconds."

Just as he had finished speaking, a volley of musketry rang out close by, and a few bullets struck the engine and brake-van.

"Heavens, they're firing on us now! Shall I stop, Dobson, or keep going?"

"Keep her movin'. Keep her movin'. Ah! Who the devil's this?"

A huge black figure had jumped on the engine steps, and with a bound stood in front of them. Dobson knew him at a glance. The stalwart body, the massive but agile limbs and flexible muscles, the stern, resolute features, as well as the noble look and masterful bearing proclaimed him to be Tantia Bheel!

Dobson stood for a full minute looking at the savage, merciless intruder; too surprised, too staggered to do anything else. In the meantime, the train was rushing down the short incline, every instant adding to its greatly accelerated speed. Riley promptly rushed round to the front of the engine, leaving Dobson and Tantia face to face.

The two stood glaring at each other, until Dobson, determined to die game, sprang for the fire-shovel and savagely struck at the Dacoit chief. For what followed, neither Dobson nor anyone else could have been prepared. Eluding the blow, Tantia flung himself down, and in this grovelling attitude wildly implored for mercy.

"Don't kill me, Sahib!" he appealed; "I surrender to you, and ask you to place me under the Rani's protection. My own people have turned on me, and are seeking my blood. From the Raj I can expect justice and mercy; from my own people naught but ingratitude and death. Spare me! See, I am unarmed and your prisoner. Don't stop the train and let them capture me, I beseech you. The reward is greater, I am told, to him who takes Tantia alive."

Dobson thought of the reward, and his eyes twinkled. The Government offered 30,000 rupees for Tantia alive, and half that amount for his corpse. There was money, fame, a comfortable sinecure perhaps, if he handed Tantia over to the authorities. The robber chief was cowed, that was certain. From his own account, his followers had rebelled against him. He had heard the volley which preceded Tantia's desperate attempt to escape from their murderous hands. The game was evidently up, and Tantia was a

fallen star. Dobson was a man who was a stranger to fear, and he readily accepted the best chance of his life.

Assuming his most terrifying expression, Dobson advanced, shovel in hand, and stood over his prostrate prisoner.

"I'll spare your life," he said in broken vernacular, "if you sit quiet and give no trouble. A single movement will mean death at my hands, or certain destruction under the wheels of the train if you attempt to jump off."

Tantia huddled down near the tender, lowered his head on his arms, and remained immovably statuesque. Dobson kept one eye on his work, and one on his prize. Above the roar of the train he heard Riley from his hiding-place in front of the engine, singing a Psalm in a quavering and raucous voice.

"Thirty thousand rupees at one stroke," Dobson muttered to himself. "I'd have to work and scrape for twenty-five years to get that together. What devilish luck! Bill Dobson, you're goin' to be a gentleman, and every half-caste mamma in Chotapur will parade her daughters for matrimonial inspection. Like enough you'll be dancin' at your own weddin' this time six months for sure. I didn't think a black, skulkin', murderin' reprobate of a nigger could give me all that."

He was in a state of simmering excitement the rest of the journey to Chotapur. It was only an hour's run, but Dobson kept up a pace that would bring the train in twenty minutes sooner. Tantia never moved a muscle the whole of the time, and latterly from his steady breathing, Dobson assumed he was asleep.

Much to his disgust he found the distant signal at Chotapur against him. Should he disregard it and run in? He thought circumstances justified such a course. "I'll be like Nelson," he said to himself, "and not see the bloomin' signal." So he tore on. But he found he had another factor to deal with, and that was Riley. Tantia had terrified him so far, but fear of breaking the rules, and probably courting a collision, exercised a stronger influence over him. He rushed on the foot-plate, pushed Dobson aside, and closed the regulator.

"Can't you see the signal's not down, you fool?" he shouted angrily. "Do you want to be smashed up, or sacked from the service?"

"We'll lose our man, you cowardly skunk, if you stop!" Dobson replied, confronting Riley with a threatening gesture. "Curse the signal! Tantia's more important! Give me a hand to pin 'im, or else open that regulator, or I'll strangle the breath out of your carcase! Leave the train to me, and go round to the front and finish your Psalm. I've had to manage by myself so far. I can trust myself to do the odd mile to the station."

"While I'm on the engine I'm master!" cried Riley, with great dignity and much emphasis. "Get hold of the shovel, and leave the regulator to me!"

The train had now nearly stopped.

"Tantia shan't escape though, by Gawd he shan't; not if I have to hand his corpse in!" yelled Dobson, mad with rage, turning round to grapple with his prisoner.

Then followed so fearful an oath, that Riley in referring to it afterwards, declared that it settled Dobson's eternal destiny irrevocably. Tantia was gone—had completely vanished! And worse than that, to add piquancy to the situation, he had decamped with Dobson's coat, which had been hanging above his head. It contained a silver watch, which Dobson had purchased just a fortnight before, for the sum of seventy-five rupees!

* * * *

A quarter of an hour after Dobson arrived in the shed, the express ran into the station with some interesting passengers.

They were twenty men of the Middlesex, acting as an escort to fifty Bheels for the local gaol, they had been captured that very morning on the top of the Padli bank.

At such an early hour very few people were about, but they all mustered on the platform to hear the story of the capture, and view the prisoners. Dobson, still in his shirt sleeves, was amongst the spectators, but he stood in a discreet background, not wishing to be recognised by his old comrades. A burly private related the incident in brief but picturesque language.

"We 'ad 'em fairly corned this time," he said, flushing with importance and pride. "For six hours we sat jammed in a small culvert on the top of Padli, waitin' for Tantia and his thunderin' Bheels. We'd 'eard from a pris'ner that Tantia would board the train at the top, and murder the driver if he refused to stop. It was past two, and just enough moon to see an object a 'undred yards or so, when we 'eard the train creepin' up. Some of us deployed to the right, and some to the left of the track to get 'em 'twixt a cross fire. We 'ad just settled down in ambush, when who comes sneakin' up with a small band, but that 'og Tantia, never dreamin' we was a'most close enough to grab him! Yer cawn't mistake Tantia even in the dark. He was right in front of us and the trap was complete. As the train was close we decided to wait till it came in front of him, and rush the whole lot. Bust me, when all was ready if some h'ass didn't sneeze and give the show away! Tantia bolted in a second, but we was as quick, and cut off his retreat. There was only the train left in front of him, and Tantia made a dash to cross in front of it, and got clean under the wheels, as I'm a livin' man! We yelled to the driver to stop, but some of the blokes started to fire on his followers, and the driver didn't 'ear us, or thought we was Bheels. Tantia's dead for certain, though. We couldn't find his body near by, but the captain said he was caught up by the machinery, and would drop lower down, so 'e set off with some men to look for the remains. Poor old Tanty! 'E was a brave sorter bloke, and I'm just dyin' to drink to his memory. Anyone got the price of a drink?"

Dobson slunk off just then. He walked home to his comfortless quarters that morning more disgusted and exercised in mind than India's unhappy shores with the New Draft.

Dawn and the Kaka.

OUT of the shadowy gloom
The feathery ratas rise,
Fainter the stars illume
Translucent skies:
Stealing mid flowers and leaves
The young wind creeps,
And the breast of the forest heaves
As it lightly sleeps:
Harsh, from the glimmering deeps
Slowly unfolding,
A sudden babel of cries,
Discordantly scolding:
Night from the valley flies,
Whilst the wakening kakas scream,
Breaking its tranquil dream.

JOHANNES C. ANDERSEN.

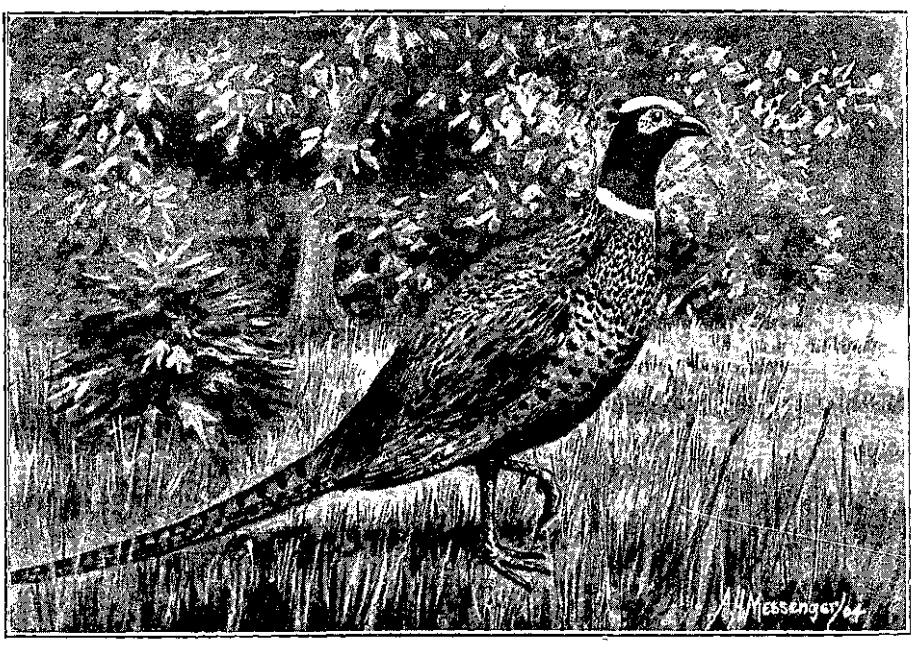
DAYLIGHT already, and I am to have a whole day to myself in the open. A whole day to wander by the river and in the bush—to become for this brief space, as it were, a part of Nature itself.

It would be indeed a sin to miss the sunrise on such a morning, so I turn out of my bed at once. Outside of the bush whare a tui, whose sweet voice was the first sound to greet my wakening ears, is chanting his hymn of praise to the dawn, and the eastern sky is already flushing into warmth and light before the rising sun. Swiftly and subtly the colours grow and fade upon the sky. Rose-pink gives place to scarlet, scarlet merges into orange and gold, and as the golden streamers pale along the edges of the clouds the sun lifts slowly above the distant ranges, his bright rays outlining every blade of grass with glittering diamonds. The whole bush breaks out suddenly into life and song, and a thousand sweet voices are raised in an ecstasy of thanksgiving to the new born day. Tuis, bell-birds, fantails, tomtits, and the alien thrushes and blackbirds are but a few of those whose joyous notes compose Nature's choir upon this glorious morning. On the gate-post of the paddock sits a kingfisher, erect and motionless, the vivid blue of his plumage shewing up like some burnished gem against the bright green of the trees. Every now and then, as if to prove the truth of the old adage about the early bird, he darts swiftly to the ground, only to return to his perch again hastily gulping down a luckless worm. Over the fields larks are singing high up in the blue, starlings are whistling and swooping down in eager, hungry hordes, and linnets and yellowhammers flutter among the thistle clumps in search of a breakfast.

After walking quietly some little distance beyond sight and sound of the whare, I crouch down in ambush among some stunted rangiora bushes at the edge of the forest, and prepare to watch for the wild life that I know will presently appear in search of food. A most fascinating study is this of observing the many different habits of bird-life—a sort of stolen peep into the fairy-land that Nature displays ever before us, but at which so few have time or even inclination to glance in the preoccupation of worldy affairs.

Immediately in front of my ambush is a wide strip of grass all spangled with dewdrops. Every here and there are clumps of thistle bushes, which grow thicker near the

edge of the bush, A very slight breeze coming softly over the fields brings the distant crow of a pheasant to my ears, and then suddenly, as if in answer to the call, the leaves of the bushes before me are thrust aside, and with stately tread a beautiful cock pheasant moves out from the cover and stands before me. It is a rare and novel sight even for my eyes, this of a pheasant—one of the shyest and most cunning of game birds—at home, and delighted beyond measure I crouch breathless behind my shelter, noting with admiration his graceful movements.

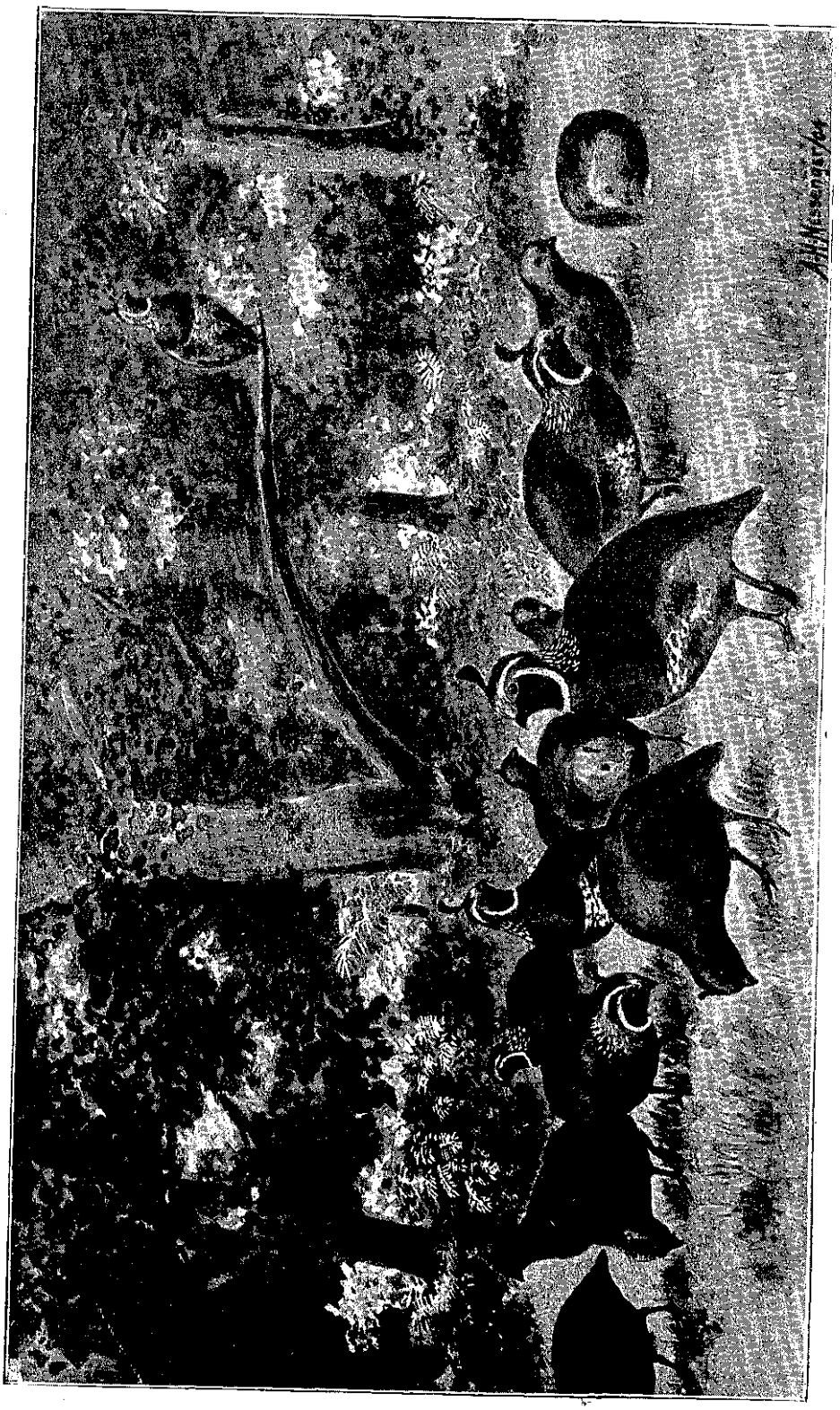


A beautiful Cock Pheasant moves out from Cover.

All unconscious of the near presence of one of his most deadly enemies, he ruffles up his feathers and prepares for a morning sunbath as he pecks about in search of food. I note the cautious way in which he moves, even here near the sanctuary of the bush. Every few steps he pauses with head erect, listening intently before recommencing his search upon the ground. His feathers glow and shimmer in brilliant colour as he moves, and every action is fraught with caution. Again comes the call of his brother, borne from afar on the breeze, and in answer he rises on the tips of his toes, running forward a few yards, flapping his wings, and giving vent to the harsh "Kurk kuk" that makes the true sportsman's nerves tingle.

In slightly shifting my position to watch his movements more fully, a stick snaps sharply under one of my elbows, and the alarm is given. With head held high, he stalks warily away from my ambush, and then giving out a final defiant crow, he spreads his wings and goes buzzing away to some more secluded feeding ground.

Crawling out of my ambush, I follow him, and have not proceeded far ere the lively call of a Californian quail breaks on my ears. To observe this wary bird needs the utmost caution and careful stalking, so down on hands and knees I go and commence a laborious advance, taking care to avail myself of every possible scrap of cover. After about a hundred yards have been negotiated in this fashion, a stealthy peep through an opening in the bushes



A Flock of Californian Quail feeding.

immediately before me, reveals a little slate-coloured, top-knotted bird sitting motionless on the top of a stump. He is the sentinel of a flock of Californian quail, and once his keen eyes or ears get the slightest intimation of my presence, my chance of observing the birds is gone. For the next thirty yards it is a case of worming my way along flat on the ground, and at this stage of the proceedings I have the misfortune to come full upon a mischief-making blackbird, who takes to flight with a tremendous clatter from within a few feet of me. For a moment I cower down breathlessly, feeling that my opportunity is irrevocably lost, but on making a careful observation, I discover to my joy that the sentinel, although evidently aroused, is still sitting motionless on his stump.

A few more yards are covered, and I find myself on a little fern-clad knoll, within twenty yards of the sentry. Cautiously drawing aside the fern fronds that obstruct my view, I find that the stalk has exceeded my most sanguine expectations. On a little open patch of grass-covered ground before me a flock of some fifty or more Californian quail are scattered about busily feeding. It is as pretty a picture of wild life as one could wish to see, the bright, alert movements of these graceful little game birds running hither and thither, their top-knotted heads bobbing diligently, as they peck away at their food. From his vantage point on the stump, the cunning old cock quail, posted as sentry, keeps a careful lookout, every now and again answering the call of another of his species, whose mellow, high-pitched note is borne down on the breeze at intervals from further round the edge of the bush. As I take some rapid sketches of the birds I become aware that they are gradually approaching my shelter. Two old cock birds are leading them, and if they persist in their present course, discovery is certain. At this moment the sentry utters his warning cry, and with a whirr of wings the whole flock vanishes into the bush. Wondering at the cause of alarm, I turn my gaze towards the open paddock, where I discover at once the author of the disturbance in the slinking form of a large grey cat, prowling towards me. He probably belongs to some farm-house, and yet what a difference he presents with his present cautious, stealthy manner, to the sleek, well-to-do appearance he affects at home. Out here in the bush the savage instinct, which so closely underlies his tamer nature, obtains full sway, and for the present, bloodthirsty and merciless, he crawls along like a shadow, in search of prey. The sudden awakening that he gets from his relapse into savagery as I rise from cover is really ludicrous. His slinking form stiffens, the murder dies down in his eyes, and turning about, he dashes off ignominiously for home.

A short distance away from the bush is a long narrow strip of raupo swamp, its treacherous edges lined with wiry grasses and clumps of fern. I approach a corner of it cautiously, making a wide detour, and taking advantage of every scrap of cover en route. Just before I reach the swamp itself, a fine hare dashes swiftly past me, and goes scudding off for the bush. A few yards further on I discover her form among the rushes, still warm from her hasty flight.

From this point I obtain a good view of the swamp which at the first scrutiny appears devoid of bird-life. A more careful examination, however, reveals a light-brown patch of colour, showing up somewhat indistinctly against the grey of the rushes. It is perfectly motionless, and to one unused to the ways of birds would be passed unnoticed. Gazing steadily at it, I discover it to be a cunning old bittern, who, having become aware of my advance, is watching me intently. He presents a curious sight with his neck stretched straight up, and his powerful beak pointing at

the sky, the usual attitude of the bittern when alarmed. Suddenly a hawk, soaring high overhead, catches his eye. His fighting instincts are suddenly aroused. He crouches down from his erect attitude into one of defence, his feathers ruffle ominously, his long beak disappears entirely, his head armed with its sharp beak is set back close to his body, ready to strike. The transition is so complete that it is then suddenly spreading his wings, he launches himself into the air, and flaps heavily away over the rushes, croaking harshly at being disturbed.

At the edge of the swamp I find plenty of birds' footprints in the soft mud, and their size and shape tell me at once what manner of birds made them. The largest of them, a mark exactly like that of a fowl's foot, is the track of a wood-

The slinking form of a large grey Cat.

difficult indeed to believe he is the same bird. Another moment and the danger is past. The hawk has evidently other designs. Noting this the bittern, evidently not forgetting his first cause of alarm, shoots up into his former position of tense alertness. There is no chance of approaching nearer, so I crouch under cover, and watch to see him take flight. For a full ten minutes he remains immovable,

hen. A small imprint with a long score through the mud behind it was made by a skylark, and a medium-sized footprint, going zig-zag in all directions, shows where a striped rail has been fossicking for tit-bits. A few yards further on I come suddenly full upon two of these graceful little birds, busily feeding on the slope near the swamp. Crouching low upon discovering me they ran with incredible speed into

the raupo, and although I hid patiently for a good while near the spot, they did not reappear.

Towards mid-day the birds become quieter and seem to keep more under cover. Occasionally a pheasant crow harshly in the distance, and at one point during my ramble, I disturb a great brown hawk busily engaged at dinner on a half-grown hare. Signs of the grim tragedy that had been enacted were not wanting, the trampled, blood-stained grass, and tufts of fur littered all about gave unmistakable testimony of it.

The usual attitude of the Bittern when alarmed.

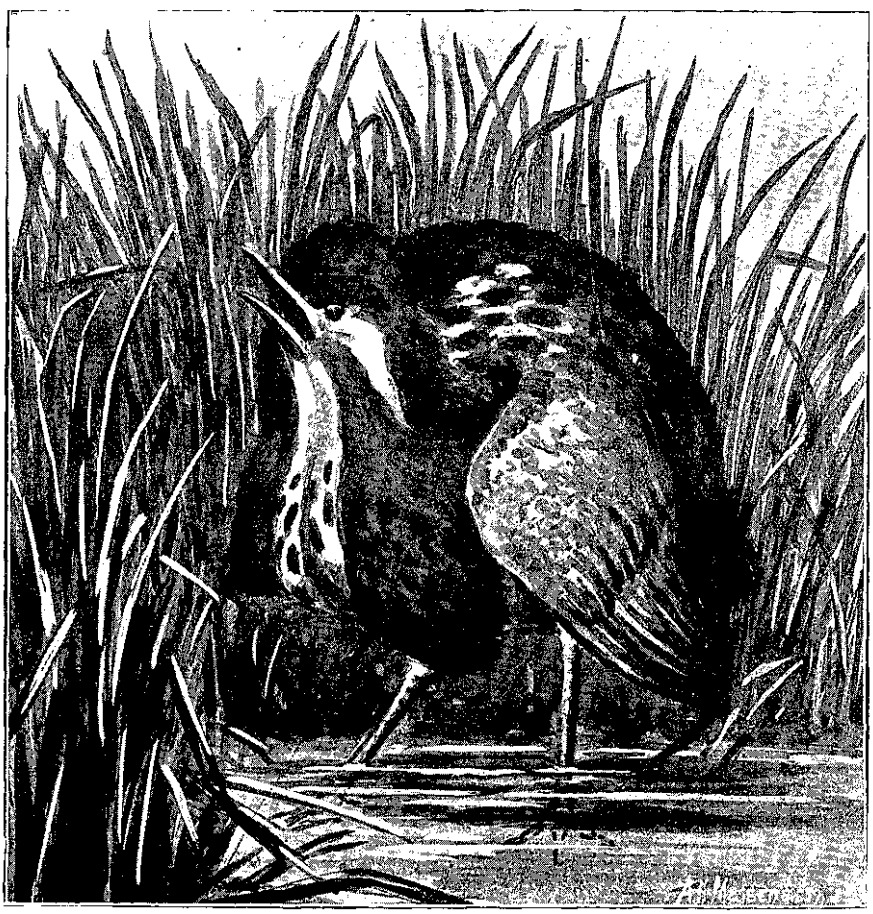
Under the cool shade of the bush, where the sun's rays only penetrated at intervals in brilliant splashes of light on leaves and ferns, things are lively enough. Tuis chant their exquisite melody of notes from the leafy crowns of the larger trees, or fly bustling hither and thither in playful pursuit of one another. Pretty little fantails, fearlessly brave, flit within a foot of my face, and dart in all directions after tiny winged insects.

Not far from the edge of the bush, amid the thick undergrowth of saplings and supplejacks, stands a gnarled and twisted fuschia tree or konini. From its branches come the sounds of combat—loud outcries in lurid tui language, and a wild fluttering of wings. I approach the scene cautiously, and arrive just in time to watch the final stages of the duel. How they fight,

these brothers of the cloth ! Feathers are flying in all directions and both of the combatants are becoming sorely distressed. Suddenly one bird makes a rush, and in an instant his adversary falls headlong from the tree in a whirl of feathers. Hastening to the spot, I discover him lying limply on the ground with his beak wide open, gasping for breath. There is blood on his feathers, and when I pick him up he makes no attempt to escape. Even his enemy in the branches above is incapable of flight, and sits panting heavily. For nearly half an hour I sit under the tree watching the wounded tui slowly recovering, his adversary has already betaken himself to a more lofty perch, from which coign of vantage he taunts his vanquished foe. Then with a wild flutter the wounded bird struggles to his feet, and shaking his feathers ruefully, flies off through the bush.

As the afternoon wears on and the shadows grow longer the lively call of the Californian quail sounds frequently from the fields near the bush. Pheasants crow loudly at different points, and away in the darker depths of the bush a solitary woodhen wails dismally.

Stalking along the edge of the bush I am treated to many charming sights. First of all I successfully stalk a fine hare that all unconscious of my intrusion upon its solitude, hops leisurely about among the thistles, nibbling furtively at the tender shoots. To the

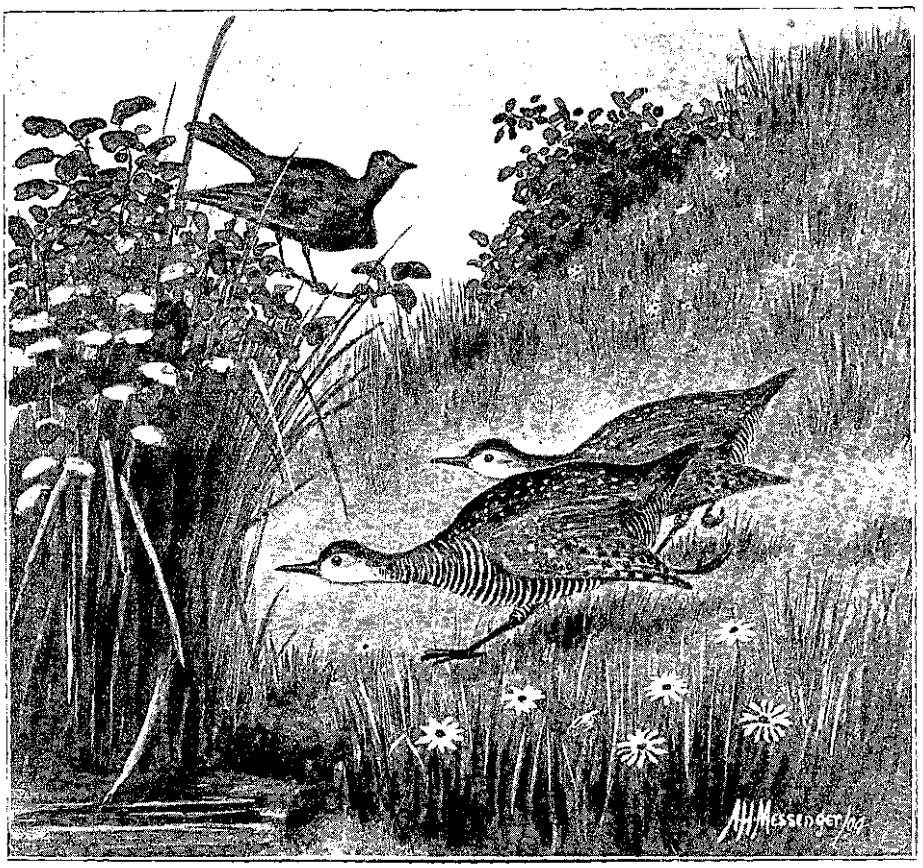


The Bittern showing Fight.

sportsman, proudly examining the hare he has shot, and admiring its beautiful coat of fur, the greatest beauty of the animal is lost. It needs to be seen alive and in its own haunts to fully realise this. The great, soft eye, reflecting the timid gentleness of the creature, the lithe, graceful movements as it hops about, and the long, symmetrical, black-tipped ears raised and lowered nervously at every sound, form a picture from Nature's book that once seen will never be forgotten.

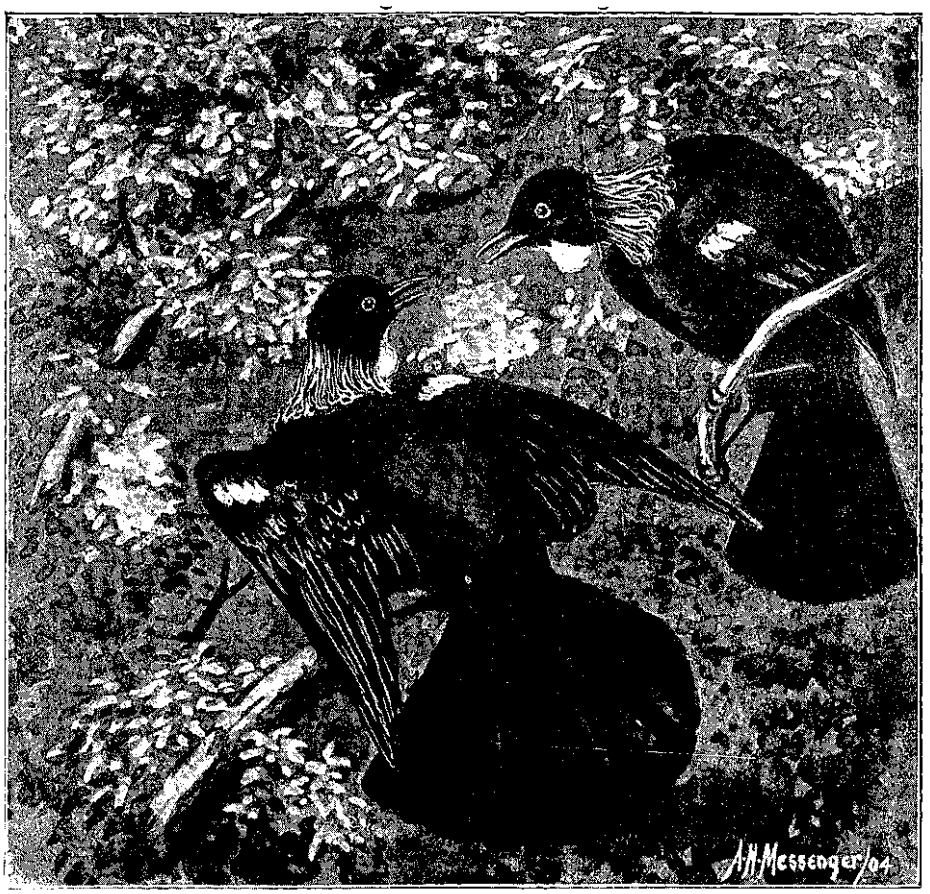
Throughout the day the smaller birds, the linnets, yellow-hammers, white-eyes, and others have been everywhere in evidence. After noting the cunning of most of the larger species, the little ones seem particularly easy to approach. The green linnets, busy among the thistle bushes, and the yellow-hammers fossicking about in the open paddock, seem quite careless of an open stalk. I approach within a few yards of several of them, and have ample opportunity to study their methods of feeding and flight.

The little green white-eyes, or blight birds, are moving from place to place in large flocks, and it is most interesting to watch the way in which they lay storm to any particular tree. They are all feeding together in a small clump of rangiora bushes, the leaves of which seem just alive with their bright, alert, little forms. Suddenly one of their number flies to a higher vantage point on a tree near by, calling shrilly to his companions as he goes. A dozen of his friends answer him, and at the signal the whole flock rises into the air with a perfect chorus of shrill



Striped Rails.

pipings. After a short flight they all settle again in a konini, or wild fuchsia tree. Up and along every branch they hop, peering eagerly underneath the limbs, and in every crack and cranny of the bark. Every leaf appears to be minutely examined in this hungry hunt for blight. Grand little birds, they prove a perfect blessing in the fulfilment of their work! The little His wings are fluttering as he hops, and his rapid movements are little short af bewildering. What a mite he looks high up in the spreading branches that must be like a miniature world to the little adventurer! Presently he is swallowed up in the dense foliage, only to reappear a moment later at the foot of another tree, from whence he dances merrily high up and out of sight again.



A Duel between two Tuis.

bush wrens, the "hop o' my thumbs" of the forest, are the smallest birds, and possibly the most agile of all. These wee chaps are just about the size of the top of one's thumb, and seem never still for an instant.

A little, grey-plumaged wren flies up against a straight, bare tree trunk before me, and hops in a zigzag fashion up into its branches.

The sweet, fragile little voice of the tomtit, who comes next in size to the wren, sounds frequently in the quieter parts of the bush as the day wears on. He is a shy little bird, dressed in grey like the wren, and appears very inquisitive as to my designs in invading his domain. He perches and flits about within a few feet of me, peering first from one side and then the other. Final-

ly, deciding that I am harmless, he flits off in pursuit of a fly, and at intervals I catch snatches of his melody borne down on the breeze through the cool reaches of the bush. The fantail is, perhaps, even tamer than the tomtit, and one dainty little chap, emboldened by my silent attitude, perches for an instant on my hat brim. After this exhibition of friendship he follows me throughout my ramble in the bush, flitting from branch to branch and breaking out into a sweet ecstasy of notes every now and then. Whilst flying, his pretty fan is half-closed, but upon reaching a perch, he spreads it out to its full width. Presently he is led some distance away in pursuit of a gaily dancing fly, and discovering some fresh attraction, forgets to return.

The sun sinks gradually down in the west in a rich, warm glow, and deep, soft shadows are filling the gullies across the paddocks. High up in the sky flocks of starlings are making off for their favourite roosting grounds. Their bodies shine like burnished copper in the dying sunlight, and their shrill cries come faintly down to my ears. Then the Californian quail make off into the thick bramble bushes with much chattering and calling up of stragglers. Here they flutter noisily about, quarrelling with one another as they pick their respective perches for the night. Through the deepening twilight, I note a dim form making silently for the bush; it is my friend the cock pheasant returning from the fields, still cautious with the memory of the past shooting season.

Now in turn the western heavens are painted in the full splendour of the departing day. Colours so beautiful and so transitory that an intense feeling of awe and reverence steals over one as they slowly fade from sight. The day is dying fast, and all Nature seems dropping off to sleep with it. Stars are peeping out of the dusky sky, the soft summer breeze that has gently caressed the fields all day has gone with the daylight, and I stroll leisurely along the narrow, winding track, richer in mind and body, and thoroughly convinced of the fitness of all things.

NOTE.—I have purposely refrained in this sketch from alluding to the nests of the birds I have described. Next month, however, I hope to give my readers the benefit of my observations of my little feathered friends while engaged in building their nests and bringing up their tiny broods.

A Visit to the Greenstone Country.

By CHARLES HEAPHY.

THE following narrative was published in Chapman's New Zealand Magazine in 1862. Its exceeding interest is our apology for reprinting. It will be observed that the curious cave described as having been visited by W. Townson in his Fox River tour was also visited and utilised by Messrs. Brunner and Heaphy.

PART I.

E WAI POENAMU, or the water of the greenstone, is a name written in the old charts against a lake in the Middle Island. Cook calls the whole island "Tovai Poenamu."

The words are corruptions of "Te Wahe," or the place of the poenamu.

To explore this country Messrs Brunner and Heaphy left Nelson on the 18th March, 1846, purposing to follow the western coast on foot. In the previous summer they had been stopped, when on an inland track, by the mountainous and wooded country of the gorges of the Buller river, in latitude 41 degrees 50 minutes.

The course now lay from Massacre Bay, past Rocky Point, and the place marked on the chart as the "5 fingers." On leaving the Aorere river, in Massacre Bay, each traveller carried a weight of 85lbs of provisions and instruments, the former consisting of 40lbs flour, 10lbs sugar, 1lb chocolate, with 8lbs powder and shot, the weight being made up with spare boots, blanket, book sextant and compass, with a few presents for any natives that might be fallen in with.

By the difficult coast track at Rocky Point, and past the old sealing haunt at Toropuhi, only three miles a day could be made with the heavy loads and the rock-climbing. Large fragments of granite, from ten to sixty feet in diameter, composed what represented the beach; and, at low water, amongst these, and between them and the surf, the path lay.

Inland, high granite ranges, forest-covered, blocked up all passage save where some old war path had been cut to avoid a jutting point which the tide beat against, and where it was necessary to ascend some 500 feet and keep the hill side for a mile or more; the descent generally being by the bed of a torrent, or by a supple-jack rope over the cliff.

The great disadvantages of a coast route, when there are no natives, is that all the rivers have to be crossed where they are widest, at their junction with the sea. At the Awaruatu, Karamea, and Mokihi-nui, rafts had to be made. The most buoyant raft is made of korari, or the dry flower stalk of the flax, which is made into bundles ten or twelve feet long, and as thick as a man's body. The bundles are lashed together into a boat-shaped raft about 24 feet long and 4½ feet wide, tapered towards the ends. Paddles have to be cut, and with a weight of 500lbs or 600lbs, a river of half a mile broad may be conveniently crossed. With a greater distance the material becomes satur-

ated and the raft loses its buoyancy.

With the exception of the Wakapoai and Karamea valleys, each comprising perhaps 40,000 acres of good land, without a harbour, the whole country, from Cape Farewell to the delta of the Buller river at Cape Foulweather, consists of alternate granite and limestone mountains, with their sides washed by the sea. At the mouth of the Buller is a triangular flat of about 60,000 acres, composed of the debris of the inland valleys, brought out by the river, which has scarped them into terrace shapes like the shelves or "parallel roads" of Lochaber.

The Buller is a noble river, smooth, and upwards of 400 yards broad. Here a small canoe, minus one end, was found, and the long and tedious construction of a raft obviated. A lump of clay, carefully renovated during the passage, filled up the end, and the river was crossed safely. Beyond the river a large pine forest had been submerged by the lowering of the coast, and a succession of huge trunks stand out on the sands at low water mark.

At Tauranga beach, penguins and wekas, or wood hens, were in abundance. After one moonlight night's hunting, with a small Scotch terrier dog, the game list stood thus:—8 penguins, 23 woodhens, together with 2 bull-trouts and 1 eel.

On crossing the low ridge of Cape Foulweather, the coast for nearly 150 miles becomes visible. The winter had set in—it was the 3rd of May—and the mountains within six miles of us, and far away to Cascade Point, were clothed with snow two-thirds down; and on the ground about us unmelted hail lay during the whole day. Far away to the S.S.W. the glaciers of the Southern Alps of Cook formed the most distant point, all that was not snow-covered being below the water horizon; while out beyond these, looking like a detached iceberg, was the summit of Mount Cook, 13,300 feet high.

The Buller river has at various periods had different outlets on the low triangle of land near Cape Foulweather, and the soil, composed entirely of alluvium and decayed vegetation from the dense forest which everywhere covers it, is of great richness. The entrance of the Buller is, for a bar harbour, tolerably free from breakers, a smoothness which it owes to the projection of the adjacent cape, and cluster of rocks called the Three Steeples, or, by the sealers, the "Black Reef." Small coasting vessels will one day frequent this haven, and a site for a prosperous settlement exists on the level flat of the cape, which may comprise about 70,000 acres.

The "Black Reef" was, about forty years since, a great resort of sealers. In its cluster of islets the sealing boat could nearly always find a "lee" from the heavy westerly swell, and the rocks swarmed with the fur seal. Even on the beach at Tauranga, abreast of the reef, the sealers, suddenly landing at low water, have intercepted a "school" of seals, and knocked them on the snout, or lanced them as they made their way clumsily down towards the sea. From Dusky Bay and Milford Haven up to Toropuhi, or Rocky Point, the sealers, with a hardihood and contempt of danger which even in whaling finds no parallel, visited every rock and reef on a coast that is iron bound alike to canoe and sailing vessel.*

Provisions now became scarce: for ten days the ration of flour had been one tablespoonful each, and that was used as thickening for soup, made from any bird that might be snared. The surf was too high to admit of fishing, and mussels, of which there were in some

* The dangerous character of this coast, and the absence of harbours, deterred Captains Stokes and Drury, of the Nautical Survey, from landing. Captain Drury viewed the coast line between Bold Head and Cape Farewell only from the masthead. In the Admiralty chart of the Middle Island this coast is laid down from Messrs. Brunner and Heaphy's survey. Latterly, however, the Nelson settlers have pushed into this country, and Mr. Julius Haast last year published an interesting account of his examination of the locality.—EDITOR.

places abundance, caused dysentery. The sea-anemone or "toretore" was more wholesome, being rather gelatinous, but, being very salt and gritty, was not palatable. The mamaku (cyathea medullaris) where it could be found, gave a fair vegetable esculent, and we frequently carried large junks of this as provisions for two or three days in advance.

After the triangular flat of Cape Foulweather was passed, and at the spot marked on the old charts as the "Five Fingers," the mountains again came abruptly down to the sea, and the travelling was again slow and difficult. Progress could only be made at dead low water; and in the short winter days of May the journey so pursued was most tedious. Not unfrequently two or three days would be lost in waiting for a flooded river to subside, or for the surf to go down at some jutting cliff that could not be avoided.

At Potikohu, in the conglomerate rock, is a remarkable cavern, having three entrances from opposite sides, and composed of a vault 140 feet long, 30 feet wide, and 25 feet high, with its various branches. In this cavern, on a gibbet, as a security against rats, we left—for our return journey—our reserve stock of 6 lbs. of flour and 2 lbs. of bacon. Our ration of one table spoonful of flour a day had been for thirteen days resigned, and during that period we had lived on snared birds and "mamaku." Our gun, too, was left here, with three charges of powder; for several weeks it had been used with the main spring tied in with pack-thread, it having become unrivetted. The old boots were also left as a reserve, and we walked on awkwardly over the rocks in new water-tights.

At Potikohu we were 220 miles from Nelson, and 152 miles from the natives of Wanganui, the nearest point at which we could obtain provisions on our way back. Of the distance forward to the Greenstone Country we had but a vague idea, supposing it to be about 80 or 100 miles. To take us this distance we had not an ounce of food, unless a small Scotch terrier dog might be regarded as such—it was in as lean condition as ourselves.

Difficult descents were again unavoidable, and a peculiar description of ledge walking on the slopes of the mountain, over the surf, became necessary, but we had grown used to such clambering. Both the eye and the foot become educated to such work with daily and almost hourly practice extended over a period of months.

So uninterrupted is the expanse of forest on this coast that over 120 miles only one small spot presented itself where fern grew, and its root could be obtained for food. From that place on our return we carried fern root for ten or twelve days.

The peculiar geological formation of granite and fossiliferous limestone in juxta-position, still continued, the limestone showing coal at Ngawiakakiri and Irimawi. At neither of these localities, however, is there a harbour or shelter from the westerly swell and its never-ceasing surf.

On the 19th of May, on passing Maukiranui Point, we saw at a distance of 300 yards a small native village, and some women gathering shell fish on the sands. A shout immediately arose, and the inhabitants poured out from their pah in wonder at our appearance.

As we approached them they drew up in single file, with their chief at the nearest end, and without saying a word presented—man, woman, and child—each a nose to be rubbed.

The village—Kararoa—was an outstation of the Greenstone community, and there were in it one man, two boys, seven women, and twelve children. Of these only the old man and woman had ever seen a white man—they remembered the sealers.

No enquiry as to our object in coming was made, and until cooked food had been placed before us scarcely a word was spoken. Every face looked its astonishment, and

each article of our dress and equipment was examined with the minutest scrutiny. Then, after the three or four families had each furnished a mess of potatoes and dried whitebait—more by far than we could consume, famished as we were—then they asked us how we had passed the Taupare Kaka cliff, and descended the ladders at Temiko; what food we had obtained on the way; and how we forded the Karamea; every question being dictated by a feeling of interest rather than of inquisitiveness.

After resting two days at Kararoa, we again started for Taramakau, the chief settlement of the tribe, all the people of the village accompanying us. Near the Mokihinui river we had for many days found pieces of Baltic deal and English oak, copper fastened, until it became evident that some large vessel had been wrecked somewhere in the vicinity; at last, near Mautoria, we found the broken masts and main top of a ship that must have been of about 400 tons burden. On our way, now, the natives told us of the loss of this vessel. She had anchored near Cape Foulweather for water, and the captain had landed with some of the crew, when a heavy westerly gale prevented their return on board, and the short-handed vessel, in endeavouring to beat of the coast, was embayed and wrecked where we had seen her—some twenty-five miles from where the captain was landed. The crew, thus divided, endeavoured by means of a breastwork to defend themselves against the natives, but after a few days had to surrender, when they were all killed and eaten, save two, of whom the captain was one. These evaded the native pursuit, and without provisions and barefooted, walked—chiefly at night—along the rocky coast that we had passed towards Cook's Straits, in the hope of reaching the whaling station at Cloudy Bay, 400 miles distant by the path. The west coast natives followed their footsteps as far as Cape Farewell in hope of capturing them, but were continually eluded. Passing Massacre Bay, the two fugitives actually reached Totara nui beach, round Separation Point, where the local natives surprised and killed them. Could they have told their tale, no narrative of toil, endurance, and courage could have exceeded theirs in melancholy interest.

The natives described bales of wool as having come ashore from the wreck; she was probably a vessel from Van Dieman's Land on her way to England.*

We continued on, and passed the entrance of the Mauhera or Grey river, in lat. 42 degrees 28 minutes. Here there is a fine valley, extending to the north-east, and connected with a splendid district for agriculture, bounded on the south by the Mount Cook range, and on the east by the Southern Alps towards what is now the Canterbury district.

At Taramakau, eighteen miles from Kararoa, we came upon the chief settlement of the Ngaterarua, or Greenstone people, some forty souls in all, and every man, woman, and child indolently engaged in sawing, grinding or polishing greenstone.

* The ship "Rifleman" left Hobarton about 1825, bound to England, and was never afterwards heard of.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WORDSWORTH.

By JOYCE JOCELYN.

"The truly great have all one age, and from one visible space shed influence."

COLERIDGE.

PART I.

IT has been well said by Leslie Stephen "that a great artist can express his power within the limit of a coin or a gem; the great poet will reveal his character in a sonnet or a song."

Students of the finest poetry will be ready to admit this, and also, to assert that within an area of greater, or more continuous effort such perfection cannot be maintained, the work must be unequal. It seems needful to bring this consideration forward when reviewing the work of a poet whose philosophic power was blent with the highest imaginative gift: to remember that as to the natural eye an extended view must embrace the valley with the peak, and the sun, broadening into the light of common day must cease to dazzle the beholder—so in the intellectual realm the simpler fancies and "the dying falls" have their value and exhibit in more rich relief the distinctive beauties of the artist.

It has been laid down by Sir Henry Taylor that "every great poem ought to be unequal." Speaking of the "Excursion," he beautifully says, "As in the finest metal-work of the Etruscan period all is of the purest gold; what is brought out in relief and highly burnished, shows all the brighter by contrast, with those parts which are purposely and artistically left dim, roughly granulated, flat, or frosted.

The life of Wordsworth embraces a remarkable period, one of the richest in the history of British poetry. He was born just eighteen years before the birth of Byron, who died in his thirty-fourth year. Shelley, born in 1792, was drowned while yachting in the Bay of Spezia at the age of thirty. Keats, who saw the light in 1795, ended his still briefer life in his twenty-sixth year, and Burns, who died in 1796, reached the age of thirty-seven, with many others more or less brilliant, who sang their songs and passed while Wordsworth still lived on. Coleridge, born two years later than his friend and brother-poet, left the world in 1834. In mind and sympathy akin, both deeply reverent in their attitude to life and nature, they had that in common which in Wordsworth, more particularly, produced a loftier tone and deeper notes than any struck by his contemporaries.

His powers were not weakened by the self-indulgence which undermined the massive faculty of Coleridge, nor mentally dominated by enjoyment of sensation as in the case of Keats. Rebellion, which proved so tyrannous to Shelley's genius, found no place in Wordsworth's serene conceptions. No quarrel with the universe, no wild and warring element disturbed his cheerful sanctity, the "genial faith" in which he sang

"Of truth, of grandeur, beauty, love and hope
Of melancholy fear, subdued by faith,
Of blessed consolations in distress,
Of moral strength and intellectual power,
Of joy in widest commonalty spread."

In the greatness of his thought, the volume of his work, and still more in the depth and delicacy of his intuitions, he commands the reverence due to one whose genius is

equal in quality, if not in kind, to that of Shakespeare or of Milton.

Ruskin tells us that poets of the first order, are men who feel strongly, think strongly, and see truly, and Wordsworth has a similar thought in one of his essays. "In the higher poetry, an elightened critic chiefly looks for a reflection of the wisdom of the heart, and grandeur of the imagination."

But these were not the ethics of a school which had fostered the conceits of Pope and Dryden, or of a public which had barely tasted the fresher springs of Cowper; and the Lyrical Ballads when they first appeared excited little more than trivial and sarcastic comment—though of the "Evening Walk" and "Descriptive Sketches," Coleridge had already said, "Seldom, if ever, was the emergence of an original poetic genius more evidently announced." It is fortunate that the days are past when the judgment of a Jeffrey could chill the heart or stay the pen with, "This will never do," and it is happy for the world that Wordsworth had that great essential to success, confidence in himself and his immortal gift.

Born in Cumberland, on April 7th, 1770, of good family, his childhood surrounded by simple yet ennobling influences, William Wordsworth early manifested unusual strength of character, and, according to himself, a moody, violent temper. "I remember my mother," he says, "only in some few situations, one of which was her pinning a nosegay to my breast when I was going to say the catechism in the church, as was customary before Easter. An intimate friend of hers told me that she once said to her, that the only one of her five children about whom she felt anxious was her son William, and he, she said, would be remarkable either for good or for evil." . . . "Of my earliest days at school," he says, "they were very happy ones, chiefly because I was left at liberty then, and in the vacations, to read whatever books I liked." From another source we learn that at an early age his father encouraged him to repeat large portions of Shakespeare, Milton and Spenser.

While at Hawkshead he formed the practice of noting down the natural images which impressed him, and in this way he is believed to have added more actually drawn from his own observation, than any other poet since Homer. Subsequently, he was sent by his uncles to St. John's College, Cambridge, where he went through the curriculum of study without earning more than a B.A. degree. Still, he read much, and diligently studied the Italian language and the poets who have most richly influenced our English speech. Here, too, he was greatly affected by a glorious sunrise, of which his impressions have been strikingly recorded.

During his last long vacation, and glowing with revolutionary ardour, he visited the Continent in the company of a fellow-undergraduate, with whom he footed it merrily on four shillings a day.

A letter to his sister describing the Lake of Como beautifully expresses his delight: "My mind ran through a thousand dreams of happiness. . . . My whole soul was turned to Him who produced the terrible majesty before me. I feel a high enjoyment in reflecting that perhaps scarcely a day in my life will pass in which I shall not derive some happiness from these images."

His enthusiasm in what he then felt to be the cause of liberty was the fruit of an ardent mind in the first blossom of its power, and gradually subsided as he realised the falsity of the pretension that, "if existing institutions were swept away, peace and prosperity would emerge from the ruins." "I recoil," he said, "from the very idea of a revolution. I am a determined enemy of every species of violence. . . . the strong advocate of a

strong Government, which should only suffer institutions matured in a long course of ages to be altered slowly and gradually according to the dictates of experience."

As a patriot, Wordsworth's voice rang true as Milton's. He had to quote the late Rev. F. Robertson, of Brighton, "that intense and deep love for England in which aristocrat and democrat are blended in the formation of one high-minded man," and in reference to the sonnet beginning :

"Vanguard of Liberty, ye men of Kent."

"It does the heart good to read these firm, and pure, and true, and manly words issuing from the lips of . . . a man whose every word, and every thought, and every act were the words, and thoughts, and acts of a true-spirited, high-minded Englishman."

"No parleying now. In Britain is one breath ;
We all are with you now from shore to shore :—
Ye men of Kent! 'tis victory or death."

In Wordsworth's days time was not ripe for sounding the Imperial note, but "The Happy Warrior," the fine "Ode to Duty," and the famous sonnets to Liberty and Independence are trumpet calls to action, the utterances of a heart that beat for race and country. Serene and stormless though his lyre may be, it rang with no uncertain sound, regarding men and measures in his time, and his forecasts on many subjects have amply proved his wisdom during the past half-century. He knew "how genuine glory was put on," and the proudest retrospect and prophecy combine in many of his sonnets.

. . . . "In our halls is hung
Armoury of the invincible knights of old.
We must be free or die." . . .

Four months in London, and a pleasant visit to Plat-yu-llan, the home of a Welsh friend, including various excursions in its neighbourhood, were followed by a second visit to France. Shocked, yet fascinated, he remained till summoned home by anxious friends. The next three years were full of uncertainty, and but for the friendship of Raisley Calvert, whose generous bequest left him free to follow his poetic instinct, Wordsworth would have lacked the opportunity of complete development. His circumstances were further improved by the settlement of claims long overdue, and now at last his day-dream of keeping house with his much-loved sister was realised.

Of Dorothy Wordsworth herself, and her influence upon his mind, something must be said ; she it was "who gave him eyes and gave him ears, and humble cares and delicate fears, and love, and hope, and joy." Coleridge, in writing to Cottle, the Bristol bookseller, to whom both he and his friend were much indebted, thus describes Miss Wordsworth :

"Wordsworth and his exquisite sister are with me. She is a woman indeed, in mind, I mean, and in heart ; for her person is such that if you expected to see a pretty woman, you would think her ordinary; if you expected to see an ordinary woman, you would think her pretty, but her manners are simple, ardent and impressive. In every motion her innocent soul outbeams so brightly. . . . Her information various, her eye watchful in minutest observation of Nature, and her taste a perfect electrometer." It is not surprising, therefore, that her brother, recognising something austere and wayward in his own stronger nature, should gratefully acknowledge his indebtedness.

"Thou didst soften down
This over-sternness; but for thee, dear Friend!
My soul, too reckless of mild grace, had stood
In her original self too confident,
Retained too long a countenance severe;
A rock with torrents roaring, with the clouds
Familiar, and a favourite of the stars;

But thou didst plant its crevices with flowers,
Hang it with shrubs that twinkle in the breeze,
And teach the little birds to build their nests,
And warble in its chambers." . . .

Racedown Lodge, in Dorsetshire, where Wordsworth and his sister now made their home, was well suited to their circumstances. "Plain living" was necessary, and "high thinking" found its opportunity. "The Old Cumberland Beggar," and "Lines left upon a seat in a Yew-tree," were among the products of this time, and are both remarkable, apart from the fact that one so young and so lately cured of mistaken views regarding man and liberty should have produced them.

"Know that pride,
Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,
Is littleness; that he who feels contempt
For any living thing hath faculties
Which he has never used; that thought with him
Is in its infancy." . . . .

About this time, or a little later, Coleridge came to visit Wordsworth, and this meeting was the prelude to a long and happy intimacy. Realising that frequent intercourse would be helpful to both, Wordsworth, in 1797, removed to Alfoxden, within three miles of Nether Stowey, where Coleridge and his wife resided. The large house standing on a slope of the Quantock Hills, overlooking the Bristol Channel—only a quarter of a mile away—was set in lawns and sunny flower-gardens. A shadowy wood not far off, and a fine view of the Welsh hills in the distance, furnished such a home as Wordsworth loved, and here surrounded by a choice society they settled for a time. At this point, the mutual impressions of Wordsworth and his friend are worth recording. Coleridge, in a letter to Cottle, says, "I speak with heartfelt sincerity and unstinted judgment when I tell you that I felt like a little man by his side"; and Coleridge in turn is thus described by Wordsworth: "He is the most wonderful man I have ever known, wonderful for the originality of his mind. . . . He and my sister are the two beings to whom my intellect are most indebted." In this connection a fragment from a lovely poem of much later date by Coleridge is brought to mind.

"Love is flower-like,
Friendship is a sheltering tree." . . .

A portrait of Wordsworth taken about this time is suggestive of a deeply thoughtful, strong and tender nature. He is said by De Quincey to have borne a marked resemblance to Milton; but as Milton was supposed to be the possessor of ideal beauty, the statement passes for what it may be worth. More likely to be correct is the beautiful pen picture, sketched by Dorothy Wordsworth in the artless and ingenuous fashion which makes the letters she has left so charming. It describes her brother at the age of twenty-two, and her longing to share his home. "If," she says, "we could erect a little cottage and call it our own, we should be the happiest of human beings. . . . Our parlour is in a moment furnished, our garden is adorned by magic; the roses and honeysuckle spring at our command; the wood behind the house lifts its head and furnishes us with a winter's shelter and a summer's noonday shade. . . . I am willing to allow that half the virtues with which I fancy him endowed are the creation of my love; but surely I may be excused! . . . You must be with him more than once before he will be perfectly easy in conversation. . . . His person is not in his favour—at least I should think not—but I soon ceased to discover this. . . . He is, however, certainly rather plain; though otherwise has an exceedingly thoughtful countenance, but when he speaks it is often lighted up by a smile which I think very pleasing.

But enough ; he is my brother." A lovely picture drawn by a lovely girl more than a hundred years ago, but instinct still with life and grace.

During this period, Coleridge and Wordsworth conjointly produced the little volume of "Lyrical Ballads," containing, among others, "Lines written in Early Spring," and the beautiful "Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey." It was greeted by rude and offhand criticism. Jeffreys pronounced it "an intolerable innovation"; the finest passages were "rant and stuff"; the beautiful "Christabel" of Coleridge was "utterly destitute of value." Wordsworth doubtless erred in giving some of his early puerilities a place among so many gems, but these sweeping verdicts are only now remembered to point the futility of ill-considered criticism, and are well-styled "worse than worthless."

Four of these poems, including "Tintern Abbey," were singled out for special praise by Brinsley, who says, "It is not too much to say that since Milton's voice had ceased, such noble strains had not been uttered in English speech

"In which the affections gently lead us on,
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony . . . . .
We see into the life of things."

A visit to Germany with the object of acquiring the language, took place in 1798, and here with his sister in the old Imperial town of Goelar, he remained until the spring of the following year. Before leaving he wrote the opening of the "Prelude." The smaller poems written while abroad, included the "Lucy" series, which are marked by an extraordinary union of simplicity and pathos. No one seems to know who Lucy was—this wraithlike creature, who, lovely and impersonal, for ever lovely and impersonal remains.

"The stars of midnight shall be near
To her, and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place,
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face."

"She lived unknown, and few could tell
When Lucy ceased to be,
But she is in her grave, and oh!
The difference to me!"

Friendship betwixt youth and age is illustrated with a living touch in the "Fountain," and the poem was greatly admired by Coleridge, who had especial praise for six beautiful quatrains, of which we give four :

"Thus fares it still in our decay,
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away
Than what it leaves behind.

"The blackbird in the summer trees,
The lark upon the hill,
Let loose their carols when they please,
Are quiet when they will.

"With nature never do they wage
A foolish strife; they see
A happy youth, and their old age
Is beautiful and free.

"But we are pressed by heavy care,
And often glad no more,
We wear a face of joy, because
We have been glad of yore."

On their return to England, Wordsworth and his sister took up their abode at Grasmere, where the early books of "The Prelude" were completed. This autobiographical poem has been called "a real anthem of a noble and beautiful life," and is generally considered unique in literature. Though finished at an early period, it was not published till after the poet's death. As a record of personal experience, Wordsworth might have felt that it was more likely to be understood by a future generation. From one of his judicious essays upon poetry we extract the following : "If there be one conclusion more forcibly pressed upon us than another by the review which has been given of the fortune and fate of Poetical Works, it is this, that every author

as far as he is great and at the same time original, has had the task of creating the taste by which he is to be enjoyed. . . . For what is peculiarly his own, he will be called upon to clear, and often to shape his own road; he will be in the condition of Hannibal among the Alps." A few passages are taken at haphazard:

"Dust as we are, the immortal spirit grows
Like harmony in music; there is a dark,
Inscrutable workmanship that reconciles
Discordant elements."

"If the mariner
When at reluctant distance he hath passed
Some tempting island, could but know the ills
That must have fallen upon him had he brought
His bark to land upon the wished-for shore,
Good cause would oft be his to thank the surf
Whose white belt scared him thence, or wind that blew
Inexorably adverse."

"Blind authority beating with his staff
The child that might have led him"

The picture of his mother, her gentle wisdom and her freedom from the fretful anxiety which is so hindering to due development, is beautifully pourtrayed.

"Such was she—not from faculties more strong
Than others have—but from the times, perhaps,
And spot in which she lived, and through a grace
Of modest meekness, simple-mindedness,
A heart that found benignity and hope,
Being itself benign."

His description of the forced production, in contrast with the natural, unconscious child is truth itself—he would have

"A race of real children; not too wise,
Too learned, or too good."

"Simplicity in habit, truth in speech,
Be there the daily strengthener of their minds;
May books and Nature be their early joy,
And knowledge rightly honoured with that name—
Knowledge not purchased with the loss of power."

. . . . . "There is
One great society alone on earth,
The noble Living and the noble Dead."

From the repose and sober retrospect of "The Prelude" we pass, for the sake of contrast, to the famous Ode on the "Intimations of Immortality," the first four stanzas of which had been written in 1802, the remainder being added some years later. That Wordsworth himself did not regard the spiritual experience therein recorded as uncommon is evident from his own remarks: "To that dream-like vividness and splendour which invests objects of sight in childhood, every one, I believe, if he would look back, could bear testimony, and I need not dwell upon it here, but having in the poem regarded it as presumptive evidence of a prior state of existence, I think it right to protest against a conclusion that has given pain to some good and pious persons, that I meant to inculcate such a belief. It is far too shadowy a notion to be commended to faith. . . . ."

Where all is superlatively lovely it is hard to choose for illustration.

"The Rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the Rose;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from the earth."

. . . . . .

"I again am strong:
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;
No more shall grief of mine the reason wrong:
I hear the echoes from the mountains throng,
The winds come to me from the fields of song.

. . . . . .

"The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat:
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?"

The answer to this question is contained in the next verse—too long for insertion, too perfect to be mutilated. Passing on to the next, we are thus reminded :

" The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her Foster-child her Inmate Man
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came."

Verses that must be omitted lead finely up to joyous praise : the thought of past years breeds " perpetual benediction."

" . . . those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing ;
Uphold us—cherish—and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence. . . .

" Hence in a season of calm weather,
Thou inland far we be,
Our Souls have right to that immortal sea
Which brought us hither ;
Can in a moment travel thither,—
And see the Children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling ever more."

. . . . .

From the " Happy Warrior," Sir Henry Havelock's especial favourite, we have only space for a couple of quotations :

" Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means ; and then will stand
On honourable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire ;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim."

. . . . . .

" . . . who if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven hath joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a lover ; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired."

. . . . . .

It was to Town End Cottage, Grasmere, in October 1802, that Wordsworth brought his cousin, Mary Hutchinson, as bride ; the woman who for so long had been the ideal of his dreams, and who for nearly fifty devoted years was to be the joy and solace of his life. Three years after marriage she still inspired his fancy as " a phantom of delight," " a lovely apparition," and the exquisite poem addressed to her contains perhaps as lovely tribute as was ever paid to woman :

" I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too !

. . . . . .

A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet ;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food ;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill ;
A perfect woman nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command ;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light."

The lines to follow form the first and last portions of two sonnets, one addressed to " A Painter " of Mrs. Wordsworth's portrait in old age, and the other upon the picture and its suggestions :

" All praise the Likeness by thy skill portrayed ;
But 'tis a fruitless task to paint for me,
Who, yielding not to changes Time has made,
By the habitual light of memory see
Eyes undimmed, see bloom that cannot fade,
And smiles that from their birthplace ne'er shall flee
Into the land where ghosts and phantoms be.

" Morn into noon did pass, noon into eve,
And the old day was welcome as the young,
As welcome and as beautiful—in sooth
More beautiful, as being a thing more holy :
Thanks to thy virtues, to the eternal youth
Of all thy goodness, never melancholy ;
To thy large and humble mind, that cast
Into one vision, future, present, past."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PADEREWSKI IN NEW ZEALAND.

By HORACE STEBBING.

BUT for the irresistible charm which these fair islands possess for men and women of high intellectuality and poetic imagination, a large majority of the people comprising this Colony could have but a vague hope of ever being brought under the spell of genius.

Our scenic attractions and natural wonders are such that they become indelibly impressed upon the memory of visitors, and of these there have been, particularly within recent years, not a few who are justly celebrated in the realms of Art and Science. Setting aside to a large extent monetary considerations, some have been induced to visit us in order that they might have personal knowledge of the many beauties of Nature which are to be met with in these highly-favoured lands, and in this respect they have not been disappointed.

It was greatly owing to this fact and the indefatigable efforts of Mr. John Lemmone that we have been privileged to hear one of the greatest living musicians in the person of J. I. Paderewski, the famous Polish pianist.

Mr. Paderewski gave his first recital in New Zealand at His Majesty's Theatre, Auckland, on Wednesday, 31st August, 1904. His reception was magnificent. The vast audience greeted the virtuoso's appearance on the stage with a veritable salvo of applause, which did not diminish to any marked degree until the great artist took his seat at the fine Erard Concert Grand Piano, which he had specially brought with him from the Old Land.

Then a sudden silence prevailed.

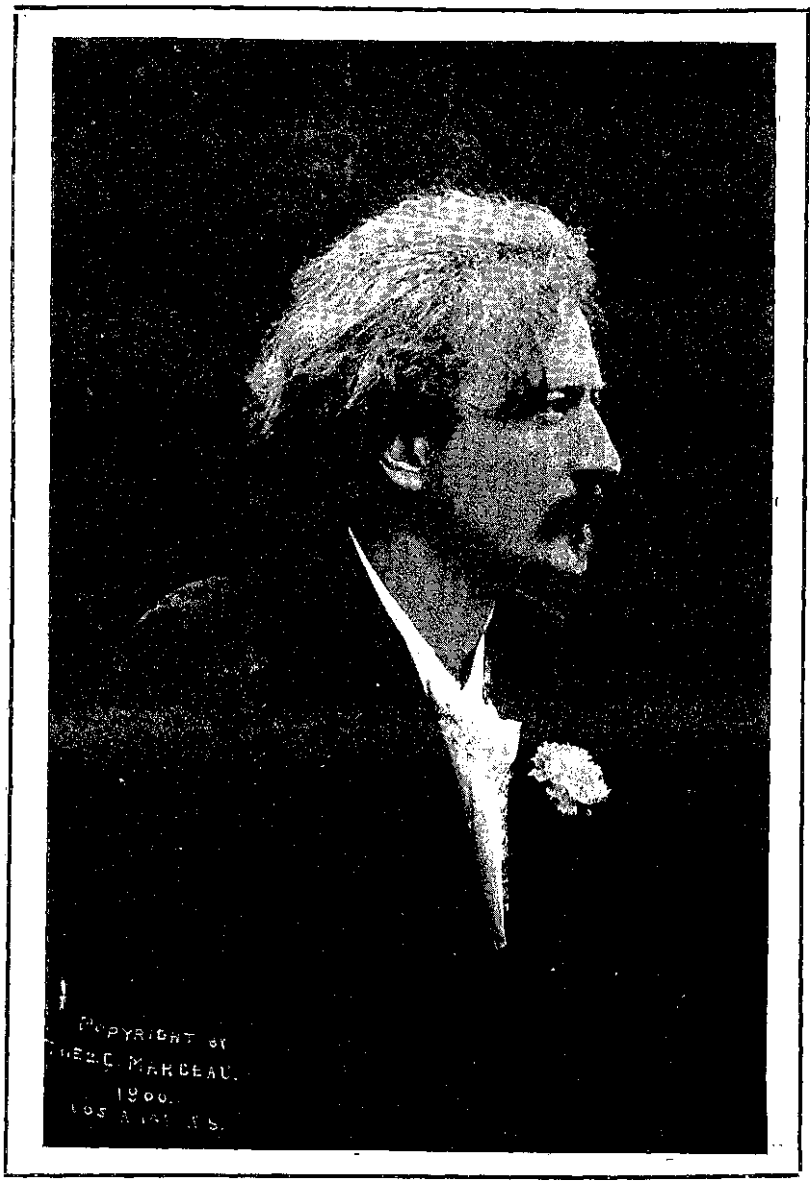
Even the subdued light revealed in Paderewski's features a man of a supremely artistic temperament. His benign countenance was, however, not free from traces of care and sorrow. They told of other days when the world was not at his feet, when the fire of affliction and the pangs of bereavement darkened his horizon.

A man of indomitable perseverance and determination, he has become the great man that he is to-day, not by travelling the easy road of luxury and wealth, but through continuous application and concentration in the direction of cultivating those divine attributes which present a man to his fellows as one of the noblest of God's creations.

The effect of his remarkable genius was to hold, as it were, the large audience in the palm of his hand. Under his guidance he led them through delightful channels to realms of fanciful imagination.

The intricacies and difficulties contained in many of the great classical compositions entirely vanished under his magic touch. Even those with some musical taste, who have hitherto found pleasure in listening only to what is often termed popular music, were so completely charmed that their enthusiasm knew no bounds, particularly when they heard the masterly and superb interpretation of the various numbers chosen from the sublime works of such giants in music as Bach, Beethoven, Schubert and Chopin.

The fact is, Paderewski's intense

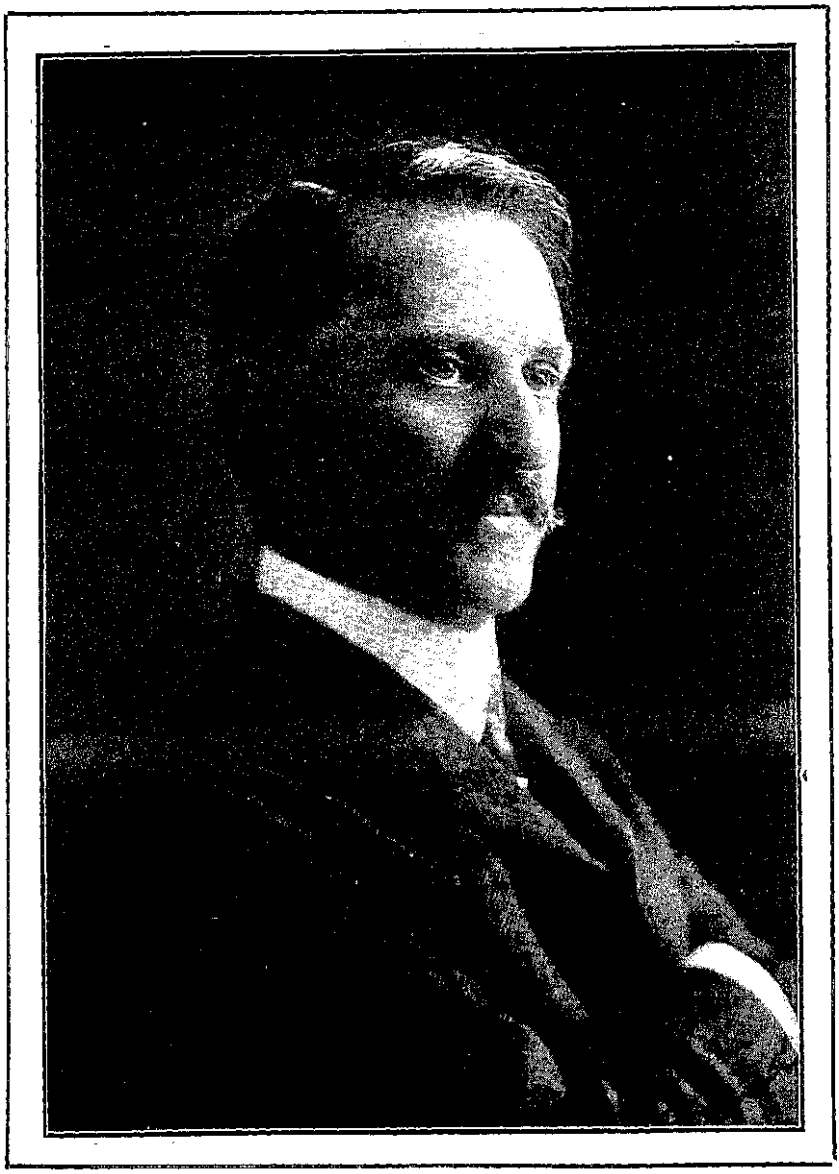


Paderewski.

love for his art, combined with his marvellous genius, enables him to reveal to his audience the acme of beauty in musical composition.

At times his playing resembles the sparkling raindrops of a summer shower, again, the gentle murmuring of a stream, or the awful grandeur of a storm. Every phase of human feeling is expressed with the utmost fidelity. Devotion, love, tenderness, compassion, joy, sorrow and kindred qualities are all reflected in his beautiful treatment of the music he plays. So subtle is his power over the instrument, that the piano takes unto itself an entirely new character, and all thought of mechanism for the time being disappears.

In spite of the length of the programme, and the tremendous tax on the mental and physical powers of the great artist, the audience were not satisfied until four further numbers were supplemented.



Mr. John Lemmone.

For the playing of his own delightful Minuet, which is already well known to concert goers, Paderewski received little short of an ovation, and was obliged to repeat it in response to an imperative encore.

His glorious rendering of Schubert's "Erl King" was a veritable triumph. Words fail to describe the effect on the audience of so magnificent a performance, and Paderewski in this number proved his right to the title of King of Pianists.

The famous musician is of Polish birth, being a native of Kurylowka, in the Province of Podolia.

Strangely enough, his father, who was a landowner, possessed little or no musical taste, but his mother was greatly devoted to the art. At the age of twelve he entered the Conservatoire of Warsaw, where he studied harmony and counterpoint under Roguski, and in this city he also received lessons on the piano.

Four years later a tour of Russia was undertaken, after which he re-

turned to the Conservatoire and received his diploma as a Professor of Music.

Whilst in Warsaw, Paderewski spent much of his time after his day's work in the study of languages, and soon became an accomplished linguist.

At the age of nineteen he married, but his first great sorrow occurred a year later when his young and deeply devoted wife died, leaving to his tender care a delicate son who passed away at the age of twenty.

From Warsaw Paderewski went to Berlin, and afterwards to Strasburg, where he became a Professor of the Conservatoire.

In 1886, with a view to becoming a virtuoso, he studied under the celebrated teacher of the piano, Leschetizky, who immediately recognised in his pupil the marvellous genius that the world now knows, and the following year witnessed his triumphant debut in Vienna. Since that time Paderewski's career has been a series of magnificent successes, and his name carries with it celebrity in every civilized part of the globe.

Mr. John Lemmone, whose portrait we have also been kindly permitted to reproduce, is well and most favourably known in New Zealand. Many regretted that Mr. Lemmone, who stands in the very first rank of famous flautists, was not heard in connection with the Recitals, but as Mr. Lemmone explained to a Melbourne interviewer, Paderewski is so great that he is able to give the whole programme himself. Nevertheless, to Mr. Lemmone, who is Mr. Paderewski's representative, New Zealanders are deeply grateful for his strenuous efforts in obtaining for them the present opportunity of hearing the celebrated pianist, and to Mr. Paderewski we are profoundly sensible of our indebtedness for the great honour he has done us in visiting these lands so far removed from the large musical centres.

Let us hope that both Mr. and Mrs. Paderewski's short stay may prove so pleasant that they may be induced to visit us again in the future.

Noon and the Parakeet.

(KAKARIKI.)

THE heat of the noon-day sun
  Is aflame in the trees,
Whose flowers bear every one
  A wealth for the bees:
Echoed from valley and hill
  Comes chattering shrill,
From deep-green birds, red-breasted
  Or flame-invested,
Tearing, for honey, and flinging away
  Blossoms as gorgeous as they.
Quiet all else in the noon-day heat,
  All, save the gaudy fleet
Of the screaming, gleaming, green parakeet.

JOHANNES C. ANDERSEN.

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.

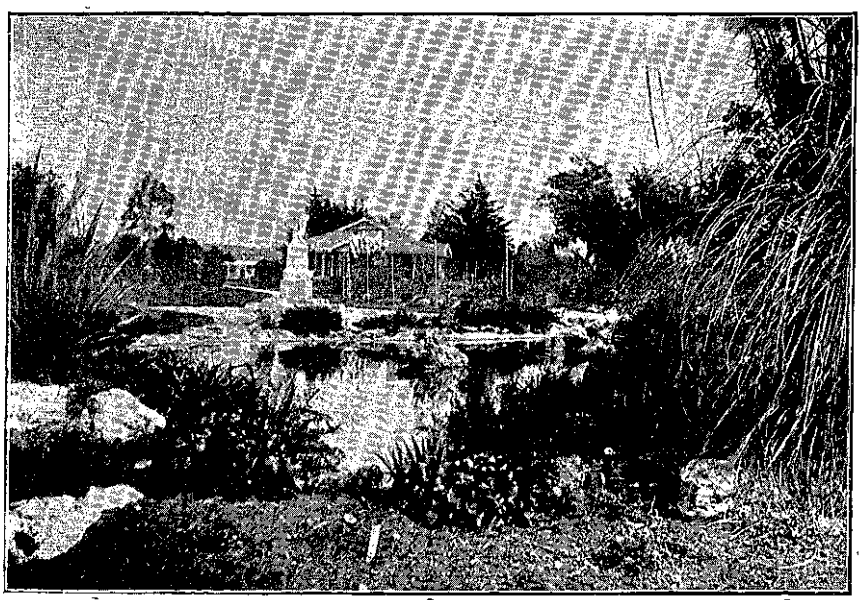
MAORILAND ETIQUETTE.

HAVE we an etiquette in this new country? Or have we not? And in the latter case, is it true that we are rather proud than not of our ignorance, and resent any interference with our independence? I remember reading a few years ago of the alteration in the code of etiquette adopted by the better class in England, and what struck me most as disagreeing with our ideas here was that relating to the use of monograms and crests. Now, I want to know—not to condemn, so will be just as thankful as any of my readers to find out what is the really correct thing. I have always understood that the lady of the house was decidedly not supposed to have the crest of her husband's family upon her stationery. Yet what does New Zealand society say? Whether it says aught or not, it certainly acts differently from this rule. In

Hoyte, photo. Gumdiggers' Cat-jumping Competition.

the article I refer to, written by an aristocrat for a "high-tone" Ladies' Journal, the distinct teaching was that since so many nouveaux riches had come into existence among the English, the custom was dying among the older families of having even their table silver crested. As for stationery, it was a mark of extreme ignorance for the lady to have her husband's crest at the top of her notepaper and on the flap of her envelope. All she was entitled to was her own monogram. Now, Maoriland, what have you to say to that?

Yet, only this minute, I receive a letter from a lady who would certainly consider herself entitled to be styled one of our aristocrats, and her stationery carries a crest. And she is by no means alone. I know a man whose family is one of the oldest among English. His bride wanted that crest. Said she did not care whether it was right or not. Other New Zealanders had crests. New Zealanders were a law unto themselves. Most of them bought or adopted the device. She, as the wife of a man whose family could really show a coat of arms, was truly entitled to it. Well, she was young, she was pretty, she was charming, and she got her way in most things. But her husband, in most things radical, absolutely forbade what he called pretentiousness. And upon my word, I am inclined to think he was right. Now and again, it seems to me that New Zealanders need a stir up from those who really know things. Anyway, I should like an opinion or two upon the crest question in this colony.



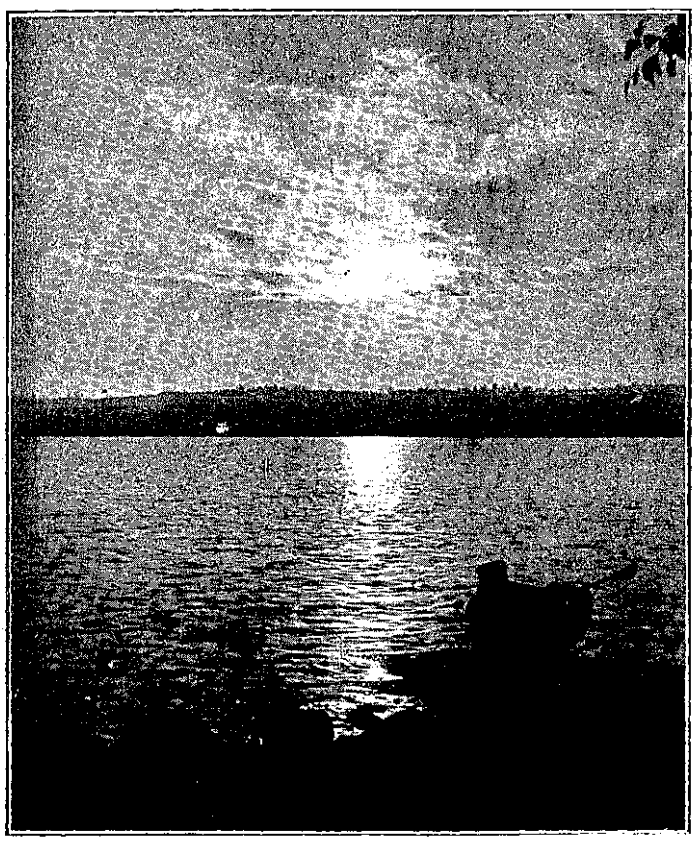
Oliver Scott, photo. Recreation Grounds, Rotorua.

GIFTS TO THE FAIR.

The Government of France have done a pretty thing in presenting to Miss Alice Roosevelt a unique watch. The latter was one of their exhibits at the famous Exposition of St. Louis. It is a tiny watch, made in the form of a lantern, set with diamonds, and with a dial not as large as a sixpence. The whole thing is no larger than the end of a man's forefinger. It is a tiny bull's-eye lantern, with a tiny golden thread for handle, the top a cluster of diamonds, and where the lantern handle is attached at each side is a

tiny diamond. At the back of the bull's-eye, a plain gold slide hides the works. No less than ten beautifully designed time-pieces were shown by the French Commissioner to Miss Roosevelt, who thought it was only courtesy. Imagine her surprise, upon indicating the bull's-eye as the most worthy of enthusiastic admiration, to have it presented her as a souvenir!

moiselle Madeleine Coche, who has spent years exploring the unknown parts of New Zealand, is, so says the Paris "Figaro," to read a paper on her travels before the French Geographical Society. I always think it a pity that this is the kind of thing which we leave for tourists and other-landers to do for us. So few of our own girls take any intelligent interest in our



N. C. Crawford Photo.

Long Island, Ontario, Canada.

Among other dainty things was a watch designed to form the setting of a ring, and another which, when placed upon a sixpence, left still much room round its edge. And this masterpiece of tininess strikes the hours!

natural history! Perhaps some of them even think we have none! But we have, and a very curious, and indeed in many respects unique one it is.

A FRENCH TOURIST.

Even in these days, we sometimes harbour angels in disguise. Made-

A CONTRIBUTOR'S WORK.

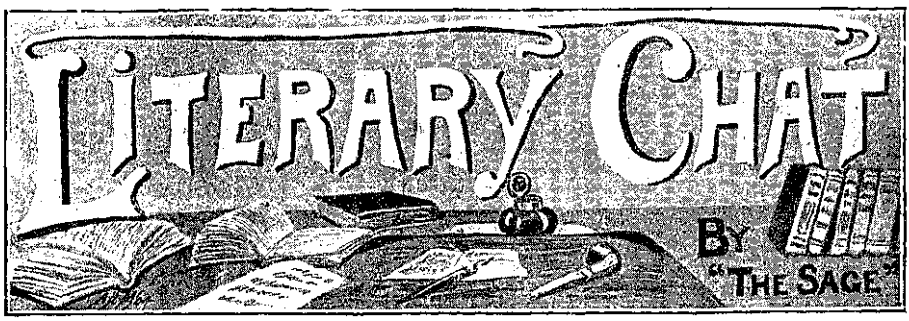
To this column, Laura Stubbs once contributed a capital article. Bowerites will therefore take a new

Hoyte Photo.

Puketotara Fall, Bay of Islands.

interest in her latest work, "Stevenson's Shrine." The writing of the book was to Laura Stubbs a real labour of love. It was while on her tour to the South Seas, made especially for the sake of getting into touch with Robert Louis Stevenson's surroundings that New Zealand had the pleasure of Laura Stubbs's visit. The book is voted as "charming." Here is the opening sentence to explain its purport:

"I, a lover of the man, personally unknown to me, save through the potency of his pen, journeyed across the world to visit his shrine, and to get into direct touch with his surroundings."



THE LIFE OF A MODERN BOOK.

In contemplating the enormous output of books at the present time, one may well ask what becomes of them all? Here are the views of an authority on the subject:

"There was the theological novel, which began its course with 'Robert Elsmere,' a powerful piece of work despite reminiscences of 'Middlemarch'; then followed 'John Ward, Preacher,' 'The Damnation of Theron Ware,' 'The Gadfly.' They are gone—their titles but memories, and very tenuous memories some. The frenzy for historical fiction followed, and brought us 'When Knighthood was in Flower,' 'To Have and to Hold,' 'Alice of Old Vincennes.' These, too, are gone; rarely called for in bookstores or libraries; the reproach of ignorance has been lifted from the unfortunates that had not read them. . . .

"'David Harum,' which started the rural fiction fever, and incidentally led publishers to realise that a popular novel while it lasts is as good as an oil-gusher, shows how long a book of real merit may hope to live. One book-store which sold four hundred copies a month when 'David Harum' was the rage is now selling ten copies a month.

"Taking 'David Harum' as a striking case of literary longevity, it may be deduced that the average novel, if it has real merit and tickles the public palate, if interest in it is revived by dramatisation and the sale stimulated by cheap editions, may live six years or more. Most of the big sellers do not live that long. 'The average successful novel,' says one large bookseller, 'lives about a year. Some do not last six months; and many do not last three months.' It must be taken into consideration that a book lives longer in a book-shop than in a library, for if it does not sell well it is even more likely to be in stock and tempting the purchaser's eye, whereas in a library the would-be reader must ask for it. This makes the statement of one librarian especially significant, who says that 'the average novel lasts about six weeks, then the people do not ask for it any more.'"

Even what are termed successful books do not last long now, they are crushed out by the overwhelming numbers of new books placed on the market.

Inscriptions by well-known authors on fly-leaves of presentation copies are always interesting. Here are two which are essentially so.

The first is by Sir Walter Scott, taken from his "Poetical Works" of twelve volumes, with portrait after Raeburn. It is a signed autograph inscription, and runs thus:

"To Robert Shortreed, Esq., the

friend of the author from youth to age, and his guide and companion upon many an expedition among the border hills in quest of the materials of legendary lore which have at length filled so many volumes; this collection of the result of their former rambles is presented by his sincere friend, Walter Scott, Jedburgh, 22 April."

The second is from Robert Burns in "Poems: Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect":

"To Robert Riddel, Esquire, of Glenriddel—When you and I, my dear Sir, have passed that bourne whence no traveller returns, should these volumes survive us, I wish the future Reader of this Page to be informed that they were the pledge of a Friendship, ardent and grateful on my part, as it was kind and generous on yours—That Enjoyment may mark your days, and Pleasure number your years, is the earnest prayer of, my dear Sir, your much indebted friend,—The Author."

Six millionaires are combining to have a set each of Dickens's works published on parchment in Boston. They are to cost 130,000 dollars per set. The finest quality of parchment possible will have to be specially prepared for the work, as it is stated that there is not enough parchment in the world at present to carry out this contract. It would be impossible to estimate the value of this editian of Dickens's works some hundreds of years hence, as they will practically set at nought the old proverb, "Tempus edax rerum."

One hears various accounts of Mormon Polygamy. Here is an extract from Lina Boegli's book, "Forward," on the subject:

"Mormon polygamy is nothing akin to the polygamy of the Turks and other Oriental nations. There are no harems; every wife has her own household and educates her own children, and the husband, I am told, lives a week at a time with each family. It is simply the patriarchal order of marriage practised by Abraham, Jacob, Moses, Solomon, and other ancient worthies. There is much less jealousy among the women than we imagine; for, first of all, they consider plural marriage a divine institution, their religion teaching it as a necessity; second, they do not see much of one another in the presence of the husband. I have seen them make calls, for afternoon tea or a friendly chat, in a perfectly sisterly way, and their 'bonne entente' was beautiful. They call one another sister, and the children call their papa's other wives aunt, but their children brothers and sisters. The other day, while visiting in a Mormon home, I was looking through a photograph album that lay on the table, and, coming to the picture of a remarkably good-looking young man, I asked who he was. 'That is our brother,' one of the little girls explained to me. 'But did you not tell me that you had no brother?' 'Oh, yes,' was the amusing reply. 'We—mamma's children—are only girls; but that is a son of one of papa's other wives.'

"If I am worsted when talking polygamy with the Mormon women, I am silenced at the very outset when I begin to talk with the men. 'Why does God send so many more women than men into the world, if He does not mean that plural marriages should exist?' they always ask me; and, of course, what can I answer, since I do not know why it is so? According to the Mormon belief, no unmarried person, either man or woman, can get to heaven; and, as there is not a man for each woman, it is imperative that men should sacrifice themselves for the good of women, and marry several of them so as to give them all a chance of salvation. That is as simple as can be."

A humorous book entitled, "Joshua Newings, or, the Love Bacil-

lus," by G. F. Bradby, has been favourably reviewed at home. This is what is said about it :

"The chief character of Mr. Bradby's amusing novel bears a resemblance to our old friend Joe Sedley, of 'Vanity Fair.' He is an elderly bachelor, stout, red-faced, and partial to good living, with a pomposity of carriage that inevitably recalls the turkey cock as he gobbles about the farmyard attended by a train of adoring turkey hens. Like Joe Sedley, too, he has more than an ordinary share of vanity, which would render him, were it not for his intense selfishness, an easy prey to the opposite sex. Unfortunately for Mr. Newings's peace of mind, at a time when he has with difficulty escaped from the toils of a designing widow at Stingenbach, he falls under the influence of his cousin Heinrich Hagestolz, a German scientist who has discovered that love is a disease due to a bacillus, the Micrococcus Hagestolzensis, the cure of which is by inoculation with a milder type of the virus. Knowing nothing of Joshua's present incipient attack, which would render the experiment a dangerous one, Hagestolz operates on his cousin, and some exceedingly diverting incidents are the result. The humour of the story, however, is not entirely confined to the elderly bachelor; for the friends who are so anxiously concerned in his state of health have each their diverting characteristics, and their efforts on Joshua's behalf, with the complications to which they give rise, are productive of the most ludicrous situations. Readers may be assured of many a hearty laugh while in Mr. Bradby's company."

A new book by Fergus Hume, entitled "The Lonely Church," is thus reviewed at home :—"Mr. Fergus Hume combines an ardent admiration for the impossible with a gentlemanly and proper taste for the plays of William Shakespeare. In the first forty pages of this book we have references to or veiled quotations from 'Macbeth,' 'As You Like It,' and 'Romeo and Juliet'; Milton also is quoted. From this it would seem that his literary predilections are chaste and severe; this assumption, however, is a mistaken one. Eric Baker steps into the first chapter in a manner anything but Shakespearean or Miltonic. He is on a walking tour, and when ten miles from Moncaster comes across a lonely church surrounded by deserted cottages. Here he meets with an old hag, who reminds him of the 'weird sisters'; she warns him about his future, and evinces an inexplicable knowledge of his name and profession. Baker disregards her warning, and later has a fight with a bargeman; he scents a mystery, and, though tired and hungry, retraces his steps two miles to pay a visit to the lonely church. Here, just at the psychological moment when a man outside one of Mr. Hume's novels would have kept awake, he falls asleep, and then awakens up to eavesdrop. But this is only the beginning of the story; later on it grows more exciting and less improbable. Mr. Hume has done his best to arouse the interest of his readers, and he has succeeded fairly well. 'The Lonely Church' is packed full of incident, and if the reader does not sit up late at night devouring page after page—well, it will not be the author's fault."

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. are publishing two books of especial interest just now. One is entitled "Manchu and Muscovite," by B. L. Putnam Weale, who has passed a considerable portion of his life amongst the Chinese. The work describes a journey taken through Manchuria in order to ascertain the character of the Russian occupation. A quotation from an English review will give a good idea of the book :—

"He shows first that Manchuria is a grain-producing country of the

first rank, which in its settled and cultivated parts is thoroughly Chinese, and in such towns as have sprung up along the railway not only is the mass of the population Chinese, but in all departments of life the Chinaman is ousting the Russian. The thesis of the book is to prove, in short, that the supposed Russification of Manchuria is a myth; that the occupation is purely military, and lacks all the elements of permanence. This is illustrated by a stringent and very amusing examination of the railway system, the operations of the Russo-Chinese Bank, and the whole conduct of affairs. The author has the gift of observation and of conveying his impressions so that the whole picture of the rapidly built fabrication of Russian civilisation, in contrast with the steady and rooted organism of Chinese agricultural and trading life, stands out vividly. Moreover, he writes with the Japanese war near at hand, and his forecast, dating from last February, of much that has happened and much that may yet happen, together with his summary of Russia's military resources and Japan's chances, makes most curious and interesting reading. But in its essence the book is an impeachment of Russia's business methods from the point of view of an Englishman who knows the East and understands business thoroughly."

The other is entitled, "War and Neutrality on in the Far East," and is by Dr. T. J. Lawrence, who earned recognition as an authority by an excellent paper he read before the Royal United Service Institution on the "Problems of Neutrality connected with the Russo-Japanese War." The book deals incisively with the subject in detail, going into the question of the causes of the quarrel, the charges of treachery in commencing the war without formal declaration, coaling in neutral waters, the sale of ships to belligerent Government, the Russians in the Red Sea, the International Law of Korea and Manchuria, and many other matters on which the general reader may well desire information at this crisis.

The founding of Blackwood's famous Magazine is dealt with in an interesting article in the "Book Monthly" for July. Many are aware of the fact that the Ettrick Shepherd claimed to be the originator. He certainly gave Blackwood a scheme for a Magazine, but the condition that he was to be Editor, which accompanied it did not appeal to the worthy publisher, although no doubt Hogg was afterwards connected in some way with the periodical. Blackwood had, it appears, entertained for a considerable time an ardent desire to start a Magazine in the Tory cause that should take the wind out of the sails of the "Quarterly," which his rival, Constable, had started in the Whig interests some six years previously. This, then, was the origin of Blackwood's. It started publication in 1817. The "Edinburgh Review" had appeared in 1802, and the "Quarterly" in 1809. Six months of unsatisfactory progress induced William Blackwood to conduct the Magazine himself, and the fact that the editorship was kept in the founder's family, instead of being left to a succession of chiefs, accounts for the consistency which has been so marked a feature of this standard periodical through so many years of publication.

The Study of Natural Science.

By HERBERT BARRACLOUGH.

T the foot of this Article will be found an offer of a prize of Five Guineas for the best essay on any subject connected with Natural Science, i.e., Botany, Zoology or Geology. The object of this prize is to encourage the study of Natural Science, not by mere reading of the subject, but by direct interrogation of Nature.

Personal observation or research is an essential condition for success, and the essays must contain original work, though, of course, references to similar work by other observers and quotations are quite allowable. As my desire is to cultivate a love for Nature amongst the general public, and to encourage original work amongst those who do not make scientific work a means of livelihood, no one holding any scientific appointment is eligible for this competition. The winning essay on the last occasion when this prize was offered, was a very excellent one, and so well fulfilled all the conditions, that it might be taken as a model of what is required to attain success.*

As an example of what I mean by original work, let me take the instance of an observer who kept a caterpillar in captivity and watched its growth and various changes until it entered upon the quiescent chrysalis stage. This chrysalis stage would then form the basis for further observation as to length of time in which it remained as such, etc., and then, in many cases, the evolution of the perfect insect could be watched, and especially the manner in which it finally emerged. In most cases, though by no means in all, further work would have to be carried out in the field, and the insect observed living its life under natural conditions. Its habits could be noted, and any peculiarities and departures from natural type could be recorded from captured specimens. Meanwhile, the captive insect could be kept until she laid her eggs and died, having fulfilled her part in the economy of Nature. The eggs could then be incubated, the time required for this being carefully noted, and also the method of emergence of the caterpillar from the egg when the cycle would be complete.

I have given the above instance at some length, as I believe that more comprehension of the essential conditions can be derived from a concrete example than from any amount of verbal explanation. In the above example, much, if not all, of the recorded observations might have been made before, but the work would still be original, inasmuch as it was the result of the worker's own personal research. For the purpose of this Prize Competition, I have thus enlarged the meaning of the word "original," as it is very difficult for an amateur worker

* This essay was published in the February (1904) number of this Magazine, copies of which can doubtless be obtained at the office by those who have not seen it.

in the field of Natural History to initiate and carry on research which has never been done by any other men.

My one object is to encourage young men and women to use their eyes when they are in the country—nay more, to go out into the fields with the specific object of making observations on animals and plants. As to my further and greater desire of forming special organisations under competent leaders for the prosecution of the study of Nature, I will not speak at present. It is too Utopian. In a young country the love of knowledge for its own sake is a plant of very slow growth, requiring infinite patience to ensure its proper development. But I have sufficient faith in the future of New Zealand to believe that there will come a time when intellectual pursuits will claim at least as large a share of the attention of the people of this colony as mere material enjoyment and sport does at the present time. I think, too, that more and more as the years roll by, the scientific work of lasting value done by New Zealanders will steadily increase.

That is my faith and my hope, but meanwhile, I sincerely trust that the number of competitors for this prize will be large, and thus give the lie to the often repeated statement that the New Zealander gives small attention in his leisure hours to anything but sport. If this should be the case, I shall be more than content.

Dr. BARRACLOUGH'S SECOND ANNUAL

Natural Science Competition.

DR. H. BARRACLOUGH, of Wellington, offers through this Magazine a Prize of **Five Guineas** for the best Essay on any branch of Natural Science or special line of investigation connected therewith. The term Natural Science is used in its modern restricted sense as consisting of the Sciences of Geology, Zoology, and Botany.

This Competition is open to anyone residing in New Zealand who does not hold a scientific appointment. Dr. Barraclough wishes to call the attention of farmers who are naturalists or interested in agricultural science to the Competition Essays should be on subjects of practical value. They must be original, that is, the observations must have been made by the Competitors themselves, and not be mere re-statements of other men's work.

Although not an absolute condition, it would be desirable, where possible, that illustrative photos. or sketches should be sent with the essays.

Contributions for this Competition must be forwarded, addressed Editor N.Z. Illustrated Magazine, Box 540, Auckland, not later than Jan. 31st, 1904.

The *nom de plume* of writer must appear under the title of the article, and the writer's name, *nom de plume*, and address must be enclosed in a separate envelope.

In no case will MSS. be returned unless stamps are sent for the purpose.

The Prize Winning Essay will be published in the "N.Z. Illustrated Magazine."

Selections from the unsuccessful essays will also be published, and paid for in the usual way.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

THE religious, or rather the ecclesiastical controversies that are at the present moment creating a ferment in France and Scotland may seem to the casual observer to have nothing in common. In the one case the matter involved is the ownership of the material wealth of a large section of the Presbyterian Church, and in the other the issue directly affects the spiritual authority of the Roman Catholic Hierarchy. Yet both troubles are traceable to the same cause, to what may be called the modern spirit. Old formulas are decaying, and ancient formularies are growing decrepit. In Scotland, the Free Church and the United Presbyterian Church have joined upon a basis which is confessedly more liberal than the old foundation laid down in pre-scientific times. If not in set terms, yet virtually, the validity of the teaching of Darwin and Huxley is acknowledged, and the Westminster Confession has been gently denuded of those features that clash with obvious facts. But the reformers reckoned without their old host, represented by a small number of Highland pastors. These latter declined to abandon the primitive faith of their ancestors, chiefly, one is constrained to believe, because that faith was maintained at the cost of blood, and not for any good or ill in it. At any rate, they refused to participate in the coalition. They claimed that they constituted the Church, and that the ninety-nine-hundredths who had resolved upon effecting a junction with the U.P. were seceders. Moreover they held their ground, and the House of Lords has, upon appeal, confirmed them in the possession of all the property belonging to the Free Church. This decision is sound in logic and law, but the seceders fail to see the commonsense of it. Some via media may be found, but it must be in the nature of a compromise. To effect a solution by means of an Act of Parliament, legalising the secession and dividing the property, as some rash persons urge, would create a precedent that would open up most uncomfortable possibilities before every religious organisation in the country.

In France the subject has a wider and deeper significance. The conflict there is not openly as between forms of faith, but between republicanism and clericalism. One of the enduring results of the great upheaval of the 18th century is the republicanisation of France, and in every spasmodic attempt made since that day to restore the ancient forms of government the hand of the Church has been visible. This may have been as disastrous for France as for the Church. The point cannot, of course, be debated in these pages, but if the nation will ultimately suffer from the violent

separation of spiritual and secular interests the Church must bear its share of the blame. It has deliberately antagonised the democracy by befriending institutions discredited by the follies, faults and crimes of a thousand years. Since the date of the Concordat arranged with the first Napoleon the Catholic Church has been virtually established in France, but the State Government, unlike that of Britain, has exercised hardly more than a nominal influence in ecclesiastical affairs. But the Papacy has long resented the concessions made to the Emperor, and the termination of the compact was an event that had to come sooner or later. There is a large party who believe that the spiritual life of the Church in France will be increased by the fact of disestablishment, just as there is in England, but the loss of ecclesiastical incomes now paid by the State must be severely felt. Yet if the relinquishment of State aid means the restoration of the Church's right to control her schools the sacrifice will be made cheerfully. One thing is clear, and that is, that France has definitely secularised its Government.

When this magazine went to press last month, affairs in Thibet were in the balance. Colonel Younghusband was in Llassa, and a good many people were wondering how he was going to get out again without incurring loss of prestige. The Dalai Lama had bolted, and it was doubtful whether the representatives of the Government who remained possessed the authority to complete negotiations. A way out of the difficulty, apparently, has been found by the simple process of deposing the Dalai Lama, China, the feudatory power, having acquiesced through the Amban, or Resident. With the subsidiary, but now paramount, lamas, Colonel Younghusband has arranged a treaty, in terms of which Thibet binds itself not to concede territory or any share in the Government of the country to a foreign power without the sanction of Britain; to keep open proper means of communication with India for trade purposes, and to pay a small indemnity to cover part of the cost of the expedition. Having effected this, Colonel Younghusband and his substantial escort have returned to British territory. The result may not be quite so satisfactory as Britain desired, but it has, at any rate, furnished us with a proper and legal right to interfere at any future time to prevent the seizure of territory in Thibet by Russia. The Russian press affects to sneer at the mission and predicts trouble, but Russia, as a rule, sneers only when she is annoyed. She sneered, and even now sneers at the Japanese. The Dalai Lama may return to Llassa and resume his authority, or he may be finally extinguished by his worshippers according to their own mysterious rites, but the treaty remains, and the Indian Government will maintain its provisions.

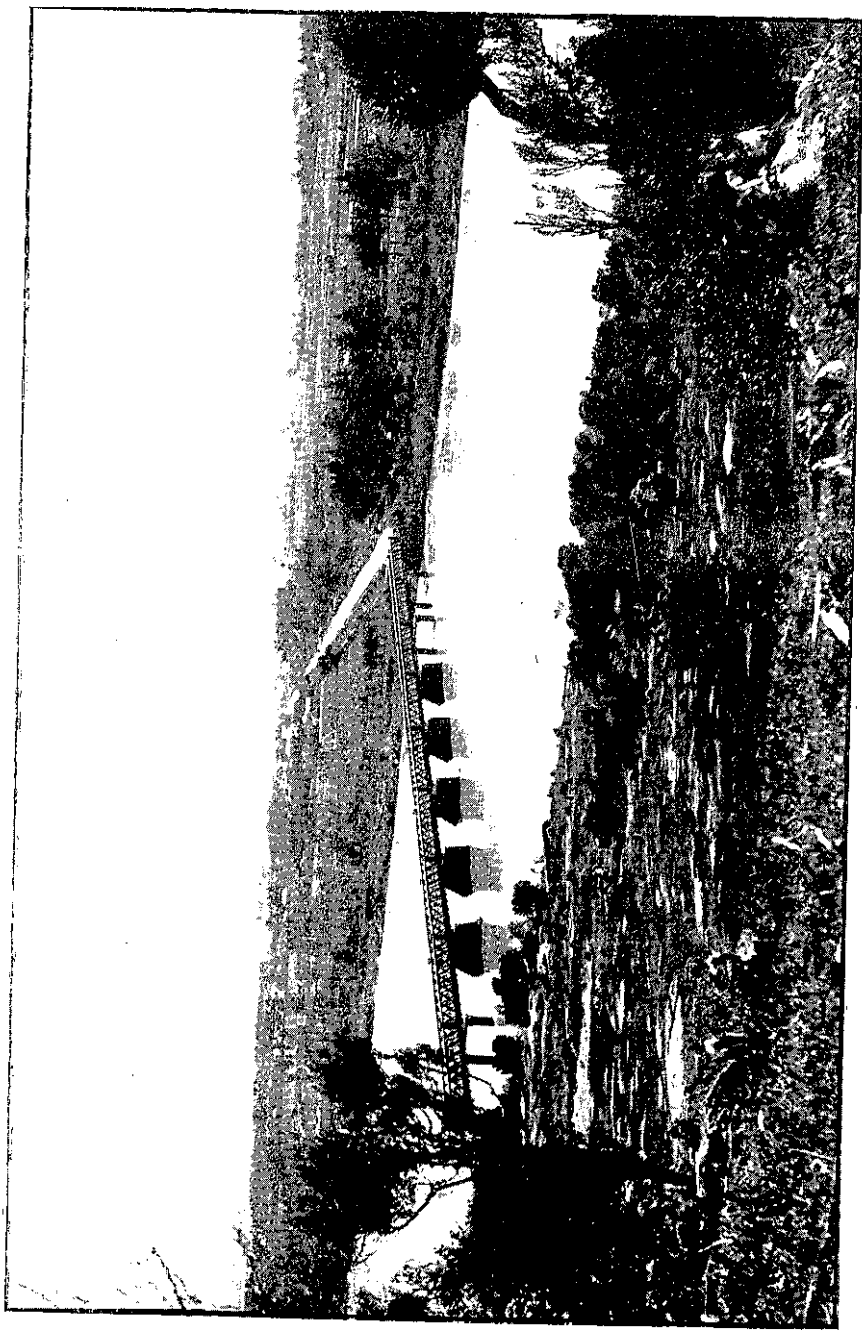
The War in the Far East has been pushed on with phenomenal vigour, and the world has been too much astonished by the rapidity with which great events have chased each other to admire the extraordinary genius of the young nation that has arisen in the extreme Orient to teach us the latest notions in warfare. The Manchurian campaign probably exceeds in magnitude anything of the same nature recorded in history, taking into account the number of men involved, the extent of the territory upon which the operations have been carried out, and the natural difficulties that have had to be surmounted. Issues as great, or greater have been at stake, larger bodies of troops have been with the colours, but nowhere else, not even in the case of the Franco-German war, may we find an instance of such perfect organisation as Japan

has shown, followed by a so complete, consistent and undeviating series of successes. From the Yalu to Mukden, a huge force of men, endowed with courage at once fierce and dogged, and brilliantly officered, has been driven back, back, back, by the sheer force of organised gallantry. At the moment when these lines are being traced, Port Arthur still holds out, but the remainder of the Manchurian territory is, for all practical purposes, in the hands of the Japs. When the naval stronghold falls the way will be opened for peace negotiations. The Russian nation is tired of the war, and Japan has no purpose to serve other than the removal of the menace of Russian aggression in Corea. The Tsar has declared that he will fight to the last man and the last rouble, but there is nothing in that boast that need alarm anybody unduly. Outside of the interest that Englishmen take in the contest, as friends of progress and commercial freedom, we are concerned with special dangers. From the beginning of the war the public conscience has been seeking a solution of the contraband problem that would obviate the intervention of Britain without at the same time sacrificing any of our "amour propre." When the Russian "volunteer" cruisers began seizing British merchant ships in the Red Sea, there arose a demand for the protection of the British Navy. Where, it was asked, was the good of a navy if our commerce was to be at the mercy of the first pirate that chanced along? Some people breathed a pious wish for "another Palmerston," who would have sent an ultimatum to St. Petersburg instanter, and ordered the Channel and Mediterranean fleets to "clear for action." When sufficient time for cooling down had elapsed, the wisdom of the temperate action taken by Mr. Balfour was apparent. We do not want a war with Russia if a satisfactory understanding can be come to without it, and this understanding was secured by the Government. The incident was closed temporarily, at any rate, and a war that would have drawn half Europe into its entanglements, was averted. But the danger has not passed. It is possible, not only that Russia's disregard for the principles of international comity may involve us directly, but that Germany's "friendly neutrality" towards Russia may be construed by Japan as an alliance, in which case, by the terms of our Treaty with the Island Empire, we shall be obliged to participate. Our safety lies in the speedy ejection of General Kuropatkin from Manchuria, following upon which peace must be talked. In the post-war settlement Germany may attempt to cheat Japan out of some of the fruits of her victory, but Britain will probably by that time have the active co-operation of America and, quite possibly, France in putting the final touches to the "open-door" policy.

At present America is absorbed in her own internal affairs. She is occupying herself a good deal with the St. Louis Exhibition, held in celebration of the Centenary of Louisiana and the West as Republican territory. But mostly she is engaged with the coming presidential election. It is significant to note in more than one of the serious American magazines, and in many newspapers, appeals to the electors couched in the most earnest language, to endeavour to secure purity of administration, and to aim at the highest possible ideals in the form of legislation, failing which the Republic must fall. These are not party cries, but the utterances of men who stand apart from, and above the fighting political organisations. It seems like beating the wind to talk of ideal laws and clean government, and yet these were no meaningless phrases in the mouths of the men who founded the American Republic. Those men meant every word.

In the midst of so many harsh notes it is refreshing to detect one that rings true occasionally. Whenever King Edward speaks his voice possesses that quality. Peace and amity, progress and enlightenment, are the themes with which the monarch's name has been associated ever since he came to the throne of Alfred. To his strong good sense and his personal popularity we owe the new Entente Cordiale with France, and if we are saved from any embroilment on Germany's account it will be owing to the same qualities. But the King is more than a statesman, though he is the first statesman in Europe. He is, in the widest sense of the term, a philanthropist. The keen interest he has shown in pathological research extends to all branches of science. He has honoured the leaders of the Antarctic expedition and has expressed his intention of attending the lecture to be given by Captain Scott.

The Commonwealth continues in a state of political agitation. The commercial and industrial interests are feeling the effects of the unrest, but the consequences are doubtless exaggerated. The form in which the political institutions of any country are cast may affect, beneficially or prejudicially, according to their character, the general prosperity, but with a given constitution it is not in the power of any particular set of administrators to do more than exert a temporary or transient influence upon the course of events. The Reid-McLean Cabinet may retard, or the Watson Cabinet may accelerate the development of the Australian democracy, but the "set" of that development was fixed when the suffrage was made universal. The Commonwealth will be exactly what the genius of the people make it, and neither Mr. Reid nor Mr. Watson is to be credited with the capacity to change the human nature of Australians. At the time of writing the issue of Mr. Watson's no-confidence motion is doubtful, but if the Government is defeated it is more than likely that the Governor-General will grant a dissolution. There are arguments against his doing this. It is objected that Mr. Reid is not entitled to what was refused to Mr. Watson, and that the present Opposition is made up of elements some of which were not included in the Watson party when that party was in power. There is force in this, but the advantages that would accrue from a dissolution outweigh the claims of any of the present parties. A new election would give the people a chance to express their opinion in respect of the new political combinations, the Reid-Deakin-Turner-McLean and the Watson-Lyne-Isaacs. Both are strange, having come into being since the electors were last consulted, and neither may possess the public confidence. It is more than probable that they do not.

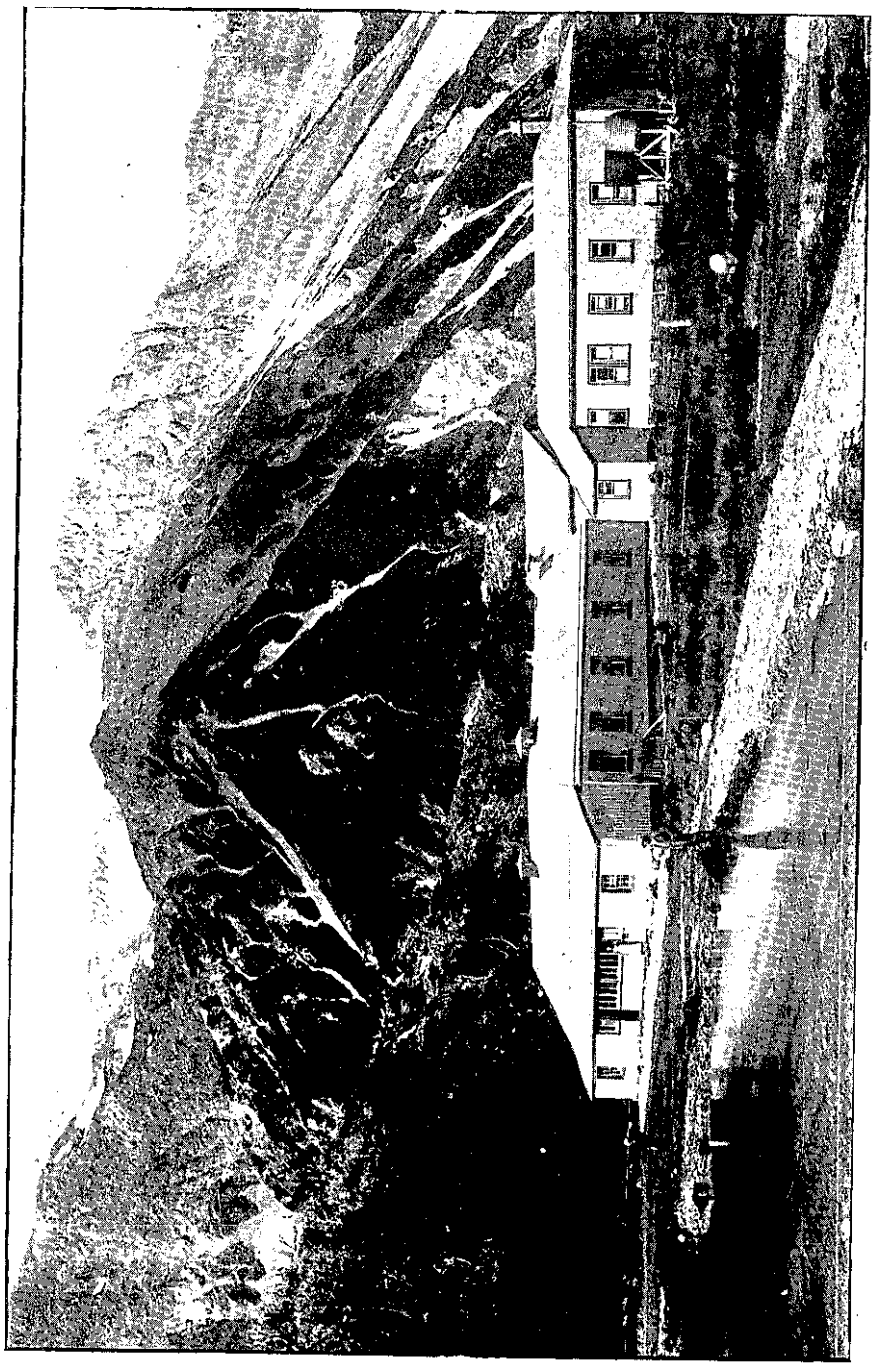


The Crown Studios, photo.

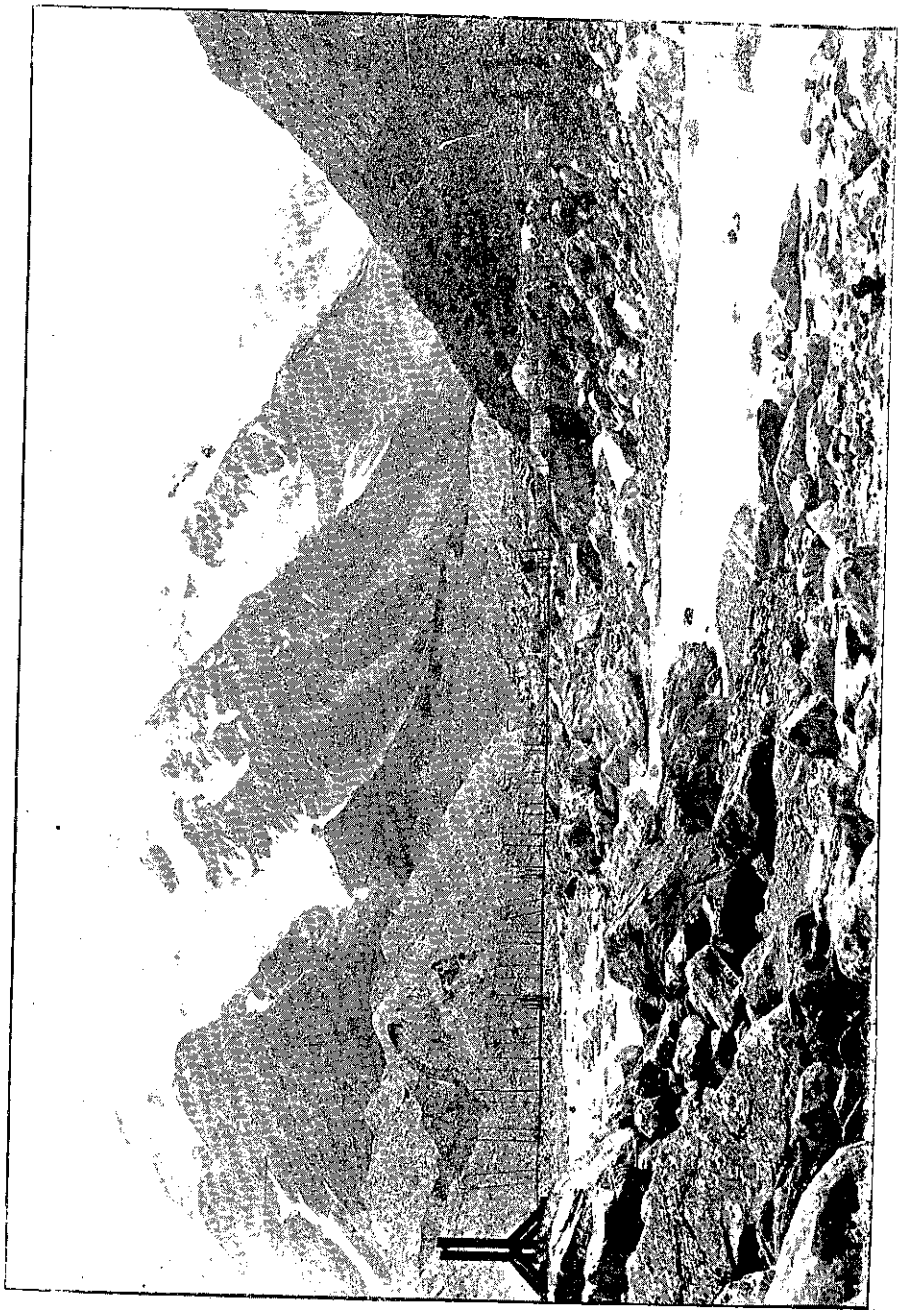
Manawatu River from the Fitzherbert Hill.

View of the Square, Palmerston North.

Crown Studios, photo.



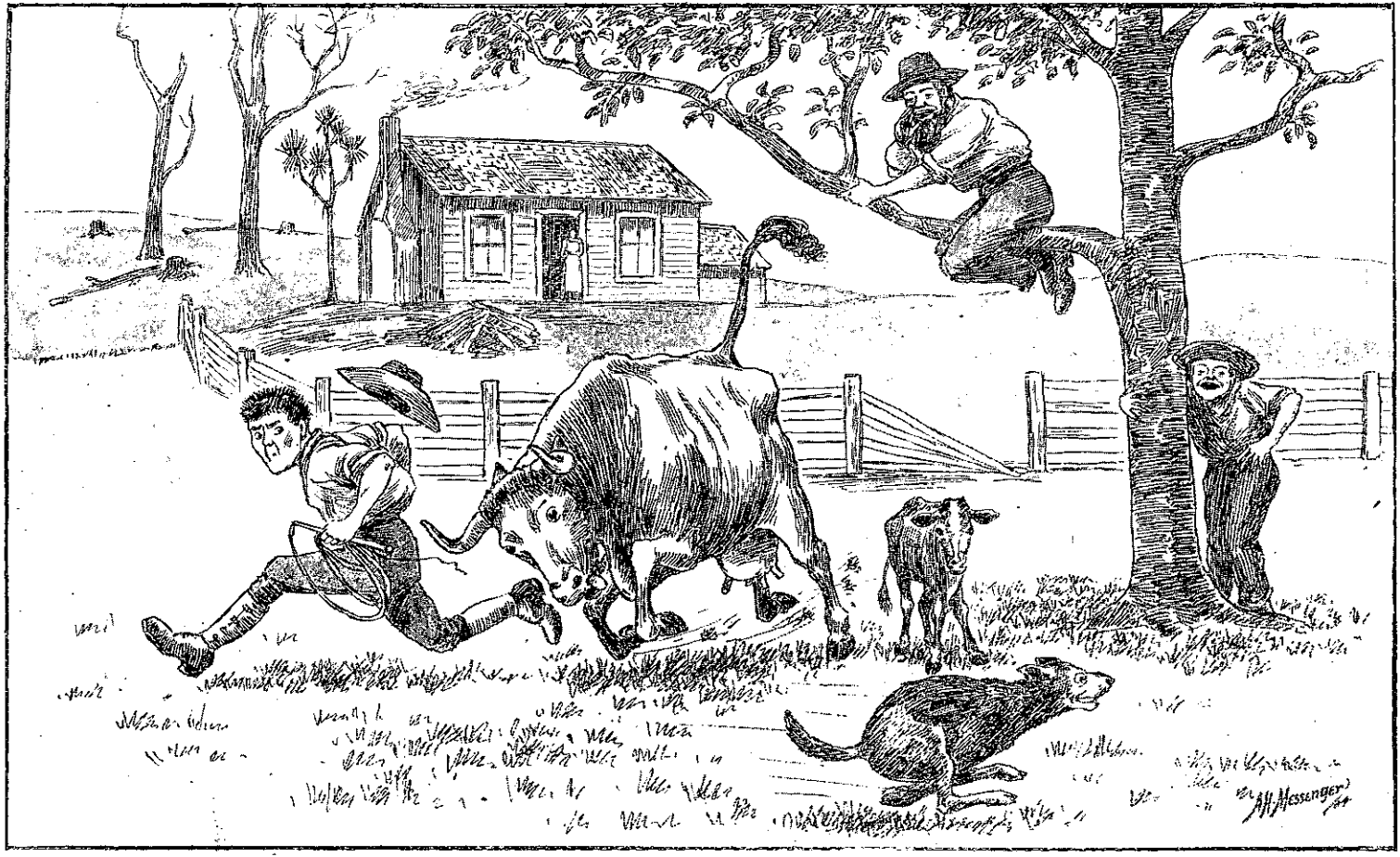
The Hermitage, Mt. Cook.



View of the Hooker River shewing the Bridge.

SCRAPS.


HIS FIRST PET
(1)
I Got him off Billy Jones for a Kite.
(2)
Dad said he was a fine pup.
(3)
He didn't like Susie's cat a bit.
(4)
And he went for Dad's Prize fowls Like Winkin.
(5)
Then he started diggin holes in Dad's flower garden. An Dad went out—
(6)
IN LOVING MEMORY OF LITTLE PONTO DIED SUDDEN MAY 1ST 1904
An— Buried him.
A.H. Messenger '04



Taking a Rise out of a New Chum.

COCKY: "What be scured of, mate? She's as quiet as a lamb!"
TOMMY: "Good on you, Dad! My eyes, can't he scoot!"

THE PUBLISHER'S DESK.

OUR SIXTH YEAR.

This number commences the sixth year of publication of the NEW ZEALAND ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. Those who have some of our earlier numbers still in hand will note the great improvement effected during that period. It is our intention to continue on the up-grade, and with this object in view we have reduced the price of single numbers to sixpence and yearly subscriptions, commencing with this number, to six and sixpence per annum. We have no hesitation in claiming that the N.Z. ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE is the best value for the money obtainable in the colony.

A PRIZE COMPETITION.

We would call especial attention to the advertisement on page 69 of Dr. Barraclough's Second Annual Natural Science Competition. The object of this Competition, as set forth by Dr. Barraclough in his article on the subject, is an admirable one. The Prize of Five Guineas is worth an effort, and the announcement made that selections from the unsuccessful essays will be published and paid for at usual rates will no doubt be an extra incentive to those who are dubious of their ability to secure the Prize.

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:—

A CRUISE IN THE HISTORIC WATERS OF QUEEN CHARLOTTE SOUND.—By the O.C.

A NEW ZEALANDER AT THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION.—By C. L. Harris.

SOME ASPECTS OF THE LAND TENURE PROBLEM.—By James Hight, M.A.

RHYTHM AND METRE.—By Johannes C. Andersen.

BIRD NESTING IN THE BUSH.—By A. H. Messenger.

A VISIT TO THE GREENSTONE COUNTRY (concluded).—By Charles Heaphy.

WORDSWORTH (concluded).—By Joyce Jocelyn.

Storiettes by the following Authors:—

THE REVENGE OF PAK SING.—By W. Brooke.

A MAORI POCAHONTAS.—By Cheyne Farnie.

MATES TOGETHER.—By Arch. M. McNicol.